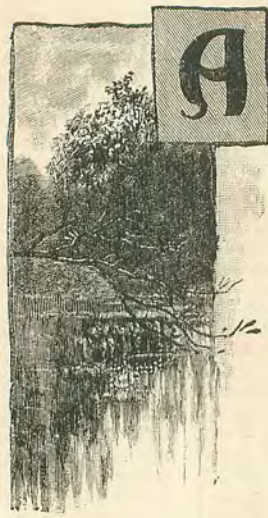


'WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.'

BY THE REV. SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.



AS GOLD by fire is freed from dross,
So—for the Lord of love is He—
Thy heart is purer from the cross
Which thy Creator lays on thee.

Though hid below from human sight,
Angels attend us from above;
And every rock His rod may smite
Pours forth the waters of His love.

Tears are but dews that gently flow
On flowers that claim His fondest care,
And sorrow only looms to show
The glory of the Comforter.

To drink death's bitter cup of gall,
He sent His best-beloved down;
And even so He loveth all,
And leadeth them from cross to crown.

All things are sent us from above,
And Death is His dear sentinel,
Who chants at night, "From love to love
Pass, ye beloved; all is well!"

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

MARY TUDOR* (A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT).

FEW women have been so unhappy and unfortunate from her girlhood till her death, in middle life, as Mary Tudor, Queen of England; few have been more misunderstood. Her kinswoman, Mary Queen of Scots, has been treated as a royal heroine, whose errors have been largely condoned for the sake of her beauty, her womanly fascinations, her struggles against overwhelming odds, her violent death. Her cousin Mary of England's history is little less mournful and tragic. Yet for her harsh rule of five years, the result of her blighted youth, her embittered womanhood, her warped creed, her evil counsellors, little excuse is ever made.

Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon, was born in the palace at Greenwich in February, 1515. She is said to have been healthy as a baby, while she was the only child of Henry and Catherine who outlived infancy. According to the custom of the time, she was committed to the care of her relative, Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, the same Countess whose aged head was held by force on the block till the executioner's axe did its work. Three days after Mary's birth she was baptised with great pomp, Cardinal Wolsey being her godfather. She was named after her Aunt Mary, the Queen-Dowager of France, who gave to the child, on the occasion, a gold pomander. A note to Agnes Strickland's *Queens of England* has supplied us with information as to the nature of this exploded ornament. A pomander was a perforated ball, into which a ball of paste composed of perfumes was introduced. The pomander might either be worn at the girdle or carried in the hand. Although the sex of the child was a disappointment to both parents, there was no lack of fondness for her on the part of her father,

any more than of her mother, in her babyhood. She was frequently visited by them, and she was presented with apparent pride to magnates of the Court and to foreign ambassadors—a process which caused some trouble when the little Princess had a separate establishment kept up for her, with Dame Margaret Bryan as "lady mistress," under the control of the Countess of Salisbury. This establishment was generally quartered at Ditton Park, so that Princess Mary had to be rowed across the Thames when her royal parents were at Windsor, and she was a feature in the day's pageants.

At the early age of four the small maiden held something like a court at Richmond, during the absence of the King and Queen at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was visited by the Privy Council, and received foreign visitors of distinction. It was on this occasion that she is said to have accomplished the marvel of playing on the virginal for the company's entertainment—a feat nearly equalling that of another infant phenomenon, who "solved a problem in Euclid, they tell me, before she could speak." The gentleman who witnessed the performance might well style it "a pleasant *pastime*."

There is other evidence, rather more convincing, as to Mary's early taste for music, which was duly cultivated in the course of her carefully-conducted education. She played on the harpsichord when a very little child, according to the testimony of an Italian writer of the day, and she had "a light touch, with much grace and velocity." At the age of nine Mary is said to have been a very attractive child, still rosy, having the dark eyes and hair which were not found in her Spanish mother. She was, as yet, petted and made much of. She was loaded with birthday presents. She had a set of small actors brought down from London to act a child's play for her gratification, and the performance was conducted by the old English dramatist, Heywood. That Mary should stand god-

mother, at the age of five years, to the first of the crowd of her god-children and name-children sounds less objectionable than the fact—though that, too, had many illustrious precedents—that at the age of six the tiny princess should be formally betrothed to a grave young man of twenty-three, the great Emperor Charles V. of Germany, who came over to England to visit his aunt, Queen Catherine, and to secure the hand of this small cousin. Moreover, the same young man had been betrothed in his youth to another Mary Tudor, little Mary's aunt and namesake, and it was during his stay in England at this time that he became personally acquainted with the first Mary, in the noon of her gracious beauty and sweetness, and of her happiness as a wife and mother, when it was said he betrayed sundry tokens of regret for what he had lost. Another and not less striking picture in its way is Charles's introduction to the second Mary, whom her stately mother led by the hand to the hall-door of the palace to greet her royal suitor, as he landed with King Henry from the barge at the water-stairs. Mary, whose memory was tenacious, was not likely to forget that meeting, or the signing of the marriage treaty at Windsor. She knew that it was the dearest wish of her mother's heart that she—the child—should be Empress of Germany and Queen of Spain, and young as the promised bride was, she never forgot the claim to the proud title. Reserved, morose, self-absorbed, Charles was not a man calculated to win a child's heart; but he was her cousin the Emperor, and Mary was soon to be as grave and self-absorbed, if less sagacious and subtle than he.

It is hard to imagine how history would have unravelled itself if Charles had got his wish that his betrothed bride (whom he pledged himself to marry when she was in her twelfth year), should be sent to Spain and educated there. Mary and her mother were destined to rue sorely the refusal given to this

* Agnes Strickland, *Froude, King Edward's Journal*, Strype, Machin.

proposal. We shall see how, in other circumstances, it was the dream of Mary's forlorn girlhood to escape from her father's jealous supervision, and flee from the England which she had come to regard as the land of her enemies and oppressors, in order to take refuge with her mother's kindred. In the meantime adversity was still unthought of when, as a child of eight, she was an intelligent, industrious pupil reading Latin not only with her mother—who piqued herself on her classical attainments, even when she omitted to make herself mistress of the speech of the country of which she was Queen—but also with her learned tutors, Lincare and Featherstone. From a Spanish authority on education Queen Catherine received hints for her daughter's training which she sedulously followed. These hints forbade all French and Spanish romances, and inculcated the study of the Old and New Testament, the works of the Fathers, selections from the Classics, etc. The one fiction exempted from the general condemnation was the story of "Griselda." Rich dress was tabooed, as well as the recreations of cards, dice, etc.

When Mary was ten years of age, all hopes of her marriage to the Emperor were frustrated by his private betrothal and subsequent marriage to Isabel of Portugal. It is said that when the little Princess was made aware of the faithlessness of her mighty cousin, to whom she had sent, not long before, an emerald ring as a token, the small proud face was observed to grow pale with mortification.

Henry, who was already cherishing the intention of dissolving his marriage with Catherine—an intention which had reached the Emperor's ears—chose to make a great parade of his recognition of Mary as heir-apparent to his throne. He sent her with a large establishment, presided over by Lady Salisbury, to keep house at Ludlow Castle. One would have thought that this selection of a residence for "the Princess of Wales," as Mary was sometimes called, was ill-omened, and that the associations with Ludlow (still remote and inaccessible, not far from the frontiers of the foreign principality of Wales) must have been especially distasteful to Queen Catherine. It was there she had gone, with such difficulty in making the journey into the wilds, a girl-bride accompanied by her boy bridegroom, Arthur Prince of Wales. There the boy and girl lived together just long enough to discover how ill-suited they were to each other; and there that other sickly heir of England died. But there is no sign that Catherine made any remonstrance against her daughter's destination; there is no trace of apprehension on the mother's part, unless in her particular desire that Mary should take regular exercise in gardens, and other "sweet and wholesome places"; that she should occupy herself, without too much fatigue, in practising her music, and studying Latin and French; that she should dance when dancing was in season, and that she should have proper food, "served with comfortable, joyous, and merry communication, in all honourable and virtuous manner."

Mary resided at Ludlow Castle for eighteen months, well away from the growing division between the King and Queen.

Henry's pre-occupation with his own affairs did not prevent him from making energetic efforts to settle Mary in marriage. For this purpose he employed the good offices of the match-making widow, Louise of Savoy, to induce her son Francis I. to give up the marriage, planned when he was in captivity, to the generous and romantic Leonora of Austria, Queen-dowager of Portugal, and sister of Charles V. Failing the suggested alliance with Francis, old enough to be Mary's father, which was a mere attempt to retaliate on the Emperor for his broken troth,

there was some talk of a marriage between Mary and Francis's second son, Henry of Orleans, afterwards Henry II. of France, grandson of Louise of Savoy. But this proposal also came to nothing, partly in consequence of the progress which Henry was making in the divorce of Catherine, that must end in depriving Mary of her birthright.

Mary seems to have returned to Court when she was in her twelfth year—the same year in which the Emperor's heir, Philip II. of Spain, was born. From this time, during the short remnant of her mother's reign, Mary took part in the Court galas, not only dancing in the slow and fast dances, but playing in the masques. She appeared thus with five ladies and six gentlemen, all disguised in what was supposed to be Icelandic costume, and "danced lustily" before the French ambassadors.

As a dark side to these gaieties, Mary was now old enough to be acquainted with the proceedings for the disowning and setting aside of the mother whom she loved and honoured. In the girl's loyalty to her mother, and in the recognition of her own rights, which Mary's precocious womanliness would soon see, even without the assistance of others, were being tampered with, she took part with her mother, and made no concealment of her opposition to her father's designs—an innocent partisanship which Henry, with his hot, despotic temper, resented beyond measure. There were a few spasmodic intervals of relenting, and of brief revivals of their earlier relations, such as marked his last intercourse with Queen Catherine; but these soon passed away, and there remained hardly a vestige of Henry's pride in his child, and fondness for her. These honest affections were replaced only too speedily and surely by jealous suspicion and wrathful dislike.

One more prospect of marriage for the young Princess, whose fortunes were still trembling in the balance, is said to have been entertained, not by her father, but by her mother. The future bridegroom was no longer a great foreign emperor, but a simple English gentleman, albeit of princely descent, and a staunch supporter of the old Catholic Church. He was afterwards known as the plotting Cardinal Pole, who, from his palace in Rome, cost his English kindred dear. He was still neither priest nor cardinal. He was an able, accomplished, handsome young man of five and twenty years of age, a son of Mary's governess, the Countess of Salisbury, through her a descendant of the Plantagenets, and a cousin of the Tudors. Between her eleventh and her sixteenth years Mary saw a good deal of Reginald Pole—enough to grow warmly attached to him, as she was to the other members of Lady Salisbury's family.

But whatever might have been Catherine's wishes with the view of keeping her daughter in England, and contracting a marriage for her which would be popular with a large proportion of the people, Reginald Pole took no active step for the fulfilment of the scheme. Indeed, he announced that his destination was the Church, and withdrew from the Court to a Carthusian monastery. Soon afterwards he gave Henry mortal offence by refusing to support him in his plea for a divorce from the Queen.

In 1531 Mary was separated entirely from her mother, and committed to the sole charge of Lady Salisbury, at Beaulieu, otherwise New Hall. Thenceforth Catherine was not permitted to set her longing eyes on her sole surviving child, who was just passing from girlhood to womanhood. The separation was a matter of State policy. The mother and daughter together would have been the rallying point of all the Catholics in England; nevertheless, the act caused a cruel and unnatural breach of family relations.

When Elizabeth was born, Mary, as being

nearly allied to the throne, was summoned to Greenwich. Her behaviour on the occasion was very much what might have been expected from a high-spirited girl indignant at her mother's wrongs. Her independent, disapproving bearing was not calculated to recommend her to Queen Anne—as high-spirited as her stepdaughter. Mary distinctly declined to comply with the order, even though it was issued by her father, to give the infant the style of princess. To have done so would have been to consent to the decree which declared that Queen Catherine's marriage was illegal. Mary said she would call the child "sister," but nothing more. Her determination may have accelerated the delivery of the sentence about to be pronounced. Henry had already declared the baby Elizabeth his heiress, and no sooner had Mary returned to Beaulieu than she received the decree of the Privy Council that she was to resign the dignity and state of a princess, and withdraw, in the character of a private gentlewoman, to Hunsdon. Hertford Castle had been the first place fixed upon, but in the end Hunsdon was preferred. There a royal establishment had been formed for the child Elizabeth, and Mary was to occupy an inferior place in the same house.

Mary replied to the message from the Council, delivered to her by her chamberlain, with great intrepidity for a princess not nearly out of her teens. She marvelled at his undertaking to "minish" her state and dignity without a commission signed by the King, or without letters from the King. She wrote both to the Lords in Council and to the King her father, bravely asserting her right, refusing to set it aside by her own act, and dauntlessly signing herself "Mary, Princess."

One is tempted to think that a loop-hole of escape from an awkward predicament presented itself to the blustering King at this time, when Mary's hand was sought in marriage by her cousin, James V. of Scotland, son of Margaret Tudor. But his suit was dismissed as untenable. Mary was compelled to repair to Hunsdon, and to submit to what was to her the humiliation of hearing herself addressed as "the Lady Mary." She saw her suite reduced to one or two domestics, while all the royal honours with which she had been surrounded from her birth were transferred to Elizabeth. By a kind of refinement of persecution, supposed to be due to the vindictive malice of Anne Boleyn, Mary's very ladies, among them her "lady mistress," Dame Margaret Bryan (a good woman, friendly to both sisters), after they had been dismissed by royal authority from Mary's service, were appointed to offices in the little Elizabeth's household. Such treatment was well calculated to arouse strong resentment, and awaken a rancorous grudge in the mind of the injured person; but there is no proof that Mary visited the deprivations she suffered on the unconscious infant to whom she was made to feel herself in all respects inferior and subservient. On the contrary, the girl is said to have been fond of the child whom she was willing to call sister. Mary, in her honesty and fearlessness, was still able to be magnanimous.

There is a curious and rather comical difference of opinion between two chroniclers of Mary's in order to account for a considerable item in her expenses at this date. No less than £25—a larger sum than now—was claimed and granted annually in addition to the money already allowed for the maintenance of the household of Princess Elizabeth. This £25 was expressly stated to have been spent on meat breakfasts and suppers for the Lady Mary. On this assertion Mr. Froude appears to have founded his opinion that Mary, in spite, or probably because of, her ill-health, ate largely of meat—in fact, was "a voracious eater."

Miss Strickland, in standing up for the honour of her sex and of one of her princesses, took a different view, not without some ground also, of the cause of this undeniably large charge and of the reason assigned for it. She reminded her readers of the chimes of beef and the measures of ale dealt out for the breakfasts of the maids-of-honour in Henry's reign. She pointed to the circumstance that these substantial diets of food were to revert to the ladies' men and maid-servants, and to their dogs. Therefore she drew the deduction that Mary's meat breakfasts and dinners sufficed in turn for her waiting-women and serving-men—such domestics as she was not forbidden to keep, like any other gentlewoman, though she was deprived of the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting of a princess. Nevertheless, Mr. Froude held to the conviction that Mary "ate like a man."

Miss Strickland might be right. Mary may have been unjustly accused of a gigantic, what may be classed as a truculent, appetite for a woman; at the same time it sounds strange that special meals of fresh meat instead of stock-fish should have been procured, largely for the ordinary domestics of a lady who was to be treated as a private gentlewoman. May not something have been implied as to the coarser practice of her predecessor, when Elizabeth's courtiers dwelt so emphatically on her delicate and dainty habits and her extreme moderation with regard to animal food?

Mary had few visitors at Hunsdon, and these were narrowly watched. She was not permitted to write letters or to receive them without supervision and reservation; but she was by no means without resources to cause the slowly dragging hours to pass more quickly. She was a good musician and a good embroideress. She could speak no less than four languages—English, Latin, French, and Spanish. She could read Italian, and had some acquaintance with Greek. Mary was not only one of the learned women of her generation, she was decidedly intellectual. In person she had not yet lost all the bloom and grace of youth. She was short, with a tendency to squareness both in figure and face, like her mother. She had one of the large foreheads so plentiful among her contemporaries; in Mary's case it was beetle-browed. Her childish rosiness had long ago faded, and the pale face, which was not without a delicate colour at times, was rapidly growing sallow, but it was not yet pinched or haggard. Her hair, unlike her mother's, was dark, as one fancies the hair of a girl of Spanish descent likely to be; but it was frequently superseded by a golden-red wig, representing the original colour of Henry's hair, which was a fashionable colour, and one worn by the courtiers in compliment to the King. Those fine firm lips of Mary's had not become bloodless or fallen into the straight hard lines which are considered to betoken a bigoted and implacable temper. The eyes, which have been described as "pale, cold, and relentless" were in reality beautiful dark brown eyes, in keeping with the dark hair. They went far to redeem the defects of Mary's face while she was still young. These defects were intensified by the

flight of time, the ravages of disease, fatal mistakes, and miserable failures, until Mary's personal attractions, like her virtues, have been wholly forgotten. The eyes, though short-sighted, were bright and steady, and absolutely pathetic in their quick, keen appeals.

Mary's voice was singularly deep for a woman's voice, and what was deep in youth grew gruff in later years.

Queen Catherine and her daughter were parted for the six years that the Queen survived the separation. During these years Mary never wavered in her duty and devotion to her mother, whom, in spite of the girl's eager entreaty, she was not suffered to visit even at the last. But the death of Queen Catherine in 1536, however great the grief to Mary, wrought a beneficial change in her fortunes. The bone of contention, if one may so speak, between father and daughter was removed. The chief obstacle to her submitting to be set aside, and to the renouncing of her claims, no longer existed. For Mary, with all her desperate adherence to what she considered just and right, and her tenacity in not giving up a single point of conscience—as it seemed to her, never showed any great regard for her own interest and advantage, which she frequently imperilled by her rigid adherence to a principle, and her determination to take her own way in what she was persuaded was the path of duty and religion.

The downfall of Anne Boleyn was a still more powerful means of reinstating Mary to some extent in her father's favour, for Anne's child, Elizabeth, shared in her mother's disgrace. Catherine of Arragon seems always to have inculcated on Mary the obligation of deferring to her father and King, in every case except where her conscience and her religion forbade her. The Emperor, her chief friend and ally, gave her the same advice. The new Queen, Jane Seymour, had known Mary as a child and as a young girl, and had a great affection for her. Above all there was no longer a rival queen to whom Mary was bound by every natural tie. She made overtures to mollifying her father and regaining his regard both through the minister Cromwell and through the Queen her stepmother. Finally, on receiving permission, she addressed Henry himself. Her appeals to him were couched in the humblest, most respectful language. She begged to be forgiven for her offences: she refrained from signing herself "Princess." She even put her hand to the resignation of her birthright, and accepted the designation and position of the Lady Mary, as if reckless of her rights, now that Queen Catherine was no longer alive to be injured and wounded by their repudiation; and as if weary of the vain altercation in which she was so ill-matched with the King and his Council, she signed herself, in addressing the King, his "humble and obedient servant, daughter, and bondswoman, Mary."

Henry was not easily propitiated. Mary had to copy letters dictated to her by Cromwell, conveying her implicit submission to the King, her father. She was in no cheerful mood when she went through the task

because of the pain in her head, and the teeth which troubled her "so sore," that she had "but small rest day and night." She had to receive a visit from Queen Jane's brother, Edward, Lord Beauchamp, the Lord Chamberlain, to accept from him a gift of a riding-horse, and to furnish him with a list of the clothes she needed for her proper appearance at Court, as a substitute for the mourning which she still wore for her mother. Perhaps, in spite of her submission, she hinted how much the suggestion went against the grain with her, when she wrote in reply that the King's highness's favour was such good clothing unto her that she desired no more, and so she had written to his Grace, resting wholly on him, and willing to wear whatever his Grace should appoint her.

At the critical moment Mary demurred at signing away her right to the throne; but an angry, well-nigh savage, letter from Cromwell, who had supported her hitherto, overcame her reluctance. Her household was then re-established, still at Hunsdon, and still in the same house with her young sister, who was now in her turn deprived of the title of princess. In the letters which Mary wrote on the subject there is a great deal to her credit. She shows herself not only sensible and straightforward, but well-nigh scornful, as far as she dared, of this bandying about, and giving and withholding of the title of princess. She is faithful in her wish to have her former servants reinstated in their offices—above all in her consideration for her mother's old servants. She is more than kind in saying a word to the King in disinterested praise of Anne Boleyn's motherless little daughter. Long afterwards Mary persisted in still applying the term "her Grace" to Elizabeth.

Mary kept house jointly with her sister for several years. The elder sister led a quiet, and what may have been a pleasant life, according to the rules laid down for her. She read the Bible for herself, and she read the daily service with her chaplain, studied, worked at her embroidery, and cultivated her musical talent. Her playing on the lute, the harpsichord, and the virginal was highly praised by competent judges.

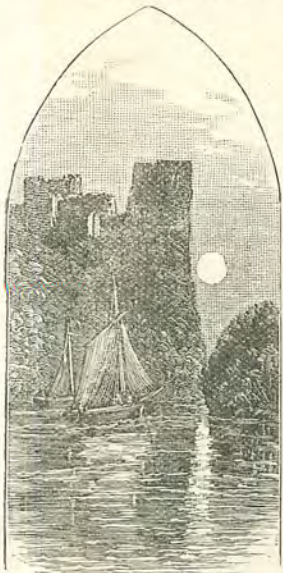
From the time she was twenty-one Mary was again permitted to appear at Court. Henry treated her with courtesy, if with no great renewal of affection. Her friend Queen Jane supported her in all respects. The girl-Princess's bearing was sufficient in itself to disarm censure. The one error which the record of her privy purse expenses shows is gambling. Wise and studious as she was, she did not escape the prevailing passion. Her losses at cards were considerable for her sex and years; so were the losses from the wagers she laid, chiefly in connection with the game of bowls, which she played with other ladies on the smooth sward of the bowling-greens. But the same trustworthy record also testifies to her generosity in the gifts she made, from her not too ample funds, to her relations and friends, and in her charity to the poor, especially to poor prisoners.

(To be continued.)



TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

MARY TUDOR* (A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT).—Continued.



A SINGULAR item in Mary's expenses is charges incurred for "Jane the Fool," including food for her horse, a payment for the shaving of her head, a penny for needles for her. This female jester, a counterpart of "Will Somers," the male jester, seems to have been an appendage of Mary's.

Just as Catherine of Arragon was

fond of monkeys, and Anne Boleyn of dogs, so Mary had a great liking for birds. She also took pleasure in importing and naturalising foreign plants, particularly plants from Spain, the country to which she always turned with wistful longing. Gentle tastes these, one would think.

Mary resided frequently at Court, whether the King kept it at Richmond, Greenwich, or Hampton. At other times she stayed in the country, Beaulieu, or New Hall, in Essex, being her favourite among the manor houses assigned to her. Though her conduct was closely watched, for political reasons, in her domestic affairs she was practically her own mistress, and she behaved with such unaffected dignity and discretion that the voice of scandal was never raised against her. She was at Hampton Court when her brother Edward was born. She occupied the most prominent place along with Cranmer at his christening, and she had an equally prominent place at the sad ceremonies of Queen Jane's lying-in-state and funeral, which so soon followed the rejoicings at the birth of the son and heir. At the lying-in-state, Mary, as chief mourner, in deep black, with a white handkerchief tied like a hood over her head, knelt at the head of the coffin. At the funeral she followed on horseback the car with the body, in the procession from Hampton Court to Windsor. On either side of her rode Lord Montague and Lord Clifford. Behind them were her cousins of royal descent, and many noble ladies and gentlemen. On the melancholy journey Mary gave alms, and in St. George's Chapel the following day she commanded masses to be said, at her expense, for the soul of her dead stepmother, and distributed gifts like a right royal lady. Her health, always ailing, was affected by the great fatigue and exposure. She caught cold, and had to have a tooth drawn—a small homely touch, which brings near to us an irksome detail of the pomp of mourning.

Besides her constant association with her sister Elizabeth, Mary was very punctual and affectionate in her visits to the baby brother, the

acknowledged successor to King Henry. She stayed over Christmas with her father, sharing his season of mourning. When he married Anne of Cleves, Mary was on good terms with the new stepmother, while she had nothing to do with her dismissal. But the learned and virtuous daughter of the King made no protest against her fourth stepmother, the ignorant, vicious, young Catherine Howard.

Mary had affectionate intimacies with her cousins, especially with Lady Margaret Douglas, the daughter of Margaret of Scotland, and Lord Angus. Among the members of Mary's household, Miss Strickland tells us, was another kinswoman, Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald—"The Fair Geraldine" of Surrey. Mary was present at Lady Elizabeth's second marriage, as the widowed Lady Clinton, to Sir Anthony Browne, when Ridley preached a sermon. Humbler protégées were the daughter of Margaret Roper, and grand-daughter of Sir Thomas More, with her husband.

In 1537 severe trials awaited the twenty-two years' old Mary. Her kindred, the Poles, were ruined. The eldest brother, Lord Montague, who had ridden with her at Queen Jane's funeral, and his cousin, Lord Exeter, were beheaded on a charge of high treason, while Lady Salisbury and Lady Exeter were thrown into the Tower, with their property under sentence of attainder. Mary was so far implicated in the charge that her income was only doled out to her in small sums, and she was allowed no separate establishment.

In 1538 occurred the outbreak of the Roman Catholics in the north of England, called the Pilgrimage of Grace. In all such *émeutes* Mary's name was freely made use of by the insurgents. The occasions were seasons of peril to her, when she was torn different ways, between the loyalty which she certainly cherished to her father, and her sympathy with the faith and aims of the rebels.

At intervals suitors for Mary's hand presented themselves, irrespective of creeds—Catholic and Reformed—with reference only to the pleasure of the King and the Council, though there was always a formal mention of Mary as having something to say in the matter. She displayed neither interest nor preference where the gentlemen were concerned, declared that she wished to lead a single life, but agreed to submit herself to the King's decision. In at least one case she had a personal interview with the wooer. This was in 1539, when Mary was twenty-four years of age, and Cromwell brought a stranger to Enfield, where she was staying, for the purpose of introducing him to her. This stranger was Philip, the Turk-fighting Duke of Bavaria, who was then in England to negotiate the marriage between Henry and Anne of Cleves, and apparently to take some steps towards bringing about his own marriage. The pair conversed together in German by means of an interpreter, and in Latin without assistance. The Duke declared his satisfaction with the lady, but no great progress was made in the wooing; indeed, Mary was so dangerously ill at Blackfriars soon afterwards that she seemed nearer death than marriage. On the dissolution of Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, Mary was required by her father to send back to the Duke the diamond cross which he had given her in token of their engagement.

In spite of this summary dismissal, Duke Philip, who was a younger brother, but a gallant and renowned soldier, asked Mary's hand in marriage again, several years afterwards, and when his offer was a second time refused he remained a bachelor.

1540 was the date of another of Mary's violent illnesses. About the same time there was so much political strife throughout the country, that for greater precaution—because her name would be a tower of strength to the Roman Catholic party if they could get possession of her person—her establishment was broken up, and she was placed in the care of one or other of the great noblemen whom the King could trust. She had to endure the anguish—so great to one of her earnest, constant nature—of hearing of the violent deaths, under circumstances of peculiar horror, of her mother's old chaplain Abell, her own old tutor Featherstone, and her kinswoman and life-long friend, the venerable Countess of Salisbury. What could the effect of such cruel, barbarous tidings be, save to turn a wholesome heart to gall, and harden to stone an honest and affectionate, if never very soft or womanly nature?

There is no sign of Mary's attendance at Court during the ill-fated reign of Catherine Howard. On her downfall, when she was taken to Sion, Mary, who had been staying there with her cousin, Lady Margaret Douglas, and the widowed Duchess of Richmond, left to make room for the prisoner.

In 1542 a matrimonial project, repeatedly broached for Mary, was once more brought forward. It was the alliance with Henry of Orleans, second son of Francis I. The preliminaries were entered upon, but were relinquished on the question of dowry, the French king asking a much larger sum than Henry and his Council were disposed to grant. No indefatigable historian has been able to make clear what were the feelings of the princes and princesses whose hands were thus bargained for, who were kept in intolerable suspense during the lengthened transactions.

Miss Strickland gives suggestive lists of Christmas and New Year's gifts made to Mary in various years. These lists supply a picture, in miniature, of the customs and fashions of the time. One will suffice.

"The Princess Elizabeth sent a little chain, and a pair of hose made of silk and gold."

"The Lady Margaret Douglas, a gown of carnation satin of the Venice fashion."

"Lady Calthorp, two pairs of gloves, whereof one pair was worked with silver and the other with gold and parchment lace."

"Three Venetians sent the princess a fair steel glass."

"My young lady of Norfolk, two pairs of worked sleeves, with a dozen handkerchiefs and a steel glass."

"Lady Anne Gray presented two artificial flowers. . . ."

"Lady Kildare, . . . a comb-case set with pearls"

One of the presents Mary liked best to receive was a clock in some form. She had a hereditary taste for clocks.*

The Princess returned the gifts in kind. In the old February play of valentine-dealing the gentleman who drew the princess for his valentine had a special gift from her. Sir Anthony Browne, on an occasion of the kind, got from Mary "a brooch set with four rock rubies round an agate, enamelled black, with the story of Abraham."

Gloves, especially Spanish gloves, richly embroidered and perfumed, and parletts, or collars with ruffs, figured among the gifts the ladies exchanged; so did "worked smocks."

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, *King Edward's Journal*, Strype, Machin.

* The presents sometimes consisted of eatables, such as orange or quince pies, even of cockles and oysters.



MARY TUDOR.

More interesting, as indicating Mary's tastes, are such entries as:—

"A little spanial," from Bexly, a yeoman of the King's chamber.

"A couple of little fair hounds, from Sir Bryan Tuke."

"A bird in a cage," from a woman in London.

Mary had also a white lark—the donor unknown. The bird was kept for her by the woodman of Hampton Court.

Henry's marriage, in 1544, to the cultured and kindly Catherine Parr—Mary's contemporary—was a happy event for the Princess. But when she was accompanying the King and his new queen on a summer progress, she was seized with one of the illnesses which so often attacked her, and had to be carried in a litter to Ampthill, one of her mother's temporary residences after her downfall. Various members of the Princess's household were also sick, and she incurred so much expense on their account and her own that she had to sell "a pair of gilt silver pots and a jar of Budge" to pay her debts, while she was farther helped by a timely gift of forty pounds from her stepmother.

Perhaps Mary's happiest days at Court, after her early youth was past, were spent under Catherine Parr's *régime*. In spite of the difference in their creeds the two, nearly of an age, had many points in common. The relations between stepmother and stepdaughter were always friendly. In Catherine Parr's circle there were many intellectual women whose society must have been agreeable to Mary. Her cousins, the Greys, especially little Lady Jane, of whom her kinswoman was very fond, Jane Seymour (the niece of Queen Jane), and her sisters, the Countess of Bedford, Anne Lady Herbert (Catherine Parr's sister), Katherine Duchess of Suffolk (brought up by Mary's aunt, the Queen-dowager of France), were all more or less scholarly and witty women.

Mary's weak health, her slenderly-supplied purse, and her mental superiority, did not keep her from appearing in great splendour at a State ball given in honour of a Spanish grandee, on whom, as representing her mother's kindred, she was desirous of producing a good impression. She wore a kirtle of cloth of gold, an open robe of three-piled violet velvet, and a coronal or wreath of large precious stones. The stranger reported favourably of her person and manners to her cousin the Emperor, the betrothed lover of her childhood, and dwelt on her popularity, which at this date was great.

About the time of the King's last marriage he presented his elder daughter with a large gift of jewels (surmised to have been her mother's). With Mary's natural generosity she shared these jewels largely with her cousins. There is evidence of the transaction in their names in her handwriting, set familiarly before the articles in the inventory:—"Given to my cousin Jane Grey," "to my cousin Frances," or "Eleanor," or "Marget."

At the Queen's instigation Mary translated Erasmus's paraphrase of St. John from the Latin. It was published under the editorship of Udall, and the superintendence of Mallet.

We do not hear of Mary any more than of Catherine Parr at Henry's death-bed in 1546, when she was thirty-one years of age. His last will re-established his daughter in her position as princess, and devised to her £10,000 as a marriage portion if she married with the consent of the Council of Regency, and £3,000 a year if she continued unmarried, the £3,000 being the rents of the manors of Beaulieu, Hunsdon, Kenning Hall already assigned to her.

With the Lord Protector Somerset and his Duchess Mary began by being on excellent

terms. There is still in existence a letter from the Princess to the imperious Duchess, who claimed descent from Thomas of Woodstock, and thought little of vexing the soul of her sister-in-law, Catherine Parr. Mary addresses the Duchess as "my good gossip," and "my good Nann," and signs herself "your loving friend during my life, Mary."

The strong Protestantism of Somerset had not yet waxed aggressive. For that matter, he gave Mary liberty to "keep her sacrificing knaves about her."

The blustering Lord High Admiral, Somerset's brother, chose to ask Mary's sanction to his marriage with her stepmother after the marriage had taken place at least a couple of months. Mary, who was not hoodwinked, answered the request for her approval somewhat coldly, as any daughter would where the hasty nuptials of her father's widow were in question. But there was no quarrel or intermission of intercourse, since Lord Seymour of Sudeley was in communication with Mary, and even paid her a visit after his wife's death.

With her young sister Elizabeth, a half womanly girl of fourteen, and her little brother King Edward, not yet ten, low of stature, grey-eyed, with a pleasant delicate face, Princess Mary was at this time on quite happy terms. Edward had been in the habit of consulting her on his lessons, and of sending her his Latin exercises, as he sent them to Catherine Parr. But Mary was not present at his coronation, where only men figured. The boy King describes it with quaint detail in his journal; how he sat at the feast, with the crown on his head, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Protector for his companions were at the King's table, while the lords sat at boards in the hall beneath; how the Lord Marshal's deputy had to ride about the hall to make room; and when Sir John Dymock, the King's champion, challenged all disputers of his claim, the little King drank to him, and Sir John had the cup.

Elizabeth, in writing to her sister at this date, when condoling with her on one of her many illnesses, and thanking her for her "oft sending," adds in pretty phrase: "Yet I have more occasion to thank you for your oft gentle writing, and you may well see by my writing so oft how pleasant it is to me."

Very soon Mary ceased to appear at her brother's Court, in spite of the boy's vexation at her withdrawal. She had got into difficulties with the Protector and the Council on account of the celebration of mass in her chapels after it had been forbidden throughout the country by the Act of Uniformity. There is no doubt that Edward shared in the objections of his Government. Young as he was, he had as tender a conscience as Mary had in religious matters. And he was not only an extreme Protestant; he had, by anticipation, a dash of stern Puritanism in his faith.

In the middle of these disputes Mary's health was as unsatisfactory as ever; indeed, in the autumn of 1549 she was so ill as to prepare herself for death. The usual convalescence followed, and in the following year there were more suitors seeking her hand, among them the Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Portugal. To Don Louis, Mary, warned by what had occurred with regard to her religion, was distinctly favourable, but the prospect of the marriage, after the fashion of so many similar prospects, faded away like the mirage of the desert.

More than once it had been rumoured—not without cause—that Mary would seek to make her escape to her mother's powerful kindred. The project had been discussed on Catherine of Arragon's death, when her daughter was a very young woman, but had been relinquished

from the dread of Henry's vengeance. It was renewed now, fifteen years later, by the help of the Regent of the Low Countries. The Flemish Admiral Skipperus lay off the coast of Essex, to which Mary was to ride, under cover of darkness, from her house at New Hall. She was to be taken on board the Admiral's ship, and conveyed to Antwerp.

The whisper of this step filled the Council with consternation, since it was believed to be the signal of war at home and abroad, when the Catholics in England would have all the better chance because of the division of forces and distractions of aims which would follow. It is impossible to tell how the measure was viewed by Mary, weak in health, yet dauntless in spirit—whether she welcomed it as the promised realisation of her girlish dreams, the flight from the relentless persecution of bitter foes to the warm welcome of ardent friends and fellow Catholics; the chance of becoming acquainted at last with the sunny southern land which was her mother's country, of which she had heard the glories, after which she had always longed and pined. Had she not sought wistfully, in a forlorn hope to get to know it better, to introduce, and cultivate in the gardens of her manor houses, the fruits and plants which Catherine of Arragon had missed most on her first residence in England? Or did Mary shrink from kindling the blazing torch of domestic and foreign war? Did she cling to that England, which however inhospitable at times, was her birthplace, her father's country, in which she had a multitude of friends, both small and great? She was English, not Spanish, after all; and she was capable of a proud and passionate patriotism.

There is reference made to Sir John Yates having been sent into Essex "to stop the going away of the Lady Mary" in "King Edward's Journal." What a curious record that is of a marvellous boy—for marvellous he was in spite of the injury done to his memory by the extravagant, fulsome encomiums pronounced upon him by some of his contemporaries. He was a conscientious, precocious lad, a born student, an embryo philosopher, an earnest Christian, though his Christianity was of a somewhat narrow and harsh type. He bestowed an amount of intelligent thought on the condition of his country, and the remedies for its evils, almost incredible in a boy, even after he had entered the earlier teens which formed the limit of his short life. His journal, which was clearly intended as a brief abstract record of public events in England, the sister kingdom of Scotland, and the Continent, has not a scrap of private and personal feeling in it. The few references to "the Lady Mary" are all as to a political offender, who might have been an utter stranger to him. Yet apart from the breach between them on religious questions, they had always been on affectionate terms. Withal there is a dash of boyishness in the relish with which he gives the details of active warfare in Scotland, and the satisfaction with which he allows himself, tinged with austerity as he was, to pause and dwell a little on the tiltings and "pretty conceits" which were the accompaniments of certain Court marriages and splendid banquets.

There is a naïve dignity in the manner in which he writes of himself as "Me" with a capital M.—"The ambassadors were at Court, where they saw Me." . . . "Dined with Me," etc. The boyishness and the innocent self-importance are balanced by the grave, simple precision with which the writer states that the wool-winders were to take an oath to make good cloth, and records when and where the light horsemen and men-at-arms were to be paid their wages.

(To be continued.)

wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to Thy other children as the only return in my power for Thy continual favours to me."

Each page of the book was ruled with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, and each column was marked with a letter to indicate the day. Then these columns were crossed with thirteen red lines, and the beginning of each line was marked with the first letter of one of the virtues, and on the line, and in its proper column, Franklin marked by a little black spot every fault he found upon examination he had committed in connection with that virtue upon that day.

Whilst giving general attention every day to the whole thirteen virtues, he gave particular attention week by week to each of the virtues in succession. One week his great care would be to avoid even the least offence against Temperance; the following week Silence would be the leading point, and so on. Thus he got through a course in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year.

"I entered upon the execution of this plan for self-examination," says Franklin, "and continued it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. . . .

"On the whole, though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of

obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was by the endeavour a better and happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it: as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies; though they never reach the wished-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavour.

"It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor owed the constant felicity of his life, down to his seventy-ninth year, in which this is written."

The virtue of order was the one that gave him most trouble, for he had not been early accustomed to pay much heed to it. He had such frequent relapses that he was often almost ready to give up the attempt, and content himself with a faulty character in that respect.

In this, he says, he was like the man who in buying an axe of a smith desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel. He turned while the smith pressed the broad face of the axe hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing.

The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his axe as it was without further grinding.

"No," said the smith, "turn on! turn on! We shall have it bright by-and-by. As yet it is only speckled."

"Yes," said the man; "but I think I like a speckled axe best."

"And I believe," remarks Franklin, after telling this story, "this may have been the case with many who, having, for want of some such means as I employed, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that 'a speckled axe is best.'"

We have devoted so much space to this plan of Franklin's because, with modification to suit individual needs and peculiarities, it seems as if it might be followed by many of us to advantage.

"The chief objection," says Beatrice, "is the trouble of it."

Exactly so. "No cure without care" is not a doctrine for lazy girls, for with them taking trouble of a few things goes against the grain. It is such as they that a well-known author had in his eye when he said, "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or egotism? No, I shall answer Indolence—who can conquer indolence can conquer all the rest."

Down with indolence then, and bring no end of care into every attempt at cure. Nothing for nothing, as we said before, is the rule, except in that wonderful land where for nothing you can purchase everything, and the houses are all covered with cakes, and the fowls fly about ready roasted, crying, "Eat me!"

(To be continued.)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

MARY TUDOR* (A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT).—Continued.

IN 1551, Mary, who had for some time stayed away from Court, and even absolutely declined to repair to it, was forced to alter her resolution; circulars were sent out by the Council, accusing her of correspondence with the foreign powers then threatening to invade England, and calling upon her to present herself and answer to the charge. She obeyed the summons to appear before the King and Council. She was no longer a rash, inexperienced girl, but a tried woman of thirty-five years of age. Her coming was regarded as an event of such importance by the citizens of London, that they believed it was foreshadowed and attended by supernatural signs and tokens. The earth shook, the gossips said; armed men were seen in the air, three suns at once appeared in the sky. A friendly crowd thronged the streets to see Mary ride into London. She was the central figure in a *great retinue* of nobles and dames, the gentlemen and ladies alike wearing, along with the gold chains over their velvet mantles and robes, chains of black beads in token of their sympathy with Mary's opinions. Miss Strickland explains the display as black rosaries at the wearers' girdles. But Machin, the old London citizen, who must have been familiar enough with rosaries, makes the manifestation more conspicuous and peculiar.

Mary rested for two days at her house of St. John's—her town house, supposed to have been a house of the Knights Hospitallers, of which Henry had taken possession after their dispersion. She then went in state through Fleet Street and the Strand to Whitehall, "amidst the blessings of tens of thousands of the people."

The Princess alighted at the palace and was

conducted to the King her brother, the boy in his fourteenth year. The two—the worn, faded woman, and the delicate, prematurely thoughtful lad, walked side by side to the Council chamber. Mary was bidden remember the Act of Uniformity in the practice of religion, and told that the celebration of mass in her chapels, which had been permitted so long in hope of her reconciliation to the Reformed religion, was to be suffered no longer.

Mary, "whose will had never yielded to that of man (unless of her father)" was fearless as ever before the august assembly. She said her soul was God's; she would not change her faith, nor would she dissemble her opinions with contrary doings.

She was further told that it was not her faith but her practice which was in question. She was not a king to rule, but a servant to obey the laws: her example might cause inconvenience.

But "consistent to her plea that laws made in a minority were no laws," she would neither admit their argument nor flinch from her resolution. It may well be said of her, that "What she believed and did, she believed and did thoroughly. She was an honest woman standing up for the right, as she saw it; determined, downright, fearless."

The very day after Mary's appearance before the Council, the Emperor's ambassador announced that if Mary were farther molested in the exercise of her religion he would quit the country, which would be equivalent to a declaration of war.

The Council, in perturbation, were forced to make a compromise, and "wink" at the celebration of the mass for Mary's benefit, a concession which is said to have brought tears to the eyes of the zealous, upright young King, though the culprit was his sister.

Mary was condemned to see the ultra-Protestant party in the Government use their power in retaliating on the Roman Catholics

the injuries the Protestants had received. Bishop Gardiner and other churchmen lost their sees and benefices. Mary's chaplain, Dr. Hopton, was summoned to London, in stress of weather and in sickness, to answer for his contumaciousness.

The contention between the Princess and the Council, on the ground of her having mass said—not with closed doors, continued to smoulder, and to break out in *alarming* outbursts at intervals. Three gentlemen of her household were commissioned by the Council to carry a communication from them to Mary, then residing at Copt Hall, Essex. The messengers were enjoined to tell her that mass was forbidden, and their errand was neither an easy nor a pleasant one. The account of the interview is very graphic. The Lady Mary was "marvellously offended," and forbade the gentlemen to speak to her chaplains. She threatened to dismiss the unlucky gentlemen from her service, and remarked scornfully that she was not likely to obey those persons who were accustomed to obey her implicitly. She declared that she would leave the country. Her passion was so violent that the messengers feared the effects of it on "her heart complaint." They made one more attempt to discuss the matter with her, but her anger was worse than before.

After this indignity Mary wrote to her brother, and complained bitterly of the manner in which she had been treated. She implored Edward to suffer her to obey her conscience. "Rather than offend God and my conscience," she wrote, in her strong, terse way, when her spirit was roused, "I offer my body at your will, and death shall be more welcome than life."

Naturally, the members of Mary's household, who had been selected by the Council for their purpose, respectfully refused to be employed on a like service a second time, and were detained in London in consequence of

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, *King Edward's Journal*, Strype, Machin.

their refusal. When a special commission from the Council, including the Lord Chancellor, became their own messengers to Mary, and delivered to her a letter from her brother as their credentials, she received the letter kneeling, and kissed it, because of the writer, she said, not because of the contents, which did not proceed from him. She warned her opponents that though she was sickly she would not die willingly; but if she did die, she would first protest openly that the Council had killed her. She knelt again, and gave to the Lord Chancellor a ring, which he was to carry to the King, with the words that she would die his true servant and sister, obeying him in everything, except in matters of religion.

When the commissioners left, Mary sent after them, asking them to speak a word to her at the window. They offered to return, but she would not allow it. They stood in the court while she spoke to them.

The circumstance and the figures are singularly characteristic; the great officers of State and courtiers, at a disadvantage, baffled by a woman, feeling awkward and embarrassed, knowing that they should doff their hats, but not knowing what else to do; the Princess, who always knew her mind, with her heavy brows and her fallow face, out of which the brown eyes looked straight and steadfast, and her man's voice telling what was in her mind, without ceremony or equivocation. She desired the return of the comptroller of her household, one of the messengers detained in London. She said that since his departure she had had to take the accounts of her expenses and "learn how many loaves of bread be made from a bushel of wheat; and, I wis," she continued, "my father and my mother never brought me up with baking and brewing." She was weary of the office, and required the return of her officer.* Mary ended her speech by praying God to send the commissioners well to do, in their souls and bodies too—for some of them had but weak bodies—a pious and benevolent wish, but not untinged with sarcasm. The remark might be "unaffected and straightforward," like the action of speaking from the window, and like the woman herself, but it was also blunt to harshness. If there was a certain womanly sympathy in the allusion to the weak bodies of some of the company, it was a kindness which had a caustic side.

In 1549-50 the downfall and execution of the Lord Protector on the usual charges of seditious treason followed closely on the execution of his brother the Lord High Admiral. King Edward's special guardian was the second of the uncles whom the royal lad knew to have perished miserably. He recorded the event with apparent stoicism, just as he made other entries in his journal. But evidence has been adduced from other sources to show that he was kept in a constant whirl of occupation and excitement to distract his mind from dwelling on the fate of his kinsmen. So far as Mary was concerned the position was not improved, for the place of the naturally amiable and well-intentioned Somerset was taken by the unscrupulous, unprincipled Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, already plotting madly for the aggrandisement of his family.

In the spring of 1552 King Edward suffered from small pox and measles in succession—a fatal strain on his always fragile constitution. Symptoms of consumption showed themselves, and already eager speculation and wily schemes abounded in relation to his successor.

Mary, who seems to have been really

attached to her brother, visited him more than once. She came up to London from Essex in the month of June for the purpose. As was her wont, she broke the journey by staying a night at her house of St. John's. The next day she rode, with her suite—which was observed on this and subsequent occasions to be growing in size and splendour, and to be graced by the flower of the English nobility and gentry—to the Tower Wharf. There she embarked in her barge, and was rowed down to Greenwich, returning in the same style in the evening.

In the following month of July, Lady Jane Grey, then sixteen years of age, visited her cousin, the Princess Mary, at her seat of New Hall. It was not the first visit that Lady Jane had paid to her cousin, but on former occasions she had been accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Suffolk, or by other members of her family. This time the sweetest and noblest of the Greys and Tudors came alone, save for her retinue, and it was the last time she came. She had hitherto been a pet young kinswoman of Mary's, but, if Foxe's anecdote contains any foundation of truth, an incident took place during the girl's stay at New Hall which caused an estrangement between the former friends. Lady Wharton, a lady of Mary's household, in passing through the chapel at New Hall with Lady Jane Grey, curtsied to the Host on the altar.

Lady Jane asked innocently, or with intention, if the Lady Mary was present.

Lady Wharton said "No."

"Why then do you curtsy?" enquired Lady Jane.

"I curtsy to Him that made me," replied the Roman Catholic lady.

"Nay, but did not the baker make him?" retorted the Protestant Lady Jane, speaking with more girlish zeal and aptness in controversy than with either courtesy or discretion under the circumstances. The story goes on to tell that Lady Wharton repeated the conversation to the mistress of the house, who was seriously hurt and outraged.

In the autumn of 1552 Mary, when at Hunsdon, received a visit from the bishop of the diocese—Ridley. She had once before met him, and heard him preach at the marriage of the widowed Lady Clinton (Surrey's Geraldine). She received him courteously, and entertained him at dinner; but when he proposed to preach before her a second time, she told him roundly, with flushing cheeks, that the parish church was open to him, but that neither she nor any of her household would be present.

The young King, whose birth had been hailed with so much pride and joy, whom his formidable father had so loved, on whose fair head, wise before its time, so many hopes hung, was pining away beyond remedy. Mary visited him again at the New Year, 1553, and never had her *cortège* presented such a gathering of the highest in the land. Among them were such great ladies as Mary's cousin-germain, Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk (Lady Jane Grey's mother), the Duchess of Northumberland, the Marchioness of Northampton (Catherine Parr's sister-in-law), etc.

In the month of May Mary was living quietly at her country seat of New Hall, having been cunningly misinformed as to the state of her brother's health. She was assured that it had changed for the better. In the same month, through the audacious machinations of the Duke of Northumberland, and the weak folly of the Duke of Suffolk (formerly the Marquis of Dorset, who had married the daughter and obtained the title of his deceased father-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk), the destined bride of the dying King, Lady Jane Grey, was wedded with great splendour to one of the Duke

of Northumberland's sons, Lord Guildford Dudley. At the same time and place (Durham House, in the Strand), Lady Jane's younger sister, Lady Catherine Grey, a girl of fifteen, was wedded to the heir of an ally of the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Pembroke, the brother-in-law of Catherine Parr.

King Edward grew worse and worse. The doctors could do nothing for him, and as a forlorn hope he was entrusted to the care of a nameless woman, of whom all that was known was that she had undertaken the King's cure. Urged by Northumberland's craft, pitted against the earnest remonstrances of Cranmer, which were made in vain, Edward, weary in body and mind, and played upon through his passionate Protestantism, made a will breaking his father King Henry's settlement of the crown. He deprived, so far as he could, both of his sisters of their rights, and bequeathed the kingdom to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey.

Strange and unexpected symptoms not present in lung disease showed themselves in the King's illness. Edward's hair and nails fell off, and the joints of his fingers gave way. Sinister rumours arose and spread that he was being poisoned; that Northumberland, having gained his object by the King's will, was tired of waiting for the end, and was hastening it by unlawful means. To appease the excited crowds collected round the palace of Greenwich, the poor lad was held up so that he could be seen through one of the windows; but so wan was his face that the spectators declared they had been mocked by the spectacle of a corpse.

Apprehensions were entertained that attempts would be made on the life of Mary. She was advised by her friends to keep away from the neighbourhood of London, and she followed their advice. Had Mary perished then by assassination, or had she died before her brother in one of the illnesses which so often prostrated her, she would have been widely and deeply lamented as a virtuous and learned lady, who might have been a noble queen, and left a glorious name behind her. Till the time of her accession, when she was in her thirty-eighth year, she had led, humanly speaking, a blameless and honourable life, "while her mother's misfortunes and her own sufferings had endeared her to the mass of the people of all ranks and creeds." Alas! for the stability of human favour, and still more for the stability of mortal merit!

Agnes Strickland quotes the private papers of the Throckmorton family in evidence that a plot was laid for the purpose of getting Mary into the hands of Northumberland. According to the Throckmorton papers, a letter was written to her, purporting to be at her brother's request, begging her to come to him at Greenwich. It was further said she had actually set out for Greenwich when she was intercepted by a messenger from the Throckmortons. One of the family was in the household of the Duke of Northumberland, and had become acquainted with his scheme. He informed his father, who warned Mary in time to retrace her steps. The tale is probable enough, but there is not sufficient extraneous testimony to bear it out.

On the 7th of July, 1553, a violent storm broke over London, and to the panic-stricken eyes of the citizens it seemed that the hail which fell was red as blood. At nine of the summer evening (the night being the anniversary of the death of Sir Thomas More—a coincidence well noted by the Roman Catholics), young Edward, who was not yet seventeen, breathed his last. The same night, through the dewy dusk, a courtier galloped to Hunsdon to bid Mary mount and fly, while the roads were still open, to Framlingham, in Suffolk, where she would be in the midst of her friends the Howards.

(To be continued.)

* In spite of Mary's remonstrance on this occasion it is plain, from what are left of her household accounts, that she took a practical interest in them, and was quite capable of managing them efficiently.

MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN
RIGHT—continued.

MARY fled first to her own seat of Kenning Hall, in Suffolk. She did not flee too soon or too fast, for Sir Robert Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland, whose name was destined to be so closely linked with that of Mary's sister, was on the track, and arrived at Hunsden for the purpose of detaining its mistress not many hours after she had left the house. She rode the first part of the night as far as Sawston Hall, in Cambridgeshire, the seat of a gentleman named Huddleston, and passed the remainder of the night there. According to tradition, she heard the following morning that the Protestants of Cambridge were in arms against her, so that she had to start afresh, in the guise of a market-woman, riding on a pillion behind her host, or a kinsman of her host, who was disguised as a serving-man. From the rising ground of the Gogmagog Hills Mary is said to have looked back and seen Sawston Hall in flames, kindled by the Cambridge insurgents. "Let it blaze," she said, as if it had been a bonfire lit to celebrate her accession. "I will build Huddleston a better"—and she kept her word.

From Kenning Hall, as unfit to stand a siege, she went on twenty miles farther to Framlingham. The town and stately castle were built on a wooded hillside, and the girdle of three moats rendered the place strong enough for Mary's purpose. On the road between Kenning Hall and Framlingham she was overtaken by the Dudleys—a critical moment in her history, and theirs. But as the leaders dashed forwards to attack the Queen's little party the Dudleys' men turned upon them, declared themselves on Mary's side, and forced Sir Robert and his followers to "save themselves by the speed of their horses." Arrived at the castle the royal standard was unfurled, and royal state was maintained.

Already Mary was showing that she had "a man's promptness in action"—that, as in the case of all the Tudors, "the time to see her at the best advantage was in the season of greatest danger." She did not wait to receive the counsel of her great kinsman and ally the Emperor; if she had waited we are told she would have been lost. For, unable as he was to render her, at the moment, any active assistance, his advice, when it came, was that she should tarry till the decision of the Council and the will of the people were made known. Mary and the few friends who were with her judged differently, and, as it turned out, more correctly. She at once claimed her right, addressing the Council as their Queen, commanding her proclamation; and without delaying till she had their reply, causing herself to be proclaimed where she was, and, through her friends, in all parts of the country.

At Framlingham the Howards, Mordaunts, Whartons, etc., immediately gathered round the Queen, coming in bands of horse and foot under their respective leaders, sons of noblemen, and representatives of the country gentry, forming an ample means of defence. In the meantime, away in London was occurring the tragic little farce of the Twelfth-day Queen, in which Mary's cousin, little Lady Jane, acted a half-unconscious, half-heroic part. Northumberland had the girl of seventeen taken to Sion House, where she was told of the death of King Edward. While she was still thinking only of mourning tenderly for her young cousin and former playmate—who, if he had lived, and all things had gone well, might have been her husband instead of Guildford Dudley—she was informed that he had made her his heir, and bequeathed to her the Crown.

In incredulous amazement she sat and saw her father-in-law, Northumberland, and her sister's father-in-law, Pembroke, with other mature men of mark in the Council, proceed to pay her homage, and hail her as their sovereign. She cried that she was unfit and unworthy, and then, in a revulsion of feeling, prayed to God to give her strength and wisdom to reign, if it were His will. She went in a State barge to the Tower, and was received there in silence. She was proclaimed at the Cross in Cheapside, and also at Paul's Cross, and in Fleet Street, still amidst the ominous silence of the mass of the London citizens.

On the other hand, all England was rallying round Mary. Lord Sussex declared for her, Lord Derby, with twenty thousand men at his back (it was said), did the same. Sir Peter Carew proclaimed her in Devonshire. The fraction of the nobility who had asserted the claim of "Queen Jane," in terror at the changed aspect of things, and at the overwhelming number of Mary's partisans, tried to make terms for themselves by hastily recanting, and giving in their adherence to their lawful sovereign. Pembroke, whose eldest son had married Lady Catharine Gray, as next in order of succession to the throne (a match which the imperious and wily nobleman would fain have unmade), was one of the first to turn his coat and proclaim Mary at the Cross in Cheap, where the whole air reverberated with shouts of "God save the Queen" from tens of thousands of throats.

Northumberland himself, the arch-conspirator in the plot for making his daughter-in-law Queen, shared the panic, and proclaimed Mary in Cambridgeshire.

Suffolk, poor Lady Jane's father, rushed into her room in the Tower, tore down the canopy erected over her seat, and told her she was no longer Queen. She said she was gladder to hear of her deposition than she had been to hear of her exaltation, and asked, in good faith, if she might not now go home!

The rapid renunciation of their pretensions saved some, but not all, of the conspirators; Pembroke, amongst others, escaped the penalty; but Northumberland, Suffolk, and the most innocent traitor of all, Lady Jane, with her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, were arrested, sent to the Tower, where they had recently played so different a part, and detained there as prisoners.

Mary was Queen of England, and without doubt her first thoughts were thoughts of mercy, and of sorrowful recollection of the young brother for whom she had never had time to mourn. She opened the prison doors within her reach. She would have announced a general amnesty had it not been for the remonstrances of her advisers—especially of Renard, the Emperor's ambassador. She dismissed with scorn the idea of making a child, like "her cousin Jane Grey," answerable for the deeds done in her name.

Mary insisted, against cautious warnings, that she would have a requiem and dirge said and sung for Edward, in order that her young brother might not "be buried like a dog"—that is, without the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, on which she set such store. It is agreed that in the first days of her reign her mind was more occupied with what she viewed as the last mark of regard and respect for the boy Edward than with her own brilliant prospects.

Mary's progress to London was a triumphal one, and as soon as she approached the capital she showed that she came in peace by dismissing the army which had accompanied her, with the exception of a bodyguard. At Wanstead, one of her seats, she was met by

her cousin, Frances Brandon, imploring mercy for her husband, the Duke of Suffolk, sick in the Tower. She so worked on the Queen's pity that she granted his release after only three days' imprisonment. Probably the Duchess did not dare to plead for the still more guiltless victim, her daughter, whose train the mother had borne during Lady Jane's brief experience of royalty.

At Wanstead Mary was joined by her sister, Princess Elizabeth, who came attended by two thousand horse and a suite of ladies. The Queen greeted the Princess and her ladies very graciously, raising each as she knelt, and kissing her. Elizabeth asked if the Queen desired her to wear mourning for their brother. The reply was, that Mary desired to see no mourning anywhere on so auspicious an occasion. It was a queenly and magnanimous speech.

Mary and Elizabeth rode into the City side by side. They entered it by the port of Aldgate, hung with streamers in honour of the event. A thousand gentlemen in velvet doublets and mantles rode before the sisters; behind them came the City Guard, to which Mary entrusted herself. The streets were lined by the different trades with their banners. The Lord Mayor and his aldermen were in waiting to welcome the Queen. The whole scene was joyous and splendid, as if inaugurating a happy and prosperous reign. Mary was then in her thirty-ninth, Elizabeth in her twenty-first year. Elizabeth was a handsome young woman, in full possession of the Tudors' fair, florid, stately style of beauty, and her majesty of feature and carriage were, even in youth, remarkable. Yet Mary, long past any delicate bloom which had ever been hers—short, thin, sallow, with symptoms of dropsy already perceptible—by sheer native dignity, and by dint of the frank, dauntless honesty which had hitherto distinguished her, was able to stand the comparison between the two. More than one spectator that day remarked on the Queen's attractions, even in such company, as more than mediocre. The flush of pride and satisfaction rounded and warmed her pinched brunette face, and lit up her brown eyes with a positive charm.

At the gate of the Tower, which was Mary's destination, a strange, pathetic spectacle was provided for her. Kneeling on the green were the State prisoners, old and young, men and women. Some of them she had known well in other circumstances in former days: all of them craved her mercy. The head of the Howards, the old Duke of Norfolk, the hard, pitiless uncle of the two miserable queens—Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard—who had been under sentence of death when King Henry died in time to save him, was under sentence of death still. Another petitioner was the arrogant descendant of Thomas of Woodstock, the widow of the Lord Protector Somerset, who had squabbled for precedence with Catharine Parr, whom Mary had addressed as her "gossip," her "good Nan." A third was Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon. He had entered the Tower on the execution of his father, the Marquis of Exeter, and the attainder of his mother, Lady Exeter, when Courtenay was a wondering boy of ten. He was now, after the lapse of fifteen years, an exceedingly handsome, and of all things, considering his gloomy surroundings, a frivolous, hare-brained young man of five-and-twenty. Two bishops were among the number of petitioners—Durham and Winchester.

The tears ran down Mary's cheeks at the sight. "Ye are my prisoners," she said, kissing each old friend, and giving each liberty. She did more; she restored to them such

forfeited estates and dignities as she could reclaim and bestow afresh. She made Gardiner her Chancellor, and gave Lady Exeter the appointment of one of the ladies of the Queen's bedchamber.

During Mary's stay at the Tower the funeral of Edward VI. was celebrated in Westminster Abbey with Protestant rites—in accordance with a compromise to which the Queen consented reluctantly. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, in one of his last official appearances, conducted the service. At the same time Mary, who had persistently regarded her brother as a boy whose creed was imposed upon him, had the requiem dirge and mass, which she had promised herself she should procure for him, sung and said in the Tower chapel. Mary, with her household, was present at the service, but Princess Elizabeth was conspicuous by her absence.

The early days of Mary's reign began at once to be troubled by the contending factions in Church and State. A devoted daughter of her Church, she not only took steps to assure the Pope's messenger of her unshaken allegiance; she followed these up by injudiciously bold and illiberal efforts to bring back the country to the old faith. She reinstated the deposed bishops, in the process ignominiously ousting their Protestant successors. She had mass restored at once, though some of the priests who celebrated it wore steel under their cassocks as a necessary precaution. She went on to forbid the Bible's being in the hands of the laity, to refuse to acknowledge married priests, and to prohibit preaching unless the preacher held a license from her. At the same time she made no concealment of her rooted aversion to assuming the title and authority of the head of the English Church, a position which, in her eyes, could only belong to the Pope of Rome.

Yet in her private life Mary showed no disinclination to have Protestants about her person, neither did she begin by pursuing any means, save that of argument, to convince them that they were in error. When they remained unconvinced, she did not, at that date, withdraw from them her trust, or assail them with persecution. Among the ladies whom she appointed to be her maids of honour were her old friends the daughters of the Protector Somerset, brought up in ultra-Protestantism. Among the ladies of her bedchamber were two daughters of Sir Anthony Coke, the one the wife of Cecil, the other the wife of Nicholas Bacon, the father of Francis Bacon. These ladies were as distinguished for their intellectual attainments as for their Reformed principles. The only Roman Catholic lady, apart from Mary herself, who could compete with these learned maidens and dames was the bedchamber woman, Mrs. Basset, daughter of Margaret Roper, the translator of Eusebius. Lady Jane Seymour had been specially educated after the fashion of her cousin, the young king, with the hope that she, and not Lady Jane Grey, might become his queen. But the boy had preferred the cousin, who, through her grandmother, the Queen Dowager of France, was, like himself, a Tudor.

One of Mary's gentleman pensioners was a Worcestershire squire of the name of Underhill, who, from his fervent espousal of the Reformed cause, had received the nickname of "the hot Gospeller." He was the author of a satirical ballad against the Roman Catholics, which he might have written to sing to the lute, on which he was an expert. Underhill, who has left behind him a graphic narrative of his times, was had up before the Council, and was thrown into Newgate. But he was not only, with Mary's consent, released presently, he was re-instated in his office.

Mary was more vexed by her sister's attitude towards the priests than by that of any meaner person. But even here, where the

discord between the sisters had its first manifestation, Mary commenced by trying friendly remonstrances. In a formal interview which the sisters had on the subject, in one of the galleries of Whitehall, with a half-door closed between them—for Mary no longer refused, as at first, to sit down to a banquet which was not graced by Elizabeth's presence, or insisted on leading her by the hand to the seat of honour next herself—Elizabeth temporised. She said that she simply worshipped as she had been taught, and declared that she was willing to receive instruction on the subject. Then Mary was quickly appeased, and was eager to send her sister learned Roman Catholic priests to be her instructors. With something of the ordinary tendency of an elder woman to regard a girl very much her junior as a child still in understanding and wilfulness—(a tremendous fallacy in the case of Elizabeth, who had a man's strength of mind combined with a woman's subtlety of nature)—Mary sought to coax her sister with timely gifts of jewelled rosaries, such as a coquettish beauty might like to wear, as well as to convince her by the disputations of masterly controversialists.

So little was there of natural cruelty in Mary's temper, that though urged by her confidential advisers, especially by the Emperor's ambassador, to show a necessary example in punishing the recent conspirators, it was only with difficulty that she could be brought to sign the warrant for the execution of Northumberland and two gentlemen of inferior rank, his aiders and abettors in treason; while his loud profession of Roman Catholicism on the scaffold did not procure for him a respite from the Roman Catholic Queen.

All the time Mary was seeking to spare her opponents, and was also, in defiance of the Emperor's advice, striving with a high hand to overturn the established religion of the country, her shrewdness and common-sense—of which she had no lack—told her how insecure was her hold of her kingdom; how alarming her danger; how strong the foes menacing her. Renard insinuated endless doubts and suspicions of Elizabeth above all, and pointed out that the Princess might at any moment, especially if she married Courtenay, the great-grandson of Edward IV., supersede her sister in the favour of the Protestant masses, and by them be elevated to the throne.

Mary was so conscious of the difficulties in which her religion involved her, that though she was loyal to it to the heart's core, and though she warmly welcomed the appointment of her old friend and kinsman, Reginald Pole, as the Pope's legate in England, she saw herself constrained to oppose the open announcement of the fact, and to urge that Pole might not be sent to England in this or in any other capacity, till the country was prepared for him. Mary was not happy in the trouble and perplexity which crowded upon her. With the restlessness of a harassed woman whose temperament was nervous and highly strung, she was eager to quit the Tower, where she felt herself controlled and overborne on all sides, and to repair to the palace at Richmond, where she might be more her own mistress. It is the greater credit to her, that she and her Chancellor, Gardiner, spent many hours at this time in projecting together what was the one redeeming feature of her administration. She agreed to discharge the debts of Edward's reign; she set about reforming many abuses; she prepared to practise many economies in order to fill a penniless exchequer; she determined to repeal many unrighteous and oppressive Acts of Parliament, and to see that justice was dispensed in a free and fair manner. In all this Mary acted like a true Queen; not Elizabeth herself ever showed greater concern for the welfare of her subjects. Would that this laudable spirit had been maintained throughout her reign.

In the uncertainty of her position Mary ardently desired her coronation. Money had been borrowed from the citizens of London for the purpose; but the Lords of the Council still delayed, on one plea and another, really with the intention of so altering the coronation oath that Mary, the most truthful of women, should be made to swear to an obligation to protect the freedom of conscience, and therefore the freedom in religious belief, of her subjects. When Mary could endure the delay no longer, at the last meeting of the Council to consider the necessary steps she appealed passionately to the members, and, flinging herself on her knees, besought them—Gardiner especially—to oppose her no farther by deferring the rite. The voluntary abasement of their high-spirited Queen extorted from the Council an unwilling consent to the measure.

Mary's coronation took place on the 1st of October, 1553, not quite three months from the date of Edward the VI.'s death. The ceremony, which was conducted with great splendour, was preceded by the almost equally dignified progress of the Queen and her Court to the Tower. A procession of five hundred noblemen and gentlemen, including the foreign ambassadors, led the way. Mary came in a litter drawn by six white horses. She wore a blue velvet gown furred with ermine, and on her head a caul or skull cap of gold network—so "beset" with pearls and precious stones, "that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand" because of the weight it carried. That weary, aching head, to be so gorgeously burdened! Princess Elizabeth, and worthy, phlegmatic Anne of Cleves, for a foil, were in an open chariot next the Queen, and wore robes and kirtles of cloth of silver. Mary's pony, led by her Master of the Horse, chariots with the maids of honour and the women of the household, seventy ladies in crimson velvet on horseback, made a fine sight for the city, which had furnished means for the show.

Not to be outdone, London supplied its own pageants to grace the occasion, and entertain its distinguished guests. Four great giants making speeches in Fenchurch Street; an angel blowing a trumpet in Gracechurch Street; conduits running wine on Cornhill and in Cheap; the Queen's old player, Heywood, who had marshalled his puppets to amuse her when she was a child, greeting her under a vine at St. Paul's School; Peter the Dutchman skipping on the weather-cock of St. Paul's.

On the coronation morning, the Queen and her train went in barges to Westminster. She wore her crimson Parliament robes, and walked under a canopy borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports, the Bishop of Durham on her right hand, the Earl of Shrewsbury on her left, the Duchess of Norfolk bearing the Queen's train. Behind Mary walked Princess Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves, as the ladies next her in rank. Eleven bishops, headed by the Queen's friend, Stephen Gardiner, were ready to consecrate her, but no Archbishop was forthcoming. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his fellow Archbishop of York, were already prisoners under charges of treason and heresy.

Mary was the first queen in her own right crowned in England since Saxon times, and there was some difficulty, in the absence of precedent, so to arrange the ceremonial that it might suit a female sovereign. There was nothing specially Roman Catholic in the rites—when it comes to that, they had been framed for Roman Catholics. Mary took the precaution of having fresh "holy oil" brought from Arras, whose bishop blessed it, in case what was in use in England had been polluted by passing through the hands of heretical bishops and archbishops; but except in this instance, in having mass said, and in prostrating herself twice before the high altar, Mary's coronation did not differ greatly from other

coronations. Her robes were twice changed, her final dress being purple velvet—surcoat, mantle, and train “furred with miniver and powdered ermine.” As in the case of the boy king, her brother, she wore a crown at the coronation feast—the third or fourth crown with which she was crowned that day. The old Duke of Norfolk played the part of Earl Marshal, ushering in the first course of the banquet and clearing the centre of the hall on horseback; Sir Edward Dymock, the hereditary champion of the sovereigns of England, threw down the gauntlet as usual, in defiance of all

the opponents to Mary's claim. Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves sat on the Queen's left hand, and had special services appointed for them.

Four days after the coronation Mary opened Parliament in person for the first time. The Queen and her lords rode all dressed in scarlet, with trumpets sounding before them. Their first destination was Westminster Abbey where mass was celebrated, and the harmony of the assembly was disturbed by two of the bishops—the Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop of Hereford—who refused to kneel at mass, being turned out of the Abbey.

One of the first acts of this Parliament was to annul the Act which in the reign of Henry VIII. had declared Henry's marriage with Catharine of Arragon illegal. Another act was the attainder of Lady Jane Grey and her husband; but though Lady Jane pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death, there was no thought then that the sentence would ever be put into execution, and that the young girl would really suffer. Even when the offence was recent Mary had indignantly scorned the idea of making Lady Jane the scapegoat.

(To be continued.)

WINNIE'S WAITING.

CHAPTER IV.



NE evening in January, when Winnie had been laid by for more than eight years, the family at The Glen gathered round the fire after dinner, talking over what was, to some of them at least, a topic of absorbing

interest—Gertie's baby boy, who was just a year old. Winnie's busy fingers were knitting him some dainty socks, and she laughed merrily as Connie, who had spent the day with her nephew, recounted some of his funny doings. Winnie did not look twenty-nine; she was pale, but scarcely sickly-looking, and her brown velvet dress, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat, set off to advantage her sweet face and thoughtful grey eyes. Of all the party Jack and Connie were outwardly the most changed; he from being a rough-headed little boy with strong objections to frequent applications of soap and water, had grown up a young exquisite, most particular about his neckties and gloves, and he was accordingly much teased by his elders.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford sat in an easy chair on either side of the fireplace, nodding off into a doze when their children left them alone for longer than usual. Connie had seated herself on Tom's knee, and was engaged in turning out his pockets in search of the love-letters she told him she was sure he must receive at the office. “He is a darling,” she said, alluding to the baby; “he looks so sweet in that white frock you made him, Winnie. He does like it so, and he is such a cherub with his crimson sash and armlets.”

“A fine cherub—a bawling, squalling, little monkey,” said Jack, who in public affected great contempt of his nephew, whom really, however, he worshipped, and to whom he made presents of sweets, with which he secretly fed that precious infant, who was thereby rendered sick and cross, to the great dismay of his anxious mamma.

Connie's vigorous defence of her nephew was cut short as a loud double knock resounded through the house, and Mr. Clifford started from his nap and looked round in bewilderment.

“Whoever can it be on such a night?” said Connie, getting off her brother's knee to assume a decorous position on a chair.

“A gentleman wishes to see you, please sir,” said a servant, opening the door.

“Who is it? Did he give you his name?” Mr. Clifford asked.

“No, sir; he said he wanted to see you particularly, and the name did not matter. I was not to disturb you if you were at dinner. He is in the dining room.”

“Very well; I will come directly,” and Mr. Clifford rose unwillingly. “I hope it is not that Dicker; I told him he was not to call at the office again. It is just like him to come here. Well, he won't get anything out of me this time, at any rate.”

“Shall I see him, father?” asked Tom, springing up.

“No; I had better go myself. Besides, it may not be Dicker; but I don't know who else it could be at this time,” and Mr. Clifford went out of the room.

He was gone a very long time. Presently the hall clock struck ten.

“How late it is,” said Mrs. Clifford. “I wonder whoever it can be keeping your father all this time.”

“It can't be Dicker; father would have sent him off long ago,” said Jack, and just then a servant entered the room bringing a cup of beef tea for Winnie, and he spoke to her. “Susan, has that gentleman ever been here before, do you know?”

“I don't think so, sir,” Susan answered, as she put a little table by Winnie's side.

“What is he like, Susan?” asked Connie, while Tom pulled her ear, and remarked that women never were curious.

“He is a grey-haired gentleman, miss, but he doesn't look old,” said Susan.

“Winnie dear, you had better go to bed,” said Mrs. Clifford in a little while. “Connie, you are half asleep; don't you think you had both better go?”

“Very well, mother. Say good-night to father—I hope he will not be kept much longer,” and the sisters went off. Tom and Jack went into the breakfast-room to smoke, and Mrs. Clifford was left alone. She dozed off, and was roused by hearing the front door shut, and in another minute her husband came into the room.

“Whoever has been keeping you all this time, John?” she said. “I had a great mind to come in to you.”

Mr. Clifford did not answer at first; he walked to the fireplace and stretched his hands to the blaze, and his wife repeated her question rather impatiently. Then he answered deliberately, “Well, my dear, it was Hugh Corrance.”

Mrs. Clifford rose to her feet in astonishment. “Hugh Corrance! our Hugh Corrance?”

“Yes, my dear, our Hugh Corrance. Poor dear fellow, he is as affectionate as ever.”

“But Susan said it was a grey-haired gentleman,” said Mrs. Clifford, still helpless from surprise.

“Susan should have said a fair-haired gentleman, then she would have been right. Hugh has a great fair beard.”

“But tell me all about it, John; don't make me ask so many questions. Is he married? Has he come for Winnie, poor child?”

Mr. Clifford was too excited to sit down

and talk quietly, and walking up and down he told his wife in disjointed sentences what she so much wanted to know.

“I didn't know him at first, and, poor fellow, he was so broken down, for he had heard of Winnie's illness. He has been true to her all this time. He only landed in England this morning, and came straight here. He wants to take Winnie just as she is; he says it is his fault she is so, and he will devote his life to making her happy. I believe he has grown into a very good man, my dear; he says he owes everything to our Winnie and that good Mr. Baird. He doesn't say much about his sorrow, but I can see it is very deep. He begs to be allowed to have Winnie. He says he shall consider it a high privilege to be allowed to wait on her; the thought of her waiting on, as he never doubted she did, has kept him up often when else he might have despaired; so what could I do but give him leave to talk it out with her?”

“What is he doing? Has he enough to keep her on? Dear child, I am thankful for her!” said Mrs. Clifford, whose tears were flowing fast.

“Why, I forgot that part. Hugh is a rich man now—at least, he has a thousand a year, and money in the bank. It seems he was good—at least he did not say so, but that is what I gathered—to an old man he found in great trouble and poverty; he was in a wretched state, all the more so as he had seen better days. Hugh worked for him, took care of him, and, I should think, acted as a most devoted son. Quite unexpectably the old man came in for some property which he did not live to enjoy; but he made it all over to Hugh, and there are no relations to dispute his possession.”

“Why didn't you call me?” asked Mrs. Clifford. “I should so like to have seen him. I have never been able to put him out of my heart.”

“He was so overcome or else I should have called you. I wanted him to stay all night, but he has taken rooms at an hotel. He is coming in to-morrow morning. How shall we tell Winnie?”

“You shall tell her after she has had her breakfast,” said Mrs. Clifford, and though her husband had been glad to get out of telling the bad news all those years ago, he did not refuse to carry the bright tidings; and Mrs. Clifford with a thankful heart stole in to look at her sleeping daughter.

Mr. Clifford meant to break the news very carefully to Winnie, and made an elaborate plan for leading up gently to the subject; but he looked so bright, and so evidently had something to tell, that she anticipated him—and perhaps it was no great wonder. It may be said that Hugh was always in her thoughts, for at least he was never far from them, so when he bungled and faltered, rather at a loss

MY SONG.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



"When love is mine," said I, "I'll make a song
In praise of love that maketh life so sweet;
One worthy such a grand and noble theme—
Worthy to lay at my beloved's feet.

"Pure, perfect pearls of poesy I'll string
On Music's silken thread, so rhythmic, sweet,
That those who hear will feel as though each word
Is but an echo of my heart's warm beat."

* * * * *

"Now Love *is* mine; but where my boasted song?
My heart is full—too full, ah me! for words;
And yet methinks my new-found joy has lent
Fresh rapture to the voices of the birds.

"And I am dumb; the world will never hear
The music filling all this life of mine.
O! Love is too sublime a theme for me;
I can but kneel in silence at Love's shrine."

MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

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

ALMOST simultaneously with Mary's accession the question of her marriage was started—that question which had been so often raised when she was a princess, and so often suffered to fall to the ground. It was much more vital now to herself and to her friends and foes. It became at once a source of heart-burning between them. Mary was not averse to marriage; as a younger woman she may have coquetted with such proposals, and professed herself either utterly indifferent, or inclined to lead a single life; but as a queen she did not propose, as Elizabeth did a few years later, to live and die a virgin queen. She did say on occasions, touching her coronation ring as she spoke, that her first marriage was to her people, and that she would never be unfaithful to that vow; but she did not profess to be determined against a second marriage. In the middle of the strife of faction, Mary, with all her self-reliance, was keenly conscious that she stood alone in her greatness: she wished the support which a husband could give her. The question was, whom should she marry? The desire of the nation was that she should marry an Englishman; but her pride rebelled at a union with a subject; and if a subject were chosen, only two recommended themselves strongly to the public. The one was Courtenay, Earl of Devon, whose misfortunes and romantic history appealed to the popular imagination. In addition he was the lineal descendant of the Plantagenets. But it is a mistake to hold that Mary ever hesitated in her rejection of Courtenay. He was an arrogant, dissipated, foolish, and fickle lad, without even the personal courage which distinguished Mary. His whole character was antipathetic to hers. His mother, Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, was one of the ladies of the Queen's bed-

chamber, whom Mary recognised as a kinswoman and friend; indeed, the Queen admitted Lady Exeter to such a degree of intimacy that she shared Mary's bed. But perhaps still more because of the close intercourse with his mother, the Queen's feelings towards Courtenay were more those of a second mother than of a future wife. She "treated him like a child;" tried to restrain him, and to impress upon him more regular and decorous habits. She put him under the care of a nobleman on whom she could depend, ordered at least one suit of clothes for him, and then interdicted him from wearing it. But she never wavered in her statement that she would not have Courtenay for her husband. The fourteen years in which he was her junior were the least of his faults. She greatly resented his boastful self-conceit in proposing for himself such high promotion. She would never marry him, she said—never.

The other English subject—by birth—also of royal descent, was much better suited to Mary, in years, moral character, and mental attainments. He was Courtenay's uncle, Reginald Pole, just appointed the Pope's legate. True he was a priest, but the Pope could give him a dispensation from his vows as easily as he could appoint him legate. If old rumours had any truth in them, he had been, after the Emperor of Germany, Catharine of Arragon's choice as a husband for her daughter. Certainly he had been a firm and faithful friend to Catharine. He was, in addition, the son of the slain Countess of Salisbury, who had been Mary's early guardian. Pole had been so long out of England, to which he longed to return, that he might have been held in a sense a foreigner. Still, he was an Englishman by birth, with the blood of the Plantagenets in his veins, just as it flowed in those of his nephew, Courtenay, and, with all

Reginald Pole's faults, he was a more princely type of man. If he had not Edward Courtenay's blooming youth, he had what was more appropriate—the dignity of fifty years. He too had his share of the Plantagenet beauty of person—a refined cast of beauty in his case. His devout, fervid temperament was calculated to recommend him to Mary.

But for a second time Reginald Pole refrained from becoming a candidate for Mary's hand. He was a priest to the heart's core; no earthly temptation would induce him, even with the Pope's consent, to lay down his vows to the Church. Even if he had been less devoted, Mary's own conscientious scruples would have come in the way of the transformation.

The most desirable of her subjects being thus dismissed, Mary's attention was directed to a foreign alliance, and from the first this was her secret wish and dearest ambition. If a foreign alliance could be accomplished, why not the most splendid of all, with the royal house which at that time towered over every other European dynasty? Spain was in the possession not of Austria alone, but of the Low Country and the Indies—what was just beginning to be reaped of the splendid fruits of Columbus's discovery of the New World, a discovery which he had made in the reign, and by the help of Mary's grandmother, Isabella of Castile.

With the tenacity of purpose which was so marked a feature in her character, Mary recalled the mighty Prince to whom she had been betrothed as a child of six years, whose faithlessness to his troth-plight had cost her the first of the many mortifications she had to bear before entering on her high estate. He had, nevertheless, been her constant friend, protector, and counsellor in the days of her mother's degradation and her own, in her orphan condition up to the date of her ascending the

throne. Charles was a widower between fifty and sixty years of age—why should he not at last fulfil his troth-plight and render Mary not merely a Queen, but an Empress? Here indeed would be support for her tottering throne and her woman's weakness.

But the Emperor when consulted was provided with a substitute. He had from the moment that his cousin Mary was Queen of England coveted the alliance for Spain, but not in his own person. He pleaded his years and his infirmities as a patent excuse for declining taking upon him new responsibility and a change of habits. He suggested his son and heir, Don Philip, to be Mary's bridegroom in the Emperor's stead.

Mary was dazzled but not at once satisfied. In fact, the years of Don Philip were little more than those of Courtenay. Don Philip was twenty-seven years of age—twelve years Mary's junior—therefore Mary pooh-poohed his juvenility, and doubted a little, with reason, whether she could inspire him with affection. She feared also what she had heard of the Prince's wild youth. On the other hand, as a Prince, the heir of a great inheritance, accustomed betimes to serious responsibilities and weighty duties, he had early attained a certain maturity. He was already a widower, the father of a son, the unhappy Don Carlos, a boy of eight or nine years of age; for Philip had been married in his early teens to Mary of Portugal, a kinswoman of his mother, and had been at eighteen the father of a son. Surely such obligations must have sobered and steadied him, Mary was tempted to argue. Nay, she could easily ascertain that he had all his father's seriousness, with more than a shade of his sombreness, and that he was in all outward manifestations even austere religious, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic faith, however widely his practice might differ from his profession. To such a young man, her kinsman, supposing him honest and kind—and the Emperor's ambassador, Renard, who was one of Mary's evil geniuses, was always ready to answer her anxious enquiries whether Philip were a good man with solemn assurances of his many excellent qualities—would not the unbounded love of Mary, and her unstinted duty, together with her queenly estate and the kingdom she proposed to give him, make up for all other deficiencies and disparities? The benefit to the country of the alliance with the power and majesty of Catholic Spain—though her wisest English counsellors distrusted the measure, and the common people detested it—the Queen was persuaded would be immense. She hesitated a little, and was lost.

Thenceforth she was entangled in fresh warfare and new difficulties with her Council and Parliament as to the advisability of the Spanish marriage. She awoke the wrath of the Protestant part of the community; she exposed herself to the insults of the scurrilous mob. These she had let loose on her by annulling the Act which constituted libels against the Sovereign and the Government high treason. But the fiercer grew the opposition, the more doggedly Mary—supported by Renard of course, though dissuaded by Bishop Gardiner—stuck to her resolution. The more her imagination dwelt on what she believed were the advantages of the match, and exaggerated the supposed virtues and attractions of the bridegroom, till a woman's soaring ambition and a woman's romantic love, so long trampled down in her lonely heart, became concentrated with deadly power on the project and she was driven the length of saying that she would give up her kingdom before she would give up Philip. Ere the crisis was reached many stormy passages occurred between Mary, her Council, and her Parliament.

In January, 1554, Count Egmont, one of the future heroes in the wars of independence in

the Netherlands, arrived from Spain to arrange on the part of the Emperor the treaty of marriage between Philip and Mary. So great was the public hostility to the connection, that the messenger did not pass through Kent without danger to his life and liberty. The marriage settlements made under the direction of the Emperor were studiously framed to conciliate the English. All the advantages seemed with England. Among the most prominent provisions were, that the two kingdoms were to be governed separately; that none but Englishmen were to hold office in the English Government and in the Queen's household. If Mary had a child, it was to succeed to her dominions in right of its mother, and to Holland and Flanders in right of its father; while his elder son, Don Carlos, was to succeed to Spain and Austria. If Mary survived Philip she was, while she was to bring him no dowry, to receive an annuity of sixty thousand ducats. England was not to be involved in the Emperor's French wars. Fair words these, which Mary implicitly believed, but many of her Council doubted them. The marriage could not take place without a dispensation from the Pope, since the intending bride and bridegroom were cousins; and while Philip in Spain was striving to escape the fate which involved exile to a country he hated, and marriage with a faded, haggard bride, altogether distasteful to him, Mary, in her unconsciousness, was hurrying the commissioners at Rome, and striving with feverish haste to get the marriage accomplished before Lent, because otherwise the religious season would delay the wedding till Easter.

But a period of terrible anxiety had to be undergone, and a path of blood and fire traversed, in which the lion-like qualities that Mary, as well as Elizabeth, had inherited from King Henry, again came into prominence, and served her well with her people, before the inauspicious event on which she had set her heart was accomplished.

The week after the public announcement of the Queen's marriage insurrections broke out all over the country—in Devonshire, under Sir Peter Carew; in Kent, under Sir Thomas Wyatt; and in the Midlands, under the Duke of Suffolk and his brothers. The fact that Suffolk and Carew were Protestant leaders, while Wyatt was a Catholic, is one of the proofs that the English Catholics and the English Protestants were alike violently hostile to the alliance with Spain. But the manner in which Protestants and Catholics were balanced against each other, and the fact that their mutual animosities did not even slumber while they were united in a common cause, are reasons cited by Mr. Froude for the ultimate failure of their plans. It seems a matter of uncertainty to this day, whether Suffolk, in joining the rebellion, did so for the purpose of proclaiming his daughter, Lady Jane Grey, queen in all the towns he passed through—according to the testimony of one witness—or whether, as there seems some evidence to show, he joined Wyatt and Carew with the purpose of placing Princess Elizabeth on the throne, and of marrying her to Courtenay, thus combining their two claims, and ensuring an English husband to an English queen. Courtenay (professedly a Catholic) was undoubtedly in the plot, but there was no convincing evidence of Elizabeth's complicity. If she was a conspirator she took care that no clear sign of her share in the insurrection should survive, though her name of course formed the rallying cry; and there were not wanting rumours that she had a personal partiality for the handsome, feather-head Courtenay, to whom she was well suited in years.

The revolts in Devonshire, and in Warwick, Worcester, and other midland counties, were speedily mastered; prematurely discovered, as they were, by the cowardice and treachery of

Courtenay, they vanished like morning dew before the sun's rays. Carew fled for his life; poor Suffolk, sick and sorry, hid himself in the hollow of a tree near Warwick Castle, was betrayed by a keeper to whom he had entrusted his secret, and, with one of his brothers, was carried prisoner to London. But Wyatt's rising was less easily quelled, and at one time assumed alarming proportions. The old Duke of Norfolk, sent to meet the rebels, incautiously exposed himself and his men to the enemy between Gravesend and Rochester at the very moment that a Captain Brett, at the head of a detachment of train bands from London, turned sides and went over to Wyatt. A general panic and confusion followed. The Duke was ignominiously routed, and Wyatt, with a large force, marched upon London, which was practically undefended, save by its citizens. Mary was at Whitehall when the news of Wyatt's approach reached her. In place of quailing and flying, she went straight to the Guildhall, and standing on the steps addressed the crowded assembly in "her deep man's voice," with her unshrinking courage. She made one of her vigorous, telling speeches; she said plainly that her subjects were in rebellion, and went on to declare as plainly that she believed her marriage with the Prince of Spain was the cause. She told her audience that she had sent to Wyatt offering to hear and pay respect to the objections of him and his followers. She repeated his arrogant answer, that he could only treat with her when he had the Tower of London and her person in his possession. "She stood there," she said, "as lawful Queen of England, and she appealed to the loyalty of her great city to save her from a presumptuous rebel." She assured her hearers that Wyatt's object was "general havoc and spoil." As for her marriage, she said she had thought so magnificent an alliance could not have failed to be agreeable to her people. Marriage in itself was indifferent to her. She could continue happy in the virgin state in which she had hitherto spent her life. She would call a Parliament, and the matter should be farther considered. If the Lords and the Commons disapproved of the Prince of Spain, "on the word of a Queen she would think of him no more."

If Mary was not so entirely sincere in this as in most of her speeches, she was sufficiently in earnest to carry the hearts of her hearers with her. For a second time her prompt and brave action saved her cause. She "converted the Corporation." On the following day no less than five and twenty thousand men were enrolled for the defence of London.

Wyatt and his company arrived at Southwark. No one ventured to attack him, and a strange pause occurred, which lasted for four days. During these days the lawyers at Westminster Hall pleaded in harness. The judges wore armour under their robes. Dr. Weston sang mass in harness before the Queen. Tradesmen attended well-armed behind their counters.

Wyatt, finding the other bridges either barricaded or destroyed, turned back and approached London by Kingston Bridge, after marching all night through mud and mire. One portion of his force, when it reached what is now Hyde Park Corner, divided and attacked St. James's Palace before and behind, while Wyatt himself advanced as far as Charing Cross, where several gentlemen, among them the recreant Courtenay, were stationed in command of a detachment of the Queen's Guards. In spite of the remonstrances of his companions Courtenay galloped off towards Whitehall, shouting "Lost, lost—all is lost!" and spreading terror as he rode.

In the meantime Mary was at Whitehall unprotected, save by what remained of her guards and her gentlemen pensioners. So imminent did the danger appear, that she was

roused at three o'clock in the morning, and her very ante-chamber was filled with such armed men as she could command, while her ladies went wringing their hands and bemoaning themselves. But Mary neither wept nor bewailed her hard fate. When more than one of her friends urged her, while there was yet time, to go in a barge to the Tower, she listened with a stout heart to Renard's sound opinion, that if she fled she was lost. She refused to stir, though her Chancellor Gardiner implored—it is said knelt—to her to go. When her cousin Courtenay dashed up, like a beaten hound, with his senseless clamour, she watched his arrival from a gallery unmoved. "If others durst not stand the trial against the traitors," she said, "she herself would go out into the field, and try the quarrel, and die with those who would serve her." There is a tradition that she even descended and stood in the gateway, where the *mêlée* was so complete, that some of Wyatt's followers, returning from St. James's, got mixed up with the Guards, and could only be distinguished by the mud with which their long night march had bespattered their hose. In other encounters between the Londoners and Brett's deserters in Wyatt's company, the uniform being the same, the mud still formed the distinguishing feature, and the cry of the Queen's men was, "Down with the drabble-tails."

Frustrated on all hands by the unexpected resistance he encountered, and especially by finding Ludgate closed against him, Wyatt, who has been described as "the most gallant and accomplished gentleman of his time," surrendered, after fighting desperately at Temple Bar, to Sir Maurice Berkeley, who, in order to protect his prisoner from the violence of the rabble, took him up on his own horse and rode with him to Westminster. From Whitehall Stairs Wyatt, and five of his followers, were conveyed in a barge to the Tower, Mary looking down on them from a window in the palace.

Wyatt's insurrection was an era in Mary's history. It aroused in her the fiery, overbearing temper and reckless vindictiveness which her father had so often exhibited. On her accession she had been merciful to excess, and had been reluctant to punish even one notorious offender, Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. Now, goaded by Renard with representations—the truth of which seemed to have been proved already in her reign of six months—that clemency was a folly; plied with warnings that her throne would never be secure so long as she left her enemies unpunished; tortured by repeated threats that the Prince of Spain, the Emperor's heir, would not be suffered to come to a country in so disturbed a state, where his foes, and those of the true Church, received in return for their crimes only a weak amnesty, Mary's nobler, gentler instincts were warped, misled, and betrayed. Within two days in that dreary February of 1554 she signed the death-warrants, not merely of Suffolk, but of her favourite cousin, little Lady Jane, and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley. Wyatt's rebellion had sealed their doom: though lying, as the husband and wife were, in the Tower when it took place, they were the merest passive instruments in the strife. Yet, with that piteous anxiety to do right, and to save the soul even though she slew the body, Mary sent Abbot Feckenham to convert the girl of seventeen, about to die, from the errors of her creed, before the stroke fell. When the distressed and kindly abbot pressed for greater time in which to do his work, the Queen willingly granted three days' respite to the condemned prisoner. This is not the place to tell how heroically yet sweetly Lady Jane died, without a murmur. Her chief concern, nay, her only trouble, was lest her father should apostatise on the scaffold, as Northumberland had done before him. But Suffolk, with all

his faults and weaknesses, was made of truer, manlier mould, and died maintaining the Reformed doctrines in which he had lived.

The Greys, and Wyatt himself, were by no means the sole sufferers for the abortive insurrection. The victims were of all ranks, and were executed wholesale. In order to strike the deeper awe into their neighbours, those citizens of London who had followed Wyatt's standard were hung in all public places and thoroughfares, and at the doors of the offenders' shops and houses, so that the city, like the wayside trees of France in the reign of Louis XI., was decorated thickly with the ghastly adornments of dangling corpses. Some five hundred men, who appeared before the Queen with halters round their necks, were pardoned; but this was grand exception to the general rule. The cruelty of the reprisals went far to blot out of men's minds the guilt which had provoked them. Courtenay, in spite of his betrayal of his party, was sent back for a time to the Tower, where his handsome, soulless face had been familiar from boyhood to manhood. But a greater than Courtenay was in danger. Princess Elizabeth, without any direct evidence against her, was sufficiently implicated to be summoned to London to answer for her conduct. She was lying ill at one of her country seats; but Mary believed her illness was feigned, and when Elizabeth was at last able to come to London, which she entered in an open litter, she was dressed in white, and looked in her paleness, "lofty, scornful, and magnificent." She was taken to Whitehall, when the Queen refused to see her sister. Alas! alas! the family ties which bound together Henry VIII.'s children were little likely to stand the test of time and trial. The daughters of different mothers, sinned against and sinning, were only too liable to vindicate their descent. The affection which the girl-Princess Mary had shown for her baby-sister; the kindly passages between them when, as simply the sisters of King Edward, there was comparatively little rivalry where they were concerned; even the friendly intercourse which had existed for a space on Mary's accession, were all things of the past. Possibly, in any circumstances, it would have been a shock to Mary to realise that the child and young girl accustomed to defer and look up to the sister older by so many years, had developed into a haughty, beautiful young woman, with a clear judgment of her own on all things, and no lack of wit to support it. Elizabeth was far too sagacious openly to defy or disobey her sister, who was also her Queen. She had also a suppler nature than Mary, who, with her blunt honesty, had difficulty in dissembling her feelings. But however plausible and complacent Elizabeth might show herself, she made no disguise that she regarded herself as the next in the claim to the throne, nor did she make the least objection to be hailed as the hope of the Protestant party, whose tenets she held in a modified form. Add to these inevitable grounds of dissension the persistent, urgent representations of Renard, on the part of the Emperor, from the first day Mary was Queen—to remove Elizabeth as a deadly danger from her path by fair means or foul. And now, to crown and give terrible point to the advice was the suspicion of Elizabeth's complicity with Wyatt, though it rested only on the intercepted despatches of the French ambassador, and on the copy of a letter which the Princess had written to Henry II. of France, together with two letters from Wyatt to Elizabeth, which she solemnly declared she had never received.

It is hard to believe that Mary could have proceeded to the last extremity against her sister, or that, having gone so far, she would not have relented before it was too late. Yet the Queen had sacrificed her favourite cousin, the little

girl of seventeen, to a mistaken sense of duty, and State policy; and Mary's old wholesome heart was fast changing to gall. All the wrongs which Catharine of Arragon and Mary had sustained at the hands of Anne Boleyn—who, as Mary believed, had threatened their lives; all the devastation wrought by her and her party in the Catholic church, were fresh again in the Queen's memory; and Elizabeth was Anne Boleyn's daughter, a meet Jezebel to come between Catharine of Arragon's daughter and her people, to tempt them back into rebellion, and, what was infinitely worse in rigidly Catholic eyes, into deadly heresy. The re-establishment by Act of Parliament of the marriage between Henry and Catharine of Arragon had necessarily invalidated his marriage with Anne Boleyn, though care was taken neither to mention her name, nor that of the Princess her daughter, in the Act. Still, the deposition of the Princess Elizabeth from her rank and rights existed by implication if Mary chose to act upon it, and Mary chose as far as even she dared.

In the old days when goodwill was still possible between the sisters, Mary had insisted, not without risk to herself, on styling her little sister "her Grace;" but, even before Wyatt's rebellion was heard of, the Queen had made Elizabeth walk in Court ceremonies behind her cousins, the Countess of Lennox (Lady Margaret Douglas) and the Duchess of Suffolk (Frances Brandon). Altogether it is idle to believe—even with the best opinion of poor Mary's original character and earnest desire to do right, beginning as they were to be fatally warped and distorted—that any feeling save distrust and enmity, thinly veiled by compulsory courtesy, existed latterly between Mary and Elizabeth. The bad health and serious illnesses of Mary, which did not cease with her accession, though they were kept more in the background, had shattered her nervous system. The sudden exaltation to the throne; the work, worry, and sharp warfare into which she was plunged; the passionate dream of finding in Philip of Spain deliverance from her evils, and food for her woman's starving heart, did the rest. Gradual symptoms of an intellect becoming unbalanced began to present themselves. There was no special mysticism in Mary's religion that we can discern; no expectation of miracles; no calling out for signs—in itself the sign of an unbalanced mind—in her earlier years. The evil began with the fantastic sermon of Harpsfield, Chaplain to Bishop Bonner, which he preached before the Parliament in 1553, the sermon being an introduction to a controversy between selected members of the Catholic and Reformed Churches. Harpsfield compared Mary to Judith, to Esther, to Deborah, to Mary of Bethany, who had chosen the better part; finally, to the Virgin Mary, with whom she might sing, "Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." The comparison, strange on the lips of a Roman Catholic, sank into what was the latent soaring enthusiasm of Mary's spirit, and found an echo in the sympathetic souls of all highly-strung enthusiastic Roman Catholics. From that time there was a disposition, both in herself and in those who held her views, to regard her as a woman with a divine mission, set apart, to be distinguished by particular intimations of God's will and marks of His favour—a conviction which, even when it is held dispassionately, with no mixture of motives, or of personal loves and hates, is perilously fraught with danger to the reason.

Then Mary summoned Renard—who was neither an enthusiast nor a man of religious principles—and, in the presence of one of her ladies-in-waiting, made him approach the altar bearing the holy wafer, which she was accustomed to speak of as "her protector,

her guide, and her adviser." She told her two companions how she had spent her days and nights in tears and prayers before it, "imploping God to direct her." "She flung herself on her knees, with Renard and Lady Clarence at her side, and the three together before the altar sang the 'Veni Creator.' . . . As the chant died into silence, Mary rose from her knees as if inspired, and announced the Divine message. The Prince of Spain was the chosen of Heaven for the Virgin Queen. If miracles were required to give him to her, there was a stronger than man who would work them. The malice of this world should not keep him from her; she would cherish and love him, and him alone. On another occasion Mary took Renard into her confidence, when she swore, in his presence before the Host, that she would marry Philip and only Philip.

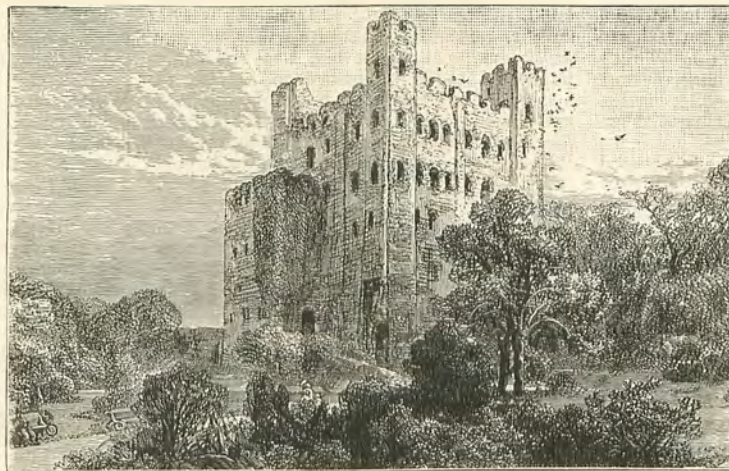
It was in a manner not altogether dissimilar

that Mary's great-grandmother, the venerable Margaret, had, in her tender youth, risen from her little bed and sought the direction of higher powers in her choice of a husband, when, as the child believed, St. Nicholas appeared to her, and bade her wed young Owen Tudor. But Margaret was a simple, humble-minded child, who never dreamed that she was different from other children, or that she was appointed to redeem England, though it were by fire and blood. From the date of that conviction a strain of insanity, always increasing, was visible in Mary's conduct.

Mary used the failure of Wyatt's rebellion to wring from her Council and Parliament their consent to her marriage with Philip of Spain. The Pope's dispensation was procured in March, 1554. Count Egmont was again in the country as the proxy of Philip, and was brought to Whitehall by Lord Pembroke and

Lord William Howard, the commanders of the army and navy. On the 6th of March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in the presence of her Court and of the foreign ambassadors, Mary, kneeling before the Sacrament in her Presence-room, gave her hand to Egmont as Philip's representative, and the marriage by proxy was accomplished. The next moment the Queen fell on her knees and asked all present to join in asking a blessing on the marriage. Egmont presented her with a ring from Philip, which she showed to the company. She sent the donor an affectionate message, but declined to write, as he had not yet written to her, a remissness which was one of the many indications of Philip's inveterate dislike to the marriage into which ambition and avarice, with his father, the Emperor, as their exponent, forced him.

(To be continued.)



GREYFRIARS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ESTHER'S SURRENDER.

"It really cannot be allowed to go on. I never did know anything so perfectly illjudged and absurd. Really, mother, you must do something to put a stop to it, or the poor boy will actually die from low spirits and doleful dumps. I knew the moment I set eyes on her just the sort of woman she was—a little sanctimonious, stuck-up humbug, something like what Rosamond might have been if we had not got hold of her so young. But to take advantage of that poor boy's weak state, to go and cram her notions down his throat day by day, and all day long, just when he really needs cheering and rousing, is a thing that cannot be allowed to go on. Even my own children are growing different, and losing their high spirits. Bertha looks years older, and has got a steady, grown-up air about her that is absurd at her age, whilst May has hardly been saucy ever since Dacre was taken ill. I have caught them again and again up there in his room, all as grave as judges, and talking, I have no doubt, in the most

absurd way, led on by that young aunt of theirs, who seems to have got all of them under her thumb. It really is time to interfere. Dacre's health will not stand the constant strain of such lugubrious talk."

Lady Eleanora moved rather uneasily in her chair.

"Dear Dacre seems to me to be going on very well. He looks bright and cheerful whenever I see him. And the doctors do not complain."

Mrs. Gostling gave a vicious little sneer.

"The doctors, indeed! I should like to know what they know about it! The doctors seem to me to be content to depute their duties to Mr. Chester a great deal too freely."

"That is Dacre's own doing. He so much prefers Everard to anyone else, and Dr. Gordon has the fullest confidence in him."

"Well, I call it a very unprofessional way of doing things, and I do not approve of it in the least. And to tell you the truth, I think that these visits ought to be put a stop to, and that

quickly. They are nothing more nor less than an excuse for that artful young woman to carry on a promising flirtation. Can't you see for yourself that she has been trying to get Everard Chester to her feet almost ever since she has been here. Why, I saw it plainly the last time I visited Greyfriars. And it is even more patent now."

"Well, if they like one another I see no reason against it," was the old lady's quiet reply. "They are very well matched as to birth and age; and we should all be pleased to have Esther as a near neighbour. We owe her a great deal for all her kindness to us in this sad crisis, as well as for her judicious management during the months that went before."

Mrs. Gostling was surprised and not best pleased with the tone of this reply; but it showed her that her mother was not so pliable as she once had been, and she changed her tactics slightly.

"Well, if you have no fault to find I am sure I do not wish to interfere; and if Dacre likes to be talked to in that most depressing of ways it is no concern

SWEET SYMPATHY.

O WOULD I had the power to show
The wondrous light beyond compare
From out those gentle eyes that glow—
Of heavenly radiance dwelling there!

O would I had the speech to tell
The loving interest she feels
In varied needs; for ease doth dwell
Where she her sympathy reveals.

Yet all do know it; for would they dare
To others show their woe or prize?
No! Heaven vouchsafes none else to share
What she alone can realise.

C. P.



MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN
RIGHT—continued.

THE WIFE OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

EVERY effort was made in the examination of the prisoners taken in Wyatt's insurrection to discover how far Elizabeth had been guilty in it. Nothing more came to light than the copy of her letter to Henry II. of France and Wyatt's letters to her, which were not enough to convict her. They were enough, however, to cause her to be brought before the Council, and to enable the Chancellor, Gardiner, to propose that she should be sent to the Tower. Stephen Gardiner, the head of the old Church party, had been Elizabeth's consistent enemy from the beginning of Mary's reign. Actuated by other motives than those which influenced Renard, the Emperor's ambassador, Gardiner had joined him in constantly warning Mary against her sister, and in pressing on the Queen, as her best policy, to hold Elizabeth at a distance, and get her out of the way.

The more just and liberal members of the Council opposed the proposal of Gardiner, who turned upon them and asked if any of them would be responsible for the safe keeping of the Princess, when every man shrank from the obligation. Elizabeth's attendants were removed, soldiers were picketed beneath the windows of her rooms in Whitehall, and on the following morning, the 17th of March, 1554, the lords of Winchester and Sussex communicated to her the decision of the Council, and told her that a barge was in readiness to take her to the Tower.

Ominous as the words were, Elizabeth behaved with the utmost spirit. She asked time to write to the Queen, and Sussex promised on his knees to put the letter into Mary's hands. The letter still exists, and the writing is more than usually firm, in which Elizabeth, "with great force and lucidity," protested before God her innocence, and prayed Him to "confound her" if she was guilty. She pleaded for an interview with her sister.

Mary refused to grant the interview, and was indignant with Sussex, who by his compliance with Elizabeth's request had caused such delay that the tide had turned, and the barge could not pass London Bridge till the following day. On the other hand, Mary

durst not venture to send Elizabeth a prisoner through the streets in the sight of the citizens and populace, whose idol she was fast becoming. In the Queen's wrath she cried that Sussex would not have acted so in her father's time, and wished Henry were alive and among them for a month. On the next day Elizabeth passed by the Traitor's Gate into the Tower.

The Queen could not condemn her sister without a trial, and Parliament was assembled for the purpose of procuring a trial. In the meantime Wyatt on the scaffold proclaimed, with a slight reserve, the innocence of Elizabeth and Courtenay. The condemned man said they were not privy to his rising *before it began*. The speech was regarded by the listeners as clearing the accused persons. The news spread like wildfire over the country. The judges refused to convict Elizabeth, and on their refusal it was impossible to detain her in the Tower. The difficulty was, what to do with her. There was more than one plan for sending her abroad by marrying her to a foreign prince. But she was the next heir to the throne, and would not readily consent to her own banishment; and Mary, on her side, refused to consider Anne Boleyn's daughter worthy of a princely alliance. Elizabeth was at last sent, still in disgrace and well guarded, to Woodstock, where she fretted in her confinement till she fell ill.

By Whit Sunday Mary was looking eagerly forward to Philip's arrival, and passing the interval in entering zealously into all the religious ceremonials of the season. "She marched day after day in procession, with canopies and banners, and bishops in silk slippers, round St. James', round St. Martin's, round Westminster." She had masses said for the repose of her father's soul. The constant strain of excitement, the sense of hope deferred in the non-arrival of her longed-for bridegroom, the growing consciousness that she was losing the affections of her people, and that the turbulent spirits among them were learning to look upon her with hatred and scorn, preyed more and more on Mary's shattered nerves. She withdrew for quiet in the summer sunshine to the green shades of Richmond; but she carried an inquiet spirit with her. She grew irritable to such a degree that she was well-nigh distracted. She blamed

everyone, even her prince, who had neither written to her nor sent her a lover-like message. She questioned every sailor she came across as to Don Philip's movements, and the state of the Channel, where the English fleet might not protect his vessel from the French ships. She would start from her sleep in wild terror. But the sharpest pang of all was, that her prince did not love her, that she was beyond her prime while time was passing, and that she would never win his love.

As an excuse for Philip's reluctance to fulfil his pledge, one of Mary's historians has in fairness recalled the disheartening facts, that he was not allowed to bring more than a handful of Spanish noblemen in his suite; that he was advised to select these gentlemen because of their pacific tempers, that they might stand the insults they were likely to receive from the hostile and rude English people; that it would be wise to have disguised men-at-arms for lacqueys; and that the heir of the great Emperor ought to take the precaution of carrying his own cook along with him to lessen the risk of poison.

The sea was squally and unfriendly to Philip's Spanish fleet. Like his grand-aunt, Catharine, he had a rough passage, and was overwhelmed by sea-sickness. But when he arrived in Southampton Water on the 20th of July, 1554, a year from Mary's accession, he received a courteous, magnificent welcome. He was met by the Lords Arundel and Pembroke, Shrewsbury and Derby, and the great assemblage awaiting him knelt as he stepped on shore. Mary was not able to present Philip with a crown matrimonial as she had desired, but Lord Shrewsbury invested him with the Order of the Garter, including a gold and jewelled collar, and a mantle of blue velvet fringed with gold and pearls—the whole so splendid that it was valued at two thousand pounds. Mary also sent her bridegroom a fine horse, which he mounted and rode to the church of the Holy Rood, to return thanks for his successful voyage.

The Queen had fixed to meet her bridegroom at Winchester, and to be married to him there by her Chancellor, Bishop Gardiner, Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, being still in durance under the charge of heresy and treason. As soon as Mary heard of the arrival

of the Spanish fleet she set out with a noble retinue for King Arthur's old town, so dear to her grandfather, Henry VII. But the day on which she arrived at the Bishop's palace was wild and stormy with wind and rain. The same storm, terminating in floods of rain, was the accompaniment of Philip's ride to Winchester. As yet, during the day and a half he had stayed at Southampton, the impression he had given was favourable. He had made an effort to overcome his natural "stiffness" and coldness, and was courteous to Mary's subjects, though it was noticed that when they were presented to him he did not put his hand to his cap. He spoke to the English gentlemen in Latin, and gravely drank some ale at the banquet, because ale was the wine of the country in which he had come to dwell, and he desired to live like an Englishman. There was no fault to find with him personally, though in stature he was rather short, while he was well-formed. Miss Strickland describes his complexion as cane-coloured, and his hair sandy; but a more complimentary chronicler of his looks simply calls attention to his yellow hair and beard, and has nothing to say against his heavily-lidded grey-blue eyes, or the hereditary gloom of his expression. Certainly his dress set off such good looks as he possessed, and added to his dignity. In contrast to the grand and fantastic dress of the time, Philip almost always wore plain black velvet in doublet and trunk hose, with a small black velvet cap, which on this occasion had a lining of fine gold chains and a little drooping feather. This was the picturesque outward garb of the man. In broad contrast to his romantic antecedents and appearance, he was a gross eater, over-indulging himself in the fat of bacon till he fell ill with the excess. I had also, like his sagacious father, a childish passion for pastry, which he gratified to the detriment of his health and temper. What was worse, he was absolutely cold-hearted and radically vicious.

Out of compliment to Spanish taste in dress, as it seems, the English gentlemen who escorted Don Philip wore black velvet in their turn. But the exigencies of that dismally rainy ride compelled the Prince to wrap himself in a red felt cloak, and to put on a broad hat. Indeed, so execrable was the weather, for the middle of summer, that poor Mary sent a messenger post-haste to beg her future husband not to come on to her—a message which was in danger of being misunderstood by the Spaniards, who went aside and consulted together in perplexity and dismay as to what could have happened, till one of the English lords volunteered a smiling explanation in French—"Our Queen, sire, loves your Highness so tenderly that she would not have you come to her in such wretched weather."

Arrived at Winchester, Philip repaired first to the cathedral, kissed the crucifix, prayed before the altar, and sat in the choir listening to a *Te Deum laudamus* till he had to be conducted by torchlight to the Deanery. Having changed his dress for hose of white and silver, and a black velvet doublet bordered with diamonds, he was conducted, at ten o'clock in the evening, by a private passage from the Deanery to the Bishop's palace, where Mary awaited him. There was no need of an interpreter between them. Mary conversed with Philip in Spanish, and one can guess how sweet her mother's tongue must have sounded on his lips. Philip too was gracious. He asked her to teach him enough of her English to enable him to astonish the English gentlemen who were to conduct him back to the Deanery by taking leave of them in English. With glad goodwill Mary gave the required lesson, and Philip was furnished with the necessary weapons to surprise the lords in attendance by being qualified to say, "Good night, my lords, all of you."

Mary's fond dream was realised, but woe's me for the awakening. It did not dawn on her for a brief season. She was permitted to be the happiest of the happy for a passing hour. Philip's natural reserve helped to conceal his utter indifference to the woman whom he had crossed the seas to marry. The rigid etiquette of his country prevented any betrayal of discourtesy to the Queen. But in the course of six weeks all the urgent remonstrances of the ambassador Renard, who had schemed and striven for the match, were wanted to keep the brutally heartless young man from abandoning his newly-wedded wife and returning on any pretext to his beloved Spain.

Little did Mary dream of what was in store for her when she held her first grand court at Winchester the day after Philip's arrival, and the pair stood conversing together under the canopy of state in the presence of a crowd of courtiers.

The marriage took place on the 25th of July, the day dedicated to St. James, the patron saint of Spain. The Queen walked on foot from the palace to the Cathedral, her train borne by her cousin, Lady Margaret Douglas, now Countess of Lennox.

Philip was attended by sixty Spanish grandees, among them Alva and Egmont, whose names were to figure on such very different pages in their country's history. Mary was dressed in French fashion in a robe of gold brocade, a train edged with pearls and diamonds, and her large sleeves gathered up by clusters of the same jewels. Her coil was bordered with a double row of large diamonds. Her kirtle was of white satin embroidered with silver. On her breast she wore the great diamond sent to her by Philip on their betrothal. Scarlet shoes and a black velvet scarf completed the costume.

We have a life-like engraving from a fine picture of Mary, by Antoine More, in our mind's eye, as we find her in her fortieth year thus decked out for her ill-fated bridal. The rich formal dress of the period adds to the formality, if it also increases the dignity, of the figure. The face is naturally strong and sensible in spite of the distraction which was to convulse it. The forehead is large, the nose marked, the mouth firm, with the upper lip slightly pressed beneath the under. The expression is conscientious and good, notwithstanding the mountain load of curses which have rested for centuries on the unhappy Queen's head.

Philip's suit on his wedding day was hardly so picturesque and becoming, however splendid, as that which he wore on ordinary occasions. He too was in brocade bordered with pearls and diamonds. His trunk hose were of white satin worked with silver. His collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece was of beaten gold studded with diamonds, while round his knee was the jewelled riband of the Garter.

Mary was given away by the chief lords of her Council, Derby, Pembroke, etc. She chose to be married with a plain gold ring "like any other maiden." With the same loving deference, which was conceded by another and a later Mary, it was her will that Philip's name should take precedence of hers when they appeared in company. It was not to be "Mary and Philip," but "Philip and Mary."

The marriage ceremonial lasted from seven o'clock in the summer morning till three in the afternoon. It must have been an exhausting experience to Mary, whose head never failed to ache acutely under the influence of fatigue, excitement, and agitation. At the marriage banquet, when Mary and her husband sat side by side under a canopy, the service was of solid gold plate. The banquet was followed by a ball. Princess Elizabeth, sick and sorry under her banishment to Woodstock, with a somewhat hard jailor in Sir Henry

Bedingfield, heard only the distant echoes of the rejoicing.

Philip and Mary went, the day after their marriage, to Basing House, where they were entertained by the Marquis of Winchester. They then proceeded to Windsor, and Philip presided at a festival of the Knights of the Garter to celebrate his installation. In August the royal couple removed to Richmond, and on the 28th of the month they entered London in state. Gog and Magog stood on London Bridge to receive Mary and her prince, and conducted themselves like well-behaved giants. But as it happened, a painting or effigy of Henry VIII. among the nine worthies round the turret at the conduit in Gracechurch Street, represented the King in the act of presenting a book, on which was inscribed, *Verbum Dei* (the "Word of God"), to his son King Edward. The significance of the inscription was unmistakable, and awoke the resentment of Mary. Some say the Queen, some say Gardiner, caused the book to be painted out and a pair of gloves substituted in its place. According to other authorities, what were supposed to be gloves were merely the blurred fingers of the hand which the painter, sharply called to account, painting in his haste and trepidation, had nearly effaced. However, Philip had brought with him numerous chests of bullion, which were proudly displayed on their way to the Tower. These caused even his greatest enemies to forgive him for a time, so acceptable was the precious metal to an empty exchequer.

After a short stay at Whitehall, Mary retired with her husband to the privacy of Hampton Court, and there doubtless the first symptoms of his discontent and restlessness disturbed her woman's dream. If she, who was anxiously deferring to him in everything, and pressing her unwilling Council to grace him with still more substantial honours and powers, saw with aching suspicion and apprehension the signs of what was coming, the public were not permitted to witness them. Whether out of a concession to Spanish etiquette, or from wounded pride, or a sad sinking of heart which caused her to shrink from observation, the Queen ordained that the Royal family and Court, which had hitherto been in full view of the people, should withdraw behind closed gates at Hampton.

From her youth Mary had shown herself fond of children, and "she ardently desired an heir which should shut her contumacious, dissembling, heretical sister out of the succession." The passionate hope that her wishes were about to be fulfilled restored to Mary for a fleeting interval the first glow of the short-lived happiness which was fast fading. Here again the mystic, inflated, religious, and patriotic sentiments which had been fostered in her after her succession took possession of her. She might live to bear a child who should be the deliverer of his race and nation by restoring the faith which Henry and his son had subverted, and by giving back to the "Holy Father" in Rome the kingdom which had profanely cast off his yoke. The one point on which Mary could never have been disappointed in Philip was his punctilious observance of the rites of their Church. While his heart was like the nether mill-stone, and he was destitute of manly virtue, he was, after the fashion of Louis XI. of France, the most slavishly superstitious of men, so far apart may the letter be from the spirit, so widely severed profession from practice. It was a strong proof at once of Mary's fanaticism and of her infatuation where Philip was concerned, that a woman so honest, in the midst of her worse faults, did not see through and loathe this empty mask of religion.

At last Reginald Pole was permitted to return to England as the Pope's legate. He arrived at the palace stairs of Whitehall with

the silver cross as his pennon at the bow of his barge. He was received with open arms by both Philip and Mary. Philip forgot his Spanish slowness and stateliness and rushed from supper to embrace the Pope's representative. Mary went to the head of the great staircase to throw herself in her turn on the breast of the ambassador of peace from her spiritual sovereign. It was also the breast of her early companion, her mother's friend, and she cried out that his coming gave her as much joy as the possession of her kingdom.

Pole, with his rapt, handsome face, his hectically red lips apart, his dreamy eyes, and his burning enthusiasm, was as one-ideaed and transcendental as Mary, and in circumstances which brought out the qualities, as dogmatic and inhuman as Philip. Pole played his part unconsciously, without any intent to deceive, in farther mystifying and deluding Mary to the verge of frenzy. He hailed her with the "Ave Maria!" the salutation addressed to the Virgin.

The next act in the drama was Reginald Pole's appearance before Parliament, and the floridly eloquent speech in which he called on England to return to the jurisdiction of the representative of St. Peter. The die was cast; both Houses of Parliament, with but two dissenting votes, agreed to renounce the principles of the Reformation as they had been established in England! On St. Andrew's Day, 30th March, 1554, Parliament again assembled at Whitehall, the Prince and Queen, with the legate, occupying three chairs beneath a golden canopy. Gardiner, the Chancellor, who had once stood up stoutly for the independence of the Church of England, announced the submission of the nation to Rome through their Parliament. The legate solemnly accepted it in the name of the Pope, and, while the whole assembly, with their Queen, knelt, pronounced their absolution and their reconciliation to the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Amidst the breathless silence the smothered sobs of the Queen could be heard. The imposing ceremony ended with the singing of the *Te Deum* in the Royal chapel.

But instead of peace it was terrible internecine war, with the fire and faggot let loose in the land, of which that unqualified submission was the precursor. An awful ordeal was needed to awaken the minds and consciences of the people to what had been the true nature of their apostasy. It was the signal and the authority for the persecutions which, though God in his providence overruled them, so that the blood of the martyrs was indeed the seed of the Church, and Protestantism, in place of being ignobly crushed, was triumphantly re-established in England, stained Mary's reign with horrible cruelty, and loaded her memory with obloquy. It is one more reason for prayer against blindness of heart, that neither Mary nor Pole was cruel by nature; that they were morally among the purest-minded and most self-denying of human beings; and that in their private lives, as far as they saw, they were just, generous, and charitable. Self-will, and at the last vindictiveness, on the part of Mary, and on Pole's side extravagant self-reliance and self-conceit, which left him with the conviction that he was to be the saviour of his country, were their chief errors. Notwithstanding this fact the pair were, along with Bishop Gardiner, the instruments of the most hideous tyranny and barbarous outrages which have been committed in England since its annals were those of civilisation and Christianity. For it was the work of the legate and the Chancellor, supported by Mary, to see that the submission to Rome, and the absolution granted to England, were proclaimed and maintained in every parish in the country. Registers were drawn up of the parish adherents to the national submission, while the recusants who failed to record their names were immediately proceeded against with all the penalties of ecclesiastical law.

To those who, like Mary and Pole, were full of single-minded devotion to Rome, whose gratitude to the Pope was in proportion to their faith in his claims, nothing could seem so base as the unwillingness to accept his amnesty, and the persistent refusal to accord him homage in spite of his graciousness.

This is not the place to record the valiant deeds of the martyrs and their glorious faith. Their number amounted to between three and four hundred. It exceeded the number of those who had perished from the violent dealings of Henry's reign and during Somerset's Protectorate by nearly twenty to one. There was this great difference also, that while the vengeance of the earlier party in power struck, with a few exceptions, at those in high places, at men like Wolsey, More, and Surrey, the later persecution raged against great and small alike—slew the Primate of all England, his bishops, and vicars, fell upon servants as well as masters, assailed simple women and ignorant boys and girls, whose sole distinction was their grand constancy in the grace given them to endure to the end. They did not always go singly to their fiery death; they perished in batches of three, six, and on one occasion thirteen, encouraging each other to remain steadfast, amidst the breathless admiration and sobbing sympathy of crowds of spectators.

Mary and Pole believed that this appalling holocaust was acceptable to God as freeing the country from heresy. But the sacrifice simply made and spread the Protestantism which the persecutors called heresy, and established it on such sure foundations, that the mass of the English people were and have been Protestant to the heart's core since those fearful days.

The wish to divide the blame, or to screen Mary from the extent to which she was accountable for it, has induced several writers on the subject to attribute the worst of the persecution to the influence of Philip and of the Emperor's ambassador. But there is no good ground for these assertions. Philip, indeed, showed himself in after years quite capable of a similar crusade in the Low Countries, but the circumstance that this persecution proceeded in England with as great activity in his absence as in his presence in the country, disposes largely of the argument. As for Renard, and his master the Emperor, there is abundant proof that from the beginning of Mary's reign their policy was contrary to religious persecution in England, and that they did their best to oppose the strong measures which Mary was disposed to take against the Reformers.

Elizabeth had been a little cheered in her captivity at Woodstock by a visit from her great-uncle and staunch friend, Lord William Howard, the brave commander of Mary's fleet. He had insisted, without the Queen's being able to baulk him, on personally enquiring into the condition of his young kinswoman. There was, indeed, no longer an apology for detaining the Princess at a distance from the Court, and Mary not only permitted her sister's return, but consented to the personal interview which she had declined before. There seems some difficulty in ascertaining the date of this meeting, which is differently stated as having taken place in the autumn of 1554 and in the summer of 1555. If the last date is correct the sisters had not met, as Mr. Froude calculates, for almost two years. Elizabeth was brought to Hampton Court, where Lady Clarence, a trusted bedchamber woman of the Queen's, was sent to conduct the Princess across the garden in the dusk and take her by a back staircase to Mary's rooms. Elizabeth knelt, but it was not to beg for mercy, it was to assert as positively and undauntedly as ever that she was the Queen's true sister and subject.

"You will not confess," Mary said, gloomily.

"You stand to your truth; I pray God it may so fall out."

"If it does not," said Elizabeth, "I desire neither favour nor pardon at your hands."

"Well," Mary answered, bitterly, "you persevere in your truth; belike you will not confess that you have been lawfully punished?"

"I must not say so to your Majesty," Elizabeth replied cautiously.

"Belike you will to others," said the Queen.

"No, please your Majesty, answered the Princess. I have borne the burden—I must bear it;" and she again entreated the Queen to think her sister her true subject always.

The Queen did not answer her, but muttered in Spanish *Sabe Dios* (God knows).

There seems no trustworthy evidence for the tradition that Mary gave Elizabeth a ring in token of their reconciliation, and in remembrance of a former ring which the Queen had bestowed on the Princess on an earlier occasion as a talisman by which she was to appeal to her sovereign in case of their alienation. The tradition goes on to say that Elizabeth had sent the ring before she was taken to the Tower, but that the token had no effect. The story is too like other stories of the kind to deserve much credence, while so far as the gift of the second ring goes to establish proof of an entire reconciliation between the sisters, it is plain enough, from what is preserved of the conversation, that nothing of the kind occurred during this interview. Rumour made the half-comical addition to the record of the scene that Philip hid behind the tapestry in order to see for the first time his sister-in-law, the people's idol. He was not then an enemy to Elizabeth. He is said to have been the great upholder of the proposal that she should be honourably disposed of in marriage to Philipbert, Prince of Savoy. But not even to please her husband would Mary consent that her sister should be restored to the full dignity of a princess by arranging such a marriage on her behalf.

Mary withdrew to Hampton Court for the birth of the child whom she vainly hoped to call her own. Litanies were sung, processions, in which Philip figured conspicuously, were undertaken, bon-fires were piled ready in the streets of London to hail the happy event which never took place. Mary was mistaken in her expectations, and Philip, deprived of any chance of a regency, indifferent to his wife's sorrow, and to the wretched state of her health, altogether weary of the situation, chose that time of all others to leave her to her fate. He found a plea in his father's abdication of his throne and retirement into a monastery, to return to Spain.

Even before Mary knew of her husband's intention she would sit on the floor of her room in the sweet May weather, her features shrunk and haggard, her knees drawn up to her face. She had agonising pain in her head, which became much swollen, and constant attacks of hysteria—the outward signs of which she sought to suppress. She was persuaded that God was punishing her for some crime. She had already impoverished herself by restoring the Church lands which had fallen into her possession. She had given back her town house of St. John's to the monastic order from which it had been taken. She had vowed to rebuild, at her own expense, the abbey and religious houses which her father had pulled down, or suffered to fall into ruins. What could be the sin which was causing God to hide his face from her, and inflict on her such misery, if it were not that of suffering heresy to exist in her dominions?

So Mary wrote, or caused to be written, to her bishops, on whom their horrible work was palling, "rattling letters" to stir them up to fresh activity in the task.

(To be concluded.)

MARY TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

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



As soon as the Queen's health enabled her to be moved she went to the country palace of Eltham, in Kent, where she recovered in part from the disease of dropsy. But so wretched was the half-frenzied woman

that even Philip's hard heart was touched. He stooped to deceive her with regard to the length of his stay in Spain, and persuaded her that he would return to England very shortly. He encouraged her to accompany him to Greenwich, when her infirmities would not suffer her to be taken, as she wished, to Dover, to see him sail and there to await his return.

On the royal couple's way to the barge which was to convey them to Greenwich, Mary was carried through the City in an open litter, with Philip riding by her side. It was said this arrangement was made in order to show the people that their Queen was still alive, as there had been many reports of her death.

Philip's departure took place in September, 1555, a year and two months after his marriage. Mary remained behind to struggle with sickness, the cares of the State, and the ever-increasing hatred of her subjects, displayed against her in coarse libels and lampoons, which found their way into her very chamber, and shocked her proud modesty and rectitude. She did not cease to pray piteously for her husband's return in the words of the prayer which the legate had written for her, and to strive to rule according to his wishes, in so far as what she saw to be her duty to England would permit her. She tried to constrain her Council to bribe him to come back by bestowing on him the bauble of the crown of a King Consort. She even tried to work upon them to appoint him her successor to the throne in the room of her sister Elizabeth. When she could not obtain her ends she filled the palace chambers with her bootless weeping and wailing, or she spent her time in writing to Philip letters blotted with her burning tears.

For a time nothing shook Mary's steadfast regard for her husband—not the interception and making public by the French of the packet of Spanish letters in which Philip and his grandees expressed their dissatisfaction with the marriage, and betrayed their contempt for the Queen; not the tidings of his evil conduct when he was freed from the restraint of her presence, and had withdrawn from the virtuous atmosphere of her Court; not his unblushing delay in returning to his duties as a husband.

Among Philip's injunctions to Mary, which she religiously observed, were particular directions to show care and kindness to Princess Elizabeth. His earnestness on this point has produced the impression that even then, in spite of his advocacy of the suit of Philibbert of Savoy, Philip proposed, in case of Mary's death, to become an aspirant for the hand of her beautiful and high-spirited sister, much better matched with him in years than poor Mary had been.

Accordingly Elizabeth remained at Greenwich during Mary's stay there, for the remainder of what was one in a succession of bad harvests and wet, stormy autumns, which reduced the oppressed, discontented people to the verge of starvation, and caused much dangerous and deadly sickness.

Mary appeared again in public in the spring

of 1556, "pale as a corpse, and looking ten years older than before her illness." In private she was able to walk a little with her ladies to visit the poor cottagers in the neighbourhood of her country palaces, personally relieving the wants of the peasant families. She could work at her embroidery frame, and study when she had leisure. She kept up a show of courtesy to Elizabeth, though there was little love lost between the sisters. They exchanged visits, the Princess coming to Somerset House while Mary was in residence there, and the Queen returning the visit by going to Elizabeth's seat of Hatfield, where she was entertained with playing on the virginals, choir singing, etc. The period might have been comparatively tranquil but for the hopeless Queen's sick longing for Philip, and the abortive plots against her which kept smouldering, breaking out and being quenched in blood. Such were two insurrections—the one led by a Dudley, a cousin of the late Duke of Northumberland, the other by a member of the Stafford family, a nephew of the legate's. Both plots were discovered in time, and severely punished, every effort being made, even to the use of the torture, in the examination of the prisoners to induce them to confess the names of all who were implicated in the treason. But though the old rallying cry of "Elizabeth and Courtenay" was still to be heard, no evidence could be found that they or their friends had in any way supported the *émeutes*. Indeed, the course of the weak, handsome Courtenay was all but run. He died of fever at Venice in 1556, while he was still in the prime of early manhood. As he left no direct descendant one bugbear was removed from the thorny path of the sovereigns of England. No more was heard of a Courtenay as a pretender to the crown.

For the relentless punishment of the conspirators—mostly rash, restless young men, with allies who were exiles in France under the ostentatious patronage of Henry II.—Mary was certainly more or less accountable, just as she was more and not less responsible for the continued religious persecutions which were exciting such a re-action of admiration for the faithful sufferers that the mobs, in place of hooting and reviling the heretics, encouraged them with warm words of sympathy, and to each of their dying prayers added a fervent Amen. Gardiner had largely withdrawn from the crusade—only the enthusiast and bigot Pole was with the Queen in it to the end.

In the spring of 1557, a year and a half after he had quitted England, Philip chose to return on a visit to his wife. The welcome news of his coming was brought to Mary by one of the sons of Northumberland whom she had spared, Lord Robert Dudley; and Philip himself arrived at Greenwich on March 20th. Mary received him with open arms, heard mass with him, caused *Te Deums* to be sung in every church in London, and all the bells to be rung right merrily. She came with Philip in state to the Tower, the sword of state and the sceptre being borne before the couple. The City consented to indulge in outward demonstrations of loyalty—not the most insignificant motive for which was the new prospect of trade with Russia ratified by the presence of a Russian ambassador in the form of a Duke of Muscovy.

The Queen was able to accompany her husband and her priests in more than one religious procession round the Westminster cloisters. But no faith was kept by Philip in relation to the pledge which he had given on his marriage, that England should not be drawn into the

Spanish wars with France that were chronic, for in June, 1557, war was proclaimed between England and France. In the following July Philip, after a stay of between three and four months, embarked again for Spain, having taken his last farewell of his devoted wife. She had, however, the satisfaction of hearing soon afterwards that he had won the battle of St. Quintin. But the pleasure was speedily followed by the bitter mortification, which all England shared, when in 1558 the news arrived that the Duke of Guise had wrested Calais from the English. The whole nation regarded Calais as the gate of France, and clung to it as the last memorial of the old glorious conquests of the Black Prince and Henry V. How much Mary took the loss to heart is indicated by the speech ascribed to her, that if that heart were laid bare after her death the word "Calais" would be found written on it.

The beautiful Christina of Denmark, the widowed Duchess of Lorraine, who at fifteen had been proposed as a fit wife for Henry VIII., was Philip's cousin, as she was Mary's, through their common ancestress, Isabella of Castile. She was in Philip's confidence to a degree that piqued Mary intensely. Christina came to England—the country over which she had once had the chance of reigning—as Philip's unofficial ambassador in advocating the old scheme of Princess Elizabeth's marriage to Philibbert of Savoy, a scheme which Mary never favoured. In her exasperation at the envoy who was supposed to have a special feminine talent for conducting royal treaties and smoothing down royal objections, the Queen was guilty of the one act of personal violence attributed to her. She is reported to have cut to pieces with her own hand a portrait of Philip, which he had recently sent to her at her special request, because it represented him as she had never seen him, in complete armour, save for the helmet which he held in his hand.

Mary had lucid intervals in her idolatry of her unworthy husband, as when she said, in the presence of her ladies, with a significance which impressed them, that "God sent oft-times to good women bad husbands." And again, when she announced her too-short-lived intention to live quietly and contentedly among her ladies as she had lived before her disastrous marriage. But these intervals were always followed by strong revulsions of feeling, which caused her to write the humblest letters to Philip, and to labour as far as she could, without being utterly false to her coronation oath, to further his objects. She had lost all her fine self-reliance and fearless confidence in her fellows. She was conscious, with a sharp pang, of the detestation she had inspired in the subjects for whom she had desired to do great things. Her very courage deserted her. She dreaded assassination, and would shut herself up with her women, and with one or two trusted gentlemen of her household, declining to go abroad, and remaining unseen for many weeks, so that the people could not tell whether she was alive or dead. The last time she appeared before her Council and Parliament she was carried into the hall to preside over their doings, but had to resign the task, as she found herself incapable of conducting any business.

In the spring of the year 1558—a wet spring following on a wet autumn—Mary's chronic malady was increased by an attack of the prevailing fever or ague. At the same time death began to be busy with the few friends left of those she had prized most. She had already lost Stephen Gardiner, her first adviser when she came to the throne. Whatever his faults

he was a firm friend to Mary. In the course of this spring she heard of the death of her cousin, the great Emperor, in the convent to which he had retired on his abdication; and when the Queen's illness became more severe, and she had herself removed to the palace of St. James's, she learnt that the legate, Reginald Pole, who had been her youthful companion, was lying at the point of death also, and had declared his joy that he would not survive his Queen. The night was closing fast on her troubled day. In compliance with the last request of Philip, the Queen had appointed her sister Elizabeth her successor, and the courtiers were already flocking to Hatfield to hail the rising sun there, while Mary, aware of the fact, lay dying at St. James's.

In the early morning of the 17th of November, 1558, Mary met death with all the spirit of her earlier and happier years. She was more than resigned. She was cheerful in the conviction that the long, hard struggle was about to be ended at last. After receiving extreme unction she requested that mass might be said in her room. When the Host was raised she lifted her eyes to heaven, and at the benediction bowed her head and died.

It is customary to speak of Mary Tudor as an old woman at the time of her death; in reality she was only in her forty-fifth year. Her unhappy reign had not lasted much more than five years.

Mary had asked to be buried in the habit of a poor nun, and that no crown should be set on her head, but the title on her coffin was that of the "Queen of England, Ireland, France, Spain, and the Indies." The mortal remains of the real woman lay in her nun's dress in the coffin, but a conspicuous figure in the funeral procession was a waxen image made to resemble her as closely as possible, sumptuously attired in crimson velvet, with the fingers loaded with rings. The Queen's ladies were on horseback, with their black trains sweeping the ground. Many priests and monks followed in their order, already dreading the repetition under Elizabeth of Henry VIII.'s acts of dispersion and attainder. Philip's servants rode two and two in the line of march. There was a great display of royal standards and banners. The armour of a warrior—shield, helmet, etc.

—was carried before the dead Queen, who had been supposed to wield the sword of state. The company of mourners was great, but the women of her household and her priests were the only true mourners of the woman who had meant so well, whose death was as eagerly welcomed as her accession had been. She was buried, according to the rites of her Church, in her grandfather, Henry VII.'s, chapel, after she had lain in her hearse in Westminster Abbey during the night of the 13th of December.

When the news of his wife's death reached Philip at Brussels he had a requiem duly sung to her memory in the Cathedral of St. Gudule.

In her will, of which Philip was executor, Mary sought to found an hospital for poor soldiers. She left a sum of money for the re-founding of various convents, and of the Savoy Hospital for the relief of the poor. She had always been a greater benefactress to the Church and to the poor than to any seat of learning, though she was in her own person a scholar. She did, however, found the original schools for Oxford students. She had caused masses to be said for the souls of others, but she made no provision by "ever-burning lamp," or "appointed pilgrimage" for her own soul's benefit.

Mary died a poor Queen. She petitioned her successor to pay her debts as well as what remained of the debts of her father and brother, and she besought Elizabeth to maintain the Roman Catholic religion. The single personal boon which Mary craved was that the remains of her beloved mother, Queen Catherine, should be removed from Peterborough and placed near those of her daughter in Westminster Abbey. This prayer was not granted.

The magnificent diamonds presented to the Queen by Philip—the great table diamond in her ring of betrothal, and the diamonds in two other rings given to her by him, the golden collar set with diamonds and a ruby ring, which were likewise his offerings, were all restored to him by her bequest.

Few sovereigns have begun their reigns so enshrined in the respect and regard of their people as Mary began hers. None in England, unless it may be the base and mad King John, has ended life so universally hated and over-

whelmed with reproaches. Yet good old Fuller wrote truly of her:—"She had been a worthy Princess if as little cruelty had been done under her as by her. She hated to equivocate, and always was what she was without dissembling her judgement or conduct for fear or flattery." Her fate was piteous to have so bright a beginning and so dark an ending; to stake all and lose all; to give her heart to be trampled upon and cast aside as a worthless offering; to labour for what she wrongly conceived was the eternal good of her subjects, and receive from them in return nothing save scorn and loathing; to shed rivers of innocent blood and yet be by nature an upright and humane woman. Alas! for human frailty. She was wounded to the quick in a woman's tenderest feelings; she was mortified and shamed by the failure of her brightest and sweetest hopes; she was on the losing side in religion and politics; she died by inches of a wasting disease; she would have died for the honour of England, though her sympathies were mainly foreign, not English, and she lived to realise the loss in *prestige* no less than in possessions which England suffered in her reign, her heart aching as if she had been the most patriotic of monarchs. It was possible for her to guess that her name would descend to posterity with a nation's curse upon it. The lion spirit which she shared with Elizabeth supported her weak body through the slights and injuries inflicted on her youth, and the fierce strife of a disputed succession, but it failed at last before greater calamities. Her heart was broken and her reason tottered in the balance, ere lifelong disease laid her low. The English Mary, though she did not perish by a violent death, was hardly behind the Scotch Mary as a Queen of sorrow. But the qualities which wrought Mary Tudor's ruin, and the penalties she paid, do not appeal to the popular imagination like the misfortunes and punishment of Mary Stuart.

If any of the readers of this paper wish to realise for themselves the great tragedy of "Bloody Mary," let them read Tennyson's drama of *Queen Mary*, in which the poet has made her live again through her short-lived triumph and lasting desolation.

[THE END.]



A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF TREGARON.

By MARY E. HULLAH, Author of "Ella's Experiences," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

SPRING came, and the twenty-first birthday was at hand, and Gabrielle had not answered my last three letters.

One evening I was sitting by myself sewing; my husband had gone out on business, and could not be back yet awhile. Presently I heard a footstep. "It is Walter," I thought; "he has come earlier than I expected." But Walter never came to that side of the house, and the footsteps were not his. I ran out of the room, across the hall, and opened the hall door. Then I saw my darling quite alone, looking pale and thin.

"I have sent away the fly, Nellie, and

I have come to claim your promise. Will you take me in? I have no home at the Court."

We talked for hours that night, and, seated on a stool at my feet, she told me all that had happened since we met.

"I would not tell you before, my Nellie, for you could not help me, and I knew that you would grieve!"

Before Gabrielle had been many weeks abroad she had begun to suspect Mrs. Gorman of being insincere; a little later on she discovered that her letters were read or kept back altogether. After a while Mrs. Gorman had begun to speak of Harry Beechworth,

always to his disadvantage. "I won't repeat," said Gabrielle, "the things she told me day by day, because they are not true. You shall only know this; at last she introduced me to a lady who said that she had once been engaged to Mr. Beechworth, and that he was a flirt and a gambler. I think that Mrs. Gorman is afraid of grandpapa, and that he persuaded her to act as she did. 'If they want to make me give up Harry they do not set about it the right way. I have not seen him since that night in London, more than a year ago, but I have never doubted him from that moment to this. At last I could bear it no longer, and I wrote to tell grandpapa that we were coming