

MEMOIRS
OF
KING RICHARD THE THIRD

P R E F A C E.

THE miscellaneous character of this work seems to demand some explanation, if not apology, from the author. Had he commenced his labours with the original and definite purpose of writing Memoirs of Richard III. or of his times, the reader would have been spared these observations. But such was not the case. This volume, in fact, emanated indirectly in the drama which forms a portion of its pages. The necessity of acquiring a knowledge of the characters and motives of action of the different historical personages, whom the author proposed to introduce among his *dramatis personæ*, entailed on him some amount of literary research. The author found his task an agreeable one. By degrees he collected the materials which constituted the groundwork of the several memoirs in this volume. That which pleased himself, he thought, might possibly please others. As fresh facts and anecdotes increased on his hands, he had, of course, the option of reconstructing his labours, and substituting a more regular, and perhaps a more ambitious plan. But it is not always that a literary work is improved by being diverted from its original design, and accordingly the author decided on adhering to the plan which he

had at first adopted. To the merit of novelty, whether of facts or arguments, he can prefer but a very trifling claim. To compress scattered and curious information, and, if possible, to amuse, have been the primary objects of the author. If he shall in any degree have succeeded in this latter object, the thanks of the reader are mainly, if not entirely, due to those harvest-lords in the field of old historical literature, whose learned and diligent researches have left but little to be gleaned by those who follow in their footsteps. The obligations under which the author lies to the labours of Mr. Sharon Turner, Dr. Lingard, Miss Halsted, Sir N. Harris Nicolas, Sir Henry Ellis, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. John G. Nichols, he would indeed be ungrateful if he omitted to acknowledge. To Mr. T. Duffus Hardy and Mr. James Gairdner, he takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks, as well for the courtesy which he personally experienced from them, as for the valuable assistance which he has derived from their literary publications. To such other persons who have kindly responded to his inquiries, or who have in any way aided the performance of his task, the author also begs to tender his thanks.

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MEMOIRS OF KING RICHARD III.

CHAPTER I.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

AT the time when Richard Duke of Gloucester won his first laurels in high command at the battle of Barnet, he was only in the nineteenth year of his age. Few, however, as were the years which had passed over his head, he was old enough to have witnessed the commencement of that fierce and memorable contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, which deluged the battle-field and the scaffold with blood, and which, fourteen years after the battle of Barnet, was destined to be brought to a close by his own violent death on the field of Bosworth.

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In the course of that long and terrible contest, thirteen pitched battles were fought; three kings met with untimely ends, and twenty-six knights of the Garter perished either by the sword or by the hand of the executioner: The ancient nobility of England was almost entirely annihilated. Of the royal house of Plantagenet, Richard Duke of York, and his son the Earl of Rutland, were slain at the battle of Wakefield; the Duke of Clarence died the death of a traitor; Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York were

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murdered in the Tower of London; and lastly, their uncle, Richard III., was killed at Bosworth. Of the house of Lancaster, King Henry VI. perished mysteriously in prison; his son, Edward Prince of Wales, was slain at Tewkesbury. Of the kindred of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, the consort of Edward IV., her father, Richard Earl Rivers, and her brother, Sir John Woodville, were beheaded at Northampton; her husband, John Lord Grey of Groby, fell at the second battle of St. Albans; her son, Sir Richard Grey, was beheaded at Pomfret, and on the same scaffold perished her brother, the accomplished Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers. Of the royal house of Beaufort, Edmund Duke of Somerset, formerly Regent of France, was slain at the first battle of St. Albans; Henry, the second Duke, was beheaded after the battle of Hexham; Edmund, the third Duke, was beheaded after the battle of Tewkesbury; and in the same battle was slain Sir John Beaufort, son of the first Duke. Of the great house of Stafford, Humphrey Earl of Stafford fell at the first battle of St. Albans; his father, Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, fell at the battle of Northampton; Henry, the second Duke, was beheaded at Salisbury; and, of another branch of the Staffords, Humphrey Earl of Devon perished on the scaffold at Bridgewater. Of the house of Neville, Richard Earl of Salisbury was beheaded after the battle of Wakefield; his sons, Richard Earl of Warwick, the "Kingmaker," and John Marquis of Montagu, fell at Barnet; a third son, Sir Thomas Neville, fell at Wakefield; Sir John Neville was killed at the battle of Towton; Sir Henry Neville, son and heir of Ralph Lord Latimer, was beheaded after the battle of Banbury, and Sir Humphrey Neville and his brother Charles, after the battle of Hexham. Of the Percies, Henry second Earl of Northumberland, one of the heroes of Agincourt, fell at the first battle of St. Albans; two of his gallant sons, Henry, the third

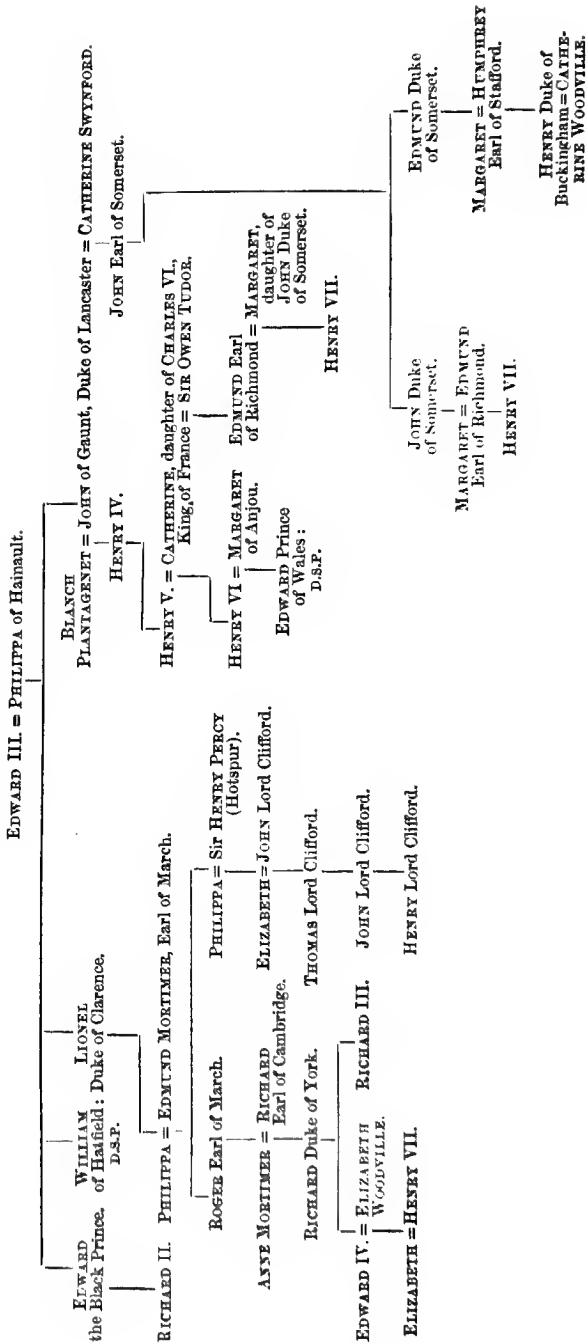
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Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and Walter Devereux, Lord Ferrers of Chartley. Lastly, on the scaffold perished William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester; James Butler, Earl of Wiltshire; William Bonville, Lord Bonville; William Lord Hastings; and Sir Owen Tudor, grandfather of King Henry VII.

Although the tender years of Richard of Gloucester had prevented his bearing a part in the earlier struggles between the houses of York and Lancaster, he had not been exempted from the extraordinary vicissitudes which for so many years had befallen his race. He had shared their flight when capture would probably have been death. He had worn the garb of woe for many a near and illustrious relative, and had doubtless personally witnessed many of those disasters, which desolated alike the hall of the baron and the cottage of the peasant. As associated, therefore, with the story of his boyhood,—and also as throwing a light on the motives which subsequently influenced his conduct in manhood, and the circumstances which incited him to seize a crown,—it may not be inexpedient to introduce a brief summary of the stirring events, which immediately preceded the first appearance of Richard Duke of Gloucester on the great stage of the world.

When the misconduct and misgovernment of Richard II. induced his indignant subjects to rise in rebellion against him, it proved to be a great calamity to England that the prince of the house of Plantagenet whom they elected to reign in his stead was not also, by the laws of lineal inheritance, the nearest in succession to the throne. Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, who succeeded by the title of King Henry IV., was descended from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, *fourth* son of Edward III. But that monarch had also left descendants by his *third* son, Lionel Duke of Clarence, which descendants, on the eve of the Wars of the Roses, were represented by the



Earl, and Sir Richard Percy, were slain at Towton; a third son, Thomas Lord Egremont, perished at the battle of Northampton, and a fourth son, Sir Ralph Percy, at Hedgeley Moor. Of the house of Talbot, John second Earl of Shrewsbury, and his brother Sir Christopher Talbot, were slain at Northampton; their kinsman, Thomas Talbot, Lord Lisle, fell in a skirmish at Wotton-under-Edge. Of the Courtenays, Thomas sixth Earl of Devon was beheaded after the battle of Towton; Henry, the seventh Earl, was beheaded at Sarum; and at Tewkesbury was slain their only remaining brother, John, the eighth Earl. Of the De Veres, John twelfth Earl of Oxford, and his eldest son Sir Aubrey de Vere, perished together on the scaffold on Tower Hill. Of the Cliffords, Thomas, the eighth Lord, was slain at the first battle of St. Albans, and his son John, the ninth Lord, at the battle of Towton. Of the house of Hungerford, Robert third Baron Hungerford was beheaded after the battle of Hexham; and his heir, Sir Thomas Hungerford, was beheaded at Salisbury. Of the Bouchiers, Humphrey Lord Cromwell was slain at the battle of Barnet, and Sir Edward Bouchier, brother of Henry Earl of Essex, at Wakefield. Lastly, of the house of Welles there perished the representatives of three generations: Leo Lord Welles was slain at the battle of Towton; his son, Richard Lord Welles and Willoughby, and his grandson Sir Robert Welles, severally perished by the axe of the executioner.

Long as is this catalogue of slaughtered heroes, there might be appended to it many other, and no less illustrious names. At the battle of Bloreheath was slain James Touchet, Lord Audley; at the battle of Northampton, John Viscount de Beaumont; at Wakefield, William Bonville, Lord Harrington; at Tewkesbury, John Lord Wenlock; at Towton, Ranulph Lord Dacre of Gillesland; and at Bosworth, John

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valour and military ability. Before he was eighteen years of age he had been preferred before the Duke of Somerset to be Regent of France.

The Duke of York was apparently in his thirty-third year, when the spirit of disaffection which pervaded England naturally revived the long dormant hopes of the elder branch of the Plantagenets. At the period of which we are speaking, he was holding his court in Ireland, of which island he had rendered himself the idolized governor. But though absent, his friends in England had kept him constantly supplied with intelligence, and had assiduously watched over his interests. Their primary object had been to familiarise the public mind with his claims, and gradually to prepare the people to receive him as their ruler. Accordingly, his subordinate partisans received instructions to discuss and maintain his claims in all public places, to extol the services which, as a soldier and a statesman, he had rendered to the State, and especially to draw invidious comparisons between the eminent administrative abilities of the duke, contrasted with the misgovernment of the queen and the imbecility of her consort.

1450.
June.

By these means the party of the Duke of York was daily becoming more formidable in the State, when the breaking out of the formidable popular tumult, known as Jack Cade's insurrection, seemed to invite the duke openly to espouse the cause of the people, and, at the same time, to assert his legitimate rights. Tempting, however, as the opportunity appeared to be, he allowed it to slip by. Not improbably he may have shrunk from the responsibility of being the first to entail on his country the horrors of civil war; or, not impossibility, he may have imagined that, sooner or later, the imprudent conduct of the queen must lead to his being called to the throne by the general voice of the people, and thus relieve him from the hateful necessity of unsheathing

house of York. Thus the parliamentary title to the crown appertained to the house of Lancaster; the hereditary right belonged to the house of York.*

So long as the sceptre of England was swayed by the strong grasp of Henry IV., and afterwards by that of his son Henry V., the scions of the elder branch of the line of Plantagenet were reduced to figure at the court of their rivals as simple princes of the blood, with little prospect of recovering their inheritance. But to the wise and vigorous rule of the victor of Agincourt, had succeeded the dominion of a prince whose piety and chastity justly obtained for him the admiration of the wise and good, but who, on the other hand, was lamentably deficient in that firmness and energy of mind which, especially in fierce and turbulent times, are required in those who are called upon to govern kingdoms. Taken from a cradle to sit upon a throne, the imbecile Henry VI. had reigned nearly thirty years over England, when the continued maladministration of his affairs by incompetent ministers at length raised such an amount of indignation in the breasts of his subjects, as to threaten the subversion of the throne of which he was the innocent usurper. Seldom had the royal treasury been known to be in a more exhausted state. Seldom had the administration of justice been more tardy. Never, perhaps, had the sheriffs of counties, and the collectors of taxes, been more arbitrary in their proceedings, or more extortionate in their exactions. Never, perhaps, had the arrogance and the luxurious habits of the prelates, as well as the scandalous immoralities and negligence of the clergy in general, entailed greater disrepute upon the Church. The great barons, too, had their especial grounds for complaint. Deeply

* The annexed genealogical table will explain the descent from King Edward III., as well as the relationship by blood or marriage, of some of the principal persons subsequently mentioned in these memoirs.

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the Duke of York on the other, had now become a war to the knife. The latter, indeed, still shrank from advancing his title to the crown, but he no longer hesitated to appeal to arms. His friends were entreated to meet him in the marches of Wales. The Earls of Salisbury and Warwick and Lord Cobham speedily joined his standard. He had soon the satisfaction of seeing himself at the head of three thousand men. In the mean time Somerset had not been idle. Having collected a force nearly equal to that of the Yorkists, he induced the king to accompany him on his march, and boldly advanced to give battle to the insurgents.

Thus commenced the terrible and bloody struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster. The first blood was shed at the battle of St. Albans, on the 22nd of May 1455. The Yorkists proved victorious. On the side of the king were slain the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Buckingham, and Thomas Lord Clifford. The king himself was wounded in the neck with an arrow, and fell into the hands of the Yorkists. Signal, however, as was the duke's success, he still continued to exercise that moderation and caution which ever characterised his policy. Incontrovertible as were his claims to the throne by right of hereditary descent, he probably felt that unless his title were also solemnly recognized by parliament, his triumph must necessarily be but brief. Accordingly parliament was appealed to by him, and, to his disappointment, was appealed to in vain. The barons, instead of inviting him to ascend the throne, solemnly renewed their oaths of fealty to the king; the lords spiritual laying their hands upon their breasts, the lords temporal placing their hands within those of the king. But, unhappily for Henry, he had scarcely received the congratulations of his friends when he relapsed into his former state of mental incapacity. Again the Duke of York was in-

they resented the influence which William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, a man of plebeian origin, had acquired over the weak king and his accomplished consort. Deeply they felt the loss of the rich provinces of Anjou and Maine, by which Henry had far too dearly purchased the hand of the beautiful Margaret of Anjou. Moreover, the ancient glory of England had been tarnished by the disasters and defeats, which she had encountered in her recent contest with France. It was felt by all classes that, since the Conquest, no greater misfortune had befallen England than the loss of Normandy with her seven bishoprics and one hundred churches. All ranks of society admitted the existence of intolerable grievances. In all quarters there was a cry for redress.

Unfortunately for the house of Lancaster, the head of the rival house of York happened, at this crisis, to be a prince eminently qualified to carry on a successful competition for empire, whether the occasion might require wisdom in the closet, or personal valour on the battle-field. Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, was the grandson of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III. It was not, however, from his paternal descent, but from being the representative of Philippa, daughter and heiress of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the *third* son of Edward III., that he founded his title to the throne. Brave, discreet, and gifted with abilities considerably above the ordinary standard,—possessed, moreover, of vast wealth and of princely territories,—beloved by the people, and allied, by blood or by marriage, to the most powerful barons of England,—so powerful a subject as the Duke of York might well have been regarded with apprehension and jealousy by a monarch far more energetic than the spiritless Henry, and far better capable of coping with an ambitious rival. While yet a boy, Richard had distinguished himself by his personal

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seems, confidently believed in the efficacy of being prayed for by others; and accordingly applications, real or fictitious, were read to him from his nobles, soliciting permission to visit the shrines on the continent for the purpose of praying for his recovery. Again, his mind having become harassed by thoughts of the exhausted state of his treasury, he was not only deluded with assurances that it was in a satisfactory condition, but that it was about to be replenished with inexhaustible gold. Lastly, music was found to soothe his distemper, and forthwith the sheriffs of counties were directed to look out for beautiful boys skilled in minstrelsy, and to despatch them to the court.

At length the clouds which had darkened the king's mind passed completely away. It happened that business had called the Duke of York away from court, and accordingly the queen resolved to take every advantage of his absence, in order to accomplish the favourite object which she had at heart. Without having given any previous notice to parliament, she unexpectedly produced her royal consort before the House of Lords, and induced him to address them from the throne. By the blessing of God, said the king, he had been restored to health; he believed that the realm no longer required a protector. His improved appearance, as well as the dignified composure with which he addressed them, satisfied the barons of his recovery. Accordingly, an order was sent to the Duke of York to resign the protectorship, and the king resumed the reins of empire.

1456.
Feb. 25.

But though the device of the young queen had proved a master-stroke, it was evident that so long as the powerful leaders of the Yorkist party were at liberty, peril still threatened her husband and her child. The Duke of York, by his marriage with Cecily, daughter of Ralph Earl of Westmoreland, had closely allied himself with the great family of the Nevilles, of whom

the sword. He returned from Ireland, indeed, and assumed the attitude of an armed dictator, but without advancing any title to the throne. His only motive, he said, in appealing to arms was to procure redress for notorious public wrongs, and more especially to obtain the dismissal from the king's councils of the queen's unpopular favourite, Edmund Duke of Somerset. At first success attended his measures. Alarmed at the approach of an army equal if not superior to its own, the court entered into a solemn engagement to take measures for the redress of grievances, and to commit Somerset to the Tower. No sooner, however, had York disbanded his forces than the promise was broken, and Somerset reinstated in all his former authority. Accordingly, disgusted with the insincerity of the court, and probably apprehensive of personal danger, the duke retired for a season to his castle of Wigmore, on the borders of Wales, where his retainers were numerous, and his influence paramount.

For two years from this period the public tranquillity remained undisturbed, but, at the end of that time, Henry VI. was seized by one of those attacks of mental aberration by which he was periodically afflicted. The star of York was now again in the ascendant. The queen, to her excessive mortification, found herself incapable of contending with the first prince of the blood; the Duke of Somerset was arrested in her apartments and sent to the Tower; the Duke of York was declared by parliament to be protector of the realm during pleasure. Still the cautious prince of the blood shrank from seizing the sceptre. In the mean time the king gradually recovered from his dreadful malady; Somerset was released from the Tower, and resumed his seat at the king's councils; York was deprived of his important post of governor of Calais, and once more flew indignantly to Wigmore.

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1450.
Sept.

1454.
March.

1455.
Feb.

The contention between Somerset on the one side, and

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Earl of Salisbury repaired to his stately palace, the Erber, lying further eastward; the Earl of Warwick also took up his quarters at his own house, Warwick Inn, Newgate. The leaders of the Lancastrian party, including the Dukes of Somerset and Exeter, were quartered without Temple Bar, and in other parts of the suburbs. The former party held their councils at the Black Friars, near Ludgate; the latter in the Chapter-house at Westminster. The king and queen held their court in the palace of the Bishop of London, close to the great cathedral of St. Paul's. Never perhaps had London presented so brilliant and so exciting a scene as during the great congress of the barons. Each baron, apprehensive of treachery, had brought with him a gallant, though limited number of retainers.* Day and night the lord-mayor, Sir Godfrey Boleyn, patrolled the streets with a guard of five thousand armed citizens. It had been decided that the solemn ceremony of reconciliation should take place before the high altar in St. Paul's. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the feast of the Annunciation, the king, arrayed in his royal mantle and with the crown on his head, issued from the bishop's palace, and bent his steps towards the cathedral. In the procession which accompanied him, the rival barons walked two and two, each with his hand in that of an enemy. The Earl of Salisbury walked with the Duke of Somerset, whose father he had discomfited and helped to slay at St. Albans; Warwick walked with the Duke of Exeter; in the hand of her deadliest foe, the Duke of York, was that of the beautiful and high-spirited queen. Fortunately this memo-

* "The Duke of York came this time to London with 400 men, and was lodged at his place of Baynard's; the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, each of them with 400 men; the Earl of Northumberland, the Lord Egremont, and Lord Clifford, with 1500. The Earl of Warwick came from Calais with 600 men to London, with red liveries, embroidered with ragged staves."—*Leland, Collect.* vol. ii. p. 496.

vested by parliament with the protectorship. Again the kingly power seemed to be within his grasp.

There was at this period an exalted personage in the State, whose high spirit, united to the fascinations of wit and female beauty, very nearly proved a match for the vast influence, the wary genius, and long political experience of the over-cautious chief of the house of Plantagenet. That person was the famous Margaret of Anjou, now in her twenty-seventh year, and in the zenith of her loveliness. Hitherto the only talent which she had displayed was for intrigue. Indeed, so far from her having afforded any evidence of that indomitable fearlessness for which her name has since been rendered famous in history, it was notorious that, at the time of Cade's insurrection, the beautiful girl had not only flown terrified from the scene of danger, but had tarnished the honour of the house of Plantagenet, by inducing her uxorious consort to become the companion of her flight. But, since then, an event had occurred which necessarily influences the character of all women, but which completely revolutionized that of Margaret of Anjou. Eighteen months before the battle of St. Albans, at the time when the king was prostrated by his distressing mental malady, the queen had given birth to a son, her first-born child and her last. From this period, all her hopes, all her interest in life, seem to have been centred in her beloved offspring. It was evident to her that, so long as the influence of the house of York prevailed, she had reason to tremble for the birthright of her child, if not for his very existence. To recover her husband, therefore, from his mental disorder, — to arouse him to a sense of the utter ruin which impended over himself and his line, — became the all-absorbing object of her life. No sooner, then, did he partially rally from his distemper, than every expedient calculated to amuse or to beguile him was called into play. The pious king, it

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important battle of Northampton. On this occasion the royal army was commanded by the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham; Warwick, the great Earl, led the Yorkists. His orders were to respect the person of the king and to spare the common soldiers, but to give no quarter to baron or knight. During the battle, which was long and fiercely fought, the intrepid Margaret of Anjou stood with her beloved child, the heir of England, upon a commanding spot, from whence she could point out to him the pomp and circumstance of war, and, as she fondly hoped, the utter discomfiture of his foes. It was the first battle witnessed by the ill-fated Edward of Lancaster, the first fought by Edward of York, afterwards King Edward IV. Although the latter was only in his nineteenth year, such confidence had Warwick in the son of his old companion in arms, that he gave him the command of the centre of his army; he himself engaging at the head of the right wing, and Edward Brooke, Lord Cobham, commanding the left. And nobly did the young Earl of March fulfil the expectations which Warwick had conceived of his valour. A splendid charge which he made scattered havoc and dismay among the Lancastrians. Treachery completed their discomfiture. Edmund Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who held an important command in the royal army, deserted in the heat of the battle to the Yorkists. Dearly were the earldom of Kent and the seignory of Amptill purchased by the stain which is attached to his memory. The Yorkists were completely successful. The Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and many other gallant nobles and knights, were slain either in action or in flight. With difficulty Queen Margaret contrived to escape with her idolized son into the fastnesses of Wales, from whence she subsequently fled into Scotland. Once more King Henry found himself a prisoner in the hands of the enemies of his house.

no fewer than six of that name -were at this period barons of England. Of these, the two most powerful, and the most devotedly attached to the house of York, were Richard Earl of Salisbury, and his eldest son, Richard Earl of Warwick, afterwards designated the Kingmaker. Salisbury, on account of his having fought and vanquished at St. Albans, where the queen's favourite Somerset fell, appears to have been regarded by her with especial aversion. To secure the persons of these three powerful barons was now the paramount object of Margaret. In order to effect her purpose, she announced that the king's health required the diversions of hunting and hawking, and on this pretext withdrew with him to Coventry. From thence she caused letters, under the privy seal, to be addressed to the duke and the two earls, intimating that the king urgently required their advice in certain important matters, and inviting them to his court. The invitation was accepted by all three of them. On the road to Coventry, however, they were met by a secret emissary, who informed them of the trap which had been set to ensnare them. The Duke of York flew to his stronghold on the borders of Wales; the Earl of Salisbury to his princely castle at Middleham, in Yorkshire; and the Earl of Warwick to his government at Calais, where he was the idol of the formidable garrison.

Still both parties shrank from reviving the horrors of civil war, and subsequently, through the good offices of Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, a temporary reconciliation was effected between them. It had been agreed upon, as a preliminary step, that the leaders of the rival factions should repair to London; the partisans of the house of York to take up their quarters *within*, and those of the house of Lancaster *without*, the walls of the city. Accordingly the Duke of York took up his residence at his mansion of Baynard's Castle on the banks of the Thames; the

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part in them, and they consented. An extraordinary compromise was the result. The title of the Duke of York to the throne was declared to be certain and indisputable; but inasmuch as King Henry had swayed the sceptre for thirty-eight years, it was decided that the empty title and mock dignity of king should be guaranteed to him for the remainder of his days. The Duke of York thereupon was declared to be the true and rightful heir to the throne of his ancestors, the peers solemnly swearing to maintain his succession.

Sick of the cares of royalty, and fatigued by the weight of a crown, the probability is, that, had Henry been childless, he would have succumbed to the decision of parliament, not only without a struggle, but without a sigh. But when he also signed away the birthright of his child in favour of his hereditary foe, it could scarcely have been without a pang. On Margaret, the tidings of her consort's pusillanimity, and of the proscription of her child, produced an effect which seems to have been almost infuriating. The energy and resources of this remarkable princess appear by this time to have been fully appreciated by friend and foe, and accordingly, the Duke of York sent her a peremptory order, in the name of the king, to return immediately with her son to London, threatening her with the penalties of treason in the event of her refusal. This mandate she not only treated with becoming scorn, but, having obtained a loan of money from the Scottish court, she boldly crossed the borders, and entered England at the head of a small band of gallant followers.

Her success in the northern counties was rapid and triumphant. Her youth and beauty, as well as her heroism, her insinuating address, and the compassion which is ever felt for fallen greatness, excited an admiration and sympathy for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. It was afterwards said of her by

rable "love-day," as the chronicler Fabyan styles it, passed off without disturbance. York and Salisbury returned to their several castles, and Warwick to Calais.

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But the demon of hatred and revenge rankled far too deeply in the breasts of both parties to admit of the truce becoming a lasting one. It required, indeed, no great discernment to foretell that the slightest provocation on either side would infallibly be followed by an appeal to arms; that a single spark might kindle a conflagration which blood alone could extinguish. And so, before many months had elapsed, it came to pass. A servant of the king having insulted a retainer of Warwick in the court-yard of the palace at Westminster, an encounter took place between them, in which the aggressor was wounded. The king's servants naturally took the part of their comrade, and accordingly, pouring forth in great numbers from the palace, they not only fell with great fury on the earl's retinue, who were awaiting his return from the king's council-chamber, but even beset Warwick himself, who with difficulty fought his way to his barge at the river stairs. Warwick either believed, or affected to believe, that the attempt on his life had been a premeditated one. York and Salisbury were only too ready to resent the insult offered to their kinsman. Both parties hastened to arm their retainers, and mutually agreed on referring their cause to the arbitration of the God of battles.

1458.
Nov.

The first engagement which was fought after the renewal of hostilities, was at Bloreheath in Staffordshire, on the 23rd of September 1459, when the Earl of Salisbury, at the head of the Yorkists, obtained a complete victory over the royal forces, under the command of James Lord Audley, who, with many gallant knights, was slain in the encounter. This engagement was followed, on the 10th of July 1460, by the still more

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she ordered to be affixed to the gates of York; the latter, in derision of his royal title, being circled with a paper diadem. "Leave room," said the exasperated heroine, "for the heads of March and Warwick, for they shall soon follow."

Elated with her victory, Margaret of Anjou decided on the bold step of marching to London at the head of one division of the army, while she despatched the other division, under the command of Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, to give battle to the young Earl of March, now Duke of York, who was advancing from Wales at the head of a formidable force, in the hope of speedily avenging the death of his father. The two armies, commanded by March and Pembroke, met at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire, on the 2nd of February 1461. The Lancastrians suffered a signal defeat. Pembroke had the good fortune to effect his escape, but his father, Sir Owen Tudor, who had married Katharine of Valois, the beautiful widow of Henry V., was taken prisoner, and with several others beheaded. Queen Margaret was in the first instance more successful than her discomfited general. At St. Albans she encountered the army of the Yorkists, commanded by the Earl of Warwick, whom she completely defeated. Thus the unhappy king, whom Warwick had forced to attend him to the field of battle, was now once more restored to his friends. The victory was no sooner completed than Margaret, leading the young Prince of Wales by the hand, was conducted by Lord Clifford to his tent, in which the agitated monarch was waiting to embrace his heroic consort, and the fair boy whom he had been prevailed upon to deprive of his birthright. The "meek usurper" kissed and embraced them both with great gratitude and joy. He then conferred on his child the honour of knighthood, after which the royal party repaired to the abbey church of St. Albans, in which they solemnly returned thanks

1461.
Feb. 17.

At length the time had arrived when, in the opinion of the Duke of York and his friends, he might with safety prefer his claims to the crown. Accordingly, on the 16th of October 1460, three days after the parliament had assembled, the duke alighted from his horse at the entrance of the great hall at Westminster, through which he passed to the House of Lords. A blast of trumpets notified his approach; a sword of state was carried naked before him. His reception by the barons was apparently very different from what he had anticipated. Amidst a dead silence, and with every eye fixed upon him, York advanced to the throne upon which, with the exception of an interval of the last sixty years, his forefathers had sat from the days of the Conqueror. Standing under the canopy of state, with his hand resting on the throne, he silently awaited the result of his boldness. He had expected, perhaps, that the barons would, with one accord, have invited him to ascend the chair of the Confessor. But not a voice rose in advocacy of his claims; no look of encouragement met his eye. At length Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, broke the silence. Approaching the duke, he coldly intimated to him that the king was in the royal apartments, and inquired whether it was not his intention to visit his sovereign. "I know no one in this realm," replied the duke haughtily, "whom it doth not rather beseem to visit me." With these words he descended the steps which led to the throne, and indignantly quitted the assembly.

But, cold as was the reception which the duke's pretensions had met with from the barons, his position in the State was too formidable, and the validity of his claims too incontestable, not to secure them a patient investigation. Accordingly several deliberations subsequently took place in the House of Lords; the most eminent men in the Commons were invited to take

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1.

in Edward Earl of March, son of the late Duke of York, whom they therefore elected and asserted to be king and governor of this realm. On the following day Edward was conducted in great state, and amidst masses of shouting citizens, from Baynard's Castle to Westminster. In the great hall of Rufus, seated on the throne of the Plantagenets, and holding the sceptre of Edward the Confessor in his hand, his claims to the crown were recited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who inquired of the assembled multitude whether Edward of York should be their king. The vast hall rang with an universal acclamation of assent, whereupon, according to ancient usage, the new king was conducted to the shrine of the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, where he offered up his devotions. This ceremony being over, the barons and prelates knelt one by one to him, and did homage to him as their sovereign. On the 4th of March 1461, he commenced his reign as King Edward IV.

In the mean time Queen Margaret had succeeded in levying an army of 60,000 men. The force at Edward's command is said to have consisted of 48,000 men, at the head of which he marched northwards to give her battle. Fortune, at the outset, seemed inclined to favour the Lancastrians. A success which was obtained at Ferrybridge by Lord Clifford, over an advanced body of the Yorkists under Lord Fitzwalter, raised immoderate hopes in the hearts of Margaret and her friends. They were destined, however, to meet with signal disappointment. On Palm Sunday the two armies came in sight of each other in the open country between Saxton and Towton. As Warwick surveyed the superior force with which he was about to contend, the stout heart of the great earl seems almost to have failed him. The weakness, however, was but a momentary one. Ordering his charger to be led to him, he stabbed it in the face of the whole army,

1461.
Mar. 29.

Edward IV. that he stood in more apprehension of Margaret of Anjou when she was a fugitive and an outcast, than he did of all the princes of the house of Lancaster in the plenitude of their power. The warlike chivalry of the north rallied round the banner of the Red Rose almost to a man. In an incredibly short space of time the queen found herself at the head of an army amounting to 20,000 men.

The next event of importance which followed was the battle of Wakefield, which was fought on the 30th of December 1460. So energetic and expeditious had been the proceedings of Margaret, so unlooked for the success she had met with in arming the people of the north, that when the Duke of York marched forth to give her battle, he could muster only 6000 men. His friends exhorted him to shut himself up in his castle of Sandal, where he might have awaited in security the arrival of his gallant son the Earl of March, who was actively engaged in collecting reinforcements. The duke, however, obstinately refused to listen to the entreaties of his followers. Whatever hesitation he might have betrayed in the cabinet, on the field of battle he was ever undaunted. He scorned, he said, to retreat before a woman; he was resolved to triumph or to die. Considering the odds against which he had to contend, the result may be readily imagined. The Lancastrians obtained a signal victory; York himself was killed in the battle. His head was carried to the queen, who is said to have burst into an hysterical laugh on beholding the bloody trophy. Pity had ceased to find any place in her breast. The executions which she ordered after her victory were cruel and excessive. Among other gallant men whom she handed over to the executioner was Warwick's father, the stout old Earl of Salisbury, whose head, with that of his brother-in-law the Duke of York,

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1464.
May 8.

men from Louis XI. of France, she summoned her Lancastrian partisans to repair to her standard, and once more took the field. Fortune, on this occasion, scarcely even smiled on her. She was speedily encountered by the Marquis of Montagu, brother of the Earl of Warwick, who signally defeated her at Hexham. Her partisans, the Duke of Somerset, and the Lords Hungerford and Ross, were taken prisoners and immediately beheaded.

The romantic adventures which befell Margaret of Anjou after the battle of Hexham are well known. Flying with her beloved child from the scene of slaughter and defeat, her only hope of escaping from their foes lay in the darkness of the night, and in being able to penetrate the gloomy mazes of Hexham Forest. But scarcely had the forest been gained, when the royal fugitives were beset by a band of robbers, who, besides stripping them of their jewels and costly upper garments, treated them with much indignity. Fortunately the richness of the booty, and the difficulty which the brigands found in partitioning it to the satisfaction of all, induced a quarrel, and then a conflict, among the band. The queen took advantage of the confusion, and fled with her child to a denser part of the forest. Without food, and without sufficient raiment to protect them from the chills of the night, they were wandering they knew not where, when suddenly, by the light of the moon, they beheld a man of giant stature, and of forbidding aspect, approaching them with a drawn sword. Fortunately the courage of the intrepid Margaret rose with the occasion; her resolution was formed on the instant. Advancing towards the robber, for such he proved to be, she presented to him the young prince, exclaiming, — “My friend, to your care I commit the safety of the son of your king.” It happened providentially that the man was by nature of a generous and humane disposition. Impulsively he knelt to her, and

to Heaven for the victory which had been vouchsafed to them.

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To enter London, and to restore her consort to his palace and his throne, were the paramount objects of Margaret. The citizens, however, refused to admit her within their gates; the lord-mayor sending her word that he only was her friend. In the mean time, the Duke of York had succeeded in uniting his army with the scattered troops of Warwick, and was rapidly advancing from Herefordshire with a far superior force. Under these circumstances the queen had no choice but to retrace her steps to the north, whither she accordingly retreated with her husband and child. There, as we have seen, her adherents were both numerous and devotedly attached to her cause, and there she hoped again to make head against her adversaries.

In due time the new Duke of York made his appearance before the gates of London, which he entered amidst the joyful acclamations of the people. His youth, the fiery valour which he had displayed in battle, his recent victories at Northampton and Mortimer's Cross, the irresistible fascination of his address, and lastly his stately height and the singular beauty of his countenance, excited a feeling of enthusiasm in his favour which it would be difficult to exaggerate. With one accord, the crowds which visited his camp in St. John's Fields, Clerkenwell, acknowledged and greeted him as their king. In the mean time a meeting, consisting of the lords spiritual and temporal and of the chief magistrates of London, had been convened in Baynard's Castle, for the purpose of solemnly discussing his claims. The determination at which they arrived was an unanimous one. They declared that King Henry, by breaking his recent compact with parliament, had forfeited all royal authority and power; further pronouncing that the title to the crown of England lay incontestably

1461.
Feb. 25.

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I.

made his entry into London, it was with his legs strapped under the belly of his horse, and with an offensive inscription placarded on his back, in which degraded condition, we are told, he was conducted through the populous district of Cheap and Cornhill to his former apartments in the Tower. The account, however, of a more faithful contemporary, the chronicler of Croyland, in no degree substantiates the assertion that Henry was subjected to this ignominious treatment. On the contrary, Edward, we are told, gave orders that "all possible humanity," not inconsistent with safe custody, should be shown to the illustrious and afflicted prisoner.

1470.
Oct. 3.

The motives which, in 1469, induced the Earl of Warwick to rebel against his sovereign and friend, and the Duke of Clarence against his brother, will probably never be satisfactorily explained. Their treason, for a time, was eminently successful; Edward was eventually compelled to fly from his kingdom. This flight of his rival once more opened for the unfortunate Henry the door of his prison-house. He was waited upon in his solitary chamber in the Tower by the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Warwick, Lord Stanley, and other noblemen, who, with great ceremony and respect, conducted him to the royal apartments in the palatial fortress. Once more, and for the last time, he wore the trappings of monarchy, and listened to adulations and professions of loyalty of which he had long since learned the hollowness. Arrayed in a mantle of blue velvet, and wearing the kingly crown upon his head, he proceeded in solemn state to St. Paul's Cathedral, where, amidst the empty shouts of the fickle populace, he returned thanks to Heaven for a deliverance which was destined to be followed by worse sorrows, and for the recovery of a crown which doubtless he secretly regarded as a burden.

at the same time solemnly swearing, on the cross which formed the hilt of his sword, that on that day his hazards and those of the common soldier should be the same, and that, though the whole of the king's army should take to flight, he would oppose himself alone to the swords of the Lancastrians.

Of all the battles between the rival Roses, none was more fiercely contested, none lasted for a greater number of hours, than that of Towton. At length the fiery valour of Edward, and the military experience of Warwick, prevailed over superior numbers, and the Lancastrians were totally routed. No quarter was given; the carnage was terrific. The buriers of the dead counted 38,000 corpses. Among the slain were discovered the bodies of the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, of the Lords Welles and Dacre of Gillesland. The Earl of Devon was beheaded after the battle. Immediately after his victory the young king proceeded to York, where he removed the heads of his father and of his kinsman the Earl of Salisbury from the gates of the city, setting up in their stead the heads of the Earl of Devon, and of others whom he had caused to be decapitated after the battle. In one respect the hopes of the young king were sadly disappointed. He had trusted, by obtaining possession of the persons of King Henry, and especially of Queen Margaret and her child, to crush for ever the hopes of the house of Lancaster. The energetic queen, however, contrived to escape with her husband and son to Berwick, from which place they subsequently fled to Scotland.

For three years after the battle of Towton, Edward was permitted to continue in quiet possession of his throne, and in the entire enjoyment of his voluptuous pleasures. The spirit of the indefatigable Margaret, however, remained unsubdued by defeat or disaster, and accordingly, having obtained the aid of two thousand

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BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EARLY LIFE OF RICHARD OF
GLOUCESTER.

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RICHARD Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard III., was born in the princely castle of Fotheringay in Northamptonshire on the 2nd of October 1452.* He was the eleventh child of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and was sixth in descent from King Edward III. His mother was Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

The Duchess of York — or the “Rose of Raby,” as she was designated in the north of England — was, by the death of her husband, left a widow with a numerous offspring. Only a year or two previously, — happy in the society of her illustrious lord, and watching the sports of her young children in the noble halls of Middleham or Baynard’s Castle, — how little could she have anticipated the bloody wars which were about to devastate her native country, and the misfortunes which impended over her house! Seldom have greater sorrows fallen to the lot of woman, and never perhaps were sorrows borne with greater magnanimity. Her beloved husband perished at the battle of Wakefield.† For months his severed head remained a ghastly object on the gates of York. In the same battle was slain her third son, the young Edmund Earl of Rutland. Her fourth surviving son, George Duke of Clarence, died a

* William of Wyrcester’s Annals, Liber Niger Scaccarii, vol. ii. p. 177.

† 30th December 1460.

even shed tears. Margaret, in fact, could scarcely have met with a more valuable protector. Carrying the wayworn Prince of Wales in his arms, he led the way to his place of concealment, a retreat still pointed out as "Queen Margaret's cave." Subsequently the generous robber performed further good service, by conducting to the queen more than one unfortunate Lancastrian gentleman who had contrived to escape the slaughter of Hexham. Among these were Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, and Edmund Beaufort, now Duke of Somerset. By the assistance of the freebooter, not only the queen and the prince, but the other hunted fugitives, were enabled to reach the sea-coast, from whence they obtained shipping to Flanders. De Commynes tells us that some time afterwards he saw the Duke of Exeter running barefooted after the Duke of Burgundy's train, begging in the name of God for bread to satisfy his hunger. The fate of the last of the Beauforts was yet more miserable. After the battle of Tewkesbury, where he commanded the Lancastrian army, he was dragged from a church where he had sought refuge, and immediately beheaded.

In the mean time the escape of the unhappy Henry VI. had been even a more narrow one than those of his wife and child. In the flight after the battle, "King Henry," according to the chronicler Hall, "was the last horseman of his company." So hot was the pursuit that an attendant who rode behind him, bearing the royal cap of state, was overtaken and made prisoner. For about a year, the hunted king remained concealed in different hiding-places in Westmoreland and Lancashire. At length, his retreat having been betrayed by a monk of Abingdon, he was arrested as he sat at dinner at Waddington Hall, in the latter county, and again committed a prisoner to the Tower. According to the prejudiced accounts of the Lancastrian historians, when the pious monarch

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The princely fortune enjoyed by the widowed duchess was in accordance with her exalted rank. At the several patrimonial residences of the house of York, — at Middleham, Fotheringay, Sandal, and Berkhamstead, at each of which she occasionally resided with her youthful family, — the magnificence of her mode of living was surpassed only by the decorum which ever prevailed in her household. “She useth,” writes a contemporary, “to arise at seven of the clock, and hath ready her chaplain to say with her matins of the day and matins of our Lady; and when she is full ready she hath a low mass in her chamber; and after mass she taketh something to recreate nature, and so goeth to the chapel, hearing the divine service and two low masses. From thence to dinner, during the time whereof she hath a lecture of holy matter. After dinner she giveth audience to all such as have any matter to show unto her by the space of one hour, and then sleepeth one quarter of an hour, and after she hath slept she continueth in prayer unto the first peal of even-song; then she drinketh wine or ale at her pleasure. Forthwith her chaplain is ready to say with her both even-songs; and after the last peal she goeth to the chapel, and heareth even-song by note. From thence to supper, and in the time of supper she reciteth the lecture that was had at dinner to those that be in her presence. After supper she disposeth herself to be familiar with her gentlewomen, to the season of honest mirth; and one hour before her going to bed she taketh a cup of wine; and, after that, goeth to her privy closet and taketh her leave of God for all night; making end of her prayers for that day, and by eight of the clock is in bed.”* Such is the curious picture which we possess of the manner in which an illustrious lady passed her hours in the fifteenth century. Such was the household which sheltered the boyhood of the

* Ordinances for the Government of the Royal Household, p. 37*.

Leaving King Edward for a time in poverty and exile, and King Henry in the possession of his brief authority, let us now revert to the extraordinary prince whose story forms the principal subject of these memoirs.

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II.
1460.

their seeking shelter under his roof is thus communicated to Sir John in October 1460, by his confidential servant Christopher Hausson.

“ To the Right Worshipful Sir and Master John Paston, Esquire, at Norwich, be this letter delivered in haste.

“ Right worshipful Sir and Master, I recommend me unto you. Please you, to wect, the Monday after our Lady-day, there come hither to my master’s place my Master Bowser, Sir Harry Ratford, John Clay, and the harbinger of my Lord of March, desiring that my Lady of York might be here until the coming of my Lord of York, and her two sons, my Lord George and my Lord Richard, and my Lady Margaret, her daughter, which I granted them in your name, to lie here till Michaelmas. And she had not lain here two days, but she had tidings of the landing of my lord at Chester. The Tuesday after, my lord sent for her that she should come to him to Hereford ; and thither she is gone ; and she hath left here both the sons and the daughter, and the Lord of March cometh every day to see them.” *

A few days afterwards, the Duke of York entered London in triumph, and restored his wife and children to the condition which was due to their exalted birth.

Dec. 30. But though the house of York was destined finally to be triumphant, many reverses and misfortunes were still in store for its numerous members. The return, indeed, of Margaret of Anjou from Scotland, and the fatal result of the battle of Wakefield, seemed to threaten a total annihilation of their hopes. In that battle the “ Rose of Raby ” lost not only her husband, but also her young and beautiful son the Earl of Rutland. She now began to tremble for the safety of her younger sons,

* Paston Letters, by Fenn, vol. i. p. 199.

traitor's death in the dungeons of the Tower. Her eldest son, afterwards King Edward IV., died from the effects of intemperance and sensuality, in the prime of his days. She lived to see the sons of this mighty monarch miserably immured in the Tower, destined to carry with them to their early graves the awful secrets of their prison-house. Lastly, she survived to see her son Richard close his errors or his crimes by a bloody death on the field of Bosworth. It was the singular fortune of this illustrious lady to have lived in the reigns of five sovereigns, to have been the contemporary of six queens of England, and of five princes of Wales.*

The character of this beautiful woman was in many respects peculiar to the high-born matrons of the middle ages. Inheriting the lofty spirit of the Nevilles and of the Plantagenets, she entered fully into the ambitious projects of the powerful lord with whom her fate was united. From the day on which he had demanded the head of the obnoxious Somerset at the gates of London till he himself perished by the sword at the battle of Wakefield, she seems to have been his constant companion in the day of adversity, the willing sharer of his perils. If, on the one hand, her ambition was unbounded, and her pride of birth so overweening as almost to amount to extravagance, she nevertheless figures as an affectionate and discerning mother, and a pious Christian. If scandal whispered that in her youth she had been unfaithful to her lord, her widowhood, at all events, was an exemplary one. For her sons she secured the best education of which the age would admit, devoting herself with unwearying care to the advancement of their spiritual as well as their temporal welfare, and preparing them to play a part in the world suitable to their royal birth and the stormy times in which they lived.

* *Archæologia*, vol. xiii. p. 16.

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II.
1461.

Edward no sooner found the sceptre secure in his grasp than he recalled his younger brothers from the Low Countries. On George, now in his twelfth year, he conferred the title of Duke of Clarence; Richard, who was only in his ninth year, he created Duke of Gloucester.* It may be mentioned that, in the days of chivalry of which we are writing, whenever a royal or noble youth had arrived at an age when it was considered no longer desirable that he should be kept in the society and under the care of women, it was customary to obtain his admission into the establishment of some powerful baron, in order that he might duly acquire those accomplishments which were presumed to be necessary to support the knightly character. That Edward should have selected the establishment of his renowned kinsman, the Earl of Warwick, as offering the most eligible school for training up his younger brothers to distinguish themselves in the tilt-yard and the battle-field, is not only not unlikely, but the following circumstances render it extremely probable. Edward himself would seem to have been indebted for his military education to Warwick †; we have evidence of the anxiety of the young king to render his brothers as accomplished soldiers as he was himself; there is extant, in the archives of the exchequer, a contemporary entry of moneys "paid to Richard Earl of Warwick for costs and expenses incurred by him on behalf of the Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother," ‡ besides other evidence showing that Gloucester was at least once a guest at Middleham §; and, lastly, we find the future usurper retaining an affectionate partiality for Middleham to the close of his eventful career. || Under these circumstances, to what other

* Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. pp. 162, 165.

† Mémoires de P. de Commines, tome i. p. 232. Paris, 1840.

‡ Halsted's Richard III. vol. i. p. 113.

§ Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 516.

|| Whitaker's History of Richmondshire, vol. i. p. 335.

celebrated Richard of Gloucester; such the mother from whom he alike derived the good qualities which were the ornament of his youth, and inherited the ambition which, at a later period, incited him to the commission of crime.

Though at the time a mere child, Richard of Gloucester was a witness of those early struggles between the houses of York and Lancaster which hurried his father York to the grave, and eventually raised his brother Edward to the throne. At the period when the loss of the battle of Bloreheath compelled his father to fly for shelter in the fastnesses of Ireland, Richard was in his seventh year. When, shortly after the battle, King Henry entered Ludlow Castle in triumph, he found there the Duchess of York, whom, with her two younger sons, he committed, in the first instance, to the charge of her sister, Anne Duchess of Buckingham.* For nearly a year Richard remained a prisoner with his mother in the hands of the Lancastrians, till at length the victory obtained by the Yorkists at Northampton restored them to liberty. Three months after the battle we find the "Rose of Raby" in London with her young children George and Richard, afterwards Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and her daughter Margaret, afterwards Duchess of Burgundy. But though the metropolis was now in the hands of the Earl of Warwick and of her victorious son the Earl of March, there seem to have been reasons why London was still no secure place of retreat for the high-born lady and her children. Accordingly, instead of taking up her abode at the celebrated Baynard's Castle, the London residence of her lord, we find her concealed with her children in an obscure retreat in the Temple. The chambers which sheltered the illustrious party were those of Sir John Paston, a devoted partisan of the house of York, who was at this time absent at Norwich. The important event of

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1459.
Sept. 23.

Oct.

July 10.

Oct.

* Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 497; Hearne's Fragment, pp. 283-4.

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city from which he had derived his title. In the mean time his headless remains had rested at Pontefract, where they had been hurriedly and ignobly committed to the grave. Young Edward no sooner found himself triumphant over his adversaries, than he performed the pious duty of causing his father's head to be removed from the gates of York, preparatory to reinterring the great warrior with a magnificence suitable to his rank. Descended from, and destined to be ancestor of kings, the remains of Richard of York might without impropriety have been awarded a grave in the memorable burial-place of the sovereigns of the house of Plantagenet, in Westminster Abbey. To that deeply interesting group of monuments, which surround the shrine of Edward the Confessor, the effigy of the illustrious chieftain would have formed no unworthy addition. But the young king preferred for the mightiest of the barons a baron's resting-place. In the chancel of the collegiate church of Fotheringay, near the remains of his father Edward Duke of York, who was slain at Agincourt, Richard of York was reinterred, on the 29th of July 1466, with a magnificence befitting the obsequies of kings. Followed by an array of nobles and pursuivants, Richard Duke of Gloucester rode next after the corpse of his father, in its melancholy journey from Pontefract to Fotheringay. Awaiting its arrival in the churchyard of Fotheringay, stood the king and queen in deep mourning, attended by the two eldest princesses and the principal nobles and ladies of the land. The ceremony of reinterment must have presented a striking and deeply interesting scene. On the verge of the vault were to be seen the lofty form of King Edward, the handsomest prince of his age*; his beautiful queen, Elizabeth Woodville; their infant daughter, Elizabeth, who was destined to succeed her

* Mémoires de Commines, vol. i. p. 239.

whose lives, had they chanced to have fallen into the power of the implacable Margaret, would in all probability have been sacrificed to her revenge. Happily for the house of York, their great kinsman, the Earl of Warwick, still held the command of the seas. Accordingly, with the aid of the earl, the Duchess of York contrived to effect the removal of her children to the Low Countries, where they had the good fortune to meet with a kind and generous reception from Philip Duke of Burgundy. It happened that the court of that accomplished prince was no less distinguished for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts, than for the due maintenance and exercise of the ancient laws and customs of chivalry. Examples, therefore, were constantly before them, which were calculated to produce a beneficial and lasting effect on the minds of the young princes. During a part of their stay in the Low Countries, we find them pursuing their studies under able instructors in the city of Utrecht.*

In the mean time, the struggle in England between the rival Roses had been renewed with unabating vigour and fury. The young Earl of March had succeeded to his father's title of Duke of York, and with it to his father's claims to the throne. Those claims, though only in his twentieth year, he proceeded to assert and uphold with an ability, enterprise, and fearlessness, which would have reflected credit on the wisest statesmen and ablest generals of the age. At Mortimer's Cross he gave battle to, and defeated, the army of King Henry, and, though his troops under the Earl of Warwick were repulsed at St. Albans, he nevertheless pushed forward to London, which, as we have previously recorded, he entered amidst the acclamations of the people, and a day or two afterwards mounted the throne by the title of King Edward IV.

1461.

* Buck's Life and Reign of Richard III. in Kennet's Complete History, vol. i. p. 516; Sandford, Gen. Hist. book v. p. 430.

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II.

Lord Hungerford, both of which noblemen had been beheaded after the battle of Hexham.* Again, when the part which the Nevilles took at the battle of Barnet deprived them of their magnificent estates, Edward conferred on his brother, for his "great and laudable services," Warwick's princely castles of Middleham and Sheriff-Hutton, together with other lands which had belonged to the earl's brother, the Marquis of Montagu.† In 1465 Edward created his brother a knight of the Garter, and, in 1469, caused him to be summoned to parliament.

Not satisfied with heaping wealth and honours on his favourite brother, Edward also selected him to fill appointments, the responsible duties of which prove how entire was the confidence which he placed in his judgment and abilities. In 1461 he appointed him high admiral of England.‡ On the 27th of October 1469, he made him constable of England, and justice of North and South Wales.§ The following year he nominated him to be warden of the Western Marches, bordering on Scotland.|| On the 18th of May 1471, he was made lord-chamberlain.¶ In 1472 he was appointed to the lucrative situation of keeper of the king's forests beyond Trent** ; and, lastly, in 1474, he was re-appointed to the office of lord-chamberlain.††

Such were the high offices and appointments which

* Cal. Rot. Pat. m. i. p. 314.

† Rot. Parl. vol. vi. pp. 124-5; Cal. Rot. Pat. p. 316, m. xviii.

‡ Dugd. Bar. vol. ii. p. 165.

§ Sandford, Gen. Hist. book v. p. 430; Dugd. Bar. vol. ii. p. 165.

|| Ibid.

¶ This appointment he surrendered to his brother, the Duke of Clarence, on his being a second time appointed constable of England, viz. 29th February 1472. Sandford, Gen. Hist. book v. p. 431; Dugd. Bar. vol. ii. p. 166.

** Cal. Rot. Pat. m. x. p. 317.

†† Dugd. Bar. vol. ii. p. 166.

conclusion can we arrive than that Middleham was once the home of Gloucester? And, if such was the case, with what other object could he have been so domesticated but for the advantages to be derived from the precepts of the renowned Warwick, and being educated in the vast military establishment which was supported by the most powerful of the barons? The mention of Middleham recalls to us the romantic attachment which Richard subsequently conceived for Anne Neville, the youngest and fairest daughter of the "Kingmaker," an attachment which would of itself have been a subject of no mean interest, even had Shakespeare not invested it with immortality. Anne was his junior only by two years. May it not, then, have been at Middleham, in the days of their childhood, that Richard was first inspired by that memorable passion which was destined to triumph over all human opposition,—which continued to nerve his arm, and to fire his soul, even when Anne Neville had become the betrothed, if not the bride, of another, and which was eventually rewarded by her becoming his wife, and finally his queen?

Of the boyhood of Richard of Gloucester, unfortunately but few particulars have been handed down to us. The diligent inquirer, Hutton, could discover no more important facts than that the wisest, wiliest, and bravest prince of his age, "cuckt his ball, and shot his taw, with the same delight as other lads." * Only on one occasion, in his boyhood, we find him playing a prominent part on the stage of the world. From the day on which the Red Rose had proved triumphant at Wakefield, till that on which victory again decided in favour of the White Rose on the field of Towton, the ghastly head of Richard Duke of York had been allowed to disfigure the battlements of the

* Hutton's Battle of Bosworth Field, Introd. p. xvii.

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had elapsed since the Lady Isabel had given her hand, in the church of Notre-Dame at Calais, to George Duke of Clarence, at that time the nearest male heir to the throne of England.* The Lady Anne, at this time, was on the eve of being betrothed to Edward Prince of Wales, the ill-fated son of Henry VI.

When, in the month of April 1470, Warwick and Clarence, flying from the rapid and victorious pursuit of Edward, set sail from Dartmouth, the Lady Isabel accompanied her husband and her father. The voyage proved to be a singularly hazardous and inauspicious one. After a narrow escape from having been captured by the royal fleet, commanded by Earl Rivers, the ship in which they were embarked was overtaken by a violent tempest, in the midst of the perils and discomforts of which the young duchess was seized in labour of her first child. Mishap followed mishap. On reaching Calais, John Lord Wenlock, the deputy-governor of the town in the absence of Warwick, not only positively refused them permission to land, but fired his "great guns" at them. The only favour which they could obtain from him was a present of two flagons of wine for the use of the duchess and her ladies.† Accordingly Warwick set sail for Dieppe, in which port the duchess and her new-born infant were safely landed.‡ From Dieppe the earl, accompanied by his

* The marriage ceremony was performed, on the 12th of July 1469, by her uncle, George Neville, Archbishop of York, in the presence of her father the Earl of Warwick, then governor of Calais, her mother, and her sister the Lady Anne.

† De Commines, tome i. p. 235.

‡ According to Monstrelet, it was at Honfleur and not Harfleur that the fugitives disembarked. "They found there the lord high admiral of France, who received the Earl of Warwick, the Duke of Clarence, and the Earl of Oxford, and their ladies, with every respect. Their vessels were admitted in the harbours; and after a short time, the ladies, with their trains, departed, and went to Valognes, where lodgings had been provided for them." — *Monstrelet's Chronicles*, vol. iv. p. 304. The Hearne Fragment also mentions

father on the throne; the slight figure and thoughtful features of Richard of Gloucester; and, lastly, the mild and melancholy face of Margaret Countess of Richmond, who, like the illustrious dead upon whose coffin she was gazing, was also destined to be the ancestor of kings.* Of that memorable party, Margaret alone outlived the prime and vigour of life, and enjoyed a tranquil and respected old age.

Richard, even in early boyhood, appears to have enjoyed the confidence and affection of his brother Edward. The wealth and estates which the king from time to time put him in possession of, seem almost incredible. In 1462 he conferred on him a large portion of the domains of John Lord Clifford, who was killed at the battle of Towton.† The same year he gave him the castle and fee-farm of the town of Gloucester, and the castle and lordship of Richmond in Yorkshire, lately belonging to Edmund Earl of Richmond; also no fewer than forty-six manors which had lapsed to the crown by the attainder of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford.‡ In 1464 he granted him the castles, lordships, and lands of Henry de Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, as well as the castle and manors of Robert

* Sandford's Genealogical Hist. of England, book v. pp. 391-2. At the same time with those of York were reinterred the remains of his third son, Edmund Earl of Rutland, who was killed by Lord Clifford at the battle of Wakefield, and whose head had also disfigured the battlements of York. Thirty-one years afterwards, the remains of the "Rose of Raby" were laid, according to a desire which she had expressed in her will, by the side of her husband. When, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her coffin happened to be opened, there was discovered, we are told, "about her neck, hanging on a silk ribaud, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a fine Roman hand, was as fair and fresh to be read as if it had been written but the day before." The duchess died in Berkhamstead Castle on the 31st of May 1495. Sandford, Gen. Hist. book iv. p. 387; book v. pp. 391-2.

† Cal. Rot. Pat. p. 304, m. xiii.

‡ Rotuli Parliamentorum, vol. vi. p. 228.; Cal. Rot. Pat. p. 304, m. v.

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Louis received the great earl with open arms, and bade him heartily welcome to his court.

From Amboise the French court removed to Angers, whither Warwick and his daughters also repaired. The dethronement of the English monarch, a reconciliation between Margaret of Anjou and Warwick, and the re-establishment of the house of Lancaster on the throne of England, were the projects which the French king and the English earl were constantly engaged in discussing, and which each of them had deeply at heart. The principal difficulty lay in the implacable disposition of Margaret, and in the great improbability, which they foresaw, of her being induced to consent to so unnatural a marriage as that of the heir of Lancaster with the daughter of the arch-enemy of his house. Many grievances, moreover, had to be forgotten on both sides, many wrongs forgiven. Warwick had to forgive the remorseless woman who had sent his father Salisbury to the block; while Margaret was called upon to forgive still deeper wrongs. Warwick had not only given her the deepest offence by aspersing her fair fame as a woman, but he had also disputed the legitimacy of her darling son. He had caused to be put to death, either on the field of battle or on the scaffold, the bravest and wisest of the partisans of the Red Rose. Twice he had thrown her royal consort into a dungeon. More than once she herself had been driven by him into exile; more than once, a fugitive with her beloved child, they had been compelled to owe their daily bread to the charity of the stranger. Warwick, she said, had inflicted wounds on her which would remain unhealed till the day of judgment, and in the day of judgment she would appeal to the justice of Heaven for vengeance against her persecutor.*

Difficult, however, as was the task of appeasing the

* Chastellain, *Chroniques des Ducs de Bourgogne*, par Buchon, tome ii. p. 242.

King Edward conferred upon his brother Richard, almost before the latter had completed his twentieth year. It must be remembered, that not only did more than one of these appointments require that the person holding them should be gifted with singular ability, firmness, and judgment, but that they also conferred on him an authority which rendered him the most powerful subject in the realm. That a monarch, therefore, so notoriously jealous as Edward IV., who, moreover, had already been deceived by a favourite brother, the fickle and ungrateful Clarence, should have conferred on a third brother wealth so vast and powers so great, evinces not only how high was the opinion he had formed of Richard's talents, but also how great was the confidence which he placed in his loyalty and integrity. Indeed, that Richard of Gloucester was to the last the faithful and loyal subject of Edward IV., we are as much convinced as that he was afterwards a disloyal subject to his nephew Edward V.

A conjecture has already been hazarded in these pages, that it was as long since as when Richard was learning the use of arms and the accomplishments of chivalry in the halls of the renowned Warwick, that he first became enamoured of the youngest and gentlest of the two daughters of the Kingmaker. It was destined, indeed, that they should hereafter be united by indissoluble ties. As yet, however, many and apparently insurmountable obstacles interposed between Richard and the realization of the hopes of his boyhood.

A singular and romantic interest attaches itself to the story of Isabel and Anne Neville. Born to a more splendid lot, and to greater vicissitudes of fortune, than commonly fall to the lot of women, the career of both was destined to be a brief and a melancholy one. At the period of which we are writing, nine months

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sworn to by each of the contracting parties on the true cross in St. Mary's Church at Angers. On their part, Warwick and Clarence engaged themselves on no account "to surcease the war" till they should have restored the kingdom of England to the house of Lancaster. On the other hand, Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales solemnly swore to appoint the great earl and his son-in-law protectors of the realm, till such time as the youthful prince should be "meet and fit by himself to undertake that charge."* Lastly, the French king guaranteed to furnish Warwick with a supply of "armour, men, and navy," to enable him to effect a successful landing on the shores of England.†

The article in the treaty which Margaret naturally regarded with the greatest dissatisfaction was that which gave the hand of Anne Neville to her son. "What!" said the haughty queen, "will Warwick indeed give his daughter to my son, whom he has so often branded as the offspring of adultery and fraud?" When at length she gave her consent to the unnatural union, it was accompanied by a very important article which has been overlooked by most of our historians. By a clause in the marriage treaty it was provided that not only should Anne Neville remain "in the hands and keeping" of the queen, but that the marriage should not be *perfected* till the earl had recovered the kingdom of England, or the greater portion of it, for the house of Lancaster.‡ Accordingly, inasmuch as

* Polydore Virgil, lib. xxiv. p. 680, and Camd. Soc. Trans. p. 131.

† Louis kept his word. Monstrelet tells us that the manning and victualling of Warwick's fleet was extremely expensive to him. Chronicles, vol. iv. pp. 306-7. For an account of this remarkable conference, see a very curious document entitled "The Manner and Guiding of the Earl of Warwick at Angers," Harl. MS. 543, fol. 169*b*, printed in Ellis's Original Letters, vol. i. p. 132, &c., Second Series. See also De Commynes, tome i. p. 238.

‡ "Manner and Guiding of the Earl of Warwick," Ellis's Orig. Letters, vol. i. pp. 134-5, Second Series.

daughter and son-in-law, proceeded to Amboise, in which town the cruel and crafty Louis XI. of France was at this time holding his court.*

Warwick, incensed against the prince whom he had formerly so loved, and whom he had laid under so many obligations, — ambitious, moreover, of securing a second chance of founding a kingly dynasty for his descendants, — had for his chief object at this period the union of his younger daughter Anne with Edward Prince of Wales, the only child of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou. By this expedient, should King Edward, on the one hand, die without leaving a male heir, the children of Isabel would fill the throne; while, on the other hand, should the house of Lancaster succeed in triumphing over the house of York, the hopes of the Kingmaker would have every prospect of being realized by the Lady Anne becoming the mother of kings.

It was apparently in pursuance of this ambitious project that Warwick sought the presence of the French king. Louis received him with every mark of respect and friendship. From the time when the earl had formerly been ambassador at his court, the French king had not only retained an extraordinary affection for him, but they had ever since carried on a secret correspondence.† Louis, on one occasion, told Queen Margaret of Anjou that he was under greater obligations to the English earl than to any man living.‡ Thus, “no less enamoured and delighted with the presence of his friend than with his renowned fame,” §

Honfleur as the port at which Warwick and his family landed (pp. 302-3).

* Hearne Fragment, p. 303.

† De Commines, tome i. p. 433. Warwick had been ambassador to France in 1467.

‡ Sharon Turner's *Hist. of the Middle Ages*, vol. iii. pp. 261-3.

§ Polydore Virgil, lib. xxiv. p. 660 (ed. 1651), and Camden Soc. Transl. p. 131.

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duced to each other at Paris, where, if any trust is to be placed in contemporary gossip, her charms had kindled a violent passion in the heart of Edward.* A sad reverse awaited each of them. Before many months had elapsed, Edward lay a mangled corpse in the abbey of Tewkesbury; while the beautiful girl to whom his troth was pledged was compelled to secrete herself, in the garb of a waiting-maid, in an obscure quarter of London.

Faithfully and energetically Warwick proceeded to carry into effect his engagements with Margaret of Anjou. The powerful fleet of the Duke of Burgundy, superior at this time to the united navies of England and France †, happened to be blockading the mouth of the Seine, and accordingly it was not till after a delay of some weeks that Warwick was enabled to quit the shores of France. At length a violent tempest compelled the blockading ships to seek shelter in the ports of Scotland and Holland, and the sea was once more open to Warwick. On the 4th of August he quitted Angers, and on the 13th of September disembarked the small force under his command at Plymouth and Dartmouth. His return to his native country was hailed by the great mass of the people with extraordinary enthusiasm. In an almost incredibly

minster on the 13th of October 1453; Anne Neville was born in Warwick Castle in 1456. The young prince is said to have been eminently accomplished and handsome; "the composition of his body," according to Habington, "being guilty of no fault but a too feminine beauty."—*Kennet*, vol. i. p. 453. According to Shakspeare's description of him,—

"A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford."

King Richard III., Act i. Sc. 2.

* Hist. de Margu rite d'Anjou, par l'Abb  Pr vost, p. 344.

† De Commynes, tome i. p. 239.

naughty Margaret, it was cheerfully undertaken by the French king. Without delay, he invited to his court the persons principally interested in the memorable treaty which his talents and subtlety subsequently enabled him to accomplish. It was indeed a remarkable party whom he assembled around him in the old palatial fortress of Angers. At the time when Margaret made her tardy appearance in its halls, there were already met there the renowned Warwick, the false and fickle Clarence, and his beautiful duchess, Isabel Neville. Thither subsequently repaired two of the bravest warriors of their age, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke. Thither also came René King of Sicily, father of Queen Margaret, the Countess of Warwick with her gentle daughter the Lady Anne, and lastly Margaret herself, accompanied by the gallant and beautiful boy in whose welfare every wish of her heart was centred, he who from his infancy had been the occasion of her heroism, her self-devotion, and her crimes.

July 15.

As may be readily imagined, it was not till after urgent and repeated entreaties, and after almost fruitless endeavours on the part of King Louis, that Margaret was induced to confront Warwick face to face, and to confer with him on the means of re-establishing her husband on his throne. When at length the meeting took place, the scene must have been a singularly striking one. Warwick, we are told, falling on his knees before the queen, solemnly "offered himself to be bounden by all manner of ways to be a true and faithful subject for the time to come;" Margaret, on her part, compelling the proud earl to remain in this humiliating posture for a quarter of an hour, before she could be prevailed upon to pronounce his pardon.* At length a treaty was concluded, which was

* Chastellain, Chron. par Buchon, tome ii. p. 243.

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chivalrous king took leave of his lovely queen, then on the eve of becoming a mother, little could he have imagined that, within a few short weeks, he himself would become a miserable exile. Little could he have believed that, during his eventful absence, his hunted queen would give birth to a male heir to the throne in the prison-sanctuary at Westminster; indebted to the monks for procuring her an ordinary nurse in her travail, and to a butcher, more tender-hearted or more loyal than his fellows, for the common food by which she and her female attendants supported existence.

Edward, as he himself afterwards related to De Commynes, was at dinner in a fortress near Lynn, when suddenly the astounding tidings were brought to him that the Marquis of Montagu, his personal friend and favourite, with other influential barons in whom he had blindly confided, were tampering with his forces. Notwithstanding he had long been accustomed to encounter treachery and ingratitude, he at first refused to credit such shameless apostasy. Nevertheless he sent forth messengers to investigate the truth of the rumours, and in the mean time rapidly arrayed himself in his armour. The intelligence which the messengers brought back was sufficiently disheartening. Not only had the soldiers been induced to shout "God bless King Henry," but the rebels were advancing in overwhelming numbers. Fortunately the only access to the fortress was by a bridge which Edward had taken the precaution to guard with a few of his most devoted followers. Accordingly, without a moment's delay, he leaped into the saddle, and, dashing along the bridge with a few followers, made the best of his way to the neighbouring seaport of Lynn. Hastings, alone, remained behind for a few minutes, in order to urge his friends to consult their safety by pretending submission to Warwick, and then, putting spurs to his horse, galloped off in the di-

the death of Warwick, which took place a few months afterwards, prevented his fulfilling his part of the agreement, the great probability seems to be that the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Anne Neville was never consummated. The facts, indeed, are unquestionable, that they were not only solemnly affianced to each other, but that, at the French court, Anne was called by the title of, and received the homage due to, a Princess of Wales.* But, on the other hand, when we consider the repugnance with which Queen Margaret regarded their union, and the singular proviso introduced into the marriage treaty, we may reasonably doubt whether they were ever united to each other by any more binding obligation than that of a marriage contract, the future confirmation of which was dependent on the fulfilment of certain specified conditions. It has even been asserted by a modern historian that no contemporary writer speaks of the marriage as having been actually celebrated.† But whatever the nature of the ceremony may have been, it took place at Amboise, about the end of July, in the presence of Louis XI., King René, Queen Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, and the Earl of Warwick. The youth and beauty of the contracting parties must have added considerably to the interest of the scene. Edward was but seventeen, Anne Neville only fourteen years of age.‡ Already they had been intro-

* Monstrelet, vol. iv. p. 309.

† Sharon Turner's *Hist. of the Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 323, note. Ed. 1830. This would seem to be almost too sweeping an assertion. The continuator of the *Croyland Chronicle* certainly, in one place, merely speaks of "espousals" between Prince Edward and Anne as having been "contracted" (p. 462). Further on, however, we read: "After, as already stated, the son of King Henry, to whom the Lady Anne, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Warwick, *had been married*, was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury, Richard Duke of Gloucester sought the said Anne in marriage," &c. (p. 469.)

‡ Edward Prince of Wales was born at the palace of West-

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parliament as an usurper; Richard of Gloucester was attainted and outlawed. But the daring and indomitable spirit of King Edward and his brother, Gloucester, was destined to triumph over every difficulty. Having obtained from his brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, a loan of fifty thousand florins*, Edward, early in the month of March 1471, set sail from the port of Vere, in the island of Walcheren, with about two thousand men, and, on the 14th of that month, disembarked at Ravenspur, in Yorkshire, the same place at which, seventy-two years previously, Henry of Lancaster had landed to depose Richard II. Like Henry, he disclaimed having any design upon the crown. His object in returning to England, he said, was merely to recover the inheritance to which he was entitled as Duke of York.† He even carried this dissimulation so far, as to cause his followers to shout “Long live King Henry,” in the different towns and villages through which they passed. He himself wore in his helmet an ostrich-plume, the device of his rival, Edward Prince of Wales.‡

The Duke of Gloucester accompanied his brother to England; the young prince landing about four miles from Ravenspur, at the head of three hundred men.§ Together, the brothers commenced their desperate march towards the south,—for almost desperate it must have seemed even to themselves. For the first few days Edward’s progress was discouraging in the extreme. Scarcely a single individual joined his standard. But though the men of the north kept aloof from him, he was everywhere allowed to pass without molestation. Within four miles of his line of march stood Pomfret Castle: but though Warwick’s brother, the

* De Commynes, tome i. p. 257.

† Fleetwood Chron. p. 4.

‡ Leland’s Collect. vol. ii. pp. 503–4.

§ Fleetwood Chron. p. 3.

short space of time he found himself the leader of 30,000 men. The sorrows and wrongs of the unfortunate Henry VI. were descanted upon from the pulpit; the wandering minstrel never failed to delight his audiences in town or in village, so long as the virtues and valour of Warwick were his theme; no ballad of the day, we are told, was popular, but such as redounded to the glory of the "Kingmaker."*

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In the mean time, sunning himself in the smiles of beauty, and sauntering in an atmosphere of voluptuous sensuality, King Edward persisted in underrating his enemy, even though that enemy was Warwick. In vain his brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, urged him to make preparations for repelling the invader.† Trusting to his own superior military genius and dauntless personal valour, and, as De Commynes tells us, affecting to despise and laugh at danger as affording evidence of his resolution and courage, Edward pertinaciously persisted in pursuing his course of sensual inactivity. Let Warwick, he said, land on English soil; there was nothing he wished better.

Dearly as Edward prized the smiles of woman and the pleasures of the banquet, no less grateful to him was the bray of the clarion when it proclaimed the approach of danger. No sooner, then, did his subjects break out into armed revolt, than, with his usual promptitude and vigour, he sallied forth to grapple with the enemy. But the time for action had been allowed to glide unprofitably away. The wrongs and exile of Warwick had excited an enthusiasm in his favour which, for a season, proved irresistible. Treason was rife, moreover, among those whom Edward had most trusted and loved. When, in the gloomy apartments of the Tower, the sanguine and

* Lingard's Hist. of Engl. vol. iv. p. 178. Ed. 1849.

† De Commynes, tome i. pp. 239, 242.

rection of Lynn, where he had the satisfaction of re-joining his royal master.*

At Lynn, Edward had the good fortune to find shipping for himself and his followers in an English brig of war and two Dutch merchant vessels, which were on the point of putting to sea. On the waters, however, perils awaited the fugitives, almost as imminent as those from which they had had the good fortune to escape on land. Chase was given them by a formidable fleet of the Easterlings, or Hanse Towns, then at war with England; and only by running his ship on shore near Alkmaar, on the coast of Holland, with the risk of being drowned, was Edward enabled to evade his pursuers. So rapid had been his flight, so destitute was the victor of Towton of the common appurtenances of royalty, that his ordinary robe, lined with rich sables, was the only guerdon with which it was in his power to remunerate the captain of the vessel who had delivered him from a dungeon, and not possibly from death. †

Richard of Gloucester was the companion of his brother in his flight, and landed with him at Alkmaar. ‡ For some months, utter ruin seemed to stare them in the face. A great revolution had taken place in England. King Henry—"who was not so worshipfully arrayed and not so cleanly kept as should seem such a prince"—§—was taken from his "keepers" by Warwick, and once more sat, with the crown on his head, on the marble-seat of the Confessor at Westminster. Warwick and Clarence were declared to be the protectors of the realm during the minority of Edward Prince of Wales. In the event of his dying without issue, the crown was entailed upon Clarence. The exiled Edward, lately so envied and so feared, was denounced by

* De Commynes, tome i. pp. 244, &c.; Croyland Chronicle Continuation, p. 462, ed. 1854.
 † De Commynes, tome i. p. 248.
 ‡ Ibid. p. 248.
 § Warwick's Chronicle, p. 11.

have been liberal in their favours to him ; many others were probably ready to follow their example. Their wealthy husbands, moreover, had their reasons for wishing well to the invader. They were grateful to him for the encouragement he had extended to commerce ; nor was it a trifling circumstance in his favour that he was indebted to many of them for large sums of money, which his restoration only would enable him to repay.* Lastly, former gracious presents of royal venison were perhaps not altogether forgotten, nor the peaceful days when, in the green glades of Hainault and Windsor forests, they had been regaled and flattered by the most gallant and most fascinating monarch of his age.†

In the mean time, Warwick had intrusted the safe-keeping of the city of London to his brother, George

* De Commines, tome i. p. 259.
 † A contemporary, Fabyan, thus describes a banquet given by Edward to the lord-mayor and aldermen of London, after a day's hunting in Waltham Forest :—"And after that goodly disport was passed, the king commanded his officers to bring the mayor and his company into a pleasant lodge made all of green boughs, and garnished with tables and other things necessary, where they were set at dinner, and served with many dainty dishes, and of diverse wines good plenty ; as white, red, and claret ; and caused them to be set to dinner before he were served of his own ; and, over that, caused the lord-chamberlain, and other lords to him assigned, to cheer the said mayor and his company sundry times while they were at dinner, and at their departing gave unto them of venison great plenty."—*Chron.* p. 667.

From the pen of Sir Thomas More we have an account of a similar scene at Windsor :—"In the summer, the last that ever he saw, his highness being at Windsor hunting, sent for the mayor and aldermen of London to him, for none other errand but to have them hunt and be merry with him. He made them not so stately as friendly and familiar cheer ; and sent them venison from thence so freely into the city, that no one thing, in many days before, gave him either more hearts, or more hearty favour among the common people, which oftentimes more esteem, and take for greater kindness, a little courtesy than a great benefit."—*Sir T. More, Hist. of Richard III.* p. 5. Ed. 1821.

Marquis of Montagu, occupied it with a superior force, he made no effort to check the invader. Fortunately for Edward, the city of York had been induced to open its gates to him, and from that time his circumstances began to improve. At Nottingham he was joined by Sir William Stanley and Sir William Norres, the former bringing with him four hundred men.* Three thousand more flocked to him at Leicester, and at Warwick, he had the satisfaction of being joined by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who deserted to him with four thousand men.

Confiding in his own military genius and desperate valour, Edward appears to have ardently desired to bring his enemies to battle on the first possible occasion. Success, he felt, could be obtained only by intrepidity and vigour. To obtain a victory early in the day he knew to be of the most vital importance. He was aware that sooner or later his enemies would be enabled to concentrate their forces, and accordingly, though Warwick lay at Coventry with an army much superior to his own, he determined not only to risk an engagement, but, if possible, to force it upon the Kingmaker. Warwick, however, whatever may have been his reasons, declined the combat. The young king therefore resumed his march towards London, of which city he confidently hoped to obtain possession. So rapid had been his march, and so skilfully had it been conducted, that he seems to have made his way far into the midland counties before the intelligence of his landing had reached the metropolis.

Had London refused to receive Edward within its walls, there can be little doubt that his discomfiture would have been complete. But with the citizens he had ever been an especial favourite. The city dames were enthusiastic in their admiration of a prince at once so beautiful and so affable. Many of them are said to

* Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 504.

added to his knowledge that Anne Neville was an actual spectator of the scene, which, on that memorable day, lent such resolution to his soul and vigour to his arm.

The deference which Edward ever paid to the advice

of his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester, affords further evidence how high was the opinion he had formed of his judgment and abilities. But the day was fast approaching when Richard's reputation for sagacity in the cabinet was destined to be eclipsed by his valour on the field of battle. Edward had scarcely time to receive the congratulations of the citizens of London, when intelligence reached him that not only was Warwick approaching with a powerful army, but that Queen Margaret and her son, Prince Edward, were daily expected to land in the south. It was clearly the policy of the king to encounter Warwick before Margaret could come to his assistance. Warwick had also his reasons for hazarding a battle, and accordingly, on the 14th of April, Easter Sunday, the two armies confronted each other on the field of Barnet, about ten miles from London. Though Gloucester at this time was only in his nineteenth year, the confidence Edward placed in his brother's discretion and courage was so great, that he intrusted him with the command of the right wing of his army.* The post was rendered the more important in consequence of Gloucester's forces being immediately opposed to the veteran forces of Warwick, headed by the mighty baron in person. And valiantly, on that memorable day, did the young prince fulfil his brother's expectations. Bearing down all before him, he fought his way, we are told, "so far and boldly into the enemies' army," that two of his esquires, Thomas Parr and John Milwater, were slain by his side.† For

* Harl. MSS. No. 513, quoted in S. Turner's Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 296.
 † Buck's Life and Reign of Richard III. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 517.

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to him, Edward offered up, "at even-song," his own standard and that of the great baron who had formerly raised him to a throne. Thither also were brought the bodies of Warwick and Montagu, which for three days "layid nakid in St Paul is Chirch to be seene."*

In the mean time, Queen Margaret had for weeks been prevented by contrary winds and tempestuous weather from quitting the shores of France. At length, on the 13th of April, she was enabled to set sail from Harfleur, and, on the following day,—the very day on which the great battle was raging at Barnet,—she landed with a few but intrepid followers at Weymouth. Relying on the resources and the military genius of Warwick, as well as on the enthusiasm which her presence in England had hitherto never failed to excite among her partisans, the high-spirited queen appears to have entertained a confident hope that at length the cause, for which she had so long and so heroically struggled, was about to be triumphant. When, therefore, a few hours after her landing, she was informed of the defeat and death of the mightiest of her champions, and of the re-committal of King Henry to the Tower, her grief and disappointment were overwhelming. For the first time, in the course of her many misfortunes and reverses, she appears to have been overwhelmed by despondency, and to have almost yielded herself up to despair. The time had arrived when King Edward might have said of the royal heroine, as John Knox afterwards said of Mary Queen of Scots,—“I made the hyana weep.” While in this distracted state, she was discovered by the Earls of Pembroke and Devonshire, in the sanctuary of the abbey of Beaulieu in Hampshire, where the widow of Warwick had also found shelter.† Tradition still points out an apartment in that interesting ruin, in which the descend-

* Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 505; Fleetwood Chron. p. 21.

† Fleetwood Chron. p. 22.

Neville, Archbishop of York, who was secretly Edward's friend.* Under these circumstances the young king had only to present himself before the gates of London to find himself invited to come within the walls. On the 10th of April the Tower was taken possession of in his name, and on the following day he rode through the city amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the people, and took up his abode in the bishop's palace. Never, perhaps, had so hazardous, and apparently desperate, an enterprise been crowned with more signal success. Six months only had elapsed since he had escaped a fugitive to Holland; twenty-eight days only since he had landed at Ravenspur. Yet Edward was again in possession of the capital of his kingdom; his rival, King Henry, was again a prisoner in his hands.

In the mean time, if, as there is reason to believe, Richard of Gloucester was really enamoured of Anne Neville, greatly must his exile have been embittered by the reflection that she was not only united to another, but that his fortunate rival was the heir of the detested house of Lancaster. Not impossibly, indeed, he may have been aware of the existence of that especial article in the marriage-treaty, which delayed its *perfecting* till such time as Warwick should have completed the recovery of the sovereignty of England for the Red Rose. If such was the case, Richard doubtless resolved that, as far as depended upon his own indomitable energy and valour, the marriage of Anne Neville should remain unconsummated. Looking forward to the inevitable time when the banner of York must be again confronted with that of Lancaster, he probably panted for the occasion when haply his sword or his lance might leave Anne Neville a widow, yet still a maid. When, a few months afterwards, he made his famous onslaught into the ranks of the Duke of Somerset at Tewkesbury, it may have been this passionate feeling,

* Fleetwood Chron. p. 16; Paston Letters, by Fenn, vol. ii. p. 65.

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completely successful. Somerset eagerly led his men from their intrenchments, for the purpose, as he thought, of pursuing the Yorkists, when Gloucester suddenly faced about and attacked the Lancastrians in his turn with impetuous fury. In vain Somerset endeavoured to regain his vantage-ground. Together Gloucester and Somerset entered the encampment; the forces of the latter in full flight, those of Gloucester in eager pursuit. At this moment an incident occurred which was singularly characteristic of the fierce vindictiveness of the age. Had Lord Wenlock, it seems, hastened to Somerset's assistance, the fortunes of the day might have been reversed. Enraged by Wenlock's delay, and at his own discomfiture, the duke no sooner regained his intrenchments, than, riding furiously up to his noble comrade in arms, he denounced him in the most opprobrious terms as a traitor and a coward. The probability is that Wenlock recriminated. It is only certain, however, that Somerset's battle-axe descended on the head of Wenlock, and dashed out his brains.* This remorseless act was followed by the promiscuous slaughter of the flying Lancastrians by their victorious foes. The carnage, more especially on a narrow bridge which spanned a millstream, is described as terrific. The Earl of Devonshire and Sir John Beaufort, brother of the Duke of Somerset, were slain in the battle. The duke himself, the Grand Prior of the order of St. John, and several other persons of distinction, were taken prisoners and beheaded; the Duke of Gloucester, as High Constable, and the Duke of Norfolk, as Marshal of England, sitting as their judges.†

Thus, by his valour and generalship, was the young Duke of Gloucester mainly instrumental in winning for his brother Edward the great victory which secured him on his throne. Thus, "wrought high in the

* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 452.

† Fleetwood Chron. p. 31.

six hours the battle was furiously and obstinately contested. In order to inspire confidence in his men, Warwick dismounted from his charger and fought on foot.* Observing that his followers faltered, he flung himself into the thickest of the fight, and, by his exhortations, and the example of desperate valour which he set them, restored confidence in his ranks. According to tradition, Gloucester and Warwick encountered each other in the last charge, when the great earl, remembering an affecting promise which he had made to his friend the late Duke of York, spared the life of his son. The field of Barnet was the death-scene of Warwick. A thick fog obscured the part of the field in which he fought; his followers mistook friends for foes; and in the midst of the terrible confusion, attacked by overpowering numbers, the "Kingmaker" met his death.† His fall decided the fate of the day. His fate was shared by his brother, the Marquis of Montagu. The same evening Edward and Gloucester returned to London in triumph. In their train was the ill-fated Henry VI., whom, at the commencement of the battle, Edward had placed in front of the Yorkist ranks, exposed to imminent peril from the arrows of his own friends. When the victors and the vanquished parted company on reaching London, the captive monarch was conducted back through silent streets to his miserable apartment in the Tower, from whence, five weeks afterwards, he was carried to his grave. Edward and Gloucester, in the mean time, passed through admiring masses of people to the great cathedral of St. Paul's, where, in gratitude for the victory which had been vouchsafed

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* King Edward IV., the victor of so many battles, always fought on foot. De Commynes, tome i. p. 234.

† The old chroniclers differ in their accounts of Warwick's death. According to the Fleetwood Chronicle (p. 20), "In this battle was slain the Earl of Warwick, somewhat fleeing." The chronicle, printed in Leland's Collectanea (vol. ii. p. 505), also implies that he was slain in flight.

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rescue a father from miserable oppression, and to recover a crown that had been violently usurped.* Incensed at his hardihood, the king is said to have struck him with his gauntlet; on which the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, the Marquis of Dorset and Lord Hastings, are affirmed to have hurried him from Edward's presence, and to have despatched him in an adjoining apartment with their poniards.†

The earliest writer, we believe, who has chronicled this affecting story is Polydore Virgil, whose authority, inasmuch as he had conversed with, and drew many of the materials of his history from, the actors in the scenes which he described, must certainly be received with some deference. But, on the other hand, Polydore Virgil was not only notoriously infected with Lancas-

- * *K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful.
 Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
 And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,
 I am your better, traitors as ye are,
 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine."
King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Sc. 5.

† Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 453; Polydore Virgil, lib. xxiv. p. 672.

"Tradition still points out a house in Church Street, nearly opposite to the market-place, in Tewkesbury, as that in which the young prince was stabbed in the presence of King Edward. In the abbey church of that ancient town, nearly in the centre of the choir, may be seen a brass plate, beneath which lie the remains of the fair boy for whom such torrents of blood were shed,—the last earthly hope of the pious King Henry and of his heroic consort."—*Bennett's Hist. of Tewkesbury*, p. 176. In the same venerable edifice lie buried the false and perjured Clarence, as also those two devoted adherents of the Red Rose, Edmund Duke of Somerset, who was beheaded after the battle of Tewkesbury, and John Earl of Devon, who was slain while gallantly fighting at the head of the rear-guard.

ant of Charlemagne anathematized the enemies of her husband's house, and in which, in her softer moments, she wept over the ruined fortunes of her accomplished and idolized son. It was not without much difficulty that the devoted barons, who waited on her at Beaulieu, succeeded in inducing her to shake off her dejection. But when, at length, she was induced to take the field, her former heroism returned. By her exertions and those of her friends, a large army, consisting principally of her adherents in the west of England, and the survivors of the battle of Barnet, was assembled at Tewkesbury on the banks of the Severn. Thither King Edward advanced to meet her, and there, on the 4th of May 1471, was fought that memorable battle which was destined, for years to come, to crush the hopes of the house of Lancaster.

At the battle of Tewkesbury, Richard of Gloucester not only increased the reputation for valour which he had won at Barnet, but, by an able strategical movement, he was mainly instrumental in winning the day for the White Rose. Placed by his brother Edward in command of the van, he found himself confronted by the Duke of Somerset, who commanded the advanced division of the Lancastrian forces. So advantageously had the latter taken up a position, surrounded by dykes and hedges, that, had it not been for his own rash and impetuous nature, he might have set at defiance a much more formidable force than that which Gloucester was able to oppose to him. "It was," we are told, "a right evil place to approach as could well have been devised." To entice Somerset from his vantage-ground was therefore clearly the policy of his antagonist. Accordingly, after maintaining a conflict for a short time with brisk discharges of arrows, Gloucester made a movement as if he had been worsted, and commenced a feigned retreat.* The manœuvre was

* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 452.

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tively states that the prince "was taken fleeing to the townwards, and slain in the field." * Lastly, Bernard Andreas, who wrote in 1501, and whose prejudices were all arrayed against Richard, clearly implies that the prince was slain in fight. †

The accounts which have been handed down to us of the fate of the heir of the house of Lancaster, being thus contradictory and confused, we may fairly inquire with what justice Richard of Gloucester can be arraigned as one of his murderers. Certainly no evidence can be more unsatisfactory than that which has been hitherto advanced to convict him of the charge. The young and the brave are seldom cold-blooded assassins. Richard, moreover, is known to have been sensitively alive to the good opinion of the world; and accordingly, when we consider how indelible a stain, even in that remorseless and unscrupulous age, the perpetration of so cowardly a murder would have affixed on the perpetrator of it, we may safely ask whether it is probable that he would have sullied the knighthood which he valued so highly, by staining his sword with blood which he had no personal interest in shedding, and by committing an act which might have been delegated to the common headsman. ‡

* Fleetwood Chronicle, p. 30. The statement of the Croyland chronicler (p. 466) is too obscurely worded to be received as evidence either on one side or the other.

† "Is enim ante Bernardi campum in Theoxberyc prælio belligerens ceciderat."—*Vit. Hen. Sept.* pp. 21-2.

‡ Of our modern historians, Carte, apparently with little reason, intimates that the Prince of Wales was assassinated by Dorset and Hastings. *Hist. of Eng.* vol. ii. p. 790. Hume, on the contrary, who quotes the prejudiced authority of Polydore Virgil, Hall, and Holinshed, confidently lays it down that the assassination took place in the presence of the king, and that Clarence and Gloucester took part in the murder. *Hist. of Eng.* vol. iii. p. 244. Lingard's account is more guarded. "Edward," he says, "had the brutality to strike the young prince in the face with his gauntlet; Clarence and Gloucester, or perhaps the knights in their retinue, despatched

opinion of the king by his wisdom and valour,"* we find him, at the early age of eighteen, filling with credit the most important and responsible offices; respected at the council-table for his wisdom, and admired for his chivalry on the field of battle. We might search in vain, perhaps, in the annals even of the wisest and the best, for a more illustrious boyhood! And yet, even at this early period of his life,—a period when youth is usually actuated by the purest and most generous motives,—we find him charged by the pre-judiced chroniclers, who wrote under the dynasty of the Tudors, with the commission of the most atrocious crimes. True it is, that the time was destined to arrive when ambition, and events almost beyond human control, tempted him to become an usurper and a murderer. As yet, however, not only, we think, can no offence be with justice laid to his charge, but, on the other hand, his conduct appears to have been eminently distinguished by integrity, loyalty, and honour. Less resemblance, indeed, is to be traced between Richard in youth, and Richard in manhood, than between the Richard of Shakspeare and the Richard of true history.

The earliest crime, in point of date, which the old chroniclers have attributed to Richard of Gloucester, is his presumed share in the murder of Edward Prince of Wales after the battle of Tewkesbury. According to the common version of this pitiable tragedy, Edward IV., on the young prince being brought into his presence, laughingly asked him how he dared to take up arms against his lawful sovereign. If Edward, as is probable, anticipated a submissive answer, he must have been disappointed as well as astonished. With a boldness and a dignity, such as became the grandson of Henry V., the royal youth replied that he was in arms to

* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 456.

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beauty which had formerly dazzled kings. Her days were passed in tears and lamentations. At length, on the 25th of August 1480, the afflicted queen breathed her last in the château of Dampierre, in the fifty-second year of her age.*

On the night of the 21st day of May 1471, the same day on which King Edward returned to London, and seventeen days only after the battle which lost him his crown, perished, in durance and misery, the last king of the house of Lancaster, — the pious, the gentle, and most unfortunate king, Henry VI. The following day, we are told †, being Ascension Eve, the body of the late king, “borne barefaced on the bier,” and surrounded by “more glaves and staves than torches,” was carried from the Tower to St. Paul’s, where it remained for some time exposed to the public view, the “face open that every man might see him.” ‡ “To satisfy the credulous,” writes a modern historian, “it was reported that he had died of grief. But though the conqueror might silence the tongues, he could not control the belief nor the pens of his subjects; and the writers who lived under the next dynasty, not only proclaimed the murder, but attributed the black deed to the advice, if not to the dagger, of the younger of the three brothers, Richard Duke of Gloucester.” § According to Shakspeare, who follows the accounts of Hall and Sir Thomas More, Richard killed the unhappy king with his own hand.

“*K. Henry.* Men for their sons’, wives for their husbands’,
And orphans for their parents’ timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

* Strickland’s *Queens of England*, vol. ii. pp. 311-2.

† Fabyan, p. 662; Leland’s *Coll.* vol. ii. p. 507; Warkworth, p. 21.

‡ Warkworth *Chronicle*, p. 21; Leland’s *Collect.* vol. ii. p. 507.

§ Lingard’s *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 192.

trian prejudices, but it must be borne in mind that he wrote his history expressly at the desire of Henry VII., and consequently with every inducement to malign the character and actions of Richard III. Moreover, we have the accounts of still older writers than Polydore Virgil, not one of whom charges Richard of Gloucester with being an actor in this detestable crime. Buck, on the authority of a faithful contemporary MS., asserts that when the bloody attack was made on the young prince, "the Duke of Gloucester only, of all the great persons, stood still, and drew not his sword."* Fabyan, an alderman of London and a contemporary, though he describes the murder as having taken place in the presence of the king, in no way inculpates Richard of Gloucester. The king, he says, "strake him (the prince) with his gauntlet upon the face, after which stroke, so by him received, he was *by the king's servants* incontinently slain."† Great doubt, indeed, seems to exist, whether the story of the young prince having been assassinated in the presence of King Edward is not altogether a fiction. Certainly there appears to be quite as much reason for presuming that he was slain either in the battle or in flight. Of three contemporary writers, De Commynes clearly implies that he fell on the field of battle‡; another observes, — "and there was slain *in the field* Prince Edward, which cried for succour to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Clarence;"§ while the third posi-

* Buck's Life and Reign of Richard III. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 549.

† Fabyan's Chronicle, p. 662.

‡ Mémoires de Commynes, vol. i. p. 262. "Et fut le prince de Galles tué sur le champ et plusieurs aultres grans seigneurs," &c. — *Ed.* 1841.

§ Warkworth Chronicle, p. 18. The term "brother-in-law" has reference to Clarence and Prince Edward having married two sisters, the daughters of the Earl of Warwick.

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have been only with the hope that a chance arrow might pierce the brain or the heart of his rival.

Admitting, therefore, that grounds exist for suspecting King Edward of having rid himself of his unhappy prisoner by foul means, we have next to inquire into the nature of the evidence which charges Richard of Gloucester with having participated in or committed the crime. Certainly more than one writer, either contemporary or very nearly contemporary with him, have unhesitatingly charged him with the guilt. "He killed by others," says the chronicler Rous, "or, as many believe, with his own hand, that most sacred man King Henry VI."* Again, Philip de Commines writes, "Immediately after this battle, the Duke of Gloucester either killed with his own hand, or caused to be murdered in his presence, in some spot apart, this good man King Henry."† These passages are doubtless remarkable. Let us turn, however, on the other hand, to less prejudiced contemporary authority, and we shall either find no mention of Gloucester's name as connected with the foul transaction, or else his presumed participation in it is merely introduced as one of the rumours of the time. "Of the death of this prince," says Fabyan, "diverse tales were told, but *the most common fame went* that he was stykked with a dagger by the hands of the Duke of Gloucester."‡ Even Polydore Virgil confines himself to the remark that common report attributed the crime to Gloucester. "Henry VI.," he says, "being not long before deprived of his diadem, was put to death in the Tower of London. The *continual report* is that

* Rous's words are: "Et quod in Dei et omnium Anglicorum, immo omnium nationum ad quorum notitiam pervenit, detestabilissimum erat, ipsum sanctissimum virum regem Henricum Sextum per alios, vel multis credentibus manu potius propria, interfecit."—*Johannis Rossi Historia Regum Angliæ*, p. 215.

† De Commines, tome i. p. 261.

‡ Fabyan's Chronicle, p. 662.

From the story of Richard of Gloucester let us briefly revert to the fortunes of the unhappy Margaret of Anjou. It was doubtless with a mother's pride, not mingled with a mother's fears, that, on the morning of the battle of Tewkesbury, she had beheld her gallant son arraying himself for his first and last fight. When the mother and son parted on that fatal morning it was for the last time. Having witnessed the total defeat of her army, Margaret fled with the ladies of her suite to a church near Tewkesbury, in which edifice, two days afterwards, she was arrested by Sir William Stanley, who conducted her to King Edward at Coventry. Here she first received the afflicting intelligence that she was no longer a mother. But other sorrows awaited her. The haughtiest princess of her time was compelled to figure in her enemy's triumphant progress to London, where on her arrival she was committed to the Tower. Within these walls languished her unhappy consort; but strict orders had been given that they should be kept sunder. Only a few hours, indeed, elapsed after her admission into the Tower, when it was announced to Margaret that she was a widow. The question whether King Henry died a natural death, or whether he fell by the hand of an assassin, we shall presently have to consider. Of Margaret of Anjou it remains to be said, that, after having been detained a prisoner in different fortresses in England for nearly five years, she was ransomed and released on the 13th of November 1475, for the sum of fifty thousand crowns. She then returned to her native country. But life had long since ceased to possess any charms for her. Old age seems to have crept prematurely over her. Disease ravaged the

him with their swords."—*Hist. of Eng.* vol. iv. p. 189. Lastly, Sharon Turner, who had access to better sources of information, differs altogether from his predecessors; his opinion agreeing with the contemporary account which we have already quoted, that the prince "was taken as flying towards the town, and was slain in the field."—*Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 313.

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With Edward III. it seems to have been a favourite place of abode, and here, in 1342, his queen presented him with a princess.* It had witnessed the bridal pleasures of the unfortunate Richard II. in 1396 †, and hither Edward IV. had conducted his beautiful queen after their romantic marriage was announced to the world. Their daughter, the queen of Henry VII., afterwards lay-in there of her last child. Moreover, at this very time, the queen, with “my lord prince, and my ladies his daughters,” were residing at the Tower.‡ Thither, then, the king, as a matter of course, proceeded to embrace and to receive the congratulations of his wife and children. Thither also his brother Richard doubtless accompanied him. Unmarried, and apparently having at this time no fixed London residence of his own, what could be more natural than that the young prince should have passed, under the same roof with his royal relatives, the single night which the troubled state of his kingdom permitted the two brothers to pass in London?

Such is the principal evidence on which Richard of Gloucester has been accused of having committed one of the most atrocious crimes on record. But is it likely, is it even conceivable, that he was the cold-blooded assassin such as he is described by Shakspeare and the later chroniclers? He was only in the nineteenth year of his age. No man living shrank from incurring the censures of mankind with greater sensitiveness. No man living took greater pleasure in listening to the shouts and applause of his fellow-men. As Habington observes, — “I cannot believe that a man so cunning in declining envy, and winning honour to his name, would have undertaken such a business.” § Moreover, on the

* Bayley's Tower of London, p. 26.

† Ibid. p. 35.

‡ Fleetwood Chronicle, pp. 34, 37.

§ Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 455.

The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign ;
 The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time ;
 Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook down trees ;
 The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope ;
 To wit, an indigest deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world ;
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st —

Gloucester. I'll hear no more : — Die, prophet, in thy speech.
 [*Stabs him.*]*

That King Henry met his end by foul means, there is unhappily only too much reason for conjecturing. To the house of York, his life or death unquestionably involved consequences of considerable importance. So long as he lived, it was certain that he would be a rallying point for the house of Lancaster; while, if he died, it would leave Edward without any formidable competitor on the throne. Edward, then, had powerful motives for getting rid of his rival. Moreover, not only had he the aere motive, but we have evidence that he projected, if he did not actually contrive, the death of Henry. "It was resolved in King Edward's cabinet council," says Habington, "that, to take away all title from future inurrections, King Henry should be sacrificed." † This assertion, if true, certainly gives a peculiar importance to certain instructions given by Edward to the Archbishop of York, "to keep King Henry out of sanctuary." ‡ Yet more indicative of Edward's anxiety to rid himself of the deposed monarch, is the fact of his having placed him in the front of his army at the recent battle of Tewkesbury. Surely this could

* King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Scene 6.

† Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 455.

‡ Leland, Coll. vol. ii. p. 508.

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a beautiful girl, who, in all probability, would increase the number of princes of the house of York. Lastly, presuming that it was in the nature of Richard of Gloucester to commit so dastardly a crime, he was to all appearance deprived of the means. The apartments of so important a prisoner of state as Henry VI. must have been sentinelled by no inconsiderable military guard. We have evidence that two esquires, Robert Ratcliffe and William Sayer, with no fewer than ten or eleven other persons, were appointed to attend upon the unhappy monarch.* Richard, moreover, held no military command within the walls of the Tower; and, lastly, Anthony Earl Rivers, who at this period was lieutenant of this palatial fortress, was not only on bad terms with Richard, but was also one of the most unlikely men living to lend himself to the commission of a cold-blooded murder. Again, one contemporary writer, at least, has attributed the death of Henry to mere natural causes. According to his statement, such was the effect produced on the mind of the imbecile king by his personal misfortunes and the utter ruin of his friends, that "of pure displeasure and melancholy he died."† And after all, considering the maze of confusion and prejudice through which we are forced to grope our way to the light, this may possibly be the true version of a story which for centuries has been invested by the poet and the historian with so much mystery and horror.

It would be no less interesting than curious were we enabled to trace under what circumstances and at what particular period Richard and the Lady Anne first met after the battle of Tewkesbury. It suited the genius of Shakspeare to represent their meeting as having taken place at night in the streets of London, some twenty days after the battle. It was on that sad occasion, according to the immortal dramatist,

* Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xi. p. 712.

† *Fleetwood Chronicle*, p. 38.

Richard Duke of Gloucester killed him with a sword, whereby his brother might be delivered from all fear of hostility.* “He slew,” says Sir Thomas More, “with his own hand, *as men constantly say*, King Henry VI., being prisoner in the Tower.” † On the other hand, the trustworthy continuator of Croyland, though he entertains no doubt of King Henry having been murdered in the Tower, omits all mention of the name of Gloucester in connection with that mysterious event. ‡ The Fleetwood and Warkworth chronicles are equally silent. Some weight indeed has been attached to the following passage in the latter chronicle, as indirectly tending to implicate Richard:—“The same night that King Edward came to London, King Harry, being in ward in prison in the Tower of London, was put to death the 21st day of May, on a Tuesday night, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clock; being then at the Tower the Duke of Gloucester, brother to King Edward, and many others.” § But supposing it to be the case that Richard passed that eventful night in the Tower, the fact adds no additional weight to the scanty evidence which has been brought forward against him. The Tower of London, it must be remembered, was at this period, and had long been, a royal residence. Here the queen of Edward II. was delivered of her eldest daughter, “Jane of the Tower.” ||

* Polydore Virgil, “*Ut fama constans est*,” lib. xxiv. p. 674; and *Samd. Soc. Trans.* p. 156.

† Sir T. More’s *Richard III.* p. 9.

‡ The writer seems, by implication, to lay the crime at Edward’s door: “I would pass over in silence the fact that at this period King Henry was found dead in the Tower of London; may God spare and grant time for repentance to the person, whoever he was, who thus dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon the Lord’s anointed! Hence it is that he who perpetrated this has justly earned the title of tyrant, while he who thus suffered has gained that of a glorious martyr.”—*Croyl. Chron. Cont.* p. 468.

§ *Warkworth Chronicle*, p. 21.

|| *Bayley’s Tower of London*, p. 22.

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“Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.” *

That such a scene of intemperate recrimination should have taken place between a royal youth of eighteen and a high-born young lady of seventeen, at such a spot too, and under such circumstances, is, to say the least, extremely unlikely. But not only is it improbable, but we have evidence that no such interview could by any possibility have taken place. At the time when the corpse of Henry VI. was on its way to Chertsey, Richard was marching with his brother, King Edward, against the Bastard Falconbridge; while Anne, who had fallen into the hands of Edward after the battle of Tewkesbury †, was in all probability in close custody with her mother-in-law, Queen Margaret, in the Tower.

From the Tower, Anne Neville would seem to have been transferred by the king to the charge and keeping of her sister, the Duchess of Clarence. We might have presumed, therefore, that from this period Gloucester was afforded every favourable opportunity of conversing with, and paying court to, his fair cousin. We have evidence, however, that such was far from having been the case. Clarence, indeed, had good reasons for wishing to keep his brother and sister-in-law apart. In right of his wife, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Warwick, he claimed to be the sole possessor of the princely domains of the Kingmaker; whereas, in the event of Gloucester marrying the younger sister, there could be little doubt but that he would endeavour to obtain a share of the inheritance. Clarence therefore resolved to oppose their union by every means within his power.

Under these circumstances, Gloucester not only found

* King Richard III. Act i. Scene 2.

† Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 506.

single day which the royal brothers passed in London*, Gloucester would seem to have been present with the king in all the bustling and exciting scenes consequent on the latter's triumphant return to his capital.† He was present at the knighting of the lord-mayor, the recorder, and the aldermen, who had so recently and so bravely defended the city for their sovereign against the Lancastrian forces commanded by the Bastard Falconbridge. He was present at the reception of the nobles who came to congratulate the king on his recent triumphs; at the banquet which was held in celebration of these triumphs; and lastly at the councils which met to advise with the king as to the best means of securing stability to his throne and future tranquillity to the commonwealth. A more busy and eventful day it would be difficult to imagine. And yet we are called upon to believe that a valiant youth of eighteen could secretly steal away from scenes of excitement so congenial to his nature, in order to stab or stifle in his bed an old and feeble man, in whose death or in whose existence he could scarcely have any personal interest whatever.

It may be argued, indeed, that Richard had an object in getting rid of King Henry, in order to place himself nearer in succession to the throne. But, unless by a series of accidents altogether beyond the range of human probability, or unless by a series of wholesale premeditated crimes which the imagination shudders in contemplating, the probability of Richard of Gloucester ascending the throne of the Plantagenets was slender in the extreme. His brother Edward was not only in the prime of youth, but was already the father of several children. His brother Clarence had recently married

* "The king, incontinent after his coming to London, tarried but one day, and went with his whole army after his said traitors into Kent."—*Fleetwood Chronicle*, p. 38.

† S. Turner's *Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 320.

CHAP. were united in the course of the preceding year, possibly as soon as her year of mourning for young Edward had expired.

Such appears to have been the commencement of the famous quarrel between the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester. When the latter subsequently laid claim to a moiety of the Kingmaker's estates, Clarence, highly incensed, insisted on his own exclusive right to the lands of the Nevilles. "He may well have my lady sister-in-law," said Clarence, "but we will part no livelihood." * So great was his exasperation, that a hostile encounter between the two brothers was considered at the time as not improbable. "As for other tidings," writes Sir John Paston, "I trust to God that the two Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester shall be set at one by the award of the king." † Subsequently both brothers made an appeal to the king, who decided that they should plead their several causes before him in council. Great ability is said to have been displayed on both sides. "So many arguments," writes a contemporary, "were, with the greatest acuteness, put forward on either side, in the king's presence, who sat in judgment in the council-chamber, that all present, and the lawyers even, were quite surprised that these princes should find arguments in such abundance by means of which to support their respective causes." ‡ Subsequently an act of parliament was passed (1474) which divided the inheritances of the two sisters between them, giving to each brother a life-interest in his wife's estates, in the event of his surviving her. § Among other lands of the Beauchamps and Nevilles, Richard became possessed of another princely residence in the north,

* Paston Letters, by Fenn, vol. ii. p. 92.

† Ibid. vol. v. p. 60.

‡ Croy. Chron. Cont., p. 170.

§ S. Turner's Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 324.

when the corpse of King Henry VI. was carried, ‘without singing or saying,’ from St. Paul’s to Blackfriars, at which latter place it was subsequently embarked in “a kind of barge solemnly prepared and provided with lighted torches,”* for the purpose of being conveyed by water to Chertsey. Anne, as chief mourner, is described as ordering the bearers to “set down their honourable load,” and then, after a pathetic address to the corpse, uttering the most terrible imprecations against the assumed murderer of her husband and of her father-in-law,—

CHAP.
II.
1471.

“ Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabbed by the self-same hand that made these wounds !
Lo ! in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes !
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
And that be heir to his unhappiness !
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee ! —
Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load.” †

Richard is then represented as appearing on the stage as if by accident, when there takes place that striking scene, in which Richard of Gloucester woos, latters, and wins the Lady Anne.

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 468.

† King Richard III. Act i. Scene 2.

CHAP.
II.
1472.

And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
'O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was, which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog."*

According to Camden, "his monstrous birth foreshowed his monstrous proceedings, for he was born with all his teeth, and hair to his shoulders."† Sir Thomas More also tells us that he came into the world "with his feet forward," and also "not untoothed."‡ To sum up, in fact, his assumed imperfections in a single sentence, — "Of body he was but low, crooked-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, and goggle-eyed; his face little and round, his complexion swarthy, his left arm from his birth dry and withered; born a monster in nature, with all his teeth, with hair on his head, and nails on his fingers and toes: and just such were the qualities of his mind."§

Such are the deformities of body and mind which ignorance and prejudice formerly delighted to attribute to Richard of Gloucester. Let us turn, however, to the pages of contemporary writers, more than one of whom were not only familiar with the person of Richard, but had actually conversed with him, and we shall discover no evidence whatever to corroborate the distorted and ridiculous pictures drawn of him by the chroniclers who wrote under the Tudor dynasty. Neither the continuator of the chronicle of Croyland, nor William of Wyrester, nor Abbot Whethamstede, nor the author of the Fleetwood chronicle makes allusion to any deformity in the person of Richard of Gloucester. Rous, another contemporary, bitterly prejudiced as he is against Richard, contents himself with averring that he was small of stature, having a short face and uneven

* King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Sc. 6.

† Camden's Remains, p. 353.

‡ Sir T. More's Richard III. p. 8.

§ Baker's Chronicles of the Kings of England, p. 234.

himself denied all opportunity of preferring his suit, but Anne suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the halls of Clarence. Powerful as Gloucester's position was in the State, high too as he stood in favour with his brother Edward, the probability seems to be that he king was on the point of adopting stringent measures to secure him the hand of Anne Neville, when Clarence, in order to counteract their intentions, 'caused the damsel to be concealed.'* It would be interesting to be able to follow Richard in the search which he instituted to discover the lady of his love. Only the romantic fact, however, has been handed down to us, that when at length he traced her to her place of concealment, he found the heiress of the Nevilles and of the Beauchamps, the affianced of a Prince of Wales, and the cousin of the reigning sovereign, in an obscure street in London, disguised in the garb of a kitchen-maid. By those who have been taught to regard Richard of Gloucester as the deformed monster and cold-blooded miscreant which history has usually painted him, it might naturally be imagined that in assuming the garb and submitting to the drudgery of a serving-woman, the object of Anne Neville was to escape from the hateful importunities of a man whom she believed to have been her husband's assassin. On the contrary, she seems to have placed herself, without any hesitation, under the protection of Richard, who, in the first instance, removed her to the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, from whence she was afterwards transferred to the guardianship of her uncle, George Neville, Archbishop of York. In the mean time Gloucester made successful suit to the king for her hand. The date of his marriage to the Lady Anne is uncertain, but as she bore him a child in 1473 †, the probability is that they

CHAP.

II.

1472.

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 469.

† Speed's Hist. of Great Britain, p. 726; Sandford's Geneal. Hist. book v. p. 410.

CHAP.
II.
1473.

had danced with Richard, declared to more than one of her contemporaries that he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward, and very well made.* Our own impression is, that though his stature was low he was not misshapen; that though his figure was slight it was compact and muscular; and that, though not exactly handsome, his countenance was far from being unprepossessing.†

It seems to have been shortly after his marriage with Anne Neville that Richard quitted the voluptuous court of his brother Edward, for the purpose of discharging his important duties as chief seneschal of the duchy of Lancaster, and superintending his princely estates in the north of England. Some notion may be formed of the vastness of his territorial possessions in the north, when we mention that, in addition to the castle and domain of Sheriff-Hutton, he now held the castle and manor of Middleham, another magnificent abode of the great Earl of Warwick, as well as the noble castle, manor, and demesnes of Skipton, in the deanery of Craven, which had been seized by the crown on the death of John Lord Clifford at the battle of Towton. Of these Middleham appears to have been his favourite residence. Here, in his boyhood, he had first gazed upon the fair face of Anne Neville, and here, in 1473, she presented him with the only child which she is known to have borne him, Edward, afterwards Prince of Wales. It was, however, at Pomfret or Pontefract Castle, at that time one of the most magnificent baronial residences in England,

* See Appendix A.

† Lord Orford is of opinion that what Rous tells us of Richard having had unequal shoulders is the truth, but that, with this exception, the king had no personal deformity. "The truth I take to have been this. Richard, who was slender and not tall, had one shoulder a little higher than the other; a defect, by the magnifying glasses of party, by distance of time, and by the amplification of tradition, easily swelled into shocking deformity."—*Historic Doubts*, Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii. p. 166.

Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham.* The only offerer by the transaction was the illustrious widow of the Kingmaker,—the sole heiress and mistress of the magnificent estates of the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick,—who was thus left dependent and almost enfeebled.†

And when Richard of Gloucester played the lover, was he in reality the deformed, crooked, repulsive being, such as he is described in the prejudiced pages of the Lancastrian chroniclers and in the immortal dramas of Shakspeare? According to Sir Thomas More, he was “little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crooked-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, and hard-featured of visage.”‡ Hall and Speed draw an exactly similar picture of Richard.§ Holinshed also describes him as “small and little of stature,” his body greatly deformed,” his “countenance cruel,” and savouring of malice, fraud, and deceit.”|| His very birth is described as having been a monstrous and unnatural one. According to one writer, his mother, the Duchess of York, was two years pregnant of him; and when at length she gave birth to him, she suffered intolerable anguish.¶ Hall tells us that he came into the world “feet forward.” “At his nativity,” says the chronicler Rous, “the scorpion was in the ascendant; he came into the world with teeth, and with a head of hair reaching to his shoulders.”**

“For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward :
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste

* Surtees' Hist. of Durham, vol. iv. p. 66.

† Croy. Chron. Cont. p. 470.

‡ Sir T. More's King Richard III. p. 8.

§ Hall's Chronicle, p. 342; Speed, p. 694.

|| Holinshed's Chronicle, vol. iii. p. 447.

¶ Rossi Hist. Reg. Ang. p. 215; More, ut supra, p. 8.

** Rossi Hist. p. 215.

CHAP.

11.

1475.

rain came on, to the great vexation of the French lords, who had dressed themselves and their horses in their richest habiliments, in honour to King Edward.* The conference terminated by the English monarch guaranteeing to withdraw his splendid army from France, on condition of receiving an earnest of 75,000 crowns and an annual tribute of 50,000 crowns. The ministers and favourites of King Edward also came in for their share of French gold. Lord Howard, besides a pension, received 24,000 crowns in money and plate; Lord Hastings was awarded 1000 marks in plate, and a pension of 2000 crowns a year. Even the Lord Chancellor and the Master of the Rolls made no scruple of receiving French gold. "The king," writes Monstrelet, "made very liberal presents to all the courtiers of Edward, and to the heralds and trumpets, who made great rejoicings for the same, crying out, — '*Largesse au très noble et puissant roi de France ! Largesse, largesse !*'" † In the time of Philip de Commines, the receipts given by the English nobles for their pensions and bribes were still to be seen in the chamber of accounts. Hastings alone refused to give any written acknowledgment for what he had received. "If you wish me to take it," he said, "you may put it into my sleeve." ‡

Thus was concluded the treaty of Picquigny, a treaty most disgraceful to both monarchs. Richard of Gloucester alone, of all the generals and ministers of Edward, refused to barter the honour of his country for gold. He even refused to be present at the meeting of the two kings at Picquigny.§ After defiance sent, and a crown challenged, "what," he said, "would the world think of the wisdom and courage of England, that could cross the seas with so noble and expensive an

* Monstrelet's Chronicles, vol. iv. p. 351.

† Ibid. pp. 352, 353.

‡ De Commines, tome ii. pp. 167, 169.

§ Ibid. tome i. p. 377.

oulders, the left being lower than the right. But Rous seems to admit that his countenance was not disagreeable.* His face is said to have borne a resemblance to that of his late father the Duke of York, a circumstance which was afterwards alluded to by Dr. Haw from the pulpit at Paul's Cross before a large concourse of people, when Richard was himself present. According to the reverend doctor, Richard stood before them "the special pattern of knightly prowess, as well in all princely behaviour as in the lineaments and favour of his visage, representing the very face of the noble duke his father."† Had Richard been the "hardisaged," "goggle-eyed," "cruel-countenanced" being he has been described, the crowd would have replied to the idle flattery with a shout of derision. Philip de Commines, who must often have seen Richard in company with his brother Edward, twice speaks of the latter as the most beautiful prince he had ever seen.‡ Surely, therefore, if there had existed any remarkable contrast in the personal appearance of the two brothers, it would have been pointed out by the gossiping and free-spoken historian. Again, Stow, who was inquisitive and curious in regard to the habits and persons of princes, though he seems to have made diligent inquiries among "ancient men" who had seen and remembered Richard of Gloucester, could arrive at no other conclusion than that he was "of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature."§ Lastly, the "old Countess of Desmond," who

* Rous's expression is, "ut scorpio vultu blandiens, cauda puniens, sic et ipse cunctis se ostendit."—*Hist. Reg. Ang.* p. 215.

† Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 389; Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 548.

‡ Mémoires, vol. i. pp. 239, 374.

§ Survey of London Life prefixed to vol. i. p. xviii.; and Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 548. "This prince," says Hume, "was of a small stature, hump-backed, and had a harsh, disagreeable countenance."—*Hist. of Engl.* vol. iii. p. 288. According to a more diligent inquirer than Hume, "his face was handsome."—*Sharon Turner's Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 443.

CHAP.
11.
1477.

him with fratricide, but represents him as carrying the death-warrant to the Tower, and urging the murderers to despatch:—

“ ———— Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.” *

Before arraigning a suspected person of crime, we should in the first instance look for the motive. It may be argued, in the present case, that Gloucester's motives for getting rid of an elder brother were sufficiently strong and apparent: viz. that he was unscrupulously bent on obtaining possession of the crown; that Clarence not only stood individually in the way of his ambition, but that, had he lived, he would probably have begot numerous heirs to the crown; and, lastly, that, as Clarence's only son, the infant Earl of Warwick, was included in the attainder of his father, Richard, by one stroke of cruel policy, hoped to effect the removal of two persons who opposed themselves to the realization of his ambitious hopes.

But of what use is it to imagine a motive, unless the guilt be also substantiated by evidence? In the present case, not only does no such evidence seem to be forthcoming, but such evidence as exists appears to be in favour of Richard's innocence. For instance, two of the most bigoted of the Tudor chroniclers, Hall and Holinshed, not only are silent on the charge of his having been the instigator of his brother's death, but admit that he impugned the rigour of the sentence passed upon Clarence. Again, had that unhappy prince been sent to execution by the individual fiat of his brother Edward, it might, with some shadow of argument, be reasoned that Gloucester was the king's secret adviser on the occasion. So far, however, from Clarence

* King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 3.

at Richard principally held his court. Here, invested with almost regal powers, and living in almost regal splendour, he continued for the next few years to discharge with justice and vigour the high duties intrusted to him; winning for himself the golden opinions of men by his charities, his condescension and inflexible probity, and at the same time firmly attaching the people of the north to the government of his brother Edward. Thus high stood the character, and thus impeachable was the conduct, of Richard Duke of Gloucester, at the age of twenty-two.

It was in the month of June 1475 that Edward IV., hurrying with him, besides a large force of infantry, fifteen thousand mounted archers, and attended by the flower of his nobility, sailed from Sandwich for the purpose of claiming the crown of France. De Commines tells us that no king of England had ever invaded France at the head of so splendid an army.* Richard of Gloucester followed the banner of his chivalrous brother, and landed at Calais by his side. The story of that unsatisfactory expedition, and of the disgraceful treaty by which it was followed, may be related in a few words. The challenge, which Edward sent to Louis XI. to resign the crown of France, was answered by civilities; his threats were responded to by bribes. Eventually the two monarchs met personally, and exchanged courtesies, on a bridge over the Somme at Picquigny, between Calais and Amiens. Across the bridge was erected a rail or trellis of woodwork, in which interstices were contrived of sufficient size only to admit of one monarch taking the hand of the other. Close to the bridge were posted twenty-two English men, who kept guard so long as their master remained in conference with the French king. "During his time," writes Monstrelet, "a very heavy fall of

* Mémoires, tome i. p. 336.

CHAP.
II.

1477.

himself was the most interested in getting rid of Clarence. Not only was Clarence obnoxious to him on account of his former and successful rebellion, but the king had still every reason to dread him as a popular idol, a turbulent subject, and an irreclaimable traitor. Accordingly, we not only find Edward standing personally forward as his brother's accuser, but actually pleading against him in the House of Lords. In that "sad strife," writes the Croyland continuator, "not a single person uttered a word against the duke except the king; not one individual made answer to the king except the duke."* But Clarence had been guilty of two other offences, neither of which Edward was likely to forgive. In the first place, Clarence had openly disputed his brother's legitimacy, on the ground of their mother's incontinency †; and, in the next place, the act of parliament which had declared Edward to be a usurper, and had settled the crown on Clarence and his descendants after the demise of Edward, son of Henry VI., was still unrepealed. Considering, therefore, how unpardonable were these offences, and how jealous and vindictive was the king's disposition, we may perhaps not be very uncharitable in assuming that it required no extraordinary persuasions, from any person whatever, to induce Edward to consent to his brother's death.‡

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 479.

† Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 191.

‡ It may be mentioned that one of the first steps taken by Edward after his brother's execution was to obtain a repeal of the obnoxious acts of parliament which had been passed during Warwick's usurpation; viz. "the pretended 49th year of the reign of King Henry VI." Up to the date of their repeal, the young Earl of Warwick, as heir to the late Duke of Clarence, was *de jure* King of England. Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 191.

expedition, and then return without drawing a sword?"* Even Lord Bacon, prejudiced as he is against Richard of Gloucester, has done justice to his patriotism and disinterestedness. "As upon all other occasions," he writes, Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, stood upon the side of honour, raising his own reputation to the disadvantage of the king his brother, and drawing the eyes of all, especially of the nobles and soldiers, upon himself."†

The next events of importance connected with the story of the Duke of Gloucester, were the trial and execution of his fickle and intriguing brother, the Duke of Clarence. Delighting to implicate the young prince in almost every crime and every tragical event which occurred during his eventful career, the Tudor historians, as usual, overlook the cruel and vindictive character of Edward IV., and confidently attribute his having signed the death-warrant of his brother to the intrigues and persuasions of Gloucester. No man, according to Lord Bacon, "thought any ignominy or contumely unworthy of him who had been the executioner of King Henry VI. with his own hands, and the contriver of the death of the Duke of Clarence, his brother."‡ Sir Thomas More, another of his accusers, aggravates his presumed offence by taxing him with the grossest hypocrisy. "Some wise men," he writes, "ween that his gift, covertly conveyed, lacked not in helping forth his brother of Clarence to his death; which he resisted openly."§ "After Clarence," writes a later historian, "he had offered his mass-penny in the Tower of London, he was drowned in a butt of malmsey; his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, assisting thereat with his own proper hands."|| Lastly, Shakspeare not only charges

* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 465.

† Bacon's Life of Henry VII. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 578.

‡ Ibid.

§ Sir T. More's Richard III. p. 10.

|| Sandford's Geneal. Hist. book v. p. 438.

CHAP.

III.

1482.

accompanied him on his march, he saved the town and inhabitants from fire and sword. "His entry," says Habington, "was only a spectacle of glory, the people applauding the mercy of an enemy who presented them with a triumph, not a battle."* At the same time he displayed a determination which completely overawed the Scottish people; causing it to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, in the different quarters of the city, that, unless the demands of the King of England were complied with before the month of September, he would lay waste the whole kingdom with fire and sword. This threat produced the desired effect. Trembling at the prospect of the disasters which threatened their country, the Scottish nobles sent to him to entreat a suspension of arms. Subsequently a treaty was executed, by one of the articles of which Berwick Castle was delivered up to the English. Having thus achieved the objects of his expedition, the young duke returned to his own country, to receive the thanks of parliament and the applause of his fellow-countrymen.

Aug. 3.

On the 9th of April 1483, in the forty-second year of his age, died the victor of nine pitched battles, King Edward IV. Valiant almost to rashness, beautiful in person †, majestic in stature, and dangerously fascinating in his manners and address, he united with his outward accomplishments qualities of a higher order, which ought to have rendered his name illustrious. Unfortunately, however, the only atmosphere which he loved was that of pleasure; the only deity which he worshipped was female beauty. "His thoughts," says De Commynes, "were always occupied with the ladies, with hunting, and with dress. When he hunted, his cus-

* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 476.

† Philip de Commynes, who had more than once conversed with Edward, speaks of him on one occasion as the handsomest prince, and on another occasion as the handsomest man, whom he had ever seen. Mémoires de Commynes, vol. i. pp. 239, 374.

iving been sent to his last account by this summary process, it is an historical fact that he was not only publicly tried and condemned by the highest tribunal of the realm, the House of Lords, but, moreover, in the most heinous a light were his treasonable practices regarded, that the House of Commons, with the Speaker at their head, appeared at the bar of the Lords and pressed for his execution.* Certainly, had Richard availed himself of his privilege as a peer, and sat and voted at Clarence's trial, presumptive evidence could have been afforded that he desired his brother's death. But not only is there no evidence of his having sat at that tribunal, but, on the contrary, there is much more reason for arriving at the conclusion that, at the time of Clarence's trial and execution, Richard was quietly discharging the duties of his government in the north of England.†

It has been asserted, that it was with much unwillingness that Edward signed the death-warrant of Clarence; and, chiefly on this ground, it has been assumed that Richard must have taken upon himself the diabolical office of arresting the hand of mercy. But, supposing that King Edward really displayed such scruples, and that those scruples were sincere, were there not other persons, who were interested quite as much as Gloucester, in endeavouring to stifle them? By the Queen and her ambitious and grasping kindred, Clarence had been long held in fear and detestation. Rivers, more especially, envied him his princely estates, the greater portion of which were actually conferred upon him by the king after the death of Clarence. The latter, moreover, had been the rival of Rivers for the hand of the heiress of Burgundy.‡ But, of all men, the king

CHAP.
II.
1477.

Jan. 16.

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 480.

† Halsted's Life of Richard III. vol. i. p. 331.

‡ Polydore Virgil, lib. xxiv. p. 681; Speed, p. 689; Hall, p. 326; Syme's Fœdera, vol. xii. p. 95.

CHAP.
III.
1483.

inevitably induced a violent struggle for the possession of the sovereign authority, the premature death of King Edward could scarcely fail to be productive of renewed misfortunes and bloodshed to his country, as well as of peril to his children. Eighty years later we find the celebrated John Knox propounding from the pulpit at Edinburgh, in the very presence of the husband of his queen, that God occasionally sets boys and women over a nation to punish it for its crimes. The dangers and inconveniences to be apprehended from the rule of women and minors was the excuse which the Duke of Buckingham subsequently made when he preferred Richard of Gloucester to be his king instead of his legitimate sovereign Edward V. It was perhaps the best excuse which could be made for Richard when he deposed his nephew; perhaps the only excuse for the bishops and mitred abbots who abetted and sanctioned his usurpation.

Fortunately for Edward, he had the satisfaction, at the close of his days, of flattering himself that he had reconciled hatred and envy to one another, and the conviction, vain as it was, soothed him at the last. His death became him better than his life. The closing days of his existence were spent in tender endeavours to secure the future happiness and welfare of his children, in devising means for repairing the injuries which he had inflicted on his subjects, and in humble and penitent attempts to render himself less unworthy of appearing in the presence of his Creator.

The death of his brother Edward naturally effected an extraordinary revolution in the position and fortunes of Richard of Gloucester. It at once opened to him a career in which, by his masterly talents, he was well qualified to play a prominent part, whether for good or for evil. To every reflecting and well-informed person in England, a civil war at this period must have appeared almost inevitable. One indi-

CHAP. III.

THE RISE TO GREATNESS OF RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER.

As keeper of the Northern Marches, the Duke of Gloucester held for some years the most important military command in England. It was not, however, till the year 1482, when war broke out between Edward of England and James III. of Scotland, that Richard was again afforded an opportunity of displaying that military ability of which, in his boyhood, he had given such high promise at Barnet and Tewkesbury. Having resolved on the invasion of Scotland, Edward intrusted the entire command of his army, consisting of 25,000 men, to his brother Gloucester. Henry Earl of Northumberland led the van; Thomas Lord Stanley commanded the rear. The expedition appears to have been conducted with great ability, and proved to be eminently successful. Gloucester's first attempt was upon Berwick, which city he entered without opposition. The castle, however, proved to be strong enough to maintain a protracted siege, and accordingly, leaving Lord Stanley to besiege it with a force of 4000 men, Richard pushed forward into the heart of Scotland with the remainder of his army. In the mean time, unprepared for so rapid an advance as that of Gloucester, King James had shut himself up in Edinburgh Castle. His only hope was in his warlike barons, who, disgusted with the conduct of their unworthy sovereign, withdrew their aid from him in his hour of need. Gloucester was thus enabled to enter Edinburgh in triumph. At the earnest entreaty of the Duke of Albany, who

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III.

1482.

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due partiality which he had displayed, began to fill his mind with painful apprehensions. His children, he felt, might be sacrificed to the rage of faction; his first-born might be robbed of his inheritance. It was to the credit of Edward that he had not only ever shown himself a most affectionate father, but, even in his worst days of indolence and sensuality, he had manifested a deep interest in the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of his offspring.* No time was now to be lost in remedying the imprudence of the past; and accordingly, having summoned to his sick-chamber the leaders of the rival factions, the dying monarch in the most solemn manner exhorted them, for the sake of the love which they bore him, and the loyalty which they owed to his son, to forget their mutual animosities, and to unite in one endeavour to secure the tranquillity and well-being of the State. "And therewithal," writes Sir Thomas More, "the king, no longer enduring to sit up, laid him down on his right side, his face toward them; and none was there present that could refrain from weeping."†

Thus solemnly appealed to, the rival leaders were induced to embrace each other, and an ostensible reconciliation took place. But the ancient families of England had far too much cause to be offended and disgusted with the upstart Woodvilles to admit of its being a lasting one. The grasping and inordinate ambition of the queen's kindred, their rapid and provoking rise from the position of simple esquires and gentlewomen to the possession of the proudest honours of the peerage, as well as the greediness which they

* Sharon Turner has published, from a MS. in the British Museum, a code of instructions drawn up by King Edward for the guidance of his son's studies and devotions; a document, scarcely more interesting as evincing the interest which the king took in his son's welfare, than as affording a curious picture of the habits and customs of the age. Hist. of the Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 342.

† Sir T. More's Richard III. p. 17.

om was to have several tents set up for the ladies, whom he entertained in a magnificent manner.”* The nervating delights of the banquet, the pursuit of a new mistress, or the invention of some fashion in dress more graceful or more magnificent than the last, constituted the daily and nightly occupations of the English Sarlanapalus. The fascination which he exercised over women may be exemplified by an amusing anecdote related by Holinshed. At a time when his pecuniary difficulties compelled him to exact money from his subjects under the name of benevolences, he sent, among other persons, for a wealthy widow, of whom he inquired, with a smile, how much she would subscribe towards the prosecution of the war. Charmed by his grace and beauty, — “For thy sweet face,” said the old lady, “thou shalt have twenty pounds.” As this was double the amount which the young king had expected to obtain from her, he accompanied his thanks by a kiss. This act of royal condescension was irresistible. Instead of twenty pounds, the delighted matron promised him forty.†

Vigorous as was Edward’s constitution, it gradually yielded to the inroads occasioned by his exceeding indulgence in the pleasures of the table, and the frequency of his amours. The personal beauty, for which he had been so conspicuous, passed away, and, though not “seized by any known kind of malady,” ‡ it became evident for some time before his death that he was gradually sinking into his grave. Had his days been providentially prolonged till his son, the Prince of Wales, had attained his majority, his subjects, perhaps, would have had little reason to regret the royal voluptuary. But at that turbulent period of our history, when the rule of a woman or of a minor almost

* De Commines, tome i. p. 246, tome ii. p. 281.

† Holinshed’s Chronicles, vol. iii. p. 330.

‡ Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 483.

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reasons the latter was the object of the greatest jealousy and dislike. Preferring him above the proudest barons of the realm, King Edward had sought to obtain for him the hand of Margaret, sister of the King of Scotland, and on another occasion had sanctioned his coming forward as the rival of the king's brother, the Duke of Clarence, for the hand of the heiress of Burgundy. These were unpardonable offences in the eyes of the old nobility. But the barons had not only reason to be jealous of, but also to fear, the power of the Woodvilles. To obtain the guardianship of the young king,—to establish a complete ascendancy over his mind,—and by this means to carry out their project of completely crushing the ancient nobility, and obtaining for themselves a monopoly over the highest honours and offices of the State,—were only too obviously the policy and the intention of the queen and her kindred.

We have already mentioned that the queen was the main stay of the Woodville faction; the Duke of Buckingham the head of the rival party. But there were two other influential persons, who may be said to have belonged to neither party, who, from their high rank, their integrity, their ability, and experience in the affairs of state, were naturally looked up to and courted by both of the opposing factions. Those persons were the celebrated William Lord Hastings, and Thomas Lord Stanley. The former, uniting the brilliant qualities of the warrior with the wisdom of the statesman and the accomplishments of the courtier, had for many years been the chosen and beloved companion of the late king. He had fought by the side of his royal master on many a field of battle; had cheerfully accompanied him when he was compelled to fly to the Low Countries; and, no less fascinating at the banquet than renowned on the field of battle, was alike his adviser in the closet, the sharer of his pleasures, and the confidant of his amours. The character of Lord

lual only there was who, from his exalted rank, his high reputation as a statesman and a soldier,—his independence of faction,—the friendly terms on which he had ever associated with men of all parties,—his profound knowledge of human character and of the motives of human action, as well as his singular power in concealing his own thoughts and feelings from the scrutiny of others,—was capable of grappling with every emergency, and of thus preserving his country from the horrors of civil war. That man was Richard Duke of Gloucester.

At the time when King Edward breathed his last, the two great opposing parties in the State consisted, on the one hand, of the Woodville faction, supported by the authority and influence of the queen, and, on the other, of the ancient nobility, at the head of whom was a prince of the house of Lancaster, Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. The queen, during the lifetime of her husband, had pursued a policy, the wisdom of which was now about to be put to the test. Eager to maintain her influence over him so long as he lived, and, in the event of his death, to rule in the name of her son, she had warmly and successfully advocated the principle of curbing the dangerous power of the old nobility by the creation of a new aristocracy. Men had been advanced to the peerage who had little pretension to the honour; the ancient nobility may be said to have been banished from court. The queen more especially delighted to surround herself with her own friends and her own kindred.

This invidious and short-sighted policy naturally appeared to be productive of future evil. So long, indeed, as Edward continued in the fulness and splendor of his power, he had found little difficulty in preventing open contentions between the queen's faction and the irritated barons. But, as his end approached, the fatal consequences, which might result from the un-

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nephew. That such was not only the conscientious opinion of Buckingham and Hastings, but the general conviction of the people of England, there seems to be little doubt. Richard, in fact, as the only prince of the house of Plantagenet who had attained the age of manhood, and as the paternal uncle of the youthful monarch, was doubtless, according to precedent, the proper person to be invested with the regency. King Edward, moreover, in his last moments, had shown how great was the sense which he entertained of his brother's integrity, by nominating him the guardian of his sons.*

And what, may be asked, was at this period the true character of Richard of Gloucester? Are we to regard him in the light in which the Tudor chroniclers have painted him,—as not only the convicted perpetrator of past murders, but as the deliberate and cold-blooded projector of future and still more atrocious crimes? Can it be true that from his boyhood he had been secretly the ambitious plotter,—that he was in reality the wily and unscrupulous villain such as history usually represents him? Can it be true that his virtues were but a name, and his good actions but cloaks for dissimulation and hypocrisy? In a word, are we to believe that he had been lying in wait but till the breath should have quitted the body of his brother Edward, in order to spring upon his remaining victims, and, by means of the most crooked and barbarous policy, seize the crown which was the birthright of another?

Certainly, there is much of this sweeping obloquy of which we are inclined to relieve the memory of this extraordinary prince. Had Richard, in fact, been even the suspected, much less the convicted, villain which our early historians represent him to have been, is it probable that he would have been trusted to the last by men who were not only personally and intimately

* Polydore Virgil, p. 171, Camd. Soc. Trans.

ad manifested in seeking to monopolize the highest offices in the State and the wealthiest heiresses in the land, were offences in the eyes of the old feudal nobility which could be expiated only by their degradation or their blood. Through the queen's influence with her husband, her brother, Anthony Woodville, had married Elizabeth, the wealthy heiress of Thomas Lord Scales. Her younger brother John had married the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk,—the union of a youth of nineteen to a woman in her eightieth year. Thomas Grey, the queen's son by her former husband, had married the king's niece Anne, daughter and heiress of Henry Duke of Exeter. Of the queen's six sisters, five were severally married to the Duke of Buckingham, to the Earls of Arundel, Essex, Huntingdon, and Lord Strange of Knokyn. The rapacity of the queen's kindred had already fomented a formidable rebellion in England, in which her father, recently created Earl Rivers, and her brother John, lost their heads.* Instead, however, of taking warning from the past, they persisted in provoking an hostility which effected the change of a dynasty and involved the ruin of their house.

Of the queen's obnoxious relatives, the two highest in power and place, at this period, were Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, the queen's son by her first husband, Sir John Grey; and her splendid and accomplished brother, Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers. For many

* The insurrection, headed by Robin of Redesdale, in 1469. The substance of the grievances of which the insurgents complained, was, "that the king had been too lavish of gifts to the queen's relations and some others; that through them he had spent church monies, without repayment; that they had caused him to diminish his household and charge the commons with great impositions; that they would not suffer the king's laws to be executed but through them; and that they had caused him to estrange the true lords of his blood from his secret council."—*Harl. MS.* No. 543, quoted in S. Turner's *Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 254.

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others against his government and person, and the dangerous possession of

“ a power too great to keep or to resign,” —

added, no doubt, to his natural and insatiable ambition, and the dazzling temptation of a crown, — had each their share in inducing him to consult his own safety by the destruction of others, and to grasp the glittering prize which was placed within his reach. That, from the moment in which he aspired to the protectorship, he brought into play those powers of deception and dissimulation of which he was so finished a master, there seems to be no question. It was not, however, we conceive, till a later period, that he devised and committed those blacker acts of blood and treachery which, after a lapse of two years, were avenged by his tragical death on the field of Bosworth. To us Richard figures, at two different periods of his life, as a different and distinct person. As much as the Diana of the Greeks differed from the Astarte of the Carthaginians, and as the Satan of Milton differs from the cloven-footed bugbear of the nursery, so great does the distinction appear to have been between the youthful and upright prince who dispensed even justice at Pontefract and spurned the gold of King Louis at Picquigny, and the Richard who subsequently became the murderer of his nephews and the guilty possessor of a crown.*

Of the ability of Richard of Gloucester there can be no more question than there is of the intensity of his

* Had Richard's designs upon the throne been entertained at so early a period as has usually been imagined, surely he would have hastened to London, either during his brother's last illness or else immediately after his decease, for the purpose of counteracting the measures of his opponents, courting the suffrages of the citizens of London, and otherwise advancing his ends. Edward, however, died on the 9th of April, whereas Richard remained in the north till the end of the month, and did not reach London till the 4th of May.

anley was more reserved, and his nature more cold than that of Hastings. Nevertheless, though Edward apparently loved him less than he loved Hastings, he seems to have been no less trusted and esteemed by the late king. Both of these powerful noblemen were wrongly prejudiced against the queen and her kindred, and were therefore likely to join in any constitutional opposition which might be formed for depriving them of the management of affairs. But, on the other hand, they had been personally and devotedly attached to Edward; they had solemnly sworn to him to maintain the rights and interests of his heir; and, accordingly, not only were they likely to prove formidable antagonists in the event of any attempt made to put aside the youthful heir of the house of York, but there can be little doubt that, had the alternative been forced upon them, they would have preferred perishing on the scaffold rather than have failed in their loyalty to the living and their promises to the dead.

At such a crisis it was natural that the thoughts, not only of the two rival factions, but of all moderate men, would turn with anxiety to Richard of Gloucester. His character for wisdom and valour was established beyond all question. No man living was more interested in averting the horrors of civil war. As governor of the Northern Marches he was in command of the largest military force in England. Hitherto, with his usual prudence, Gloucester had abstained from identifying himself with either party; both sides, therefore, were anxious to obtain his countenance and support. As for Richard individually, all his prejudices were naturally on the side of the barons. Aware doubtless of this fact, Buckingham, shortly after the death of the king, secretly despatched an express to him, intimating his want of confidence in the government of the queen, and expressing his conviction that he was the proper person to rule the realm during the minority of his

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a crown is so heinous as it appears at first sight. We must remember that the throne of England was virtually elective; that the accession of the young in years, or the feeble in mind, was almost certain to provoke a contention for the kingly power; that the king himself was but the head of the barons, and that, in troubled times, the most powerful of the barons looked upon the crown as a prize within the legitimate scope of his ambition.

Assuming it to be true, that, from the time of his brother's decease, Richard secretly aspired to invest himself with the kingly power, the obstacles against which he had to contend must, even to himself, have appeared almost insurmountable. The success which crowned his machinations was amazing. That he should have been able to overcome the powerful Woodville faction, strengthened as it was by the authority of the queen, and by having possession of the king's person,—that he should have been able to crush the scarcely less powerful party of which Hastings and Stanley were the chiefs,—that he should have found the means of duping the people, and intimidating parliament, into an approval of his usurpation; in a word, that, within the short space of eleven weeks after his brother's death, he should have sat on the kingly seat in Westminster Hall, and have accomplished this great object without occasioning a single popular tumult or shedding a drop of plebeian blood,—certainly impresses us with a high opinion of his fearlessness and talents, whatever judgment we may form of his motives and his conduct.

King Edward IV. was the father of two sons, the unfortunate Edward V., now in his thirteenth year, and Richard Duke of York, in his eleventh year.* At the time of his father's death, the young king was residing

* The former was born on the 1st of November 1470, the latter in 1472.

quainted with him, but who were also experienced and keen-sighted observers of human character? Is it likely that so shrewd a prince as Edward IV. would in his last moments have confided to him the guardianship of his beloved children,—those children whom Richard had only to put out of the way in order himself to mount the throne? Or, if Buckingham and Hastings had entertained any suspicion of his true character, would they have helped to invest him with an authority which subsequently enabled him to shed his blood on the scaffold, and to seize a crown which Hastings, at least, would have died to preserve for other?

That Richard was deeply impregnated with that inordinate ambition which was the ruling passion and vice of the Plantagenets,—that he yielded to temptation so soon as the allurements became difficult to resist,—and, lastly, that he possessed himself of the sovereignty by unjustifiable and unpardonable means,—these are not prepared to deny. At present, however, this is not the point at issue. The question we would solve is, at what particular period of his life temptation grew too powerful to be resisted, and consequently diverted him from the path of virtue and honour to that of perfidy and crime. In our own opinion,—which, however, with deference we submit, Richard, to the close of Edward's reign, had continued to be a loyal subject, a devoted brother, a useful citizen, and an upright man. Even when the death of Edward forced him into a more extended sphere of action, the probability, we think, is that he originally entertained no deeper design than that of retaining the guardianship of the young king, and, during his minority, the protectorship of the realm. But as he advanced, step by step, towards the accomplishment of these legitimate ends, the complicated difficulties which encountered him, the plots laid by

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cavalcade had proceeded as far as Northampton, when information reached Rivers and Grey that the Duke of Gloucester was approaching with his retinue. Rivers took the precaution of sending forward the young king to Stony Stratford, a town thirteen miles nearer to the metropolis, while he himself remained behind with Grey at Northampton, with the ostensible object of paying their respects to Richard as first prince of the blood, and submitting to his "will and discretion" the ceremonials which they proposed to adopt on the occasion of the king's entry into his capital.

Disappointed as Gloucester must have been at not meeting with his nephew, he nevertheless received Rivers and Grey with the greatest courtesy and apparent kindness. He invited them to sup at his table, and the evening, we are told, passed "in very pleasant conversation."* While they were thus agreeably employed, an addition was unexpectedly made to the party by the arrival of a fourth person, Henry Duke of Buckingham, who, though he had married a sister of the queen, of all men most detested the Woodvilles. The duke reached Northampton at the head of three hundred horsemen, thus swelling the military train of Richard to a rather formidable number. The news which he brought to Gloucester from court was of the most serious importance. The queen and her kindred had thrown off the mask; her brother, the Marquis of Dorset, had seized the king's treasure, and, moreover, as admiral of England, had given orders for the equipment of a naval force. The news was in all probability far from being unpalatable to Richard. It was clear that the Woodvilles must henceforth stand convicted of having been the first to break the laws, thus giving him an advantage of which he instantly perceived the importance. Indeed, but for this imprudent conduct

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 486.

hibition or of the profoundness of his dissimulation. His conduct, from the hour when greatness tempted him, till the hour in which he achieved greatness, displays a masterpiece of statecraft. True it is that his policy was tortuous and guilty; but it must be remembered that he had to deal with men as guilty and almost as wily as himself. Moreover, before judging him too severely, we should carefully consider the character of the age in which he lived. It was an age when men were inflamed against each other by feelings of the fiercest vindictiveness; when human life was held at a fearful discount, and when deception was regarded almost as an accomplishment. We lived in the middle ages, when belted knights deemed it a meritorious act to knock out the brains of defenceless prelate at the altar; in an age, when an abbot went publicly forth with assassins to waylay and murder a brother abbot; and when a Duke of Burgundy suborned men of birth to assassinate a Duke of Orleans in his presence.* Richard, moreover, had lived through a war of extermination, unsurpassed perhaps in the annals of ferocious retaliation. From his childhood, he had been conversant with proscriptions, with bloodshed, and deceit. He had not only witnessed the cruelties perpetrated by his brother Edward, and Margaret of Anjou,—the wholesale slaughter of thousands flying from the field of battle, and the liberate butchery of the noblest and the bravest on the scaffold,—but he had been accustomed to regard these atrocities as part of a necessary policy. Moreover, it may be questioned whether his guilt in seizing

* Even at a considerably later period, we find the Cardinal of France confidently charged with having poisoned the Cardinal of Armagnac; and, again, Henry III. of France causing the Duc de Guise to be massacred before his face. As Henry gazed on the less but magnificent form which lay at his feet, "Mon Dieu," calmly said, "*comme il est grand, étant mort!*"

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and Stony Stratford; the keys of the hostelry were brought to Gloucester; not a servant was allowed to quit the place.*

April 30.

The consternation of Rivers and Grey, on discovering the fatal snare into which they had fallen, may be readily imagined. They did their best, however, to conceal their emotion, as together, and apparently in perfect amity, the four lords set off on horseback for Stony Stratford. It was not till that town appeared in sight that Gloucester threw off the mask. Suddenly Rivers and Grey were arrested by his orders and hurried off, under the charge of an escort, towards the north. Gloucester and Buckingham then rushed forward to the king's quarters. With the utmost promptitude, the king's chamberlain, Sir Thomas Vaughan, his preceptor, Dr. Alcock, Bishop of Worcester, and others of his trusted and confidential servants, were arrested and hurried into confinement. Almost before the young king had time to shed a tear for the misfortune which had befallen his nearest relatives and friends, Gloucester and Buckingham, with every outward mark of homage and affection, were kneeling at his feet. The separation from those he loved seems to have been bitterly felt by him. "At this dealing," says Sir Thomas More, "he wept, and was nothing content; but it bootet not." †

May 4.

In due time, attended respectfully by the two dukes, the young king made his public entry into London. His servants and retinue were clad in deep mourning. Edward alone appeared conspicuous in the cavalcade, habited in royal robes of purple velvet. By his side rode his uncle Gloucester, bareheaded. Near Hornsey they were met by the lord-mayor and aldermen in their scarlet robes, followed by five hundred citizens on horseback, in purple-coloured gowns. As the gallant

* Sir T. More's *Richard III.* p. 24.

† *Ibid.* p. 27.

Ludlow Castle on the borders of Wales, under the special guardianship of his gallant and accomplished uncle, Anthony Earl Rivers. The Duke of York was residing at court with his mother.

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At the first council held after the death of her husband, the widowed queen sat at the head of the table, listening with deep interest to the deliberations. At one point, at least, all present appear to have been agreed. It was decided that no time should be lost in bringing the young king to London, and a day so early as the 4th of May was fixed upon for his coronation. But at this point their good understanding ceased. Rivers, having the government of South Wales, and under his command a considerable military force, the head of which it was suggested by the queen that her son should be escorted to London. This project met with prompt and strong opposition from certain members of the council, and more especially from Hastings. Between him and Rivers there existed deadly hostility. Rivers hated Hastings because the king had preferred him to be governor of Calais and Guines; while Hastings had every reason to tribute to Rivers an imprisonment which he had formerly undergone in the Tower, and his narrow escape from the block. The queen, too, seems to have conceived an invincible aversion to Hastings; believing him to have been too "secretly familiar with her late husband in wanton company." Under these circumstances, the arrival of Rivers in the metropolis at the head of an army would probably have been the signal for sending Hastings to the scaffold. But Hastings had also ample public, as well as private motives, for his opposition. The anxiety of the Woodvilles to fill London with armed men was sufficiently indicative of their intention to maintain their power and force, and consequently could not fail to excite the alarm and jealousy of the accomplished statesman.

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servants, "watching that no one should go to sanctuary."* Some intention there seems to have been, on the part of the queen's friends, of opposing force to force.† The vigilance of Hastings, however, and the great interest which he had contrived to establish with the citizens of London, effectually prevented any commotion.

Thus, within the space of a few days, had Richard of Gloucester raised himself to be the foremost person in the kingdom, the "observed of all observers." Society blessed him for having prevented the horrors of civil war; the commonalty admired him for the extraordinary zeal he professed for the interests of his nephew; while the ancient nobility, delighted at the fatal blow which he had struck at the power of the Woodvilles, flocked to him with offers of service and enthusiastic expressions of applause. "He was suddenly fallen into so great trust," writes Sir Thomas More, "that, at the council next assembled, he was made the only man chosen, and thought most meet to be protector of the king and his realm."‡ So guarded had been Richard's conduct, so warily and wisely had he pursued his object, that his secret designs, whatever they may have been, continued to be unsuspected even by the most suspicious. The levees which he held at his princely mansion, Crosby Place, in Bishopsgate Street, were crowded by the noblest and wisest of the land. The young king was left "in a manner desolate."§ The spiritual lords seem to have vied with the temporal lords in doing honour to Richard. The coveted protectorship may almost be said to have been forced upon him. Following a precedent in the case of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, who had been appointed protector

* Sir T. More's *Richard III.* pp. 30, 31; Hall, p. 350.

† *Croyl. Chron. Cont.* p. 487.

‡ Sir T. More's *Richard III.* p. 35.

§ *Ibid.* p. 66.

the part of the Woodvilles, he would have found difficult to justify to the world the act of violence which, on that memorable night, he projected with Buckingham.

But whatever reflections the tidings brought by Buckingham may have given rise to in the mind of Gloucester, the remainder of the evening passed away in the greatest harmony. The fact is somewhat remarkable, that, of the four men who on that evening pledged each other in the wine-cup at Northampton, and endeavoured to cajole one another with professions of friendship, one and all were nearly allied to the reigning monarch. Gloucester and Rivers were his uncles; Buckingham was his uncle by marriage; Sir Richard Grey, as we have said, was his half-brother. Within the more than two years, all four perished by a violent death, either on the scaffold or on the field of battle.

But to return to our narrative. Rivers and Grey did no sooner retire to rest, than Gloucester and Buckingham shut themselves up in a private apartment, where they passed the greater part of the night in secret consultation. The recent acts of the Woodvilles, the anxiety which they had betrayed to escort the young king to London at the head of a powerful military force, — the seizure of the royal treasure, — and, finally, the conduct of Rivers in hurrying on the king to Stony Stratford, left not a doubt of the nature of his ambitious designs. Not a moment was to be lost in counteracting them. The bold measure of seizing the person of the king was finally resolved upon. Before day dawned the conspirators had decided on their plan of operation: their orders were promptly given, and as promptly obeyed. To prevent all communication between Rivers and the king was of course their first object. Accordingly, horsemen were sent out to patrol the roads between Northampton

of the land, the protectorship would cease so soon as that ceremony had been performed: young Edward would then, as anointed king, assume the sovereign power. No option therefore remained to Gloucester, but either to descend with a good grace into his former station as a subject, or else to stifle every compunction of conscience, and seize the crown which he had solemnly sworn to defend for another.

To a man of Richard's aspiring nature and boundless ambition, the prospect of exchanging almost sovereign power for the subordinate rank and honours of a mere prince of the blood, must have appeared intolerable. Moreover, putting the question of ambition altogether aside, his descent from power must necessarily entail imminent personal danger both on himself and his friends. Not only had he offended the Woodvilles beyond all hope of reconciliation, but his recent seizure of Edward's person at Stony Stratford, and the arrest and imprisonment of the king's dearest friends and nearest relatives, were acts which no sovereign was likely to forget or forgive. Let the crown once descend upon the brow of young Edward, and who could doubt but that the queen-mother and her kindred would bring all their influence into play to prejudice him against their arch-enemy, and that Richard's ruin, and perhaps his death on the scaffold, would be the result?

It may be argued that it was the interest, as well as the duty, of the protector, to establish his nephew firmly on the throne; to release Lord Rivers and Sir Richard Grey from imprisonment; to identify himself with the fortunes of the queen and her powerful kindred; and to render himself as trusted and beloved by Edward V. as he had formerly been by Edward IV. But such a step would have completely stultified the revolution which he had so recently effected. Moreover, it would have been the grossest act of treachery

cession wended its way through the streets of London, Gloucester repeatedly, and with great apparent enthusiasm, pointed out his royal nephew to the populace. "Behold," he said, "your prince and sovereign lord!"* The love and reverence which he displayed towards his nephew excited universal admiration. His recent violent seizure of the hateful Woodvilles had cost him none of his popularity. "He was on all hands," says Sir Thomas More, "accounted the best, as he was the first, subject in the kingdom."† Followed by the blessings and acclamations of his subjects, the young king was conducted in the first instance to the palace of the Bishop of London, near St. Paul's Cathedral, where he received the homage and congratulations of his nobles. Some days afterwards he was escorted to the royal apartments in the Tower.

The arrest of Rivers and Grey produced the effect desired by Richard. The queen and her kindred gave up the contest in despair; Elizabeth, with her second son and her fair daughters, flew affrighted to the sanctuary at Westminster, where she was subsequently joined by her son, the Marquis of Dorset. Then, shortly before daybreak, the Lord Chancellor Cotheram, Archbishop of York, repaired to her with the great seal, he witnessed, we are told, a most painful scene of "heaviness, rumble, haste, and business." The royal servants were hurrying into the sanctuary, bearing chests, household-stuff, and other valuable goods.‡ The queen herself "sat alow on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed."

When at length the day dawned, and the archbishop looked forth upon the Thames, he beheld the river covered with boats, full of the Duke of Gloucester's

* Fabyan, p. 668; Hall, p. 351.

† Sir T. More's *Life of Edward V.* in Kennet, vol. i. p. 486.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 485.

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this time, apparently reconciled to the queen and the Woodvilles, and deeply implicated in their conspiracies against the protector. From his boyhood Richard had been accustomed to regard Hastings with admiration, as the most accomplished courtier and soldier of his age. He is even said to have loved him more than any other living man; and certainly, of all living men, he would seem to have been the last whom Richard would wantonly have consigned to the scaffold. He resolved, therefore, in the first instance, to sound Hastings, and, if possible, to induce him to embrace his views. The person whom he employed on this delicate service was one Catesby, an able and designing lawyer, whom Hastings had admitted to his confidence. Catesby's propositions, carefully as they were worded, could not fail to startle Hastings. The times, Catesby said, were pregnant with danger, both to the throne and to the commonwealth; it was of vital importance that an "experienced person and brave commander" should take the helm of government; and who so fitted to be a pilot in stormy times, both from his position as first prince of the blood, and from his ability and firmness, as the Duke of Gloucester? Not, argued Catesby, that the protector and his friends had any intention of prejudicing the interests of the young monarch, much less of supplanting him on the throne. The simple proposition was that the protector should wear the crown till the young king had attained the age of twenty-five, at which time, it was presumed, he would be capable of governing the realm as "an able and efficient king." The veil with which Richard sought to disguise his intended usurpation, was too flimsy to conceal his real purpose. With a disinterestedness, which reflects the highest credit on his memory, Hastings not only refused to listen to the proposition, but replied to Catesby in such "terrible words," as

uring the minority of Henry VI., the council of state, with the consent and good will of all the lords,"* insisted Richard with the dignity. No single individual seems to have objected to the appointment; the popular feeling in his favour appears to have been universal; so much so that the concurrence of parliament seems to have been considered not only as unessential, but, for the time, to have been absolutely disregarded. Even Hastings, affectionately as he watched over the interests of the young king, and deeply read as he was in human nature, could discover no grounds except for congratulation in the elevation of Richard of Gloucester.† Moreover, the active preparations which were apparently being made for his nephew's coronation had the effect of averting suspicion, and aiding to increase his popularity with the vulgar. Even at this late period, it seems questionable whether Richard entertained any serious thoughts of deposing his brother's son, much less of procuring his assassination.

On the 19th of May we find the young king addressing the assembled peers in parliament. The 22nd of June, the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, was the day fixed upon for the solemnization of the ceremony. The coronation-robcs were prepared. The barons of England, who had been summoned from all parts of the realm, "came thick" to swear allegiance to their sovereign. The "pageants and subtleties were making day and night." The viands for the great banquet in Westminster had been actually purchased from the purveyors.‡

As the day, which had been fixed upon for the coronation, drew near, doubtless many perplexing thoughts pressed through the mind of the protector. By the law

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 488.

† Ibid. p. 489.

‡ Sir T. More's Richard III. pp. 69, 70; Harl. MS. (No. 433, t. 1651), quoted in Halsted's Rich. III. vol. ii. p. 68.

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THE USURPATION OF RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER.

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ON Friday, the 13th of June 1483, there took place that memorable council in the Tower of London, which the pen of Sir Thomas More has so graphically described, and which the genius of Shakspeare has immortalized. At the council-table sat, among other lords, the Archbishop of York, Lord Hastings, Lord Stanley, and Dr. Morton, Bishop of Ely, afterwards cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury. The three latter had been the personal friends of the late king; all three were devoted to the interests of his son.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when the protector entered the council-chamber and took his seat at the head of the table. He had played the sluggard, he said pleasantly; he hoped the lords would forgive him for being late. His countenance retained its usual imperturbable expression. Not a word nor gesture of uneasiness escaped him. He even appeared to be in the highest spirits possible; jesting with the Bishop of Ely on the excellence of his strawberries, for which the garden of his episcopal residence, Ely House in Holborn, was famous.

“ My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.”

King Richard III. Act. iii. Sc. 4.

The bishop accordingly despatched a servant for the fruit. In the mean time, having excused his absence to the members of the council, the protector retired awhile

wards the nobles who had assisted him in destroying the power of the Woodvilles, and in all probability would have hurried Buckingham, Hastings, and others to the block. These misfortunes, indeed, might possibly have been prevented by an appeal to arms; but a greater disaster could have befallen England at this period than a renewal of the civil war, a catastrophe which the protector seems to have been resolved at all hazards to prevent.

But whatever may have been the motives which originally determined Richard of Gloucester to usurp the throne, no one can question the consummate cunning and ability with which he carried his plans into execution.

The persons, whose opposition he had the greatest reason to dread, were Buckingham and Hastings on the part of the old feudal aristocracy, and Rivers and Grey on the side of the queen and her kindred. Buckingham, a man of great ambition and avarice, the protector seems to have found little difficulty in corrupting. The duke, moreover, was too much detested by the Woodvilles, and had too much reason to dread their vengeance, not to enter heartily into any scheme which promised to strip them of power. Hastings, as we shall presently discover, proved incorruptible. As for Rivers and Grey, they were already in the toils of the protector, and he was resolved that they should never escape from them. As it was never the policy of the protector to shed blood unnecessarily, the probability seems to be that it was the discovery of plots for the release of these unhappy noblemen, and also, as Richard himself confidently asserted, the existence of a deep-laid conspiracy against his authority, which subsequently induced him to sacrifice their lives in order to secure his own.

Hastings, as we have seen, was resolved at all hazards to stand by the son of his dead master. He was, at

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done any such thing, they deserve to be both severely punished." "And do you answer me," thundered the protector, "with *ifs* and *ands*? I tell thee, traitor, they have done it, and thou hast joined with them in this villany; I swear by St. Paul I will not dine before your head be brought to me!"*

At this instant the protector struck the table furiously with his clenched hand, on which the guard, crying "Treason! treason!" rushed violently into the apartment. A scene of indescribable confusion followed. Lord Stanley, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, and other lords of the council, were immediately arrested and hurried off to different prison-rooms. In the *mêlée* Stanley received a violent blow on the head from a pole-axe, which sent the blood streaming down his ears. But it was in Hastings that all the rage of the protector is said to have centred. "I arrest thee, traitor," he repeated, "and by St. Paul I will not dine till thy head be off!" Hastings accordingly was seized and dragged to the green in front of the Tower chapel; a priest was hurriedly obtained to receive his confession; a log of wood, provided for the repair of the chapel, served as a block. Thus perished the wise, the brilliant and fascinating Hastings! A more honourable fate awaited his remains. His head and body were conveyed to Windsor, where, in the royal chapel of St. George, they were placed by the side of the great king whom he had formerly so loyally and affectionately served, and the rights of whose son he had died in his endeavours to defend.†

* Sir T. More's Richard III. pp. 70—73; More's Life of Edward V. in Kennet, vol. i. pp. 493-4.

† Sir T. More's Richard III. pp. 73, 74; More's Life of Edward V. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 494. It appears by Hastings' will, dated 27th June 1481, that the late king, Edward IV., had formerly expressed an affectionate wish that Hastings should be buried near him at Windsor. "And forasmuch as the king, of his

ould not fail to give deep offence to the protector.*
tesby carried back the reply to his employer, and
m that moment, doubtless, the head of Hastings
s doomed to fall upon the scaffold.

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* Sir T. More's Richard III. p. 69; More's Life of Edward V.
Kennet, vol. i. p. 493.

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a kingly, but a natural right, to insist on enjoying the companionship of his own brother,—that the queen's detention of the Duke of York in sanctuary was a tacit libel on the government of the protector,—that it was calculated to excite a popular apprehension that the king's life was in danger,—that it tended to occasion scandal at foreign courts,—that, should the young king happen to die, his successor on the throne would be left in most improper hands,—and lastly, it was insisted how great would be the increase of scandal, both at home and abroad, should the king walk at his coronation unsupported by the presence of his only brother.*

Richard, it is said, but for the opposition which he encountered from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, would have taken his nephew out of sanctuary by force. Five hundred years, they said, had passed, since St. Peter, attended by multitudes of angels, had descended from heaven in the night, and had consecrated the ground on which were built the church and sanctuary of Westminster.† Since then, they added, no king of England had dared to violate that sanctuary, and such an act of desecration would doubtless draw down the just vengeance of heaven on the whole kingdom. Eventually it was decided, that Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, should proceed with some of the temporal peers to the sanctuary, and endeavour to reason the queen into a compliance with the wishes of the council. For a considerable time the unhappy mother remained obdurate. Being assured, however, that force would be resorted to if necessary, she was at length induced to bring forth the royal boy

* More's Edward V. in Kennet, vol. i. pp. 486-7.

† It would appear that a cope, said to have been worn by St. Peter on the occasion, was at this time preserved in Westminster Abbey, as a "proof" of the saint's visitation. More's Hist. of Richard III. p. 40.

n the apartment, desiring the lords to proceed with
 ir deliberations. When, in about an hour, he re-
 ned, his manner and appearance had undergone a
 mplete and painful change. On his countenance
 e, hatred, and vengeance are said to have been
 ibly and terribly depicted. A brief but awful
 se ensued, during which the protector sat at the
 ncil-table, contracting his brows and biting his lips.
 length he started up. Closely allied as he was,
 said, to the king, and intrusted with the administra-
 1 of government, what punishment did those per-
 s deserve who compassed and imagined his destruc-
 1? The lords of the council, completely confounded,
 ained silent. At length, Hastings, emboldened per-
 os by their long friendship, and the affection which
 protector was believed to entertain for him, ven-
 ed to reply to the infuriated prince. "Surely, my
 d," he said, "they deserve to be punished as heinous
 tors, whoever they be." At these words the rage
 he protector seemed to increase. "Those traitors,"
 exclaimed, boldly accusing the queen, "are the
 cess, my brother's wife, and his mistress, Jane
 ore: see how by their sorcery and witchcraft they
 ve miserably destroyed my body!" And therewith,
 tes Sir Thomas More, "he plucked up his doublet-
 eve to his elbow upon his left arm; where he showed
 verish withered arm and small."* The lords of the
 ncil looked at each other in terror and amazement.
 ain Hastings was the first to attempt to pacify him.
 ertainly, my lord," he said, "*if* they have indeed

This is, apparently, another of those imaginary personal de-
 nities which vulgar report or political malignancy formerly de-
 tted to attribute to Richard of Gloucester. If, as has been
 erted, his left shoulder was somewhat lower than the right, it
 y not improbably have given rise to this additional calumny.
 ante, pp. 75—78.

usurping the sovereign authority, his nephews continued to be formidable obstacles in his way, but they were entirely in his power. In order to found a dynasty, it was of course expedient to extirpate the male heirs of his late brother, Edward IV. But, even though Richard were the bloodthirsty and unscrupulous monster which history usually represents him to have been, it was manifestly not his policy, at this time, to call to his aid the services of the midnight assassin. Whatever may have been his scruples in other respects, his authority as yet rested on too insecure a basis to permit his name to be associated with the crime of murder. Accordingly, he seems to have eagerly embraced an expedient, which, at the same time that it relieved him from the commission of a fearful crime, promised to lend a colour of justice to his usurpation.

At the time when Edward IV. breathed his last, there were interposed, between the Duke of Gloucester and the succession, the two sons and the five daughters of the late king, and the son and daughter of the late Duke of Clarence. But, in those turbulent times, when the interests of society rendered absolutely necessary the rule of an energetic monarch in order to avert the horrors of anarchy, there was perhaps not a baron in England so romantic as to have raised his banner for the purpose of exalting a female to the throne. A people, who, little more than eighty years previously, had tacitly declared the monarchy of England to be an elective one, by preferring Henry of Lancaster to their legitimate sovereign, Richard II., could scarcely be expected to uphold, in times of almost unprecedented difficulty, the claims of a girl and a minor. Virtually, therefore, the only individuals who stood in the way of Richard were the two sons of his brother Edward, and the young Earl of Warwick, the son of his brother Clarence. But Warwick had already been set aside by the act of parliament which had included him in the

In the mean time, the queen-dowager, much to the noyance of the protector, had persisted in detaining her younger son, the Duke of York, in the sanctuary at Westminster. As Richard unquestionably displayed great anxiety to withdraw him from thence, the contractors of the protector are not to be blamed, if, from this circumstance, they draw a not unreasonable inference that he already contemplated, not only the dethronement of one brother, but the murder of both. But, on the one hand, the charge, thus preferred, rests upon mere assumption; whereas, on the other hand, Richard had not only excellent state reasons for wishing to withdraw his nephew from the influence of his mother and her kindred, but those reasons had been solemnly deliberated at the council-table, and pronounced to be unanswerable. The public had declared the Woodvilles to be the enemies of the State, and therefore improper parties to have the charge of the person and education of the heir presumptive to the throne. It was argued at the council-table, and with sober reason, that the young king had not only

undant grace, for the true service that I have done, and at the last intended to have done to his grace, hath willed and offered me to be buried in the church or chapel of St. George at Windsor, in a place by his grace assigned, in which college his grace is disposed to be buried, I therefore bequeath my simple body to be buried in the said chapel and college in the said place, &c."—*Testamenta Vetusta*, vol. i. pp. 368-9. "I bequeath my body," runs the last will of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, "to be buried with the body of my lord, at Windsor, according to the will of my said lord and mine, without pompous interring or costly expenses."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 25. There is something not only touchingly striking, but tending to redeem the character of King Edward in our eyes, that the friend who was most intimately acquainted with his failings, and the wife who had forgiven him so many infidelities, should have recorded their solemn wish that, in accordance with the express desire of the late king, their dust might mingle with his. A copy of King Edward's own will, the existence of which was formerly questioned, will be found in the *Excerpta Historica*, p. 366.

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not impossible, he had implicated himself in the treason of Warwick and Clarence, certain it is that he was subjected to persecution and disgrace. He was charged with having broken his oath of allegiance*; and, although the fact exists on official record that a solemn tribunal, composed of the lords spiritual and temporal, eventually acquitted him of the charge, he is said to have not only suffered imprisonment, but to have been forced to pay a considerable sum as the price of his release.† According to De Commynes, a well-informed contemporary, the treatment which the bishop met with on this occasion so rankled in his mind, that, years afterwards, he visited on the innocent children of his royal benefactor, the injustice which he imagined he had encountered at the hands of their parent.‡

From the time of Stillington's disgrace, till Richard was in the midst of his designs on the protectorship, if not on the throne, we lose sight of the discontented prelate. Then it was, however, that he not only reappeared on the stage as the zealous supporter of the protector, but divulged, or pretended to divulge, a secret of such vital importance, that, if its truth could be established, it would certainly go far to justify Richard in his designs on the throne. According to the account promulgated at the time, the gravity of which rests entirely upon the testimony of the bishop, the late king, previously to his romantic marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, had fallen in love with the Lady Eleanor Boteler §, daughter of the Earl of

* "Post et contra juramentum fidelitatis sue."—*Rymer's Fœdera*, vol. xii. p. 66.

† De Commynes, tome ii. p. 156.

‡ Ibid. p. 214.

§ This lady is said to have been the widow of Thomas Boteler, Lord Sudley, and daughter of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, by Catherine, daughter of Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 562; Hist. Doubts, Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 218. The identity, however, has never been

d to present him to the members of the council. My lord," she said to the archbishop, "and all my lords now present, I will not be so suspicious as to mistrust your truths."* Nevertheless, at the moment of parting, a presentiment of the dark fate which awaited her beloved child appears to have flashed across her mind. "Farewell," she said, "mine own sweet son; God send you good keeping; let me kiss you once ere yet you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again." And therewith she kissed him, and blessed him, turned her back and wept, and went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast.† The boy, it appears, was delivered by the queen to the archbishop, the lord-chancellor, and "many other lords temporal," to whom he was conducted to the centre of Westminster Hall, where he was received by the Duke of Buckingham. At the door of the Star Chamber he was met by the protector, who, running towards him with open arms, kissed him with great apparent affection. "Now welcome," he said, "my lord, with my heart." And thereupon, writes Sir Thomas More, "forthwith they brought him to the king, his mother, into the bishop's palace at St. Paul's, and from thence, through the city, honourably into the Tower, out of which, after that day, they never came abroad."‡

The protector, by this time, held in duration all the most influential persons from whom he had reason to anticipate opposition in carrying out his ambitious views. Supposing him, indeed, to have been bent on

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* Sir T. More's *Edward V.* in Kennet, vol. i. p. 491.

† More's *Hist. of Richard III.* p. 62.

‡ Sir T. More's *Rich. III.* p. 62; More's *Edward V.* in Kennet, vol. i. p. 491. Letter, dated London, 21st June 1483, addressed to William Stoner, knight, by Simon Stallworthe. *Excerpta Historica*, pp. 12, et seq. See post, p. 126, note.

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tend to throw discredit on the bishop's statement. True it is, that parliament subsequently pronounced the marriage, or pre-contract, between the late king and the Lady Eleanor Boteler to have been proved, and, in consequence, bastardized his children.* But the document on which the act of parliament was founded, is known to have been drawn up by the unfriendly Stillington †; and, moreover, the attestation which one parliament declared to be valid, another parliament, in the succeeding reign, declared to be false and worthless. The judges even went so far as to pronounce the former act to be a scandalous calumny, and, by the adoption of an unprecedented departure from parliamentary usage, prevented its being perpetuated on the statute-book. It was further proposed to summon Stillington to the bar of parliament. By some means, however, he contrived to obtain a pardon from his sovereign, and escaped the threatened inquiry into his conduct. ‡

Whether Stillington, presuming him to have been guilty, was stimulated by the thirst for revenge which

* Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 241. The reader must on no account confound, as Sir Thomas More would seem to have done, the Lady Eleanor Boteler with a once famous mistress of Edward IV., Elizabeth Lucy, by whom he is said to have had an illegitimate son, Arthur Plantagenet, Viscount l'Isle. The Lady Eleanor is, in fact, the only person with whom we have to concern ourselves as regards the abstract question of King Edward's former marriage. The act of parliament, which subsequently bastardized the children of the late king, expressly defines, that at the time of his "pretended marriage" with Elizabeth Woodville, "and before and long time after, the said King Edward was, and stood married and troth plight to one Dame Eleanor Boteler, daughter of the old Earl of Shrewsbury."—*Rot. Parl.* ut supra. Elizabeth Lucy, on the other hand, is said to have been the daughter of one Wyat of Southampton, "a mean gentleman, if he were one," and the wife of one Lucy, "as mean a man as Wyat."—*Buck in Kennet*, vol. i. p. 565.

† Lingard's Hist. of Eng. p. 573, Appendix.

‡ Ibid. p. 575, Appendix.

ttainder of his father, and accordingly, as far as the accession in the male line was in question, Edward V. and his brother were the only obstacles to the protector, and the ambitious course which he was now evidently pursuing.

It was in this, his hour of difficulty and need, that he here arrayed himself on the side of the protector, a man whose high position in the church, whose long experience in state affairs, and whose profound knowledge of the law, rendered him a most valuable auxiliary. This person was Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, whose industry and eminent talents had, in the late reign, raised him from the plebeian ranks to the episcopal bench, and to the lord-chancellorship of England. He had quitted the university with a high reputation for learning. The applause with which he took his degree of Doctor of Laws has been especially recorded. To King Edward IV. he had lain under the deepest obligations. By that monarch he had been successively advanced to the archdeaconry of Taunton, the bishopric of Bath and Wells, the keepership of the Privy Seal, and the lord-chancellorship. The latter appointment he held from the 8th of June 1467, to the 8th of June 1473, when ill health is said to have compelled him to resign the seals. That, while out of office, he was not also out of favour, may be presumed by King Edward selecting him, two years afterwards, to preside over a secret and not very dignified mission to the court of Brittany. When, in pursuance of his ruthless purpose of extirpating the house of Lancaster, Edward sought to entrap the young Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., into his power, Bishop Stillington was chosen as the person best qualified to induce the Duke of Brittany, either by cajolery or bribes, to deliver up the exile to his arch-enemy. Whether the ill-success, which the ex-chancellor encountered on this occasion, prejudiced him in the eyes of his sovereign, or whether, as seems

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that he was little better than the restless and ambitious priest, such as he is represented in the pages of De Commines. Nearly thirty years after he had sat on the woolsack as lord-chancellor, we find the veteran priest supporting the flimsy pretensions of Lambert Simmel, and consequently compelled to fly to sanctuary in the University of Oxford. The university consented to deliver him up to Henry VII., on condition that his life should be spared. He died in durance in Windsor Castle, in the month of June 1491.*

In the mean time, the execution of Hastings, and the imprisonment of Lord Stanley and the two prelates, instead of creating alarm, would seem to have increased the confidence of the public in the government of the protector. There were many causes which tended to this result. Not only had the report of the previous marriage of the late king been sedulously and successfully promulgated by the partisans of Richard †, but they had even gone so far as to insist that Edward IV. himself had been of spurious birth, and consequently that his children were excluded, by a double bar of illegitimacy, from all title to the throne. Although the venerable Duchess of York was still living, it was pretended that in the lifetime of her husband, she had been lavish in her favours to other men, one of whom was the father of King Edward and of the Duke of Clarence. Difficult as it is to imagine that a son could be found base enough to prefer charges of adultery against his own mother, it had nevertheless formerly suited Clarence, when he disputed the title of his brother Edward to the throne, to countenance, if he did not originate, this shameful scandal.‡ As regards the conduct of the protector, however, not

* Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. i. p. 391.

† Sir T. More's Richard III. pp. 96-7, 99.

‡ Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 191.

Shrewsbury. Failing in his attempt to corrupt her virtue, Edward, it was said, secretly made her his wife. According to the bishop, he himself performed the ceremony, and was the sole witness present on the occasion.*

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Whether such a marriage was ever really solemnized, is now impossible to determine. Certainly there are many circumstances which render it in the highest degree improbable. That an event of such importance could have been kept a profound secret for twenty years, is of itself extremely unlikely. And yet, that no suspicion of it had hitherto got abroad, there can be little question. Had the contrary been the case, the sovereigns of Europe would never have consented to contract their children in marriage with those of Edward; neither can we doubt but that Clarence and Warwick, when they rebelled against his authority, could have availed themselves of their knowledge of so important a fact, which, inasmuch as it bastardized the children of his elder brother, would have left Clarence the nearest heir to the throne. Moreover, there are other circumstances,—such as no witnesses having apparently been examined, and no evidence produced, as well as the suspicious fact of the alleged marriage having been kept a secret till those who might have disproved it, were in their graves,—which

proved. One of our historians even goes so far as to question whether such a person ever existed. See Lingard's *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 235, note, ed. 1849. The curious in such matters may also perhaps find researches assisted by referring to Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. i. pp. 331–2 & 596, and vol. ii. p. 235; *Rot. Parl.* vol. vi. p. 441; *Croyl. Chron.* p. 489; and Sir E. Brydges' *Baronage*, vol. iii. p. 19. There is one great difficulty opposed to the view which Buck and Walpole take in regard to the lady's identity; viz. that the name of the daughter of John Earl of Shrewsbury, who married Thomas Boteler, Lord Sudley, was not Eleanor, but Anne. She was left a widow till 1473, nine years after Edward had married Elizabeth Woodville.

* De Commynes, tome ii. p. 157.

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We have now accompanied the protector in his career to the 21st of June, the day previous to that which had been fixed upon for the coronation of the young king. On that day London is described, in a remarkable contemporary letter written on the spot, as being in a most agitated state. The writer, who, in a former letter, had urged his correspondent to attend the coronation, where he "would know all the world," now congratulates him on being absent from the metropolis at so alarming a crisis.* From what quarter, — whether from the ambition of the protector, or from the intrigues of the queen and her still powerful faction, — the threatened danger was expected to arrive, no intimation nor hint unfortunately escapes the writer. The quarter, however, from which it was least to be apprehended, seems to have been from Richard himself. Certainly, a few days previously, Richard — styling himself "protector, defender, great chamberlain, constable, and admiral of England" — had addressed an urgent appeal to the mayor and citizens of York, intimating that "the queen, her bloody adherents and affinity, intended, and daily did intend, to destroy him, our cousin the Duke of Buckingham, and the *old royal blood of the realm*," and urging his old friends in the north to send to his aid and assistance as many armed men as they could "defensively array." † But, so far from this appeal having been made with any attempt at concealment, there is evidence that the arrival of an armed force in the metropolis, at the invitation of the protector, was, daily almost, ex-

June 10.

* Letters from Simon Stallworthe to Sir William Stoner, knight, dated severally from London, 9th and 21st June 1483. Stallworthe is presumed to have been an officer in the household, and in the confidence, of John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, at this time lord-chancellor. *Excerpta Historica*, pp. 13, 16.

† Drake's *Eboracum*, p. 111.

been attributed to him ; whether, by earning the title of Richard, he hoped to recover his former position in the State ; or whether, as is possible, may have considered that by putting aside the young king and his brother, he was averting great disasters from his country, must of course be a matter of mere conjecture. According to De Commynes, a desire to advance to a far higher position than his birth entitled him to, an illegitimate son to whom he was much attached, was the principal motive of the bishop. The bishop is said to have aspired to the hand of the most illustrious maiden in the land, the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of England. The bishop abetted the aspirations of his son, and, as a reward for aiding Richard in his designs on the throne, is said to have obtained a promise from him, that so soon as the law should have placed the daughters of the late king to the position of private gentlewomen, his son should marry the princess. In the mean time, the protector took the young king into favour, and sent him on a mission beyond sea. A different fortune, however, awaited him from that which he had anticipated. The ship in which he sailed was captured off the coast of Normandy, and the youth was sent a prisoner to the French capital. Whatever offence may have been the offence with which he was charged, he was examined before the parliament at Paris, and thrown into the prison of the *Petit Châtelet*. Here, it is said, he died of want and neglect. Not improbably, however, some zealous English exile, eager to avert the indignity which threatened the house of Plantagenet, may have found means to induce the functionaries of the prison to shorten, by a more summary process, the existence of the aspiring youth.*

The subsequent story of Bishop Stillington, no less than that of his past career, tends to the conviction

* De Commynes, tome ii. p. 245.

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protector seems to have been regarded, by the majority of his countrymen, as the cause of conservatism and order, and consequently the expected arrival of an armed force in London, at the summons of the chief magistrate, would naturally be regarded by the citizens as a subject for congratulation rather than alarm.

With the exception of the asserted murder of his nephews, there are no two acts of Richard's life which have drawn down upon him a greater amount of obloquy than the execution of Hastings, and the arbitrary seizure of Rivers and Grey. At the time, probably, public opinion was divided as to his conduct. Many, perhaps, taxed him with being merciless if not cruel; while many more, doubtless, acquitted him on the score of his having been impelled by a stern and necessary policy. But, in whatever light his conduct on these occasions may have been regarded by his contemporaries, it may at least be presumed that in the breasts of the queen's relations, and of the followers of the gallant and idolized Hastings, no other feelings could have existed towards him than those of revenge and

murder of the uncle of his sovereign, is of itself a very improbable circumstance. But great doubt even seems to exist whether the treatment which Rivers met with was considered to be undeserved even by himself. For instance, considering the share which Sir William Catesby, as "a great instrument of Richard's crimes" (Hume, vol. iii. p. 287), may be presumed to have had in sending Rivers to the block, we are not a little startled at finding the earl actually selecting him to be one of the executors of his last will. Again, not less curious is the confidence with which Rivers seems to look forward that the protector will see justice done to him after his death. His will proceeds,—“I beseech humbly my lord of Gloucester, in the worship of Christ's passion, and for the merit and weal of his soul, to comfort, help and assist, as supervisor (for very trust) of this testament, that mine executors may with his pleasure fulfill this my last will.”—*Will of Anthony, Earl Rivers*, Excerpt. Hist. p. 218. Surely these are neither the acts nor the language which might be expected from an injured man, towards the persons who he had every reason to believe were bent on consigning him to a cruel death.

only would he seem to have been innocent of all share in reviving the slander, but subsequently, when one of his over-zealous partisans descanted on it from the pulpit, he is said to have been extremely displeased.

There were many other circumstances which favoured Richard in his ambitious designs. The young king was only in his thirteenth year, and, as we have seen, the rule of a minor was anticipated with the greatest apprehension. Richard, on the contrary, was in the prime of life; he had shown himself one of the wisest princes of the age in the cabinet, and one of the most valiant on the field of battle. The barons looked up to him as the principal bulwark against the return of the hateful Woodvilles to power; while the clergy were inclined to uphold him on account of the respect which he had ever manifested for the church, as a founder of public charities, a restorer of churches, and a warm advocate and promoter of the cause of private morality and virtue. It was obviously, we think, to obtain popularity with the clergy, that he compelled the frail, but charitable and warm-hearted Jane Shore, to do penance in the streets of London. Moreover, there were probably many persons who sincerely believed in the asserted illegitimacy of the young king and his brother, as well as in the validity of the attainder which excluded the Earl of Warwick from the succession. Lastly, the selfish interests of mankind were ranged on the side of the protector. The rule of a wise, an experienced, and a vigorous prince was calculated to insure peace and prosperity to the realm; while, on the other hand, should the sceptre be transferred to the young king, puppet as he was likely to prove in the hands of the queen and her kindred, there would in all probability ensue a renewal of those cruel civil contests, which for years had wasted the blood and treasure of the country.

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London alderman not only ranked with the barons of England, but at his decease the same military honours were assigned to both.* The banner and the shield were carried before the corpse; the helmet was laid on the coffin; and the war-horse, with its martial trappings, followed its master to the grave. The prototypes of the aldermen of London of old may be discovered in such men as Sir William Walworth, who felled Wat Tyler to the earth at Smithfield; in Sir John Crosby, who, as a warrior, grasped the hand of the fourth Edward on his landing at Ravenspur, and, as a civilian, played the part of the polished ambassador at the courts of Burgundy and Brittany; and, lastly, in Sir Thomas Sutton, whom we discover encouraging the advancement of letters and superintending the progress of his magnificent foundation, the Charter House, with the same zeal that he had formerly directed the firing of the "great guns" at the siege of Edinburgh.

In the age of which we are writing, not only were the citizens trained to arms, but it required no very great provocation, nor any very imminent danger, to induce the apprentice to fly to seize his club, and the citizen his halberd. "Furious assaults and slaughters" were of no very unfrequent occurrence.† The seizure of the Tower, and the decapitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1381; the sanguinary encounter between the rival companies of the Skinners and Fishmongers in 1399, and the fight between the citizens and the sanctuary-men of St. Martin's-le-Grand in 1454, may be mentioned as passing evidences of the martial spirit which pervaded the age. At the great meeting of the barons in London, in 1458, the lord-mayor, as we have seen, was enabled to patrol the streets, night and day, with a guard of five thousand armed citizens.‡

* Stow's Survey of London, book v. p. 81.

† Ibid. vol. ii., Appendix, p. 7. ‡ See ante, p. 14.

pected by the citizens. Had Richard, then, been as much dreaded and suspected by his fellow-countrymen as the Tudor chroniclers would lead us to believe, surely a contemporary, in communicating to his correspondent a proceeding apparently so singular and fraught with danger, would have coupled it with some expression of apprehension or alarm. But even the well-informed confidential servant of the lord-chancellor can see nothing but what is laudable in the policy of the protector. "It is thought," he writes, "there shall be 20,000 of my lord protector and my lord of Buckingham's men in London this week; to what intent I know not, but to keep the peace."* The dismay, then, which pervaded London on the 21st, may reasonably be attributed, not to any apprehension of the protector, but to the expectation of an approaching outbreak on the part of the queen and "her bloody adherents and affinity." That such a plot really existed, we have not only the uncontradicted assertion of Richard himself, but the fact seems to account for, and perhaps to justify, the summary trial and execution of Rivers, and of two others of the queen's relations, Sir Richard Grey and Sir Thomas Vaughan †, who were beheaded, in the sight of the people, only a day or two afterwards at Pomfret.‡ On the other hand, the cause of the pro-

July 23.

* Excerpt. Hist. p. 17.

† Sir Thomas Vaughan was nearly related to the Woodvilles, a significant circumstance which Miss Halsted has pointed out in her *Life of Richard III.* vol. ii. p. 55, note.

‡ Rous, *Hist. Reg. Ang.* pp. 213-4; *Croyl. Chron. Cont.* p. 489. Rivers' will is dated at the castle of Sheriff-Hutton, 23rd June, and it seems to have been immediately afterwards that he was arraigned and tried before Henry Earl of Northumberland, and forthwith sent to execution. That a brave and respectable nobleman like Northumberland, one, moreover, who was bound by all the ties of gratitude and loyalty to maintain the rights of the young king, should have consented to preside at the mock trial and cruel

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not of the justice, at least of the popularity of his cause. At a time, when there was "much trouble, each man doubting the other," * surely Richard would never have dared to publish his designs on the crown unless the public had apprehended danger from some other quarter than Crosby Place, or unless the majority of the influential citizens had looked up to him as, in every sense of the word, their protector.

The means which Richard adopted to give publicity to his intended usurpation, were characteristic of the age and of the man. According to previous invitation, a numerous meeting of the citizens took place on Sunday, the 22nd of June, in the large open space in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. The orator selected to harangue them was an eminent popular preacher of the day, Dr. Raaf Shaw, brother of Sir Edmund Shaw, lord-mayor of London. The spot from which he addressed the people was the celebrated Paul's Cross. Choosing for his text the words, "Bastard slips shall not take deep root," † he not only insisted on the illegitimacy of the young king and his brother, but is said to have had the boldness to descant upon the assumed frailty of the illustrious lady of whom Richard was the eleventh child. The late king and the late Duke of Clarence he affirmed to be bastards: Richard alone he declared to be the true heir of the late Duke of York. The lord protector, he said, represented in his lineaments "the very face" of the noble duke his father; he was "the same undoubted image, the express likeness, of that noble duke." According to Sir Thomas More, it had been preconcerted between the protector and the preacher, that, at this moment, the former should present himself, as if by

* Excerpt. Hist. p. 16.

† "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips, nor lay any fast foundation."—*Book of Wisdom*, iv. 3.

indignation. Yet, on the contrary, strange as it may appear, the contents of the valuable letter, to which we are so much indebted, induce us to arrive at an almost opposite conclusion. Not only are we informed that Lord Lisle, brother to the queen's first husband, Sir John Grey, has "come to my lord protector and waits upon him,"* but also that the followers of Hastings had actually entered the service of the protector's chief ally and abettor, the Duke of Buckingham.†

That, by this time, Richard had secretly sounded the views of many of the most influential of the lords spiritual and temporal, and had obtained their approval of his aspiring to the crown, there cannot, we think, exist a doubt. But he had yet to obtain the sanction and concurrence of that once important and formidable body of men, the magistrates and citizens of London. To obtain their suffrages, therefore,—to accustom them to that formal assertion of his rights which he was on the eve of submitting to parliament,—to propound to them the defective title of his nephew on the ground of illegitimacy, as well as the evils which the rule of a minor was certain to entail on the commonwealth,—were now the policy of the protector.

In order clearly to understand the relative position of Richard and the citizens of London, it becomes necessary, in the first place, to divest ourselves of the prejudices of the age in which we live. For instance, the worthy alderman of the present day has no more in common with the alderman of the middle ages, than the easy peer who, in the nineteenth century, wears the garter at a drawing-room at St. James's, has in common with the stalwart warriors who, at Cressy and Agincourt, won the proudest military order in Christendom. In the middle ages, a

* Excerpt. Hist. p. 17.

† Ibid.

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the good ordering of his words, but not for the intent and purpose, the which thereupon ensued." * Even Sir Thomas More admits that Buckingham delivered himself with "such grace and eloquence, that never so ill a subject was handled with so much oratory." †

If the further account of the illustrious lord-chancellor is to be credited, the eloquence of Buckingham, powerful as it was, fell flat upon the assembled citizens; only "some of the protector's and the duke's servants—some of the city apprentices and the rabble that had crowded into the hall—crying, *King Richard! King Richard!* and throwing up their hats in token of joy." According to the same authority, the proposition to put the young king aside, in favour of his uncle, was received by the multitude with positive lamentations. "The assembly," he writes, "broke up; the most part of them with weeping eyes and aching hearts, though they were forced to hide their tears and their sorrows as much as possible, for fear of giving offence, which had been dangerous." ‡

But, whatever may have been the feelings with which the citizens listened to the arguments of Buckingham, nothing can be more certain than that the first persons in the realm regarded it as sufficiently satisfactory to justify them in making the protector a formal offer of the crown. "The barons and commons," says Buck, "with one general dislike of, and an universal negative voice, refused the sons of King Edward; not for any ill-will or malice, but for their disabilities and incapacities. The opinions of those times, too, held them not legitimate, and the Queen Elizabeth Grey, or Woodville, no lawful wife, nor yet a woman worthy to be the king's wife, by reason of her extreme unequal quality. For these and other

* Fabyan's Chronicles, p. 669.

† Sir T. More's Edward V. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 499.

‡ Ibid.

Moreover, since then, the civil war had drained the resources and lessened the military power of the barons, while the strength and importance of the towns had increased instead of having diminished. Considering its extent, and the martial spirit which distinguished its inhabitants, at no time during the civil wars would a military occupation of London have been practicable. Neither Edward IV. nor Queen Margaret, in the days of their respective triumphs, had dared to oppose the citizens by force of arms. When the latter, after the second battle of St. Albans, approached the metropolis at the head of a victorious army, a simple intimation from the lord-mayor that the citizens were unfriendly to her cause, was sufficient to check her progress. Again, when Edward entered London in 1471, it was not at the head of the army, which a few days afterwards he led to victory at Barnet, but, by the favour of the principal citizens, through a postern-gate. The Bastard Falconbridge alone had dared to attempt to take the capital by assault, and, after a fierce and bloody contest, found himself signally defeated at every point.

Such, then, being the military strength of London, and such the martial ardour of the citizens, surely the protector, unsupported as he was by any considerable armed force, would never have contemplated the bold step which he was about to take, unless he had previously satisfied himself that the commonalty was in his favour. The fact, too, of his throwing off the mask before the expected arrival of his reinforcements from York; the circumstance, moreover, of his doing so at a time when London was in a state of panic, which it was clearly his policy not to augment, but to allay; and, lastly, his selecting the very day on which the disappointed citizens had expected to regale themselves with the sight of a coronation,—seem to afford convincing evidence how persuaded Richard was, if

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had convened to do him honour. According to Sir Thomas More, it was not till after much importunity, and not without great apparent reluctance, that the protector was prevailed upon to receive the deputation, and to listen to their arguments and persuasions. The statement is probably correct. No one could be more aware than the protector of the fickleness and uncertainty of popular favour. He knew that the day would probably arrive in which his conduct to his nephews would be charged against him as a crime. What could be more natural, then, than that he should have shrunk from being the only traitor? In the day when he might be called upon for his defence, he would be enabled to plead that his advisers and abettors had been the noblest and wisest in the land; that when he accepted a crown, it was contrary to his own wishes and better judgment, and solely in deference to the solicitations of the "lords spiritual and temporal," and "for the public weal and tranquillity of the land." *

Glouc. Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no.

* Previously to his coronation, a roll containing certain articles was presented to him on behalf of the three estates of the realm, "by many and divers lords spiritual and temporal," and other nobles and commons, to which he, "for the public weal and tranquillity of the land, benignly assented."—*Rot. Parl.* vol. vi. p. 240. "It was set forth," writes the Croyland continuator, "by way of prayer, in a certain roll of parchment, that the sons of King Edward were bastards, on the ground that he had contracted a marriage with one Lady Eleanor Boteler, before his marriage to Queen Elizabeth; added to which, the blood of his other brother, George Duke of Clarence, had been attainted; so that, at the present time, no certain and uncorrupted lineal blood could be found of Richard Duke of York, except in the person of the said Richard Duke of Gloucester. For which reason he was *entreated*, at the end of the said roll, *on part of the lords and commons of the realm*, to assume his lawful rights."—*Croyl. Chron. Cont.* p. 489.

accident, to the people, when it was hoped that "the multitude, taking the doctor's words as proceeding from divine inspiration, would have been induced to cry out, *God save King Richard!*"* If this clap-trap device was really projected by Richard and his partisans, it signally failed; the protector, according to Sir Thomas More, not making his appearance at the happy moment, and the preacher being put to such utter confusion, that he shortly afterwards died of grief and remorse. Our own conviction, however, is that the story is altogether apocryphal. Not only was so paltry an artifice incompatible with the protector's admitted sagacity and strong sense, but we search in vain for any corroboration of it by contemporary writers. The fact is a significant one, that Fabyan—who, as a citizen of London, was not unlikely to have listened to Dr. Shaw's sermon—should, on the one hand, substantiate the important circumstance of the preacher having impugned the legitimacy of the children of Edward IV., and yet should make no allusion to any slur having been thrown on the reputation of the Duchess of York.†

On the 24th of June, two days after Dr. Shaw had advocated the protector's claims at St. Paul's, a still more important meeting took place in the Guildhall of the city of London. The principal orator on this occasion was the Duke of Buckingham, who brought into play, in favour of the protector, all the influence which he possessed as a prince of the blood, as well as the powerful eloquence for which his contemporaries have given him credit. "Many a wise man that day," writes Fabyan, " marvelled and commended him for

* Sir T. More's *Edward V.* in Kennet, vol. i. p. 497; More's *Hist. of Richard III.* p. 101.

† Fabyan's *Chronicles*, p. 669. This writer informs us that Shaw was a man famous in his day, "both of his learning and also of natural wit."—*Ibid.*

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one Fogg, who, having given him grievous offence, had sought refuge in sanctuary, and, taking him graciously by the hand in the face of the multitude, assured him of his forgiveness.* From the great hall he proceeded to the abbey, at the door of which he was met by the abbot of Westminster, who presented to him the sceptre of King Edward. He then ascended, and offered at the shrine of St. Edward; after which — accompanied by the principal ecclesiastics in procession, with the monks singing *Te Deum* — he quitted the abbey to take possession of the neighbouring palace of the Confessor.

June 26.

Thus, at the age of thirty years and eight months, and after the lapse of only two months and seventeen days from the date of his brother Edward's death, was Richard of Gloucester advanced to the supreme power. If he obtained his ends by means of dissimulation and crime, he had at least the excuse that he had in all probability averted the horrors of civil war, and that his usurpation had been encouraged and abetted, not only by the lords spiritual and temporal, but by the commons of England. Usurpation is usually accompanied by military violence; but it was the suffrage, not the sword, which elevated Richard to the throne. True it is, that, at his earnest request, the citizens of York had despatched an armed force to his assistance; but as it was not till after the 23rd of July, the day on which Rivers was beheaded, that they marched from Pomfret †, they could not have arrived in London till after the 26th, the day on which Richard had been solemnly and peacefully invested with the sovereign power. Moreover, as we have already suggested, this force, in all probability, was intended, not to overawe, but to co-operate with, the citizens of London, in the event of a rising on

* Sir T. More's Richard III. p. 125.

† Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 489.

causes, the barons and prelates unanimously cast their election upon the protector, as the most worthiest and nearest, by the experience of his own deservings and the strength of his alliance." *

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Accordingly, on the very day after the meeting at Guildhall, the Duke of Buckingham, "accompanied by many of the chief lords and other grave and learned persons," was admitted to an audience with the protector in the "great chamber" of Baynard's Castle, then the residence of his venerable mother, the Duchess of York.† In the courtyard of the castle were assembled the aldermen of London and a large body of the citizens, whom the lord-mayor, Sir Edmund Shaw ‡, one of the protector's most devoted partisans,

25 June.

* Buck's Life of Richard III. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 523.

† The fact of Richard having received the deputation under his mother's roof, instead of at his own residence, Crosby Place, appears to us as doubly curious. In the first place, it tends to the supposition that the duchess preferred the claims of her youngest son, Richard, to those of her grandsons; and, in the next place, it goes far to give the lie to the cruel charge, which has been brought against the protector, that he sanctioned the foul aspersions which the preacher Shaw had cast on the fair fame of his mother. "Is it, can it be credible," writes Lord Orford, "that Richard actuated a venal preacher to declare to the people from the pulpit at St. Paul's that his mother had been an adulteress, and that her two eldest sons, Edward IV. and the Duke of Clarence, were spurious, and that the good lady had not given a legitimate child to her husband but the protector, and, I suppose, the Duchess of Suffolk?"—*Hist. Doubts*, Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii. pp. 131, 200.

‡ This munificent and respectable citizen was a member of the Goldsmiths' Company. Besides rebuilding "the old gate called Cripplegate, at his own expense" (*Stow*, book i. p. 18), he founded and endowed a free school at Stockport, in Cheshire (*Ibid.* book v. p. 60). Six months after Richard's elevation to the throne, we find him selling to Shaw, whom he calls his merchant, a considerable portion of his plate, viz. 275 lbs. 4 oz. of troy weight. The amount received by Richard was 550*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, which was paid, on the 23rd December 1483, to Mr. Edmund Chatterton, treasurer of the king's chamber. A list of the articles sold may be found in *Stow's "Survey."* *Ibid.* book v. p. 124.

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of Rochester, Bath, Durham, Exeter, and Norwich, forgot the oaths of allegiance which they had so recently taken to Edward V., and scrupled not to sanction and grace the pageant by their presence.

July 6.

On the following day, a far more gorgeous procession passed from the great hall at Westminster to the neighbouring abbey. First issued forth the trumpets and clarions, the sergeants-at-arms, and the heralds and pursuivants carrying the king's armorial insignia. Then came the bishops with the mitres on their heads, and the abbots with their croziers in their hands; Audley, Bishop of Rochester, bearing the cross before Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury. Next followed the Earl of Northumberland carrying the pointless sword of mercy; Lord Stanley bearing the mass; the Duke of Suffolk with the sceptre; the Earl of Lincoln with the cross and globe, and the Earls of Kent and Surrey, and Lord Lovel, carrying other swords of state. Before the king walked the Earl Marshal of England, the Duke of Norfolk, bearing the crown, and immediately after him followed Richard himself, gorgeously arrayed in robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine, with a coat and surcoat of crimson satin. Over his head was borne a rich canopy supported by the barons of the Cinque Ports. On one side of him walked Stillington, Bishop of Bath, and on the other, Dudley, Bishop of Durham: the Duke of Buckingham held up his train. The procession was closed by a long train of earls and barons.

After the procession of the king followed that of his queen, Anne Neville. The Earl of Huntingdon bore her sceptre; the Viscount Lisle the rod and dove; and the Earl of Wiltshire her crown. Then came the queen herself, habited in robes of purple velvet furred with ermine, having "on her head a circlet of gold

ingent, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son to King Edward III.

I must have patience to endure the load :
 But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof :
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

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King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 7.

Thus the protector coquetted, so long as it was safe and decent, with his proffered greatness. At length, being assured by Buckingham that the barons and commons of England would on no account consent to be ruled over by the sons of Edward IV., and, furthermore, that, if he persisted in refusing the crown, they would be compelled to look out for some other "worthy person" to be their sovereign, the heart of the protector is said to have gradually relented, and in a short speech, distinguished by humility and piety, he consented to wield the sceptre of the Plantagenets. "With this," says Sir Thomas More, "there was a great shout, saying, *King Richard! King Richard!* And then the lords went up to the king, and the people departed, talking diversely of the matter, every man as his fantasy gave him." *

The following day the protector was proclaimed in the cities of London and Westminster by the title of King Richard III. The same day, having the Duke of Norfolk on his right hand, and the Duke of Suffolk on his left, he ascended the marble seat in Westminster Hall, and from thence delivered a gracious speech to his assembled subjects: Having ordered the judges to be summoned into his presence, he exhorted them to administer the laws with diligence and justice; he pronounced a free pardon for all offences committed against himself, and ordered a general amnesty to be proclaimed throughout the land. He even sent for

June 26.

* Sir T. More's *Richard III.* p. 123.

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office of state-carver; Thomas Lord Scrope of Upsal, that of cup-bearer; Lord Lovel, during the entertainment, stood before the king, "two esquires lying under the board at the king's feet." On each side of the queen stood a countess with a plaisance, or napkin, for her use. Over the head of each was held a canopy supported by peers and peeresses. The guests consisted of the cardinal archbishop, the lord-chancellor, the prelates, the judges and nobles of the land, and the lord-mayor and principal citizens of London.* The ladies sat by themselves on the side of a long table in the middle of the hall. As soon as the second course was put on the table, the king's champion, Sir Robert Dymoke, rode into the hall; "his horse being trapped with white silk and red, and himself in white harness; the heralds of arms standing upon a stage among all the company. Then the king's champion rode up before the king, asking, before all the people, if there was any man would say against King Richard III. why he should not pretend to the crown. And when he had so said, all the hall cried *King Richard!* all with one voice. And when this was done, anon one of the lords brought unto the champion a covered cup full of red wine, and so he took the cup and uncovered it, and drank thereof. And when he had done, anon he cast out the wine, and covered the cup again; and making his obeysance to the king, turned his horse

* The lord-mayor, according to ancient usage, served the king and queen with wine at the banquet, as chief butler of England. "And the same mayor, after dinner ended, offered to the said lord the king wine in a gold cup, with a golden vial [cum fiolâ aureâ] full of water to temper the wine. And after the wine was taken by the lord king, the mayor retained the said cup and vial of gold to his own proper use. In like manner, the mayor offered to the queen, after the feast ended, wine in a golden cup, with a gold vial full of water. And after wine taken by the said queen, she gave the cup with the vial to the mayor, according to the privileges, liberties, and customs of the city of London, in such cases used."—*Stow's Survey of London*, book v. pp. 153-4.

the part of the Woodvilles and their friends. A city, which was able to protect itself, daily and nightly, with a military patrol of 5000 men, had little to apprehend from men, who, as the chronicler informs us, were so "evil apparelled and worse harnessed," that, when they assembled at muster in Finsbury Fields*, the citizens of London used to laugh them to scorn. Thus, not only on the part of the lay and spiritual lords, but on the part of the commonalty, we search in vain for evidence that the usurpation of Richard provoked the disapprobation, much less the indignation, of his countrymen.

If further proof were wanted that his usurpation was sanctioned by his subjects, we may point to the great concourse of holy and high-born men who flocked to do honour to him at his coronation. Never had a more splendid or more solemn pageant been witnessed on a similar occasion. When, on the day previous to the ceremony,—preceded by heralds, and trumpets and clarions,—he rode forth from under the gloomy portal of the Tower of London, there followed in his train three dukes, nine earls, and twenty-two barons, in addition to a countless array of knights and esquires. The sanction which the city of London gave to his usurpation was manifested by the lord-mayor, and the aldermen in their scarlet robes, riding in the procession. That the Church, also, looked upon him as the anointed of the Lord, is proved by the array of mitres and croziers which swelled his triumph on reaching Westminster. The exact number of prelates who were present we know not. Certain, however, it is, that, in addition to the Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury,—himself a Plantagenet on the mother's side, and great-grandson of Edward III.†—the Bishops

July 5

* Hall, p. 375.

† The archbishop was the son of William de Bourchier, created by Henry V. Earl of Ewe in Normandy, by the Lady Anne Plan-

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THE GREATNESS AND THE SIN OF RICHARD OF
GLOUCESTER.

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THE conduct of Richard III. on ascending the throne of the Plantagenets, was such as to hold out every promise to his subjects of a just, happy, and prosperous reign. Addressing himself to the barons, after his coronation, he enjoined them to insure good government in their several counties, and to see that none of his subjects were wronged.* He himself occasionally presided in person in the courts of law. He won the hearts of his subjects by mingling familiarly with them, and addressing them in kind and encouraging language. He performed a highly popular act by disforesting a large tract of land at Witchwood, which his brother Edward had enclosed as a deer-forest.† Again, when London, and certain counties, offered him a benevolence, he refused it, saying, "I would rather have your hearts than your money."‡

He had not only released from imprisonment and pardoned Lord Stanley, but he appointed him Lord High Steward of his household. He released the title and estates of the late Lord Hastings from attainder and forfeiture; securing the possession of them to his widow, the sister of the great Earl of Warwick, whom he engaged to protect and defend as her good and gracious sovereign lord, and "to suffer none to do her

* Sir T. More's Edward V. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 501.

† Rous, Hist. Ang. Reg. p. 216; Sandford, Gen. Hist. book v. p. 434.

‡ Rous, ut supra, p. 216; Camden's Remains, p. 353.

with many precious stones set therein." Over her head was borne a "cloth of estate." On one side of her walked Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter; on the other, Goldwell, Bishop of Norwich. A princess of the blood, the celebrated Margaret Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., supported her train. After the queen walked the king's sister, Elizabeth Duchess of Suffolk, having "on her head a circlet of gold;" and, after her, followed the Duchess of Norfolk and a train of high-born ladies, succeeded by another train of knights and esquires.*

Entering the abbey at the great west door, the king and queen "took their seats of state, staying till divers holy hymns were sung," when they ascended to the high altar, where the ceremony of anointment took place. Then "the king and queen put off their robes, and there stood all naked from the middle upwards, and anon the bishops anointed both the king and queen." This ceremony having been performed, they exchanged their mantles of purple velvet for robes of cloth of gold, and were solemnly crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the other bishops. The archbishop subsequently performed high mass, and administered the holy communion to the king and queen; after which they offered at St. Edward's shrine, where the king laid down King Edward's crown and put on another, and so returned to Westminster Hall in the same state they came.†

The banquet, which took place at four o'clock in the great hall, is described as having been magnificent in the extreme. The king and queen were served on dishes of gold and silver; Lord Audley performed the

* MS. in the Harleian collection, quoted in Brayley and Britton's History of the Palace of Westminster, pp. 332-3; Excerpta Historica, p. 380, &c.; Buck's Richard III. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 526; Hall, pp. 375, 376.

† Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 526; Excerpta Hist. pp. 381-2.

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leaving behind him no military force to support his authority in the event of danger.

In the north, his former good government had been fully appreciated, and his person regarded with affection.* Scarcely three months had elapsed since he bade farewell to his friends as Duke of Gloucester, and a mere subject like themselves. It was not unnatural, therefore, that he should avail himself of the earliest opportunity of displaying to them "the high and kingly station" which in the mean time he had acquired.†

At Oxford the new king was received with that reverence and enthusiasm which this loyal university has ever been accustomed to display towards the sovereign of the hour. At the entrance to the city he was met by the chancellor and the heads of the colleges. The Bishops of Durham, Worcester, St. Asaph, and St. David's, the Earls of Lincoln and Surrey, Lord Lovel, Lord Stanley, Lord Audley, Lord Beauchamp, and other nobles, swelled his train. Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, conducted him to the royal apartments in Magdalen College, of which that eminent prelate was the founder.‡ At Gloucester, the city from which he had derived his ducal title, he was received with the heartiest welcome. Thus far he had been attended by the princely and the ambitious Buckingham; and here, in "most loving and trusty manner," they took leave of each other.§ At Tewkesbury, Richard again stood on the memorable battle-field which had witnessed the chivalry of his boyhood, and where he had established his military reputation.

August 8. At Warwick he was joined by his gentle queen, and

* Surtees' Hist. of Durham, vol. iv. p. 66; Drake's Eboracum, pp. 118, 120.

† Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 490.

‡ Wood's Hist. of Oxford, by Gutch, vol. i. p. 639; Chalmers' Hist. of Oxford, p. 210.

§ Sir T. More's Richard III. p. 137.

about, and rode through the hall, with his cup in his right hand, and that he had for his labour." Then Garter king-at-arms, supported by eighteen other heralds, advanced before the king, and solemnly proclaimed his style and titles. No single untoward accident seems to have marred the harmony or splendour of the day. When at length it began to close, the hall was illuminated by a "great light of wax torches and torchets," apparently the signal for the king and queen to retire. Accordingly, wafers and hippocras having been previously served, Richard and his consort rose up and departed to their private apartments in the palace.*

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* Harl. MS. ut supra; Excerpta Hist. pp. 382-3.

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been represented. But, on the other hand, when, on these solemn occasions, we not only find the Archbishops of Canterbury and York countenancing his usurpation by their presence, but receiving and sanctifying his coronation-oath, administering to him the Holy Sacrament, and granting him absolution for his sins, surely it is more reasonable and more agreeable to believe that these reverend prelates regarded his recent acts as justified by circumstances or by necessity, than that in their hearts they should have held him an abandoned murderer and oppressor, and therefore, by abetting his crimes and invoking the blessing of Heaven on his reign, have rendered themselves as culpable as he was himself.

Not the least interesting figure that walked in procession at the second coronation of Richard III., was his only legitimate offspring, a child ten years of age, Edward Earl of Warwick. In his hand the boy held a rod of gold; his brows supported a demi-crown, the appointed head-dress on such state occasions for the heir to the throne of England. The queen, his mother, walked by his side, holding him by her left hand. In this promising child were centred all the hopes and fears of his ambitious sire. Through his means he trusted to bequeath a sceptre which would descend to generations of kings. He loved him as he seems to have loved no other being on earth. For that child he had watched and toiled and intrigued till he found the sceptre within his grasp: and, lastly, it was for his aggrandizement, apparently, that he was subsequently induced to commit that fearful and memorable crime which has handed down his name, branded with the crime of murder, to succeeding generations. How inscrutable are the dispensations of Providence! On the day of his second coronation, the fond father, surrounded by the most powerful and the wisest in the land, had

wrong."* He listened complacently to a petition from the university of Cambridge, in favour of their chancellor, the Archbishop of York, whom, at their solicitation, he released from confinement. He even liberated from the Tower one of the most active and powerful of his enemies, Morton, Bishop of Ely; contenting himself with committing him to the safe keeping of the Duke of Buckingham, by whom the bishop was honourably entertained at his castle of Brecknock. Of his former friends, and of those who had served him faithfully, not one, it is said, was left unrewarded, much less forgotten. John Lord Howard was created Duke of Norfolk, and appointed earl marshal and admiral of England and Ireland. His son, Sir Thomas Howard, was created Earl of Surrey and invested with the Garter. The Duke of Buckingham, who of all men had been chiefly instrumental in elevating Richard to the throne, was awarded the princely lordships and lands of the De Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, and the lucrative stewardship of many of the crown manors. He was also appointed constable of England and governor of the royal castles in Wales. William Viscount Berkeley was created Earl of Nottingham, and Francis Lord Lovel appointed chamberlain of the household, constable of the castle of Wallingford, and chief butler of England.

On the 23rd July, King Richard set forth from Windsor on a magnificent progress through the middle and northern counties of England. That, only seventeen days after his coronation, he should have considered it safe to leave the capital unawed by his presence, evinces the confidence which he must have felt in the goodwill, if not in the affections, of his subjects. Moreover, he had previously sent back his northern army with presents to their homes, thus

* Harl. MSS. 433, p. 108, quoted in S. Turner's Middle Ages, vol. iv. p. 27.

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not, necessarily, either ungenerous or ungrateful. Fallen greatness, more especially when associated with innocence and youth, can scarcely fail, even among the fiercest and most selfish, to attract commiseration. Of the peers and prelates who had preferred and exalted Richard of Gloucester to be their sovereign, not one probably had anticipated that the young prince whom they deposed would be exposed to personal danger and discomfort; and still less that he should be doomed to that miserable and mysterious fate which has since aroused the curiosity and the pity of centuries. Up to the day of his deposition Edward V. had been attended with all the respect and ceremony due to the heir of the Plantagenets. But from that time no tidings of him had transpired beyond his dark prison-house in the Tower. Of the peers and prelates who, on the 4th of May, had knelt and paid homage to him, not one probably could have told how fared it with the unoffending children of their late master,—whether they were immured in the dungeons of the Tower, or whether even a darker fate might have befallen them.

Nor was it only in the halls of the great that the mysterious fate of the young princes was a subject of interest and curiosity, but by degrees it excited general anxiety. Gradually rumours got abroad, which attributed to the darkest motives the king's seclusion of his nephews from the light of heaven. Since the day of Richard's coronation, the young princes had been beheld by no human eye but those of their keepers and attendants. Accordingly, in many places, and especially in the southern and western counties, secret meetings were held with the object of effecting their release from imprisonment, and, if possible, of restoring young Edward to the throne of his ancestors. Among other suggestions, it was proposed that one or more of the daughters of the late king should be conveyed in disguise out of the sanctuary at Westminster, and transported into foreign

here in the halls of the dead Kingmaker, under the roof of which she was born, he received the ambassador of Isabella of Castile, as well as the envoys of the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy, who came to congratulate him on his accession. On the 15th of August we find him at Coventry, on the 17th at Leicester, and on the 22nd at Nottingham.

But it was reserved for the city of York to witness his crowning triumph. His visit to the ancient city was celebrated by the inhabitants with banquets, pageants, and every description of rejoicing and festivity.* The clergy and the nobles seem to have vied with each other who could do him the greatest honour. Here, whether from a desire to gratify his northern friends, — whether from a yearning for popularity, or perhaps from some sounder motive of policy, — he caused himself to be a second time crowned. The ceremony was performed in the noble cathedral by Rotheram, Archbishop of York, with scarcely less pomp and magnificence, than when Cardinal Bouchier had placed the crown on his head in the abbey of Westminster.† Richard may possibly have been not only the unprincipled usurper, but the atrocious criminal, which he has

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* Richard would seem to have been extremely anxious to meet with a hearty and princely reception from the city of York. Accordingly, on the 23rd of August, we find his secretary, John Kendale, writing to the lord-mayor and aldermen of that important city: "This I advise you, as laudably as your wisdom can imagine, to receive him and the queen at his coming, as well with pageants and with such good speeches, as can goodly, this short warning considered, be devised; and under such form as Master Lancaster, of the king's council, this bringer shall somewhat advertise you of my mind in that behalf; as in hanging the streets, through which the king's grace shall come, with cloths of arras, tapestry-work and other, for there come many southern lords and men of worship with them, which will mark greatly your receiving their graces."—*Drake's Ebor.* p. 116.

† Hall's Chron. p. 380; Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 527; Drake's Eboracum, p. 117.

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wealth and honour,—should league himself with his deadliest foes, and, to use the king's own expressive words, prove the "most untrue creature living,"* appears to have wounded and disturbed the usurper more than any other event of his life. Hollow, indeed, did it prove the ground to be on which he stood. If Buckingham could desert him, who, of all the others who had sworn fidelity to him on his coronation day, were likely to prove more grateful or more true? Henceforth it was evident that safety and success must depend upon his own watchful sagacity, his indomitable courage and masterly talents.

Buckingham's apostasy has been attributed to different motives. According to some accounts he was dissatisfied with the manner in which his services had been rewarded; according to others, he aimed at the deposition of Richard and gaining the crown for himself. Little more than three months had elapsed since he had cheerfully carried the white staff at the coronation of Richard; little more than two months since, apparently on the most loving terms, they had bidden farewell to each other at Gloucester. Assuredly this was a very short period to revolutionize the principles and policy even of the most mercurial of statesmen and the falsest of friends. The probability we consider to be—and the supposition accords with the state of reaction in the public mind in favour of the young princes,—that the principal, if not the sole, cause of Buckingham's defalcation, was that which he himself assigned to Morton, Bishop of Ely, at Brecknock. "When," he said, "I was credibly informed of the death of the two young innocents, his (Richard's) own natural nephews, contrary to his faith and promise,—to the which, God

* Letter from the king to the Lord Chancellor Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, dated Lincoln, 12th October.—*Kennet's Complete Hist.* vol. i. p. 532, note.

solemnly created his son Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. And yet, less than seven months from that day of triumph, the innocent object of aspirations so high, and of greatness so ill-gotten, was numbered with the dead.

Hitherto Richard's conduct from the time of his accession had been not only blameless, but laudable. His progress had everywhere been marked by popular and beneficent acts. The anxiety which he showed to redress the wrongs of his subjects, and to insure an impartial administration of the laws, has been especially recorded. "Thanked be Jesu," writes the secretary Kendale, "the king's grace is in good health, as is likewise the queen's grace: and in all their progress have been worshipfully received with pageants and other, &c. &c.; and his lords and judges, in every place, sitting determining the complaints of poor folks, with due punishment of offenders against his laws."*

Hitherto also his progress, like his reign, had been prosperous and tranquil. On his arrival at Lincoln, however, rumours appear to have reached him which occasioned him the deepest anxiety. Although the nobles and prelates of England, whether from fear or from motives of political expediency, had preferred Richard of Gloucester to be their sovereign, there must necessarily have been many among them who were indebted either for their coronets or their mitres to the great king whom they had so recently followed to the tomb, and to whom therefore the welfare of his unoffending offspring must have been a matter of interest. Men, in that turbulent age, may have set little value on human life. They may have been fierce in their revenge, and unscrupulous in seizing the property of their adversaries; but, on the other hand, they were

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* Drake's Ebor. p. 116.

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but at once set the opinion of the world at defiance, by acknowledging that his unhappy nephews had passed away from the earth.* Certainly, if he sought to silence the clamour and stifle the plots of the partisans of the young princes, by demonstrating to them how idle it was to struggle any longer for rights which the grave had swallowed up, the policy of Richard is rendered intelligible. But, on the other hand, it was scarcely less certain that the announcement of the premature deaths of two young and unoffending children, would not only lend weight to the suspicions of foul play which were already prevalent, but would call up a storm of indignation against which no monarch, however despotic, or insensible to the opinion of his subjects, could expect long to contend.

Such, in fact, proved to be the result. The increasing conviction in men's minds, that the innocent princes had met with a cruel and untimely end, excited deep and almost universal commiseration. According to the chronicler Grafton, "When the fame of this detestable act was revealed and demulged through the whole realm, there fell generally such a dolour and inward sorrow into the hearts of all the people, that, all fear of his cruelty set aside, they in every town, street, and place, openly wept and piteously sobbed."† Moreover, notwithstanding her former unpopularity, men's minds could scarcely fail to sympathize with the sorrow-stricken widow of Edward IV., who only a few months previously had watched over the death-bed of a beloved husband, had mourned the tragical fate of a brother and a son, and who was now called upon to bewail the deaths of two other children, her pride, her comfort, and her hope. When the sad tidings were conveyed

* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 119; Polydore Virgil, lib. xxv. p. 694.

† Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 119.

parts. Thus, should any "fatal mishap" have befallen the young princes, the crown might yet be transmitted in the direct line to the heirs of the house of York.*

By degrees these meetings in favour of the young princes began to be more openly held and much more numerous attended. Of course, so jealous and vigilant a monarch as Richard could not long be kept in ignorance of their existence. Accordingly, he no sooner discovered the storm which was gathering than he prepared to encounter it with the energy and resolution which characterized him in every emergency. From the extraordinary precautions which he took to prevent the escape of the young princesses from the sanctuary at Westminster, we are inclined to think either that the male heirs of King Edward's body had already been put to death, or else that their immediate destruction had been resolved upon. According to a contemporary writer, — "The noble church of the monks at Westminster, and all the neighbouring parts, assumed the appearance of a castle and fortress; while men of the greatest austerity were appointed by Richard to act as keepers thereof. The captain and head of these was John Nesfield, esquire, who set a watch upon all the inlets and outlets of the monastery, so that not one of the persons there shut up could go forth, and no one could enter, without his permission." †

The usurper was probably congratulating himself, that, by his vigorous precautions, he had averted the perils which beset his throne, when, to his exceeding astonishment, he received intelligence that the Duke of Buckingham had entered into a secret alliance with his enemies. That Buckingham, — his accomplice, his chief adviser, his friend and confidant, — he who of all others had been most instrumental in placing the crown on his head, and on whom in return he had lavished

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 491.

† Ibid.

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“that we should learn to die, for I fear our days in this world will not be long.”*

The brief details related by Molinet are, moreover, curiously corroborative of the more recent, but more celebrated, narrative of Sir Thomas More.† Both writers agree in their accounts of the state of dejection into which the elder prince had sunk; both agree in regard to a more important, and much disputed point, the exact date at which the murders were committed. According to Sir Thomas More, the young princes, from the time of their uncle's usurpation, had been stripped of all the appurtenances of royalty. From that day till the “traitorous deed” was accomplished, the young king anticipated the worst. “Alas!” he is said to have exclaimed, “would that mine uncle would let me have my life, though I lose my kingdom!” Immured together in close confinement, deprived of the familiar faces of their former attendants, guarded by common gaolers, and with only one grim attendant,

* *Chroniques de Jean Molinet*, in Bnchon's *Chron. Nat. Franc.* tom. xliv. p. 402. In a contemporary letter, dated 21st June 1483, the younger prince is described as being, “blessed be Jesu, merry.” *Excerpt. Hist.* p. 17.

† That Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III.* is highly tinged by party prejudice, and that many errors and inaccuracies are to be found in it, it would be useless to deny. Nevertheless, the work must always be held of great authority and importance, not only from the circumstance of Sir Thomas having lived so near to the times of which he wrote, and from the excellent means which he had of acquiring the truest information, but because it is impossible to believe that the great and upright lord-chancellor—he who suffered martyrdom for the sake of religion—would knowingly and willingly falsify historical truth. More, as is well known, was in his youth in the household of Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Morton; and from this and other circumstances, it has sometimes been supposed that the cardinal, in fact, was the author of the work, and More merely the transcriber. After all, however, this is little more than conjecture. See Buck in *Kennet*, vol. i. pp. 546-7; Sir Henry Ellis's *Preface to Hardyng's Chronicle*; *Notes and Queries*, vol. i. p. 105, 2nd Series.

be my judge, I never agreed nor condescended,—how my body trembled, and how my heart inwardly grudged! Insomuch that I so abhorred the sight, and much more the company of him, that I could no longer abide in his court, except I should be openly revenged. The end whereof was doubtful, and so I feigned a cause to depart; and with a merry countenance and a despiteful heart, I took my leave humbly of him; he thinking nothing less than that I was displeased, and so returned to Brecknock.”* As Buckingham was uncle by marriage to the young princes, and as, at this time, he was by far the most powerful subject in the realm, his secession from the cause of the usurper was naturally of the utmost importance to the conspirators. The time, however, for open insurrection had yet to arrive.

Very different from what we might have anticipated was the conduct of Richard, when apprized that his subjects suspected him of foul play towards his nephews and more than murmured their indignation. Presuming the young king and his brother to have been still in existence, surely the true policy of Richard was to have led them forth into the open light of heaven; or, at all events, to have satisfied his subjects, by the testimony of unprejudiced eye-witnesses, that they were still living and in safe and honourable keeping. For instance, when, only a few years later, the world whispered that Henry VII. had secretly put to death the last male heir of the Plantagenets, Edward Earl of Warwick, Henry at once silenced the scandal by causing him to be brought, on a Sunday, “throughout the principal streets of London, to be seen by the people.”† Richard, on the contrary, not only took no steps to give the lie to popular clamour,

* Grafton's Cont. of More, vol. ii. p. 127.

† Lord Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 585.

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P. Richard. How does your lordship ?

P. Edward.

Well, good brother Richard :

How does yourself? You told me your head ached.

P. Richard. Indeed it does, my lord ! feel with your hands
How hot it is !

P. Edward. Indeed you have caught cold,
With sitting yesternight to hear me read ;
I pray thee go to bed, sweet Dick ! poor little heart !

P. Richard. You'll give me leave to wait upon your lordship ?

P. Edward. I had more need, brother, to wait on you ;
For you are sick, and so am not I.

P. Richard. Oh, lord ! methinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave.

P. Edward. I pray thee do not speak of graves, sweet heart ;
Indeed thou frightest me.

P. Richard. Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor teach us,
That when at night we went unto our bed,
We still should think we went unto our grave ?

P. Edward. Yes, that is true,
If we should do as every Christian ought
To be prepared to die at every hour.
But I am heavy.

P. Richard. Indeed so am I.

P. Edward. Then let us to our prayers and go to bed.

Heywood's King Edward IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 5.

Presuming that due confidence is to be placed in the confession said to have been made by Sir James Tyrrell in the following reign, Richard was on his northern progress, and was approaching the neighbourhood of Gloucester, when, for the first time, he allowed his cruel intentions, in regard to his nephews, to transpire. At this time the constable of the Tower was his former friend and devoted adherent, Sir Robert Brakenbury. To Brakenbury, accordingly, the king despatched one of his creatures, John Green, furnishing him with written orders to the constable to put the two princes to death ; the which John Green, we are told, " did his errand unto Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower." In the mean time the king had advanced as far as Warwick, where he was subsequently rejoined by his

to her in the sanctuary, so grievously, we are told, was she "amazed with the greatness of the cruelty," that she fell on the ground in a swoon, and was apparently in the agonies of death. On recovering herself, Elizabeth, in the most pitiable manner, called upon her children by name; bitterly reproaching herself for having been induced to deliver up her youngest son into the hands of his enemies, and wildly invoking the vengeance of heaven on the heads of the murderers of her beloved ones. When, a few months afterwards, Richard was bowed to the earth by the death of his only and beloved child, men, in that superstitious age, naturally traced his great affliction to the execrations of that agonized mother.

The earliest writer, who professes to furnish any details relating to the fate of the young princes, is Jean Molinet, a contemporary, who died in 1507. With few exceptions, the accounts which foreigners give of events which have occurred in England must be received with caution, if not with mistrust. Molinet, however, as librarian to Margaret of Austria and historiographer to the house of Burgundy, may be presumed to have been in a position to collect tolerably accurate information of what was transpiring at the court of Richard. According to his account, the young king, impressed with a conviction of the murderous intentions of his uncle, sank into a state of deep melancholy. The younger prince, on the contrary, is described as not only cheerful and gay, but as enlivening their prison-room with the sports and gambols of childhood, and endeavouring to raise the spirits of his elder brother by his innocent hilarity. Attracted apparently by the bright insignia of the order of the Garter, which the young king was still allowed to wear, the child, during his capers about the apartment, is said to have inquired of his brother why he did not learn to dance. "It were better," replied the elder brother,

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place even in those on whom he had heaped the greatest favours, induced the page to address himself to his royal master. He knew a man, he said, who was lying on a pallet in the outer chamber, who at all hazards would execute his grace's pleasure. The individual to whom he alluded was Sir James Tyrrell, a man who had achieved a high reputation for personal courage, but whose estimate of the value of human life, and of the importance of virtuous actions, was clearly of the lowest stamp. Like Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Catesby, he had been a follower and a friend of the usurper in former days. To his extreme mortification he had seen those persons preferred to higher favours or higher posts than had fallen to his own share; and, accordingly, jealousy of the success of others, as well as an innate craving for wealth and distinction, pre-disposed him to become a ready tool in the hands of his sovereign.* Well pleased with his attendant's suggestion, Richard forthwith proceeded to the outer apartment, where lay Sir James and his brother Sir Thomas. "What, sirs," he said merrily, "be ye in bed so soon?" He then ordered Sir James to follow him into his own chamber, where he imparted to him the terrible purpose for which he required his services. The commission is said to have been accepted without the slightest hesitation. Accordingly, on the following day Tyrrell set out for London, carrying with him a written order from the king to Sir Robert Brakenbury to deliver up the keys of the Tower to Tyrrell for a single night.†

Having made the necessary communication to Brakenbury, Tyrrell fixed upon "the night next ensuing" as the fittest time for carrying out his terrible purpose. The shedding of blood might obviously have led to the detection of his projected guilt, and it was probably for

* Sir T. More's *Richard III.* pp. 128-9.

† *Ibid.* pp. 129-30.

William Slaughter, or "Black Will," as he was styled, to wait upon them*,—the misery of two youths so highly born and so delicately nurtured may be more readily imagined than described. According to tradition, the stronghold in which the young princes were immured, after their removal from the state apartments in the Tower of London, is that which is so familiarly known as the Bloody Tower, the same which, six years previously, had witnessed the death-scene of the unhappy Clarence.

P. Edward. Yet before we go,
One question more with you, master lieutenant.
We like you well; and, but we do perceive
More comfort in your looks than in these walls,
For all our uncle Gloster's friendly speech
Our hearts would be as heavy still as lead.
I pray you tell me at which door or gate
Was it my uncle Clarence did go in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?

Brakenbury. At this, my liege! Why sighs your majesty?

P. Edward. He went in here that ne'er came back again!
But as God hath decreed, so let it be!
Come, brother, shall we go?

P. Richard. Yes, brother, anywhere with you.

Heywood's King Edward IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

Immured in this gloomy prison-house, the two brothers are described as clinging together in the vain hope of finding comfort in each other's embraces; as neglecting their dress, and anticipating with childhood's horror the dark doom which awaited them. "The prince," says Sir Thomas More, "never tied his points nor aught wrought of himself; but with that young babe, his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness, till a traitorous death delivered them of that wretchedness." †

* Sir T. More, Hist. of Richard III. p. 130.

† Ibid.

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“ *Tyrrell*. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children, in their death’s sad story.
‘ O thus,’ quoth Dighton, ‘ lay the gentle babes ; ’ —
‘ Thus, thus,’ quoth Forrest, ‘ girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms ;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once,’ quoth Forrest, ‘ almost changed my mind ;
But, O, the devil ! ’ — there the villain stopped ;
When Dighton thus told on : ‘ We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e’er she framed.’
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse :
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.”

King Richard III. Act iv. Sc. 3.

In accordance with the orders issued by Sir James Tyrrell to Dighton and Forrest, the young princes are said to have been interred “ at the stair-foot, metely deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.”* One might have imagined that, so long as their graves disclosed no secrets, Richard would have troubled himself but little in regard either to the mode or the place of his nephews’ burial. On the contrary, however, he is said to have exhibited a strange displeasure at no greater respect having been shown to their remains, and to have even given orders for their being disinterred and placed in consecrated ground. “ Whereupon,” says Sir Thomas More, “ they say a priest of Sir Robert Brakenbury’s took up the bodies again and secretly interred them in such place as, by the occasion of his young princes were treated as prisoners. *Chroniques*, p. 402. The dates, therefore, assigned by these three writers, very nearly agree.

* Sir T. More, *Hist. of Richard III.* p. 131.

emissary Green.* The answer which the latter brought him from Brakenbury occasioned him great displeasure. The constable, it seems, had more gentleness in his nature than to commit so foul a crime, and, accordingly, had peremptorily, though doubtless respectfully, refused to obey the orders of his king.

That night, as the king paced his apartment in the noble castle of Warwick, he was unable to conceal the perturbation of his mind from the favourite page who was in attendance on him. Some querulous remarks which escaped him, intimating how little trust he could

* Sir T. More, Hist. of Richard III. pp. 127-8. There seems to be no difficulty in fixing the date of Green's mission as the beginning of August. The king reached Reading shortly after the 23rd of July; made a short stay at Oxford; proceeded from thence to Gloucester, and eventually reached Tewkesbury on the 4th of August. Before the 8th of August he was at Warwick. Green, though Lord Bacon speaks of him as a "page," was probably a gentleman of good family, holding not the menial appointment of a page of the chamber, but that of an esquire of the body, which would place him in immediate attendance on the person of his sovereign. For instance, in the ordinances for the government of the household of Edward IV., we find esquires of the body denoted as "noble of condition, whereof always two be attendant upon the king's person, to array and unarray him," &c.—*Royal Household Ordinances*, p. 36. Again, in the reign of Henry VII.: "The esquires of the body ought to array the king, and unarray him, and no man else to set hand on the king; and if it please the king to have a pallet without his traverse, there must be two esquires for the body, or else a knight for the body, to lie there, or else in the next chamber."—*Ibid.* p. 118. The duties of the page, on the contrary, appear to have been those of the commonest menial. "Pages of the chamber [temp. Edward IV.], besides the both wardrobes, to wait upon and to keep clean the king's chamber, and most honest from faults of hounds, as of other; and to help truss, and clean harness, cloth, sacks, and other things necessary, as they be commanded by such as are above them," &c.—*Ibid.* p. 41. That a person, whose province it was to discharge these mean offices, should not only have been admitted by Richard to familiar intercourse with him, but that he should have been selected to be the confidant of his terrible intentions, appears to be in the highest degree improbable.

pointed out as having been their prison-house, and at the "stair-foot" of which gossip still idly indicates that their remains were eventually discovered.* But to whomsoever those relics of humanity may have belonged, it seems evident they were those of no ordinary persons, and, moreover, that they were the remains of persons who had met with a violent end. In those days, it may be mentioned, there was a direct communication between the royal apartments at the south-east angle of the fortress, and the state apartments, and the chapel in the White Tower. It was apparently, then, at the foot of the very stairs,—which, when the sovereign held his court in the Tower, he was daily in the habit of ascending for the purpose of offering up his devotions in the chapel royal—that the remains were discovered. That such a spot should have been selected for the interment of the dead,—unless for the purpose of preserving a weighty secret and concealing a fearful crime,—it would be difficult, we think, to imagine. To what other conclusion, then, can we reasonably arrive, but that the bones, which were discovered and exhumed in the seventeenth century, were no other than those of the murdered sons of King Edward IV.? It may be mentioned that Charles II. caused them to be collected and placed in a sarcophagus of white marble, which may be seen in the south aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster.

* On the ground floor of the White Tower, immediately below the chapel, are three apartments, on the walls of which may still be seen more than one interesting inscription, engraved by the unhappy prisoners who formerly tenanted them. These apartments, from their having almost adjoined the palatial chambers of the fortress, and also from their close vicinity to the spot in which the bodies were discovered, were not impossibly those in which the princes were imprisoned and murdered. Certainly, it was not till the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, that the Bloody Tower received its present name. It had previously been styled the Garden Tower. Bayley's *Tower of London*, p. 257. See Appendix B.

this reason that he decided on the safer method of suffocating the young princes in their sleep. In the mean time, Tyrrell had contrived to secure the services of two ferocious adepts in villany, one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a "big, broad, square, and strong knave," and one Miles Forrest, a "fellow beforetime fleshed in murder." In the dead of the night, these two miscreants stole into the apartment in which the two young princes lay together in the same bed. The younger prince is said to have been awake at the time. Guessing the horrible purpose of the intruders, he roused his brother, exclaiming, "Wake, brother, for they are here who come to kill thee!" Then turning to the executioners,—“Why do you not kill me?” said the child: “kill me, and let him live!”* The appeal was made in vain. In an instant, the innocent heirs of the proudest house which ever held sway in England were wrapped and entangled in the bed-clothes. Then came the painful climax described by Sir Thomas More,—the assassins pressing the feather-bed and pillows over the mouths of their victims, till, “smothered and stifled and their breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls unto the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in the bed.”† The murderers then called in their employer, in order that he might satisfy himself that the work of death was complete. Tyrrell waited only to give orders respecting the interment of the princes, and then rode in all haste to his royal master at York.‡

* Chroniques de Molinet, ut supra, p. 402.

† Sir T. More's Richard III. pp. 130-1.

‡ From the statement of Sir Thomas More, as well as from a comparison of dates, the crime would seem to have been committed about the middle of August. Rous (Hist. Reg. Ang. p. 215) intimates that it took place somewhat more than three months after Richard had waited on the young king at Stony Stratford (viz. the 30th of April), and Molinet at five weeks from the time that the

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have borne a remarkable resemblance to the beautiful prince whom he claimed to have been his father; that he should have won the favour of the people of Ireland, and that the nobles of England should have raised their standards in his cause; that the lord-chamberlain, Sir William Stanley, the wealthiest subject in England and connected by marriage with Henry VII., should not only have embarked in it, but have suffered death in consequence on the scaffold; and, lastly, that the Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of the late king, should not only have received Warbeck with all honour at her court, but have acknowledged him as her nephew in the face of Europe,—are facts which not only continue to excite curiosity and investigation in our own time, but seem, at one period, to have raised doubts, if not apprehensions, even in the mind of Henry himself.*

But curious as these arguments undoubtedly are, they may be met by others equally weighty. If Charles of France acknowledged Warbeck to be the rightful heir to the throne of England, let it be remembered that it was at a time when it was clearly his object to distress and embarrass Henry, and further that, when that motive ceased to exist, he at once repudiated the adventurer. Neither is it clear that the conduct of James of Scotland was altogether disinterested.† Cer-

* See Carte's Hist. of Engl. vol. ii. p. 854, &c.; Historic Doubts, Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii. p. 155, &c.; Laing's Dissertation in Henry's Hist. of England, vol. xii. p. 431, App.; Bayley's Hist. of the Tower of London, p. 335, &c.

† Ellis's Orig. Letters, First Series, vol. i. p. 26; Pinkerton's Hist. of Scotl. vol. ii. pp. 2, 26. Tytler seems to be of opinion that James was accessory to Warbeck's imposition at a much earlier period than has been usually supposed, and although at the time he believed him to be an adventurer, yet he was afterwards induced to change his opinion. Hist. of Scotl. vol. iii. p. 474. A contemporary writer, moreover, whose authority is of value, tends to confirm the supposition that James, at one period at least, believed Warbeck to be the genuine Duke of York. "Rex errore deceptus, ut plerique alii, etiam prudentissimi."—*B. Andreas, Vita Hen. VII.* p. 70.

death which only knew it, could never since come to light." * More than two centuries passed away from the date of their death, when, in the reign of Charles II., in "taking away the stairs which led *from the royal lodgings to the chapel of the White Tower,*" † there were discovered, about ten feet in the ground, on the south side of the White Tower, the remains of two human beings, corresponding in sex and age with what might be presumed to be those of the murdered princes. ‡ Either, then, the king's orders were for some reason disobeyed, and consequently the spot in which the remains were found was the original "stair-foot" in which Dighton and Forrest deposited them; or else, which is more probable, the persons, who were intrusted with the second interment of the unfortunate princes, considered the staircase leading to the chapel royal as no less consecrated ground than the chapel itself, and thus in spirit carried out the king's injunctions, by burying them beneath it.

The further fact of the bodies having been discovered at the foot of the staircase leading from the royal apartments to the chapel royal, is not without its significance. Tradition, as we have already mentioned, points out the Bloody Tower as having witnessed the death-scene of the innocent princes. From their high rank, however, we are more inclined to think that they perished in one of the royal apartments of the Tower or in some chamber close adjoining them, than in the miserable dungeon which is still

* Sir T. More's Richard III. p. 132.

† Wren's Parentalia, p. 283.

‡ Sandford's Geneal. Hist. book v. pp. 427-9. Sandford received his account of the disinterment from an eye-witness who was engaged in the investigation. The discovery took place in 1674. In Wren's Parentalia (p. 283) will be found the warrant from Charles II. to Sir Christopher Wren, then surveyor of the works, to reinter the bones, in "a white marble coffin," in Westminster Abbey.

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of Henry, appears to have been the Earl of Warwick, who, after the death of his uncle, King Richard, had become the last male heir of the great house of Plantagenet.* If the pretensions of Warwick had formerly been regarded in so formidable a light, both by Edward IV. and Richard III., that they kept him either closely watched or else in durance, how much greater apprehension were they calculated to inspire in the mind of a monarch who owed his crown neither to blood nor to election, but to the hateful pretext of conquest, and to a marriage which he had offensively postponed from time to time!

At the period when Warbeck appeared on the stage, the government of Henry VII. had become extremely unpopular among the aristocratic and commercial classes in England, and still more unpopular with the clergy. By the former, Henry's defective title to the throne, his spurious descent from John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford, the questionable legitimacy of his queen, and the blood of the obscure and obnoxious Woodvilles which flowed in her veins, seem to have been regarded as unpardonable offences. In the eyes of the high-born partisans of the house of York, Henry's only title to the crown was derived from his queen, and, moreover, in the opinion of many persons, that title was a very obnoxious one. On the other hand, the Earl of Warwick could boast an irreproachable descent in the male line, from a long and illustrious race of kings. In him were centred the pure blood of the Plantagenets, the Beauchamps, and the Nevilles. But Warwick was unhappily a prisoner in the hands of Henry, and, consequently, any public

* Lord Bacon, speaking of Lambert Simnel, observes: "And for the person of the counterfeit, it was agreed that, if all things succeeded well, he should be put down, and the true Plantagenet received."—*Life of Henry VII. in Kennet*, vol. i. p. 586. Doubtless it was intended to pursue the same course towards Perkin Warbeck, in the event of his enterprise proving successful.

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THE GOOD DEEDS AND THE REMORSE OF RICHARD
OF GLOUCESTER.

ANY ingenious attempts have been made to relieve the character of Richard III. from so atrocious a crime as the murder of his nephews. Of the arguments which have been adduced in his favour, the most important are those which tend to support the presumption that at least one, if not both, of the two princes escaped from the Tower, and that the individual who afterwards appeared so conspicuously, under the name of Perkin Warbeck, was in reality Richard Duke of York.

Unquestionably, the story of that mysterious adventurer, if adventurer he were, merits inquiry and consideration. That an obscure youth should have found means to shake one of the most powerful thrones in Europe; that the kings of France and of Scotland could not only have acknowledged him to be the heir to the throne of England, but should have caressed and entertained him at their courts with all the honours due to sovereign heads; that the Scottish monarch should have been so satisfied that his guest was the real Duke of York, that he gave him in marriage a beautiful and near kinswoman, the Lady Katherine Douglas, and invaded England with an army for the purpose of placing him on the throne of the Plantagenets; that the putative son of a Belgian Jew should not only have been gifted with a dignity of mien and a refinement of manner which were admitted and admired even by the most fastidious, but that his features should

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cession, printed by command of Henry, is to be regarded as an impudent fabrication, — Warbeck himself unhesitatingly admitted that he was an impostor.* It has been argued, that Henry's remissness in collecting and publishing proofs of Warbeck's imposition, furnishes presumptive evidence either that the English monarch had no case at all, or else that it was so weak a one that he was afraid to submit it to the judgment of his subjects. But if Henry, after all his inquiries, really believed that Warbeck was the true Duke of York, would so merciless a monarch, as he is usually represented to have been, have spared the life of his foe, when on two different occasions he held him in his power? If Henry had scrupled not to send his friend and benefactor, Sir William Stanley, to the block for abetting the pretensions of Warbeck, is it likely that he would have shown greater mercy to Warbeck himself? If he believed in the truth of Warbeck's story, would he have exposed him to the curious and pitying gaze of the citizens of London? Would he twice have exhibited in the public stocks the handsome youth whom many living persons must have beheld in his boyhood, the son of the magnificent monarch whose affability and good nature still endeared him to their hearts? Would Henry have allowed him to wander about for months within the precincts of the palace, liable at any moment to be recognized, and greeted as their brother, by the queen date of his presumed assassination we have ventured to place in the middle of August 1483. See ante, p. 161, note.

* The genuineness of Perkin Warbeck's confession has occasionally been disputed. The remarkable fact, however, pointed out by Sir Frederick Madden in the *Archæologia*, on the authority of Bernard Andreas, that the confession was actually printed at the time, of course by the authority and licence of Henry, proves it to be a state document of the highest importance. "Rex imprimi demandavit."—*B. Andreas, Vit. Hen. VII.* p. 14; *Arch.* vol. xxvii. p. 161. For Warbeck's confession, see Hall, pp. 448, 449; Grafton, vol. ii. p. 218; and Henry's *Hist. of England*, vol. xii. p. 392, Appendix.

n at least it is, that Warbeck secretly covenanted to liver up to him the important city of Berwick, and pay him fifty thousand marks in two years, in the event of his succeeding in dethroning Henry.* Moreover, the favour shown him by the Anglo-Irish can hardly be taken into serious account. A people who, a short time previously, had crowned Lambert Simnel in Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin, with a diadem taken from an image of the Virgin, were doubtless predisposed to hail with enthusiasm a far more plausible and fascinating pretender. Again, the fact of the Duchess

Burgundy having acknowledged Warbeck as her nephew, is not a little shorn of its importance by her having formerly supported the imposture of Simnel.† Her aversion to the new rule in England inclined her to adopt any expedient that might weaken the government of Henry VII. The duchess, as we find Henry himself complaining in a letter to Sir Gilbert Talbot, had formerly shown her malice “by sending hither one named boy,” and now, “eftsoons,” she must needs send her “another feigned lad, called Perkin Warbeck.”‡ Warbeck, in fact, would seem to have been merely one of a series of impostors, whom, from time to time, by secret machinations of a powerful and well-organized faction in England called into political existence, for the purpose of crippling and, if possible, upsetting the Tudor dynasty. The individual, in whom their hopes and fears were really centred, and whom they would willingly have placed on the throne in lieu

* And yet, in the declaration which Warbeck published on entering Northumberland with a Scottish army, we find him having confidence solemnly to call the Almighty to witness that “his rest cousin the King of Scotland’s aiding him in person in this righteous quarrel, was without any pact or promise, or so much demand of anything prejudicial to his crown or subjects.” — *ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 849.

† Lord Bacon’s *Henry VII.* in Kennet, vol. i. pp. 585–6.

‡ Ellis’s *Orig. Letters*, First Series, vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

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But even allowing Perkin Warbeck to have been the real Duke of York, such an admission, instead of relieving the memory of Richard from the crime of murder, tends, on the other hand, we conceive, more directly to establish his guilt. For instance, if Warbeck had been a true Plantagenet, surely, instead of blackening the memory of his uncle, by charging him with the foulest of crimes, he would have done his utmost to vindicate the honour of the illustrious line of which he claimed to be the representative. But what was the story which he related to the King of Scotland? From the nursery, he said, he had been carried to a sanctuary, from a sanctuary to a prison, and from a prison he had been delivered over to the hands of the "tormentor." Thirsting for the crown of his elder brother, their "unnatural uncle," proceeded Warbeck, employed an assassin to murder them in the Tower. But the projected crime was only half completed. The young king, he said, was "cruelly slain;" but the assassin, either sated with blood, or actuated by some more amiable motive, not only spared the life of the younger brother, but assisted him to escape beyond the sea.* The genuineness of this reputed conversation appears to be borne out by two very remarkable documents, which emanated directly from Warbeck himself. "Whereas," says Warbeck in his proclamation to the English people, "we, in our tender years, escaped, by God's great might, out of the Tower of London, and were secretly conveyed over the sea to other divers countries."† And again he writes to Isabella of Castile,—"Whereas, the Prince of Wales, eldest son of Edward, formerly king of England, of

* Lord Bacon's *Life of Henry VII.* in *Kennet*, vol. i. p. 614; *Hall*, p. 173; *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii. p. 154.

† *Henry's Hist. of Engl.* vol. xii. p. 387, where Warbeck's confession is printed at length from the *Birch MS.* 4160, 5, collated with *Harl. MS.* 482, fol. 128.

claration of his rights, or any insurrection in his favour, would doubtless have been the signal for sending him to the scaffold. With the double object, then, of harassing the government of Henry, and, at the same time, screening Warwick, were called into political existence, such convenient scapegoats as Lambert Simnel, John Warbeck, and Ralph Wilford. Should they fail, their miscarriage would in no way have jeopardized the reign of Warwick, whereas, had any one of them succeeded in his enterprise, it would have been easy enough to have set the impostor aside, and to have conducted the true Plantagenet from a prison to the throne.*

As regards Warbeck personally, many arguments might be adduced tending to the conviction that he was an impostor. No evidence of his having been the son of Edward IV. was ever produced by him. Of those persons, who, according to his own romantic account, either assisted him to escape from the Tower, or afterwards supported him in a foreign land, not one came forward either to substantiate his tale, or to claim the reward which they had earned by having rendered so important a service to the heir of England. There is reason, moreover, for believing that Warbeck had his lesson less accurately by heart than has usually been supposed †; and, lastly, — unless his con-

* "This at least is certain," writes Lingard, "that as long as Warbeck lived, pretenders to the crown rapidly succeeded each other: after his execution, Henry was permitted to reign without contestation."—*Hist. of Engl.* vol. iv. p. 584, App.

† In a letter from Warbeck to Queen Isabella of Castile, in which correctness was of the utmost importance to him, he shows himself indifferently acquainted with the age of the individual whom he personifies, as to represent himself as having been nearly nine, instead of eleven, years of age at the time when he insisted that he had escaped from the Tower. For this interesting letter and important fact we are indebted to the valuable researches of Sir Frederick Madden. See *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii. pp. 156, 161. The Duke of York was born on the 17th of August 1472. The

CHAP. VI. 1483. eager to demonstrate so important a fact to the world. Again, there were periods in his career when it was his interest to prove that they were still in the land of the living. If, then, he failed to produce them, to what other conclusion can we arrive, but that his victims had ceased to exist?

Many other circumstances might be adduced highly unfavourable to the presumption of King Richard's innocence. In the first place, indisputable evidence has been discovered, showing that the different persons, whose names are associated with the murder, received ample rewards from Richard. Brakenbury, who, though not a principal in the crime, was unquestionably in the secret, received numerous manors and other royal pecuniary grants. Green, the messenger who was sent to him by the king from Gloucestershire, was appointed receiver of the lordship of the Isle of Wight, and of the castle and lordship of Porchester. Sir James Tyrrell was enriched by a variety of appointments and royal grants. John Dighton, one of the actual assassins, was awarded the bailiffship of Aiton, in Staffordshire; and lastly, the other ruffian, Miles Forrest, "the fellow fleshed in murder," was not only appointed keeper of the wardrobe in one of the royal residences, Baenard Castle, but at his death, which occurred shortly after the assassination of the young princes, his widow was awarded a pension.* Again, it has been asked, why was Richard so eager to obtain possession of the person of the young Duke of York, unless he intended to sacrifice him to his ambition? Why did the sanctuary at Westminster remain unwatched so long as the young princes were known to be alive; and why, at the very time when it was publicly rumoured that the young princes were no more, was it suddenly placed in a state of siege?† A simple answer suggests itself,

* Harleian MSS. var. quoted in S. Turner's Middle Ages, vol. iv. pp. 159, 160.

† See ante, p. 151.

her younger sisters? Lastly, if Warbeck had been important personage which he represented himself to be, is it possible to believe that so stern and cautious a monarch as Henry would have suffered him to be so insufficiently guarded, or so carelessly watched, if the pretender was enabled to slip into a sanctuary when it suited his purpose?

The real fact appears to have been that, however menacing at its outset was Warbeck's conspiracy, it was confined, in England and Ireland at least, within much narrower limits than has usually been supposed. When once apprized of the real extent, or rather of the magnitude of the danger, we find Henry treating the pretensions of Warbeck — the *garçon*, as he twice styles him in his communications with the court of France — with the utmost unconcern and contempt.* To this contempt,—added perhaps to a wise disinclination on the part of the king to convert an impostor into a tyrant, as well as to the singular interest which both Henry and his queen seem to have taken in Warbeck's beautiful wife, the Lady Catherine,—the pretender was probably indebted for the clemency, which, as a notorious and convicted rebel, he had little reason to expect. It was not till Henry had ascertained that Warbeck was carrying on a secret correspondence with the Earl of Warwick, the only person whose pretensions to the crown he had reason to dread; not till he discovered the experienced and accomplished adventurer plotting with the last male heir of the house of Plantagenet to effect their escape from the Tower and to overturn his government,—that the sternest of the monarchs handed over his rival to the executioner. When, indeed, he sent Warwick to suffer an honourable death by the axe on Tower Hill, leaving Warbeck to perish on the common gibbet at Tyburn.

* *Archæologia*, vol. xxvii. pp. 165, 167.

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known ;” but, on the other hand, he substantiates the somewhat later authority of Sir Thomas More, that the Tower was the scene of their death, and, moreover, mentions Sir James Tyrrell as the chief agent of Richard in carrying out his atrocious project.* Andreas, on the other hand, distinctly affirms that Richard caused his nephews to be put to death with the sword.† It may be argued and objected that these two writers were courtiers, and that Polydore Virgil wrote his history expressly at the desire of Henry VII., whom it was his object to flatter and please. But it must also be remembered that Polydore Virgil had conversed with many of the principal persons who were alive at the time of King Richard’s accession, and had every facility of obtaining the most accurate information. The reigning queen, moreover, as the sister of the murdered princes, would naturally take a deep interest in any historical work which was likely to perpetuate her brothers’ melancholy story. If the story, then, was merely an idle fiction, — nay, unless it had been commonly credited by the best informed persons at the time, — would Polydore Virgil have confidently published it to the world? or would he have narrated to the queen a pathetic story of the fate of her own brothers, which, if false, could scarcely fail to be most offensive to her? Is it likely that the Duke of Buckingham, and the other noble persons who were associated with him in rebellion, would have risked their lives and estates in the cause of the Princess Elizabeth, unless they had been completely satisfied that her brothers had ceased to exist? Lastly, unless King Richard had been convinced beyond all doubt that the work of murder had been completed, and that consequently Elizabeth had become the true and indubitable heiress to the throne, is it likely that so

* Polydore Virgil, lib. xxv. p. 694.

† “*Clam ferro feriri jussit.*” — *Vita Henr. Sept.* p. 24.

us memory, my dearest lord and brother *was miserably put to death*, and I myself, then nearly nine years of age, was also delivered to a certain lord to be killed: but it pleased the divine clemency, that that lord, having compassion on my innocence, preserved me alive and in safety."* Admitting, then, the truthfulness of Warbeck's statement, to what other conclusion can we arrive than that Richard contemplated the murder of both his nephews, although he was virtually a murderer only of one? The blood of only one of them may have been actually on his head, but, according to every principle human and divine, the crime was not less heinous because by accident it was only partially completed.

The remaining arguments, which tend to substantiate the guilt of Richard, admit of being more concisely stated and more hastily dismissed. If, it may be supposed, Richard was really innocent, what was the usual fate of the two brothers? That they were alive, and inmates of the Tower, at the time of his accession, is a doubt can exist. What, then, became of them? Richard alone had the charge and custody of their persons. As their nearest male relation, as their uncle, as their guardian, as the chief of the State and the fountain of justice, it was his bounden duty not only to protect them from wrong, but to produce their persons when required; or, at all events, satisfactorily to account for their disappearance from the eye of man and from the sight of heaven. No living being, except by his express injunctions, would have dared to lift a finger against them. No living being, apparently, had any interest in destroying them but himself. Moreover, the guesses of men, not only at home, but at foreign courts, charged him with the crime of murder, yet he took no pains to prove his innocence. Had his nephews died a natural death, surely he would have been only too

* Archæologia, vol. xxvii. p. 156.

of Richard. The protector, as we have seen, arrested, and, in the first instance, imprisoned him in the Tower, though he subsequently committed him to the milder custody of the Duke of Buckingham.

It was doubtless during the time that the bishop was residing under Buckingham's hospitable roof at Brecknock, that he contrived, by his arguments and persuasions, to wean his powerful host from his allegiance to King Richard. No sooner was Buckingham prevailed upon to turn traitor, than their plans were speedily matured. The line of policy which they resolved to adopt was as simple as it was wise. By the death of her ill-fated brothers, the Princess Elizabeth had become the lineal representative of the house of York. But, however indisputable might have been her title to the throne, her sex, and her close alliance by blood to the unpopular Woodvilles, rendered it improbable that her claims would meet with favour beyond the walls of Brecknock. As Buckingham observed to Bishop Morton,—"I called an old proverb to remembrance, which says, 'Woe to that kingdom where children rule and women govern!'"* The conspirators, therefore, turned their attention to Henry Earl of Richmond, who, by right of his mother, was, in the eyes of the partisans of the house of Lancaster, the head of that fallen house. The project of uniting the princess to the young earl appears to have emanated from the bishop. To the duke he proposed, that, in the event of their obtaining the joint concurrence of the queen-dowager and the Countess of Richmond, the crown should be offered to Henry on the express condition of his guaranteeing to make the princess his wife. Thus, argued the bishop, the rival houses of York and Lancaster will hereafter be united by the closest ties of relationship. Thus a termination will be put to those cruel and unnatural contests, which for so many years have deluged England with blood.

* Kennet, vol. i. p. 503.

hat, by the death of her brothers, the princess become the rightful possessor of the throne; that escape to the continent, and her marriage with the Earl of Richmond, might have proved fatal to Richard's career; and consequently that it was of the utmost importance to him to secure her person, or, at all events, to prevent her flight.

Moreover, unlike the majority of the fearful crimes which have been attributed to Richard III., the story of the murder of the young princes is clearly no invention of those later chroniclers who wrote to flatter the prejudices of the Tudor kings. Not only do contemporary writers record how general was the suspicion that they had met with an untimely end, but, as we have already seen, dangerous conspiracies were the consequence. "A rumour was spread," says the Croyland Chronicle, "that the sons of King Edward before named had died a violent death, but it was uncertain how."* According to another contemporary, Rous, "it was afterwards known to very few by what death they suffered martyrdom."† Philip de Commines informs us, that so convinced was Louis XI. that Richard had murdered his two nephews, that he "looked upon him as a cruel and wicked person, and would neither answer his letters, nor give audience to his ambassador."‡ Fabyan, who flourished as an alderman of London when London aldermen were of higher dignity and repute than they are of our time, informs us that "the common fame went that King Richard had within the Tower put into secret death the two sons of his brother, Edward IV."§ Lastly, the evidence of Polydore Virgil and of Bernard Andreas, who may be almost considered as contemporaries, must be regarded as of some importance. The former, indeed, admits, that by "what kind of death these wretched children were executed is yet not certainly

Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 491.

† Hist. Angl. Reg. p. 214.

De Commines, tome ii. pp. 243-4.

§ Fabyan's Chronicles, p. 670.

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to his friends in England. A cordial understanding was established between the principal partisans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. An insurrection was agreed upon. The 18th of October was fixed upon by the Earl of Richmond as the day for his setting foot in England, and on that day Buckingham undertook to raise the standard of insurrection. The greatest promptitude, and the most perfect good faith, appear to have marked the conduct of the leaders of both factions.

But, secretly and ably as the conspiracy had been conducted, it became much too widely spread long to escape the vigilance of Richard. Accordingly, no sooner was he apprized of the peril which threatened his throne, than he issued orders for an immediate levy of troops in the north, and, at the same time, summoned Buckingham to his presence. The summons was couched in friendly terms, but they failed in cajoling the duke. In the mean time, the day for action arrived. The Earl of Richmond set sail from St. Malo with 5000 soldiers on board his transports. The Courtenays rose in formidable numbers in the west of England; the Marquis of Dorset, half-brother to the Princess Elizabeth, proclaimed the earl at Exeter; her uncle, the Bishop of Salisbury, declared for him in Wiltshire; the gentlemen of Kent assembled, with their retainers, to proclaim him at Maidstone; and the gentlemen of Berkshire met for a similar purpose at Newbury.

An enterprise, so wisely conceived and bravely commenced, seemed to promise, no less than to merit success. Circumstances, however, beyond the control of man destroyed the hopes of the conspirators. A violent tempest drove back the Earl of Richmond and his fleet to the shores of Brittany. The fate of Buckingham was a melancholy one. On the day appointed for the rising, he had unfurled his banner at Brecknock, and was advancing towards Gloucester with the intention

ite a prince would have sought to strengthen his e by making her his queen,—a project which, on becoming a widower, there seems to be little question that he contemplated? Doubtless, so long as story shall be read, the question whether Richard was, or was not, guilty of the murder of his nephews, will continue to be a matter of dispute. Men will interpret the evidence according to their prejudices and their feelings. For our own part, could the coroner had his inquest over those mouldering relics of humanity which were discovered at the base of the White Tower, we cannot but think that there would be forthcoming a mass of circumstantial evidence, sufficient to convict Richard Plantagenet, King of England, of the crime of wilful murder.

The principal persons, associated with the Duke of Buckingham in the secret conspiracy which was directed against Richard, were Margaret Countess of Richmond, the lineal heiress and representative of the house of Lancaster, and Dr. Morton, Bishop of Ely, afterwards Cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury. According to Sir Thomas More, who in his youth had been intimately associated with the latter, the bishop was “a man of great natural wit, very well learned, and of a winning behaviour.”* He had formerly been in plain to Henry VI., and had sat at the council-table of that unhappy monarch.† Edward IV., on his accession, found means to attach him to his interests; rewarding his complaisance by retaining him as a privy councillor, and subsequently advancing him to the bishopric of Ely. To King Edward, during his lifetime, and after the death of that monarch, to his unfortunate sons, the bishop seems to have been sincerely and devotedly attached. This devotion it was which was drawn down on him the hatred and resentment

* Sir T. More's *Richard III.* p. 138.

† *Ibid.* p. 140.

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a blow was struck. Intimidated by the summary and tragical fate of Buckingham, by the rapidity of the king's advance, and by the vast sums of money which he offered for their heads, the leaders of the late insurrection dispersed in all quarters. The Marquis of Dorset, Lionel Woodville Bishop of Salisbury, Peter Courtenay Bishop of Exeter, Sir John, afterwards Lord Welles, Sir Edward Courtenay, and other persons of rank and influence, found means to escape to Brittany. Others took refuge in sanctuary. Several were tried and executed. Among the latter was the king's own brother-in-law, Sir Thomas St. Leger.* Thus this formidable insurrection, instead of compassing the downfall of Richard, rendered him even more secure on his throne. He was enabled to disband a considerable part of his army, and on the 1st of December, attended by the lord-mayor and aldermen in their robes, he again entered London in triumph.

Richard now ventured to call a parliament, which accordingly assembled at Westminster on the 23rd of January. Overawed, probably, by his masterly policy, and by his recent signal success, the two houses anticipated his wishes with an obsequiousness which could scarcely have failed to afford him the highest satisfaction. They solemnly confirmed the irregular title by which, in the preceding summer, he had been invited to wear the crown. They declared and decreed him to be, as well by right of consanguinity and inheritance, as by *lawful election*, "the very undoubted king of the realm of England." And, lastly, they en-

* Sir Thomas St. Leger had married the Lady Anne Plantagenet, daughter of the late Duke of York, and widow of the chivalrous Henry Holland, second Duke of Exeter. "One most noble knight perished, Thomas Saint Leger by name, to save whose life very large sums of money were offered; but all in vain, for he underwent his sentence of capital punishment."—*Croyl. Chron. Cont.* p. 492.

As the secret negotiations, which they proposed to set on foot, must necessarily be attended with imminent peril, it was requisite, for the safety of all concerned, that they should be conducted by a person of singular prudence and foresight. Fortunately the bishop had such a person in his eye. "He had an old friend," he said, "a man sober, discreet, and well-witted, called Sir Reynald Bray, whose prudent policy he had known to have compassed things of great importance." * Bray was of a good Norman family, which had long attached itself to the house of Lancaster. His father had been in the privy council to Henry VI.; he himself had been formerly receiver-general to Buckingham's uncle Henry Stafford, the second husband of the Countess of Richmond, and was, at this very time, in the service of that illustrious lady. As it was deemed prudent by the conspirators that the countess should be the first person communicated with, Bray's position in her household was rendered of considerable importance. He was accordingly summoned to Brecknock, and forthwith entrusted with the secret designs of the conspirators. His services proved of inestimable value. Through his agency, secret negotiations were set on foot, which proved satisfactory to all parties. Sir Giles Daubeny, afterwards Lord Daubeny, Sir John Cheney, Sir Richard Aldford, and other persons of influence, were induced to join the conspiracy against Richard. † The queen-dowager eagerly agreed to the proposals which were made to her; while the Countess of Richmond cordially embraced with enthusiasm a project which promised to restore the fortunes of the house of Lancaster, and to exalt to the throne a son whom she tenderly loved. In the mean time, trustworthy emissaries had been sent to the young earl, then an exile in Brittany, who sent back the most satisfactory replies

* Grafton's Chron. vol. ii. p. 129.

† Polydore Virgil, lib. xxv. p. 698.

the protection of the Church, had doubtless occasioned him the greatest annoyance. It amounted, in fact, to a tacit protest against his usurpation; a manifest declaration to the world, that she mistrusted his professions, and apprehended evil at his hands.

By what arguments, or by what pressure of circumstances, Elizabeth was at length induced to surrender herself and her daughters into the hands of her arch-enemy, will probably never be ascertained. Fortunately there is extant the copy of the oath, by which, on the word of a king, and by the Holy Evangelists, Richard solemnly swore, that, on condition of their quitting the sanctuary, he would not only secure to them their lives and liberty, but would provide for their future maintenance. The document is a very curious and interesting one. "I, Richard," it commences, "by the grace of God, King of England and of France, and Lord of Ireland, in the presence of you, my Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and you, Mayor and Aldermen of my city of London, promise and swear *verbo regio*, upon these Holy Evangelists of God, by me personally touched, that if the daughters of Dame Elizabeth Grey, late calling herself Queen of England,—that is to wit, Elizabeth, Cecily, Anne, Katherine, and Bridget,—will come unto me out of the sanctuary at Westminster, and be guided, ruled, and demeaned after me, then I shall see that they shall be in surety of their lives; and also not suffer any manner of hurt by any manner of person or persons to them, or any of them, on their bodies and persons, to be done by way of ravishment or defouling, contrary to their will; nor them nor any of them imprison within the Tower of London or other prison." Richard then proceeds to swear that his nieces shall be supported in a manner becoming his kinswomen; that he will marry them to gentlemen by birth, and endow each of them with "marriage lands and tenements" to

rossing the Severn and marching into the heart of
land, when his progress was impeded by rains so
vy and incessant, that no living man remembered
terrible an inundation. The Severn and other
rs were rendered impassable; men, women, and
dren were drowned in their beds; cradles, with
nts in them, were seen floating in the valleys. For a
ury afterwards it was spoken of as the Great Water,
sometimes as Buckingham's Great Water.* Thus
the duke prevented from keeping his appointment
his friends. His Welsh retainers, — some on
unt of want of food, and some from superstitious
ngs, — turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and in-
d on dispersing to their homes. The duke was left
e with a single servant. Having disguised him-
in the best manner he could, he made his way to-
ds Shrewsbury, in hopes of finding protection under
roof of an old servant of his family, one Ralph
ister, to whom he had formerly shown kindness.
confidence was met by the cruelest treachery.
ether tempted by the large reward offered for
duke's apprehension, or whether frightened at the
rd which he ran in sheltering so important a
l, Banister is said to have betrayed his old master
ie sheriff of Shropshire, who forthwith carried him
ie king at Salisbury. A scaffold was immediately
ted in the market-place of that city, on which, on
2nd of November 1483, was beheaded, without
ial, the wealthiest and most powerful subject in
land, the chief hope of the house of Lancaster.
arcely waiting till Buckingham's head was off his
lders, Richard commenced a hurried march to the
; of England, where the insurrection had threatened
e most formidable. On the 10th of November he
hed Exeter. Not a man opposed his progress; not

* Hall's Chronicle, p. 394; Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 417.

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equal administration of justice ; by taking measures for the suppression of vice and immorality ; by removing restrictions from trade, and encouraging commerce and the arts of industry and peace. His patronage of learning, and the encouragement which he extended to architecture, merit especial commendation. He released the University of Oxford of twenty marks of the fee due to him in the first year of his reign ; and endowed Queen's College, Cambridge, with five hundred marks a year. He encouraged the newly-discovered art of printing, and, in order to extend learning in the Universities, caused an act to be passed, which was afterwards repealed by Henry VIII., permitting printed books to be brought into, and sold by retail in England.*

Moreover, so far from Richard having been the moody and morose tyrant, such as the venal writers who wrote under the Tudor dynasty delight to describe him, we have evidence from contemporary records that he followed the manly amusements which are popular with Englishmen, and enjoyed those tastes which throw a grace over human nature. His grants to the master of his hawks and the keepers of his mews by Charing Cross, and his payments to the keeper of his hart-hounds, tend to the presumption that he was no less the keen sportsman than the redoubted warrior and accomplished statesman. Lastly, that he delighted in music, is shown by the number of minstrels who came to his court from foreign lands, as well as by the annuities which he settled on musicians born on English soil.†

That Richard's nature was originally a compassionate one, there seems to be every reason for believing. His kindness to the female sex has been especially

* Wood's Hist. of Oxford, by Gutch, vol. i. pp. 639-40; Rous, p. 216; Sandf. Gen. Hist. book v. p. 431.

† MSS. quoted in S. Turner's Middle Ages, vol. iv. pp. 31-2.

ed that, after the king's decease, "the high and excellent Prince Edward, son of our said sovereign and the king, be heir-apparent to succeed him in the resaid crown and royal dignity."* The fact is somewhat a remarkable one, that although this procedure of parliament was virtually an act for deposing Edward V., it nevertheless contains no direct mention that unhappy prince, either as being alive or dead. It proclaims, indeed, in general terms, that "all the issue and children" of Edward IV. are bastards, and therefore disqualified from inheriting the crown; but the prince, in whose fate so many thousands of subjects were interested, and to whom most of the bishops and prelates, who then deposed him, had so solemnly and so solemnly sworn allegiance, the act makes no direct mention whatever.

Richard had no sooner induced parliament to sanction his usurpation, than he turned his thoughts towards the gloomy sanctuary at Westminster, in which, for nearly twelve months, the widow of his father Edward, and her five portionless daughters, had been subsisting on the charity of the abbot and monks of Westminster. The pertinacity with which the queen had refused to allow her daughters to quit

* An act was passed, the preamble to which set forth that, previously to his consecration and coronation, a roll had been presented to him, on behalf of the three estates of the realm, by divers lords spiritual and temporal, and other notable persons of the commons, the conditions and considerations contained in which he had willingly assented for the public weal and tranquillity of the land; and, forasmuch as the said three estates were not at that time assembled in form of parliament, divers doubts and questions had been engendered in the minds of certain persons. For the removal therefore of such doubts and ambiguities, it was enacted by "the three estates assembled in this present parliament," that all things affirmed and specified in the aforesaid roll be "of the like effect, virtue, and force, as if all the same things had been so said, agreed, specified, and remembered in full parliament."—*Rot. Parl.* vi. p. 240.

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in the most solemn manner, settled the crown upon him, and entailed it upon his heirs. The powerful foes, who had conspired to thwart him in his ambitious designs, had either perished on the scaffold, or were in exile. Their attainder had enabled him to reward his friends and followers without any drain on the royal coffers. According to Polydore Virgil *, he had "attained the type of glory and promotion, and in the eye of the people was accounted a happy man." But though, as Philip de Commines informs us, he reigned with a splendour and authority such as, for a hundred years past, no sovereign of England had achieved †, his mind is said to have been constantly harassed by a sense of the insecurity of his position, and by the tortures of remorse. Above all things, he is said to have reproached himself for having compassed the deaths of his innocent nephews. According to Sir Thomas More, his life was "spent in much pain and trouble outward; in much fear, anguish, and sorrow within; for I have heard, by credible report, of such as were secret with his chamberers, that, after this abominable deed done, he never had quiet in his mind; he never thought himself sure. When he went abroad, his eyes whirled about; his body was privily fenced; his hand ever on his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at night, lay long waking and musing. Sore wearied with care and watch, he rather slumbered than slept. Troubled with fearful dreams, he would sometimes suddenly start up, leap out of his bed, and run about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled, with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deed."‡

* *Camd. Soc. Trans.* p. 191.

† *Mémoires de Commines*, tome ii. p. 158.

‡ Sir T. More's *Richard III.* pp. 133, 134.

yearly value of 200 marks for the term of their lives ; that such gentlemen, as they may chance to marry, will “ strictly charge, from time to time, lovingly to see and entreat them as their wives and his kinsmen, as they would avoid and eschew his displeasure.” To Dame Elizabeth Grey he promises to pay annually 700 marks (266*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*), for the term of her natural life ; and, lastly, he swears to discredit any reports that may be spread to their disadvantage, if they shall have had opportunities for “ their lawful defence and answer.” * The date of this remarkable document being the 1st of March 1484, the probability is that the queen and her daughters quitted the country immediately afterwards.

King Richard was now at the height of his grandeur and power. Treason, indeed, still lay concealed in his shadow ; but it was not from the ill-will nor discontent of the masses of his subjects, but from the intrigues of a restless nobility, and from the treachery of friends whom he had loaded with favours, that he had reason to anticipate peril. If his subjects still remembered, and shuddered at, the one terrible crime which he was more than suspected of having committed, they had, on the other hand, every reason to be grateful to him for having averted the horrors of civil war, and for having extended to them a wise and humane administration. They recognized in him, at all events, an active, wise, energetic, and valiant prince ; a prince sensitively anxious of the honour of the English nation, and an anxious well-wisher for its prosperity. They beheld in him a prince, who sought to win their suffrages and their affections ; not by the low arts with which those who have suddenly achieved greatness too often endeavor for popularity, but by reforming immemorial abuses, by introducing laws calculated to secure the safety and welfare of his subjects ; by insisting on an

* Ellis's Orig. Letters, Second Series, vol. i. p. 149.

Middleham into a college*; and founded, within Barnard Castle in the county of Durham, a college consisting of a dean, twelve secular priests, ten chaplains, and six choristers.† He subscribed 500*l.*, then a considerable sum, towards the completion of the beautiful chapel of King's College, Cambridge‡; he is said to have been a considerable benefactor to Clare Hall, Cambridge§, and on Queen's College, in that university, he conferred a large portion of the lands of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, which had been forfeited by his attainder. In gratitude for these benefits, the latter college formerly used as their coat of arms a crozier and a pastoral staff piercing the head of a boar, the cognizance of Richard of Gloucester. In the days of Fuller, however, the college had "waived the wearing of this coat, laying it up in her wardrobe," and making use only of the arms assigned to them by their foundress, Margaret of Anjou.||

But, towards the close of his career, his religious offerings and endowments seem not only to have been more numerous, but to have been characterized by an uneasiness in respect to the future welfare of his soul, which is not without its significance. For instance, on the 16th of December 1483, we find him granting an annuity of 10*l.* to John Bray, clerk, for performing divine service, for the welfare of his soul, and the souls of his consort and of Prince Edward their son, in the chapel of St. George, in the castle of Southampton. Again, on the 2nd of March following, we find him endowing his princely foundation, the Herald's College, with lands and tenements for the support of a chaplain, whose duty it was to pray and sing service every day for

* Rossi Hist. Reg. Ang. p. 215.

† Surtees' Hist. of Durham, vol. iv. p. 67.

‡ Hist. of Cambridge, vol. i. p. 197. Ackerman, London, 1815.

§ Dyer's Hist. of the University of Cambridge, vol. ii. p. 39.

|| Fuller's Hist. of the University of Cambridge, pp. 122, 123.

commented upon. To the Countess of Oxford, the wife of his arch-enemy, he granted a pension of one hundred pounds a year. To the widow of Earl Rivers, he secured the jointure which had been settled on her for the lifetime of her lord; and, notwithstanding the ingratitude which he had encountered from the late duke of Buckingham, he settled on his widow an annuity of two hundred marks, and further relieved her necessities by the payment of Buckingham's debts.* His kindness to Lady Hastings, in releasing the estates of her lord, which had been forfeited by his attainder, we have already recorded.†

Considering the terrible crimes which Richard is said to have committed, it might have been expected that the clergy would have held him in especial abhorrence. On the contrary, we find them not only reconciled to his usurpation, but even addressing him in a language of enthusiastic admiration. For instance, at a great assemblage of the clergy, convoked in the month of February 1484, about six months after he presumed murder of the young princes, we are not a little surprised at discovering the high dignitaries of the Church not only addressing Richard as "most catholic prince, but actually bearing solemn record to his "most noble and blessed disposition."‡ Either, then, the best informed persons of the day discredited the monstrous crimes which were laid to his charge, or else flattery and hypocrisy could scarcely be carried to more blasphemous lengths. If Richard was desirous to win the favour of the priesthood, the clergy seem to have been quite as eager on their part to secure Richard as their patron.

Richard, as we have remarked, was now at the height of his grandeur and power. Parliament had,

* MSS. quoted in S. Turner's *Middle Ages*, vol. iv. pp. 27-9.

† See Appendix C.

‡ MSS. quoted in S. Turner's *Middle Ages*, vol. iv. p. 24.

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view, of his motives, there are one or two points which we should bear in mind. We must recollect that the usurper lived in an age in which men hesitated not to commit evil, provided, in their own fallacious judgment, good might result from it; that it was an age in which men contrived to reconcile to themselves a strict outward observance of their religious obligations with the perpetration of atrocious crimes; an age in which the Church of Rome authorized the sale of indulgences to a very inordinate extent, and when the purchase of masses, and the endowment of charities, were considered as the infallible means of securing centuries of, if not plenary, exemption from the torments of a future state. Lastly, in estimating the motives and actions of such men as Richard III., we should never lose sight of the necessity of judging them according to the standard of morals and the state of society which existed in their time, and not according to the standard of our own.

But the days were fast approaching when real misfortunes, in addition to the compunctions of conscience, were destined to bow the usuper to the earth. We have already recorded how tenderly and entirely his ambitions hopes, as well as his parental feelings, were centred in his only legitimate child, the young Prince of Wales. We have already stated, that to transmit the crown of England to his child and to his child's posterity, was apparently the mainspring of all his actions, the occasion of all his crimes. We have seen the three estates of the realm solemnly decreeing and declaring that beloved child to be heir-apparent to the crown and royal dignity. But even this authoritative and emphatic admission of his rights had been insufficient to satisfy the doubts and lull the fears of the usurper. Accordingly, in the middle of February, about three weeks after the meeting of parliament, we find him assembling "nearly all the lords of the realm, both spiritual and temporal," at his palace of West-

An instance of his superstitious frame of mind, and orbid depression of spirits, is mentioned as having occurred during his recent visit to Exeter. Being much struck with the strength and elevation of the castle, he inquired its name. The reply was "Rouge-ont," a word which he mistook for Richmond, and was as evidently startled. An idle prediction, it seems, had reached his ears, that he would not long survive a visit to that place. "Then," he exclaimed, in a tone of alarm, "I see my days will not be long;" and accordingly he hastily quitted Exeter, and returned to London.*

Other peculiarities, we think, might be detected in Richard's conduct at this period, tending to the presumption that his mind was ill at ease with itself, and that he was endeavouring, by good deeds performed in the service of his Maker, to expiate the commission of some terrible crime. Not that Richard can be accused of having been remiss, at any time of his life, in respect for religion, or in the performance of charitable deeds. The large offerings which he made to religious houses, and the liberal sums which he subscribed towards the building and repair of churches, afford sufficient evidence to the contrary. Among other devotional acts, he subscribed liberal sums to the monks of Cowsham, and to the parish of Skipton, for the repair of their several churches.† He rebuilt the chapel of the Holy Virgin, in the church of Allhallows, Barkings, near the Tower of London, and founded there a college consisting of a dean and six canons.‡ He commenced the erection of a chapel at Towton, over the bodies of the Yorkists who fell in the sanguinary battle of that place.§ He converted the rectory church of

* Holinshed's Chronicles, vol. iii. p. 421.

† Whitaker's Richmondshire, vol. i. p. 335.

‡ Stow's Survey of London, book ii. p. 32; Rossi Hist. Reg. Ang. 216.

§ Drake's Eboracum, p. 111.

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certainly a remarkable one. Let us take it for granted, for the sake of argument, that Richard put to death the children of his brother chiefly for the purpose of aggrandizing his own, and where shall we find retributive justice exemplified by a more striking instance? Some three months afterwards, when Richard was called upon at York to put his signature to a warrant for the payment of the last expenses incurred by his late "most dear son," he touchingly added to those words, in his own handwriting, "*whom God pardon.*"*

The remainder of the year passed away without any extraordinary event occurring to chequer the career of King Richard. He kept his Christmas at Westminster with great magnificence, enlivening the old palace of the Confessor with a succession of banquets and balls. At the festival of the Epiphany, he is especially mentioned as presiding at a splendid feast in the great hall of Rufus, wearing the crown on his head.† On these occasions, the presence of the Princess Elizabeth, now a beautiful girl verging on her nineteenth year, appears to have attracted extraordinary attention. It was remarked that, although the law of the land had reduced her to the condition of a private gentlewoman, she was not only treated by the king with marked consideration, but that he caused her to be arrayed in royal robes, and, further, that they corresponded in shape and colour with those worn by the queen. "Too much attention," writes the Croyland chronicler, "was given to dancing and gaiety, and vain change of apparel given to Queen Anne and the Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the late king, being of similar colour and shape; a thing that caused the people to murmur, and the nobles and prelates greatly to wonder thereat." These circumstances naturally created suspicion and

* Harl. MSS. 433, p. 183, quoted in Halsted's *Richard III.* vol. i. p. 325; Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 525, note.

† Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 498.

the good estate of the king, the queen, and Edward their son.* Between the 9th and 10th of the same month, we find the king a visitor at Cambridge, on which occasion he “devoutly founded” an exhibition at Queen’s College for four priests,—the university, at the same time (March 10), decreeing him an annual mass; and, by a second decree, ordaining that service should be annually performed on the 2nd of May “for the happy life of the said most renowned prince, and his dearest consort Anne.”†

One or two other instances may be cursorily mentioned. At Sheriff-Hutton, where he had imprisoned the ill-fated Rivers, he added ten pounds a year to the salary of the chantry priest of “our lady chapel.” At Wymfret, the town in which he had caused Rivers to be beheaded, he rebuilt the chapel and house of a pious choress.‡ On the 28th of March we find him issuing an order for the annual payment of ten marks to a chaplain, whose duty it was “to sing for the king in a chapel before the holy rood at Northampton.”§ Again, on the 27th of May, we find him signing a second warrant for the payment of twelve marks to the friars of Richmond, in Yorkshire, “for the saying of 1000 masses for the soul of King Edward IV.”|| And lastly, apparently about the same time, he founded a college at York for the support of one hundred singing priests, to chant for mercy to his soul.¶

These princely endowments and charities have been produced by the apologists of Richard as proofs that he was as innately and sincerely pious. In having adopted, therefore, a different, and we hope not an uncharitable

* Rymer’s *Fœdera*, vol. xii. p. 215.

† Dyer’s *Privileges of the University of Cambridge*, vol. i. p. 41.

‡ Harl. MSS. quoted in S. Turner’s *Middle Ages*, vol. iv. p. 10.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid. Whitaker’s *Richmond*, vol. i. p. 99.

¶ Rossi *Hist. Reg. Ang.* p. 215.

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known, she was the sharer of his anxious and solitary hours; while history proves that, so far from his having neglected her, she constantly sat with him at the banquet, or walked side by side with him in procession in the season of his splendour. Prejudiced as were the chroniclers of the fifteenth century against Richard, not only do they prefer no charge against him of cruelty or neglect, but no hint, we believe, is to be found in their pages of the married life of the king and queen having been disturbed by domestic dissensions, by incompatibility of temper, or by jealousy on the part of Anne. But supposing it be true that he secretly wished to supplant her by a younger and lovelier bride, he had only to wait till nature had performed its part. For many weeks, it would seem, her days on earth had been numbered. At an early stage of her illness, her physicians had expressed their conviction that it was unlikely that she would survive till the spring. Her constitution, like that of her sister, the Duchess of Clarence, seems to have had a tendency to consumption; and when, in addition to these circumstances, we learn that her health and spirits were sensibly affected by the death of her only child, can there be a more probable conclusion than that Anne Neville died a natural death? She languished, we are told, "in weakness and extremity of sorrow, until she seemed rather to overtake death, than death her."* Moreover, if Richard really murdered the wife of his choice, not only would the crime seem to have been an unnecessary one, but to have been also opposed to his interests. When we call to mind the remarkable manner in which popular suspicion had been awakened by the gallant appearance of the young Princess Elizabeth at court, we naturally ask ourselves whether it is probable that so politic a prince as Richard would have invited the

* Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 534.

ister ; where, “in a certain lower room, near the
sage which leads to the queen’s apartments, each
scribed his name to a kind of new oath of adherence
Edward, the king’s only son, as their supreme lord,
case anything should happen to his father.” *

Some six weeks only from this period passed away,
en the fair child, in whom hopes so high were cen-
l, and who had been the innocent cause of so much
ne and misery, was seized by an illness which hurried
1 to the grave. The chronicler Rous tells us that “he
d an unhappy death.” † He was apparently only in his
venth year. The event took place at Middleham
tle, that favourite residence of Richard, in which, in
boyhood, he had first become enamoured of Anne
ville, which had witnessed his bridal happiness, and
ler the roof of which his beloved child first saw
light. At the time when the melancholy event
k place, the king and queen were holding their
rt in Nottingham Castle, and were consequently
ied the mournful satisfaction of watching over their
ld in his last moments. Their grief at his loss is
cribed as having been excessive. “On hearing the
rs of this at Nottingham, where they were then
ding,” writes the Croyland chronicler, “you might
e seen his father and mother in a state almost bor-
ing on madness, by reason of their sudden grief.” ‡
was probably from the circumstance of Nottingham
tle having witnessed his great affliction, that he sub-
iently gave it the name of the “Castle of Care.” §
day on which the young prince expired was the
of April, the same day of the same month on
ch, in the preceding year, his uncle, King Ed-
d IV., had breathed his last. The coincidence was

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 496.

† “Morte infaustâ.” — *Hist. Angl. Reg.* p. 217.

‡ Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 497.

§ Hutton’s Bosworth, p. 40.

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him as an atrocious villain, but not one of them has described him as a fool."*

But Richard had already been guilty of a similar act of inconsistency, by nominating as his successor the attainted Earl of Warwick, the son of his elder brother the Duke of Clarence.† Richard's title to the sceptre rested quite as much on the circumstance of the issue of Clarence having been debarred by parliament from the succession, as on the fact that the issue of his brother Edward had been declared illegitimate. By nominating, therefore, the Earl of Warwick to be his successor, he virtually admitted the injustice of that attainder, and tacitly acknowledged the superior claims of his nephew to the sovereign power. Moreover, there occur to us more than one weighty reason why Richard should have been desirous of making Elizabeth his wife. "It appeared," says the Croyland chronicler, "that in no other way could his kingly power be established, or the hopes of his rival be put an end to."‡ This rival, it is needless to remark, was Henry Earl of Richmond, who had pledged his troth to Elizabeth, and whose union with her, should it take place, must necessarily combine against Richard the two houses of York and Lancaster. What could be more natural, then, than that Richard, by marrying Elizabeth himself, should have sought to wrest from Henry the only weapon which rendered him formidable? The partisans of the house of York might at any time rise in revolt to raise Elizabeth to the throne. But let Elizabeth once ascend

* Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York; Memoir prefixed to, by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 49.

† Richard subsequently altered the succession in favour of another nephew, John Earl of Lincoln, the eldest son of his sister Elizabeth, Duchess of Suffolk. In the following reign, the Earl of Lincoln raised the standard of revolt against Henry VII., and fell, in the lifetime of his father, at the battle of Stoke, 16th June 1487.

‡ Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 499.

rm. The king's anxiety to bequeath an heir to the throne was sufficiently well known. It was remembered that the queen had been barren for nearly eleven years, and that the delicacy of her constitution rendered it probable that she would again become a mother. Richard himself gave out that the physicians had advised him to shun her bed. From these circumstances, as well as from their knowledge of his determined and unscrupulous character, his subjects naturally drew inferences in the highest degree unfavourable to their sovereign. In a word, it was more than whispered that his intention was to get rid of his queen, either by poison or a divorce, and to make his beautiful niece the partaker of his throne.*

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A few days after Christmas, while the world was still discussing this delicate topic, it was suddenly announced that the queen had been seized with a serious indisposition. On the 16th of March she died in Westminster Palace, at the early age of twenty-eight.† Her husband honoured her by a magnificent funeral in the neighbouring abbey, and is said to have been so affected as to shed tears.‡ That his subjects should have attributed these tears to hypocrisy, and the death of his queen to poison, may, under all the circumstances, be readily imagined. The charges, however, which have been brought against Richard of having shortened her life, we believe to be alike unfounded and unjust. Not only is there a want of evidence to convict him of so heinous a crime, but, on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that he loved her sincerely, that they lived happily together, and that she died a natural death. As far as is

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* Croyland Chron. Cont. pp. 498-9; Polydore Virgil, p. 215; Gasquet, Hist. Reg. Ang. p. 215; Mémoires de Commines, tome ii. p. 160.

† She was born on the 11th of June 1456. Rous Roll. Art. 62, from the copy of Manchester's copy.

‡ Baker's Chronicle, p. 232.

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his niece Elizabeth his wife, the fault, if fault there existed, lay not in himself, but in the church on whose infallibility, as one of its disciples, he was bound to place reliance.*

According to the Croyland chronicler, the persons from whom Richard encountered the most strenuous opposition in this delicate matter were his creatures, Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Sir William Catesby. These persons had been very instrumental in bringing Earl Rivers and Sir Richard Grey to the block, and consequently, as, in the event of her being raised to the throne, Elizabeth would naturally seek to punish the instigators of the deaths of her uncle and brother, they had every reason to prevent the marriage. Accordingly, they are said to have represented to their royal master how entirely the English clergy were prejudiced against such marriages; and further, that, as the majority of his subjects regarded them as incestuous, they might be induced to rise in open rebellion against his authority. They even went so far, we are told, as to produce before him certain doctors of divinity, who denied that the pontiff had any power of granting a dispensation where the degree of consanguinity was so near.† Already, argued his confidants, suspicions — idle and infamous, no doubt — were current that his late queen had met with an untimely end: and, consequently, his marriage with his niece would unquestionably endue them with a painful and dangerous importance. There were men still living, they said — and among them some of his most faithful partisans — who still held in affectionate veneration the memory of the

* "In our time," writes Buck, "the daughter and heir of Duke Infantazgo, in Spain, was married to his brother Don Alde Mendoza; and more lately, the Earl of Miranda married his brother's daughter. In the house of Austria, marriages of this kind have been very usual and thought lawful." — *Buck in Kennet*, vol. i. p. 568.

† Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 499.

estation of his subjects, by putting his wife out of the way at the very moment when he knew that they were plotting him with the foul intention, and actually executing the event. Richard himself not only saw the position in this light, but is said to have expressed apprehensions lest the death of his queen, in this state of the public mind, might prove fatal to his popularity.

It seems to have been during the queen's last illness, and probably after the physicians had expressed their opinion that her case was a hopeless one, that Richard first confided to his friends his project of marrying his niece. That he seriously conceived that project, there is no doubt, we think, exist any doubt. The fact is asserted by a contemporary writer, the chronicler of Croyland, as well as by Polydore Virgil and Grafton.* Even Richard's apologist, Buck, admits that "it was entered and well-liked by the king and his friends *a good while*." † It has been argued, indeed, that it was directly opposed to Richard's interests to marry Elizabeth; since by so doing he would have shown himself capable of a consistency so great, and of a change of tactics so important, as to have endangered his political existence. His only title to the throne, it has been insisted, was derived from the fact of the children of his brother Edward having been declared by parliament to be illegitimate, and, consequently, had he married the princess Elizabeth, he would have reversed the act which stigmatized her with bastardy; thus tacitly acknowledging her claims to the crown, and proclaiming himself an usurper. "His worst enemies," it has been said, "have contented themselves with representing

Croyl. Cont. p. 499; Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 144; Polydore Virgil, lib. xxv. p. 707.

Buck in Kennet, vol. i. p. 567.

the Woodvilles in awe at the time of his usurpation.* It was on his friends in the north that he had almost exclusively conferred the possessions which lapsed to the crown by the attainder of Buckingham and his associates †; and lastly, when Ratcliffe and Catesby sought to divert him from marrying the Princess Elizabeth, the stress which we find them laying on the risk which he ran of forfeiting the allegiance of "the people of the north," proves how great was the importance which he attached to their loyalty.‡

In the mean time, not only were secret conspiracies forming against the usurper's government at home, but abroad, the Earl of Richmond and his partisans were making active preparations for a second invasion of his kingdom. So far back, indeed, as the preceding Christmas, when Richard was enlivening the old palace of Westminster with "dancing and gaiety," his spies in Brittany had secretly advised him that, in the course of the ensuing summer, a descent would unquestionably be attempted on the shores of England. If guilt be usually the parent of fear, Richard of Gloucester at least was an exception to the rule. To him, as to his brother Edward, the approach of danger and the hour of battle are said to have been sources of pleasurable excitement. Instead

* "Soon after, for fear of the queen's blood, and other, which he had in jealousy, he sent for a strength of men out of the north, the which came shortly to London a little before his coronation, and mustered in the Moorfields, well upon 4000 men."—*Fabyan*, p. 516. According to Sir Thomas More, these northern levies presented but a sorry appearance: "To be sure of his enemies, he sent for 5000 men out of the north, who came up to town ill clothed and worse harnessed, their horses poor and their arms rusty, who, being mustered in Finsbury Fields, were the contempt of the spectators."—*Sir T. More in Kennet*, vol. i. p. 500. When Richard subsequently visited York, in the month of September 1483, we find him hanging some of these rude men-at-arms on account of certain lawless proceedings of which they had been guilty on their march back to their native city. *Drake's Ebor.* p. 116.

† *Croyl. Chron. Cont.* p. 496.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 499.

the throne of England as the consort of Richard, and the crown be secured to her children, and the motives of rebellion would cease to exist, the peril which threatened him be at an end. So convinced does Henry appear to have been that it was Richard's intention to marry his niece, and that their union was inevitable, that we find him seeking in marriage the lady Catherine Herbert, daughter of the late William Earl of Pembroke. Surely he must have been fully satisfied that his betrothed was irrevocably engaged to another, and that all further pursuit was hopeless, that he would never have broken a troth which he had solemnly pledged, nor have ceased to prosecute an alliance by means of which he had fondly hoped to raise himself to a throne.*

Historians, hostile to the memory and character of Richard III., delight in stigmatizing his project of marrying his niece as a wicked and incestuous act. But surely there is much injustice in the charge. The marriage of an uncle with a niece was, doubtless, in the fifteenth century, as it has been in our time, an event of very unusual occurrence. Moreover, being forbidden by the canon law, such an union was little likely to be regarded with favour by the people of England. But, on the other hand, not only is a dispensing power vested in the pope, which he is empowered to exercise whenever he thinks proper, but it must have been notorious at the time that marriages between uncles and nieces had often before been permitted. Surely, therefore, if Richard sought to make

* That Richard paid his addresses to his niece is not denied by Lord Orford, though he is of opinion that it was not with any intention to make her his wife. "I should suppose," writes the noble historian, "that Richard, learning the projected marriage of Elizabeth and the Earl of Richmond, amused the young princess with hopes of making her his queen." — *Historic Doubts*, Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii. p. 151.

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No sooner did the hour of danger draw near than Richard prepared to leave London, which city he quitted "shortly before the feast of Pentecost."* About the end of May we find him at Coventry, and on the 6th of June at Kenilworth. Nottingham, on account of its central position, he selected for his head-quarters. From hence he might readily march to the part of the kingdom where his presence was most required or where danger was most imminent. In due time he had completed his preparations for defence. Large bodies of armed men marched from place to place; the king's cruisers and vessels of war commanded the entire southern coast; every port, at which there seemed a probability of Henry attempting to land, was closed. Mandates were issued, calling upon every man in England, who had been born to the inheritance of landed property, to join the king's standard without fail, and threatening death, and the forfeiture of their possessions, in the event of disobedience.† Lastly, single horsemen were stationed at distances of twenty miles from one another, who, being instructed to ride at their utmost speed, but on no account to pass their restricted limits, were thus enabled to forward a letter from one to another at the rate of two hundred miles in forty-eight hours.‡

Richard had recourse also to the pen as well as to the sword. In a proclamation, dated Westminster, the 23rd of June, he artfully appeals to the fears and

longing for life and liberty, was brought to his trial, on the 21st of November, before the Earl of Oxford, as High Steward of England. He was condemned to death, and, on the 28th of the same month, was beheaded on Tower Hill. Forty-four years afterwards, his only sister, the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, was beheaded on the same spot, at the advanced age of seventy. Such was the tragical termination of the great house of Plantagenet!

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 500.

† Ibid. p. 501.

‡ Ibid. p. 497.

eat Earl of Warwick, and who would ill brook the suspicion that his gentle daughter had been consigned to an early grave for the purpose of making room for more eligible rival.*

Richard was the least likely of all living men to be diverted from his purpose by the arguments or solicitations of others. But whether convinced by the soundness of the reasoning of Ratcliffe and Catesby, or whether, as is probable, his own strong sense suggested still weightier grounds for breaking off his projected marriage, he resolved not only on relinquishing his purpose, but to repair as much as possible the injury which his reputation had suffered, by boldly declaring to his subjects that no such project had ever entered his head. Accordingly, in the great hall in the priory of St. John's, Clerkenwell, in the presence of the lord-mayor and the principal citizens of London, he rose, and, "in a loud and distinct voice," solemnly declared that a marriage with his niece had never entered into his contemplation.† At the same time he addressed a letter to the citizens of York, in which he not only exhorted them to give no credit to the "false and domineering language and lies" which were presumptuously circulated to his disadvantage, but enjoined them to bring to condign punishment the "authors and makers" of such unwarrantable slanders. ‡

April 11.

This especial appeal to the citizens of York is curious and interesting. Evil times, Richard was aware, were threatening him. He knew not how soon he might require the aid of that important city. From the days in which he held high office among them, it had ever been the policy of Richard to secure the confidence and attachment of the people of the north. It was the north which had sent him up the levies which kept

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 499.

† Ibid. p. 500.

‡ Drake's Ebor. p. 119.

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formation reached Richard from France that the Earl of Richmond had taken his departure for Harfleur, and that his ships had assembled at the mouth of the Seine. On the 6th of August they reached Milford Haven. "On hearing of their arrival," says the Croyland chronicler, "the king rejoiced, or at least seemed to rejoice; writing to his adherents in every quarter that now the long wished-for day had arrived for him to triumph over so contemptible a faction." * At all events, if he failed to conquer, he was resolved to die as became a hero and a king.

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 501.

betraying any apprehension at the threatened invasion of his kingdom, he is said to have looked forward with positive satisfaction to the day which was destined to settle for ever the dispute between him and the heir of Lancaster. The danger, however, was not yet so imminent as to require his presence in the field; and accordingly, with the exception of three brief residences at Windsor, we find him continuing to hold his court at Westminster till the month of May. In the mean time he energetically set to work to defend the shores of England from foreign invasion, as well as to prevent popular commotions at home. So admirable were his arrangements, that when eventually the Earl of Richmond effected his memorable landing, no single town in England or Wales rose in insurrection. To prevent the Princess Elizabeth falling into the hands of his enemies, he sent her to Sheriff-Hutton, a "stately mansion" of his own in Yorkshire, where his northern friends were all-powerful, and where her cousin, the young Earl of Warwick, was already detained in safe though honourable durance. An oak, called the "Warwick oak," was formerly, and perhaps may still be, pointed out in the park, as the boundary tree which limited the walks of the heir of the ill-fated Clarence during his imprisonment at Sheriff-Hutton. When, subsequently, the two cousins were conducted from their prison-house, very different was their destiny. Elizabeth was led forth to ascend the throne; the unfortunate earl to perish, a few years afterwards, on the scaffold.*

* The fate of the Earl of Warwick has been already alluded to. His unhappy prince, the last male heir of the royal line of Plantagenet, was a prisoner in the Tower in the year 1499, when its gates opened to admit the famous adventurer, Perkin Warbeck. The two youths, having found means to confer with each other in secret, contrived a plan for escaping from the gloomy fortress. Their project, however, unfortunately was discovered, and the Earl of Warwick, whose only known offence had been a natural

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forward his army to a spot called Ambeame, or Anbein Hill, where "he pitched his field." Thus, on the evening of the 21st, the day immediately before the battle, the two armies lay encamped in full view of each other. The forces of the usurper were posted to the north-east, those of the Earl of Richmond faced them on the south-west. Lord Stanley, and his brother Sir William Stanley, took up independent and menacing positions. On the south, "myddeway betwixt the two battaylles,"* Lord Stanley pitched his camp, somewhat nearer to the left of the king than to the right of Richmond, as if with the intention of supporting his sovereign. Sir William Stanley faced him on the north. The former having married Margaret Countess of Richmond, was consequently stepfather to the invader. This, and apparently other circumstances, having aroused suspicions of Stanley's fidelity in the mind of Richard, he had, some days since, seized the person of his eldest son, Lord Strange, whom he now retained in his camp as a hostage for his father's good behaviour. Thus, suspicious of one of the most powerful of his subjects, and apprehensive lest the evident disaffection of the Stanleys might extend to others, Richard, doubtless, would only too willingly have compelled Richmond to join issue in an immediate encounter, and thus have emancipated himself from a suspense which must have been almost intolerable. It was Sunday, however, and a feeling of veneration or superstition, such as had forbidden him to march from Nottingham on the preceding Monday, the "Assumption of our Lady," † probably prevented his attacking his enemy and shedding blood on the Sabbath.

Though wearing the kingly crown, and at the head of a magnificent army, there was probably not one of his

* Polydore Virgil, p. 222. *Camd. Sec. Trans.*

† *Paston Letters*, vol. ii. p. 156.

terests of his subjects. He denounces Henry's adherents as rebels and traitors — men disabled and tainted by the high court of parliament, and many of them notoriously murderers, adulterers, and extortioners. Henry himself he stigmatizes as one Henry Tudor, of bastard blood both on his father's and his mother's side, and possessing no title whatever to the royal dignity. The earl is further charged with having entered into a covenant with the French king to give up, on the part of England, all title and claim to the crown and realm of France, together with the duchies of Normandy, Anjou, and Maine; to surrender Gascony, Guienne, and Calais, and to remove for ever the arms of France from those of England. "And," the proclamation proceeds, "in more proof and showing of his said purpose of conquest, the said Henry Tudor hath given, as well to diverse of the said king's enemies as to his said rebels and traitors, archbishoprics, bishoprics, and other dignities spiritual; and also the duchies, earldoms, baronies, and other possessions and inheritances of knights, esquires, gentlemen, and other the king's true subjects within the realm;" the intention of the invaders being "to do the most cruel murders, slaughters, robberies, and disherisons, that were ever seen in any Christian realm." Under these circumstances, the king entreats and commands all true Englishmen to furnish themselves with arms for the defence of their wives, goods, and hereditaments; assuring his "true and faithful liegemen" that he himself will expose his royal person, as becomes a courageous prince, to all hazard and labour, for the purpose of abduing the said enemies, rebels, and traitors, and establishing the welfare and safety of his subjects.*

While the people of England were still engaged in discussing the merits of this remarkable document, in-

* Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 152.

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evidently constitutionally nervous and irritable. Fits of abstraction, in which it was his habit to bite his under lip, and to draw his dagger hurriedly up and down in its scabbard, were not unfrequent with him.* That a man, therefore, of a morbid and excitable temperament, — surrounded, moreover, as he was by secret traitors, and with his life and crown dependent on the issue of the morrow's conflict, — should have passed an uneasy night, and have been troubled with distressing dreams, may be readily comprehended. But, on the other hand, that he was visited, or believed himself to have been visited, by the apparitions of those whom it was assumed that he had cruelly murdered, rests on no sounder foundation than the poetic flights of Drayton and Shakspeare. The old chroniclers, though they dwell on the night of horrors which he spent, make no mention of his having been haunted by the spectres of his imaginary victims. "The fame went," writes Polydore Virgil, "that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, *being asleep*, that he saw divers images, like terrible devils, which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest."† Again, according to the most faithful chronicler of the period, "As it is generally stated, in the morning he declared that he had seen dreadful visions, and had imagined himself surrounded by a multitude of demons."‡

"By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,

* Kennet, vol. i. p. 513.

† Grafton, vol. ii. p. 150. "It is reported," writes Polydore Virgil, "that King Richard had that night a terrible dream; for he thought, *in his sleep*, that he saw horrible images, as it were, of evil spectres haunting evidently about him."—*P. Virgil*, p. 221, *Cand. Soc. Trans.*

‡ Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 503.

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THE DESOLATION AND DEATH OF RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER.

ON Tuesday, the 16th of August 1485, King Richard marched out of the town of Nottingham at the head of twelve thousand men. Clad in armour of burnished steel, and seated on a magnificent snow-white charger, the famous "white Surrey" of the poet, his appearance, attended by his glittering body-guard, is said to have been eminently striking. His armour was the same which he had worn at the battle of Tewkesbury.* A kingly diadem encircled his helmet. Above him floated the royal banner, while around him waved a variety of standards, radiant with the "silver hoar," his peculiar cognizance, and other insignia of the house of Plantagenet. About sunset he entered Leicester.

On the following day Richard led his army from Leicester to Elmsthorpe, where he encamped for the night. On Thursday, the 18th, he advanced to Stableton, about a mile and a half from the field of Bosworth. Here he pitched his camp upon some ground called the Bradshaws, and here he remained during the two following days, employed in throwing up breastworks and making other preparations for the approaching battle.

In the mean time, the Earl of Richmond had broken up his camp at Atherstone, and had advanced his army, mounting to about seven thousand men, to the field of Bosworth, then called Redmore Plain, from the red colour of its soil.† The same evening, Richard pushed

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* Hutton's Bosworth, Nichols' ed. p. 82.

† Ibid. p. 68.

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known warning which, on the preceding night, had been appended to the tent of the Duke of Norfolk, was only too significant of the general treachery which surrounded him : —

“ Jock of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.”*

Splendid, indeed, as was the appearance of his army, more than two-thirds of his followers were probably traitors in their hearts. Already more than one gallant and distinguished warrior, — such men as Sir John Savage, Sir Simon Digby, Sir Brian Sandford, Sir John Cheney, Sir Walter Hungerford, and Sir Thomas Bourchier, — had deserted his service for that of the invader. Of these persons more than one had been high in favour with Richard. Hungerford and Bourchier had been esquires of his body; Savage had received grants of land from him, and was one of the knights of his body; Hungerford “was keeper of parks in Wells.” † There can be no stronger evidence how widely treason had spread among Richard’s followers, than the fact that during the preceding night Sir Simon Digby had been allowed to penetrate as a spy into the heart of his camp, and to return, unquestioned, with such information as he could collect, to the Earl of Richmond.

But it was the imposing positions taken up by the Stanleys, and their more than questionable fidelity, which doubtless occasioned Richard the greatest anxiety. Lord Stanley, who was in secret communication with the Earl of Richmond, was compelled to pursue the most cautious policy. He was placed in a most painful situation. His word was pledged to his royal master; his wishes were with his stepson; all his fears were with his son. A single imprudent move might

* Grafton, vol. i. p. 154.

† Harl. MSS. quoted in Turner’s Middle Ages, vol. iii. p. 522.

jects whose heart was more comfortless; not one who was more entirely alienated from the sympathies of his fellow-creatures, than at this period was Richard of Gloucester. The death of his nephews had estranged from him all who were nearest allied to him in blood. The fair boy, in whom all his ambitious hopes had centred, had suddenly been hurried to the tomb. The wife of his choice had speedily followed him. Treason was rife among those whom he had sought to love, and on whom he had conferred the greatest favours. In this, then, the hour of his desolation — yearning, perhaps, for the presence of some human being on whose affections he had a claim — he is said to have recalled to mind an illegitimate son, for whom he had hitherto shown no particular predilection, and to have sent for him to his camp. The circumstances connected with their interview have their peculiar interest, and will be presently related.

The night before the battle of Bosworth was the last of Richard's existence: it was probably also the most terrible.

“To the guilty king, that black fore-running night,
 Appeared the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his son,
 Of his own brother George, and his two nephews done
 Most cruelly to death; and of his wife and friend
 Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepared as they would rend
 Him piecemeal; at which oft he roared in his sleep.”

DRAYTON.

That Richard passed a perturbed and miserable night, we have good evidence for believing. We learn, from high authority, that of late he had been an habitually restless sleeper; “that he took ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept.”*

* Sir T. More's Hist. of Richard III. p. 134.

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make common cause with the earl, and might not impossibly change the fortunes of the day. These arguments convinced the usurper. Accordingly, delivering back Lord Strange to the custody of the "keepers of his tents," he consented to defer the execution to a more convenient opportunity.*

When, on the morning of the 22nd of August, King Richard placed himself at the head of his army, the paleness of his face and a tremor of his frame are said to have been observable by all. Yet, from whatever cause his disturbance arose, whether from evil dreams or from the treachery of his friends, it effected no change in his conduct as a general, or in his valour as a man. His military arrangements were completed with his accustomed precision and skill. His archers, under the command of the Duke of Norfolk and his son, the Earl of Surrey, he placed in front. Next came a dense square, composed of bombards, morris-pikes, and arquebuses, commanded by the king in person. Still clad in the magnificent suit of armour which he had worn at Tewkesbury, and mounted on his celebrated milk-white charger, he addressed his chieftains in an animated speech, the purport of which his contemporaries have bequeathed to us:—"Advance forth your standards," he exclaimed, "and every one give but one sure stroke, and surely the journey is ours. And as for me, I assure you this day I will triumph for victory, or suffer death for immortal fame."†

In the mean time, the Earl of Richmond had also arranged his forces in battle array. His front, composed of archers like that of the king, was commanded by the Earl of Oxford. The right wing was intrusted to Sir Gilbert Talbot; Sir John Savage led the left.

* Hutton's Bosworth, pp. 92, 93; Croyland Chron. p. 503; Kennet, vol. i. p. 512; Hall, pp. 412, 420; Holinshed, vol. iii. pp. 431, 435.

† Grafton, vol. ii. p. 152.

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."

King Richard III. Act v. Sc. 3.

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It was in the grey dawn of the morning that Richard started from his troubled slumbers. So early was the hour, that his chaplains were still asleep in their tents. His attendants were unprepared with his breakfast.* Attended by Lord Lovel, his lord-chamberlain; by Sir William Catesby, his attorney-general; and by another privy councillor, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, the usurper passed from his tent into the silent camp, which lay stretched around him in the twilight. Perceiving a sentinel asleep at his post, he is said to have stabbed him, exclaiming, as he pursued his rounds, "I found him asleep, and I have left him as I found him."† The depression of his spirits, occasioned by the horrors of the preceding night, is said to have been visibly depicted on his pallid countenance. A painful thought occurred to him, that his agitation might be attributed to cowardice; and accordingly we are told he "recited and declared to his particular friends his wonderful vision and terrible dream."‡ On all former occasions, on the eve of a deadly encounter, it had been remarked that, as the hour of peril drew near, his eye had grown brighter, and his spirits apparently more light. But now, dreading "that the event of the battle would be grievous, he did not buckle himself to the conflict with such liveliness of courage and countenance as before."§

But Richard had graver causes for anxiety and alarm than from mere superstitious fantasies. The well-

* Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 503.

† Hutton's Bosworth, p. 79.

‡ Grafton, vol. ii. p. 150.

§ Polydore Virgil, p. 222, Camd. Soc. Ed. No longer, according to another old chronicler, he exhibited that "alacrity and mirth of mind and countenance, as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle."—*Holinshed*, vol. iii. p. 438.

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the Duke of Norfolk on the side of the king, and by the Earl of Oxford on the part of Richmond. Having expended their arrows, the archers on each side laid aside their bows, and fought, sword in hand, in a close and desperate struggle. In the midst of the *mêlée*, Norfolk chanced to recognize Oxford by his device—a star with rays, which was glittering on his standard. In like manner, Oxford discovered the duke by his cognizance, the silver lion. These gallant men were nearly allied to each other by the ties of blood. Formerly they had been united by the ties of friendship. In that hour of deadly conflict, however, friendship and relationship were alike disregarded. The lances of the two chieftains crossed, and each shivered on the armour of the other. Renewing the combat with their swords, Norfolk wounded Oxford in the left arm, a stroke which the earl paid back by cleaving the beaver from Norfolk's helmet. The duke's face being thus exposed, Oxford chivalrously declined to continue the combat with so great an advantage on his side. His generosity, however, was of no avail to Norfolk. An arrow, shot by an obscure hand, struck him in the face, and laid him a corpse at Oxford's feet. Lord Surrey, who beheld his father fall, now made a furious onset to revenge his death. He was encountered, however, by superior numbers, and, notwithstanding the chivalrous valour with which he fought, his own position soon became a critical one. A generous effort to rescue him was made by Sir Richard Clarendon and Sir William Conyers. Those gallant knights, however, were in their turn surrounded by Sir John Savage and his retainers, and cut to pieces. In the mean time, Surrey was singly opposed by the veteran Sir Gilbert Talbot, who would willingly have spared the life of one so chivalrous and so young. Surrey, however, refused to accept quarter, and, when an attempt was made to take him prisoner, dealt death among those who approached him. One

have sent the latter to the block. When, therefore, on the morning of the battle of Bosworth, the king and the Earl of Richmond severally sent messengers to exhort him to join them forthwith, he returned an equivocal answer to each. To the latter he replied that he was engaged in putting his own troops in battle array; that he would "join him at supper-time." * Richmond, though he could scarcely have doubted the good intentions of his stepfather, listened to the answer with emotion. He was "no little vexed," we are told, "and began to be somewhat alarmed." †

The reply which Lord Stanley sent back to the king's more peremptory command, savoured more of the spirit of the Roman. Richard, it seems, had sent him word by a pursuivant-at-arms that, by Christ's passion, he would cut off Lord Strange's head, if he dared to disobey his orders. "Tell the king," was Stanley's reply, "that it is inconvenient for me to go to him at present: tell him also," he added, "that I have other sons." ‡ These words so exasperated the king, that he ordered Lord Strange to be instantly executed. Fortunately, however, Lord Stanley had friends in the usurper's camp. Lord Ferrers of Chartley, and others, represented to Richard that he was about to commit not only a cruel, but also an impolitic action. Lord Stanley, they argued, had hitherto committed no overt act of treason. They represented that were any blood to be shed that day, except by the sword, it would fix an indelible stain upon their cause. Lord Stanley, they said, was so nearly allied by family ties to the earl, that he probably wished to avoid coming to blows with him if possible; whereas the execution of his son would impel him to

* Buck's Richard III. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 510; Grafton, vol. ii. p. 151.

† Polydore Virgil, p. 223, Camd. Soc. Ed.

‡ Grafton, vol. ii. p. 156.

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victory would, in all probability, have declared for Richard. But Northumberland, instead of hastening to the aid of his royal master, withdrew his troops to a convenient distance, where he remained a passive spectator of the combat. This glaring act of disloyalty manifested how wide-spread was the defection in Richard's army, and may not improbably have induced Lord Stanley to throw off the mask. Suddenly he gave orders for his troops to advance to the left, thus uniting them with the right of Richmond's army. The king beheld the movement with astonishment and rage. Victory was evidently on the point of deciding for his adversary; and accordingly, his faithful knights, "perceiving the soldiers faintly, and nothing courageously, to set on their enemies," brought him a fresh and fleet charger, and entreated him to seek safety in flight.* Richard, however, indignantly repelled their advice. "Bring me my battle-axe," he is said to have exclaimed, "and fix my crown of gold on my head; for, by Him that shaped both sea and land, king of England this day will I die!"†

The situation of the usurper had indeed become a critical one. The gallant Norfolk was no more; Surrey was a prisoner; Northumberland had turned traitor. Stanley's followers were already dealing "sore dints" among his troops, and Sir William Stanley might at any moment follow the example set him by his brother. One chance only remained to the undaunted monarch. Descriing Richmond on a neighbouring eminence, with only a few men-at-arms for his personal guard, he resolved either to fight his way to him and terminate their differences by a personal encounter, or to perish

* Polydore Virgil, p. 225, *Camd. Soc. Trans.*; Grafton, vol. ii. p. 155.

† Harl. MSS. 512, fol. 31, quoted in Hutton's *Bosworth*, by Nichols, p. 217; Grafton, vol. ii. p. 155; Polydore Virgil, p. 225.

Richmond himself, assisted by the military skill and experience of his uncle, the veteran Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, assumed the supreme command. He, too, addressed a spirited appeal to his followers. Arrayed in complete armour, with the exception of his helmet, of which he had modestly divested himself, he rode from rank to rank, descanting, "with a loud voice and bold speech," on the justness of his cause and on the crimes of the usurper. His trust, he said, was in the God of justice and of battles. Victory, he insisted, was decided not by numbers but by valour; the smaller the numbers, the greater the fame which would reward the vanquishers. For himself, he continued, he would rather lie a corpse on the cold ground, than recline a free prisoner on a carpet in a lady's chamber. One choice only was theirs—that of winning the victory, and exulting as conquerors; or losing the battle, and being branded as slaves. "Therefore," he concluded, "in the name of God and St. George, let every man courageously advance forth his standard." *

The accounts which the old chroniclers have bequeathed to us of the battle of Bosworth are highly spirited and graphic. "Lord!" says Grafton, "how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! How quickly the archers bent their bows, and frushed their feathers! How readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves, ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death!" And anon, after that terrible pause, "the trumpets blew, and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows. The earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again; and, the terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes." †

For some time, the brunt of the battle was borne by

* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 153.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 154.

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warriors. Four of them were knights of the Garter.* Flinging themselves into the thickest of the battle, onward and furiously they fought their way. At their head,—“making open passage by dint of sword,”—rode the last king who was destined to wear the crown of the Plantagenets. The nearer he advanced to his detested rival, the greater became his impetuosity and rage. In the words of the old chronicler, “he put spurs to his horse, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest towards him.”† In the course of that terrible onslaught, more than one affecting incident occurred. Sir Robert Brakenbury happened to cross Sir Walter Hungerford, who, only a few hours previously, had deserted the cause of Richard for that of Henry. The word traitor escaped the lips of Brakenbury, on which Hungerford dealt a blow at him which shivered his shield. Stroke after stroke was then exchanged between them; but Brakenbury had survived the vigour of youth, and was ill matched against a younger adversary. At length a blow from Hungerford’s sword crushed the helmet of the veteran knight, and exposed his silvery hairs to the light. “Spare his life, brave Hungerford,” exclaimed Sir Thomas Bouchier; but the generous entreaty came too late. Before the words could escape his lips, the arm of Hungerford had descended, and the old warrior lay stretched, with the life-blood flowing from him, at their feet.

In that exciting hour, friend was arrayed against friend, and neighbour encountered neighbour. Sir Gervoise Clifton and Sir John Byron‡ were not only

* King Richard, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Lord Lovel, and Sir Richard Ratcliffe.

† Grafton, p. 151.

‡ Sir John Byron, constable of Nottingham Castle, was knighted by Henry shortly after his landing at Milford-Haven. He died 3rd May 1488, and was buried at Colwick in Nottinghamshire.

ast endeavour to capture him was made by a private soldier. Surrey, however, turning furiously on him, collected his remaining strength, and severed the man's arm from his body.

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“ Young Howard single with an army fights ;
When, moved with pity, two renownèd knights,
Strong Clarendon and valiant Conyers, try
To rescue him, in which attempt they die.
Now Surrey, fainting, scarce his sword can hold,
Which made a common soldier grow so bold,
To lay rude hands upon that noble flower,
Which he disdainig, — anger gives him power, —
Erects his weapon with a nimble round,
And sends the peasant's arm to kiss the ground.” *

By this time he was completely exhausted. Accordingly, presenting the hilt of his sword to Talbot, he requested him to take his life, in order to prevent his dying by an ignoble hand. “ The maxim of our family,” he said, “ is to support the crown of England, and I would fight for it, though it were placed on a hedge-stick.” Talbot, it is needless to observe, spared his life.†

Had the Earl of Northumberland remained true to his sovereign, or even if the Stanleys had continued neuter,

* Bosworth Field, by Sir John Beaumont, Bart., in Weever's Funeral Monuments, p. 554.

† Hutton's Bosworth, pp. 100—106. Lord Surrey was committed to the Tower, where he remained a prisoner about three years and a half; but, says Grafton (vol. ii. p. 154), “ for his truth and fidelity he was afterwards promoted to high honours, offices, and dignities.” On the 9th of September 1513, he defeated and slew King James IV. of Scotland at the battle of Flodden, for which distinguished service he was restored to the dukedom of Norfolk, of which he had been deprived by attainder after the battle of Bosworth. In 1521, he presided, as Lord High Steward, at the trial of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, and, on passing sentence of death on him, is said to have been so much affected as to shed tears. The duke died at Framlingham Castle, May 21, 1524.

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from the grasp of the falling warrior, flung it contemptuously on the ground.

The moment was unquestionably a critical one for Richmond. His followers are said to have been "almost in despair of victory."* His life was in imminent peril. It was at this conjuncture that Sir William Stanley, following the example of his brother, came to Richmond's assistance with "three thousand tall men."† "He came time enough," afterwards observed Henry, "to save my life; but he stayed long enough to endanger it."‡ The object of Sir William Stanley was to surround Richard, and he completely succeeded. Bitterly was this last act of treachery felt by the usurper. The last words which he was heard to mutter were, "Treason, treason, treason!" § But, though separated from his army, and gradually hemmed in by overpowering numbers, his intrepidity never for a moment deserted him. When Catesby urged him to fly, he retorted by taxing him with cowardice. The hope of reaching his adversary, and dying with his grasp round his throat, seems to have animated him to the last. But by this time, his knights, with the exception of Lord Lovel and his faithful standard-bearer, had all fallen lifeless around him. The latter continued to wave the royal banner over the head of his sovereign to the last. Resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible, the warrior king still stood at bay, "manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies," || till, covered with wounds and exhausted by loss of blood and fatigue, he either staggered or was struck down from his horse. Thus, as the old chronicler observes, "while fighting, and not in

* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 151.

† Ibid.

‡ Lord Bacon's Henry VII. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 611.

§ Rous's Hist. Reg. Ang. p. 218.

|| Grafton, vol. ii. p. 151. "Fighting manfully in the thickest press of his enemies."—*Polydore Virgil*, p. 221, Camd. Soc. Trans.

1 the gallant attempt.* With a voice and mien inspired by indomitable resolution and courage, he called upon all true knights to imitate the intrepid example which he proposed to set them. "If none will follow me," he exclaimed, "I will try the cause alone." But the gallant men to whom he appealed responded in a manner such as should gladden the ear of a king on such an occasion. One and all, they prepared to triumph with their sovereign, or die by his side. Of the names of those devoted men only a few have been handed down to us. They included, however, Francis Viscount Lovel, Walter Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Sir Mervoise Clifton, Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and Sir Robert Brakenbury — names to which the historian delights to do honour. Lastly, there rode by the side of the king Sir William Catesby, "learned in the laws of the realm," who, false as he had been to Hastings and others, remained true to his sovereign in his hour of imminent peril. The reflection is a melancholy one, that, of that heroic band, Lord Lovel alone survived to mourn the fate of his king and comrades, and to relate the tale of their prowess. Catesby, indeed, quitted the field alive, but it was to perish, two days afterwards, by the hands of the headsman.

Then it was that King Richard headed and led on that memorable charge, on the success or failure of which the sceptre of an ancient dynasty depended. Fixing his spear in its rest, and calling on his knights to follow him, he set spurs to his noble charger, and from the right flank of his army rode directly and impetuously towards his adversary. Only for a few seconds he paused in his desperate course. It was to quench his thirst at a fountain, which still bears the name of "King Richard's well." Then recommenced that glorious onset of the hero-king and his brother

* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 154; Polydore Virgil, lib. xxv. p. 714.

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by at once offering the crown to Richmond, and calling upon the assembled army to acknowledge him as their sovereign. The armed multitude listened to the proposal with rapture, and, amidst their cheers and acclamations, Lord Stanley placed the crown of the Plantagenets on the head of the first king of the house of Tudor. The same day Richmond entered Leicester in triumph, where, "by sound of trumpets," he was proclaimed King of England, by the title of Henry VII.*

At each end and side of the magnificent tomb of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, may be seen the device of a crown in a hawthorn bush, an interesting memento of his military coronation on the field of Bosworth. The eminence on which Lord Stanley placed the royal diadem on the brow of Henry, still retains the name of Crown Hill.

The death of Richard III. took place on the 22nd of August 1485. He had reigned only two years and two months; his age was only thirty-two. Whatever may have been his faults or his crimes, he certainly died not unlamented. In the register of the city of York, there is an entry, dated the day after his death, which is the more touching inasmuch as it was inserted at a time when flattery was unserviceable to the dead, and might have been perilous to the living. "It was shown by divers persons," proceeds the register, "especially by John Spon, sent unto the field of Redmore to bring tidings from the same to the city, that King Richard, late *lawfully* reigning over us, was, through great treason of the Duke of Norfolk †, and many others that turned against him, with many other lords and nobility of the north parts, *piteously*

* Hutton's Bosworth, pp. 132, 133, Grafton, vol. ii. p. 155; Polydore Virgil, lib. xxv. p. 715.

† Norfolk, as we have seen, had been true to Richard, and was slain on the field. Apparently authentic accounts of the battle had not as yet been received at York.

neighbours in Nottinghamshire, but were intimate friends. Clifton fought in the ranks of the king; Byron on the side of Richmond. Previously to their departure from their several homes, they had exchanged a solemn oath, that whoever of the two might prove to be on the victorious side, he should exert all his influence to prevent the confiscation of the estates of his friend, and the consequent ruin of his wife and children. It so happened, that while Clifton was charging with his royal master, he received a blow which felled him to the ground. Byron chanced to be at hand, and saw him fall. Deeply affected by the incident, he dashed through the ranks to his assistance, and, covering him with his shield, exhorted him to surrender. Clifton, however, had received his death-wound. Faintly murmuring that all was over with him, he collected sufficient strength to be able to remind his friend of his engagement, and then expired.* The interesting fact that, after the lapse of nearly four centuries, the descendants of Sir Gervoise Clifton still enjoy the lands possessed by their ancestor, attest that the injunctions of the dying hero were not disregarded by his friend.

In the mean time, King Richard and the survivors of his warrior band continued to fight their way towards Richmond. One and all, as they swept onward, they dealt death and havoc round them. The nearer Richard approached to the person of his adversary, the more he seemed to be fortified by an almost superhuman resolution and strength. Not far in advance of Richmond, he encountered and unhorsed Sir John Cheney, a gallant knight of colossal stature. By a desperate effort, he fought his way to the standard of his adversary. Richmond was now almost within his grasp. With one stroke he slew Sir William Brandon, who was waving the banner over the head of his master, and, seizing it

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* Hutton's Bosworth, p. 117, &c.

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his queen, Henry VII., some years after the death of his rival, caused a tomb of many-coloured marble, surmounted by a marble effigy of Richard, to be erected over the spot of his interment.* Unfortunately, the dissolution of the religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII. occasioned the demolition of St. Mary's Church and the defacement of its most interesting memorial. When, in the reign of James I., the spot was visited by Dr. Christopher Wren, afterwards Dean of Windsor, the ancient tomb had ceased to exist. The ground on which the monastery of Grey Friars had stood he found in the possession of an influential citizen of Leicester, Mr. Robert Heyrick, who over the grave of the usurper had erected a handsome pillar of stone,

* The following lines were engraved on Richard's tomb:—

“Hic ego, quem vario tellus sub marmore claudit,
Tertius à multâ voce Ricardus eram;
Nam patriæ tutor, patruus pro jure nepotis,
Diruptâ tenui Regna Britannia fide;
Sexaginta dies, binis duntaxat adeptis,
Æstatesque tuli non mea sceptrâ duas.
Fortiter in bello, merito desertus ab Anglis,
Rex Henrice, tibi, septime, succubui:
At sumptu, pius ipse, tuo, sic ossa decoras,
Regem olimque facis Regis honore coli.
Quatuor exceptis jam tantum, quinque bis annis
Acta tricenta quidem, lustra salutis erant,
Anteque Septembris undenâ hæc kalendas,
Reddideram rubræ debita jura rosæ.
At mea, quisquis eris, propter commissa precare
Sit minor ut precibus pœna fienda tuis.”

From a MS. in the College of Arms. Sandford, Gen. Hist. book v. p. 435. Sandford justly remarks that these lines “differ not much” from those inserted by Buck in his “Life and Reign of Richard III.” Those differences, however, trifling as they at first appear to be, seem to the author not a little curious, as manifesting Buck's unscrupulous partiality for Richard's memory. For instance, in the second line, *justâ* is substituted for *multâ*; in the seventh line, *certans* for *merito*; and in the fourteenth line, *jura petita* for *debita jura*. See Buck, in Kennet, vol. i. p. 577.

the act of flight, the said King Richard was pierced with numerous deadly wounds, and fell in the field like a brave and most valiant prince."* The death of the king decided the fate of the day. A third of his followers are said to have fallen in battle. The remainder sought safety by a precipitate flight.†

The first act of the Earl of Richmond, on finding himself master of the field, was to fall upon his knees and return thanks to the Almighty for the great victory which He had vouchsafed to him.‡ This pious act of gratitude having been discharged, he was conducted by Lord Stanley and the Earls of Pembroke and Oxford to a neighbouring eminence, on which the *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted. In an energetic speech he thanked his army for the great service which it had rendered him, extolling the valour of his followers, and promising them adequate rewards. In the mean time, the battered crown, which had been reft from the helmet of Richard during his death-struggle, had been discovered concealed under a hawthorn bush, and was carried by Sir Reginald Bray to Lord Stanley. This opportune circumstance, added to the favourable effect produced by the speech of the victor, seems to have suggested to the Stanleys and their friends the policy of seizing advantage of the general enthusiasm,

* Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 304.

† "The blood of the slain tinged the little brook long after the battle, particularly in rain. The battle being fought in a dry season, much of the blood would lodge upon the ground, become baked with the sun, and be the longer in washing off; which inspired a belief in the country people, that the rivulet runs blood to this day, and they frequently examine it. Possessed with this opinion, they refuse to drink it."—*Hutton's Bosworth*, p. 127. According to Hutton's calculation, King Richard lost no more than nine hundred men at the battle of Bosworth, and Richmond only one hundred. This estimate nearly agrees with Grafton's statement, that one thousand men fell on the side of the king, and one hundred on the side of the earl. Vol. ii. pp. 154, 155.

‡ Grafton, vol. ii. p. 155; Polydore Virgil, lib. xxv. p. 715.

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During three centuries and a half there stood in the town of Leicester the venerable hostelry in which King Richard passed the night on his march from Nottingham to Bosworth. Hutton describes it as "a large, handsome half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other." In the days of King Richard it was styled, in compliment to him, the "White Boar." To have retained the name, however, after the accession of King Henry, might have exposed the landlord to a rebuke from the authorities, or perhaps an attack by the rabble.* Accordingly, the name of the "Blue Boar" was substituted for the "White." This name the old hostelry retained so late as the year 1836, when, notwithstanding it was uninjured by the lapse of ages, and unaltered by the hand of man, it was sacrilegiously razed to the ground. "Blue Boar Lane" still denotes the site from which Richard III. marched to his death upon Bosworth Field.

Another, and no less interesting relic, — the camp-bedstead which Richard carried about with him, and on which he slept at Leicester, — is, fortunately, still in existence. It appears also to have contained his treasure-chest. The material of which it is constructed is oak, being ornamented with panels of different-coloured wood, two of which are carved with designs representing apparently the Holy Sepulchre. For nearly two centuries after the battle of Bosworth, the old bedstead was allowed to remain, an object of interest and curiosity, at the old hostelry. When Hutton, however, visited Leicester in 1758, it had come into the possession of

for the purpose of receiving the head and shoulders of the dead, or else the coffin could scarcely have been that of King Richard. The custom of shaping coffins with such concavities, had been discontinued for centuries previously to the death of that monarch.

* "The proud bragging white bear, which was his badge, was violently razed and plucked down from every sign and place where it might be espied."—*Grafton*, vol. ii. p. 166.

slain and murdered, to the great heaviness of this city." It was therefore determined, at that "wofull season," to apply to the Earl of Northumberland for advice.*

The corpse of Richard was treated with the grossest indignities.† Having been dragged from under a heap of the slain, it was flung across the back of a horse, entirely stripped to the skin, and thus conveyed into Leicester. In front of the dead body sat a pursuivant-at-arms, "Blanc Sanglier;" his tabard, as if in mockery, glittering with the silver boar, the famous cognizance of the deceased. Thus, "naked and despoiled to the skin," covered with wounds, and besmeared with dust and blood,—a halter round his neck, his head hanging down on one side of the horse, and his legs dangling on the other, was the corpse of Richard carried into Leicester,—into that very town from which he had so recently ridden forth a mighty warrior and a sceptred king! His body, in order to satisfy the most sceptical that the dreaded usurper had ceased to exist, was exposed to the public gaze at one of the fortified gates of Leicester, so that "every man might see and look upon him." Eventually his remains met with decent, if not honourable sepulture. His body, we are told, was "begged" by the monks of the society of Grey Friars, who interred it in the church of St. Mary belonging to their order, then the principal place of worship in Leicester.‡

Feeling that some respect was due to the memory of the last monarch of a mighty line and the uncle of

* Drake's Ebor. p. 120. That Richard was cruelly betrayed at the battle of Bosworth, there can be no question. Many of his followers, according to Grafton, "came not thither in hope to see the king prosper and prevail, but to hear that he should be shamefully confounded and brought to ruin."—*Grafton*, vol. ii. p. 154.

† Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 504; Grafton, vol. ii. p. 156; Fabyan, p. 673; Hutton, pp. 141, 142.

‡ Hutton, p. 142.

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King Richard III. was the father of at least two illegitimate children, a son and a daughter, to each of whom he gave the surname of Plantagenet. Like his brother, King Edward IV., he seems to have been a watchful and an affectionate parent. John of Gloucester, or, as he was sometimes styled, John of Pomfret, was knighted by his father on the occasion of his second coronation at York in 1483. Eighteen months afterwards*, few as his years must have been, we find the king appointing him governor of Calais; the royal patent styling him "our beloved son John of Gloucester," and expressing "undoubted hope" that, from his singular gifts of mind and body, he was destined to perform good service to the State.† The fate of a youth whose career had promised to be so brilliant, has, we believe, been left unrecorded. Presuming that he survived his father, the probability is that he either courted safety by changing his name and living in obscurity, or that he obtained military service in a foreign land.

Richard's only daughter, "Dame Katherine Plantagenet," was married, apparently almost in childhood, to William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon. In the deed of settlement, which still exists, the king guarantees to defray the expenses of their nuptials, and to endow her with a fortune of 400 marks a year. The earl, on his part, engages to make her "a fair and efficient estate of certain of his manors in England, to the yearly value

Moreover, Sir Roger Twysden, writing in 1653, informs us that he heard the story vouched for by two "very good, true, and worthy persons,"—Sir Basil Brooke and a Mrs. Cumber, both of whom would seem to have lived contemporaneously with the facts which they related. The latter was brought up at Leicester, and actually saw the murderess burned at the stake. Notes and Queries, vol. iv. pp. 102, 153, 154, New Series; Hutton, p. 19; Halsted, vol. ii. pp. 491, 492.

* 11th March 1485.

† Rymer's Fœdera, vol. xii. p. 265.

with the inscription, "Here lies the body of Richard III., sometime king of England." "This," says Dr. Wren, "he shewed me walking in the garden, 1612."* But the pillar of stone has shared the fate of the alabaster effigy. No vestige of it remains. Even local gossip has ceased to point to the spot which covered the dust of the warrior-king. In the days of Charles I., his grave, "overgrown with nettles and weeds," was not to be traced.†

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There exists a tradition at Leicester, that, at the dissolution of the monasteries, the coffin of Richard was removed from its resting-place, and that his ashes were flung into the Soar.‡ The rumour seems not to be altogether without foundation. Long ago, a stone coffin, said to have been that of King Richard, was used as a drinking-trough for horses at the White Horse Inn at Leicester.§ But even this apocryphal memorial of the usurper no longer exists. When, in 1722, it was seen by the Rev. Samuel Carte, the father of the historian,—although there was still discernible "some appearance of the hollow fitted for containing the head and shoulders,"—the greater portion of it had yielded to the ravages of time. Thirty-six years afterwards Hutton searched for it, and searched in vain.||

* Wren's *Parentalia*, p. 144.

† Baker's *Chronicle*, p. 235; Sandford, *Gen. Hist.* book v. p. 434, ed. 1707.

‡ Nicholls, vol. ii. p. 298.

§ Sandford, *Gen. Hist.* book v. p. 434; Hutton's *Bosworth*, p. 143; Speed's *Description of England*, anno 1627.

|| "I took a journey to Leicester in 1758," writes Hutton, "to see a trough which had been the repository of one of the most singular bodies that ever existed, but found it had not withstood the ravages of time. The best intelligence I could obtain was, that it was destroyed about the latter end of the reign of George I., and some of the pieces placed as steps in a cellar, in the same inn where it had served as a trough."—*Hutton's Bosworth*, p. 143. With respect to the "appearance of hollow" remarked upon by Mr. Carte, either he must have been mistaken in supposing that it was constructed

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house of a "Latin schoolmaster," ignorant of the names of the authors of his being, or to whom he was indebted for his maintenance. Once in each quarter of the year he was visited by a gentleman, who, though he seemed to take an interest in his welfare, and regularly defrayed the expense of his board and instruction, took care to impress on his mind that no relationship existed between them. Once only, there seemed to be a chance of his discovering the secret of his birth; but it was destined to end in disappointment. On that occasion he was unexpectedly visited by his mysterious benefactor, who, taking him with him, "carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there." Then there came to him one "finely dressed with a star and garter," who, after having put some questions to him, dismissed him with a present of money. That person, if there be any truth in this singular tradition, was King Richard. "Then the forementioned gentleman returned, and carried him back to school."

Once more, and for the last time, he was visited by his friend, who, furnishing him with a horse and a proper equipment, intimated that he must take a journey with him into the country. Their destination was the field of Bosworth, where they arrived on the eve of the memorable battle. On reaching the royal camp, the boy was conducted to the tent of King Richard, who embraced him and bade him welcome. He then disclosed to him the startling fact of his being his father, promising, at the same time, that, in the event of his winning the approaching battle, he would openly acknowledge him as his son.

"But, child," he said, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown, and assure yourself that if I lose that I will also lose my life." He then pointed out a particular spot, which overlooked the battle-field, where

Alderman Drake, of that city, from whom it descended to his grandson, the Rev. Matthew Babington. Massive and cumbrous though it be, this curious piece of furniture is so fashioned that it may easily be taken to pieces and reconstructed in the form of a chest. This circumstance, added to the unquestionable fact of its having formerly been gilt, and its being profusely ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, a favourite emblem of the house of Plantagenet, seems to afford almost incontestable evidence of the authenticity of this remarkable relic.*

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* See Hutton's *Bosworth*, p. 48; Halsted's *Richard III.* vol. ii. pp. 491—494; *Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. pp. 102, 153, 154, New Series. In some verses prefixed to Tom Coryate's "Crudities," published in 1611, King Richard's bedstead is recorded as one of the "sights" of Leicester. With reference to the surmise that it concealed his military treasure, a tragical story is related. No suspicion of its having been used for such a purpose appears to have been entertained till the reign of James I., when a man of the name of Clark happened to be the landlord of the Blue Boar. The wife of this person was one day engaged in arranging the bed, when her curiosity was excited by a piece of gold dropping from it on the floor. The probability that more gold lay concealed in it, led to a close examination of the old bedstead, when there was discovered—between what they had always supposed to be the bottom of the bed and a false bottom beneath it—a large amount of gold, the coinage either of the reign of Richard III. or of his predecessors. Clark carefully kept his good fortune a secret. To the surprise of his neighbours, he suddenly became transformed from a poor to a rich man, and eventually rose to be mayor of Leicester. After the death of Clark, his widow became possessed of what remained of the royal treasure; but, unhappily for her, she allowed the secret to transpire. The desire of possessing themselves of such wealth excited the worst passions of one of the housemaids and her sweetheart; and accordingly, in the night-time, the former, stealing into the bedroom of her mistress, either strangled or suffocated her in her sleep. Both offenders were subsequently brought to justice, and suffered the penalty awarded to their crime. The woman was burned to death; the man was hanged. Extraordinary as this story may appear, there are reasonable grounds for giving it credit. Certain it is—for the existing archives of the city of Leicester attest the fact—that, in the year 1605, a man and woman were executed there for the murder of the landlady of the Blue Boar.

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found credence out of a nursery. Not many years have passed by, since the foundations of Richard Plantagenet's cottage were still pointed out by the inhabitants of Eastwell and of the neighbourhood; nor was it till the middle of the seventeenth century that the cottage itself was razed to the ground, in the time of Thomas third Earl of Winchilsea. His son, Earl Heneage, told Dr. Brett that he would almost as soon have pulled down Eastwell Place itself. When, in 1720, Dr. Brett called upon the Earl at Eastwell, "I found him," he writes, "sitting with the register of the parish of Eastwell lying open before him. He told me that he had been looking there to see who of his own family were mentioned in it; but, says he, 'I have a curiosity here to show you.' The earl then pointed to the entry of the burial of Richard Plantagenet. 'This is all,' said Lord Winchilsea, 'that we can glean of his history, except the tradition which exists in our family, and some little marks where his house stood.'" The remarkable entry in the parish register, to which the lord of Eastwell pointed, appears "*sub anno Domini 1550,*" and runs as follows:—

"Rychard Plantagenet was buried the xxii day of Decembre.
Anno di supra."

Anciently, when any person of noble family was interred at Eastwell, it was the custom to affix this mark, V, against the name of the deceased in the register of burials. The fact is a significant one, that this aristocratic symbol is prefixed to the name of Richard Plantagenet.* At Eastwell his story still excites curiosity and interest. Although eleven generations have passed away since the death of the humble

* Letter from the Rev. T. Parsons, Rector of Eastwell, 10th August 1767, Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxxvii. p. 408; Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, lib. vii. p. 249.

of 200*l.* over all charges." * Richard received her husband into high favour, selecting him to fill more than one office of importance, and conferring on him the stewardship of several rich domains. The Countess of Huntingdon died young ; so young, indeed, that it seems questionable whether the marriage was ever consummated.

In addition to John of Gloucester, King Richard is said to have been the father of another illegitimate son, Richard Plantagenet, of whose chequered fortunes some romantic particulars have been recorded. About the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., when Sir Thomas Moyle, the maternal ancestor of the Earls of Winchilsea, was erecting his noble mansion, Eastwell Place, in Kent, his curiosity was excited by observing the recluse and studious habits of the principal stone-mason employed on the works. Avoiding the society of his fellows, no sooner was the task of the day completed, than the old man—for he must have been considerably advanced in years—drew a book from his pocket, and retired to peruse it in private. One of his peculiarities was a disinclination to disclose the nature of his studies. Whenever any one approached, he closed the volume. The circumstance excited the curiosity of Sir Thomas, who, one day surprising him at his studies, discovered that the book which he was reading was in Latin. Some remarks, which Sir Thomas ventured to make, induced the old man to open his heart, and to narrate to him the story of his life. He had received, he said, much kindness from Sir Thomas, and would therefore reveal to him a secret which he had intrusted to no other living being. His story was as follows :—

Until he had attained the age, he said, of fifteen or sixteen, he had been boarded and educated in the

* Sandford, Gen. Hist. book v. p. 435.

he desired the boy to station himself on the following day. "If I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle," said the king, "take care to let nobody know that I am your father, for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me." The king then presented him with a purse of gold, and bade him farewell.

The boy witnessed the memorable battle, and beheld the death of his heroic father. The result of the conflict, of course, was fatal to his future prospects. Accordingly, hurrying to London, he sold his horse and fine clothes, and, as soon as these resources were expended, bound himself apprentice to a bricklayer. Fortunately, with the excellent education he had received, he had imbibed a taste for literature, which served to solace him in adversity, and to throw a refinement over poverty. He was unwilling, as he told Sir Thomas Moyle, to forget his knowledge of Latin; and as the conversation of his fellow-workmen was uncongenial to him, books became his only companions, and reading his favourite amusement.*

Of so romantic a character is the story of Richard Plantagenet, that we are naturally disposed to treat it with incredulity. And yet all the evidence seems to us to be in favour of its being genuine. That it was believed by Sir Thomas Moyle, who, as a contemporary of the narrator, must have had excellent opportunities of testing its truth, is proved by his having erected a cottage near Eastwell Place for the old man, in which he comfortably passed the remainder of his days. Moreover, having held the important office of Chancellor of the Court of Augmentation, Sir Thomas must have been a man of business and of the world, and therefore most unlikely to have been duped by a story which, if uncorroborated, would scarcely have

* Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, lib. vii. pp. 249—251.

stonemason, more than one interesting local memorial continues to perpetuate his memory. A well in Eastwell Park still bears his name; tradition points to an uninscribed tomb in Eastwell churchyard as his resting-place; and, lastly, the very handwriting, which more than three centuries ago recorded his interment, is still in existence.*

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* From information kindly furnished to the author by the present Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. (1861.)

said to have been so deeply affected by the disgrace as to have put an end to his existence; "preferring thus to cut short his sorrow rather than pass a life of misery, labouring under so disgraceful a charge."* A fine altar-tomb, in the church of Wimborne Minster in Dorsetshire, still marks the spot where lie interred the remains of the broken-hearted warrior. It was piously erected, in after years, to the memory of her parent by his illustrious daughter.

In the fifteenth, and, indeed, as late as the seventeenth century, the guardianship of wealthy minors, and the wardship of their estates, furnished the sovereign with the means of enriching many a faithful follower, or perhaps undeserving favourite. Henry VI. accordingly conferred the wardship of his infant relative upon William de la Pole, Earl and afterwards Duke of Suffolk †, without, however, removing her from the protection of her mother. The widowed duchess took up her abode at Bletshoe, where for many years she continued to reside in great magnificence. The education of the great heiress, her daughter, is said to have been her principal care. Fortunately the child was gifted by nature with a capacity and sweetness of disposition which promised to yield valuable fruit. The gentle and learned Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was afterwards her father-confessor, has borne testimony to the tenacity of her memory, the readiness of her wit, and the comprehensiveness of her understanding. ‡ "Who her preceptors were," says Ballard, "I know not." § Whoever they may have been, she probably derived from

* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 399.

† A copy of the grant of the wardship of Margaret Beaufort to the Earl of Suffolk will be found in the "Excerpta Historica," p. 4.

‡ Funeral Sermon of Margaret Countess of Richmond, by John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, p. 7.

§ Ballard, Memoirs of Learned Ladies, p. 17.

MARGARET COUNTESS OF RICHMOND AND DERBY

liam Duke of Suffolk, exerted all his influence to obtain her hand for his son and heir.* Doubtful which of her two suitors was the most eligible, Margaret, as she afterwards told the Bishop of Rochester, earnestly besought Heaven to direct her in her choice. "Being then," says the bishop, "not fully nine years old, and doubtful in her mind what she were best to do, she asked counsel of an old gentlewoman, whom she much loved and trusted, which did advise her to commend herself to St. Nicholas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, and to beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do. This counsel she followed, and made her prayer so, full often, but specially that night, when she should the morrow after make answer of her mind determinately. A marvellous thing! the same night, as I have heard her tell many a time, as she lay in prayer, calling upon St. Nicholas, whether sleeping or waking she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the morning, one appeared unto her arrayed like a bishop, and, naming unto her Edmund, bade her take him unto her husband."†

Had the Duke of Suffolk lived, the probability seems to be that Margaret's vision would have been little regarded, and that his powerful influence with the queen would have induced the king to bestow the hand of his young kinswoman upon the heir of the De la Poles. Among the articles of impeachment preferred against the duke we find,—"Whereupon the same Duke of Suffolk, since the time of his arrest, hath do [caused] the said Margaret to be married to his said son."‡ No

* John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. He afterwards formed a still more illustrious alliance by marrying the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward IV. and of King Richard III. He died in 1491.

† Funeral Sermon, pp. 8-9; Lord Bacon's Life of Henry VII. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 138.

‡ Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 15.

MARGARET COUNTESS OF RICHMOND AND DERBY.

THIS pious and illustrious lady, descended from the sovereigns of the house of Plantagenet, and the ancestress of the sovereigns of the house of Tudor, was the sole child and heiress of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, captain-general, in the reign of Henry VI., of Aquitaine, of the realm of France, and of the duchy of Normandy. The duke was great-grandson of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of King Edward III. Consequently his daughter, the Lady Margaret, was the fourth in descent from that monarch. Her mother was Margaret, daughter of John Lord Beauchamp of Bletshoe, whose wealth and large domains she inherited.* The heiress of the house of Laucaster was born in 1441. Her birthplace is said to have been Bletshoe, in Bedfordshire, the princely seat of the Beauchamps.†

Margaret Beaufort was only in her fourth year when she had the misfortune to lose her illustrious father. Having been accused of treason, and forbidden the court by his kinsman, King Henry VI., the duke is

* She was a widow at the time of her marriage with the Duke of Somerset, having previously married Sir Oliver St. John of Penmark, Glamorganshire. After the death of the duke, she married a third husband, Leo Lord Welles, who was killed at the battle of Towton in 1461. Her son by this third marriage, John Viscount Welles, K.G., married Cecily, second daughter of King Edward IV.

† Lysons' *Magna Brit.* vol. i. p. 58.

gallant service, that after the battle the king appointed him one of his esquires of the body. This honourable post he filled as long as Henry lived, and at his death was continued as an esquire of the body to the infant King Henry VI.

At the time when the victor of Agincourt breathed his last, his beautiful queen, Katherine, daughter of Charles VI. of France, was only in her twenty-second year. As Owen Tudor was one of the body-guard to her infant son, he was naturally often thrown into the presence of the queen. All writers seem to agree that he was eminently a "graceful and beautiful personage."* His accomplishments attracted the admiration of the young queen, who seems to have been especially captivated by the elegance and activity which he displayed in the dance. In due time she appointed him her clerk of the wardrobe, the duties of which office doubtless brought them into more frequent and closer contact. Her partiality for the graceful Welshman could not long escape observation. The high-born ladies of her court remonstrated with her on her unworthy passion, but to no purpose. Forgetting her ancient birth and exalted rank in her admiration for the plebeian soldier of fortune, the illustrious daughter of the house of Valois hesitated not to blend with the Welsh leek the rose of England and the lily of France.† In secret they were married, and in secret, within the next few years, the beautiful queen-dowager made him the father of four children. Of these, the eldest, Edmund of Hadham,

* "Being but young in years, and thereby of less discretion to judge what was decent for her estate, she married one Owen Tudor, a gentleman of Wales, adorned with wonderful gifts of body and mind." — *Polydore Virgil*, p. 62, Camd. Soc. Ed. According to another old chronicler, he was "a goodly gentleman and a beautiful person, with goodly gifts both of nature and grace." — *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 185.

† Granger's Biog. Hist. vol. i. p. 20.

them, not only that ardent piety which distinguished all her actions in after life, but that reverence for learning which induced her to found colleges, and that patronage of learned men which obtained for her the encomiums of Erasmus. Of her literary attainments, highly as they seem to have been thought of by her contemporaries, we know little more than that she was thoroughly mistress of the French language, and possessed a partial knowledge of the Latin. Later in life it was a matter of regret to her that her knowledge of Latin was so limited.* These facts are not only evidence that she appreciated learning, but,—in an age in which Sir Thomas More records it as an extraordinary accomplishment in a female that she was able to read and write,—they prove that the attainments of Margaret Beaufort must have been far above the ordinary standard. Her skill in embroidery, which was then the ordinary business and amusement of ladies of high rank, has been especially commended. Several specimens of her art were long preserved at Bletshoe; indeed, not long since, one of them, a bed embroidered by her with the arms of her family, was still in the possession of their descendants.† Whenever, during any of his progresses through his kingdom, James I. happened to visit Bletshoe, he never failed, we are told, to express a desire to be shown these interesting memorials of his illustrious ancestress.

Almost from her infancy, the vast wealth and possessions of the Lancastrian heiress led to the great barons coveting her hand for their heirs. While still only in her ninth year, we find Henry VI. proposing to bestow her in marriage upon his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, afterwards Earl of Richmond; while, at the same time, her guardian, the powerful favourite, Wil-

* Funeral Sermon, p. 7.

† Nichols' Royal Wills, p. 366.

such as became the gallant esquire who, forty-six years previously, had fought by the side of Henry V. at Agincourt. At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, the old warrior refused to fly when others fled, and accordingly, having fallen into the hands of the Yorkists, his head was severed from his body in the market-place at Hereford.

The marriage between Margaret Beaufort and the Earl of Richmond took place in 1455. For some time after their union they appear to have resided in Pembroke Castle, then a possession of her brother-in-law, Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke. Their nuptial happiness, however, was destined to be of brief duration. In the course of the year after their marriage, the death of the young earl left Margaret a widow at the age of fifteen. The inscription on his tomb in the cathedral of St. David's was probably composed in after years by the accomplished lady who survived him: "Under this marble stone here enclosed, rest the bones of that noble lord, Edmund Earl of Richmond, father and brother to kings, who departed out of this world 1456, the third day of November. On whose soul Almighty Jesu have mercy." About three months after her husband's death, the young countess gave birth, in Pembroke Castle, to the only child which she ever bore, Henry, afterwards King Henry VII.* Many years afterwards we find her writing from the town of Calais to her son, dating her letter "this day of St. Anne, that I did bring into this world my good and gracious prince, king, and only beloved son."†

For nearly thirty years after the death of Edmund

* "Though afterward married to Henry, son to Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and thirdly to Thomas Earl of Derby, yet she never had any more children, as thinking it sufficient for her to have brought into this world one only, and such a son." — *Polydore Virgil*, p. 135.

† Howard's Collection of Letters, p. 157.

such marriage, however, manifestly ever took place; and accordingly, relieved from the importunities of his powerful favourite, King Henry caused the young heiress to be contracted in marriage to his half-brother, Edmund Tudor. It was doubtless in consequence of her extreme youth, that we find six years elapsing before their nuptials were formally solemnized, when, at the age of fourteen, Margaret Beaufort became the bride of Edmund Earl of Richmond, a bridegroom of twenty-five.

There are few passages in domestic history more remarkable, or more interesting, than the rise of the house of Tudor. The founder of the family, if he may be described by so dignified a title, was Owen, the son of one Meredith Tudor who is said to have been a brewer at Beaumaris, in the Isle of Anglesey. According to other accounts, the family was an ancient one, being descended from Theodore, a king of North Wales; the name Theodore having been corrupted into Tudor. Of Meredith Tudor, however, nothing more positive seems to be known than that he was the younger son of a younger son; that he never held any higher position in society than that of *scutifer*, or shield-bearer, to one of the bishops of Bangor; and that, having killed a man while in the service of the bishop, he was compelled to fly to the mountains, where he joined the banner of Owen Glendower, then in open rebellion against Henry IV.

When, on the death of the great Glendower, in 1415, his brother-in-law, David Gam, "the one-eyed," came to terms with Henry V. and followed him to the battle of Agincourt, young Owen Tudor, the son of Meredith, was one of the gallant band of Welshmen which accompanied their chieftain to France. At the battle of Agincourt, when the Dukes of Brabant and Alençon made their furious charge on King Henry's position, the young Welshman is said to have performed such

nature was affectionate ; she was singularly unsuspecting, and was never known to harbour a revengeful feeling. She united, with a winning affability, a dignity of demeanour and language which was strikingly impressive. She was kind and considerate to her servants, bounteous and liberal to all. To the sick and needy she was always a friend. Above all things she hated avarice and covetousness. In a word, according to the bishop, every one who knew her loved her ; everything she did or said became her.*

It appears to have been in the year 1459, about three years after the death of the Earl of Richmond, that the young widow conferred her hand on Sir Henry Stafford, son of Humphrey Duke of Buckingham. Like herself, he was lineally descended from King Edward III. Not long after this event, the signal successes obtained by the Yorkists, the flight of Queen Margaret into France, and the elevation of the young Duke of York to the throne by the title of Edward IV., threatened the fortunes, if not the lives, of the various members of the house of Lancaster. Margaret, indeed, was for a time exempted from proscription, being allowed to retain the lands which had descended to her from her father, John Duke of Somerset, as well as those which she held in dower as the widow of the Earl of Richmond. But, on the other hand, her son, though only four years old, was attainted, and his estates conferred by Edward IV. on his brother, the Duke of Clarence. The persevering hostility with which Jasper Tudor pursued the house of York involved the infant earl in his uncle's ruin. Jasper himself was deprived of all his possessions, including the town, castle, and lordship of Pembroke, which were conferred upon Sir William Herbert, a staunch supporter of the White Rose. Neither was

* Funeral Sermon, pp. 5-6, 8.

as he was styled from the place of his birth, became the husband of the great heiress Margaret Beaufort, and the father of Henry VII. Their second son, Jasper of Hatfield, was subsequently created Earl of Pembroke, and eventually Duke of Bedford; the third son, Owen Tudor, became a monk; and their fourth child and only daughter, Katherine Tudor, died in infancy.

It seems to have been immediately after the birth of her youngest child, that the marriage of Katherine of Valois and Owen Tudor became known to the world. The princes of the blood were enraged at the indignity which had been offered to their house. Her children were taken from her and committed to the charge of Katherine de la Pole, abbess of Barking, daughter of Michael Earl of Suffolk, who fell at the side of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The queen herself sought refuge in the abbey of Bermondsey, adjoining Southwark, where she died shortly afterwards, broken-hearted and repentant. Owen Tudor also suffered much persecution. On one occasion we find him imprisoned in the dungeons of Wallingford Castle, and on two different occasions effecting his escape from Newgate.* We next discover him skulking in the fastnesses of Wales, where he probably contrived to conceal himself till his stepson, Henry VI., came of age, when a small annuity was settled upon him out of the privy purse. More than twenty years afterwards, a further trifling boon was conferred upon him; the king, "out of consideration of the services of that *beloved squire*," Owen Tudor, appointing him keeper of his parks in Denbighshire. Henry, it may be observed, seems on no occasion to have acknowledged him as his stepfather. On the breaking out of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Owen Tudor naturally took part with the latter. His death was

* Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 492.

Beaufort, during her misfortunes, had experienced the kindest and most compassionate treatment from the Lady Herbert and her husband; and, accordingly, it now became her turn to sympathize with the widow of the generous warrior, who, though the fortune of war had transferred to him the possessions of her husband's brother, had nevertheless held her in the gentlest and most honourable captivity. Then, a year afterwards, ensued the triumphant return of the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence to England, the flight of Edward IV. to the Low Countries, and the temporary restoration of Henry VI. Then, once again, Margaret Beaufort presided as mistress in the hall of Pembroke Castle, and her beloved son was restored to his rights.

Among those who accompanied the "Kingmaker" to England was Jasper Tudor, who, hastening to his castle of Pembroke, had the satisfaction of once more embracing his sister-in-law and his nephew. It was natural that the distinguished warrior should be anxious to introduce the youthful head of his house to his uncle and sovereign, King Henry VI.; "and so," says Polydore Virgil, "Jasper took the boy Henry from the wife of the Lord Herbert, and brought him with himself, a little after, when he came to London unto King Henry."* The meek monarch not only smiled graciously on his nephew, but, impressed with a mournful foreboding of the misfortunes which impended over his own branch of the house of Lancaster, is said to have predicted to those around him that the boy would one day wear the crown.

Brief indeed proved to be the triumph of the house of Lancaster. Seven months only had passed away, when the landing of Edward IV. at Ravenspur, and

* Polydore Virgil, p. 135, Camd. Soc. Ed.

Tudor, the position of Margaret Beaufort was a difficult, and frequently a perilous one. In the age in which she lived, the sovereigns of England were in the habit of conferring the hands of wealthy widows and dowered virgins upon their favourites and friends, without much consideration for private feelings. So long, indeed, as her pious and amiable kinsman, Henry VI., sat on the throne, Margaret had little to apprehend from the tyranny of kings. But the fortunes of the house of York were gradually rising in the ascendant. Her uncle, Edward Duke of Somerset, the powerful head of her family, had recently fallen at the first battle of St. Albans ; while, by the success of the Yorkists, her brother-in-law, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, was rendered as powerless as she was herself.

Threatening, however, as were the times, the Countess of Richmond was permitted to pass the first few years of her widowhood in retirement and tranquillity. Her favourite residence continued to be Pembroke Castle. Here she occupied her time in the strict discharge of her religious duties, in the performance of acts of charity, and in training up her only child to support with discretion and valour the important part which he was destined to play on the theatre of the world. Cold and selfish as was the nature of Henry VII., it was at least to his credit that, in after years, he never failed to pay a grateful tribute to the tender care with which his mother had watched over him in infancy, and her unceasing exertions to render him a pious Christian, an accomplished scholar, and a man of the world.

The character of Margaret of Lancaster, as sketched by her father-confessor, the Bishop of Rochester, is a beautiful and a remarkable one. A profound thinker, and deeply read in the literature of the age, she was at the same time unaffected, gentle, and easy of access to the humble, no less than to the great. Her

garet of Lancaster first imposed on herself those severe habits of penance and self-mortification which she never relaxed to the close of her existence. Among other propitiatory sufferings which she inflicted on herself, it was her custom, during certain days of the week, to wear shifts and girdles of hair next her body, so that, as she told her confessor, the Bishop of Rochester, her skin was often "pierced therewith."* Not that Margaret was the gloomy ascetic which might have been supposed. After her son's accession to the throne, we find her playing her part, and apparently taking an interest, in the splendid entertainments and amusements of his court; while, of the worldly circle who witnessed her social cheerfulness, not one, perhaps, was aware of the secret penances which she imposed upon herself, or of the bodily torture which, probably at that very time, she was enduring.

In the year 1481, after an union of two-and-twenty years, death deprived the Countess of Richmond of her second husband, Sir Henry Stafford. In his will, he styles her "my beloved wife," and, with the exception of some trifling legacies, bequeaths her his entire fortune. Among the exceptional items which he wills away, are his "bay courser" to his brother, John Earl of Wiltshire; a "trapper and four new horse harness of velvet" to his son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond; and his "grizzled horse" to his receiver-general, Reginald Bray.†

It seems to have been somewhat more than a year after the death of Sir Henry Stafford, that the Countess of Richmond took for her third husband Thomas Lord Stanley, afterwards first Earl of Derby, the personal friend and favourite of Edward IV. Their union

* Funeral Sermon, p. 11.

† Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 321.

the attainder of her beloved child the only misfortune which, at this period, befell the Countess of Richmond. By the orders of King Edward, she and her son were committed to the custody of Sir William Herbert; and accordingly, for some time to come, we find the illustrious widow residing as a state prisoner in the princely castle, over which she had hitherto been accustomed to rule as mistress.

Eight years passed away, and the young earl had entered into his thirteenth year, when further events occurred, which not only effected a revolution in the fortunes of the countess and her son, but also in those of the house of Herbert. An insurrection in Wales, fomented by the indefatigable Jasper Tudor, had been recently suppressed by Sir William Herbert. The result was, that Jasper, already stripped of his lands and seignories, was now deprived also of his earldom of Pembroke, which was conferred upon his victorious adversary. Subsequently, a formidable Lancastrian rising in the north of England reversed the fortunes of the two families. Thither the new Earl of Pembroke, and his brother Sir Richard Herbert, were advancing at the head of their Welsh retainers, when, in the neighbourhood of Banbury, they were attacked by the Lancastrian forces under the command of Sir Henry Neville, and taken prisoners. Forthwith the gallant brothers were beheaded at Northampton.* Margaret

* Lord Herbert was advanced to the earldom of Pembroke on the 27th of May 1468. Previously to his quitting Pembroke for the wars, we find him exacting a rather remarkable vow from his wife that, in the event of his death, she would lead a life of celibacy. "And, wyfe, that ye remember your promise to me, to take the ordre of wydowhood, as ye may be the better master of your own, to performe my wylle, and to helpe my children, as I love and trust you," &c. — *Lord Pembroke's Last Will*, Sir E. Brydges' Peerage, vol. iii. p. 113. Lord Pembroke met with his defeat on the 26th of July 1469.

being my gostly father the bisshoppe of Rochester aliter Richard fitzjames. And nowe eftsince I fully conferme itt as far as in me lyeth, besechyng my lord god that he will this my poer wyll accept to the Remedye of my wretched lyffe and Releve of my synfull sowle And that he will gyve me his grace to pforme the same. And also for my more merite and quyettesse of my sowle In dowtful thyngs ptenyng to the same, I avowe to you, my lorde of Rochester, to whome I am and hath bene, sence the first tyme I see you admytted, verely determed (as to my cheffe trustye Counselloure) to owe myne obedyence In all thyngs concyng the well and pfitte of my sowle."*

As the wife of the lord steward of the household, and of one of the king's principal advisers and friends, Margaret of Lancaster was necessarily compelled to forego her favourite habits of seclusion, and to reside with her lord in the vicinity of the court. For a brief interval only — in consequence of the death of Ed-

* Unfortunately, there is no date affixed to this remarkable document. As Fitzjames, however, is spoken of as being then Bishop of London, it must have been made at least as late as 1506, when he was translated to that see, about two years after the death of Margaret's third husband, Lord Stanley. We have an instance of a similar vow having been taken, about five years afterwards (13th July 1511), by Catherine of York, sixth daughter of King Edward IV. and widow of William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, who died on the 10th of the preceding month of May: — "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I, Catherine Courteney, Countess of Devonshire, widow, and not wedded, nor unto any man assured, promise and make a vow to God, and to our Lady, and to all the company of heaven, in the presence of you, worshipful father in God, Richard Bishop of London, for to be chaste of my body, and truly and devoutly shall keep me chaste, for this time forward, as long as my life lasteth, after the rule of St. Paul. In nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti." — *Lansdowne MS.* From the Register of Fitzjames, Bishop of London: quoted in Sir H. Nicolas' *Privy Purse Expenses of Eliz. of York*, Pref. p. xxvii.

his successes at Barnet and Tewkesbury, led to the re-committal of the unfortunate Henry to the Tower, and to Jasper Tudor becoming once more a fugitive. He made an attempt, indeed, to defend his castle of Pembroke against the Yorkists; but, finding himself closely besieged by Morgan ap Thomas, a powerful partisan of the house of York, he with great difficulty made his escape with his nephew to Tenby, from which port they were so fortunate as to obtain shipping to the French coast.

Thus, for many eventful years to come, was the Countess of Richmond deprived of the society of her only and beloved child. Those years of separation appear to have been principally passed by her at a noble mansion which she erected at Collyweston, in Northamptonshire. Here we find her residing in comparative seclusion, employing her time, as heretofore, in the rigid discharge of her moral and religious duties, in performing acts of charity and benevolence, and in literary study and pursuits. "Her piety," says Bishop Fisher, "was so great that she would be at her devotions soon after five o'clock in the morning, and with the most ardent zeal went through all the religious offices appointed by the Church of Rome."* In her youth she had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of medicine; and accordingly, later in life, she devoted a portion of every day to prescribing for and nursing the sick. She was often heard to remark that, could the Christian princes of Europe be prevailed upon to make war against their infidel enemy, the Turk, she would cheerfully follow the army as their laundress.†

It was probably at this period of her life that Mar-

* Ballard's *Memoirs of Illustrious Ladies*, p. 12; *Funeral Sermon*, p. 12.

† *Funeral Sermon*, p. 34.

It was not therefore till Richard III. had removed his nephews from his path, not till the Princess Elizabeth had become the heiress of the house of York, that Margaret and her friends seem to have entertained any sanguine hopes of reinstating the line of John of Gaunt on the throne of England. Then it was that Margaret resolved to waive her own superior claims to the crown in favour of her son, and to use her utmost endeavours to accomplish his marriage with Elizabeth. Piously and energetically she set herself to work. As a Christian, she hoped to be the means of terminating that unholy contest, which for years had drenched the scaffold and the battle-field with blood; while, as a mother, no inducement could be more powerful, than the hope of recovering a beloved son from exile, and raising him to the throne on which his ancestors had sat in days of yore. "She being a wise woman," says Polydore Virgil, "after the slaughter of King Edward's children was known, began to hope well of her son's fortune; supposing that that deed would without doubt prove for the benefit of the commonwealth, if it might chance the blood of King Henry VI. and of King Edward should be intermingled by affinity, and so two pernicious factions, by conjoining of both houses, be utterly taken away."*

These thoughts were not impossibly passing in the mind of the Countess of Richmond, when, in the summer of 1483, she accidentally encountered, on the road between Worcester and Bridgnorth, her cousin, Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. Descended, like herself, from King Edward III., Buckingham was also uncle by marriage to the Princess Elizabeth; his duchess, Katherine Woodville, being sister to the queen-dowager. Buckingham had recently parted with King Richard at Gloucester, and was now on his

* Polydore Virgil, p. 195, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*

was probably simply one of convenience on both sides. Doubtless the vast possessions and princely rank of the Countess of Richmond had their weight in the eyes of Lord Stanley ; while, on her part, Margaret had every inducement to ally herself with a powerful nobleman who, from his great influence at court, not only possessed the means of affording protection to herself, but, in the event of evil times arriving, might avert peril from her idolized son. Curiously enough, we find that the last years of their married life were passed, by mutual consent, in a state of celibacy. "Long time before that he died," says her father-confessor, "she obtained of him licence, and promised to live chaste, in the hands of the reverend father my Lord of London*, which promise she renewed, after her husband's death, into my hands again."† The following is a copy of the vow which she took on the latter occasion. The original transcript is still preserved in the registers of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which honoured seminary Margaret was the foundress ‡ :—

"In the p̄sence of my lorde god Jhu^u Christe and his blessed Mother, the gloriouse Virgin, sent Marye, and of all the hole companye of heven, and of you also, my gostly father, I Margarete Richmonde, w^{it} full purpos and good delybera^on, ffor the well of my synfull sowle wyth all my hert promys frome hens-forthe the chastite of my bodye. That is nev^o to use my bodye having actuall knôlege of man after the com^on usage in Matrimonye. The which thing I had before purposed in my lorde my husband's dayes, then

* Richard Fitzjames, Bishop of Rochester, translated to Chichester in 1504, and to London in 1506. Beatson's Political Index.

† Funeral Sermon, p. 11.

‡ Preserved in a register known as the "Thin Red Book." The copy was kindly furnished to the author by permission of the Fellows of St. John's College.

learned physician," by the queen-dowager, who was consequently acquainted with his person and estimable qualities. In his double capacity of ecclesiastic and physician, he seems to have encountered little difficulty in gaining admission to the sanctuary. His mission met with eminent success. The queen-dowager, charmed with the prospect of her daughter being restored to her rights, entered warmly into the project. On the part of the young Earl of Richmond, it was stipulated that he should bind himself by the most solemn oath to marry the Princess Elizabeth so soon as he should arrive in England; while, on her part, the queen not only engaged to offer no obstacle to Henry sharing the throne with her daughter, but pledged herself to use her utmost endeavours to induce her friends and partisans to assist in carrying the project into effect. During the time the negotiation lasted, we find the Countess of Richmond "remaining at her husband's house in London."*

The result of the consent of the queen-dowager to an alliance between the houses of York and Lancaster was the organization of that first and formidable conspiracy which, at one time, threatened to be fatal to the usurpation of Richard III., but which eventually was unhappily terminated by the dispersion of the Duke of Buckingham's forces, and his own death on the scaffold at Salisbury. The tragical end of her kinsman, and the destruction of hopes which she had so fondly nourished, were doubtless bitterly felt by the Countess of Richmond. Moreover, the whole wrath of the usurper fell on the house of Lancaster. Her absent son and his uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, were attainted of high treason; she herself narrowly escaped a similar sentence. She was charged — and the charges against her were clearly not unfounded —

* Polydore Virgil, p. 196, Camd. Soc. Ed.

ward IV., and the imprisonment of her husband by Richard III.—was she enabled to escape from its heartlessness and fatigues. It suited the policy of Richard, on ascending the throne, not only to liberate Lord Stanley from the Tower, but to re-appoint him steward of the household; and consequently Margaret again became the denizen of a court, and an unwilling participator in its pageants and pleasures. At the gorgeous coronation of the usurper, she supported the mantle of the queen. At the banquet, which took place the same evening, in the great hall at Westminster, she sat on the dais near the queen, on a seat of honour.

The project of uniting the rival houses of York and Lancaster, by the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with Henry Earl of Richmond, is said to have originated with Morton, Bishop of Ely. No sooner was it divulged to Margaret than it received her hearty approval. Since the year 1471, when death had carried off the unhappy Henry VI. and his no less ill-fated heir, Edward Prince of Wales, the Countess of Richmond had been regarded by the adherents of the Red Rose as the rightful possessor of the throne. So long, however, as Edward IV. lived,—so long, indeed, as his orphan sons were permitted to remain in the land of the living,—any attempt to assert the claims of the house of Lancaster would have been equally perilous and unwise. Even during the usurpation of Richard, and when his unpopularity was at its height, such an attempt, unless sanctioned and supported by the partisans of the house of York, would doubtless have proved a signal and disastrous failure. The influence and authority of the latter were still all-powerful in the land; while, on the other hand, of the once formidable kinsmen and friends of the house of Lancaster, a very few only had escaped a tragical end, and these were attainted and in exile.

respondence which in other respects possesses no extraordinary interest. As regards the choice of language and style, Margaret's letters are much superior to those of her son.

To the young queen, her daughter-in-law, the example and advice of Margaret must have been of incalculable advantage. In private life, Margaret seems to have treated and loved her as a daughter, while, on all great occasions of state, she did homage to her, as became a subject. She tended and cheered Elizabeth during her several confinements, and figures conspicuously in the accounts of the various marriages and christenings of her grandchildren. When, in November 1487, the king made his triumphant entry into London, after his victory at Stoke, we find the queen and the king's mother witnessing the spectacle together from a window in St. Mary's Hospital, Bishopsgate Without.* Again, when, on the day preceding her coronation, Elizabeth proceeded by water from Greenwich to the Tower, the countess sat in the royal barge with her beautiful daughter-in-law.† When Henry kept the feast of Christmas, at the palace of Greenwich, in 1487, "the king sat at dinner on Christmas-day in the great chamber, and the queen and my lady the king's mother, with the ladies, in the queen's chamber."‡ At the splendid festival of the order of the Garter held at Windsor in 1488, we find the Countess of Richmond seated by the side of her royal daughter-in-law in the gorgeous chariot which conveyed them from the castle to St. George's Chapel.§ The same year we find her enjoying the Christmas festivities with the king and queen at their palace of Richmond, in Surrey.|| And again, when Henry kept his Easter at Hertford in 1489, we find her, with her husband the Earl of Derby, and

* Lehard's Collect. vol. iv. p. 218.

† Ibid. p. 231.

§ Ibid. p. 239.

† Ibid.

|| Ibid. p. 245.

way to his castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the Bishop of Ely, Margaret's confidant in the affair of the projected marriage, was residing in honourable durance.

So fair a chance of inducing her powerful kinsman to forsake the cause of the usurper, and to unite with her in endeavouring to restore the fortunes of their house, was naturally turned to account by the Countess of Richmond. The arguments which she made use of to the duke produced, though not immediately, the effect which she desired. So convinced did he become, as he told the Bishop of Ely, of the great advantage which would accrue to the commonwealth by a marriage between the Earl of Richmond and the Princess Elizabeth, that he resolved to hazard life and fortune in the attempt to carry it into execution. Could the queen-dowager, he added, be induced to consent to it, he doubted not that the proud boar, whose tusks had gored so many innocent persons, would be brought to confusion, that peace would be restored to the distracted kingdom, and the rightful heir to the throne.

The queen-dowager and her beautiful daughter were at this time inmates of the sanctuary at Westminster, where they were closely watched by the spies, and guarded by the soldiers, of the usurper. To communicate with them was not only a most difficult task, but it required in an eminent degree, in whoever might undertake it, the united qualities of prudence, fidelity, and courage. Fortunately, such an individual was forthcoming in the person of one Lewis, a Welsh priest and physician, whom, "because he was a grave man and of no small experience, Margaret was wont oftentimes to confer freely withal, and with him familiarly to lament her adversity."* Fortunately, also, Lewis had formerly been consulted, "because he was a very

* Polydore Virgil, p. 195, Camd. Soc. Ed.

purposes. A considerable portion of her wealth was expended in charities; her influence was employed in promoting the interests of religion and learning. The admirable example which she set by her own taste and judgment, is said to have had a highly beneficial effect in instilling into the high-born ladies of the land a relish for literature, and for such accomplishments as tend to refine or dignify human nature.* The society in which she especially delighted was that of the pious and learned divines of the age. The erudite friend of Erasmus, Hugh Oldman, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, was one of her chaplains. A no less learned and pious man, John Fox, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, was her father-confessor.† Neither must it be forgotten that she patronized the celebrated Caxton, and that Wynken de Worde was her printer. There is extant a rare translation of “Waltere Hylton’s *Scala Perfectionis*,” which purports to be “enlisched and printed by command of Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, in Will Caxton’s house, by Wynkyu de Worde, anno salutis 1484.” At the end of the volume are the following verses:—

“ This heavenly book, more precious than gold,
Was late direct with great humility,

* Halsted’s Mem. of Margaret Beaufort, p. 170.

† Henry VII. thus writes to his mother, proposing to elevate her pious confessor to the bench of prelates:—“ By the promotion of such a man, I know well it should encourage many others to live virtuously, and to take such ways as he doth, which should be a good example to many others hereafter. Howbeit, without your pleasure known, I will not move him, nor tempt him therein. And therefore I beseech you, that I may know your mind and pleasure in that behalf, which shall be followed as much as God will give me grace. I have, in my days, promoted many a man unadvisedly, and I would now make some recompense to promote some good and virtuous men, which I doubt not should best please God, who ever preserve you in good health and long life.” From the Archives in St. John’s College. Funeral Sermon, p. 41.

with having sent money, "messages, writings, and tokens to the earl her son," "desiring, procuring, and stirring" him up to invade the realm. Her princely birth, and the consideration due to so powerful a subject as Lord Stanley, in all probability saved her from the scaffold. In other respects she was treated with severity. She was deprived by parliament of all titles of honour, and declared to be incapable of inheriting any estate or dignity. Her possessions were conferred on Lord Stanley for life, with remainder to the crown after his death.* Lastly, she was ordered to be kept in close confinement in one of the country residences of her lord, in order that henceforth she should be prevented from "sending any messenger either to her son or friends, or practising anything at all against the king." †

Dispossessed of her titles and estates,—her principal partisans, moreover, having been either hurried to the block or driven into exile,—any woman, less pious and less high-spirited than Margaret Beaufort, would probably have yielded herself up to despair. On the contrary, the courage of this illustrious lady appears to have risen with the occasion. Satisfied that the cause in which she had embarked was a holy one, and placing unbounded reliance in the justice of Heaven, we find her setting at defiance the vigilance and power of the implacable Richard, and engaging, at the earliest opportunity, in a new conspiracy against his throne. Her principal agents appear to have been her old and faithful servitor, Reginald Bray; her confessor, Christopher Urswicke; and her kinsman and devoted adherent, Hugh Conway.‡ By means of these cautious,

* Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 250.

† Polydore Virgil, p. 204, Camd. Soc. Ed.

‡ Hugh, afterwards Sir Hugh, Conway, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Courtenay, fifth Earl of Devonshire, by Margaret Beaufort, daughter of John first Earl of Somerset. His wife, there-

Greek every day than some prebendaries read Latin in one week." Neither were Margaret's descendants in the third generation less learned and accomplished. Mary Queen of Scots, at the age of fifteen, addressed the court of France, at the Louvre, in a Latin speech of her own composition. Of the three last sentences which Lady Jane Grey penned before going to her execution, one was written in Latin and another in Greek. The story related by Roger Ascham, of his surprising her, at Broadgate in Leicestershire, reading the Phædo of Plato in the original Greek while a gay hunting-party was going on in the park, is probably familiar to every reader. To find a parallel for the erudition which threw a redeeming grace over society in the days of the Tudors, we must go back to the twelfth century, when Abelard—a theologian, a grammarian, a philosopher, a poet, an astronomer, a musician, an orator, a mathematician—was the master of half a dozen languages, and played upon many musical instruments;—the days when Eloise, inspiring the nuns of the Paraclete with her own passionate love for learning, taught them not only to chant the offices of the Church of Rome in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin, but even to converse with her in these immortal languages of antiquity.

The charities of the Countess of Richmond were numerous and splendid. She founded and endowed a free grammar-school at Wimborne in Dorsetshire. In 1502 she instituted and endowed a perpetual public lectureship at the University of Cambridge, and another at Oxford. The same year she founded a chantry in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, appointing four chaplains to pray for her soul, the souls of her parents, and for all faithful souls. In 1503 she instituted a perpetual public preachership at Cambridge. Lastly, she raised those two noble foundations, Christ's and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, which were erected and endowed at

her old servitor Sir Reginald Bray, among the chosen guests.* Twice the king and queen selected her to be the godmother of their children; and, lastly, when their second son, afterwards Henry VIII., was removed from the nursery to the school-room, it was to the venerable countess that they confided the important charge of superintending his education.

The countess, indeed, would seem to have taken an especial pleasure in superintending the education of the young. Very possibly she delighted in the society of youth. In the first year of her son's reign we discover the facts of her not only being intrusted with "the keeping and guiding" of the unmarried daughters of Edward IV., but also, "to her great charges," of the "young lords," the Duke of Buckingham and the Earls of Warwick and Westmoreland.† At a later period, when her grandson, Prince Henry, was under her charge, we find her associating with him under her roof her young kinsman, afterwards Sir John St. John, father of Oliver first Lord St. John of Bletshoe.‡

As mother of the reigning sovereign, and also as the possessor of the ducal estates of the house of Beaufort, Margaret of Lancaster was invested with a power and influence far beyond that of any other female in England with the single exception of the queen. These advantages she exercised for the wisest and most beneficent

* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 246.

† Warrant from King Henry VII. to the treasurers and chamberlains of the Exchequer, Feb. 24, 1 Hen. VII., printed, from the original in the Rolls' Office, in the "Critic" for 26th May 1860. As Mr. T. Duffus Hardy points out, this document entirely refutes the story which has been repeated by successive historians, from Hall and Bacon to Hume and Sharon Turner, that one of the first acts of Henry VII. after the battle of Bosworth was to consign the unfortunate Warwick, then a youth of fifteen, to the "ominous Tower of London."

‡ Inscription on his monument in Bletshoe Church, Bedfordshire. Lysons' Magna Brit. vol. i. p. 59.

her one of the executors, styles her "Our dearest and most entirely beloved mother, Margaret Countess of Richmond."*

As Margaret of Lancaster drew nearer her end, her devotions appear to have become more fervent, her charities more numerous, and the penances which she inflicted upon herself more exerceuating than ever. She seems to have resorted to every expedient which might mortify the flesh in this world, and entitle her to kneel, with a humility imitative of His own, at the feet of the Redeemer into whose presence she expected shortly to be summoned. It may possibly have been the case that the "proud arrogance" which Shakspeare imputes to Margaret of Lancaster had been one of the failings of her youth, and that, as the vanities of this world passed away, it became the subject of un-availing regret.† But whatever may have been her negligences and ignorances when in the hey-day of life, they were repented, almost literally speaking, in sack-cloth and ashes. Self-mortification could scarcely be carried to severer or more ascetic lengths. She maintained under her own roof twelve afflicted or indigent persons, whom she nursed in sickness and ministered to with her own hands. When any of them died, she inflicted on herself the pain of witnessing their death-agonies, and joined in the mournful procession which

* Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 35.

† "Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice."

King Richard III. Act i. Sc. 3.

For goodly pleasure thereon to behold
Unto the right noble Margaret ; as you see,
The king's mother, of excellent bountie,
Henry the Seventh ; Jesu him preserve !
This mighty princess hath commanded me
To imprint this book, her grace for to deserve." *

The extraordinary accomplishments, which distinguished the grandchildren and immediate descendants of Margaret Beaufort, had probably their foundation in the precepts and example set them by their illustrious progenitrix. From Bernard André, the preceptor of her grandson Arthur Prince of Wales, we learn at how early an age the young prince had mastered the literature of Greece and Rome. His brother, afterwards King Henry VIII., not only wrote and conversed in four languages besides his own,—namely, the French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin,—but was profoundly read as a theologian, and had also successfully cultivated several sciences, especially medicine, naval architecture, and music. Within the memory of man a *Te Deum* of his composition was still sung at Christ Church College, Oxford. Two of the great-grandchildren of Margaret Beaufort were possessed of attainments almost as remarkable. We have the evidence of the Italian scholar Jerome Cardan, who had several times conversed with King Edward VI., that the young king had studied no fewer than seven languages ; that he was a tolerable logician ; that he understood natural philosophy and music, and played on the lute. And yet Edward was no more than fifteen when he had mastered these acquirements, at which age he conversed with Cardan in Latin, with the same ease with which the philosopher spoke it himself. From Roger Ascham we learn that Queen Elizabeth was not only acquainted with the French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin languages, but, as he adds, writing from Windsor, “ she readeth here more

* Ballard's *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, p. 17.

kings.* Close to the spot, and investing it with additional interest, rest the remains, and rise the sumptuous monuments, of her great-granddaughter, the lion-hearted Queen Elizabeth, and her great-great-granddaughter, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots.

“The grave unites, where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the opprest.”

* Her epitaph, engraved on the tomb, was composed by Erasmus at the request of the Bishop of Rochester. Erasmus, we are told, received from the University of Cambridge, for his trouble, the sum of twenty shillings. Ballard's *Learned Ladies*, p. 22.

her sole charge, and which still remain as monuments of her munificence and of the zeal for religion and learning which animated the soul of their foundress.

The last years of the life of Margaret of Lancaster appear to have been passed in comparative seclusion. She retained, indeed, a princely London residence, called Cold Harbour, in Upper Thames Street, formerly the residence of the Poultnes, the Hollands, and the Talbots.* But in the metropolis she probably resided but seldom. Her favourite places of abode seem to have been her patrimonial halls at Woking in Surrey, and at Torrington in Devonshire.†

In the month of February 1503, the Countess of Richmond had the misfortune to mourn the loss of her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth of York. The following year the death of the Earl of Derby left her, for the third time, a widow. A loss still more severely felt by her was probably that of her son, King Henry VII., who expired on the 22nd of April 1509. The reverence which he had shown for her virtues in his lifetime he perpetuated beyond the grave. His will, of which he leaves

* Stow's Survey of London, book ii. p. 206. In 1497 we find Margaret giving a splendid entertainment at the Cold Harbour to the nobles and prelates who accompanied Katherine of Arragon to England, previously to her marriage with Arthur Prince of Wales. The hall was hung with rich cloth of arras; and "in it a goodly cupboard [sideboard] made and erected, with a great plenty of plate, both silver and gilt; and they were set at the board, accompanied and coupled every of them, as well the men as the women, with his companion of England, to make them cheer and solace. They were also served after a right goodly manner, both of their victuals, dainties, and delicates, and with diverse wines, abundant and plentifully." It seems that Lord Derby was residing at this time in a separate mansion, Derby House, near St. Paul's, now the Herald's College. Antiquarian Repertory, vol. ii. p. 293.

† At the latter place, commiserating, it is said, the clergyman on account of the long distance which he had to walk from his home to the parish church, she presented him and his successors with the manor-house and the lands adjoining it, which were at a very convenient distance from the sacred edifice.

followed them to the grave. It was for the good of her soul, she said, to witness such scenes of mortality: it assisted to prepare her for her own dissolution.*

Margaret Beaufort survived the accession of her grandson, King Henry VIII., scarcely more than three months. Her affliction for the loss of the son whom she had so tenderly loved, may not impossibly have hastened her end. The last tie which united her to the world had apparently been snapped asunder; and, accordingly, as we learn from her confessor, the Bishop of Rochester, "her eyes were occupied in weepings and tears, sometimes of devotion, sometimes of penitence; her ears in hearing the word of God, and the divine service which daily was kept in her chapel; her tongue was occupied in prayer much part of the day; her legs and feet in visiting the altars, and other holy places; her hands in giving alms to the poor and needy, dressing them when they were sick, and ministering unto them meat and drink." The malady which carried her to the grave was unhappily an agonizing one. So acute, we are told, were her sufferings, and so piteous her cries, as to draw forth tears from the bystanders.†

The death of the Countess of Richmond took place at Westminster on the 3rd of July 1509‡, in the sixty-ninth year of her age. Her remains were interred in the adjoining abbey, in the magnificent chapel erected by her son. In that stately receptacle for the ashes of the illustrious dead, not the least interesting monument is the altar-tomb of black marble, the work of Peter Torrigiano, on which, in robes doubled with ermine, and the head encircled with a coronet, reclines the exquisite and lifelike effigy of Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, the descendant and the ancestress of

* Funeral Sermon, p. 16.

† Ibid. pp. 20, 21.

‡ Sandford, Gen. Hist. p. 329.

town and lordship appertaining to it. In the castle was discovered the young Earl of Richmond, affectionately watched over by one Philip ap Hoell, "oure old servaunt and well-beloved *nurriour*," as we find him subsequently designated in a state document in the reign of Henry VII.*

Henry, as we have already related, now became a hostage in the hands of the Herberts — a state prisoner in the forfeited halls of his uncle, Jasper Tudor. The child, however, had little reason to complain of his keepers. The Lady Herbert, a sister of Walter d'Evereux, Lord Ferrers de Chartley, treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration, bringing him up "in all kinds of civility, and well and honourably educating him."† As the Lady Herbert was the mother of four sons and six daughters, the captivity of the young earl, enlivened by the society of so many youthful companions, was in all probability not an irksome one.

Henry had been more than nine years under the charge of the Herberts, when the flight of Edward IV. into France enabled his uncle, Jasper Tudor, to return from exile, and to resume possession of his princely castle. On this occasion it was, that the latter carried with him his young nephew to court, for the purpose of introducing him to his uncle, King Henry VI. Then it was, too, while "washing his hands at a great feast,"‡ that King Henry is said to have prognosticated the future greatness of his youthful kinsman. "This is he," he exclaimed, "who shall quietly possess what we and our adversaries do now contend for."

"*K. Henry.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?"

Somerset. My liege, it is young Henry Earl of Richmond.

* Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 406.

† Hall's Chronicle, p. 287.

‡ Lord Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 638.

HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND

AFTERWARDS KING HENRY VII.

* On the authority of certain *post-mortem* inquisitions, *temp.* Henry VI. Bern. Andreas, Vita Hen. VII., Preface by James Gairdner, Esq., p. 23. On the other hand, we have the evidence of Henry's own mother that she brought him into the world on St. Anne's day, viz. 26th July [1456]. Howard's Collection of Letters, p. 157. The evidence adduced by Mr. Gairdner, in proof of Henry having been a posthumous child, is so convincing, that we can only account for the discrepancy by presuming that the transcriber of "Howard's Letters" mistook St. Anne's day for St. Agnes' day. If this be the case, it would fix the date of Henry's birth as the 21st of January 1457, which nearly agrees with an inquisition representing him to have been thirty-five weeks old and upwards on the 11th of October 1457.

HENRY TUDOR, the only child of Edmund Earl of Richmond, by Margaret, daughter of John Duke of Somerset, was born in Pembroke Castle, South Wales, early in the year 1457.* He was a posthumous child, having been born about three months after the death of his father. He was only four years old when the insurrection and defeat of his uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, led to their attainder, and to the seizure of their possessions by King Edward IV.

It was shortly after the battle of Mortimer's Cross that Pembroke Castle was stormed and taken by William Lord Herbert of Chepstow, who, as a reward for this and other services, was granted the castle and the

AFTERWARDS KING HENRY VII.

HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND,

K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope. If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature framed to wear a crown ;
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me."

King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 6.

It has been said — and there are many persons for whom the question has its interest — that Henry VI. placed his young kinsman as a scholar in that noble seminary which he had recently founded under the "stately brow" of Windsor Castle, —

"Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade."

Supposing it to be true that Henry VII. received any part of his education at Eton, the period of his scholarship must have been at this particular time, namely, between the middle of October 1470, when Henry VI. was restored to the throne, and the end of March the following year, when Edward IV. returned in triumph to his dominions. Sandford, indeed, distinctly states that, at that particular time, when the "meek usurper" pointed out his nephew to his courtiers as destined hereafter to wear the crown, the young earl was "a scholar in Eton College." Moreover, according to a modern historian and diligent inquirer, "after being presented to King Henry VI., he was placed as a scholar at Eton, a college founded by that pious monarch in his more prosperous days."* The same writer also informs us that when Henry VI. made his famous prediction he "was attending a feast at his magnificent foundation of Eton, shortly after Henry of Richmond had been placed there;" adding that, on the subsequent advance of

* Halsted's *Life of Margaret Beaufort*, p. 76.

Edward IV. towards London, "Jasper Tudor felt the necessity of withdrawing the young earl, his nephew, from Eton, and sending him again, for greater security, to Wales."* These statements are so circumstantial, and at the same time so interesting, that it seems a pity to question their accuracy. Unfortunately, however, they appear to rest on no higher authority than a dry statement in the pages of the genealogist Sandford, whose history was not composed till more than two centuries after the events which he chronicles. "While he was a child," says Sandford, "*and a scholar in Eton College*, he was there, by King Henry VI., prophetically entitled the decider of the then difference between that prince and King Edward IV."† Sandford seems to quote the chronicler Hall as his authority, and as Hall was not only himself an Etonian, but appears to have been a scholar at Eton so early as when Henry VII. sat on the throne‡, we naturally turn with curiosity to his pages. But if the reference to Sandford was unsatisfactory, still more disappointing is the reference to Hall; the passage pointed to by Sandford containing no more than the hackneyed story of the king's prediction of his nephew's greatness, without any mention of or allusion to Eton whatever.§ Thus, not only fall to the ground the interesting details

* Halsted's Life of Margaret Beaufort, pp. 76, 78.

† Sandford's Gen. Hist. book vi. p. 463.

‡ This is presuming that Hall remained more than five years at Eton. Henry VII. died in 1509; Hall left Eton for King's College in 1511. Registrum Regale, p. 9, edit. 1781.

§ His words are:—"Jasper Earl of Pembroke took this child, being his nephew, out of the custody of the Lady Herbert, and at his return he brought the child to London to King Henry VI., whom when the king had a good space by himself secretly beholden, and marked both his wit and his likely towardness, he said to such princes as were then with him, 'So surely this is he to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give room and place.'"—*Hall's Chronicle*, p. 287.

A violent tempest drove them towards the shores of Brittany; with some difficulty they contrived to land at St. Malo. They were now in the power of Francis, the reigning Duke of Brittany, of whose good will towards them they had reason to be doubtful. He assured them, however, that they were welcome to reside in his dominions as long as, and in whatever part, they liked, solemnly promising them that he would suffer no wrong or injury to be inflicted on them by any person whatever.* These promises, at the time when they were made, were probably sincere: how well they were kept we shall presently learn.

Thus, before he had completed his fifteenth year, did Henry of Richmond commence an exile which was destined to last for fourteen dreary and perilous years. When, long afterwards, Phillip de Commines made the earl's acquaintance in Brittany, Henry told him that he had either been a prisoner or a fugitive since he was five years old.† To be banished from the happy and familiar scenes of his childhood, to be separated from a mother who so tenderly loved and had so devotedly watched over him, was doubtless a heavy blow to the young heir of the house of Lancaster. But the chroniclers inform us that his exile was embittered by a still softer feeling of regret. During the time that the Herberts had held him in pleasant constraint in Pembroke Castle, he had fixed his affections on the Lady Maud Herbert, the second daughter of the late Earl of Pembroke. For once, the course of love promised to run smoother than is usually the fate of youthful predilections. The earl had not only watched the attachment with complacency, but in his last will, dated shortly before he was beheaded after the battle of Barnbury, had expressed a desire that the

* Polydore Virgil, p. 155, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*; Hall's Chronicle, p. 303.

† Mémoires de Commines, tome II. p. 158.

supineness in the cause of Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth, Henry was mainly indebted for his victory. Nearly two centuries after her death, the body of the Lady Maud was discovered in "a fair coffin of stone," in Beverley Minster. The corpse was covered with cloth of gold, with slippers embroidered with silk upon the feet, "and therewith a wax lamp, a candle, and plate-candlestick."*

Great was the annoyance and displeasure of Edward IV. when the intelligence reached him that not only had Jasper Tudor effected his escape into Brittany with his nephew, but that they had met with a kind and courteous welcome from Duke Francis. Agents were immediately despatched by him to the court of Brittany, who, by promises of "great and sumptuous rewards," endeavoured to induce the duke to deliver up the persons of the exiled earls. An unworthy compromise was the result. Unwilling to incur the odium, which would have attached to his name had he complied with the demands of the English monarch, the duke replied that he had solemnly promised the earls his protection, and that his honour forbade his breaking his word. On the other hand, he guaranteed that the exiles should either be detained in close custody, or else that they should be so vigilantly watched as effectually to prevent their causing "displeasure or prejudice" to the English monarch. The duke kept his word; not indeed to the exiled earls, but to King Edward. The uncle and nephew were forthwith separated from one another; their English attendants were dismissed, and none but native Bretons allowed to attend their persons.†

Four years seem to have elapsed before any further attempt was made by Edward IV. to secure the person

* Dugdale, MS. Additions to his Baronage; Sir E. Brydges' Peerage, vol. ii. p. 301.

† Hall's Chronicle, pp. 304, 305.

which we have given of Henry of Richmond's scholarship at Eton, but we are compelled to record our doubt whether, in fact, he was ever educated at Eton at all.

Immediately after the fatal battle of Tewkesbury had restored Edward IV. to his throne, we find Jasper Tudor hurrying back to Wales with the young earl, his nephew. Thither he was followed by one Roger Vaughan, a man "both strong of people and of friends," whom King Edward privately despatched to Pembroke, in hopes of entrapping and seizing the person of the indefatigable Jasper. Fortunately, however, his friends discovered the snare which was laid for him, and accordingly, having seized "the said Roger within the town, he cut off his head."* But if Edward was desirous of getting Jasper Tudor into his power, still more anxious was he to obtain possession of the person of the young Earl of Richmond, who, by the recent death of Henry VI., and of his son, Edward Prince of Wales, was now the nearest male heir of the house of Lancaster. Accordingly, Edward no sooner ascertained that Jasper Tudor was preparing to defend himself at Pembroke, than he commissioned one Morgan Thomas to beleaguer the castle with an adequate force. Within the space of eight days, so completely, we are told, had the besieging party "environed it with a ditch and a trench," that, but for a diversion made by David Thomas, a brother of Morgan, the two earls must have fallen into the hands of their foes. The faithful David performed a no less important act of kindness by conducting them in safety to Tenby, from whence they were fortunate enough, as we have already mentioned, to obtain shipping for France. Scarcely, however, had they time to congratulate themselves on their escape from their enemies, when fresh perils encountered them.

* Polydore Virgil, pp. 154, 155, Camd. Soc. Ed.; Hall's Chronicle, p. 302.

and honour, and high in the esteem of his royal master. It had so happened that at the time when Duke Francis ratified his disreputable treaty with the English prelate, Chenlet was absent in the country. Intelligence, however, no sooner reached him of the arrest of the English earl, than he repaired to court, and presented himself before the duke. With great boldness and energy, he inveighed against the act of gross injustice which had been perpetrated in his absence. Should the Earl of Richmond, he said, set but one foot out of Brittany, death would inevitably be his fate. In that case, what would the world say of the prince who had broken faith with "a most innocent young gentleman," and had delivered him into the hands of his persecutors? Surely it would brand his name with "slander and infamy" for ever.

Moved by these arguments, the duke forthwith despatched to St. Malo his chief treasurer, Peter Landois, exhorting him to use his utmost endeavours to regain possession of the person of the young earl. Finding the ambassadors still at St. Malo, "abiding the wind," Landois contrived to amuse them with some plausible pretence for his visit, while, in the mean time, his agents succeeded in obtaining access to the sick earl, to whom they privately communicated their good intentions, and eventually succeeded in removing him, "almost half dead," into a neighbouring sanctuary. Defrauded not only of their prisoner but of their gold, which they had expended in bribes to the courtiers of Duke Francis, Bishop Stillington and his colleagues were naturally in the highest degree indignant. The wily Breton, however, was prepared with his answers and arguments. He insisted, on the one hand, that the escape of the English earl was owing to their own negligence, while, on the other hand, he assured them, that so completely had the Duke of Brittany the interests of the English monarch at heart, that, at all

Lady Maud might become the wife of the Earl of Richmond.* Having thus been encouraged to hope that the object of his affections would one day become his, doubtless his exile was rendered the more insupportable. That, at a later period, Henry, at least on one occasion, visited Wales in secret and disguise, little question seems to exist. Shall we, then, be considered too romantic, in presuming that the Lady Maud was the object of his wanderings? His perilous adventures in Wales are said to have been sung by more than one contemporary Welsh bard. "Many wild and beautiful compositions," we are told, "are yet extant, in which, under the emblem of the eagle and the lion, according to the allegorical poetry of the age, his sojourn is described."† On one occasion his life seems to have been in imminent peril. "In the ancient castle of Tremostyn, in Flintshire," says Pennant, "is a great room at the end of a long gallery, said by the tradition of the place to have been the lodging of Henry VII. when Earl of Richmond; for he resided secretly in Wales at the time he was supposed to have been in Bretagne. While Henry," adds Pennant, "was thus lurking at Mostyn, a party of Richard's forces arrived there on suspicion, and proceeded to search the castle. He was about to dine, but had just time to leap out of a back window and make his escape by means of a hole, which is to this day called the King's Hole."‡ The Lady Maud, it may be mentioned, subsequently became the wife of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, to whose

* Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 258; Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 305.

† Halsted's Life of Margaret Beaufort, pp. 147, 148.

‡ Sir Roger Mostyn, the lord of the castle, subsequently attended the young earl to the field of Bosworth. When the battle was over, Henry invited him to follow him to court. "No," replied the sturdy Welshman, "I will dwell among mine own people." Hutton's Battle of Bosworth, Nichols' ed. p. 134.

ends which they had in view, was a marriage between the Earl of Richmond and the heiress of the house of York. The chief conspirators, if they may be so styled, were the Duke of Buckingham, the Bishop of Ely, the Countess of Richmond, and Sir Reginald Bray; the latter "a man most faithful and trusty, and the chief dealer in this conspiracy." * No sooner were their plans properly matured, than secret emissaries were sent into Brittany to the exiled earl, who, as may be readily supposed, eagerly embraced the views of his friends, and in due time solemnly pledged his troth to the Princess Elizabeth. By means of the large sums of money with which they contrived to furnish him, added to some assistance which he received from the Duke of Brittany, he was enabled in little more than two months to muster an armed force consisting of five thousand men. In the mean time Buckingham sent him word that he intended to raise his standard on the 18th of October, and by that time Henry guaranteed to come to his assistance.

Accordingly, on the 12th of October, Henry set sail from St. Malo, with his troops embarked on board a fleet consisting of forty ships. He had hoped to fulfil the injunctions of his friends by landing at Plymouth on the 18th. Unfortunately, however, his ships were dispersed by a tempest, and when at length they arrived off the coast of Dorsetshire, he had the mortification to behold it lined with the troops of the enemy. Not long afterwards, intelligence reached him of the sad fate of Buckingham, as well as of the discomfiture and flight of his friends in every quarter. No choice, therefore, remained to him but to return to Brittany, whither accordingly he reluctantly steered his course.

On his arrival at Vannes, Henry had the satisfaction of finding there Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter; the Marquis of Dorset, son of the queen-dowager; her

* Polydore Virgil, p. 196, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*

of his youthful rival. At the end of that time—judging that he was insecure on his throne so long as “one of the offsprings of the blood of King Henry VI. was yet living and in good health” * — he despatched to the court of Brittany Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, from whose eloquence and talents he probably anticipated the most favourable results. Stillington, and the “ambassadors” who were associated with him, arrived at their destination, “well laden with no small store of gold,” prepared evidently to bribe or deceive, as they might judge most likely to advance the interests of their lord and master. They had even the impudence to assert to the Duke of Brittany, that the only object of King Edward in desiring the return of his young kinsman to England, was to unite him in marriage with his eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, and thereby prevent future discords and give increased security to his throne. †

Accordingly—whether duped by these plausible pretences, whether tempted by English gold, or whether unwilling to give offence to so powerful a monarch as Edward—Duke Francis was mean enough to break faith with the friendless, and to deliver up the heir of Lancaster into the hands of the ambassadors. St. Malo was fixed upon by the bishop and his colleagues as the place of their embarkation for England, and thither accordingly they carried their unfortunate prisoner. Never, heretofore, had the young earl been in such imminent peril. The consideration of the misfortunes which threatened him is said to have deeply affected his health. “The Earl of Richmond,” says Hall, “knowing that he was going toward his death, for very pensiveness and inward thought fell into a fervent and a sore ague.” ‡ Fortunately he had a friend in one John Chenlet §, a courtier of integrity

* Hall, p. 322.

† Ibid. p. 323.

‡ Ibid.

§ Hall, in another place (p. 323), calls him John Cheynet.

of his affairs was entirely confided to his treasurer, Landois, the son of a tailor. Richard's emissaries, therefore, addressed themselves to Landois, who listened greedily to their overtures. Thus the position of Henry again became perilous in the extreme. Fortunately, however, there were traitors about the person of King Richard, who secretly communicated to the Bishop of Ely, then in exile in Flanders, the nature of the negotiations which were pending at the court of Brittany. Thither, then, for the purpose of apprizing the earl of his danger, the bishop despatched Urswicke, a priest who had formerly been employed by the Countess of Richmond on similar secret missions. Urswicke found Henry at Vannes, closely watched by the agents of Landois. Fortunately, however, Duke Francis was by this time convalescent. Moreover, it so happened that he was residing near the borders of France, into which country Henry had obtained the permission of the French king, Charles VIII., to withdraw himself. In that direction, therefore, he despatched his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, and his other friends, giving out that the object of their journey was to congratulate the duke on his recovery, while in reality they had secret instructions to turn off the road at a certain point, and to make the best of their way into France.*

This initiatory attempt to elude the vigilance of Peter Landois and his agents proving successful, Henry intimated that he was about to visit a friend in the neighbourhood, and, attended only by five servants, rode unsuspected out of the town. Having proceeded four or five miles along the main road, he entered a wood, in which he exchanged dresses with one of his attendants. The rest of the journey to the borders was performed along lanes and byways; Henry riding

* Polydore Virgil, p. 206, *Cand. Sec. Ed.*; Grafton, vol. ii. p. 140.

events, the Earl of Richmond should be kept in durance as close, and his person watched with as much vigilance, as before the arrival of the embassy at the court of Brittany. "And so," remarks the old chronicler, "the King of England, for his money, purchased the keeping of his enemy for three days, and no more." *

From this period, Henry of Richmond appears to have principally resided in the castle of Vannes, a sea-port town in Brittany, where, though narrowly watched and closely guarded by the soldiers of Duke Francis, he in other respects met with honourable entertainment. Another scene of his captivity was the castle of Elven, one of the towers of which is said to be still pointed out as containing the apartments in which he was lodged. Having continually in his imagination the terrible possibility of being delivered up to the merciless Edward, Henry now resolved, as the only means of defeating his malice, to qualify himself for the priesthood. For this purpose he caused himself to be instructed in the learned lore of the age, and especially in Latin, a language in which, in after years, he corresponded with Cardinal Adrian and others. He also made himself master of French, in which latter language, as Lord Bacon informs us, he had read "most books that were of any worth." †

Thus, not unprofitably, does Henry of Richmond appear to have passed his time till the year 1483, when the premature death of Edward IV. released the Duke of Brittany from his not very creditable engagements with the English court. Then followed the usurpation of Richard III., the murder of Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York, and the revival of the long-dormant hopes of the partisans of the house of Lancaster. As we have already intimated, the principal means by which the latter trusted to accomplish the

* Hall, p. 324.

† Lord Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 637.

encouraging; the sums of money which they transmitted to him were considerable.

It may be mentioned that one of the confidential persons employed to carry on the secret correspondence between the two countries was one Humphrey Brereton, who represents himself to have been an esquire, and a servant to Lord Stanley, the husband of the Countess of Richmond. To Brereton apparently is due the credit of having been the author of a very curious metrical narrative, entitled "The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy," a production which, though it doubtless contains a much greater amount of fiction than truth, is nevertheless rendered highly interesting from the insight which it affords us into the manners and customs of a past age, and, when borne out by the testimony of other writers, is not without historical value. Brereton's account of his mission to the exiled earl is one of the most graphic in his narrative. He was intrusted, it seems, with a considerable sum of money, which had been subscribed by Henry's friends in England, as well as with "a love-letter and a ring of gold," which the Princess Elizabeth—the "Lady Bessy" of the song—commanded him to deliver to her betrothed "beyond the sea."

"Without all doubt at Liverpool
He took shipping upon the sea,
With a swift wind and a liart
He so sailed upon the sea."

It had been previously to Henry's flight from Vannes that Brereton was intrusted with his first mission. On landing in Brittany he describes himself as proceeding to a monastery, about seven leagues from Rennes, where he discovered Henry sitting in an archery ground, in company with the lords who were the sharers of his exile. On intimating to the porter of the monastery that he was unacquainted with the earl's person, the latter thus replies:—

brother, Sir Edmund Woodville, and several other Englishmen of rank and influence, who had been fortunate enough to escape into Brittany on the failure of the late insurrection. It was probably to satisfy the queen's relations, that Henry consented to repeat in their presence his solemn protestations to marry their kinswoman. Accordingly, on Christmas-day, "all the English lords went with great solemnity to the chief church of the city," where, in the midst of them, Henry solemnly swore that, should he ever become possessed of the crown and dignity of England, he would take to wife the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the late King Edward IV. The lords present then swore fealty and did homage to him, as though he had been already a "crowned and anointed king;" at the same time promising and protesting that they would lose their lands, possessions, and lives, rather than suffer the tyrant Richard to reign over them and theirs.* When the English parliament met at Westminster, on the 23rd of the following month, these gallant exiles were one and all attainted of high treason.†

Henry of Richmond had now rendered himself as much an object of fear and dislike to Richard III. as he had formerly been to Edward IV. Accordingly, certain confidential persons were despatched by Richard to the Duke of Brittany, who not only carried with them large sums of money for the purpose of bribing the duke and his ministers, but were also empowered to guarantee to the former the lands and seigniories of the Earl of Richmond, and of the other attainted persons then in Brittany, provided he would forthwith cause them to be arrested and kept in close confinement. Duke Francis being at this time completely prostrated by a mental as well as bodily ailment, the management

* Polydore Virgil, p. 203, Camd. Soc. Ed.; Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. pp. 134, 136, 137.

† Grafton, vol. ii. p. 137.

his reasons for denying him the aid he required. Fortunately for Henry, he had contrived to establish himself in the good graces of the king's sister, Anne de Valois, the celebrated Lady of Beaujeu, whose solicitations subsequently induced the king to furnish the English earl with a force of three thousand Normans, in addition to the loan of a considerable sum of money. The aid, however, thus reluctantly wrung from the French monarch, was scarcely so efficient as Henry would have wished. De Commines describes the French troops as the scum of the country.* Nevertheless they served to swell the small force which Henry had been enabled to collect together, and subsequently did him good service on the field of Bosworth.

Having taken leave of his friends at the French court, Henry departed from Paris for Harfleur, where his small fleet had been directed to assemble at the mouth of the Seine. His hopes of success, as we have already pointed out, depended mainly upon the partisans of the house of York regarding him as the future husband of the Princess Elizabeth and her destined partner on the throne. Bitter indeed, then, must have been his disappointment when, on reaching Rouen, he received the startling, though false assurance, that the nuptials of Richard III. and the princess were on the eve of celebration. Mortified by the inconstancy of his betrothed, and feeling how important it was at such a time to secure a powerful connection by marriage, the earl is said to have despatched a faithful messenger into Wales, with proposals for the hand of the Lady Katherine Herbert, the younger sister of the former object of his love, the Lady Maud, now Countess of Northumberland. In consequence, however, of some unaccountable accidents delaying the journey of his messenger, these proposals apparently were never

* Mémoires de Commines, tome ii. p. 216.

behind his own servant, who acted the part of the master of the company. In this manner they entered France.

In the mean time, having completed his negotiation with the English envoys, Landois was on the point of issuing orders for the seizure of Henry's person, when his flight was discovered. Not a moment was lost in despatching a body of horsemen in pursuit of him. Their ride must have been an exciting one; the pursuers reaching the borders of Brittany only an hour after the earl had crossed them. Safe in the French territory, Henry rode on without further molestation to Angers, the capital of Anjou, where he had the satisfaction of rejoining the Earl of Pembroke and his other friends.* From hence he proceeded to the French court at Langeais on the Loire, where not only did he meet with a kind reception from Charles VIII., but that monarch subsequently carried him with him to Montargis, and afterwards to Paris. During his stay at Montargis, Henry had the great satisfaction of being joined by John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whose high rank, unimpeachable integrity, and great experience in military affairs, led him to be regarded as one of the most considerable of the partisans of the Red Rose. The earl had for some years been imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, in Picardy, from which place the governor, Sir James Blunt, had recently allowed him to escape. Blunt himself accompanied the earl to Montargis, and tendered his services to the Earl of Richmond. Henry was now afforded the means of keeping up, with much more facility than heretofore, his correspondence with his friends in England. Their letters urged him to prepare for a second invasion of England; the intelligence, which they sent him, became gradually more

* Polydore Virgil, pp. 206, 207, Camd. Soc. Ed.; Grafton, vol. ii. pp. 140, 141.

promised the king ; and I pray you ordain them jackets of my livery, and I shall content you at your meeting with me." *

Pursuing his march from Shrewsbury to Stafford, Henry was joined near Newport by Sir Gilbert Talbot, sheriff of Shropshire, who brought to his aid two thousand armed men, the retainers of his nephew, the young Earl of Shrewsbury, then a minor. On reaching Lichfield he passed the night in his camp without the walls of that town. The next morning he entered it in triumph. Between Lichfield and Tamworth, a distance of about seven miles, he was joined by Sir Walter Hungerford and Sir Thomas Bouchier ; and on the following day by Sir John Savage, Sir Bryan Sandford, and Sir Simon Digby. During this part of his progress a rather remarkable incident occurred to Henry. His troops had quitted Lichfield for Tamworth, late in the evening of the 18th of August. At night the leaders of his army were apprized, to their consternation, that he was missing. According to the ordinary version of the story, with such intentness was Henry musing on the state of his affairs, that he not only contrived to separate himself from his army, but was left without any knowledge of its track. To have questioned the persons whom he met, or even to have asked the way to Tamworth, might have betrayed him

* Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 156. It would appear, by this letter, that the different corps of which the royal army was composed wore the liveries of their respective lords or chiefs. The colour of the coats worn by Sir William Stanley's retainers at the battle of Bosworth was red.

“ Sir William Stanley, that noble knight,
Ten thousand red-coats that day had he.”

Song of the Lady Bessy.

In the same contemporary poem we read of

“ Sir John Savage' fifteen hundred white hoods,
For they will fight and never flee.”

“ I shall thee tell, said the porter then ;
 The Prince of England know shall ye ;
 Lo where he sits at the butts certain,
 With other lords two or three.

He weareth a gown of velvet black,
 And it is cutted above the knee ;
 With a long visage, and pale and black :
 Thereby know that prince may ye.”

Brereton approaches and kneels before the earl :—

“ When Humphrey came before that prince,
 He falleth down upon his knee ;
 He delivered the letters which Bessy sent,
 And so did he the merles three ;

A rich ring with a stone,
 Thereof the prince glad was he ;
 He took the ring of Humphrey then,
 And kissed the ring times three.”

To Brereton personally, Henry's manner is described as having been singularly cold and repulsive. With that extreme cautiousness, which he had acquired from long acquaintance with treachery and danger, he kept the poet waiting for three weeks before he could be induced to vouchsafe him an answer.

In the mean time Henry had stood in need of no extraordinary solicitations from his friends to induce him to hurry his preparations for a second descent on the shores of England. The news which he continued to receive from thence was sufficiently cheering. The popularity which Richard for a time had enjoyed was on the wane. Few of his nobles were sincerely attached to his cause. Those in whom he most confided, and on whom he had lavished the greatest favours, were among the number of his secret foes. The great difficulty with which Henry had to contend was the want of soldiers. Repeatedly he had applied to Charles VIII. to furnish him with levies ; but though the French king secretly and sincerely wished him success, he had

mond and the Stanleys, is said to have taken place in a small close, called the Hall Close, about one hundred yards behind the "Three Tons," at Atherstone, a miserable hostelry in which Henry subsequently passed the night.*

Stanley. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richmond. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law.
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Stanley. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good."

King Richard III. Act v. Sc. 3.

The details of the great battle of Bosworth have already been related in our memoir of Richard III. Having succeeded in despoiling his rival of his crown and of his life, Henry proceeded to Leicester, where he was solemnly proclaimed King of England by sound of trumpet, and where he rested for two days. He then advanced by easy stages towards London; the people everywhere receiving him with loud acclamations, and "with great joy clapping their hands, and shouting, 'King Henry! King Henry!'" † Although it was the policy of Henry to avoid exciting the jealousy of his new subjects by anything like the display of military triumph, he nevertheless entered the metropolis with the state befitting a king. At Shoreditch he was met by the lord-mayor and aldermen in their scarlet robes, and was conducted by them to St. Paul's Cathedral. Here he solemnly returned thanks for the great victory which Heaven had vouchsafed to him; at the same time offering up the three banners which had waved over him on the field of battle. The first, we are told, bore the image of St. George; the second that of a fiery dragon, the device of Cadwallader; and the third, which was of yellow tartan, that of a dun

* Hutton's Bosworth, pp. 57, 61, 62.

† Grafton, vol. ii. p. 157.

delivered. The Lady Katherine subsequently became the wife of George Grey, Earl of Kent.

It was on the 31st of July 1485, that Henry of Richmond set sail from Harfleur on his memorable expedition to invade England. On the 6th of August he disembarked his troops at Milford Haven, in South Wales, without having encountered the slightest opposition. "When he was come into the land," says a contemporary chronicler, "he incontinently kneeled down upon the earth, and, with meek countenance and pure devotion, began this psalm, *Indica me, Deus, et decerne causam meam*; the which when he had finished to the end, and kissed the ground meekly and reverently, he made the sign of the cross upon him, and commanded such as were about him, boldly, in the name of God and St. George, to set forward."*

Marching through Wales by way of Haverfordwest, Cardigan, New Town, and Welshpool, Henry guided his troops, by "rugged and indirect tracts," † from Milford Haven to Shrewsbury. The Welsh flocked from all quarters to do honour to their countryman. Many of the influential landholders — and among them Sir Rice ap Thomas, who held a commission from King Richard to uphold his authority in those parts — rallied round the standard of the invader. The country-people freely supplied his troops with provisions. "Well-beloved friend," writes the Duke of Norfolk to John Paston, "I commend me to you, letting you to understand that the king's enemies be a-land. Wherefore," proceeds the duke, "I pray ye that ye meet with me at Bury, for, by the grace of God, I purpose to lie at Bury as upon Tuesday night; and that ye bring with you such company of tall men as ye may goodly make at my cost and charge, besides that which ye have

* Fabyan's Chronicle, p. 672.

† Croyland Chronicle, p. 501.

It was true that those foreign princes preferred no pretensions to the throne of England, and consequently their dormant claims might be regarded as having been tacitly transferred to the head of the English branch of the house of Lancaster. But, on the other hand, the descent of the house of Beaufort from Edward III. was a corrupted one. An act of parliament, indeed, had legitimized the offspring of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford, but the patent contained an express exception which excluded them from succession to the throne.* Moreover, Henry himself was not the immediate heir to the throne resident in England, for his mother, the Countess of Richmond, was still living.

To Henry this imperfect title to the crown was a source of never-ceasing uneasiness. True it is that he could easily have prevailed on his subjects to recognize the pretensions of the heiress of the popular house of York, and have claimed the crown in right of being her consort. This was an alternative, however, from which he shrank with invincible repugnance. His aversion to the house of York was an inveterate one; and, moreover, his haughty spirit revolted from the notion of being indebted for his sceptre to his own wife.

Other unpalatable reflections also suggested themselves. Should Elizabeth die without bearing him chil-

scended, quartering the royal arms of England, the present sovereigns of Spain, Naples, and Saxony, the Emperors of the Brazils and of Austria, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, &c. Burke's *Royal Families*, vol. ii. p. v.

* The author is aware that in the original patent which legitimized the house of Beaufort, there is no reservation which precluded their succession to the throne; the words "*exceptâ dignitate regali*" having been inserted at a later date, apparently by Henry IV. *Excerpta Historica*, p. 153. Surely, however, the parliament which confirmed that patent could scarcely have contemplated the possibility of the descendants of Catherine Swynford ascending the throne, or if they did, that their procedure would be held as binding by posterity.

to the enemy. At night he is said to have slept at a small village, the name of which he was ignorant of and afraid to inquire. Happily he escaped the scouts of King Richard, and the next morning rejoiced the hearts of his captains by riding safely into the camp at Tamworth. Such is the manner in which Henry's mysterious absence appears to have been accounted for at the time. It seems much more probable, however, that when he separated himself from his army it was for the purpose of keeping a secret appointment with one of the false and powerful friends of the usurper, of whom more than one was prepared, at the first safe opportunity, to desert his standard. Henry, indeed, almost intimated to his generals that such was the case. "He had stepped out of the road," he said, "with design to converse with some gentlemen in his interest."*

On the evening of the day on which he rejoined his camp (19th August), Henry, attended by a small escort, rode to Atherstone, about nine miles distant from Tamworth and about the same distance from the field of Bosworth. At Atherstone a clandestine interview had been preconcerted between him and two of Richard's most powerful subjects, Thomas Lord Stanley and his brother Sir William. Had Lord Stanley been at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations, he would probably long since have openly united his forces with those of his son-in-law. Richard, however, as we have already recorded, entertaining suspicions of his loyalty, had seized the person of his son, Lord Strange, whom he retained as an hostage for his father's fidelity. Thus, any open act of defection on the part of Lord Stanley might at any moment cost him the life of his son.

The memorable interview between Henry of Rich-

* Hutton's *Battle of Bosworth*, p. 56.

asserting his title to be founded on the just right of inheritance, as well as the "sure judgment of God, who had given him the victory over his enemy in the field;" and, lastly, we read it in the words which he ordered to be recorded on his magnificent tomb in Westminster Abbey, in which is repeated the same remarkable conviction that he was indebted for his crown to the God of battles.*

From the parliament, which met at Westminster on the 7th of November 1485, Henry received every concession which he could reasonably desire. The inheritance of the crown was declared to be entailed on the heirs of his body lawfully begotten. The claims of the house of York were not even adverted to. The name of the Princess Elizabeth was not even mentioned. Subsequently the Church of Rome was induced by Henry to give its sanction to his claims. A papal bull was issued, which enumerated his several titles to the crown of England, and denounced excommunication on all persons whatsoever who might conspire to dethrone him or his successors.

Considering the cheerfulness with which the people of England had received Henry as their sovereign, it might have been imagined that he would have gladly availed himself of an early opportunity of gratifying their wishes and prejudices by making the Princess Elizabeth his wife. So little inclination, how-

* The following remarkable passage occurs in Henry's last will, dated at Richmond in Surrey, the 31st of March 1509, three weeks before his death:—"Also we will that our executors cause to be made an image of a king representing our own person, the same to be of timber, covered and wrought with plate of fine gold, in manner of an armed man, and upon the same armour a coat-armour of our arms of England and France enamelled, with a sword and spurs accordingly; and the said image to kneel upon a table of silver and gilt, and holding betwixt his hands *the crown which it pleased God to give us with the victory of our enemy, at our first field.*" Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. pp. 31-2.

cow. From St. Paul's, Henry proceeded to the neighbouring palace of the Bishop of London, where, in the same apartments in which his predecessor had knelt and sworn fealty to the unfortunate Edward V., he took up his residence till the day of his coronation. That important ceremony was performed, without any great magnificence, at Westminster, on the 30th of October 1485. The policy of Henry, apparently, was not to dazzle but to please. Accordingly, instead of lavishing vast sums on a single ceremonial which could last but a few hours, he regaled the citizens of London with a succession of plays, pastimes, and other diversions, which could scarcely fail to obtain favour for him in their eyes.*

If the title of Richard III. to the throne had been a defective one, still more unsatisfactory was that of Henry VII. Of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the former, by lineal descent, had a prior claim to the crown. Of that illustrious house, no fewer than seven legitimate heirs were then living. They consisted of the Ladies Elizabeth, Cecily, Anne, Katherine, and Bridget Plantagenet, daughters of Edward IV.; and of Edward Earl of Warwick and his sister the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, the children of the late Duke of Clarence. But, presuming the claims of the house of Lancaster to have been equal, or even superior, to those of the house of York, the title of Henry Tudor to the crown, by right of inheritance, was altogether indefensible. That title was founded on his descent from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife and former mistress, Catherine Swynford. But John of Gaunt had left lawful issue by his first and second wives, the descendants from whom were to be found in the royal families of Castile, Portugal, and Germany.†

* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 158; Fabyan, p. 673.

† From the first marriage of John of Gaunt with Blanche, the great heiress of Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, are de-

affection in private life, and which have rendered even indifferent kings popular. The two great objects of his existence were the accumulation of riches and the maintenance of his kingly power. His abilities were unquestionably of a high order, and as a sovereign he had his merits. Industry and vigour characterized his administration of public affairs. Several salutary laws were passed during his reign. Though peace was one of the objects which he had nearest at heart, yet he shrank not from war when he regarded it as necessary. If he was cautious, it was not because he was timid; if he was severe, it was from policy, and not because he was cruel. His private life was unstained by sensuality. But with these remarks our commendations of King Henry must end. The good which resulted from his rule seems to be attributable rather to accidental or selfish causes, than to any abstract desire to render his subjects prosperous and happy. If he exalted the position of the middle classes, it was for the purpose of diminishing the power of the barons. If he humbled the barons, it was to invest himself with arbitrary authority. If he encouraged commerce, it was because it poured gold into his own coffers. Thus, if his reign chanced to be neither an unprosperous nor an inglorious one, it was not so much because he regarded the interests of his subjects, but because their interests happened to be identical with his own. The great stain on his private character was unquestionably his insatiable avarice. The great blessing derived from his accession was the termination which it put to the bloody and devastating wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

King Henry expired at his favourite palace of Richmond in Surrey, on the 22nd of April 1509, in the fifty third year of his age and the twenty-fourth of his reign. For some years past he had been subject

dren, her next sister would of course succeed to her rights. Again, should Elizabeth produce him offspring and happen to die before him, the partisans of the house of York would naturally regard the claims of his children as superior to his own, and, consequently, would either permit him to reign by mere sufferance, or perhaps rebel against his power.

In the fifteenth century, a great "victorie in bataille" between two rival claimants to a throne was considered as no less indicating the will of Heaven, and decisive to which side the right belonged, than the result of a judicial trial by combat between two private individuals was regarded as a determinate test of innocence or guilt. Of this temper of the times Henry resolved to avail himself. Accordingly, partly on the pretext of a special and divine dispensation of Providence, as manifested by his late victory, partly on the plea of right of conquest, and partly on the formal recognition of his authority by parliament, he decided on founding his title to the throne. The plea of right by conquest would probably have been set forth more prominently by him, but that he dreaded the offence which it would have given, not only to his enemies, but to his friends. Even William the Norman had shrunk from basing his claim on the right of conquest till he had firmly established himself on the throne of the Saxon. How anxious Henry was to repudiate all notion that he derived any title to the crown through his consort,—how anxious to have it understood that it was to the sword, even more than to his claims by hereditary descent, that he was indebted for his sceptre,—is more than once discernible in his policy. We trace it in the fact of his causing his coronation to precede his marriage with the heiress of the Plantagenets; in the fact of his putting off her coronation from month to month, and almost from year to year; in the significant words which he addressed to parliament,

was held before him, he stretched forth his hands and embraced it, making reverent endeavours to lift up his head as it approached. The agonies of death lasted for twenty-seven hours. During this time he suffered the most excruciating tortures. His groans and supplications for relief and succour pierced the hearts of the bystanders. "O my blessed Jesus!" he was heard to exclaim, "O my Lord, deliver me! Deliver my soul from these deadly pangs, from this corruptible body! O deliver my soul from everlasting death!" At length the relief which he had so earnestly prayed for came to his aid; the first Tudor king of England ceased to exist.*

King Henry was the father of three sons and four daughters. Arthur, his first-born, died in his sixteenth year; Henry succeeded him as eighth king of England of that name; Edmund, his third son, died almost in infancy. Of his four daughters, two died young; Margaret, the eldest surviving one, became the wife of James IV. of Scotland; and Mary espoused Louis XII., King of France.

* Harl. MS. quoted in S. Turner's *Middle Ages*, vol. iv. p. 101.

ever, did he manifest to fulfil the solemn promises which he had made, that the delay provoked the interference of parliament. Accordingly, on the occasion of the Commons presenting him with the customary grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they accompanied it with a prayer that he would espouse the princess, "which marriage," they said, "they hoped God would bless with a progeny of the race of kings." This proceeding had evidently been preconcerted with the Upper House; since no sooner had the speaker, Sir Thomas Lovell, uttered the words, than the lords spiritual and temporal rose from their seats, and by bowing to the throne intimated their concurrence with the wishes of the Commons.* However unpalatable to Henry may have been this display of partiality for the house of York, he carefully concealed his displeasure, and graciously signified his willingness to gratify their wishes. His nuptials with Elizabeth were appointed to take place on the 18th of January following, on which day they were accordingly solemnized.

If Henry had shown unwillingness to lead his beautiful consort to the altar, he manifested no less disinclination to see her crowned. It was not till they had been married a year and a half, nor till she had given birth to an heir to the throne, that he was induced to give orders for the ceremony of her coronation. Nor even then, probably, would his consent have been wrung from him, but that the dissatisfaction of his subjects began to be too loudly expressed to be any longer disregarded with safety.

Whatever amount of interest is attached to the story of Henry VII., ceases from the day on which he exchanged a helmet for a crown. Reserved, suspicious, and unsociable, he seems to have been endowed with none of those amiable qualities which secure

* Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 278.



to attacks of the gout, which had latterly affected his lungs, and eventually induced an incurable consumption. Henry had always been an attentive observer of his religious duties. He had not only founded several convents of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, but it had been his custom to cause collects to be repeated for him in different churches, and to send to persons eminent for their piety, soliciting the benefit of their prayers. These acts of devotion, however, seem to have failed in affording him peace at the last. Feeling his end approaching, he expressed the deepest contrition for his past offences. He forgave all offences against the State, with the exception of felony and murder. He discharged, from his private funds, all prisoners about London who were confined for debt under the amount of forty shillings; and, lastly, he enjoined his heir, by will, to make restitution of whatever sums of money his ministers or agents had unjustly wrung from his subjects.*

The last hours of his existence were distinguished by the profoundest piety. The tears which he shed evinced how deep was his repentance. Sometimes, we are told, he would continue weeping and sobbing for three-quarters of an hour. When the sacrament was brought to him, he advanced to meet it on his knees; and when the Cross, bearing the image of the Saviour,

* "And we will also, if any person, of what degree soever he be, show by way of complaint to our executors any wrong to have been done to him by us, our commandment, occasion, or mean, or that we held any goods or lands which of right do appertain unto him, that every such complaint be speedily, tenderly, and effectually heard, &c. And in case, by such examination, it can be found that the complaint be made of a grounded cause in conscience, other than matter done by the course and order of our laws, or that our said executors, by their wisdoms and discretions, shall think that in conscience our soul ought to stand charged with the said matter and complaint, we will then that, as the case shall require, he and they be restored and recompensed by our said executors, &c." — *Testamenta Vetusta*, vol. i. pp. 27-8.

one in whose skill and predictions the king placed the greatest confidence, was one Master Dominick, "by whose counsel this great provision was made for christening the said prince." Eager to be the first to announce the joyful intelligence to his royal master, the officious physician no sooner ascertained that the queen was in labour than he thrust himself amongst the crowd of peers and privy-councillors, which on such occasions anciently filled the ante-chambers of majesty. Possibly he had arranged a private communication with one of the royal nurses in attendance; for no sooner did the cry of a new-born infant reach his ears, than he "knocked, or called, secretly at the chamber-door," inquiring the sex of the child. Unluckily he was overheard by one of the ladies in waiting, whose reply must have been anything but gratifying to him. "Whatsoever," she said, "the queen's grace hath here within, sure it is that a fool standeth there without." Avoiding the presence of his royal master, the discomfited prophet hurried away, we are told, in the greatest confusion.*

Elizabeth's infancy seems to have been principally passed at Sheen, in Surrey, in that beautiful palace the name of which her consort subsequently changed to Richmond. The days which she spent at Sheen were probably the happiest of her existence. Even as an infant, she was doomed to witness and to share the sorrows and misfortunes of the haughty race from which she sprang. She must still have been a child in the arms of her nurse, when she beheld the reinterment of the headless remains of her grandsire, Richard Duke of York, in the churchyard of Fotheringay.† Four years afterwards, when the rebellion raised by Warwick and Clarence compelled her mighty father to fly from his kingdom, we find

* Fabyan, p. 655.

† Sandford, Gen. Hist. p. 392.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK

AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF HENRY VII

his mind, and to the flattering partiality with which he had distinguished her.

“ Oh ! good father Stanley, listen now and hear,
 Here is no more but you and I :
 King Edward that was my father dear,
 On whose estate God had mercy,
 In Westminster as he did stand,
 On a certain day in a study,
 A book of reason he had in his hand,
 And so sore his study he did apply,
 That his tender tears fell on the ground,
 All men might see that stood him by :
 There were both earls and lords of land,
 But none of them durst speak but I ;
 I came before my father the king,
 And kneeled down upon my knee ;
 I desired him lowly of his blessing,
 And full soon he gave it to me :
 And in his arms he did me thring,
 And set me in a window so high ;
 And spake to me full sore weeping,—
 These were the words he said to me :
 ‘ Daughter, as thou wilt have my blessing,
 Do as I shall council thee,
 And to my words give good list’ning,
 For one day they may pleasure thee.

* * * * *

For shall never son of my body be gotten,
 That shall be crowned after me,
 But you shall be queen and wear the crown,
 So doth express the prophceye ! ”

One more scene, at court, occurs to us, in which Elizabeth figures as the favoured child of her magnificent father. When the lord of Grauthuse, governor of Holland, visited England in 1472, one, among the magnificent entertainments given him by the court, was in the apartments of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, in Windsor Castle. In a sumptuous chamber, hung with cloth of gold arras, the beautiful queen is described by a contemporary as sitting with her ladies “ playing at

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK,

AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF HENRY VII.

ELIZABETH PLANTAGENET, the daughter, the sister, and the ancestress of kings, was the first-born child of King Edward IV. by his consort Elizabeth Woodville. She was born at the palace of Westminster on the 11th of February 1465.*

The ceremony of baptizing the infant princess was performed with unusual magnificence in the neighbouring abbey. Her sponsors were her two grandmothers, the Duchesses of York and Bedford, and the "King-maker," Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.† King Edward had been assured by his physicians that the queen would infallibly present him with a male heir, and accordingly he had caused preparations to be made on a scale of extraordinary splendour, for the celebration of so joyful an event. Great, then, was his disappointment, and, probably, his anger, when the queen gave birth to a princess. Of his physicians, the

* See Fabyan's Chronicle, p. 655; Hearne's Fragment, p. 295; Croyl. Chron. p. 457, where the date of Elizabeth's birth is fixed at a later period. We prefer, however, the date ascribed by Grafton (Chron. vol. ii. p. 9), as given in the text; borne out, as it is, by the inscription on her tomb in Westminster Abbey: "Obiit in Turre Londoniarum, die 11 Feb. anno Dom. 1502 [1503 N. S.] 37 annorum ætate functa." Stow's Survey, book vi. p. 27.

† Hearne's Fragment, p. 295.

brother Edward, in the dungeon-rooms of the Tower of London.

“The bridegroom bore a royal crown
Amid the shining hair,
That like a golden veil fell down
In tresses soft and fair.

The bearing of the noble child
His princely lineage told;
Beneath that brow so smooth and mild
The blood of warriors rolled.

All coyly went the sweet babe-bride,
Yet oft with simple grace
She raised, soft-stepping by his side,
Her dark eyes to his face.

And playfellows who loved her well
Crowns of white roses bore,
And lived in after years to tell
The infant bridal o'er.”*

On more than one occasion, when it was the object of King Edward to secure or conciliate an enemy, we find him holding out promises or hopes of his daughter's hand in marriage, as a means for accomplishing his ends. Thus, in 1469, when Elizabeth was only in her fifth year, the king endeavoured to bring back the haughty Nevilles to their allegiance by proposing to unite his favourite child with George Neville, eldest son of the Marquis of Montagu. He even went so far as to confer on young Neville the dukedom of Bedford. Not long afterwards, however, the negotiation was broken off by Montagu openly joining his brother, the “Kingmaker,” in rebellion, and the Duke of Bedford was stripped of his honours.

But, of all the matrimonial projects which Edward contemplated for his child, doubtless the most extraordinary were the proposals which he secretly made to

* Verses by Mrs. Acton Tindal, quoted in Miss Mitford's “Recollections of a Literary Life,” pp. 257, 258.

her the companion of the queen, her mother, in the melancholy sanctuary at Westminster. King Edward, indeed, returned to London in triumph, and conveyed his wife and children to a more honourable place of refuge. But the danger was scarcely yet at an end. Rebellion was still rife in the county of Kent. Suddenly the piratical ships and rabble forces of the Bastard Falconbridge threatened London with pillage and ruin; and accordingly the terrified queen flew for protection with her offspring to the Tower. There, from the windows of that lofty central tower which still overlooks the Thames, the young princess might have beheld that furious onslaught, when, having carried the defences at the Southwark end of London Bridge, the Bastard and his forces, firing the houses on each side of the bridge as they passed, threatened the palatial fortress itself. But the citizens were true to the house of York. Cannon was brought to bear upon the advancing rebels, and, after burning several houses on the bridge, Falconbridge found himself compelled to retreat.* A few weeks afterwards his severed head looked down on the scene of his treason and his valour.

Agreeably contrasted with the life of voluptuous indolence, which King Edward was in the habit of leading, was the affectionate interest which he took in the welfare of his offspring. Of all his children, Elizabeth seems to have been loved the most by him. A presentiment which he entertained that she was destined to succeed him on the throne was perhaps in a great degree the occasion of his preference. In a contemporary poem, from which we have already quoted †, we find the princess thus touchingly advertising to the superstition which had taken possession of

* Croyland Chron. pp. 466-7; Fleetwood Chron. p. 36.

† "The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy."

were actually appointed to arrange the ceremonials which were to be observed on her journey to France. Thus far advanced was Edward's favourite project, when he received information from his ambassador, Lord Howard, that not only was the French king playing him false, but that Louis had entered into a secret treaty with Maximilian Duke of Burgundy to unite the Dauphin with his daughter Margaret. So incensed was Edward at the affront put upon the blood-royal of England, that he prepared to avenge the indignity by a second invasion of France. The barons of England shared the exasperation of their sovereign. But, in the midst of his preparations for war, Edward was seized by the illness which hurried him to the tomb. Already a life of voluptuous enjoyments had undermined his once powerful constitution; rage and mortification are said to have accelerated his end.*

No greater misfortune could have befallen the youthful Elizabeth, and her almost unprotected brothers and sisters, than the death of their powerful and dreaded father. Scarcely could the first tears which she shed for her beloved parent have been dried; scarcely could she have written to congratulate her gentle brother on his accession; when suddenly her uncle, Richard of Gloucester, presented himself, like her evil genius, on the scene, to darken and destroy the brilliant prospects of her girlhood. The story of Gloucester's usurpation has already been related in these pages. With all the stirring events connected with that memorable story, the fortunes and happiness of Elizabeth were intimately associated. When, in dread of Gloucester's ambition and violence, the widowed queen of Edward IV. was compelled to seek refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster, Elizabeth was her mother's companion in her hurried flight from the palace, and the sharer of her

* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. pp. 177, 178; Fœdera, vol. xii. pp. 20, 90.

the *mardeaux*; some of her ladies and gentlewomen playing at closheys of ivory *, and dancing, and some at divers other games; the which sight was full pleasant to them." † But the most pleasing sight must have been that of King Edward gratifying his almost infant daughter by leading her forth to dance with him in the midst of the glittering assemblage. On another occasion during the festivities, "when they had supped, my Lady Elizabeth, the king's eldest daughter, danced with the Duke of Buckingham, and divers other ladies also." ‡

Five years afterwards, we find the youthful Elizabeth present at the marriage of her brother, Richard Duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, heiress of John Duke of Norfolk—the espousals of a bridegroom in his sixth year to a bride of only three years old. The ceremony took place on the 15th of January 1478, in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster, which was richly decorated for the occasion. In the procession walked her unfortunate brother, afterwards King Edward V., and her sisters the Ladies Mary and Cecily. The queen led the youthful bridegroom into the chapel. The Earl of Lincoln supported the infant bride on the right, and Earl Rivers on the left. King Edward IV. gave her away at the altar. After the ceremony, a banquet took place in St. Edward's Chamber, at which the courtiers drained the wine-cup to the happiness of the infant couple — a happiness which it was destined they should never experience.§ The bride died in childhood; the bridegroom shared the fate of his

* *Marteaux* was played with small balls of different colours, not unlike marbles. Closheys were a kind of ninepins.

† "Narrative of Louis of Bruges, Lord Grauthuse," *Archæologia*, vol. xxvi. p. 277. 1836.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 279.

§ From a MS. in the College of Arms. Sandford's *Gen. Hist.* book v. pp. 415, 416.

Once, and once only, perhaps, a gleam of comfort cheered the captivity of the royal ladies. The formidable rebellion fomented by their kinsman, the Duke of Buckingham, not only threatened to subvert the power of the usurper, but, had it been successful, would have elevated the young princess to a throne which, by the death of her brothers, had become her birthright. Unfortunately, however, the total failure of the insurrection, and the death of Buckingham on the scaffold at Salisbury, extinguished hopes which had scarcely been raised before it was their fate to be annihilated.

It was about the month of March 1484, that Elizabeth "late calling herself Queen of England" was induced to quit her gloomy solitude in the sanctuary at Westminster, and to intrust herself and her daughters to the tender mercies of Richard of Gloucester. To the unhappy queen were allotted apartments in the palace of Westminster, together with an annual income sufficient to support her in her newly recognized position, as a gentlewoman of birth. Her daughters met with greater consideration, being "carried into the palace," we are told, "with solemn receiving," and there welcomed with "familiar and loving entertainment."* The Princess Elizabeth, more especially, seems to have won the favour and regard of the usurper and his gentle consort. We find her not only joining in the "dancing and gaiety" which now began to enliven the court at Westminster, but also appearing in the ball-room and at the banquet in robes of "similar colour and shape" to those which were worn by the queen.† These halcyon days were destined to be of short duration. The court was apparently still celebrating the Christmas of 1484, when Queen Anne was seized with illness. The skill and efforts of her physicians proved

* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 113.

† Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 498.

Margaret of Anjou to unite her with the heir of Lancaster.* His object, doubtless, was to break off the approaching marriage of young Edward with Warwick's youngest daughter. But, whatever may have been his motives, Margaret haughtily rejected the proposals of her arch-enemy. At a later period Edward is said to have offered his daughter's hand in marriage to her future consort, Henry VII., then an impoverished exile in Brittany.† If any such overtures were ever really made, Edward, it is to be feared, had no worthier motive in view than to lull him into a state of unsuspecting and insecurity, and by these means inveigle the youthful earl into his power.

But at length he who had so often sought to deceive others was himself destined to be overreached and disappointed. When the formidable army which Edward carried over to France in 1475 compelled Louis XI. to come to terms with his brother monarch, one of the conditions which Edward exacted was a contract of marriage between the Dauphin Charles and the Princess Royal of England. Not only had he enthusiastically at heart this brilliant alliance for his child, but it was probably the only negotiation of the kind in which he behaved with undeviating sincerity and good faith. Moreover, not a suspicion seems to have entered his mind that the intentions of the French king were less honourable than his own. Splendid dresses, of the fashion worn at the court of France, were provided for her. She was taught to write, as well as to speak, the language of that country. At her father's court she was addressed by the title of *Madame la Dauphine*. Her dowry was agreed upon, and so certain and so near at hand appeared to be the ratification of the marriage treaty, that ambassadors

* "Manner and Guiding of the Earl of Warwick," Harl. MS. quoted in Ellis's *Orig. Letters*, vol. i. p. 134.

† Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 323; Bernard Andreas, pp. 37, 38.

accomplished the ruin of her family, and whom she believed to have murdered her brothers. "When," says Buck, "the midst and last of February was past, the Lady Elizabeth, being more impatient and jealous of the success than every one knew or conceived, writes a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, intimating first, that he was the man in whom she most affied, in respect of that love her father had ever bore him. Then she congratulates his many courtesies, in continuance of which she desires him to be a mediator for her to the king, in behalf of the marriage propounded between them, who, as she wrote, was her only joy and maker in this world, and that she was his in heart and thought; withal insinuating that the better part of February was past, and that she feared the queen would never die. All these be her own words, written with her own hand; and this is the sum of her letter, which remains in the autograph, or original draft, under her own hand, in the magnificent cabinet of Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey." *

The amount of credit to be attached to this remarkable statement must of course depend upon circumstances. On the one hand, Buck is acknowledged to have been a highly prejudiced, and not always trustworthy, chronicler. Moreover, strict search has been made among the archives of the Howard family for the letter stated to have been written by the princess to the Duke of Norfolk, but without success. On the other hand, admitting Buck to be a faithless chronicler, and the disappearance of the letter to be a very suspicious circumstance, there is still the difficulty of believing that any one could so grossly and impudently outstep his duty as a writer of history, as to interlard it with positive fiction. What conclusion, then, are we to draw from such defective evidence? Either Buck, we think, may have mistaken the hand-

* Buck's *Life of Richard III.* in Kennet, vol. i. p. 568.

desolation. Within those dull monastic walls, under the shadow of the great abbey of Westminster, she passed the ten most melancholy months of her short but eventful existence. There she listened to the tragical story of the execution of her accomplished uncle Earl Rivers, and of her half-brother Sir Richard Grey. There she parted with bitter tears from her almost infant brother the Duke of York, when their distracted mother was induced to confide him to the tender mercies of his ambitious uncle. There she bore her part in a still more agonizing scene, when the dreadful tidings reached the sanctuary that her innocent brothers had been foully murdered in the dungeons of the Tower. Then it was that the widowed queen "was so suddenly amazed that she swooned and fell to the ground, and there lay in great agony, yet like to a dead corpse. And after she was revived and came to her memory again, she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful speeches filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tore and pulled in pieces, and, calling by name her sweet babes, accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary." Within those walls the young princess eagerly gave ear to the secret project of uniting her to the young Earl of Richmond, and here she solemnly pledged her troth to the exile, with whom she was destined hereafter to share a throne. There the tidings were communicated to her that she and her sisters had been bastardized in full parliament, and that the condition of mere private gentlewomen was hereafter to be their lot. From the windows of her prison-house she must have looked down on the watchful sentinels who, day and night, surrounded the venerable sanctuary, to prevent her or her sisters being secretly carried away to some more hospitable land. From these windows, she might have beheld the gorgeous procession which followed her ruthless uncle to his coronation in the adjoining abbey.

accomplished Margaret Countess of Richmond, who would naturally embrace with eagerness so favourable an opportunity of perfecting her future daughter-in-law in the part which she was destined to play as a queen, a wife, and a mother. Elizabeth's next place of residence appears to have been the castle of Sheriff-Hutton in Yorkshire*, in which princely fortress her young cousin, the Earl of Warwick, son of the ill-fated Clarence, was the sharer of her captivity. Doubtless Richard's object in removing his niece to this remote part of the country,—a district in which his authority was paramount,—was to prevent, in case of invasion, the advantage which his enemies would derive by obtaining possession of her person. At Sheriff-Hutton, then, we may presume her to have been residing till the eve of the great battle which so completely revolutionized her fortunes. Some reason, indeed, there is for the supposition that, at the last moment, the usurper sent for Elizabeth to his camp, and that she accompanied Lord Stanley to Leicester. Humphrey Brereton, for instance, intimates that not only was Elizabeth in the neighbourhood of Bosworth at the time when the two armies were engaged, but that she actually beheld the mutilated body of King Richard borne in discreditable triumph to its last resting-place at Leicester.

“ They carried him naked unto Leicester,
 And bouckled his hair under his chin;
 Bessie met him with a merrie cheer.
 These were the words she said to him:
 ‘ How likest the slaying of my brothers dear?
 (She spake these words to him alone;)
 Now are we wroken upon thee here—
 Welcome, gentle uncle, home!’ ”

Other accounts, however, worthy of credit, represent her as being kept in honourable durance at the castle of Sheriff-Hutton, whither Henry, after the battle, is

* Hall's Chronicle, p. 122.

unavailing, and on the 16th of March following she breathed her last at Westminster.

The rumours which prevailed among his subjects, that King Richard had not only become enamoured of his beautiful niece, but was resolved to make her the sharer of his throne, have already been referred to in these pages. We have also hazarded an opinion that those rumours were not altogether without some foundation. Supposing, then, that Richard, "foolishly phantasizing and devilishly doting"* on his niece, really entertained the project of marrying her, what, we are curious to know, were the feelings with which Elizabeth contemplated their projected nuptials? The old chroniclers agree that they were feelings of abhorrence. "But because all men," writes Grafton, "and the maiden herself most of all, detested and abhorred this unlawful, and in manner unnatural, copulation, he determined to prolong and defer the matter till he were in more quietness."† Hall, in like manner, assures us that the "demoiselle did not only disagree and repudiate that matrimony, but abhorred and detested greatly his abominable desire."‡ The evidence on the other side rests on the statement of the contemporary chronicler, Jean Molinet, historiographer to the house of Burgundy, and on a doubtful document quoted by the prejudiced historian Buck. According to Molinet, Richard not only won the affections of Elizabeth, but she yielded to his solicitations, and bore him a child.§ Buck, too, asserts that not only was Elizabeth far from having been averse to the prospect of becoming the wife of her own uncle, but that she even accepted with gratitude the offers of the man who had

* Hall's Chronicle, p. 422.

† Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 144.

‡ Hall's Chronicle, p. 422.

§ Chroniques de Jean Molinet, in Buchon's Chron. Nat. Franc. tome xliv. p. 403.

with considerable magnificence, and the people with bonfires, dancing, and other diversions.

Scarcely eight months had passed from the day of her marriage, when Elizabeth gave birth, in Winchester Castle, to an heir to the throne. The arrangements for her lying-in had been intrusted to her mother-in-law the Countess of Richmond, whose "ordinances," on this occasion, certainly, to modern ideas, appear somewhat fantastic. "Her highness' pleasure being understood as to what chamber she will be delivered in, the same must be hanged with rich cloth of arras; sides, roof, windows and all, except one window, where it must be hanged so as she may have light when it pleaseth her." Previously to betaking herself to this uncomfortable apartment, the queen, it seems, bade a formal farewell to the lords and gentlemen of the royal household. "Two of the greatest estates shall lead her to her chamber, where they shall take their leave of her. Then all the ladies and gentlewomen to go in with her, and none to come into the great chamber but women, and women to be made all manner of officers, as butlers, panterers, sewers, &c.; and the officers shall bring them all needful things unto the great chamber door, and the women officers shall receive it there of them." Then follow full directions for the ceremonies to be observed at the christening of the future prince or princess. A duchess is to carry the infant to the church; "and, if it be a prince, an earl shall bear the train of the mantle, which must be of rich cloth of gold, with a long train furred throughout with ermine; but if it be a princess, then a countess shall bear the train." And the "cradle of estate" shall be covered with crimson cloth of gold; and at the head of the cradle shall be engraven the king's arms; and there shall be provided two counterpanes of scarlet, furred with ermine and bordered with velvet, cloth of gold or tissue; and also a bowl of silver and gilt, and

writing of some other person for that of Elizabeth, or else, as has been ingeniously suggested, the person whom she expresses herself anxious to marry may have been Henry, and not Richard.* But even supposing that Elizabeth really wrote the letter in question, there still remains the presumption, rendered not improbable by the dissimulation which characterized the age, that her object, and that of the friends who advised her, was to deceive and mystify Richard, for the purpose of averting misfortune from, or bettering the condition of, herself and her mother and sisters. It may be argued that this was a perilous game to play with such a man as Richard, who, sooner or later, must discover the deception. It should be remembered, however, that release from her troubles promised to be near at hand. Many months must necessarily elapse before, in decent regard for the memory of the dead, the royal widower could lead his niece to the altar. Moreover, their near relationship entailed the tedious process of obtaining a dispensing licence from Rome before their nuptials could be solemnized. In the mean time, the secret preparations which were being made for the purpose of hurling the usurper from his throne, must have been well known to Elizabeth and her friends. Indeed, within little more than five months after the death of Queen Anne, Henry reigned in his stead.

According to the metrical narrative of Humphrey Brereton, a portion of those few eventful months was passed by the young princess at the London residence of her father's friend Lord Stanley :—

“ She sojourned in the citie of London
That time with the Earl of Derbye.”

Here, then, she had doubtless the advantage of profiting by the precepts and example of the pious and

* Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York; Memoir prefixed to, by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 52.

Owen. The Earl of Derby presented "a rich salt of gold, covered," which was carried by Sir Reginald Bray; and the Earl of Oxford a pair of gilt basins with a sayer, carried by Sir William Stoner.* In gratitude for her safe deliverance from the perils of childbirth, the young queen founded a lady-chapel in Winchester Cathedral, in which were formerly to be seen her armorial bearings, surmounted by the words "In gloriam Dei."†

When at length Henry consented that his wife's coronation should take place, the ceremony was performed with great magnificence. On Friday, the 23rd of November 1487, — accompanied by her mother-in-law the Countess of Richmond, and a splendid retinue of peers and peeresses, — the young queen was conducted by water from Greenwich to the Tower of London; "there attending upon her the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of the city, and diverse and many worshipful commoners, chosen out of every craft, in their liveries, in barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk, richly beaten with the arms and badges of their crafts." Trumpets and clarions, and "other minstrelsies," heralded her progress. On landing at the Tower, she was received by the king and the principal nobility and officers, who conducted her to the royal apartments. The "king's highness," we are told, "greeted her in a manner which was a very good sight, and right joyous and comfortable to behold." The following day, "royally apparelled, and accompanied by my lady the king's mother, and many other great estates, both lords and ladies," Elizabeth went forth to her coronation at Westminster. Preceding the rich, open litter in which she sat, rode six baronesses, robed in crimson velvet, on

* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. pp. 204—207; Antiq. Repert. vol. i. pp. 355, 356.

† Sir H. Nicolas' Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, Memoir, p. lxix.

said to have despatched Sir Robert Willoughby, with directions to escort her, with all convenient speed, to London.* “The which lady,” writes Hall, “not long after, accompanied with a great number, as well of noble men as honourable matrons, was with good speed conveyed to London, and brought to her mother.” †

Henry is said to have been a cold husband. He certainly figures as a cold lover. Notwithstanding his solemn engagement to marry the loveliest and most amiable princess of her age, he not only discovered no impatience to consummate their nuptials, but, when rumours were more than whispered that he had rejected her for the hand of the heiress of Bretagne, afterwards the consort of Charles VIII. of France, he made no attempt to assure the princess of his constancy. These reports, according to Lord Bacon, “did much affect the poor Lady Elizabeth.” ‡ In every other respect, however, her position, as well as that of her mother and sisters, was vastly improved. Her mother was restored by act of parliament to the title and dignity of a queen-dowager of England; the act which had pronounced the young princess and her sisters to be illegitimate was repealed; she found herself reinstated in a position befitting her illustrious birth, and, lastly, had the satisfaction of seeing the national partiality for the house of York affectionately centred in her person.

At length, as we have already recorded, the wishes of his subjects, and the interference of parliament, induced Henry to fix the day for his marriage with Elizabeth, and accordingly, on the 18th of January 1486, they were united at Westminster. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury; the court celebrating the auspicious event

* Lord Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 579.

† Hall's Chronicle, p. 422.

‡ Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 580.

Duke of Suffolk bore the sceptre, and the Duke of Bedford the crown. Courtenay, Bishop of Winchester, supported the queen on one side, and Alcock, Bishop of Ely, on the other. Her sister, the Princess Cecily, held up her train. In this array she entered the great western door of the abbey; and as her consort took no part in the ceremony, she became the sole object of attraction to the brilliant concourse of persons who had assembled to do her honour. The king, with his mother "and a goodly sight of ladies," stood on a stage covered with arras, erected between the altar and the pulpit, from which they could conveniently behold the ceremony.*

At the subsequent banquet in Westminster Hall, the king and his mother were again present as private spectators; a latticed stage having been erected for them in front of one of the windows, on the left side of the hall. The queen was waited upon by Lord Fitzwalter, who, "in his surcoat with tabard-sleeves, his hood about his neck, and his towel over all," served her with the several dishes, each of which was brought to him by a knight. "The Lady Katherine Grey and Mistress Ditton went under the table, and sat on each side the queen's feet;" the Countesses of Oxford and Rivers knelt on each side, and "at certain times held a kerchief before her grace." And after the feast "the queen departed with God's blessing, and to the rejoicing of many a true Englishman's heart." †

In the month of April, the year following, we find the young queen playing a conspicuous part at one of those solemn festivals of the knights of the Garter, which were formerly held at Windsor in honour of the patron-saint of the order, St. George. The procession from the great quadrangle of the castle to St. George's Chapel must have presented a magnificent sight. The

* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. pp. 222—225.

† Ibid. vol. iv. pp. 225—228.

“two swaddle-bands, the one blue velvet, and the other blue cloth of gold.” “Furthermore it must be seen that the nurse’s meat and drink be assayed during the time that she giveth suck to the child, and that a physician do oversee her at every meal, which shall see that she giveth the child seasonable meat and drink.”*

At length, on the 20th of September 1486, the queen was delivered of a son, on whom her consort conferred the name of Arthur. Believing, or pretending to believe, that he was descended from the renowned British prince of that name, Henry called to mind a prophecy, still popular among the Welsh and attributed by them both to Merlin and Taliessin, that the Britons would eventually recover their ancient dominion in England. In order, therefore, to gratify his Welsh partisans, Henry gave his first-born the name of Arthur; and, moreover, inasmuch as tradition assigned the erection of Winchester Castle to his illustrious ancestor, he selected it for the birthplace of his heir.

On the Sunday following his birth, the infant prince was baptized in the cathedral at Winchester with great ceremony. The sponsors were the child’s grandmother, the queen-dowager, and the Earls of Derby and Oxford, the two barons to whom Henry was principally indebted for his crown. The infant was borne to the cathedral in the arms of the queen’s eldest sister, the Princess Cecily; the Marquis of Dorset supporting her on one side, and the Earl of Lincoln on the other. The train of the infant, which was of crimson cloth of gold furred with ermine, was borne by the Marchioness of Dorset, Sir John Cheney “supporting the middle.” “Queen Elizabeth [Woodville], who was in the cathedral abiding the coming of the prince,” gave a rich cup of gold, covered, which was borne by Sir Davy

* “Ordinances by Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, as to what preparation is to be made against the Deliverance of a Queen,” &c. Leland’s Collect. vol. iv. pp. 179—184.

her the slightest cause for jealousy; and lastly, that when she died he appears to have deeply and sincerely bewailed her loss. There is still extant a valuable missal, formerly the property of a lady much esteemed by Henry and his queen, in which, in the handwriting of the king, is the following pleasing entry:—

“Madame I pray you Remembre me your lovyng maister,
Henry R.;

and below, in the handwriting of the queen:—

“Madam I pray you forget not me. Pray to God that I may
have part of your prayers, Elysabeth y^e Queene.”*

The following account, by a contemporary, of the king and queen exchanging presents on New Year's day, is introduced rather as presenting a curious picture of court habits and customs, than as throwing any additional light on Henry's merits as a husband:—
“On the day of the new year, when the king came to his foot-sheet, his usher of his chamber-door said to him, ‘Sire, here is a new-year's gift coming from the queen.’ Then the king replied, ‘Let him come in.’ Then the king's usher let the queen's usher come within the gate †, Henry VII. sitting at the foot of the bed in his dressing-gown; the officers of his bedchamber having turned the top sheet smoothly down to the foot of the bed when the royal personage rose. The queen, in the like manner, sat at her foot-sheet, and received the king's new-year's gift within the gate of her bed-railing. When this formal exchange of presents had taken place between the king and his consort, they received, seated in the same manner, the new-year's gifts of their nobles.”‡

* See Privy Purse Expenses, Memoir, p. xevi.

† The gate of the rails which anciently surrounded the beds of royalty.

‡ MS. of Henry VII.'s Norroy herald, quoted in Strickland's Queens of England, vol. ii. pp. 438, 439.

grey palfreys, and, after them, her husband's uncle, Jasper Tudor, now Duke of Bedford. The canopy over her head was supported by four knights of the Bath. Many of the houses, in the streets through which she passed, were hung with arras and tapestry, and others with cloth of gold, velvet or silk. Between the Tower and St. Paul's were arrayed the different companies of the city of London in their rich and showy liveries; and "in diverse parts of the city were ordained well-singing children, some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins, to sing sweet songs as her grace passed by." Thus, through the gay and crowded streets, attended by the noblest and fairest of the land, passed Elizabeth of York to her coronation. Her dress consisted of a kirtle of white cloth of gold: she also wore a mantle of the same costly material, furred with ermine. Her long fair hair streamed down her back, and on her head she wore a coronet of gold, glittering with precious stones. As she passed along, the populace greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations the young and beautiful mother, in whose infant were united the once rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster, and whose birth had arrested the tide of misery, bloodshed, and desolation which had so long devastated the land.*

On the morning of the long looked-for day of her coronation, the 25th of November, Elizabeth stood in Westminster Hall in all the bloom and beauty of youth. On this occasion she was arrayed in a kirtle and mantle of purple velvet, furred with bands of ermine. Round her head she wore a circlet of gold, "garnished with pearls and precious stones." A gorgeous procession, consisting of knights and peers, bishops in their pontificals, mitred abbots, and heralds and pursuivants, attended her to the neighbouring abbey. The Earl of Arundel carried the staff with the dove; the

* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. pp. 218—222.

departed to her inner chamber, which was hanged and ceiled with rich cloth of blue arras, with fleurs-de-lis of gold." Then, the queen having entreated the lords to remember her in their prayers, the lord-chamberlain drew the curtain which separated her from the outer world, and "thenceforth no manner of officer came within the chamber, but only ladies and gentlewomen, after the old custom."* The child was named Margaret, after the king's mother, who stood as sponsor to it at the baptismal fount, and who presented the royal infant with a silver casket gilt, filled with gold pieces.†

On the 28th of June 1491, the queen gave birth, at the palace of Greenwich, to her second son, Henry, afterwards King Henry VIII. ; and on the 2nd of July, the following year, was born her second daughter, Elizabeth. The latter, who is stated to have been a very beautiful child, survived only to the 4th of September 1495, and was buried in the chapel of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey.

In the month of April 1492, Elizabeth had the misfortune to lose her mother, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, that unhappy princess who had survived dire misfortunes, and lived through more eventful and tragical times, than has often fallen to the lot of woman. From the circumstance of her will having been witnessed by the abbot of Bermondsey, it has been conjectured, and not without reason, that the last days of the deceased queen, like those of Katherine queen of Henry V., were passed in seclusion in that noble monastery. Agreeably with injunctions contained in her will, her body was buried at Windsor by the side of the warrior-king who, in the days of her obscurity, had wooed her in the solitary glades of Grafton, had raised her to a throne, and made her the ancestress of

* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 249.

† Ibid. vol. iv. p. 254.

king and "his brethren of the Garter" rode on horseback, arrayed in the splendid robes of the order. In a chariot drawn by six horses sat the queen and her mother-in-law the Countess of Richmond, each of them also arrayed in the robes of the order of the Garter. The chariot was covered with cloth of gold; the furniture of the horses was of the same material. Then followed, seated on white palfreys, twenty-one ladies, arrayed in robes of crimson velvet, their saddles covered with cloth of gold, and the reins and housings of their horses ornamented with white roses, the cognizance of the house of York. Lastly, the queen's master of the horse, Sir Robert Cotton, led her "horse of estate," having on it a saddle of cloth of gold, and trappings of the same material hanging down to its knees.*

The often-repeated assertion that Henry neglected, if he did not actually ill-treat, his beautiful wife, seems to rest entirely on the authority of Lord Bacon. "It is true," he writes, "that all his lifetime, whilst the Lady Elizabeth lived with him,—for she died before him,—he showed himself no very indulgent husband towards her, though she was beautiful, gentle, and fruitful. But his aversion towards the house of York was so predominant in him that it found place not only in his wars and councils, but in his chamber and bed." † Yet, without presuming to impugn the veracity of Lord Bacon as an historian, we may venture to question whether he wrote from sufficiently accurate information.‡ It has been argued, and with great justice, in favour of Henry, that his letters to his queen exhibit no want of conjugal affection; that, penurious as he was, he apparently never stinted her in her expenses; that on no single occasion does he seem to have given

* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 239.

† Bacon's Life of Henry VII. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 582.

‡ Lingard, vol. iv. p. 270; Sir H. Nicolas' Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, Memoir, p. lxxxii.

In the month of November 1501, the court of King Henry was enlivened by the rejoicings consequent on the marriage of Arthur Prince of Wales with the Princess Katherine, daughter of Ferdinand King of Arragon. The event was celebrated on the 14th of that month with great magnificence.* These rejoicings were scarcely over when the betrothment of the Princess Margaret to King James IV. of Scotland occasioned no less splendid festivities. The ceremony was, in the first instance, privately performed, in the month of January 1502, in the chapel royal of Henry's favourite palace of Richmond, but was subsequently solemnized in a more public manner in St. Paul's Cathedral; the king, the queen, and all the royal family, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, being present.

Unhappily, the satisfaction which Henry and his queen must have enjoyed at having accomplished these brilliant alliances for their children, was destined to be of short duration. Less than five months had elapsed since his marriage with Katherine of Arragon, when Arthur Prince of Wales expired at Ludlow Castle, in the sixteenth year of his age.† The king and queen, who were holding their court at Greenwich at the time, seem to have been completely prostrated by the greatness and suddenness of their affliction. The dismal intelligence was communicated to Henry by his father-confessor; his instructions being to break "this most sorrowful and heavy tidings" to his royal master as discreetly and gently as possible. Accordingly, as a contemporary writer informs us, "he, in the morning of the Tuesday following, somewhat before the time accustomed, knocked at the king's chamber-door, and when the king understood it was his confessor, he commanded to let him in. The confessor then commanded

* Antiquarian Repertory, vol. ii. p. 286, &c.

† 2nd April 1502. He was buried in Worcester Cathedral. Sandford's Gen. Hist. book vi. p. 475.

On the 29th of November 1489, Elizabeth was brought to bed at Westminster of her second child and eldest daughter, Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scotland, from whom has descended every sovereign who, from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the accession of Queen Victoria, has held the sceptre of these realms.

Previously, on the 1st of the month, we find the queen conducted in great state to the splendid but solitary apartment in which etiquette required that she should seclude herself till she had again become a mother. The furniture of that apartment,—the bed of many-coloured velvet, gorgeous with its stripes of gold and its garniture of red roses,—the rich arras, from which the human figure was carefully excluded lest it might affect the imagination of the royal invalid,—the altar covered with holy relics, and the side-board, or, as it was anciently styled, cup-board*, replenished with gold plate,—have been minutely described by a contemporary. “On Allhallow’s eve the queen took to her chamber at Westminster, greatly accompanied; that is to say, my lady the king’s mother, the Duchess of Norfolk, and many other; having before her the great part of the nobles of this realm present at the parliament. She was led by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Derby. The reverend father in God, the Bishop of Exeter, said mass in his pontificals, and after, *Agnus Dei*. The Earls of Salisbury and Kent held the towels when the queen received the Host, and the torches were held by knights. And, after mass, accompanied as before, when she was come unto her great chamber, she stood under her cloth of estate. Then there was ordained a *voide* of spices and sweet wine. That done, my lord the queen’s chamberlain, in very good words, desired, in the queen’s name, the people there present to pray God to send her the good hour. And so she

* Ellis’s Early English Poets, vol. i. p. 268.

Tower, of a daughter, Katherine; and on the 11th of that month she expired. It was on the same day on which she completed her thirty-eighth year. Thus prematurely died this beautiful and amiable princess,—a princess whose virtues and charities deservedly induced her husband's subjects to hand down her name to posterity by the affectionate title of “the good Queen Elizabeth.” In the words of King Henry's poet-laureate and biographer, Bernard André, “she manifested from her infancy an admirable fear and devotion towards God; towards her parents, a singular reverence; towards her brothers and sisters, an unbounded attachment; and towards the poor and the ministers of religion, a wonderful respect and affection.”* King Henry is said to have sincerely lamented her loss; “departing to a solitary place to pass his sorrows, and would no man should resort to him but such his grace had appointed.”† Possibly the penurious monarch could not have afforded more incontestable proof of his respect for the memory of his departed queen than by the extraordinary pomp and cost with which he caused her to be interred in Westminster Abbey.‡

Elizabeth's illustrious contemporary, Sir Thomas More, composed an elegy on her death, an extract from which shall conclude our memoir of this charming princess. Sir Thomas introduces her as thus pathetically apostrophizing, from the tomb, those who in her lifetime had been nearest and dearest to her:—

“Adieu! mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord!
The faithful love that did us both combine
In marriage and peaceable concord,

* Bern. And. Vita Hen. VII. p. 37.

† Antiquarian Repertory, vol. iv. p. 655.

‡ See Antiquarian Repertory, p. 651; Sandford's Gen. Hist. book vi. pp. 469—471; Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, p. xcvii.

kings. Her funeral was performed "without pompous interring or costly expenses." The only lady who attended the corpse on its passage by water to Windsor was "Mistress Grace," a natural daughter of King Edward. At the ceremony of interment, however, there were present three of the daughters of the late queen, the Ladies Anne, Katherine, and Bridget, besides other ladies of high rank.

The next interesting event in the life of Elizabeth of York was the birth of another daughter, Mary, afterwards Queen of France, which took place about the month of May 1498. On the 21st of February, the following year, she was delivered at Greenwich of her third and youngest son, Edmund. Elizabeth was now the mother of five interesting children, presenting a family group which the pen of Erasmus, and the picture by Mabuse at Hampton Court, have familiarized to our imaginations. Erasmus informs us, that Sir Thomas More once paid him a visit when he was guest of Lord Mountjoy*, and led him to a neighbouring country-palace, probably Eltham, where, with the exception of Prince Arthur, the royal infants were residing. The princely children were assembled in the great hall, surrounded by the children of Lord Mountjoy's family. In the middle of the circle stood Prince Henry, then only nine years old, bearing in his open and courteous countenance a look of dignified royalty. On his right hand stood the Princess Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scotland, a child eleven years of age. On the other side, engaged in her sports, was the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of France, a little one only four years old; while Edmund†, an infant, was held in the arms of his nurse.‡

* William Blount, fourth Baron Mountjoy, Master of the Mint in the reign of Henry VII. He died in 1535.

† Prince Edmund died at Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, about the month of April 1500.

‡ Butler's *Life of Erasmus*, p. 68.

all those present to avoid, and, after due salutation, began to say, ‘*Si bona de manu Dei suscipimus, mala autem quare non sustineamus?*’ and so showed his grace that his dearest son was departed to God. When his grace understood that sorrowful heavy tidings, he sent for the queen, saying that he and his queen would take the painful sorrows together.” And the queen came to the “king her lord,” and “with full great and constant comfortable words besought his grace that he would, first after God, remember the weal of his own noble person, the comfort of his realm, and of her. She then said that my lady, his mother, had never no more children but him only, and that God by His grace had ever preserved him, and brought him where that he was.” God, she said, had left him yet a fair prince and two fair princesses. God was where he had ever been; and they were both young enough to render it a reasonable hope that He would bless them with other sons. “Then the king thanked her of her good comfort.” Those natural emotions of grief, which Elizabeth found means to suppress so long as she remained with her husband, found vent so soon as she returned to the solitude of her own apartment. “After,” we are told, “that she was departed and come to her own chamber, natural and motherly remembrance of that great loss smote her so sorrowful to the heart, that those who were about her were fain to send for the king to comfort her. Then his grace, of true, gentle, and faithful love, in good haste came and relieved her, and showed her how wise counsel she had given him before; and he, for his part, would thank God for his son, and would she should do in like wise.”*

Elizabeth survived the loss of her first-born scarcely more than ten months. On the 2nd of February 1503, the gentle queen was delivered, in the palace of the

* Leland's Collect. vol. v. pp. 373, 374; Antiq. Repert. vol. ii. p. 322.

Into your hands do I clean resign,
 To be bestowed on your children and mine :
 Erst were ye father ; now must ye supply
 The mother's part also, for here I lie.

“ Where are our castles now ? where are our towers ?
 Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from me ;
 At Westminster, that costly work of yours,
 Mine own dear lord now shall I never see.
 Almighty God vouchsafe to grant that He
 You and your children well may edify ;
 My palace builded is, for lo ! now here I lie.

“ Farewell, my daughter, Lady Margaret ;
 God wot full oft it grieved hath my mind
 That ye should go where we might seldom meet ;
 Now am I gone, and have left you behind.
 Oh mortal folk ! but we be very blind :
 What we least fear, full oft it is most nigh ;
 From you depart I first, for lo ! now here I lie.

“ Farewell, Madame, my lord's worthy mother ;
 Comfort your son, and be of good cheer ;
 Take all at worth, for it will be no other.
 Farewell, my daughter Katherine *, late the phere
 Unto Prince Arthur, late my child so dear :
 It bodeth not for me to wail and cry ;
 Pray for my soul, for lo ! now here I lie.

“ Adieu, Lord Henry ! loving son, adieu !
 Our Lord increase your honour and estate.
 Adieu, my daughter Mary, bright of hue !
 God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate.
 Adieu, sweet heart, my little daughter Kate ! †
 That shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
 Thy mother never know, for lo ! now here I lie.”

* Katherine of Arragon.

† The infant whose birth had proved fatal to the queen, and who survived its mother only a few weeks.

generations his family had been staunch adherents of the house of Lancaster. His grandfather, Sir John Stanley, had held the appointments of steward of the household to King Henry IV., and groom of the bed-chamber to King Henry V. His father, the first lord, had been lord-chamberlain to King Henry VI.

The first wife of Lord Stanley was the Lady Eleanor Neville, daughter of Richard Earl of Salisbury, and sister of the great Earl of Warwick. Thus closely allied to the powerful family of the Nevilles, it might have been expected that, when Warwick took up arms against King Edward IV. in 1470, Lord Stanley would have joined his fortunes with those of the "King-maker." But, whether from motives of prudence, or because he disagreed with the Nevilles in their policy, he resisted the arguments which his kinsmen made use of to induce him to unite with them, and remained apparently a passive spectator of the stirring events which immediately followed. True, however, to the interests of King Henry, when Warwick waited on the persecuted monarch in the Tower, and thence, "with great pomp, brought him, apparelled in a long gown of blue velvet, through the high streets of London" to St. Paul's, Lord Stanley was one of the barons who accompanied Warwick to the Tower, where they renewed their allegiance to him as their sovereign.* The death of Henry VI., and of his only son, the Prince of Wales, left Lord Stanley a free agent. Accordingly, we find him attaching himself to Edward IV., who not only received him into favour, but conferred on him the high office of lord steward of his household. When, in June 1475, King Edward invaded France with the flower of his nobility, it was to the Lords Stanley and Howard, as notoriously enjoying the greatest influence with their sovereign, that

* Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 27.

THOMAS LORD STANLEY

'AFTERWARDS EARL OF DERBY

and, as it was, sent the blood flowing over his ears.* Hastings was hurried off to the block, and Stanley to one of the prisons of the Tower. To have taken the life of the latter, and seized his possessions and estates, one would have imagined to have been the policy of Gloucester. Not only, however, did Richard spare his life, and restore to him his liberty and lands, but he loaded him with honours greater than any he had hitherto enjoyed. The motives which induced so jealous and wary a prince, not only to set at large a formidable enemy, but to admit him at once into his confidence and favour, will probably never be satisfactorily explained. Certain only it seems to be, that Lord Stanley's release from the Tower, and his acquiescence in Richard's usurpation, were concurrent events.† Lord Stanley's arrest had taken place only on the 13th of June (1483), and yet so soon as the 27th of that month, the day after that on which Richard mounted the throne, we find him, with the exception of the Duke of Buckingham, the only lay peer who witnessed the surrender of the great seal to the usurper, in the "high chamber next the chapel" in Baynard Castle.‡ Shortly afterwards Richard re-established him

* Sir T. More, Hist. of Richard III. p. 73. "Dominus de Stanley erat vulneratus, captus et incarceratus." — *Rossi Hist. Reg. Ang.* p. 216.

† It has been said that the usurper was influenced by apprehensions lest Stanley's youthful heir, Lord Strange, might take up arms to revenge the death of his father. But if Richard had any reason to dread the power of the Stanleys, it would rather seem to have been his policy to detain the father in prison as a security for the good conduct of the son, on the same principle as when, two years afterwards, he seized upon Lord Strange as a hostage for the loyalty of Lord Stanley. Whatever may have been the nature of the negotiation which was carried on between Richard and Lord Stanley while the latter was a prisoner, little doubt appears to exist that the price he paid for his liberation was a solemn engagement to forsake the cause of the sons of Edward IV., and to support the usurpation of their uncle. Polydore Virgil, p. 182, Camd. Soc. Ed.

‡ Rymer, vol. xii. p. 189.

THOMAS LORD STANLEY,

AFTERWARDS EARL OF DERBY.

No Englishman, not even excepting the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, ever laid his sovereign under a greater obligation than did Thomas Lord Stanley, afterwards first Earl of Derby. If General Monk placed a crown upon the head of Charles II., Lord Stanley performed no less a service for Henry VII. In many respects the position of Monk in 1660 was not very dissimilar to that of Lord Stanley in 1485. The conduct of both required to be characterized, in an eminent degree, by sagacity, prudence, and reserve. In neither case, apparently, would success have been possible without the aid of dissimulation. In both cases, therefore, we find these distinguished statesmen carrying their points by consummate master-strokes of duplicity; and in both cases, we trust, impressed by the conscientious conviction that, if they were compelled to plot and intrigue, it was for the ultimate advantage of their country.

Of the private character of Lord Stanley very little appears to be known. Unless, however, he had been gifted with many estimable qualities, it seems impossible that, during as many as five reigns,—including the most turbulent and the most eventful period of our history,—he should have enjoyed, as he did, the favour and confidence of four successive sovereigns. For three

parliament, no evidence exists of her husband having been cognizant of, and much less having abetted, her intrigues. Parliament, indeed, not only entirely exonerated him, but Richard, by allowing Lord Stanley to enjoy the vast possessions of his wife during his lifetime, evinced how entirely he concurred with the verdict. Richard, moreover, as a further reward for his loyalty, conferred upon him the castle and lordship of Humbolton, "late belonging to the great rebel and traitor Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham." This rather remarkable grant is dated Sarum, the 2nd of November 1483, the day on which Buckingham perished on the scaffold.*

The motives which induced Lord Stanley to forsake his principles, and to make common cause with the usurper, can only be surmised. It should be remembered, however, that, at the time when he violated his allegiance to Edward V., not only was the cause of the young king a hopeless one, but his own death, and the ruin of his family, would in all probability have been the consequence of his rejecting the overtures of Richard. Most probably, also, Richard had solemnly assured him, as he had assured Buckingham, that no harm should befall the sons of the late king.† But when, a few months later, it had become an almost general conviction that the young princes had met with violent deaths, it was natural that Lord Stanley should share to the full the horror and indignation which it excited in the minds of his contemporaries. From that time, therefore, he may have formed the secret resolution of seizing the first favourable opportunity of hurling the usurper from his ill-gotten throne. True it is that he took no part in, and apparently gave no aid to, Buckingham's ill-fated insur-

* Harl. MSS. No. 133, p. 120, quoted in Halsted's *Richard III.* vol. ii. p. 275.

† Hall, p. 387; Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 409.

the heralds, despatched by Louis XI. to the English camp with proposals of peace, were directed in the first instance to address themselves.* As a soldier, Lord Stanley's abilities were probably of no mean order. Seven years after the invasion of France, when Edward sent an army into Scotland under Richard Duke of Gloucester, it was to Lord Stanley that he intrusted the command of the right wing. It seems to have been shortly after his return to England, that he greatly increased his wealth and influence by taking for his second wife the illustrious Margaret Countess of Richmond.

The single fact of King Edward having appointed Lord Stanley one of the executors of his will † is sufficient to prove how entire was the confidence which he placed in his friendship and integrity. Moreover, when the great monarch lay on his death-bed, it was Lord Stanley, in conjunction with Lord Hastings, that he especially enjoined to watch over the interests and happiness of his orphan sons. At the magnificent obsequies of King Edward, in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, Lord Stanley attended as one of the principal mourners.

The fidelity and zeal, with which Stanley and Hastings were prepared to fulfil the last injunctions of their royal master, naturally drew down upon them the enmity of Richard of Gloucester. Accordingly, on the famous occasion of the arrest of Hastings in the council-chamber in the Tower, the guards who rushed in to seize him are said to have had secret orders to knock the lord steward on the head during the confusion. Certain it is that Stanley received a blow from a halberd, which, but for the fortunate circumstance of his contriving to drop under the council-table, would in all probability have cleft his skull;

* Mémoires de Commynes, tome i. p. 350.

† Nichols' Royal Wills, p. 347.

unpalatable to Lord Stanley. In the first place, it shackled his course of action ; in the next, it kept him in constant trepidation for the safety of his son.

The high constable had apparently been absent only a few days at his estates in Lancashire, when the intelligence reached him that the Earl of Richmond had actually effected his landing on the coast of Wales. At the same time he received a summons from the king to attend him immediately at Nottingham. But not only, for obvious reasons, was delay of the utmost importance to Lord Stanley, but to have placed himself in Richard's power at such a crisis would, in all probability, have cost him his liberty, if not his life. Accordingly, he returned an answer to the king that he was suffering from the sweating sickness, and that it was out of his power at present to undertake the journey. In the mean time, pretending the utmost zeal for the king's interest, he proceeded to assemble and arm his retainers for the approaching conflict. Seven days before the battle of Bosworth we find them in quarters at Lichfield, which town they evacuated on the 15th of August at the approach of the Earl of Richmond. As their numbers amounted to scarcely less than 5000 men*, and as Sir William Stanley occupied the neighbouring town of Stafford with no fewer than 2000 of his retainers, it must have been tolerably evident to all men, that on whichever side the Stanleys might think proper to draw the sword, that side must prove victorious.

The day on which Lord Stanley placed himself at the head of his retainers has not been recorded. We only know that on the 19th of August, three days before the great battle was fought, he was at Atherstone, a few miles only distant from the small market-town of Bosworth. So wary and circumspect had his conduct

* Polydore Virgil, p. 218, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*

in his former office of lord steward of the household, and, before the end of the year, conferred upon him the considerable appointment of high constable of England*, and honoured him with the order of the Garter.

Favoured as Lord Stanley was by Richard III., it may be doubted whether that sagacious monarch ever completely trusted him. We are assured, indeed, that, of all his subjects, there were none who caused him such constant anxiety as Lord Stanley, his brother Sir William, and Sir Gilbert Talbot.† Although he knew not their “inward mind,” yet, it is said, “he trusted never one of them all.”‡ Of these persons, Lord Stanley was by far the most powerful, and, though perhaps the least suspected, was the most to be feared. His wealth and possessions were immense; his military experience was considerable; the number of armed retainers which he was able to lead into the field amounted almost to an army; and lastly, versed as King Richard was in the arts of dissimulation and intrigue, Lord Stanley was clearly his match.

If Richard really entertained any misgivings in regard to the fidelity of his new ally, it was probably previously to and during Buckingham's insurrections that they occasioned him the greatest disturbance. The defection of that powerful nobleman, whom he had so completely trusted, and on whom he had conferred so many favours, could scarcely have failed to make him suspicious of every other living person. But though Lord Stanley's consort, the Countess of Richmond, was proved to have been so deeply implicated in her kinsman's treason as to incur the attainder of

* 16th December 1483.

† Sir Gilbert Talbot's importance was principally derived from his having the wardship of his nephew, the young Earl of Shrewsbury, whose retainers he subsequently arrayed against Richard.

‡ Polydore Virgil, p. 212, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*

office of Lord High Steward of England and carrying the mass before the king*, and, on the 7th of May 1503, holding, by the king's commission, a chapter of the order of the Garter at Windsor.† Henry, indeed, on one occasion, paid him as high a compliment as he could pay to a subject, by selecting him to be one of the godfathers of his first-born child, Arthur Prince of Wales. At the baptism of the royal infant, which took place in the cathedral at Winchester, the earl's gift, we are informed, was "a rich salt of gold," which was carried in procession by Sir Reginald Bray.

Attached as the earl had been to his late master Edward IV., the elevation of Elizabeth of York to the throne of her father could scarcely have failed to afford him the highest gratification. Accordingly, when, after a tardy recognition of her rights, Henry at length consented that her coronation should take place, we discover, as might naturally have been expected, her father's friend figuring conspicuously in the various ceremonials. In the magnificent progress which she made from the Tower to Westminster, the earl rode with the Duke of Bedford and the Earls of Oxford and Nottingham, immediately before the royal chariot. Again, at the coronation feast, "attired in a rich gown furred with sables, a marvellous rich chain of gold many folds about his neck," and "the trappur of his courser right curiously wrought with the needle," he was one of the great estates who entered and "rode about Westminster Hall on horseback."‡ The earl was not only lord-constable of England, but on this occasion acted as one of the commissioners for executing the office of high steward.§

In the year 1495 Lord Derby suffered a severe

* Excerpta Hist. p. 380.

† Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 207.

‡ Ibid. pp. 220, 225-6.

§ Collins' Peerage, by Sir E. Brydges, vol. iii. p. 61.

rection. Suspicions of the real designs of that ambitious nobleman, or perhaps misgivings in regard to the adequacy of the duke's resources and means, very probably kept him inactive. But when the second invasion, projected by the Earl of Richmond, was notoriously countenanced by the King of France; when many of the usurper's most powerful friends were more than suspected of being traitors in their hearts, the probability seems to be that Stanley resolved, at the first safe opportunity, to throw off the mask. As to the secret share which he may have had in organizing the conspiracy, or the particular period at which he consented to become an accomplice, no information has reached us. Certain, however, it is, that during the first acts of the drama his conduct was shaped by the same prudence and reserve which enabled him to triumph in so remarkable a manner at its close.

Richard may, or may not, have received secret intimation of Stanley's designs. In the mind, however, of so jealous a monarch, the simple fact that Stanley was the father-in-law of the pretender to the throne, must have been sufficient to create alarm. Accordingly, when, on the eve of the Earl of Richmond's invasion, Stanley pleaded a strong desire "to visit his family and recreate his spirits," it was not only with evident reluctance that Richard was induced to comply with his request, but he intimated, doubtless in as little offensive a manner as possible, his intention of retaining Lord Strange as a hostage for his father's loyalty.* This announcement must have been in the highest degree

* Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 501; Polydore Virgil, Camd. Soc. Ed. p. 212. In justice to Richard, it must be admitted that he had other defensible grounds for detaining Lord Strange, and, indeed, would apparently have been justified had he sent him to the block. Young as he was, Strange was not only deeply implicated in the conspiracy to raise the Earl of Richmond to the throne, but had actually confessed his guilt, at the same time implicating his uncle, Sir William Stanley. Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 501.

partisans of the Flemish adventurer, is it credible that Henry would have so entirely disregarded every tie of gratitude and friendship?—is it credible that he could have withstood the entreaties of his father-in-law and the tears of his mother?—or, precarious as was his tenure of the crown, that he would have risked the vengeance of so powerful a subject as the Earl of Derby, by signing the death-warrant of a beloved brother? Moreover, even admitting that Henry was capable of committing so atrocious an act as that of sacrificing an innocent man for the sake of possessing his wealth, surely, in such a case, we should expect to find the earl displaying, if not open resentment, at least decent disapprobation, at the execution of his brother. In vain, however, we search for the slightest sign of such disapproval. True it is that, after his brother's execution, the earl and his venerable countess retired for a time to the seclusion of their seat at Lathom. That the object of the earl, however, in quitting the court, was to brood over wrongs and to meditate revenge, there seems not the slightest reason for conjecturing. On the contrary, we find him employed in preparing Lathom for the reception of Henry and his queen, who a few months afterwards became his guests. On this occasion great and expensive provision was made for the entertainment of the royal visitors. Lathom was beautified, and Knowsley enlarged. To prevent impediment or danger to the king and queen in their progress, the marshes were traversed by a new causeway, and a bridge was thrown over the Mersey.*

The following somewhat remarkable incident is stated to have occurred during the visit of Henry to Lathom. Followed by his fool, or jester, Lord Derby one day conducted the king to the roof of the mansion, to enable

* Seacombe's Hist. of the House of Stanley, p. 43. Sir William Stanley was executed on the 16th of February 1495. Henry arrived at Knowsley on, or about, the 24th of June following. Ibid.

been; so apprehensive was he lest his actions might compromise the life of his son, that, up to this late period, the Earl of Richmond appears to have been kept in the profoundest ignorance, and consequently in the most painful suspense, in regard to the intentions of his father-in-law. It was not till the evening of the 19th that Stanley had so far overcome his habitual caution as to consent to that famous interview with Henry of Richmond at Atherstone, which we have already recorded. There, advancing with his brother Sir William towards Richmond, and "taking one another by the hand and yielding mutual salutation," they entered into council "in what sort to *darraigne battayl* with King Richard, if the matter should come to strokes." Doubtless the fulfilment of Lord Stanley's part of the treaty was made contingent on the safety of Lord Strange. A more painful mental struggle, than that between his feelings as a father and his anxiety to serve his friends, it would be difficult to imagine.

So vast a service as that which Lord Stanley performed for King Henry VII. on the field of Bosworth, could scarcely fail to be gratefully acknowledged by the Tudor monarch. Nevertheless the rewards which he received—if indeed rewards were desired or expected by him—seem scarcely to have been commensurate with the great obligation under which Henry lay to his stepfather. He advanced him, indeed, on the 27th of October 1485, to the earldom of Derby, and, on the 5th of March following, granted him the high office of constable of England for life.* Such other honours, however, as were awarded to him seem to have been merely complimentary. For instance, at Henry's coronation, on the 30th of October 1485, we find him one of the commissioners for executing the

* Collins' Peerage, by Sir E. Brydges, vol. iii. p. 60.

following, the event must have occurred in the interval between those days. One of his numerous bequests was a cup of gold to his stepson King Henry. By his last will, he ordained that his remains should be interred in the north aisle of the church of the priory of Burscough, near Lathom, in Lancashire, where lay buried the bodies of his father and mother, and others of his ancestors. He also left instructions for the erection of a tomb, to bear his effigy and those of his two wives, whom he ordered to be prayed for and had in perpetual remembrance.*

An ancient poem, entitled "Thomas first Earl of Derby, a right true and most famous Chronicle," † concludes with the following lines:—

"If might or money could have saved this man,
Or love of his neighbours, he had not died then;
But seeing death is to us so very natural,
Pray we charitably for each other's fall;
And especially for his soul let us pray,
Of this honourable Earl Thomas Stanley;
Who in honour and love has ended his life,
With truth ever in wedlock to God and his wife;
The love which he won with liberality,
God keep so still unto all his posterity."

* Testamenta Vetusta, vol. ii. pp. 458—460.

† Written in 1562, by Thomas Stanley, Bishop of Sodor and Man. Memoirs of the House of Stanley, p. 178: Manchester, 1783. Scacome's House of Stanley, pp. 191, 202.

family affliction by the tragical death of his brother in arms, as well as his brother in blood, Sir William Stanley. Sir William was accused, whether justly or not, of being implicated in Perkin Warbeck's rebellion, and fell by the axe of the executioner on Tower Hill. His greatest offence, it has been said, was some words which he had spoken in confidence to Sir Robert Clifford, that "if he were sure the young man was King Edward's son, he would never bear arms against him."* Lord Bacon more than hints that the vast wealth and magnificent estates of Sir William Stanley,—"for he was the richest subject for value in the kingdom,"—induced King Henry to sacrifice him to his avarice. According to Bacon, "there were found in his castle of Holt forty thousand marks in ready money and plate, besides jewels, household-stuff, stocks upon his grounds, and other personal estate, exceeding great; and for his revenue in land and fee, it was three thousand pounds a year of old rent, a great matter in those times."† But that Henry, merely for so slight a misdemeanour, or on so flimsy a pretext, could have sent so powerful a subject to the block, seems almost incredible. With the exception of Lord Stanley, Henry lay under greater obligations to Sir William than to any other living being; they were closely connected by family ties; and, lastly, such was the confidence which Henry placed in Sir William's loyalty, that he had selected him to fill the responsible post of lord-chamberlain, thus intrusting him with the care of his person, and placing his life constantly in his power. Unless, then, the guilt of Sir William Stanley had been established by the clearest possible evidence; unless it had been found absolutely necessary to send him to the block in order to strike terror into the

* Lord Bacon's *Life of King Henry VII.* in Kennet, vol. i. p. 611.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 610.

him to enjoy a view of the surrounding country. The height at which they stood was precipitous; the spot unprotected by battlements. The jester had been affectionately attached to the late Sir William Stanley, and probably laid his death at the door of Henry. Accordingly, glancing towards the latter, "*Tom,*" he muttered, in a hollow tone of voice, to his master, "*remember Will!*" The words were probably meant to reach no other ears but those of Lord Stanley. Unfortunately, however, they were overheard by the king, who, with an emotion he was unable to conceal, descended, with rather undignified speed, to safer ground.*

The Earl of Derby is described as having been a liberal master, as well as a sociable and hospitable neighbour. One of his peculiarities is thus related by his grandson, Thomas Stanley, Bishop of Sodor and Man.† "I left behind me," writes the bishop, "a notable point, which I had not presently in my remembrance till an aged man, that sometime was servant unto this old first Earl Thomas, put it in my memory; which is, that when this noble earl was disposed to ride for his pleasure a-hunting or other progress, or to visit his friends or neighbours, whose house soever he went unto he sent his officers before, who made provision all at his cost, as though he had been at his own house. And at his departure the surpleesage was left to the use of the house where he had lodged. And this was his manner and order in all places, when and where he travelled, unless by chance he came unto some lord's house."‡

The precise time of the Earl of Derby's decease is not known. As his will, however, bears date the 28th July 1504, and the probate is dated the 9th of November

* Strickland, vol. i. p. 437.

† The bishop succeeded his father as second Baron Monteagle, in 1523, and died in 1560.

‡ Memoirs of the House of Stanley, p. 187: Manchester, 1783.

great-granddaughter of King Edward III.* Henry, the "Shepherd Lord," was the seventh in descent from that monarch; he himself married a cousin of King Henry VII. Lastly, his grandson, Henry second Earl of Cumberland, married the Lady Eleanor Brandon, daughter and coheir of Charles Duke of Suffolk, niece to King Henry VIII., and daughter of a queen of France. Not only were the Cliffords closely allied in blood to the royal house of Plantagenet, but, at one time, their accession to the throne seemed far from being an unlikely event. When parliament authorized King Henry VIII. to settle the succession as he might think proper, he bequeathed the crown, in the first instance, to his children, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, and, in the event of their severally dying without leaving issue, which proved to be the case, to his eldest niece, Frances Marchioness of Dorset, and after her to Eleanor Countess of Cumberland.†

In the parish church of Skipton, in Yorkshire, round the stately tomb of George third Earl of Cumberland, may be seen the following shields, or coats of arms, the quarterings on which show how brilliant were the alliances contracted during many generations by the house of Clifford:—Clifford and Russell within the garter, with an earl's coronet above; Clifford between Brandon and Dacre; Clifford and Percy, with a coronet above; Veteripont and Buly; Veteripont and Ferrers; Veteripont and Fitz Peirs; Clifford and Veteripont; Clifford and Clare; Clifford and Veteripont, quarterly; Clifford and Beauchamp; Clifford and Ros; Clifford and Percy within the garter; Clifford and Dacre; Clifford and Bromflete (de Vescei); Clifford and St. John of Bletshoe; Clifford and Berkeley; and Clifford and Neville. "I much doubt," says Whitaker, "whether such an as-

* See Genealogical Table, *ante*, p. 6.

† Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. pp. 40-1.

HENRY LORD CLIFFORD

"THE SHEPHERD LORD"

the Cliffords. It was repaired and beautified by Roger de Clifford, who caused to be engraved in stone over the inner gate, "*This made Roger*;" and here, more than three centuries afterwards, his descendant, Henry second Earl of Cumberland, and his high-born countess, severally breathed their last. Appleby Castle, too, rich with the armorial bearings of the Cliffords and Viponts, with its "Cæsar's Tower," its "Baron's Chamber," and "Knight's Chamber," was an appanage worthy of an ancient and powerful race. Beautifully situated on a high cliff, with the river Eden running beneath it, the castle still stands an interesting relic of the past. Here the great heiress Isabella de Vipont sat, after the death of her lord, as sheriff in her hall with the judges; and here, after the lapse of nearly four centuries, expired her high-spirited descendant, Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. Lastly, let us record as an inheritance of the Cliffords, the hall and estates of Lonsborough, in Yorkshire, which came into their possession by the marriage of John seventh Lord Clifford with Margaret, daughter and sole heir of Henry de Bromflete, Baron de Vesci.*

For many generations the chiefs of the house of Clifford figure as distinguished warriors. The majority of them met with violent deaths. Roger, a renowned

* Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, presents perhaps the only existing remains of the London residence of an English baron in the middle ages. The ancient mansion was the gift of Edward II. to Robert Clifford, whose widow, Isabel, daughter of Maurice Lord Berkeley, let it to the students of the law, since which time apparently it has continued to be an inn of Chancery. Stow, book iii. p. 262; Pearce's Inns of Court, p. 260. The arms of the house of Clifford,—*Cheeky Or and Azure of fesse Gules within a bordure of the third, charged with a Bezant*,—continue to be the arms of the society, and may still be seen decorating the interesting old hall. In the eighth year of Edward IV., we find the old mansion designated,—“Messuag. cum gardino adjaeen' vocat' Clifford's Inne, in vico vocat' Fleet Streete London', nuper Johannis Domini Clifford.”—*Cal. Rot. Pat.* p. 314, m. xii.

HENRY LORD CLIFFORD,

"THE SHEPHERD LORD."

WERE we called upon to illustrate by a single example the territorial power, the warlike qualities, and the fierce resentments which distinguished the barons of England during the middle ages, it would be difficult perhaps to select a more striking example than that of the Cliffords, Lords of Westmoreland, afterwards Earls of Cumberland. Possessed of princely castles and seigniories, and producing heroes from generation to generation, the Cliffords were, in the north-west of England, what the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, were in the north-east. Even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., we find Henry, the first Earl of Cumberland, retaining no fewer than five hundred gentlemen in arms at his own cost.*

The blood of the Cliffords was perhaps the most illustrious in England. John seventh Lord Clifford, by the marriage of his father with Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lord Ros of Hamlake, was fifth in descent from William the Lion, King of Scotland. The alliance of the Cliffords with the sovereigns of England was closer still. Descended from one common ancestor, Rollo first Duke of Normandy, their blood again intermingled in the fifteenth century, in consequence of the marriage of John, the seventh lord, with the great-

* Collectanea Cliffordiana, p. 21.

Thomas eighth Lord Clifford, described as "a chief commander in France," was grandson, on his mother's side, to the celebrated Harry Hotspur. One of his most notable exploits was the capture of the town of Pontoise, near Paris, which he accomplished in the year 1438 by a daring and ingenious stratagem. The English had lain for some time before the town, with little prospect of reducing it, when a heavy fall of snow suggested to Lord Clifford the means of effecting its capture. Arraying himself and his followers with white tunics over their armour, he concealed them during the night close to the walls of the town, which at daybreak he surprised and carried by storm.* Important as was this service, it was equalled two years afterwards, when Lord Clifford valiantly defended the town of Pontoise against the armies of France, headed by Charles VII. in person.

Though nearly allied by blood to the house of York, Lord Clifford, on the breaking out of the civil wars, took part with his unfortunate sovereign, Henry VI., and became one of the most formidable of the partisans of the house of Lancaster. He was slain at the battle of St. Albans, on the 22nd of May 1455, at the age of forty. According to Shakspeare, the renown of the "deadly-handed Clifford" induced the Earl of Warwick, the "Kingmaker," to seek a personal combat with him in the course of the battle; but fate decided that he should receive his death-blow from the hands of Richard Duke of York.

"*Warwick.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
 Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland!
 Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms."

King Henry VI. Part II. Act v. Sc. 2.

* Harleian MS. 6177.

semblage of noble bearings can be found on the tomb of any other Englishman." *

The territorial possessions of the Cliffords corresponded with their illustrious birth. One of their most ancient strongholds was Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire, situated on a high cliff overhanging the river Wye. In the reign of Henry II. it was the property of Walter de Clifford, father of the celebrated Fair Rosamond. But the most princely, and apparently favourite, residence of the Cliffords during many generations, was Skipton Castle, situated in the deanery of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This interesting pile, with its great hall, its buttery-hatches, and ancient dungeon, still stands in a fair state of preservation. It was conferred, with its numerous townships and important forest and manorial rights, upon Robert first Lord Clifford, by King Edward II. The northern part of the castle stands on a perpendicular rock, within a short distance of the river Aire. In the glen beneath were the pleasure-grounds of the Cliffords, which, with their fish-ponds, curious walks, fantastically shaped flower-beds, and commanding view of the castle, must have been formerly a picturesque and beautiful spot. †

In the north of England the Cliffords were possessed of other seignories, scarcely less princely than that of Skipton. By the marriage of Roger de Clifford, father of the first Lord Clifford, with Isabella, the great heiress of the De Veteriponts or De Viponts, they became lords of the barony of Westmoreland, including the seignories and castles of Brougham and Appleby. Brougham Castle, a "strong, beautiful, and extensive" structure, situated on the banks of the Eimot, or Yeoman, appears to have been a favoured abode of

* Whitaker's History of Craven, p. 259, ed. 1812.

† Ibid. p. 337; Gent's History of Rippon ("Journey into Yorkshire"), p. 43.

undying verse. "Whilst this battle," says the chronicler Hall, "was in fighting, a priest, called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, second son to the Duke of York,—scarce of the age of twelve years, a fair gentleman and a maiden-like person,—perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field by the Lord Clifford's band toward the town; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed and taken, and, by reason of his apparel, demanded who he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his chaplain, 'for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.' With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him and said, 'By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin;' and with that word stuck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said."*

Notwithstanding the appearance of truth which is stamped on this remarkable passage, and also the fact that, for nearly four centuries, it has been perpetuated by the poet, the historian, and the painter, it contains a point, which, if proved to be unsupported by facts, all its pathos and importance falls to the ground. What, then, we would inquire, was the real age of Rutland when he fell by the hand of the "black-faced Clifford"? Was he, in fact, the "maiden-like," interesting child, such as he is described by the old chroniclers; or, on the other hand, was he not of such a matured age as to render it far more probable that he fell in equal and honour-

* Hall's Chronicle, p. 251.

soldier in the wars of Henry III. and of Edward I., was killed in a skirmish with the Welsh in the Isle of Anglesey, on St. Leonard's day, 1283. His son, Robert first Lord Clifford, a favourite and companion in arms of Edward I., was slain at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. Roger, the second lord, having taken up arms with Thomas Earl of Lancaster, for the purpose of crushing the power of the Spencers, the unworthy favourites of Edward II., was overthrown by the king's forces at Boroughbridge, and perished on the scaffold at York in 1327. Robert, third lord, who was also engaged in Lancaster's insurrection, served in the wars with the Scots, and died in 1340. Robert, the fourth lord, fought by the side of Edward the Black Prince at the memorable battles of Cressy and Poitiers. Roger, the fifth lord, styled "one of the wisest and gallantest of the Cliffords," also served in the wars in France and Scotland, in the reign of Edward III. Thomas sixth Lord Clifford, one of the most chivalrous knights of his time, overcame, in a memorable passage of arms, the famous French knight, "le Sire de Burjisande," and, at the age of thirty, was killed in battle at Spruce in Germany. John, the seventh lord, a knight of the Garter, carried with him to the French wars three knights, forty-seven esquires, and one hundred and fifty archers. He fought under the banner of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, attended him at the sieges of Harfleur and Cherbourg, and was eventually slain, at the age of thirty-three, at the siege of Meaux in France.

We have now to speak of two of the most famous of the Cliffords, father and son, whose names have been familiarized to us by the genius of Shakspeare. Their portraits may still be seen in that ancient and most interesting picture by John Van Eyck, "the Family of Thomas Lord Clifford," preserved at the beautiful villa of their descendant, the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick.

only in his eighteenth year when he headed the army of his father King Henry VI., at the battle of Tewkesbury; and, lastly, Edward the Black Prince was only sixteen years of age when he won his knightly spurs on the memorable field of Cressy.*

According to the old chroniclers, the assassination of young Rutland was not the only atrocity committed by Lord Clifford at the battle of Wakefield. "This cruel Clifford and deadly blood-supper," writes Hall, "not content with this homicide or child-killing, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great spite and much derision, saying, 'Madam, your war is done; here is your king's ransom;' at which present was much joy and great rejoicing."† That the head of the Duke of York was cut off, and subsequently fixed on the gates of York, there can be little question,—

" Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York."

King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 4.

but that Lord Clifford exulted over and desecrated the remains of the illustrious dead, in the manner described

* According to another faithful contemporary chronicler, "After the battle, Lord Clifford slew the Earl of Rutland, the son of the Duke of York, *as he was flying across the bridge* at Wakefield." The same writer adds that the dead bodies of York, Rutland, and others of note who fell in the battle, were decapitated, and their heads affixed to various parts of York. William of Wyrester's *Annals*, Lib. Niger Scac. vol. ii. p. 85. Surely, if Rutland had been of so tender an age as Hall and Grafton describe him to have been, the Lancastrians would never have disgraced and injured their cause by publicly exhibiting the gory head of an innocent child in the manner described. Still less likely does it seem to be that during the battle the child should have been stationed in so perilous a position as that which is inferred by the later chroniclers.

† Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 251.

Lord Clifford was probably a personal favourite with Henry VI., since that unfortunate monarch in his will, dated 12th March 1447-8, pays him the compliment of nominating him to be one of his feoffees.*

John, the next and ninth Lord Clifford, — the “black-faced Clifford,” as he was designated, — was only nineteen years of age at the time when his father perished at St. Albans. Thirsting to revenge the fate of his sire, we find him pursuing the house of York with an animosity which, even in that ferocious age, rendered him terrible and famous. At the battle of Wakefield, young as he was, he is said to have caused such fearful slaughter, that it obtained for him the name of “the Butcher.” † It was towards the close of that eventful day that Lord Clifford is said to have perpetrated that memorable act of cruelty, the murder of the young Earl of Rutland, which for centuries has excited indignation and tears. The old chroniclers delight to expatiate on the ferocity of the deed; Shakspeare has related it in

* Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 23.

† The word “butcher,” as applied to Lord Clifford, may not have been intended altogether in the offensive sense implied by the Yorkist chroniclers. In the middle ages it would seem to have been indiscriminately applied to more than one fierce and relentless warrior. The second Duke de Guise was styled the “butcher” because he never spared the life of a Huguenot, and Oliver Clisson because he sacrificed every Englishman that fell into his hands. Such at least is the explanation which Luigi Allemano gave to Francis I., when the following passage, in which Dante makes Hugh Capet style himself the son of a “butcher,” gave such offence to his royal descendant: —

“Io fui radice della mala pianta,
Che la terra Cristiana tutta aduggia,
Sì che buon frutto rado se ne schianta.

Figliuol fui d'un beccaio di Parigi.”

Il Purgatorio, Canto xx.

“I was a Paris butcher's son; the root
Of that vile plant whose noxious branches shoot
O'er Christian lands; rare bearer of fair fruit.”

band, for the purpose of rejoining the main body of the Lancastrians, when he unexpectedly found himself surrounded by an overwhelming force. The hero of Wakefield and St. Albans resolved either to fight his way through the ranks of the enemy, or perish in the attempt. Accordingly he fought, we are told, to the admiration, and "even to the envy, of those who overcame him ;" * but his valour was all in vain. A headless arrow, discharged from behind a hedge, struck him in the throat, and the fierce Clifford fell to rise no more. His death took place on Palm Sunday, the 29th of March 1461, at the age of twenty-six. The scene of his heroism was a spot called Dittingale, situated in a small valley between Towton and Scarthingwell.† A small chapel on the banks of the Aire formerly marked the spot where lay the remains of John Lord Clifford, as well as those of his cousin, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who perished later in the day upon Towton Field.‡

For nearly a quarter of a century from this time, the name of Clifford remained an attainted one ; their castles and seigniories passed into the hands of strangers and foes. The barony of Westmoreland was conferred by Edward IV. upon his brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester ; the castle and manor of Skipton he bestowed, in the first instance, upon Sir William Stanley.§

But though, for a while, the star of the Cliffords had set, it was not for ever. The late lord, by his young

* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 132.

† Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, pp. 249, 250.

‡ Lord Clifford's remains are supposed to have been thrown into a pit with a promiscuous heap of the slain. Dr. Whitaker, however, suggests that they may have possibly been removed from the spot and reinterred at Bolton. Hist. of Craven, p. 250, note.

§ Richard would seem to have been dissatisfied with obtaining only a portion of the possessions of the Cliffords, since, in the fifteenth year of Edward IV., we find that monarch transferring to his "dear brother" the castle and domain of Skipton, which lordly appanage he retained to his death on Bosworth Field. Whitaker, p. 250.

able combat, or in flight? The reader will judge for himself. He was born on the 17th of May 1443, and the battle of Wakefield was fought on the 30th of December 1460. Rutland, then, instead of being of the age of seven or twelve, was rather more than seventeen years and seven months old when he fell. A faithful contemporary chronicler speaks of him, in the preceding month of October, as having "arrived at the years of discretion," and therefore as having been called upon to swear fealty to Henry VI., and to recognize his authority.* There seems even to be reason for believing that, fifteen months previously to the battle of Wakefield, Rutland had fought at the battle of Bloreheath. Certain it appears to be that when the defeat of his friends on that occasion compelled the Duke of York to fly for safety to Ireland, the young earl was the companion of his father's flight.† It should be borne in mind that in those days of extermination, when sons rapidly succeeded to the titles and grasped the swords of their sires, it was no uncommon circumstance for youths of Rutland's age not only to play their part on the field of battle, but to be intrusted with the important military commands. Edward IV. had not completed his nineteenth year when he won the sanguinary battle of Towton; his brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester, was only in his nineteenth year when he commanded the "vanward" at the battle of Barnet.‡ Edward Prince of Wales was

* Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 455.

† Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 497.

‡ Edward of York, afterwards Edward IV., was born at Rouen, 28th April 1442. Edmund of York, Earl of Rutland, was born at Rouen, 17th of May 1443; Richard, afterwards King Richard III., was born at Fotheringay, 2nd of October, 1452. William of Wyrcester, Lib. Nig. Scac. vol. ii. pp. 462, 477; Sandford, book v. p. 374. The battle of Wakefield was fought on the 30th December 1460; the battle of Towton on the 29th of March 1461; the battle of Barnet on the 14th April 1471, and the battle of Tewkesbury on the 4th of May in that year.

Yonder is a house — but where ?
 No, they must not enter there.
 To the caves, and to the brooks,
 To the clouds of heaven she looks ;
 She is speechless, but her eyes
 Pray in ghostly agonies.
 Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
 Maid and Mother undefiled,
 Save a mother and her child ! ”

WORDSWORTH.—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

The peril to which the young mother was exposed, as described in these beautiful lines, may possibly not be exaggerated. Happily there were true and brave hearts at Lonsborough ; and accordingly, with their aid, she found the means of transporting her youngest boy into the Netherlands, while the eldest she committed to the care of a shepherd and his wife, of whom the latter had formerly been an attendant on the child's nurse. Thus, wearing the garb and associating with the children of shepherds, did the tenth Lord Clifford pass many of the first years of his eventful life ; submitting unrepiningly, we are told, to the decrees of Providence, and cheerfully looking forward to brighter times.

“ Now who is he that bounds with joy
 On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy ?
 No thoughts has he but thoughts that pass
 Light as the wind along the grass.
 Can this be he who hither came
 In secret, like a smothered flame ?
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
 For shelter, and a poor man's bread ?
 God loves the child ; and God hath willed
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,—
 The lady's words when forced away,
 The last she to her babe did say :
 ‘ My own, my own, thy fellow-guest
 I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,
 For lowly shepherd's life is best ! ’ ”

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.

by the old chroniclers, seems to us to be as improbable as that he should have committed the dastardly act of assassination which they so confidently lay to his charge.

Lord Clifford fought at the second battle of St. Albans, on the 17th of February 1461. It was in his tent, after the Lancastrians had won the victory, that the unfortunate Henry VI. once more embraced his consort Margaret of Anjou, and their beloved child.

Lord Clifford is usually represented as having been slain at the battle of Towton. He fell, however, in a hard-fought conflict which preceded that sanguinary engagement by a few hours. Between the two rival armies of York and Lancaster lay the pass of Ferrybridge over the Aire, the same river which we have mentioned as flowing by Skipton, the princely castle of the Cliffords, —

“ Witness Aire’s unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell.”

SOUTHEY.

The pass was at this time held by the forces of King Edward, under the command of Lord Fitzwalter. To obtain possession of it was of the utmost importance to the Lancastrians; the attempt to carry it was intrusted to Lord Clifford. The enterprise was successfully and brilliantly conducted. Before the Yorkists had received the slightest intimation of the approach of a foe, Lord Clifford, at the head of a chosen band of horsemen, had thrown himself amongst them, and made himself master of the pass. No quarter was given by the assailants; Lord Fitzwalter, and the Bastard of Salisbury, brother to the Earl of Warwick, were among the slain. Before many hours, however, had passed, the fortune of war was reversed. Ascertaining that King Edward had transported the vanguard of his army across the Aire at Castleford, three miles higher up the river than Ferrybridge, Lord Clifford was withdrawing his gallant

time his mother's father, Henry Bromflete Lord Vesey, deceased.

“And, a little after his death, it came to be murmured at court that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined. But her answers were that she had given directions to send them both beyond seas to be bred there, which equivocation of hers did the better pass, because, presently after her husband's death, she sent both her sons away to the sea-side, the younger of which, called Richard, was indeed transported over the seas into the Low Countries to be bred there, where he died not long after. So his elder brother, Henry Lord Clifford, was secretly conveyed back to Lonsborough again, and committed to the hands of shepherds, as aforesaid, which shepherd's wives had formerly been servants in the family, as attending the nurse which gave him suck, which made him, being a child, more willing to submit to that mean condition, where they infused into him the belief that he must either be content to live in that manner, or be utterly undone.” *

The boy had scarcely returned to the care of the faithful shepherds, when, in consequence of further rumours having reached the court that the heir of the Cliffords was still living, it became expedient to remove him from Lonsborough. Happily, the Lady Clifford had in the mean time given her hand to Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, of Threlkland in Cumberland, the lord of a wild and romantic district, which promised a security to the orphan which Lonsborough no longer afforded.

“ See, beyond that hamlet small,
The ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made I

* Harleian MS. 6177.

wife Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of Henry de Bromflete, Baron de Vesci, had left two infant sons, Henry and Richard, of whom the former lived to succeed to the honours of his valiant father. Immediately after the battle of Towton, the children were attainted by parliament *, and the strictest search made for their persons. Happily, their maternal grandfather, the old Lord de Vesci, was still living. In his youth, he had fought under the glorious banner of Henry V. in the wars in France and Normandy; and though his valour had remained unrewarded, there is evidence of his having been treated with respectful consideration, both by Henry VI. and Edward IV.; both of those monarchs, in token of his eminent services and advanced age, having granted him a special exemption from attending parliament.† He was powerless, indeed, to avert the temporary ruin which overtook the house of Clifford. Fortunately, however, his seat of Lonsborough afforded a home to his widowed daughter, and the wild district, by which it was surrounded, a place of concealment for his grandchildren. Accordingly, driven from the stately halls of Skipton and Appleby, of which she had ceased to be the mistress, thither, as soon as the dreadful fate of her lord was communicated to her, flew the young widow with her hunted children.

“ Oh! it was a time forlorn,
 When the fatherless was born.
 Give her wings that she may fly,
 Or she sees her infant die!
 Swords that are with slaughter wild
 Hunt the mother and the child.
 Who will take them from the light? —
 Yonder is a man in sight —

* 1 Edward IV.

† 3 Henry VI. and 1 Edward IV. Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 234.

seclusion of twenty-four years, that the signal triumph obtained by Henry of Richmond on the field of Bosworth enabled Lord Clifford to emerge from obscurity, and to take his place among the magnates of the land. The part which he subsequently played during the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., if not a distinguished, was at least a useful and an honourable one. Restored by parliament in blood and honour, he took a pleasure in improving his estates, and in repairing his noble castles in the north, which had fallen into decay while in the possession of strangers. As a peer of the realm in parliament, to which we find him summoned from the first to the twelfth year of Henry VII., he is reported to have "behaved himself wisely and nobly;"* and lastly, when his sovereign required his military services, he followed the example of his warlike ancestors, and marshalled the youth of Westmoreland and Craven to the field. He was intrusted with a military command in the year 1495: and, twenty years afterwards, was one of the principal leaders at the celebrated battle of Flodden—

"Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield."

Mutina, Canto vi.

According to the account drawn up by his descendant, the Countess of Pembroke, "This Henry Lord Clifford did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy and the contemplation of the course of the stars, which it is likely he was seasoned in during the time of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden Tower, which is now much decayed, and there he lived much, which it is thought he did the rather because in that place he had furnished

* Harleian MS. 6177.

It would be difficult to point out a story in real life more romantic than that of the "shepherd-lord," or, as he is occasionally designated, "the good Lord Clifford." * According to an interesting MS. account drawn up by his illustrious descendant, Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, "This Henry Lord Clifford was one of the examples of the varieties of fortune in this world; for though he was born the eldest son of a great nobleman, yet presently after his father's death, when himself was about seven years old †, he was, by the care and love of an industrious mother, put into the habit of a shepherd's boy, to conceal his birth and parentage; for had he been known to have been his father's son and heir, he would either have been put in prison, or banished, or put to death, so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being such a desperate commander against the house of York, which then reigned. So, in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lonsborough, where his mother lived then for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth till he was about fourteen, about which

* "In him the savage virtue of the race,
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts, were dead:
 Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
 The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 The 'good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.

† In another part of the MS. it is intimated that he was probably about six or seven years of age. If it be the case, however, that his father was only twenty-six years old when he fell at Towton, the probability seems to be that his heir was of still tenderer years than is represented in either statement.

kinsman King Henry VII., since, about the year 1506, we find him subjected to the annoyance of being forced to produce evidence of the validity of his titles to his lauds, a citation, however, to which he appears to have most satisfactorily responded.*

But a far heavier distress, occasioned by the wild libertinism of his eldest son Henry, afterwards first Earl of Cumberland, saddened the closing years of the "shepherd-lord." There is extant a very curious letter addressed by Lord Clifford to a member of the king's privy council, in which he pathetically laments his son's misconduct. "I doubt not," he says, "but you remember when I was afore you, with other of the king's highness's council; and there I showed unto you the ungodly and ungoodly disposition of my son Henry Clifford, in such wise as it was abominable to hear it; not only disobeying and despiting my commands, and threatening my servants, saying that if aught came to me, he should utterly destroy all, as appeareth more likely in striking with his own hand my poor servant Henry Popley, in peril of death, which so lieth and is like to die. But also [he] spoiled my houses and feloniously stole away my proper goods, which was of great substance, only of malice and for maintaining his inordinate pride and riot, as more especially did appear when he departed out of the court and came into the country, apparelled himself and his horse in cloth of gold and goldsmith's work, more like a

* "About the twenty-first year of King Henry VII., he, the said Lord Clifford, was in some disgrace with the said king, so as the said king caused him to bring into the public court all his evidences to show by what right he held all his lands in Westmoreland and the sheriffick of that county, as appears by some records, which pleadings and records did much help forward to the manifestation of the title and right of the Lady Anne Clifford, now Countess Dowager of Pembroke, to the said lands and sheriffick."—*Hart. MS.* 6177.

There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,
 Sir Launcelot gave a safe retreat
 To noble Clifford ; from annoy
 Concealed the persecuted boy,
 Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
 His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed
 Among this multitude of hills,
 Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills."

WORDSWORTH.—*The Waggoner*, Canto iv.

To Threlkeld, then, the "sorrowful mother" removed the faithful shepherd and his wife, and with them her persecuted boy. Even this wild and remote region, however, did not always afford him security. The last of the Cliffords, we are told, was "kept as a shepherd, sometimes at Threlkeld amongst his father-in-law's kindred, and sometimes upon the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for those shepherds who had the custody of him, where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly."*

"The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
 And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
 And quit the flowers that summer brings
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.
 Give Sir Launcelot Threlkeld praise !
 Hear it, good man, old in days !
 Thou tree of covert and of nest
 For this young bird, that is distress ;
 Among the branches safe he lay,
 And he was free to sport and play
 When falcons were abroad for prey."

WORDSWORTH.—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*.

It was not till after he had undergone a perilous

* Harleian MS. 6177. Threlkeld lies on the high road between Keswick and Penrith, at the foot of the mountain of Saddleback.

ever, of his having been intrusted with an important military command, as well as the deep interest which he took in the study of astrology, seems to contradict the assertion. In further presumption that he was not the illiterate person whom he is sometimes represented to have been, may be mentioned his having presented the priory of Bolton with "A Treatise of Natural Philosophy," in old French. From some verses, written by Henry second Earl of Cumberland, previously to his marriage to the Lady Eleanor Brandon, niece of Henry VIII., it would seem that, at the dissolution of the priory of Bolton, the treatise in question again came into the possession of the Cliffords.*

Henry Lord Clifford was twice married. His first wife was Anne, only daughter of Sir John St. John of Blet-hoe, knight, and cousin-german to King Henry VII. The chronicler of the Clifford family describes her as a lady of "singular virtue, goodness, and piety."† In the reign of Charles I. some tapestry hangings worked by her hands, displaying the arms of Clifford and St. John, were still to be seen on the walls of Skipton Castle.‡ By this lady, Lord Clifford was the father of Henry first Earl of Cumberland, of Sir Thomas Clifford, governor of Berwick Castle, and of Edward Clifford, who died young. Lady Clifford also bore him four daughters. The second wife of the "shepherd-lord" was Florence, daughter of Henry Pudsay, of an ancient family in the deanery of Craven, and widow of Sir Thomas Talbot, knight, of Bashall, in Craven. By this lady he had two sons, who died young, and one daughter, Dorothy, who became the wife of Sir Hugh Lowther, of Lowther, in Westmoreland, and from whom the Earls of Lonsdale are descended.

* Whitaker, p. 253, note. † Collect. Clifford. p. 36.

‡ Ibid. p. 37.

himself with materials and instruments for that study. He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the court or to London but when he was called there to sit in them as a peer of the realm, in which parliament, it is reported, he behaved himself wisely and nobly, and like a good Englishman.* Barden Tower, in Yorkshire, the favourite retreat of the "shepherd-lord" from the pomps and vanities of the world, still remains, an interesting memento of his romantic fortunes. "He retired," says Dr. Whitaker, "to the solitudes of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion."† According to Dugdale, the vicinity of Barden Tower to the priory of Bolton, the canons of which house were well versed in astronomy, was the reason why Lord Clifford selected it to be his principal residence.‡

"Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness ;
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity ;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused with him the starry sky ;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry
For other lore, by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire."

WORDSWORTH.—*White Doe of Rylstone*, Canto i.

Lord Clifford, by the prudent management of his large estates, "grew to be a very rich man." His wealth, indeed, would seem to have excited the cupidity of his

* Harl. MS. 6177.

† Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, p. 252.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, vol. i. p. 343.

duke than a poor baron's son as he is. And, moreover, I showed unto you, at that time, his daily studying how he might utterly destroy me his poor father, as well by slanders shameful and dangerous as by daily otherwise vexing and inquieting my mind, to the shortening of my poor life."

The future earl and knight of the Garter is described elsewhere as turning outlaw, assembling a band of dissolute followers, and rendering himself the terror of the north. "Moreover," writes his father, "he in his country maketh debate between gentlemen, and troubleth divers houses of religion to bring from them their tithes, shamefully beating their tenants and servants in such wise as some whole towns are fain to keep the churches both night and day, and dare not come at their own houses."* The heir of the Cliffords subsequently quitted his irregular mode of life, but whether his father had the satisfaction of surviving to witness his son's reformation has been questioned. As the son, however, was twice married, and, by his second wife, Lady Margaret Percy, became a father before he had attained the age of twenty-four, the probability seems to be that he was weaned at an early age from his abandoned courses.†

It has been said, that, in order to prevent the important secret of his birth from transpiring, the education of the "shepherd-lord" was purposely neglected, and that he could barely write his name.‡ The fact, how-

* Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, p. 255; Sir E. Brydges' Peerage, vol. vi. p. 521.

† His first wife was Margaret, daughter of George fourth Earl of Shrewsbury. His second wife was daughter of Henry fifth Earl of Northumberland, by Eleanor, daughter of Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset; being thus lineally descended from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Sir E. Brydges' Peerage, vol. vi. p. 521.

‡ Harl. MS. 6177.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cardinal BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

The Earl of Richmond, afterwards King HENRY *the Seventh.*

THOMAS *Lord* STANLEY, *afterwards Earl of Derby.*

MASTER HENRY, *afterwards Lord Clifford.*

Sir REGINALD BRAY.

Sir SIMON DIGBY.

Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

MARTIN TRAFFORD.

HUGH BARTRAM.

Father FRANCIS.

HUBERT.

MARK GIZELEY, *Castellain of Skipton Castle.*

The Princess ELIZABETH *of York.*

MARGARET, *Countess of Richmond.*

ANNE ST. JOIN.

RUTH BARTRAM.

ALICE BARTRAM.

Heralds, Guards, Scribes, Courtiers, Attendants, &c.

Henry Lord Clifford died, at one of his castles in the north of England, on the 23rd of April 1523, apparently in the sixty-ninth or seventieth year of his age. His widow, who survived him many years, remarried Lord Richard Grey, a younger son of Thomas first Marquis of Dorset.

Ruth. And what of them, that thou should'st look
so grave?

Hugh. I fear she loves him.

Ruth. Well, I fear she does;
But love will never kill her; she's as light
Of spirit as of step.

Hugh. T'was natural—
Brought up together from their infancy,
That love should grow between them. But dost think
There has been courtship 'twixt him and the maid?

Ruth. Well! Master Trafford thinks so.

Hugh. Master Trafford!
Who's Master Trafford that, where'er he skulks,
His sayings should be laws? I never loved
That Master Trafford.

Ruth. Yet her Grace both loves
And trusts him; and he's Master Henry's friend.

Hugh. He says he is!—For me, I hate such wolves
Prowling about my sheep-walks. But now, tell me!—
For when the sport is love, I have ever found
Women the keenest trackers,—dost thyself
Believe that Master Henry loves our girl?

Ruth. How can I reason otherwise? Of late
He has grown sad and wan,—strays forth alone—
Neglects his food—sighs oft and heavily:—
Nay more! he wears some love-pledge next his heart,
Which ever, when he thinks he's unobserved,
He'll fix his eyes on till their lids grow moist.
This should be love, or very near akin to it;
And whom but Alice has he seen to love?
Besides, Hugh, Master Trafford—

Hugh. Bah! a truce
With Master Trafford;—and now mark me, dame!
The master will not wed her. True it is,
His heart is warm and generous; but he's proud,—
Too proud to mate him with the shepherd's child.

Ruth. Proud? Master Henry proud?—believe it not.

THE
LAST WAR OF THE ROSES.

An Historical Drama.

Can Master Henry be? I half suspect
 Your pretty Alice makes a willing slave
 Of my old playmate. Never lovelier eve
 Sped youth and beauty to their trysting place.
 Well! ye've a friend's best wishes that their loves
 Prove pure and constant as your own.

Hugh. [*Aside.*] I fear
 Thou art an oil-tongued hypocrite, and yet
 Men say thou'rt honest. [*Aloud.*] Much we thank thee, sir!
 Although unweeting of our cause for joy.
 But, see! here comes your friend.

Enter CLIFFORD and ALICE BARTRAM.

Traf. Well, Master Henry!
 How fares it with thee and blithe Mistress Alice?
 Love's a sweet pastime, if the wooing's honest
 That plants such roses on a maiden's cheek.

Alice. Honest! — I marvel much what honesty
 And thou can have in common. As for wooing,
 Were it my sorrow to be wooed by *thee*,
 Methinks the roses which thou carpest at
 Would fade more fast than if the canker nipped them.

Ruth. Hush! Alice, thou forgettest the respect
 That's due to Master Trafford.

Hugh. [*Aside.*] Nay, for me,
 I like the spirit of the girl.

Traf. Well, well! —
 I will retract, fair mistress mine! and own
 'Twas not the wooing, but the mountain-breeze,
 That lent such blooming colour to thy cheeks.

Alice. The mountain-breeze is sometimes bitter, sir!
 But ne'er so cutting as a slanderer's tongue.

Clif. Nay, Alice! rate him not; he means no harm.

Alice. [*To Trafford.*] Well! if I'm free of speech,
 I'm frank of heart;
 Wherefore for quiet's sake I'll pardon thee,
 So here's my hand.

THE
LAST WAR OF THE ROSES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Threlkeld, at the foot of the mountain of Saddleback. A garden in front of a cottage. HUGH BARTRAM and RUTH BARTRAM seated.

Hugh. How fair the sun sets on yon craggy height !
Thus ever, ere he sinks to rest, he throws
A parting smile upon the shepherd's roof.

Ruth. Twelve years, twelve happy years, we have
dwelt here, Hugh.

Hugh. And twice twelve years thy fond and faithful heart,—

Still fresh, old wife, as when I wooed thee first,
Has linked itself to mine. Yon honeysuckle
Twines not more closely round its bridal elm,
Than once thou clung'st to me up life's rough road,
Nor cling'st less firmly now 'tis rough no more.
I would, dear Ruth ! that our remaining years
May glide as calmly as the last away.

Ruth. Thy words sound sadly.

Hugh. I was thinking dame,
Of Master Henry and our pretty Alice.

Clif. But of our English chivalry have none
Proclaimed themselves the friends of Lancaster?

Traf. Yes! — the Earl's uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke,
And John de Vere, the stout old Earl of Oxford,
Embarked with him at Harfleur; and, since then,
Sir Gilbert Talbot and his beardless ward,
Earl Shrewsbury, have led to the Red Rose
The vassals of their house.

Clif. And are these all?

Traf. Not quite. Sir William Brandon, Sir John
Savage,
Sir Walter Hungerford, Sir Thomas Bouchier,
Have also armed for Lancaster.

Clif. I fear,
Suspense weighs heavy on her Grace.

Traf. Alas!
It wrings her heart to see her lord array
Her vassals, to support the man she loathes
Against the son she doats on.

Clif. Then thou thinkest
Lord Stanley will be steadfast for the King?

Traf. So high in royal favour — canst thou doubt it?

Clif. Yet to do battle in a tyrant's cause,
'Gainst his own wife and step-son, seems an act
A noble mind should shrink from.

[*To RUTH.*] Dearest mother! —
For mother thou hast ever been to me, —
I fain would speak apart with thee. [*Takes her aside.*]

Traf. [*Aside to HUBERT.*] Now, Hubert! —
Now is the time or never.

Hub. Master Trafford,
I dare not do this deed.

Traf. Thou dar'st not, Hubert? —
Lives there the man who dares to say — he dare not?
I tell thee! — that I saw them lip to lip,
With such delight in their enamoured eyes,

Hugh. The poor, when poverty's their only crime,
Are always proud. Men oftener pride themselves
On gifts they have not than on gifts they have ;
Thus is he prouder of his lost estate
Than if he swayed his father's heritage,
And lorded it o'er Skipton's princely towers.
Dame ! I've a dreadful thought.— Could I believe
He'd tamper with the virtue of our child,—
Nay,— dare approach her with unholy wish,
I'd —

Ruth. What ? — betray him to his enemies ? —
My own, my noble foster-child ? Nay, Hugh !
Thou could'st not harbour such a ruthless thought,

Hugh. Dame ! thou art right ; yet, if a father's wrath
E'er nerved a father's arm, — young, lusty, brave,
And noble though he be, and I infirm
And old, — I'd lay the spoiler at my feet,
Nor waste one pang though he arose no more.

Ruth. Nay, Hugh, thou wrong'st him ! since the
fearful day
My Lord was slain at Towton, he has been
Our joy, our hope, our comfort. If he loves
Our child, 'tis with a love as chaste as ours ;
Believe me, Hugh, it is.

Hugh. Believe *me*, dame !
Unequal love is seldom holy love,
And therefore seldom augurs happiness.
Well, well ! I will absolve him from this wrong ;
But coronets are not for us, old dame,
And therefore that she wed an honest man
Is all Hugh Bartram wishes for his child.

Ruth. See, Hugh, who comes !

Hugh. Talk of the foul one, dame !

Enter MARTIN TRAFFORD *and* HUBERT.

Traf. Heaven guard ye both, my worthy friends !
—but where

Why! when the country dulls, 'tis ever thus
Your courtier whiles his idle hours away.

Clif. Shame on thee, Martin Trafford! Can'st thou
think

I'd plant dishonour on the hearths of those
Who have loved and sheltered me from infancy?
I owe thee much, yet wilt thou cancel all
If e'er again thou dost impute to me
Such base and cruel wrong. — For shame, I say!

Traf. Bethink thee! — I accused thee not. I did
But glance at the ill courses of the world,
And pleased I am that, like myself, thou scorn'st them.
I did not merit this rebuff from thee.
We'll meet again at Skipton, when I trust
Thou'lt do thy friend more justice. [*Exit.*

Clif. I was wrong;
But why did he so gall me? — I must now
To bid a tenderer and more sad farewell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Grove near Threlkeld.

TRAFFORD solus.

Traf. He loves the Lady Anne! — but loves her not
With the wild passion which her peerless charms
Have kindled in my own tempestuous heart.
Loves her? — By all the saints, could I but claim
The privilege to kiss away one tear
From the long lashes of her violet eyes,
Or raise one blush upon her delicate cheek,
I would not change it for the diadem
That ere to-morrow may be won or lost!
He loves her! — And she loved him till that hour
I fed her credulous ears with the belief
That she was slighted for a meaner flame,
This village May-queen Mice. 'Twas a lie —

Traf. And a most fair one.

Alice. Silence!

I hold thy praise still cheaper than thy taunts.

Clif. Hush, Alice! and now tell us, Martin Trafford! —

What news from Skipton, and how fares her Grace?

Traf. Her Grace is well in health, but sorely chafed
In spirit.

Clif. No mishap, I trust, has crossed her.

Traf. Mishap, forsooth? — What! — know ye not,
her son,

My lord of Richmond, has set foot in Wales,
And leads a rebel army 'gainst the King?

Clif. [*Aside.*] Can it be so? — Then Heaven at last
has heard

The prayer I have breathed since childhood.

[*Aside to Trafford.*] Mark me, Trafford!

This night I must to Skipton, and from thence
Speed to Earl Richmond's camp. I fain would bear
A part in this great struggle. Hint it not
To Bartram nor his wife; — I fear 'twould grieve them.

Traf. And Mistress Alice too?

Clif. Is this a time

For idle jesting? — Shame upon thee, Trafford!

[*To Bartram.*] Father! thou heard'st what Master
Trafford said?

Hugh. I did; and fain I would be young again
To strike a blow for Lancaster.

Clif. Now, Trafford!

Tell us where lie the rival armaments;

What barons, knights, and gallant gentlemen,

Have spread their banners at young Richmond's
call?

Traf. The King is on his march from Nottingham,
Eager to battle with the Earl, whose force,
Half armed, ill disciplined, is feebly matched
Against the veteran legions of the crown.

To sit with Alice and her prattling babes !

But if —

Hub. Nay, Master Trafford ! tempt me not.

Traf. But if, I say ! thou pausest, ponder well ! —

She's virtuous now, but will she long be chaste

If tried and tempted further ? Think of this !

Picture her, Hubert, as the castaway

Of Master Henry's love ! — a tainted thing

For scorn to point its finger at ! — *then* tell me !

Wilt leave so fair a floweret to be crushed

When thou hast power to save her ?

[*Hubert hesitates.*]

Come, quick, quick !

Give me the papers !

Hub. [*Giving them.*] Take them ! If there's wrong,
The devil and thou art guilty, and not I.

Traf. [*Reading.*] What have we here ? — mysterious
references

To one of noble birth, — from peril snatched

In infancy, and nursed 'midst glen and fell, —

Allusions to ancestral virtue, valour, —

To lands escheated, — titles forfeited ;

Yet, curse it ! not a name nor particle

Of clue to solve the riddle. Ha ! — what's this ?

A signet ? — I should know this cognizance,

A dragon peering from a castle-wall,

The same that's fashioned upon every porch

And battlement of Skipton. Can it be

This rustic upstart is indeed the whelp

Of that grim lord who fell on Towton field,

The black-faced Clifford ? — Yes ! it must be he.

Great Edward searched for him and found him not ;

King Richard tracked him, but he clutched him not.

But *I* have tracked him, Hubert ! *I* shall clutch him.

Why, man ! thou dost not smile, — thou look'st dis-
traught !

Know then ! this secret, carried to the court,

The sight had changed thy nature to a fiend's.
Thou art not a coward, Hubert?

Hub. No, by Heaven!—

Wrong shall be met by wrong;—I'll do thy bidding.

Traf. Quick then, brave Hubert, quick!

[HUBERT enters the Cottage unperceived.]

Clif. [To RUTH.] Nay, urge me not!

I must at once to Skipton.

Ruth. Much I fear

Thou hankerest for these wicked wars. Dear son,
I pray thee—go not,—leave us not!

Clif. Thou knowest

How much I owe the Lady Margaret;

And therefore, in her hour of need, 'twere meet

I offer my poor service to her Grace.

Thou would'st not love me did I otherwise.

Ruth. Yes, go!—it is thy duty; yet I feel

A sinking of the heart as if some ill

Boded our happy home.

Clif. Nay, weep not, mother!

And thou too, Alice, dry those foolish tears.

I'll not be long a truant. And now leave me

Awhile with Master Trafford; I'll within

Anon, and wish you all a kind farewell.

[*Exeunt* HUGH, RUTH, and ALICE.]

Trafford! what mean these banterings which imply

I look on Alice with a trifler's love?

Traf. I did but hint what others plainly speak.

Clif. Why utter what thou knowest to be false?

Lives there not one, pure, noble, beautiful,

As dear to me as life—almost as Heaven?

Thou know'st there is; then why this ribaldry?

Traf. Did man ne'er court two maidens at one
time?

'Tis clear that Alice loves thee, and thou'rt not

The first man who has wooed a high-born maid,

Yet chased a lowlier one for pastime's sake.

SCENE III.

*Derwentwater Lake. St. Herbert's Isle in the Distance.
Moonlight.*

CLIFFORD *solus.*

Clif. How beautiful ye are ! ye countless stars !
Ye marvel of all ages and all climes !
Though from my shepherd-life no lore I'd learned
But what I have read in your illumined tome,
Not worthless has my serfdom been. But, lo !
The holy father at my signalling
Launches his shallop from St. Herbert's Isle,
His oars responding to the vesper hymn.

Monks' voices are heard chanting.

Ave Maria !
Dei Matrem Te laudamus :
Sis in nobis Te oramus ;
Et in Te nos maneamus ;
Ave Maria !

Ave Maria !
Tu somnum das cubanti ;
Das conjugem amanti ;
Matremque das infanti ;
Ave Maria ;

Ave Maria !
In horâ hâc soporum ;
Memor esto Tu servorum ;
Miserere Tu dolorum ;
Ave Maria !

A damned lie — but love's itself a lie ;
At least I have ever found it so. Confound him !
He has crossed my path, as man ne'er crossed it yet
But I have crushed him. Would that I could glean
This secret of his birth ! 'Tis evident
There's death in the divulgement ; and he dies
If living he thus thwarts me. But here comes
The knave who should resolve this mystery.

Enter HUBERT.

Hast brought the papers, Hubert ? — By thy look
I see thou hast ; — quick, quick ! and give me them.

Hub. Nay, Master Trafford ! something whispers me
I am doing wrong, — perchance a deadly wrong.

Traf. Wrong ? 'tis no theft, man. — Why ! in half an
hour

Thou shalt replace the papers whence they came,
And no one be the wiser.

Hub. Save my conscience,
Which were the worst accuser.

Traf. Nonsense, man !
Hand me the papers and I'll give thee gold —
Gold thrice the weight thy brawny arms can bear,
Then treble it again.

Hub. I need not wealth ;
I would not sell my soul for mines of gold.

Traf. Then ! to revenge thee on the pitiful wretch
Who has so wronged thee, — has so wronged us both,
Give me the papers, and, I swear to thee,
This night he shall depart from hence, — for weeks, —
For months, — nay, p'rhaps for ever. Thou alone
With Alice, she will soon forget his wiles.
Hugh Bartram smiles upon thy suit, — thou 'rt young, —
Of winning presence — hast the means to wed with, —
Alice is Bartram's heir. Besides, bethink thee !
How sweet 'twill be, around the blazing hearth,

When, yielding to a mother's tears, I vowed
That, save thy blessing and consent should cheer
The orphan on his way, I ne'er would quit
These peaceful valleys for the périlous world.

F. Fran. Thou didst : what then ?

Clif. Father ! the hour has come.
Thou must release me from that pledge.

F. Fran. Whence springs
This wild resolve ? Thou dost not, — canst not
mean

To leave me, Henry ? I am near my end,
And fondly hoped, at Heaven's appointed time,
To lay my head upon thy breast and die,
As died thy father upon mine. Nay, nay !
Thou wilt not leave me ? I have none to love
On this side heaven but thee, dear boy.

Clif. Alas !
Father, it must be so.

F. Fran. Nay ! fly not hence
Where peace and virtue dwell. The world has naught
To give thee in exchange for innocence.
Cross with me rather to my lonely isle,
And, with the balmy morn and the blithe lark,
Thou shalt away to Skiddaw's heathy side,
Starting the blackcock on his glorious flight
Down the fair glens which are his heritage.

Clif. Nay, Father, urge me not ! Young Lancaster
Is marching 'gainst the foulest, bloodiest king
Who ever stole a sceptre. Then, shall I—
The last descendant of a line whose chiefs
From sire to son have died a warrior's death —
Forsake the cause for which my fathers fell ?
My grandsire at St. Albans bit the dust :
My sire lies low on Towton's gory field :
Thinkst thou they'd rest in quiet if their heir
Skulked 'neath a shepherd's roof, nor dealt one blow
In cause of God, his birthright, and his king ?

Were worth an earldom, and will make his life
As worthless as his title-deeds. But hark! —
Whose voice was that?

Ruth. [*Within.*] Oh, Alice! we are robbed,
Most foully robbed.

Hub. Robbed, said she, Master Trafford?
And I the thief, — Heaven help me!

Traf. Hush! good Hubert;
I see it all! — Ere he departs from hence
This shepherd-lordling would possess himself
Of these same writings. [*Conceals them.*]

They'll be safe with *me*;
Me they'll suspect not; but if found on *thee*,
Good Hubert! they might hang thee for a thief,
For which I should be sorry. Come, quick, quick!
Let us away!

Hub. Fool! fool that I have been! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLIFFORD and RUTH BARTRAM.

Clif. Nay! fret not, mother! Should Earl Richmond
hurl
King Richard from his ill-got throne, my loss
Will matter little, since my name and birth
Are clearly proved already.

Ruth. Should he fail,
What then?

Clif. I can but seek a foreign shore
Where tyrant's rage can reach me not, but where
There will be none to love the shepherd-lord
As thou hast loved him, mother. But dost see?
Trafford but now is leading forth his horse.
Who knows but his quick fancy may suggest
Some means to track the plunderer? Come, come!
Thou tak'st this grief too heavily to heart.
Follow me, mother! — Ho! there, Martin Trafford.

[*Exeunt.*]

And, as men say, a doughty one, hast oft
 Explained to me the battle-fields whereon
 Thou foughtest by my dreaded father's side ;
 Shown me the use of column, line, and square,
 Of trenches, palisades, and counterscarps.
 I am young—I am strong of limb—I am stout of
 heart—

I am used to toil—I sleep on beds as hard
 As the stone vaults in which my sires recline ;
 And, for my skill in weapons, sword and lance,
 Much Master Trafford taught me in the days
 We spent together by her Grace's will.

F. Fran. Yes! she foresaw and reared thee for this
 hour.

I yield, my son! Yet, hear me, ere we part!
 Go forth! but wear the breastplate of the soul!
 Equip thee from the armoury of Heaven!
 Let faith and piety thy henchmen be,
 And chastity thy handmaid! In the camp
 Blush not to own thy God! The soldier's trade
 Is in itself an honourable one,
 Wer't not that scoffers, gamesters, rufflers, fops,
 Would make it otherwise. Regard the world
 And the world's pleasures as thy deadliest foes!
 Be slow to anger! lend thine ear to all;
 Thy confidence to few! Speak ill of none!
 Respect the faith of others; guard thine own!
 Seek rather to be loved than to be feared!
 And now go forth and conquer! All I have—
 The pray'rs and blessings of a weak old man
 Who served thy father, and who loves his son,
 I freely, fondly give thee. [*Embraces him.*] Fare
 thee well!

Clif. Farewell, my best, my earliest friend!—Fare-
 well!

[*Exeunt.*

In the mean time, Father FRANCIS rows from the island and lands.

F. Fran. Welcome, my son! thrice welcome! May
the peace

Of Heaven rest with thee! Old age, dear boy,
Breeds sickly fancies, and our passing-bell
Tolls oftener than its wont was. But thou, too,
Art changed,—what ails thee? Since the day I shrived
Thy dying sire at Towton;—since the hour
I snatched thee from thy frantic mother's arms,
And to the friendly mist and the wild fell
Bore thee, frail trembler, from that hell-hound, man,
Thou hast told me all thy sorrows. Can it be,
The Lady Anne still frowns upon thy suit?

Clif. Father, alas! she does. Had Heaven thought fit
That I should woo her with the power and pomp
With which my sires rode wooing, I had deemed
It was my lands, and not myself, she loved.
But when she loved me, for she loved me once,
'Twas to the seeming peasant that she gave
Tears for my vows and blushes for my sighs.
Yet now!—when I address her as her peer,
She shuns me,—scorns me.

F. Fran. Hast thou questioned her
Touching her maiden waywardness?

Clif. I have:
Proudly, I own, for I had cause for pride,
Since too much love had been my only crime.

F. Fran. What then?

Clif. With more of scorn than I had deemed
Could ruffle such angelic gentleness,
She bade me probe the bane in mine own heart,
Nor dare intrude the worthless theme again.
But graver cause it is that leads me hither.
Thou may'st remember, father! the sad hour,

Incensed by her hereditary wrongs,
 Outstep the meekness Thy example taught,
 Forgive her for her sorrows' sake! Alas!
 My haughty humour, it may be, has lost
 My noble boy a diadem.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Stan. Methinks

Thy message, Margaret, was a lowly one.

Count. My lord! I am thy prisoner and thy wife;
 The last a name, yet both realities,
 And therefore claiming due respect from me.

Stan. Nay, Margaret! not *my* prisoner, but the king's.

Count. The king's! Thou mean'st that robber of
 men's lands

And lives, thou call'st thy sovereign. But enough
 Of sneers and angry tauntings! Good my lord!
 Two rival hosts are in the field: the peer
 Quakes for his head, the peasant for his home;
 Yet I, the representative of kings,
 And heroes statelier than a race of kings,
 I,—with life, lands, and freedom, all at stake,
 Am left as weetless as the meanest hind
 Of all that passes in the court and camp.
 Ev'n while I speak, my lost, my only one,
 May bleed untended on the battle-field,
 Or else be pent in the dark dungeon-vaults
 Of the fierce king thou servest.

Stan. Calm thyself!

When the last tidings left the rebel camp,
 Thy son, Earl Richmond, was unscathed and free.

Count. Then there is hope for him,—for Lancaster!
 Oh! tell me all thou canst! Thy liege himself,
 Black though he be, would grant me the poor boon;
 For I am powerless now to work him harm,
 And my soul's agony is hard to bear.

F. Fran. Yet! think what perils compass thee
around!

Think of thy mother's tears and of the love
I have ever borne thee!

Clif. Can a mother's tears
Wash out a son's dishonour? As for peril,
I risk no more than Pembroke, Shrewsbury, Oxford,
And other nobles in Earl Richmond's ranks.

F. Fran. No more than they? — Bethink thee of the
blood

Thy sire poured forth at Wakefield! Deemest thou
That Gloucester could forgive the son of him
Who slew his father, York, and that fair boy,
Young, gentle, pleading Rutland? Oh, my son!
Bethink thee of the ruthless men who hold
Thy lands and lordships! the fell king himself
Swaying thy barony of Westmoreland,
And Skipton's stately towers. Should he chance
To track the first-born of the black-faced Clifford,
The vilest weed that rots on yon bright lake
Might weigh against thy life and heritage.

Clif. What! if false friend or paltry pilferer
Had filched the vouchers of my birth, and blabbed
My tale to all the world?

F. Fran. Ev'n then, my son,
Bethink thee! — When thy sires went forth to fight,
They led the flower of Craven to the field!
From Staincliffe, Addingham, and Litton Dale,
From Linton, Horton Fells, and Pendle Hill,
From Longstroth, Penigent, and Wharledale,
Poured forth the loving vassals of thy house! *
But, thou! — untutored in the wiles of war;
Unpractised in the use of sword and lance;
Of what avail will be thy single arm?

Clif. Nay, Father! thou thyself a soldier once,

* See note at the end of the Drama.

But, oh, my Lord! the priceless hours speed on.
 I will not deem that in thy secret heart
 Thou favourest this foul, disloyal king,
 The murderer of those sleeping innocents,
 Whom, as thyself hast told me, thou hast seen
 Climbing, and prattling on King Edward's knees,
 While their soft sire would press thy hands in his,
 And, with his infants' weakness in his eyes,
 Adjure thee, when the vault should close o'er him,
 To shield his orphans with a soldier's might,
 And prove the father of the fatherless.
 And thou didst promise what great Edward craved :
 Was it not so, Lord Stanley ?

Stan.

Urge me not!

Thy tears may grieve, but cannot alter me.

Count. Yet! ere too late, bethink thee!—The fair name
 Bequeathed thee by thy forefathers, — the oath
 Thou swor'st to thy dead master,— the State's weal,—
 The weal of unborn millions, — Heaven itself, —
 Cite thee to sweep a tyrant from the earth,
 Or share the doom that waits him. Oh, remember!
 Poor Edmund Tudor was thy friend : he died
 Holding thy hand, and murmuring thy name :
 His orphan is thy stepson ; wilt thou send
 His darling to the headsman ? — Shall he die ?—
 Die in his prime ? — my beautiful, my own ?
 No, no, my Lord ! Behold ! upon my knees
 Thus sling I pride and anger to the winds,
 And claim thy mercy, pity. [*Kneels.*] Pause, oh, pause!
 Pause, ere thou leagu'st thee with this murderous king!
 Pause, ere thou perillest thy soul's repose,
 Here and hereafter!

Stan.

Prythee, urge me not!

I act but in accordance with the oath
 We swore to him at Westminster : ay, *we!*—
 The day we knelt at the Confessor's shrine ;
 That day when Margaret of Lancaster

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Skipton Castle.

The Princess ELIZABETH, MARGARET, Countess of RICHMOND, ANNE ST. JOHN, and female Attendants.

Count. This long suspense grows terrible.

Anne. Dear Aunt!

So saint-like as thou art, so strong in faith,
So perfected by penance — sore indeed
Must be the grief that racks thee so.

Count. Sweet Anne!

Go to my lord, who loves thy seraph face,
And tell him his poor beadswoman entreats
Five minutes of his time.

[*Exit ANNE.*]

[*To the Attendants.*] Fair maidens, leave me!
Should my lord deign to visit me, 'twere meet
I should confer with him alone. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]
And thou,

Dear Princess, go and pray for us! Black clouds
Are brooding o'er thy kingly house and mine,
And Heaven alone can succour us.

P. Eliz. 'Tis hard

To see thee thus distraught.

Count. Yet harder still

To find myself a suppliant to this lord,
Whom, when we wedded, I so fondly hoped
To fashion to my will, and by his means
Rebuild the fortunes of my house? But, lo!
Here comes my jailor and my lord. Farewell!

P. Eliz. Farewell! Nay, kiss me, mother-mine! and
see

Thou bear'st thee bravely with thy lord.

[*Exit P. ELIZABETH.*]

Count. Sweet Christ!

Should Margaret of Lancaster, this day,

Wherefore, as this farewell may be our last,
I fain would part in Christian peace with thee,
Forgiving and forgiven: shall it be so?

Count. Far rather would I we had never met!
Go! traitor to thy God and to thy King!
If I award thee not a mother's curse,
'Tis that I'm mute at the behest of One
Thou hast renounced, I fear, since infancy.

Stan. Whom speak'st thou of?

Count. That Holy Power who yet
Will vindicate the right.

Stan. Thou know'st me not;
May'st never know me, Margaret. If we've erred
From want of mutual charity, I ask,
Was I the only sinner? Was it well
To treat me as thy dupe? the which thou didst
Till, to thy sore discomfiture, thou found'st
That England's suz'rainty was mine to give
Or take from him who wields it? Was it well
To hold thyself so high above thy lord
His meanest serfs looked down on him? And yet
I do forgive thee, as I have pardoned all
In this my hour of peril. Well I know
How holy are thy ways; and yet at times
Thy pride doth so o'ertop thy piety,
'Twould match the fault by which the angels fell.
If griefs like thine have failed to humble thee,
'Tis not from Prelates nor Lords Cardinal
Thou'lt learn how beautiful is lowliness.
I should but anger thee by further speech;
Therefore,—for ever it may be,—farewell!

[*Exit Lord STANLEY.*]

Count. Farewell? — oh, monstrous mockery! yet,
farewell!

God of my fathers! am I wed to one
Who goes to battle for a murderer?

[*Exit.*]

Stan. Last night, Earl Richmond lay encamped
without

The walls of Lichfield, whereunto the king
Was marching with twelve thousand men-at-arms
To give him battle. Scarcely thirty leagues
May now divide them.

Count. Ah! so near? My lord!

What numbers lead'st thou to the rendezvous?

Stan. By the last roll from Atherstone, five thousand.

Count. And these, when joined to the usurper's host,
Thou deem'st will render him invincible?

Stan. Armed with such kingly puissance, few can
doubt it.

Count. Yet victory sides not always with the strong.
There is a God, to whom revenge belongs,
Who battles for the cause of innocence.

Stan. Thou saidst the same when princely Bucking-
ham

Upraised the standard of revolt. That day,
Bright swords leapt flashing round their chief: brave
men

Cheered for St. George and Lancaster. And yet
The elements, without the aid of man,
Wrecked hopes as high as thine. The mountain-rains,
Concentred in an avalanche of floods,
And leagued with the ungovernable winds,
Wrenched the tall pine-tree from its giddy height,
And, freighted by the homestead and the herd,
Roared down from wild Plinlimmon to the plain,
Driving the Severn foaming to the sea.
Then Panic took the lead of that pale host:
Then fled those scared battalions to their homes;
And that proud head that might have graced a crown,
Whose lordly bearing mocked the painter's skill,
Now festers upon Salisbury's battlements.

Count. Invoking vengeance on his murderers.

Despond not, lady ; peasants have their griefs
As well as princes.

P. Eliz. Well, then, gentle one !
I would I were the daughter of a knight,
An artless being, loving and beloved,
As thou art, Anne ! but I shall never love,
And none will ever love me.

Anne. Say not so,
Sweet Princess ! Peerless as thou art in grace
And loveliness, that man were cold indeed
Who would not live and die for thee.

P. Eliz. Alas !
So cold is he who is my destiny.
Dear girl ! I have a secret for thine ear,
A maiden's secret,—I am free no more.

Anne. What meanest thou ?

P. Eliz. In peril and in stealth
Elizabeth of York engaged her troth
To one, both young and valiant, but whose heart
Is cold and loveless as an anchorite's.

Anne. In peril and in stealth ?—As soon, methinks,
I should expect the glorious stars to stoop,
And mingle with the common fires of earth.
As thou, the daughter of so haught a line,
Descend to such mean wooing.

P. Eliz. Nay ! thou wrong'st me.
My mother, though a simple gentlewoman,
Matched with a king, and, by my father's soul,
I will not mate beneath her ! He I wed
Must rank with sceptred monarchs, and in sight
Of men and saints espouse me. The queen-bee
Weds not on earth, but, on her nuptial morn,
Followed afar by her dun body-guard,
Mounts with her spouse to the blue heaven, and makes
The sun itself her bridal lamp.

Anne. And yet,
Why fling to one who'll toss it back to thee

Stooped from her pride of ancestry to grace
The coronation of the man she loathed,
Nay! bore Anne Neville's ermine in the show.

Count. Ah!—dar'st thou taunt me with that hour
of shame? [*Rising.*]

And have I wept, prayed, knelt to thee in vain?
Now! by the spirit of great John of Gaunt,
I would not brook this insolence from kings!—
When leav'st thou Skipton for the camp?

Stan. Ev'n now
My vassals wait for me at Atherstone.

Count. This is sheer subterfuge: I ask of thee
When go'st thou forth to combat 'gainst my child?

Stan. To night!

Count. Then I shall live to see the day
When the chaste banner of thy race will flaunt
Beside the ravished standard of St. George!

Stan. Margaret, thou wrong'st me! As I live, thou
wrong'st me!

Count. Shame on thee, Lord of Lathom! By thine
acts,
Not by thy words, I judge thee.

[*Enter an Attendant.*]

Att. Good my lord!
A breathless herald from the king entreats
Immediate audience.

Stan. Bid him wait! anon
He shall have speech with me. [*Exit Attendant.*]
Proud Margaret!

I wield not woman's weapons, taunts and sneers;
Nor would I bandy bitter speech with thee.
I fence with times when secrecy is strength
And silence empire. To my God alone
I answer for my acts. Enough of this!
Much peril compasses a soldier's life,

That played in rippling gold athwart the stream,
 Glided the noiseless flower-boat. More near,
 Before me in its shadowy grandeur loomed
 The black funereal Abbey, in whose vaults
 Lay the once sceptred ashes of the kings
 Who were my ancestors. My thoughts, dear Anne,
 Were in their tombs with them, when, stealthily,
 One, muffled in a priest's habiliments,
 Yet with a soldier's aspect 'neath his cowl,
 Entered my cell and knelt to me.

Anne. Thou mean'st
 Sir Reginald?

P. Eliz. I do: he came, he said,
 At his life's risk, to speak to me of things,
 Which, next my hopes of heaven, concerned my weal,
 And whereon hung the welfare of these realms.
 Therewith he spake of the State's sufferings,
 The murders, rapines, spoliations, frauds,
 That sprang from the unnatural dissents
 'Twixt York and Lancaster. He then denounced
 The usurpation of my uncle, Gloucester;
 But God and vengeance were at work, he said:
 A faithful band of nobles, statesmen, knights,
 Headed by one, young, comely, brave, discreet,
 Had sworn to raise me to my father's throne.
 Then spake he of thy cousin, Anne, as one
 Who from his boyhood had aspired to blend
 The rival Roses in my bridal wreath,
 To make a love-knot of our fathers' feuds,
 And, with the aid of God and his own sword,
 To end for ever the unholy wars
 Our sires' ambition had entailed on us.
 I was so friendless, hopeless, spiritless,
 And he I spake with looked so true and kind,
 I almost loved him for his mission's sake.
 Not that he urged me to too rash resolve;
 For bidding me implore the grace of Heaven

A C T II.

SCENE 1.

An Apartment in Skipton Castle.

The Princess ELIZABETH and ANNE ST. JOHN.

Anne. A heavy head-gear is a monarch's crown.

P. Eliz. Yet, lighter than the miniver that furs
The purple of a queen, are the false love
And the lip-loyalty men vow to her.
Dear Anne! I am the heiress to a throne,
Yet rather than inherit that proud state
I would I were a happy peasant-girl,
Such as I've seen, with water-lilies crowned,
Dancing and singing round the Maypole tree,
Where flew my childhood in the summer-halls
Of the great Edwards, my progenitors!
I too was happy then. Dear Sheen!* ev'n now
I see thy living landscape 'neath my feet
Calm as the sleep of infancy. The song
Of nature's vocalists;—the blossomed thorns
Fragrant with Nature's frankincense;—afar,
The cattle wading in the clear smooth stream
And mirrored on its surface;—the red glow
Of sunset;—the white smoke, and the old church
Half hid by the rich foliage of the grove;—
These are thy charms, fair Sheen! while, fairer still,
Winding through bowery meads its silvery way,
The river, wafting many a graceful bark,
Glides bright and peaceful as a lovely dream,
Rend'ring thy lawns a paradise. I would
I were thy humblest denizen!

Anne.

Nay, nay!

* Now Richmond in Surrey. See note at the end of the Drama.

Slew in his sleep the gentlest, loveliest child
 That ever murmured the sweet name of sister ;
 Who, more than to his mother, clung to me ;
 Who wept his last tear on my cheek, and when
 They tore him from us, — ere the closing door
 For ever parted us, looked back on me
 His last sad smile, as if to comfort me,
 Before he passed to heaven. Why! ev'n the fiends
 Had shrunk from injuring such sinless babes,
 Lest the whole angel host should arm for them.

Anne. And thou didst tax the tyrant with his crimes?

P. Eliz. No, Anne! I dared not.—As the dove
 might feel
 In the hawk's talons, with the hawk's bright eye
 Fixed mercilessly on her, so I felt,
 And speech forsook me in my mortal dread.

Anne. What passed then 'twixt thee and the caitiff-king?

P. Eliz. At first he spake in parables : but soon,
 By the quick passionate pleading of his voice,
 And an unholy lustre in his eyes,
 His true and terrible meaning flashed on me.
 He would have wound his arm, his withered arm,
 Around me ; but Heaven gave me speech and strength.
 And by a cry of desperate agony
 I brought my startled handmaids to my side.
 They saw not,—what I saw,—the glance of hate
 That changed as quickly to a devilish smile.
 Fair maids, he said, were easily unnerved ;
 A spider or a mouse had frightened me.
 And thus, in seeming mirth, he went his way.

Anne. And has he sought thee since?

P. Eliz. No! — all the saints
 Of Heaven be praised! — he has not ; yet he writes
 As if our nuptials were ordained by fate,
 And my refusal or consent were naught.

A pearl so priceless as thy virgin love?

P. Eliz. The daughters of a sceptred line are born
The children of their country, and must wed
Not for their own but for their country's weal.

Anne. Dear Princess! without boldness may I crave
His name whom thou hast linked thy fortunes with?

P. Eliz. What would'st thou say if 'twere thy cousin,
Richmond?

Anne. Henry of Richmond? — All the Saints of
heaven

Preserve and shield ye both! But has he pledged
His troth to thee, as thou to him?

P. Eliz. He has :

At Vannes, before the high altar, 'midst the band
Of noble exiles who partook his fortunes,
He swore by the true cross his troth to me.

Anne. But thou, so sentinelled by curious eyes,
How found'st thou means to pledge thine own?

P. Eliz. One night,

As I was standing at the lattice bars
Of my stone chamber in the Sanctuary
At Westminster, and shedding bitter tears
For those who had shared with me, but shared no more,
Its solitude, there came upon my ear
The distant chaunt of the retreating monks,
Mellowed to such soft cadence as it streamed
From vaulted transept and from fretted aisle,
Ne'er angels guided with more soothing strains
An infant's soul to heaven. A sweet calm
Stole o'er my heart. The moon was on her throne,
And all her courtier stars were out that night,
Silvering the palace of the Saxon Saint,
The ivied porch and the steeled sentinel,
And the broad Thames that flowed by them. All
heaven

And earth were lulled, save, ever and anon,
Crossing the mirrored glory of the moon

Yet, maybe, I misread him. Mark me, Trafford!
 This high-born lord, despite his pleasant speech
 And easy courtesy, hides iron nerves,
 And hatches deep conspiracies which yet
 May shake King Richard's sov'reignty; nay, more,
 So wary and astute his nature is,
 I doubt if he'd intrust, in these wild times,
 His thoughts to his own shadow. Watch him well!
 Watch him, I say, and watch more closely still
 The lady Margaret! Thou dost not think
 She shares the secrets of her lord?

Traf. Egad!

She gleans as little of her lord's intents
 As knows an unborn infant of its sire's.
 But, tell me!—you received my last despatch
 Touching my lady's treason?

Brak. Yes, my friend,
 And laid it, as you wished, before the king.

Traf. 'Tis evidence no more?—'tis burnt—destroyed?

Brak. Undoubtedly.

Traf. Thou swear'st it is?

Brak. I swear it.

Traf. 'Tis well; now tell me further!—does the king
 Ere deign to speak of my poor services?

Brak. It was but yesterday he mentioned thee,
 And pleasantly enough withal.

Traf. What said he?

Brak. He said, forsooth, thou wert a clever rogue,
 And in good time he would reward thy zeal.

Traf. A rogue?—he called me rogue?—damnation,
 man!

What meant he?

Brak. Surely, if thou play'st the spy,
 And turn'st informer 'gainst the princely dame
 Who reared thee, robs thee, loves to see thee decked
 In purple and fine linen, 'twere in jest
 Were men to dub thee honest.

He left me to my solitude. That night
 I prayed and sobbed myself to sleep, and when
 The morning sunbeams cheered my prison-room,
 There was such sweet consolement in my thoughts
 Thou scarce wilt marvel when I tell thee, Anne,
 That, when my brave ambassador returned,
 I signed my sceptre and myself away.

Anne. Lady! a heavy stake forsooth thou hast
 Depending on the hazard of these times.

P. Eliz. Far heavier than thou reckest of. There's
one

Who seeks to work me such a cruel wrong,
 That, should the blessed saints abandon me,
 I am lost indeed.

Anne. Whom speak'st thou of?

P. Eliz. The king.

Anne. The king?

P. Eliz. Hush! hush! these very walls have
 ears,

And maidens' secrets should be sacred things.

Yet list to me! This most incestuous king,

Despite our close affinity of blood,

Would wed with me;—ay! sweetheart, wed with me,—

His own most wretched niece, in hopes to found

A dynasty as foul as Lucifer's.

Anne. The saints preserve thee! 'twere too terrible.

But has he breathed to thee his dire intent?

P. Eliz. The tomb had scarcely claimed the broken
 heart

Of my poor cousin, his most gentle queen,

When in his mourning weeds, which were a shame

And mockery of his widowhood, he sought me

Here in this very chamber. At his beck

My trembling handmaids left me, and I stood

Facing my brothers' murderer, — him who killed

Poor Edward for his envied diadem,

And, not contented with one innocent life,

It so afflicts me that I wrung thy heart,
 That, wert thou still upon this earth, methinks
 I'd tread this silken finery in the dust,
 Hurl back upon the world the world's contempt,
 And, rich in thy affection, share thy home,
 And eat with thee the bread of bitterness.

Clif. [*Within.*] Trafford! — what ho there!

Traf. [*Aside.*] Curses on that voice!
 And yet, slight fool, I thank thee! thou hast roused
 Thy rival from a maudlin reverie
 That might have changed his destiny. Fool, fool!
 Shall I recant, repent me, and become
 A driv'ling penitent, confess to priests
 And number aves upon beads? Nay, more!
 Shall Martin Trafford let the man he loathes
 Wed with the maid he dotes on? Hell itself
 Has no worse torment than that thought! By Heaven!
 If hate, ambition, love, or subtlety,
 E'er won a woman 'gainst her will, I'll win her
 Though all the fiends opposed me. Men may thwart,
 May crush — but they shall fail to wring from me
 This passion and fixed purpose of my life.

Clif. [*Within.*] Trafford! — what ho there!

Traf. [*Aside.*] Every curse attend
 Upon thy noisy clamouring! [*Aloud.*] What ho there! —
 What ho! — dear friend; I've sought thee everywhere.
 [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Apartment in Skipton Castle.

Countess of Richmond and ANNE ST. JOHN.

Count. Dear Anne, how changed thou hast seemed of
 late! 'tis true,
 We all have cause for sadness, but thou'rt young,
 And youth should smile on sorrow. Can it be

But let us hence ! the thought of this grim king
 Congeals my very life-blood ; and withal
 The lady Margaret waits for us ; come, Anne !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Grove near Skipton Castle.

Enter Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY and TRAFFORD.

Brak. Trafford, well met !

Traf. Thou hast just left my lord ?

Brak. I have.

Traf. What answer sends he to the king ?

Brak. It sounded smoothly ; “ Tell his Grace,” he said,

“ I am so beholden to my rightful liege,
 I'll head my vassals ere he breaks his fast.”

Traf. Lurked there no cozenage, think'st thou, in his words ?

Which liege designed he ? — Richmond or the King ?

Brak. Richmond, perchance, but he'll be staunch enough.

Traf. Why think'st thou so ?

Brak. Because the King has seized
 The being whom he loves the most on earth,
 His young, fair boy, Lord Strange ; and should thy lord

Swerve one iota from his loyalty,
 The King will hang his darling, as he'd hang
 A yelping cur that broke his midnight slumber.

Traf. Knows my lord this ?

Brak. Yes, by the King's command
 I've warned him of the peril ; 'twas for this
 I journeyed here.

Traf. How bore he the hard threat ?

Brak. Methought I marked a quivering of the lip,
 And a convulsive clenching of his hand ;

Traf. I know
My friend's devotion to your grace; yet love
May steal a march on duty.

Count. Speak more plain,
And tell me what thou hintest at.

Traf. Unless
The village gossips wrong him, he's enslaved
By Bartram's pretty daughter, and her tears
May ev'n outweigh his duty to your Grace.

[ANNE starts.]

Count. [*Aside to Anne.*] Nay, Anne, believe it not! I
no more doubt
His loyalty in love, sweet, than thine own.
[*To Trafford.*] We'll not detain thee, Trafford; thou
hast rid

Both far and fast, and must need food and quiet.

[*Exit* TRAFFORD.]

Anne. Dear Aunt!

Count. Well, Anne?

Anne. He will be here anon.

Count. Who, dearest?

Anne. Clifford; — prythee tax him not
With chilled or changed affections. I am sad,
Most sad, yet not for worlds I'd have him think
Thou wert my intercessor for his love:
Promise thou wilt not.

Count. Well, I promise thee.
But, see — he comes!

Enter CLIFFORD.

Clif. [*Aside.*] How pale and sad she looks!
What can have changed her thus?

Anne. Dear aunt, I'll leave thee;
Doubtless thou hast much to say to Master Henry,
Were best imparted to his private ear.

Clif. If I intrude on thee, forgive me, lady!

[*Exit* ANNE.]

Traf. [*Aside.*] He speaks true :
I am a rogue, yet was not always one,—
At least not quite a villain, till I nursed
This fatal passion.

[*Aloud.*] Hear me, Brakenbury !
Most men have wherewithal to win them brides ;
At worst they have honest parentage ; but I,—
Because no shaveling joined my mother's hand
With his who foully wronged her, am a mark
For my proud kinsmen, my own flesh and blood,
To curl their lips and shrug their shoulders at.
But, by St. Paul, I will be quits with them !
The time may come, believe me, Brakenbury !
When the spurned base-born castaway shall win
The daintiest daughter of their line. That day,
I'll brand a bar on their escutcheonry,
That shall repay them back my mother's wrongs,
The whilst I glut my love and my revenge.
Meanwhile, I bide my time !

[*Enter Lord STANLEY unperceived.*]

Stan. [*Aside.*] *He bides his time !*
What means the varlet ? But, whate'er his gist,
I must not play the eavesdropper. [*Exit STANLEY.*]

Brak. Methinks,
Thou art a bold conspirator to stake
Thine all against such odds ; yet, as I live,
Thy stars look fair to back thee. But farewell !
I've a long ride before me, and the king
Frowns somewhat grimly, when his servants loiter.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Traf. My mother !—hadst thou lived, thou might'st
have weaned
Thy son from a dark lot. When I recall
Thy soft blue eyes, and the big tears they shed
Over my graceless boyhood, there are times

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Skipton Castle.

TRAFFORD *and* ANNE ST. JOHN.

Traf. I fear my words have angered thee?

Anne.

Nay, nay!

I sought to learn the worst. If I let fall
Some foolish tears, impute them not to aught
But maiden pride, since one I favoured so
Could fling me from him like a flower whose bloom
Rude hands have left to perish. But I feel
Quite cheerful now, — quite cheerful.

Traf.

Nay! by Heaven,

Thou weepest still! and with thine eloquent grief
Blends a persuasive loveliness might rouse
Armed hosts to win a world for thee. Right well
I know my friend, and strange indeed it were
If he should still prefer a village-wench
To thee, the high-born and the beautiful.
Believe me! — when I tell him of these tears
He'll not be long a truant from thy side.

Anne. Nay! Martin Trafford, tell him not I wept!
I do implore thee, tell him not I wept!
Think'st thou I'm sunk so low as to have grown
The object of his pity? Dost thou deem
That, like his hawk, I can be whistled back
Whene'er it pleases him? Oh! Martin Trafford,
He must have changed indeed since thou, his friend,
'Caust plead no better in thy friend's defence.

Traf. Yet still thou lov'st him?

Anne.

Love him? — oh, no no!

Approached he now, and, kneeling at my feet,
Presented me a queenly diadem,
I'd spurn the glittering bauble, and still more
The perjured heart that proffered it. But fain
I'd learn who told thee I returned his love.

Thy shepherd-lover has proved false? Nay, sweetheart!
Blush not; nor look so gravely; if he has,
I'll never more believe there's truth in man.

Anne. Oh, name him not, dear lady! If I blushed,
'Twas that I ever loved him.

Count. And thou still
Dest love him, Anne; for mere indifference
Ne'er wore so wan an aspect.

Anne. Nay, believe me!
He is no more to me than Martin Trafford,
Or any other gallant thou might'st name.

Enter TRAFFORD, unperceived.

Traf. [*Aside.*] No more to her than Martin Trafford,
said she?

Yet Martin Trafford may prove more to thee
Than thou suspectest, proud one. [*Comes forward.*]
Noble lady!

I bear this packet from Sir Launcelot,
Who sends with it his reverent love and duty.

Count. How fares the brave old knight?

Traf. Right well in health;
And fain, but for his years, would break once more
A lance in cause of Lancaster.

Count. How fare, too,
My humble friends, good Bartram and his wife,
And Master Henry?

Traf. They are stout and well.
As for my friend, he will be here anon;
At least he *said* he would, to prove his zeal
By offering his poor service to your grace.

Count. He *said* he would? what mean'st thou?

Well I know
Not ev'n thyself, much as thou lov'st me, Trafford,
Would speed more promptly to my aid.

[*Trumpet sounds.*] That blast
 Summons to judgment, — it may be, to death, —
 The saintly dame who reared us both. Ere morn,
 Thou may'st be homeless, portionless : thy friends
 Arraigned, — attainted ; — in thine hour of need,
 When towers the headsman and when gleams the axe,
 Whom wilt thou have to trust to ? Trust in me !
 I have a heart to dare, a hand to strike ;
 I have friends at Richard's court ; oh, trust in me !
 Oh ! bid me be thy champion, guardian, friend,
 And I will win for thee a brighter name
 Than that my rival scorns to share with thee !
 Nay ! lady, frown not ! for ne'er devotee
 Knelt to a virgin-saint with lowlier zeal
 Than now I kneel to thee, thou peerless one !
 On whose dear accents hangs my future fate
 For evil or for good. [*Kneels.*]

Anne. Unhand me, sir ! —

Traf. Nay, hear me ! —

Anne. Rise, sir, instantly ! what mean
 These empty ravings ? — Thou presum'st too far
 Upon my easy nature, Master Trafford,

Traf. Ravings ! — If gazing upon eyes more bright
 Than those the angels sinned for, — if the sound
 Of accents sweeter than the vows they poured
 To earth's enamoured daughters, could provoke
 Man's soul to frenzy, then, indeed, I rave ;
 I can no longer quell this burning flame,
 Nor govern thoughts that are ungovernable.

[*Rises and approaches her.*]

Anne. Stand off ! — I do command thee, Master
 Trafford !

Thou dost forget my station and thine own.
 Were my proud aunt to trow thine insolence
 This night might be the last that Skipton's towers
 Would roof the frenzy of her baseborn page.

Traf. [*Aside.*] Ah ! dares she taunt me with my
 tainted birth ?

Count. Accept my thanks, my heartfelt thanks, dear friend,
For this prompt proof of thy regard.

Clif. Dear lady!

I do no more than honour, gratitude,
Alike demand of me. This night I speed
To offer service to the Earl, thy son :
Thy blessing and my father's sword are all
I came to sue thee for.

Count. There spake the blood
Of Clifford and Plantagenet ; and yet
How gladly would I thou hadst studied more
In that great University, the world,
Whose chiefest study is to know ourselves,
Its next to know mankind. But thou art young
And pure in heart, and such th' Almighty loves ;
For such the Angels arm themselves.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. Sir Reginald
Entreats a private audience with your Grace.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Count. Sir Reginald arrived ! and from the camp
With tidings of my son ! Dear friend, excuse me !
I am a mother, and a mother's fears
Make eager questioners : at present leave me.
Yet, stay ! the weapon thou so valuest
Hangs where thou weetest. Take it ! 'tis thine own :
Take it !—and wear it in the holiest cause
Which soldier ever fought or woman prayed for.

Clif. That sad memorial of my sire's renown
Should teach his son to triumph or to die.
For this and all thy goodness angels bless thee !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Countess of RICHMOND, the Princess ELIZABETH, ANNE ST. JOHN, and Female Attendants.

Count. May I crave, my lords,
What chance thus graces my poor prison-house
With this illustrious presence?

Card. Haughty dame!
The King and the High Court of Parliament
Having adjudged thee guilty of grave crimes
And misdemeanours, to the prejudice
And peril of the State, our warrant runs
To urge thee to confession of thy guilt,
That, softened by thy penitence, his grace
May bate the rigorous verdict of the law.

Count. Lord Cardinal! and ye, lords temporal!
Singly, with courtesy I greet ye all,
Bidding ye friendly welcome to these towers.
But!—for your perjured liege, usurping Gloucester,
And for his proffered clemency!—bear back
These words from Margaret of Lancaster!
Tell him!—ay! in his teeth, and on his throne,—
She loathes his crimes, she challenges his power,
And, being guiltless, has no guilt to plead.

Card. Bear not thy words rude record to thy guilt?
Doth not thy son, the false-styled Earl of Richmond,
March with a rabble army through the land?—
Nay! many deem 'tis for his mother's sake,
As vaunted heiress to old John of Gaunt,
He aims to ease King Richard of his crown.

Count. Lord Cardinal!—by all the Saints thou
wroug'st me!
Bear witness! all ye angel-host of heaven!
That, not for worlds, for me or for my line
One trembling sinner ere his time should crouch
Unshriven at God's awful judgment-bar!
As Heaven's my guide! I nurse no selfish thought
To aggrandise myself. My gallant boy,

Traf. Nay, nay! it matters little; and withal
My answer might offend thee.

Anne. For the sake
Of happier days that may be ours no more,
Our infant friendship, and our mutual home,
I do implore thee,—answer me!

Traf. Alas!
I must confess it was my friend who told me.
[*Aside.*] She knows not how I fooled him of his secret.

Anne. Ah! — has he grown so mean as to betray
My maiden weakness?

Traf. Nay! it needs must be
That thou should'st scorn him thus. I loved him well,
And fain had screened his baseness; but the sight
Of gentleness so wronged, and charms so spurned,
Stirs such resentment in me, that henceforth
I'll hold him as my enemy. Oh! fool!
To fling away such bliss! If but one tear,
Of all thou hast shed for him, might fall for me,
I had given worlds had I but worlds to give.

Anne. Nay, Martin Trafford! mock me not, I pray,
With such unmeaning compliments.

Traf. [*Aside.*] 'Tis said
A maid forsaken is a maid half won;
If so, my suit speeds bravely.

[*Aloud.*] Hear me, lady! —
Hear me,—I pray thee! for I worshipped thee
When others did but love thee. While my friend, —
For friend he was, — seemed heart and soul thine own,
I quelled within me life's most cruel grief,
Love that hope never smiles upon. But now,
That thou art free, as he is false as hell,
Despite myself my thoughts force utterance.—
Lady, I love thee! passionately love thee!
Oh, give me hope! — hope distant as thou wilt,
Still, let me hope! Bethink thee! o'er these halls
Fate broods, like a charged thunder-cloud.

Doth he not rob me of my ancestral lands?
 Rob me of all that smoothed the life he spares,
 The life he would,—but dare not take?

Stan.

What say'st thou?

He dare not, Margaret?

Count.

No, my lords, he dare not!

He dare not be the first Plantagenet
 To smear the scaffold with a woman's blood:
 And, for the crimes ye charge me with! I tell ye,—
 Could innocence and guilt change seats this day,
 Then I should be your judge, and not ye mine.
 For thee, Lord Cardinal!—I ask of thee
 How many oaths of fealty thou hast broke?
 How many rival dynasties thou'st served?
 How many murdered monarchs thou hast crowned?
 How many hapless heirs to England's crown
 Thine arms have cradled at the font? Go to!
 So well I know thy pliant loyalty,
 That, were the times less rude, and thou as blithe
 As when, of yore, at injured Margaret's court
 A mitre first became thy boyish brow,
 I'd wage my coif against thy cardinal's hat
 That, ere another moon revolve, thou'lt shift
 King Richard's crown to Henry Tudor's brow,
 And bless his bridals with great Edward's child.

Card. Madam!—

Count.

Nay, hear me, my Lord Cardinal!

I charge thee!—and I charge ye all, my lords,
 With a most foul betrayal of a cause
 Ye knew was sacred in the eyes of Heaven!
 I charge ye!—that, of yore King Henry's friends,
 Ev'n ere they wrapped him in his gory shroud
 Ye leagued ye with his murderers! ay, leagued ye
 With those accursed parricides who slew
 Young Edward upon Tewkesbury's fatal field!
 Nay, more!—Ingrate apostates that ye are!
 I charge ye!—that, anon King Edward's friends

Then will I win, and sacrifice to hate,
 If not her love, yet her who scorns me so.
 But I must keep this folly from her Grace.

[*Aloud.*] Lady! 'tis true; — I've sinned, — I am mad
 indeed;

Yet, deem it my misfortune, not my crime,
 That I so loved thee, and so boldly spake
 That which I felt so wildly. Pity me!
 And, oh! forgive him who was once thy friend,
 Albeit an humble one, and one who ne'er
 By word or deed provoked thee till this hour.

Anne. Ev'n as thou actest will I act by thee;
 But, at thy peril, let me hear no more
 Of this presumptuous courtship!

[*Exit.*

Traf.

Still I'll win her!

By all the saints, I'll win her! By my means
 Lord Stanley crushed, — her kindred in the Tower;
 I'll to the King, who owns I've served him well,
 And claim this proud one's hand as my reward.
 'Twere hard indeed if he refuse the boon.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The great hall in Skipton Castle.

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Cardinal BOURCHIER,
 Lord STANLEY, and other Lords; a Serjeant at Arms,
 Scribes, Attendants, Crier, &c. The Cardinal and the
 Lords take their seats on raised chairs on the dais.*

Card. Call into court, in the king's name, her grace
 Dame Margaret of Lancaster, late styled
 Countess of Richmond!

Crier.

Come into the court

Dame Margaret of Lancaster! late styled
 Countess of Richmond!

For the dear-bought protection of thy sword?
 Save that my blood was royal as his own,
 Perchance King Edward, at some Paphian feast,
 Had flung me to a rake-hell, fool, or fop;
 And therefore was I fain to wed with thee;
 For when Lord Stanley took the hand I gave,
 At least, methought, I pledged my troth to one
 Who had some respect for honour and his God.
 Yield at *my* beck! nay! but thou didst at hers
 The crafty Nevilles planted in thy path,
 When Warwick staked his sister's sickly charms,
 The lord of Lathom fell an easy prey.

Stan. Now! — by our cold unconsummated loves!
 By the unnatural vow which thou didst take
 That banished me for ever from thy bed,
 I brand thy language as most scandalous!
 Woman! — thou railest at the dead! Away!
 She whom thou tauntest is a saint in heaven.

Count. My taunt was at the living, not the dead.
 Farewell, my lords! I leave ye in the hope
 Reflection may improve your courtesy,
 And prayer remove the hardness of your hearts. [*Exit.*]

Card. Break up the court! Should this imperious
 dame
 Provoke her death-doom by her treasonous words,
 Her blood be on her head and not on ours.

[*The Court rises. The Cardinal takes
 the hand of the Princess ELIZABETH,
 whom he leads from the hall.*]

Card. [*Aside to P. Eliz.*] Maiden, our churlish kins-
 woman, I ween,
 Would stir thee to mislike of the king's suit?

P. Eliz. Mislike, my lord? — thou wrong'st her! — ere
 she named

His name to me, I loathed him.

Card. Ah! — what say'st thou? —

P. Eliz. That rather would I the envenomed snake

As plighted to this peerless maid of York,
Whose solemn troth he holds, as she holds his,
Would I encircle with the diadem :
Thus would I blend the Red Rose with the White ;
Thus end these ruthless and inhuman feuds ;
Give peace to the distracted commonwealth ;
Spread learning and religion through these isles,
And earn the blessings of a grateful realm.
Is *this* ambition, my Lord Cardinal ?

Card. Madam ! we came to sentence, not to try thee.
Wherefore, my lords ! resolving how her heart
Is numbed by arrogance and obduracy,
Proceed we to our sentence !

Margaret Beaufort !

Thy peers have found thee guilty of misdeeds
Whose penalty is death. 'Tis shown, by proofs
As clear as gospel-truths, that privily
Thou hast conspired against the State ; suborned
The king's liege subjects ; sent beyond the seas
Moneys and writings to thine outcast son,
Falsely and impiously provoking him
To wage rebellious war against thy liege,
His peace and sov'reignty. For these high crimes
The law deprives thee of thy dignities,
Thy titles, rank, endowments. Thy domains, —
Thy castles, fiefs, and seignories, — the king
Cedes, for his life-time, to thy lord ; withal
At his demise to lapse to the king's grace
And the king's heirs for ever. For thy life, —
Thy forfeit life, — in deference to thy near,
Though tainted, kinship to his royal house,
And as a guerdon for the services
Thy lord has rendered to the State, his highness
Doth mercifully spare it.

Count.

Namest thou

Gloucester and mercy in one breath, my lord ?
Great Heaven ! what mercy owe I to your liege ?

Which, veiling his intents from either side,
Makes both his wistful suppliants.

Count.

Alas!

Fool that I've been in my presumptuous pride
Of book-lore, such as dreaming pedants vaunt,
To hold myself a match for one so versed
In the world's craft and knaveries! Great Heaven!
Have mercy on a mother's agony!

Bray. Lady! by years of penance, tears, and prayer,
Thou hast steeled thy soul with fortitude; yet still
I have that to say which may o'er-agitate
A heart too racked already.

Count.

Ah! my son? —

Bray. Is safe, and fondly greets thee.

Count.

Heaven be praised! —

Against all other griefs I'm adamant.

Say on!

Bray. What soldier, on a battle-eve,
But feels unbidden memories gush forth
Of home, and home's pure ties; and the sweet smile
Of some loved mother, sister, wife, or child,
Whose lips have prayed, whose tears have flowed for
him?

Such holy thoughts send yearnings to the heart,
And moisture to the eyes. So yearns my lord,
Who, ere he arms him for the fight, would fain
Receive a mother's blessing at thy feet,
And weep a son's farewell within thine arms.

Count. I guess thy meaning; he'll be here anon?
Is it not so?

Bray. It is.

Count.

Yet how evade

Our watchful warders? will he peril all
For one sad interview?

Bray.

Nay, fear not, lady!

Lord Stanley is a generous foe, who spurns
Domestic spies, and 'gainst all other risks

And minions of his splendour,—in the hour
 When stood the death-dew on his stately brow,
 Before the lifted crucifix ye swore
 To guard his orphans and his realm from wrong !
 Brave Hastings took with ye, and kept that oath,
 And thereby fell the axe upon the neck
 Of the most gallant, finished gentleman
 That e'er was idolized in court or camp.
 But *ye!* — how high in power and place ye are !
 Thou, Thomas Bourchier ! art Lord Cardinal ;
 Thou, Thomas Stanley ! Steward of the Household,
 Knight of the Garter and High Constable ;
 No niggard recompense, I trow, my lords,
 For treason to the living and the dead.
 Oh ! shame on ye, false lords ! foul shame on ye !
 To succour beauty in distress, to dry
 The tears of weeping innocence, methought
 The pleasing office of our holy church ;
 The glory of our Norman chivalry ;
 But ye ! — unknighly as ye are, would wed
 To infamy and incest the fair maid
 Whose sire showered rank and wealth on ye ;—would
 deck
 The shuddering victim for the nuptial couch,
 And lay her by her brothers' murderer !
 Why ! — my lord Cardinal ! the vilest wretch
 Who panders for the passions of your sex,
 And thrives upon the frailty of her own,
 Foul as her commerce is, would scorn a wrong
 So loathsome and so cruel !

Stan.

Margaret !

Thy words are libels on the church, no less
 Than treason to the king. Conceivest thou
 We'll yield our judgment at thy woman's beck ?

Count. Yield at *my* beck ! And what am I to thee
 But the unloved, unsociable dame
 Thou weddedst for her lands, as I chose thee

Nor was it counterfeited tenderness,
 Nor lessons from designing kinsmen learned,
 Which gave such sweet persuasion to thy lips;
 But love for thy great brother, and thy wish
 To blend my lot with his, as his with mine;
 'Twas this endued with witchery thy words,
 And made me weaker than I might have been.

[*Writes.*

So ends my letter to the king!—Alas!
 This double dealing, this lip loyalty,
 Are wormwood to an honourable mind.
 Would that by holier means I could preserve
 The life of my poor boy!—If I have erred,
 'Tis from the depths of a fond father's love,
 And Heaven in mercy pardon me!—But, see!
 Here comes, unless I rate him wrongfully,
 As thorough, smooth tongued, double faced a knave
 As ever dabbled in conspiracies.
 And yet, though served by such false followers,
 My wife is angered that I keep from her
 A secret, whose unravelling might steep
 Tower Hill in blood as princely as her own.

Enter TRAFFORD.

Pray speed thy business, Master Trafford! time,—
 Ev'n moments—now are precious.

Traf.

Good my lord!

I need not vaunt my attachment to thy house,
 Whose honoured walls so long have sheltered me?

Stan. I know that to thy lady's partial love
 Thou art much beholden.—Then repay her, Trafford,
 With that true service she so well deserves,
 And I shall be thy debtor, not thou mine.

Traf. 'Tis of my gracious lady I would speak.—
 If one thou lov'st, my lord, intent on death,
 Were rushing tow'rd's a frightful precipice,
 Would'st thou not hasten to prevent the deed?

Should writhe around my limbs, and dart at me
 His forked and hissing tongue, than I'd endure
 These monstrous bridals with my uncle, Gloucester!

Card. Hush!—To thy chamber, where anon I'll seek
 thee! [*Exeunt omnes.*

A C T I I I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Skipton Castle.

The Countess and Sir REGINALD BRAY, meeting.

Bray. Peace to these halls and all who dwell herein!

Count. Thrice welcome! In adversity alone
 We learn the priceless value of a friend.
 Thrice welcome then art thou, whose loyal heart
 Has casketed for more than twenty years
 The griefs of Margaret of Lancaster!
 But, say, what news?—what hope?

Bray. Not willingly
 I'd crush the hopes which have so long diffused
 Their starlight o'er thy stormy widowhood.

Count. Speak, I beseech thee, briefly to the point!

Bray. Alas! then,—should Lord Stanley join the king;
 Nay, more, unless he battles in our cause,
 I fear that Lancaster is lost for ever.

Count. I feared as much; yet can it be that Heaven
 Will delegate to one weak, wavering man
 A power so absolute for good or ill?

Bray. Not ev'n great Warwick was more powerful
 To make or unmake kings, than is thy lord
 The arbiter of England in this hour.
 Nay, all men marvel at his subtlety,

This morn, as I was strolling by the Aire,
 Screened by the sedges on its tortuous banks,
 Three horsemen, two of them of knightly mien,
 Rode rapidly in sight; their jaded steeds
 Foaming from over-speed. Sir Reginald Bray,
 My lady's trusty servitor, was one,
 Who, parting rev'rently from the other knight,
 Straightway proceeded to the warder's lodge,
 And frankly sought admission to her Grace.

Stan. Ah! — but proceed! —

Traf. Meanwhile, the other knight
 Dismounted with the knave who seemed his guide.
 'Twas plain the varlet knew his bus'ness well,
 For, choosing the most lone and covert paths,
 He led the stranger to the church, the which
 They entered stealthily. Anon the knave
 Returned alone. I watched him out of sight,
 Then entered too. Just then upon my ear
 There fell the quick sharp clinking of a spring,
 And then the sound as of a heavy slab
 Suddenly falling o'er a hollow space.
 I searched; but he I sought for was not there;
 The tombs of the dead Cliffords frowned on me,
 But midst the lifeless I alone had life.

Stan. 'Tis strange,— 'tis passing strange,—and shall
 be looked to,
 As shall thy friendly zeal. Now prythee speed
 Unto my castellain, and say I need
 His instant presence. [*Exit TRAFFORD.*] Yes! it must
 be *he!*

What motive, save a son's impatient love,
 Could tempt a soldier on a battle-eve
 To play the skulker in a lady's bower?

Enter Castellain.

List to me, Master Gizeley! — with all speed
 Post half a dozen archers by the porch

I have provided. Ere an hour has passed,
Along the secret passages that wind
From the church-turret to the Baron's chamber,
I'll lead my lord unquestioned to thine arms.

Count. Now has one half my prayers been heard by
Heaven!

Now shall I listen to his voice again,
And fold him in these longing arms once more!
But, lo! already gather at the porch
The men-at-arms who journey with my lord.
Once more I must confront him; then, farewell
Till Heaven conduct thee to the Baron's chamber.

Bray. Farewell! and Heaven award thee a success
Worthy the mission it employs thee on! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An apartment in Skipton Castle.

Lord STANLEY seated, with two portraits before him.

Stan. Blest be the skill that gives us back the dead!
Beautiful Eleanor! my own dead bride!
How different wert thou from this moody dame,
Who scorns the unlettered soldier, and accords
No merit but to scholars and to priests!
While thou, sweet saint! wert all in all to me;
Proud of thy warrior-lord, as I of thee.
Why didst thou leave me, Eleanor? It seems
But yesterday we strayed through Lathom's bowers,
When, parting the dark hair from thy pale brow,
And gazing on thy calm and upturned face,
I worshipped at the altar of thine eyes,
And surfeited my soul with loveliness.
What! though the scoffer's calumny were true
That Warwick triumphed through his sister's eyes;
Still, in thy young affections was no guile,

But thou hast been so loved, so mourned,—so long
My hope, my pride, my all,—I'll not believe
Thou couldst forget thy mother.

Rich.

If I did,

Or ever to my dying hour forget
Thy long-enduring and most perfect love,
Then Heaven forget thy son! But why these tears?
Nay, nay, dear mother! if thou weepest thus
I too shall play the woman, and just now
I have need of all my fortitude.

Count.

My tears

Are tears of joy and gratitude. The blest
Assurance that I press thy hand in mine,
Thus kiss thy brow, thus fold thee in my arms,
Half makes amends for the slow gloomy years
That I have prayed for thee and wept for thee.

Rich. Mother, dear mother! [*Supports her.*]

Count.

Nay, I need no help;

The foolish fit has left me. Let me look
Upon thy face!—'tis a fair volume writ
In royal characters, in which command
And firmness read right legibly. Men say
Thou art wise and temperate,—and thou fearest God?
Say that thou dost, dear Henry!—why! methinks
'Twould break my heart wert thou estranged from
Him.

Rich. Had I neglected Him in court or camp,
Would He have blessed us with this priceless hour?
My mother, my own mother! if some seeds
Of piety and truth have taken root
Within me, and repaid thy tender care,
They sprang from the rich harvest of thy love,
To whom I owe life, virtue, knowledge,—all
That makes man valiant, happy, honourable.

Count. Nay! let us speak of *thee*, dear son! thou
seem'st

Of graver aspect and of slighter frame

Stan. How canst thou doubt it, Sir?

Traf. Alas, my lord!
Tow'rd's such a precipice now speeds her Grace.
Her zeal for the lost cause of Lancaster
Again, I fear, has lured her into plots
Which, if untangled by unfriendly hands,
May send her to the scaffold.

Stan. As a spy?
Or as a traitor, sirrah! art thou here
With such suspicious proof of thy regard?

Traf. By Heaven! as neither. — To thy face, my
lord,
I tell thee! though it banish me thy halls,
That had my equal, or my foe, thus spoke,
Either my life-blood should have stained his sword,
Or, by St. Paul! that taunt had been his last.

Stan. [*Aside.*] Beshrew the swaggering upstart! —
yet perchance
I've wronged him.

Traf. Had I stooped to perpetrate
The cruel ill which thou imput'st to me,
Long since thy mansions had been desolate;
But I was silent for my lady's sake
Till silence grew a crime. From my first youth
I have eat thy bread, and warmed me at thy hearth;
I ask thee, then! — if chance disclosed to me
A traitor prowling in thine inmost halls,
How would'st thou rate my gratitude, my lord,
Kept I the treason secret?

Stan. In these days
Men *bide their time*: — so runs the phrase, methinks:
For 'tis not of my coming. If thou art honest
I pray thee, bear with me! If false, forsooth
Thou dost but ape thy betters. [*Aside.*] Now, confound
him!

He bears my gaze right calmly.

Traf. Well, my lord!

Count. Heavenly Father !
 Bless Thou, oh, bless my child ! In the dread hour
 When fall the mighty, and when each man's sword
 Is raised against his enemy, be Thou
 The champion of my loved one ! Grant him faith,
 Strength, valour ! and, if not in vain I have drained
 The cup of anguish to the dregs, — if aught
 I have found of favour in Thy sight, by years, —
 Long years, — of fastings, scourgings, tears, and prayers,
 Then be Thou gracious to thine handmaiden,
 And send him back unscathed unto these arms !
 Now am I calmer, Henry : fare thee well ! —
 Yet, stay awhile ; — give me thy hands ! —

[*She joins them in the attitude of prayer.*

There, there ! —

Again thou lookest like the meek, fair child,
 Who lisped his earliest pray'r to me. Pray thus
 When last thou prayest on the battle-eve !
 It will remind thee of a mother's love, —
 Perchance her last sad words to thee. But hark ! —
 What noise was that ? — Away ! — quick, quick ! —
 Away ! —

Strange steps ascend the stairs. [Conceals him.]

Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.

Bray. [Hurriedly.] Compose thyself !
 My lord approaches.

[Exit BRAY.]

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Stan. Margaret ! what mean
 Thy pallid aspect and thy tottering limbs ?
 Shall I reply for thee ? Within these halls, —
 Ay ! in this very chamber, lies concealed
 A rebel to the king. In the king's name

Of the old church, and should knave, squire, or knight,
 Unknown to thee by name, essay to pass,
 Arrest him!—without force, if possible,
 And with all courtesy. The fewer words
 Ye interchange the better: bring him here
 Quickly and silently. [*Exit Castellain.*] I have here,
 methinks,

A plan of the old pile, its dungeons, vaults,
 Its hiding-cells and secret passages.

[*Takes a plan from an escritoire and examines it.*
 Here is the Eagle Tower,—and here the court
 Beneath me, with its immemorial yew
 Coeval with the Conqueror. Ah!—what's this
 That, from the Baron's chamber to the church,
 Winds round from tower to tower? Ha! ha! I have
 them.

Now to confront the plotters!—my good sword!—

[*Takes it up.*

Nay it were best I should go weaponless.

[*Lays down his sword and exit.*

SCENE III.

Apartments in Skipton Castle.

*The Earl of RICHMOND and the Countess of RICHMOND ;
 the Earl entering from a concealed passage and
 glancing cautiously round him.*

Count. [*Embracing him.*] Oh! blessed moment, to
 embrace thee thus,

So loved, and lost so long! Thou little knowest
 How I have missed thee through the long dull years
 That came and went, and yet thou camest not.
 And thou hast sometimes thought of me, dear son?
 I know thou hast. The world and the world's ways
 Are rocks on which youth's best affections split,

That, had we mated in less selfish times,
 And when our hearts were younger, we had known
 And loved each other better. Need I say
 I fain would part with thee, as thou with me,
 In Christian kindness? Fare thee well! — Perchance,
 To-morrow's fight may be my last: if so,
 I would that sometimes thou should'st think of this,
 Our first, — our last endearment. [*Kisses her.*]

Fare thee well!

To those, who love as thou dost, well I know
 How dreadful is suspense, and therefore, Margaret,
 I'd fain, but must not now, impart to thee
 Much that thou yearn'st to know; yet this, at least,
 I say, to cheer thee when thou'rt oversad, —
 Margaret, *I bide my time*: — Once more, farewell!

Count. Farewell! and all the angel host protect thee!
 [*Exit.*]

Stan. Now! to confront my stepson and my foe!
 Poor Edmund Tudor! for thy sake, my friend,
 I fain would save thy son. (*Knocks three times.*)

Enter the Earl of RICHMOND.

Rich. Ah! — who art thou
 Who stoopest to entrap a friendless man?

Stan. For me! — I am the master of these halls,
 Thomas Lord Stanley. I would fain eschew
 Vain recognitions in these perilous times,
 Else with more right I might demand of thee,
 Who art thou, who, like a midnight thief, hast crept
 Into my inmost chambers; but enough!
 I came not here to bandy angry words,
 And must command like self-control from thee.

Rich. Command? — what mean'st thou by that haughty
 word?

Stan. To-day 'tis mine, — it may be yours to-
 morrow, —

Than in my dreams I have pictured thee. Thou too
Hast drained the cup of sorrow?

Rich. And long years
Have changed thee also, mother mine.

Count. Nay, Henry!

I am not so old,—so very old. That day,
When on thy coffin'd father's face I gazed
My last, and quailed to find myself alone
In the vast halls which were my heritage,
I had seen but fifteen summers. Fourteen more
They left thee with me, and then fourteen more
I spent in pray'r and penance for this hour.

Rich. And Heaven has heard thy pray'rs.

Count. It hath, my son;

Yet would that thou wert still the joyous child
That played and prattled round me in our own
Old home at happy Pembroke.

Rich. Would I were,
So thou wert with me! I was then as free
And fearless as the eaglets, that I watched
Wending their flight above our battlements;
Soaring like man's high hopes, to melt, like them,
First into specks, then into nothingness.

Count. Nay! speak not thus despondingly! Ambition,
That aims no higher than base selfish ends,
Such as dominion, wealth, vain-glory, pomp,
Is worse than nothingness. But when its proud
And glorious object is to mitigate
The amount of human misery, and exalt
Freedom and virtue over chains and crime,
'Tis then the noblest enterprise for which
Heaven ever armed its champions. But time speeds.

Rich. It does; and ere we part, as part we must,
I'd fain, my mother, on my knees receive
Thy farewell blessing [*kneels*]. With thy holy prayers,
And Heaven to guide me, I may die the death,
But shall not dread the despot.

Transplant our secrets to each other's breasts ?

Stan. Not yet : now list to me ! To-morrow night
Meet me at Atherstone ; thou see'st this ring ;
Fear not to trust him who will bring it thee ;
He will contrive our meeting.

Rich. Why not now
Explain thy purpose ?

Stan. Nay, it cannot be.
Farewell !—yet stay !—thou must not quit these halls
The way thou camest. Tell my lady-wife
The garden-wicket by the Eagle Tower
Shall be unlocked ; she will devise the rest.
Her aching heart, I fear, but ill endures
This long suspense ; once more, then, fare thee well !

Rich. Farewell, until we meet at Atherstone !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Garden below Skipton Castle.

TRAFFORD, *solus.*

Traf. I'd stake my hopes of knighthood to resolve
The name of this same gallant who has made
My lady's eyes so moist, and stirred my lord
To play the rebel,—a false move for which
I thank him, as King Richard will thank me
When I report the perfidy.

At dusk

I meet the stranger by the Eagle Tower.
And guide him to the river, where, no doubt,
My crafty friend, Sir Reginald, has secured
Fresh horses for their midnight ride. Suppose, then,
This gallant and the rebel-earl are one ?—
'Tis scarcely credible, and yet, perchance,
'Twill so betide ;—what then ?—He needs must thread
The chamber of the Lady Anne, from whence
The steps descend upon the terrace-walk ;

Thy lord demands the traitor.

Count. Would'st thou turn
Thy wife's accuser? For myself! I care not:
Arrest! — arraign me! — drag me, if thou wilt,
To durance and to death! But, oh, my lord! —
Spare him, I pray thee, who ne'er injured thee!
Oh! spare him, for the Lord of Mercy's sake!

Stan. Margaret! — whoe'er he be thou harbourest,
I must confront him: if alive, 'twere well;
If not, his blood be on thy head. Now, mark me! —
The secret outlet from the church, — nay, start not! —
Is guarded by armed men. Should he attempt
To pass them, he may fight his way to heaven,
But here on earth there is slight hope for him.

Count. Lord Stanley! —

Stan. Nay, bethink thee, Margaret!
How soon the handspikes of my armourers
Would solve the secret of your hiding-place.
Name, then, the signal which will summon him, —
Then leave me! — and, by Heaven! I swear to thee
He shall go forth unscathed! If strife there be
Between us, I'm in danger of his sword,
Not he of mine: you see, I am weaponless.

Count. My kind, my generous lord! right sure I am
Thou would'st not cozen me with treacherous oaths;
Wherefore I trust thee, as I trust in Heaven.
Knock thrice! — and one will answer to thy beck,
Whom, of all living men, I had wished thy friend;
But fate ordains it otherwise. Farewell! —
Farewell, my lord! — And yet, before we part,
I fain would hear one gentle word from thee,
That said — we part in kindness. If, of late,
I have been waspish and rude-speeched to thee,
I beg of thee to pardon me.

Stan. Most freely;
We all have need of pardon. Margaret! —
My noble Margaret! — At times I have felt

Her ailment is not mortal. One word more ; —
 This morn, when thou departedst from her Grace,
 Was there a gallant with her ? — one of fair
 And winning presence ?

Clif. There was none with her
 Except Sir Reginald ; who should there be ?

Traf. Except Sir Reginald ?

Clif. Why echoest thou
 My simple words ? Had peer or knight arrived,
 The sentry's challenge and the warder's horn
 Had heralded his coming. My Lord Stanley
 Has left no guests at Skipton. Whence then sprang
 This phantom visitor ?

Traf. It matters not :
 Enough ! — I have earthed the intruder.

Clif. And he's here
 Without her Grace's ken, — or canst thou mean
 She harbours him unworthily ?

Traf. Nay, nay !
 Had I presumed to hint a dame so grave,
 So holy, so decorous, ripe in years,
 Could entertain a secret paramour,
 Fool were too fair a name for me. Believe me !
 There's daintier game at Skipton. Canst thou name
 No lovelier, likelier lady ?

Clif. Martin Trafford !
 Thou dar'st not mean the Lady Anne ! By Heaven !
 Had other than my friend ev'n looked that hint
 I had called him liar in his teeth.

Traf. I sought
 To root a hopeless passion from thy breast,
 And thou retortest with insulting words.
 Is this a friend's fit treatment of a friend ?
 Till thou'rt thyself again I'll leave thee. [Going.]

Clif. Stay !
 I pray thee, stay ! I know thou meanest well,
 Although thou speakest tortures.

To use the language of authority ;
Wherefore I said command. Bethink thee, sir !
The slightest word or sign of mine would fill
This chamber with armed men. The dungeon keep
Is not far off, and, if aright I guess
Thy name, King Richard were well satisfied
To pay in golden angels for thy head.
Thou hast forgotten I'm High Constable,
Sworn counsellor and liegeman to the King.

Rich. If thou provok'st me more, I may forget
I am thy prisoner.

Stan. Nay ! speak less loud.
My faithful castellain is well apprized
That Skipton harbours an unbidden guest ;
And as his only fault is over-zeal,
'Twere just as well he overhear thee not.

Rich. I know, my lord, my life is in thy hands ;
Then either do thy worst, or cease to taunt
A baffled foe.

Stan. Go to ! — I did but seek
To try thy spirit. Wise men, ere they stake
Their lives and fortunes in another's cause,
Would fain essay the mettle of their friends ;
And therefore, seeing that the penalty
Of harb'ring the King's enemies is death,
Thou must not murmur if I sought to test
Thy spirit, ere I risked my head for thee.

Rich. My lord ! I cannot blame thee : if my words
Have angered thee, I pray thee pardon them.

Stan. Nay ! I'm not angry ; thou art much too like
A loved companion whom I lost in youth,
That I should long be wroth with thee.

Rich. My lord !
Thy words are words of kindness ; then what need
Of this ambiguous language ? Were it not
Far better to discard misgiving thoughts,
And, trusting to each other's knightly faith,

Amidst the trophies which their valour won.
 Ye great and glorious men of a past age !
 How am I fallen from your high estate !
 Not one of you but rode to fame or death,
 Followed by squires and knights, and loyal bands
 Of steeled and plumed retainers ; yet your heir
 Rides forth alone and bannerless. Alas !
 My vassals know me not ; my very name
 Passed from me with my childhood : ev'n the dogs,
 Whose fathers fawned on and were fed by mine,
 Snarl at their vagrant chief. But ye ! ye lords
 Of a lost heritage ! why look ye down,
 So fierce and so reproachful, on the last
 Of your long ancestry ? is mine the fault
 If on the bloody battle-field ye sleep
 Shroudless and tombless ? Ye at least achieved
 The fame of heroes, — happier in your deaths
 Than I, your living offspring. When ye died,
 Fair cheeks were blanched, and brave and faithful
 hearts
 Mourned for their warrior-lords ; but if *I* fall,
 No eye will shed one tear for me. Yet, Anne !
 How often, when I've pictured the sad hour
 That fate might tear me from thee, have I deemed
 A parting tear might fall upon my breast
 Dropped from thine angel-eyes, and, if I fell,
 That thou would'st mourn me as my sires were
 mourned !
 But I unman myself ; enough of this !
 No wonder that you bearded chiefs look down
 With stern displeasure on their recreant heir.

Enter ANNE ST. JOHN.

The Lady Anne?—[*To Anne.*] My presence here, I fear,
 May savour of intrusiveness, and yet
 Believe me, Lady ! accident alone
 Has thrown my unwelcome shadow 'cross thy path.

Far rather than endure this frantic hour
 I'd lay my sorrows in thy lap and die,
 Drinking those silvery syllables that melt
 Like music from a viewless harp o'er which
 The night-breeze sighs its requiem. — Lady! —

Anne.

Nay! —

Call me not *lady!* Call me, as of yore,
 Thy joy, thine own, thy loved one! and, anon,
 When the last echo of thy horse's hoofs
 Shall leave these chambers comfortless, my tears
 Shall flow less wildly for that blest farewell.
 Alas! — wherein have I offended thee?

Why drops thy hand thus listless from my own?

Clif. Because the henbane's roots are round my heart;
 Because I know not woman and her wiles;
 Because you frowning forefathers of mine
 Look down and bid me shun thee. — Maiden, hear me!
 Have we not watched on many a gusty night
 Black vapours struggling with the virgin moon,
 Like fiends enraged with Heaven? — her bright orb
 Awhile imprisoned in their foul embrace;
 Anon to wend again her glorious way,
 Steeping the world in loveliness?

Anne.

Alas!

Thou speak'st in parables. I pray thee, solve them!

Clif. Know, then! the moon is thy fair fame: the
 mists

Are doubts that cloud its brightness.

Anne.

Not of yore

Thus churlishly thou spak'st on the fair nights
 We watched the moon together. — Shame on thee!
 Had angels told me half an hour ago
 Such heartless words could pass Lord Clifford's lips,
 I had not believed them.

Clif.

Half an hour, say'st thou?

'Tis a brief space; and yet one brief half-hour
 May wither a whole life. In half an hour

Traf. Ay! and stir
Thy waspish wrath again.

Clif. Nay, bear with me!
I will be calm; hate should be ever calm.

Traf. Then listen! — Should I give thee ample proofs
That in the very chamber of thy love,
Lurks the spruce errant knight I told thee of,
Wilt thou not thank me for untramm'ling thee
From this unworthy thralldom?

Clif. Saidst thou proofs? —
They lied who used that word to thee.

Traf. Well, well!
Meet me at dusk beneath the Eagle tower,
And thou thyself shalt witness to their truth.

Clif. And why not now convince me, Martin Trafford?
Doubt is so dreadful I would learn the worst,
Ev'n though thy words sent arrows through my heart.

Traf. Nay, nay! it is impossible. Remember!
'Tis but an hour's uncertainty; — farewell! [*Going.*]

Clif. Wherein, ye guardian saints! have I so sinned
That I should merit this great misery? [*Exit.*]

Traf. Hate should be calm, he said; and he said well.
Hate should present the lull before the storm,
Stifled, but charged for bursting. Such is mine!
Such, for my purpose, will I make this dullard's!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

The Hall in Skipton Castle.

CLIFFORD, *solus.*

Clif. This, then, my murdered father! was thy sword,
Grim with the blood of Rutland and of York!
Fear not thy son will shame it.

Let me look,
Albeit my last, upon this bannered hall
Where frown the pictured heroes of my race

Who, side by side with my great father, charged
 At Somerset's doomed throat at Tewkesbury.
 Alack-a-day! truth must have flown the earth
 When such as thou prove false.

Digby. By the gilt spurs
 Thy sire begirt me with on Barnet field!
 By these grey hairs, oft perilled in his cause!
 I merit not this scorn from thee!

P. Eliz. Away!
 Thou wear'st the livery of perjured Gloucester,
 Who slew my brother and usurps his crown,
 Yet dar'st to say thou'rt honest! Get thee hence!
 King Edward's daughter has her sire's disdain
 For renegades and time-servers.

Digby. By Heaven!
 These are harsh words to greet a soldier's ear.
 Lady! —

P. Eliz. Nay, tell thine errand, Sir, and leave me!
 I fain would be alone again.

Digby. Alas, then!
 The King entreats your Highness to accept
 My humble escort, and this night depart
 For Leicester, where he tarries for your Grace.

P. Eliz. What warrant hast thou for this rude
 behest?

Digby. His Grace's signet-ring and this fair scroll
 Writ by his royal hand: his Highness adds,
 That for the due observance of your state,
 The Lady Margaret of Lancaster
 Will journey in your Grace's train to Leicester;
 At least, he so entreats of her.

P. Eliz. Alas!
 Entreaty and command, in these wild days,
 Bear but the same rude meaning. Leave me, Sir!
 Your liege shall be obeyed.

Digby. [*Aside.*] She little deems
 What perils I would risk for her.

[*Exit.*]

Anne. These are cold words to pass 'twixt thee and me.

What if I sought *thee*, Henry?

Clif. May I crave, —

So scornful as this very morn thou wert, —

What moves thee, Lady, so to honour me?

Anne. Because—thou wert my playmate, brother, friend,

In happy childhood. Thou hast done me wrong ;
Didst pledge thy troth to me, yet break that troth,
Making me scorned of others and myself.

Yet I forgive thee, Henry ! for the sake
Of our young love, and the remembered time,
When, side by side, and hand in hand, we strayed
Along the greenwood and the rivulet,
Deeming each copse a paradise, that roofed
The primrose and the blue-bell. Thou go'st forth
To battle with the ruthless ; and if death
Should be thy lot, and the red earth thy grave,
'Twould rack me to my dying hour to think
I had let thee part from the old hall, nor spake
One kind,—one last “God speed thee.” But thou stand'st
With haughty aspect and with folded arms,
As if 'twere I who had wronged thee, not thou me.

Clif. Now ! by that Heaven who reads thy heart and mine !

And by this sword my dying father grasped !

I swear I never wronged thee !

Anne. Say'st thou so ?—

Then we are friends, dear trusting friends, again ?

Oh, tell me that we are !—Thou answerest not !

[*Takes his hand.*

Canst feel no tear fall on thy hand ? — Canst hear
No heart throb louder than thine own ? — What ! —
cold

And unrelenting still ?

Clif.

Nay, nay ! — not cold :

From Skipton ; but there lives a cut-throat knave
Would track him to his doom.

Hub. What ! Master Henry ?
Beshrew th' ungrateful and perfidious villain !
Would I might cross him !

Traf. And thou shalt, good Hubert.
Her Grace so loves this knight, that if he fell
I fear 'twould be her death-stroke. Mark me, then !
Hide thee anon behind the Eagle Tower,
And, should'st thou hear fierce words and clashing
steel,
Spring forth and strike !—Thou know'st thy man, brave
Hubert.

Hub. He shall not balk me, Master Trafford.

Traf. Stay !
I have left my rapier in my sleeping room :
I pray thee fetch it. Keep it for awhile ;
I need it not as yet. Dost mark me, Hubert ? —
I need it not *just now*. Should blood be shed,
And thou, a serf, be questioned how it chanced
Thou carriedst steel, thou'lt answer thou wert speeding
On Master Trafford's errand for his sword :
Thus will it seem sheer accident, friend Hubert.
Thou wert so bravely furnished.

Hub. I'll at once
To do thy bidding. Let the wretch but lift
His finger 'gainst the man her highness loves,
And, trust me ! I'll be quits with him. [*Exit HUBERT.*]

Traf. Poor fool !
Yet thus is man the prey of man, no less
Than slave to his own passions.

So far well !
Now for the stranger !—Should he chance to prove
The rebel earl, he yet may win the day ;
And, therefore, to forestall his gratitude,
I'll make it seem, or own myself a dullard,
As if he owed his life to me by means

Either I prove thee chaste as Heaven, and hate
These lips that have so slandered thee,—

Anne. Or else?—

Clif. We have met—to meet no more.

[*Exit* CLIFFORD.]

Anne: Gone!—has he gone —
Without one gentle word, one parting look? —
Oh, cruel, cruel Clifford! — My fair fame
Aspersed, my love repulsed, my tears despised,
By Clifford too! I should be wroth with him, —
Should hate him, fly from him; but he may die,
And then —— O dreadful thought! O heavy hour! —
So woe-begone, so crushed, so lone, I am,
My heart will burst from very wretchedness.

Enter the Princess ELIZABETH.

P. Eliz. Weep not, dear Anne! All will be well
again,
With thee if not with me: nay, prythee weep not!

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. Madam! a knight, in the King's name, entreats
Instant and private speech with thee.

P. Eliz. Admit him!
I have no choice but to receive the knave.

[*Exit* Attendant.]

[*To ANNE.*] Sweetheart, cheer up! I'll seek thee pre-
sently,

And learn what causes these fresh tears of thine.

[*Exit* ANNE.]

Enter Sir SIMON DIGBY.

[*Aside.*] Ah! the stout knight my father loved so
well?

[*Aloud.*] If I mistake not, thou'rt Sir Simon Digby,

Draw nearer, Master Henry! See'st thou nought
Shading the light athwart yon lattice blind?

Clif. I do, — I do: — unless my sight's bewitched,
I mark the yielding figure of a maid,
And, bending over her caressingly,
The shape of one who seems her paramour.

Traf. 'Tis he! I would that I might tarry here.
Thy angry humour makes me fear for thee.

Clif. Fear not for me, who fear not for myself.

Traf. Yet cross him not! I warn thee not to cross
him!

'Twere worse than madness.

Clif. I am mad already.

Traf. Nay, take a friend's advice: and now, farewell!
I must speed hence to hinder worse mishaps.

[*Exit* TRAFFORD.]

Clif. Not cross him?—May confusion seize on
him!—

He takes her hand;—he draws her to his side:—

He plants his impious lips upon her cheek.

Oh, agony!—but, see, he comes! Not cross him?

I'll cross him to his death.

Enter the Earl of RICHMOND.

Who art *thou* who stealest
Thus thief-like from a maiden's bower?

Rich. [*Aside.*] What means
This senseless interruption? [*Aloud.*] Good my friend,
We have no quarrel: stand aside, I charge thee,
And let me pass.

Clif. We have no quarrel, say'st thou?
Then for our pastime's sake I'll find us one:
Who art thou?

Rich. To be crossed and bearded thus
By a base clown!—Sirrah! thine insolence
Deserves a whipping at the porter's lodge:
Stand back!

P. Eliz. Assuredly
 I must obey ; yet, strange to say, I quail not.
 'Tis true, I shall be nearer my grim uncle,
 Yet better be environed with armed hosts
 Than caged in these lone halls. And now, adieu,
 Ye gloomy towers of Skipton ! and Heaven grant
 That, save I visit you as England's queen,
 I ne'er may cross your dismal courts again ! [Exit.

SCENE VI.

A Terrace below Skipton Castle.

TRAFFORD *and* HUBERT.

Traf. Hubert, thou lov'st thy mistress ? From thy
 birth,

Her grace has ever favoured thee.

Hub. I owe her

More than I e'er can pay her.

Traf. And thou loathest
 This Master Henry ?

Hub. Little cause I have
 To love him, Master Trafford.

Traf. Shall I show thee
 How thou may'st serve thy mistress, and the while
 For ever rid us of this pestilent upstart ?

Hub. Say on, good Master Trafford !

Traf. Should it chance
 That hate and treachery dogged the steps of one
 Her Grace holds precious as her soul,—a knight
 She shelters from his enemies, methinks
 Thou'dst strike a blow to save him.

Hub. I should like
 Such gallant service.

Traf. Listen then ! Anon,
 A knight her grace so cherishes steals forth

Now, is it meet that we should wrangle more ?

Clif. My lord ! my liege ! I was unmannerly
To arraign thee as I did : and yet, by Heaven !
When I remind me how thy lips assayed
A cheek which to my fancy was as chaste
As virgin snow, —

Rich. Why ! thou wert wroth with me :
I read thy thoughts : thou didst imagine me
Some gay beleaguerer of ladies' hearts,
Some graceless trifler prowling after sweets
In meads that are another's. But thou wrong'st me :
I did but claim, in common courtesy,
The pleasant privilege of relationship
To leave a kiss on a fair cousin's cheek ;
And, by my troth, it is a passing fair one !

Clif. May all good angels bless thee for those
words !

My liege, my sov'reign liege ! for such I hold thee.
Thou see'st before thee an attainted man.
His lands distrained, his honours forfeited,
And strangers rampant in his fathers' halls.
My grandsires fought and conquered in their time :
They died the death of heroes : I alone,
The last of a long ancestry, in vain
Have fretted for the chance and circumstance
Which made them glorious ; yet my prayers are heard
If, as a soldier, thou wilt lay thy sword
Upon a soldier's son, and say to him,
“ Come forth with me and earn a warrior's fame,
Or hew thyself a soldier's sepulchre.” *[Kneels.]*

Rich. There spake the spirit of thy forefathers.
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me ! *[CLIFFORD rises.]*

Men say

Lord Stanley's steeds are matchless for their speed.
Provide thee then the fleetest ! And anon
Meet me beneath yon agonizing group
Of poplar trees, that, scourged by the fierce gust,

Of Hubert's interference. But already
 From latticed window and from embrasure
 The Castle lights are flashing. A strange chill
 And death-like gloom creep o'er me. The wan moon
 Rises in muffled beauty, as a bride,
 Sickly and woe-begone, might stagger forth
 Beneath a troop of funeral plumes. The wind
 Chafes with a dirge-like, melancholy moan ;
 While, grim as hell-kites round the necromancer,
 The demon bats dart past me. But here comes
 My other prey !

Enter CLIFFORD.

Thou art punctual, Master Henry.
 'Tis well ; as I've a mission from her Grace
 Pregnant with life or death : — or else, —

Clif. What would'st thou ?

Traf. Confront the gallant who still loiters here,
 As wooer or as spy.

Clif. Quick ! what of him ?

Traf. Mark me ! — anon he will descend yon steps,
 And, as a loyal servant of her Grace,
 'Twere right that I should question him.

Clif. Go to !

Leave that to me who have the better right :
 At least I had so yesterday. — Great Heaven !
 Why ! 'tis the chamber of the Lady Anne
 Thy finger points at with such icy scorn !
 Now ! by my soul I'll dash him to the earth
 Who dares to desecrate so pure a shrine !

Traf. Nay, cross him not ! I pray thee cross him
 not !

Thou wilt but breed disturbance ; and besides
 Thou art unarmed.

Clif. And art not thou unarmed ?

Traf. 'Tis true ; I had forgotten it : but, hush !

Rich. Lead the way, sir!
Speed thee, brave Clifford, speed thee!

Clif. Doubt it not;
Thou shalt not long expect me.

[*Exit* CLIFFORD.]

Traf. [*Aside.*] Clifford, said he?
Then have I guessed his cursed name aright.
Clifford, I loathe thee! and may crush thee still.

[*Exeunt* RICHMOND and TRAFFORD.]

A C T I V.

SCENE I.

Interior of a tent near Bosworth.

Lord STANLEY, *solus.*

Stan. The time draws near I must to Atherstone.

[*Enter the Princess* ELIZABETH *and* Sir REGINALD BRAY.]

Sir Reg. Here, Lady, we must part. — My Lord, the Princess.

[*Exit* Sir R. BRAY.]

Stan. [*Aside.*] This is a favour which I looked not for.

P. Eliz. My Lord! thou wert the friend of my dread sire:

He loved thee well and in his dying hour,
While those he prized knelt sobbing round his couch,
His ebbing breath bequeathed me to thy care,
And charged thee with the wardship of his child.

Stan. That solemn passage in his life and mine
Is not forgotten, Lady. Thy great sire
Imposed that sacred trust in me; what would'st thou?

Clif. Now ! tell me quickly who thou art,
Or, by the light of Heav'n ! —

Rich. Stand back ! I say !

Clif. Ay ! draw thy foil, and with my quarter-staff,
I'll hurl it piece-meal to the castle ditch.

Rich. What monstrous folly's this ? I wage no war
With serfs and vassals. If a friend thou art
To the great lady of these halls, thou'lt seek
To speed me on my way, not thwart me thus.

Clif. Now will I shame thy craven soul to arms !
Thou call'dst me vassal, and therein thou lied'st :
My sires were noble when thine own were serfs,
And forth, from these their towers, thou passest not.

Rich. Beshrew thee and thy stale nobility !
And yet thy language gives thy garb the lie ;
Who art thou, then, who dar'st obstruct me thus ?

Clif. The time has passed I cared for secrecy.
Behold me ! baffled skulker that thou art !
Henry Lord Clifford, lord of Westmoreland
The rightful seignior of these halls.

Rich. Ye Saints !
Can Clifford live ? — the heir of that fierce house
Which made ev'n Warwick tremble ? Bear with me,
Right noble Clifford ! Of all men on earth
'Twere most unnatural that thou and I
Should meet or part in bitterness.

Clif. Avaunt !
Thou shall not fool me with thy cozening words.
I am so distempered by a hideous grief,
Thy very look breeds tortures in my soul.

Rich. Nay, hear me ! for the love of Heaven, hear me !
Our sires were fellow-soldiers, kinsmen, friends :
Of yore, on many a fiery battle-field,
Thy fathers charged with mine, and fell for mine ;
And, therefore, with no churlish courtesy
Will I return thy confidence. — Thine ear ! —

[*Whispers* CLIFFORD.]

Stan. Sweet Princess! I am young no more; yet still
 I own the majesty of loveliness
 Which makes men saints, knaves, heroes, what it wills,
 Omnipotent for evil or for good:
 Then how can I behold the peerless child
 Of the great King who made me what I am
 Thus bowed by grief, thus lovely in her tears,
 Nor feel as man should ever feel for woman?
 Thou art fair, and therefore should I arm for thee;
 Thou art sad, and therefore do I weep with thee;
 Thou art young, and therefore would I trust in thee;
 My Queen, — and therefore do I kneel to thee.

[*Kneels.*

Thus place I life and fortune in thy hands;
 For, glanced King Richard on these bended knees,
 A feather dropping from a moulting bird
 Were of more value than Lord Stanley's life. [*Rises.*
 I'd dare for thee whatever man should dare
 For woman, but alas! — I am powerless.

P. Eliz. Thou art powerless, my Lord? — what
 meanest thou?

Methought I had heard my mighty father say
 Of all his fiery barons there was none
 Could marshal to the field so brave a host
 As hailed the Lord of Lathom for their chief.
 To see Lord Stanley charging at the head
 Of the renowned retainers of his house
 Might well alarm, he said, a weak king's fears,
 And rouse a stout king's envy. Oh, my lord!
 Not long ere he departed hence, my sire,
 The while his mother's weakness filled his eyes,
 Thus linked thy name with mine. — Fierce foes, he said,
 Were leagued against his house and heritage,
 And though I was the daughter of a king
 So feared and envied as he then appeared,
 Yet, when death's mightier hand should lay him low,
 Ill times might fall upon his darling one.

Bow down, like spirits in eternal bale,
Their silvery crests to the disdainful moon.

Clif. Yet fain I'd say, farewell!—

Rich. Is this a time
For lovers' partings? Speed thee! and when next
Thou standest on this homestead of thy sires,
I tell thee! that, from yonder battlements,
The crimson banner of thy house shall wave
Its ancient welcome to its long-lost lord.
Fetch but thy father's sword; with all besides,
That should equip a knightly gentleman,
My henchmen shall provide thee at the camp.
But where's my appointed guide?

Enter TRAFFORD, unperceived.

Traf. [*Aside.*] I much mishike
This new, unnatural friendship. By my troth,
Should they compare surmises and suspects
I am lost for ever. [*Aside to CLIFFORD.*] Harken,
Master Henry!

It seems we are playing at cross purposes:
We were mistaken in this gentleman.

Clif. [*Aside to TRAFFORD.*] Rather, methinks, thou hast
played the traitor, Trafford.
By Heaven! I half suspect thee.

Traf. [*Aside to CLIFFORD.*] And, by Heaven!
I'll brook not such rude words from living man!
I am here upon an errand from her Grace,
To guide this stranger to the poplar-grove:
What would'st thou more?

Clif. [*Aside to TRAFFORD.*] Thy life—if thou hadst
wronged him.

Traf. [*Aside to CLIFFORD.*] Away, slight braggart!
At a fitting season
Thou shalt arraign me when and where thou wilt.
[*To RICHMOND.*] Sir Knight, I bide thy bidding.

P. Eliz. My lord?—

Stan. Nay, urge me not! There's one above
Who, should I doom to death our mutual boy
O'er whom she hovers in her silvery sheen,
Would seek me in my widowed dreams no more;
Perchance denounce me at the throne of Heaven.

P. Eliz. Then all is lost! Elizabeth of York
Has now no friend but Heaven.

Stan. Yet Heaven ere now
Has shaped a happy issue out of ills
Ev'n dark as thine. Dear princess, trust in God!
And, next to God, trust to thy father's friend,
Who yet may succour,—nay, who yet may save thee!
Mourn not as those who sorrow without hope;
And now, farewell!—Sir Reginald, what ho, there!

Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.

Stan. Take back, Sir Reginald, thy precious charge!
Good night!—good night, sweet maid! May soothing
dreams
And brighter hopes, to-morrow, smile on thee!

[STANLEY retires.]

Sir Reg. He spake of comfort, lady?

P. Eliz. But gave none;
He bade me hope, but I am sick of hope:
'Tis but a false and cozening name for doubt,
And doubt is dreadful as reality.

Re-enter Lord STANLEY.

Stan. [*Aside.*] Poor child! her father's spirit
pleads for her.

[*Aloud.*] Sir Reginald!

Sir Reg. My lord!

Stan. [*Aside to BRAY.*] This maiden's grief
Has half unmanned me. Should her tears flow on,
Tell her,—*I bide my time.*

P. Eliz. What would I not?—hope, safety, freedom, friends :

These things the hind enjoys, but values not ;
While I, the foremost maiden of the land,
Am doomed to weep away a life of care,
Unloved, enthralled, dishonoured, desolate.

Stan. Nay ! not dishonoured, Lady.

P. Eliz. I repeat—
Dishonoured,—basely, cruelly dishonoured !
My Lord ! thou art of the council to the King,
And know'st full well his pitiless intent
To force me to his arms. Is it no dishonour
To be subjected to the unholy suit
And monstrous dalliance of the man I loathe ?

Stan. Ah ! has he dared renew his ruthless suit ?

P. Eliz. Dared?—How I thank thee for that welcome word !

May Heaven shower all its blessings on thy head !
Vouchsafe thee fame, wealth, honours, happiness !
Make thy life's autumn sunny as its spring !
And lastly grant thee, at its tranquil close,
Age without sickness, death without a pang !
Oh, good my Lord ! I deemed not that this earth
Was fraught with such dire wretchedness, as when
My dreams recall him in his wooing mood,
His husky voice, his bright and basilisk eyes,
His touch,— each, all,— so terrible !

Stan. Alas !

So softly nurtured, and so fondly loved
As late thou wert by the most gallant King
Who ever led the brave or wooed the fair,
Thy tears half cheat me of my manliness.

P. Eliz. Then thou wilt arm for me?—I know thou wilt :

I mark a tell-tale moisture in thine eyes,—
Nay, dash it not away, it shames thee not,
Which, more than volumes, tells me that thou wilt.

After their well-earned honours they sleep sound.
 I have vassals too, whose fathers fought for mine,
 Who love my wassail-bowl and buttery-hatch,
 And who,—should my espousal of thy cause
 Consign them to an alien vassalage,
 Would sadly miss me their indulgent lord.
 All these have their hereditary claims ;
 Yet lands, rank, life, were my brave boy but safe,
 Right freely—gladly—would I risk for thee.

Rich. Believest thou, fell tyrant though he be,
 That Gloucester would destroy a beardless youth,
 Not for his own, but for his father's fault ?

Stan. My lord ! thou little knowest him : 'tis true
 He is not cruel from the innate delight
 Which gloats o'er human anguish ; yet but cross
 His treacherous path, and safer 'twere to beard
 The tigress roaring for her stolen whelps,
 Or tamper with the basking crocodile,
 Than bide the goring of the boar of Gloucester.
 And now, my lord of Richmond ! let us speak
 Of other matters.—I've thy sacred pledge
 That, should the God of Battles bless thy cause,
 Thou'lt ratify the oath, which late thou swor'st
 At Vannes and Paris, that King Edward's child
 Shall share her father's throne with thee.

Rich. I swear it !
 And yet, my lord ! 'tis hard to give our hands
 Where the heart cannot follow.

Stan. Then thou lov'st
 Another ?

Rich. Once I did ; but she I loved
 Has mated with my rival.

Stan. Much I fear
 Thy thoughts still harp upon the Lady Maud,
 Lord Herbert's blue-eyed daughter : but I trust
 Ye have forsworn each other.

Rich. For her sake

Therewith, my lord! he spake of thee as one
 Who loved him for himself, not for the lands
 And gold his bounty had enriched thee with,
 And who, for thy dead friend and master's sake,
 Had sworn to be the guardian of his child.
 My lord!—he loved thee as kings seldom love:
 He built that splend'èd edifice, thy fortunes:
 He died, Lord Stanley! with thy hand in his,
 And dying pressed it with a tenderer grasp,
 Because thine oath had comforted his end.—
 Now, then! I ask thee,—wilt thou arm for me?
 Thou pausest:—oh, my father! is this man
 The friend thou lov'dst so tenderly?

Stan.

Nay! hear me

Ere thou arraignest me!

P. Eliz.

'Tis Heaven, my lord!

Not I, arraigns thee.

Stan.

Then, by Heaven! I swear

I crave no braver chance than that my axe
 This moment thundered on the tyrant's casque,
 Or flew my falchion at his throat: but fate
 Ordains it otherwise.

P. Eliz.

Away, false lord!

It stirs my choler that thou tremblest not
 Lest the wronged spirit of my sire should rise
 And tax thee with thy foul ingratitude.

Stan. Yet, maiden, hear me!—Hear me, ere we part!
 Thou may'st remember a fair child, in whom
 I centred all the fondness of a heart
 That knew no other sympathies? Alas!
 The king has seized him, and with dev'lish threats
 Sworn by St. Michael and th' Archangel Host,
 His life shall answer for his father's acts.
 Poor George! the headsman is his chamber-fellow,
 And ever, when he wakes in the grim dawn,
 Upon his morning-toilet gleams the axe,
 A terrible memento of his sire.

Stan. Nay! urge me not ; it must not be.

Digby !

Digby. My lord ?

Stan. I know thou lovest me.

Digby. Therefore I'll be thy herald to the earl.

Stan. I knew thou wouldst : 'twas wrong in me to
hint,

Not bide the gen'rous offer. Yet bethink thee !
Should Gloucester find thee prying in his camp,
He'll hang thee, my brave friend, before he sups.

Digby. I dread him not. It was but yesterday
I left his service, — somewhat scurvily
I grant ; yet thereby there's no fence nor ditch,
No parapet, nor breastwork in his camp
But I'm familiar with.

Stan. Thou art resolved ?

Digby. I am.

Stan. Then follow me ! Dear friends, good
night !

A kind farewell to all : pray Heav'n we meet
This hour to-morrow with less anxious hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Neighbourhood of Bosworth Field. Tents. Moonlight.

TRAFFORD solus.

Traf. This is her tent ! I marvel if in sleep
She's lovely as my dreams have pictured her ?
Methinks I see her with her hazel hair
Wandering in glossy tendrils o'er a breast,
White as the snow-flakes, when they fall from heav'n
Like down from seraph's pinions ; her soft cheeks
Fringed by the silken lashes of her eyes,
And verneiled by a bloom as delicate
As the pink lining of the ocean-shell.
I dare not pray, or I would pray for her.

Sir Reg.

My lord!

Stan.

No more, sir!

Albeit I falter at a maiden's tears,
I brook not man's rude questionings.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

A retired spot near Atherstone.

The Earl of RICHMOND, *Lord* STANLEY, CLIFFORD, *and*
Sir SIMON DIGBY.

Stan. This, then, I promise!—that, whate'er betide,
I will not arm against thee.

Rich. Should Lord Strange
Find means to escape—what then?

Stan. I battle for thee.

Rich. But should the tyrant slay him?

Stan. Then I fight
For vengeance and my own sake.

Rich. Is there nought
Will stir thee to join instant cause with us?

Stan. While my boy's life depends upon my acts
There's nought. Couldst thou have seen his mother's
eyes,

Thou hadst not asked me to forsake her child.

Rich. Yet Brutus, when his country was in peril,
Preferred the Roman's to the father's part,
And doomed his sons to die before his face.

Stan. Those sons were traitors to the noblest cause
That Roman ever struggled for; but mine
Has done no wrong that he should die the death.

Rich. Then! rather than thou'lt risk his single life,
Thou wilt imperil as sublime a cause
As that for which the Roman slew his sons?

Stan. My lord! I have a home, a happy home,
Rich with ancestral memories; a home
Where dwelt the founders of my line, and where

That to promote his own presumptuous suit
He planned this feud between thee and thy love.

Anne. Trafford?—my earliest friend?—No, lady, no!
He could not, would not, wrong me thus.

P. Eliz.

Alas!

Thou little knowest the world's villanies.
Thou wert not born the heiress to a throne
As I was, gentle one; thou never saw'st
Peers, courtiers, statesmen, fawning at thy feet,
Love on their lips, but falsehood in their hearts:
Yet such was my estate while fortune smiled,
Whose earliest lesson was to lie with grace
And seem the thing I was not:—such is Trafford!

Traf. [*Aside.*] May furies pluck out that glib tongue!
'Tis well

Her Grace o'erhears her not arraign me thus.

Enter the Countess of RICHMOND.

Count. What! wakeful, fair ones, like myself? Your
speech

Seems somewhat grave, too. May I share your secrets?

P. Eliz. We were conversing—

Anne. [*Aside to P. ELIZ.*] Hush! sweet princess,
hush!

Her Grace so loves and favours Master Trafford,
Thou'lt sting her to the quick.

P. Eliz. [*Aside to ANNE.*] Nay, Anne! for once
I must deny thee. [*To the Countess.*] Dearest mother
mine!

Our speech was of Lord Clifford's altered love,
The which I did impute to the mean arts
Of one your Grace loves far beyond his worth.

Count. Thou startlest me! whom meanest thou?

P. Eliz.

I mean

Your Grace's wily secretary, Trafford,
Who dared aspire to wed this high-born maid,

Most piously I trust so. I am not wont
 To rove from flower to flower, from sweet to sweet,
 Breathing light wishes into ladies' ears :
 Yet youth's first love-dream hath so sweet a spell ;
 Its longings, aspirations, tremblings, hopes,
 Stamp such undying memories on the brain,
 That, should I thrust vile Gloucester from his throne,
 'Twere quite as well my Lord Northumberland
 Should keep his lovely countess from my court.

Stan. Northumberland at Henry Tudor's court?
 Impossible! The silver lion waves
 Beside the royal banner, as myself
 Beheld at sunset.

Rich. True ; most true, my lord ;
 Yet, trust me ! when the trumpet sounds the charge,
 Nor he, nor his, will couch a single lance
 To aid their worthless master.

Stan. Then there's hope
 For my brave boy !

Rich. How so ?

Stan. Northumberland
 Is charged with his safe keeping ; and if false
 To Richard must wish well to Lancaster.
 Could I but find a herald to the earl !—
 But who would risk such peril ?

Clif. Good my lord !
 Great Harry Hotspur was my forefather,
 Wherefore I'm kinsman to Northumberland.
 I trust then, as my first essay in arms,
 This venture may be mine.

Stan. My noble Clifford !
 Deeply I thank thee ; but, in war, success
 Depends on stratagem as much as valour :
 And therefore, as the craft is new to thee,
 I should but sacrifice thy precious life,
 And place my son's in sadder jeopardy.

Clif. My lord ?—

Was mine the fault that thou instill'dst in me
 High hopes and aspirations which themselves
 Are nature's true nobility? Nay, more!
 If base my birth is the blame mine or his
 Who liked to listen to my infant talk,
 And loved me while my mother's face was fair,
 But flung me from him when she charmed no more?
 'Tis true — the child of accident and shame
 Dared breathe his love; and therein was my crime:
 Yet thereby sought I not the rank nor wealth
 Which the plumed perfumed darlings of the world
 Alone are taught to wed for. When I spake
 'Twas when the idol of my soul was girt
 By peril and by threatened penury;
 Nor then I had spoken but my heart was full,
 So full that, torrent-like, love burst the bounds
 Of prudence and of duty! I was wrong;
 Yet, when my soul forced language to my lips,
 'Twas nature syllabled the frantic words,
 Not thy spurned baseborn kinsman.

Count. Thou art right;
 The tempter and the tempted both have erred.
 Great as thy fault has been, I too was wrong;
 Wrong that I reared thee to too high a state,
 And wrong in tempting thee beyond thy strength.
 At present leave me! at more fitting time
 Thou shalt have private speech with me.

P. Eliz. Stay, sirrah!
 I too have words to say to thee which yet
 May force less haughty language from thy lips.
 I charge thee! — that to speed thine own bold suit
 Thou didst perfidiously insinuate
 Distrusts between this maid and her betrothed;
 Falsely and foully representing him
 A traitor to his word and to his love.

Traf. Lady! thou wrong'st me, cruelly thou wrong'st
 me.

There is an angel-mission in her eyes,
 An angel's sweetness in her voice, which plead,
 More ably than her Grace's homilies,
 That good exists on earth and joy in heaven.
 But ah!—Heaven's spirits seem abroad this night
 Of perfect loveliness:—what! stirring still?—
 The princess and the Lady Anne?—'Twere well
 I watch their midnight vigils.

*Enter the Princess ELIZABETH and ANNE ST. JOHN.
 TRAFFORD conceals himself and observes them.*

P. Eliz. Dearest Anne!

I cannot sleep.

Anne. Nor I, sweet princess! Thoughts
 Of death and carnage, and the clank of arms,
 Have so distraught my spirits, that in vain
 I have sighed and prayed for slumber.

P. Eliz. Let us hope
 This heavenly night may calm our restive thoughts.
 Nay! cheer up, Anne: slight cause, methinks, thou hast
 For heaviness of heart, since, by my troth,
 I almost envy thee thy shepherd-lord,
 Who strove so bravely with ill times, and who,
 If right I judge him, in to-morrow's fight
 Will emulate the valour of his sires,
 And claim my friend's fair hand for his reward.

Anne. Lady! I have told thee that he loves me not;
 Nay, that he loves another.

P. Eliz. Nay, nay, Anne!
 Lord Clifford loves thee as true knight should love,
 And should he die the death,—

Anne. Die!—Clifford die?—

P. Eliz. There, say no more! That look of agony
 More eloquently proves than words could do
 How tenderly thou lovest him. Now mark me!—
 Mistrust this Trafford: little doubt I have,

Himself contrived for others? Oh! fool, fool!
 To plunge beyond my depth into a stream
 Which, tranquil though it seemed, I should have known
 Concealed the treacherous whirlpool! Yet, come
 death, —

Come infamy, — I'll stand at bay and beard
 The yelping hell-hounds; they may guess my guilt,
 But, curse them! let them prove it? What then rives
 me

With this tormenting augury of ill?
 Why! — that my rival lives, and still may wed
 The Lady Anne. Damnation! how I wish
 He stood within the length of this good sword,
 That I might end his courtship or my own!
 Oh, Anne! sole starlight of my darkened lot!
 Lost Pleiad in my soul's lone firmament!
 Better to die, than, loving, live to lose thee.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Lord STANLEY'S Camp near Bosworth.

*Interior of a Tent. Lord STANLEY rising from his
 knees.*

Stan. Now have I made my peace with God and
 man :

Now should my soul be reconciled to death :
 Yet cheerless feel I as the sluggish mist
 That wraps you sleeping host. The watch-fires fade
 And flicker like false hopes, the wills o' the wisp
 Of the benighted heart. How calm the scene!
 Yet o'er the camp death hovers, like a storm
 Awhile imprisoned in the stilling air,
 To burst anon in flames and thunder-peals.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Hark! how that trumpet startles into life

The while he stopped to vilify his friend.

Count. They were false tale-bearers who told thee so. Anne! tell me that she wrongs him, foully wrongs him! Nay! he's within, and shall himself refute The cruel calumny; what ho there, Trafford!

Enter TRAFFORD from the Countess's Tent.

Dear friend! I've been advised that, in despite Of my fond care of thee from infancy, Thou hast been guilty of so grave a breach Of every social compact, as to seek This noble maiden for thy wife. I know It is a lie, an arrant lie; yet fain I would thy lips should scornfully refute The imputation of so base a wrong.

[TRAFFORD *hesitates.*

Ah!—Martin Trafford, dost thou pause?—Ye saints! Can I have warned a viper at my hearth These long, long years?—Say, I command thee, sir!—Art thou the Judas that men deem thou art?

Traf. Lady, alas!—I am.—

Count. And who art thou Who dar'st affect thy liege's kinswoman, And aim'st to match with princes?

Traf. Who am I?—
The bastard scion of thy royal house;
A villain if thou wilt:—yet, lady, hear me!—
Is mine the fault that I am flesh and blood?
Is mine the fault that, in my earliest years,
My only playmate was the loveliest child
Whose sunny looks e'er matched the smiles of Heaven?
Who called me brother, told me all her griefs,
And wept at mine? If love grew with my growth
Till love became idolatry, I ask—
Was I to blame, or nature, or myself
Who flung'st the sweet temptation in my path?

Stan. Tell him I'll be with him at supper-time!

Bray. My lord! is this thine answer to the earl?

Stan. It is, sir! I would be alone; I need
No counsel or I'd crave it.

Bray. By my troth,
These are harsh words to a tried friend!

Stan. Forgive me!

'Tis not my nature to be petulant;
But life has trials that might ruffle saints.
Enough! till I'm assured Lord Strange is safe.
I have no fairer message for the earl.

Bray. Then all I fear is lost; farewell, my lord!

[*Exit Sir REGINALD BRAY.*]

Stan. Oh! that the leaden hours would creep less
slow,

And make my soul acquainted with the worst!
My first-born and my first beloved! e'en now
The block may pillow thy young head. But, ah!
Here comes my friend.

Enter Sir SIMON DIGBY.

A thousand welcomes, Digby!
What tidings from Northumberland?

Digby. Cheer up!
I have seen a gibbet on which no one hangs,
And heard of threats which none, I trust, will heed.

Stan. Say on, my friend!

Digby. Know then! an hour ago,
The tyrant ordered that Lord Strange should die:
But, on the pleading of the Duke of Norfolk,
Who reasoned that thou still might'st meditate
Some sudden emprise for the king's behoof,
He suffered execution to be stayed.
Meanwhile Northumberland, with whom I spake,
Has promised when the king, as is his wont,

The Lady Anne can vouch that from the lips
Of others, not from mine, she first conceived
Suspicious of my friend's unworthiness.
With tears she bade me tell her if I'd heard
The rumours of his falseness : could I lie,
And say I had not ? I could do no more
Than frame excuses for an absent friend,
Which that I did the Lady Anne will show thee.

Count. Was it so, Anne ?

Anne. In sooth it was, dear aunt.

P. Eliz. 'Tis not for me to judge thee, sir ! Enough !
If I have done thee wrong,—which yet I question,
Elizabeth of York shall be the first
To see full justice dealt thee.

Traf. Justice dealt me !
Alas ! prejudged, dishonoured by thy words, —
[*To the Countess.*] By thine too, noble lady ! from this
hour

Thy halls must cease to shelter me. 'Twere well
I perish in to-morrow's fight : if not,
My sword shall win me service in some land
Where justice sides with innocence. Farewell !
For all thy goodness to the orphan-youth
May Heav'n for ever bless thee ! [Kneels and
kisses her hand.] Should I meet,—
As soon I trust I may, — a soldier's death,
My last pray'r shall be offered for thy weal,
The last word which I breathe shall be thy name.

[*Rises.*

Count. I pray thee, leave me ! for my heart is full,—
Too full for further speech. Let us within,
Fair ones ! and pray that sleep may strengthen us
To brook the terrors of the approaching morn.

[*Exeunt Countess, P. ELIZABETH and ANNE.*

Traf. Can Hubert have betrayed me ? — Can the
fox

Have slipped at last into the cunning pit

A C T. V.

SCENE I.

*Neighbourhood of Bosworth. Tents. The Countess of
RICHMOND, Sir SIMON DIGBY and Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

Count. As welcome as repentant souls to heaven!
Welcome as summer to the birds and flowers!
As tears are to the wretched, and as rain
To the parched earth, are thy refreshing words
And the bright hopes thou raisest. Thy brave feat
May change an empire's destinies.

Digby. Nay, lady!
I did but serve a friend.

Count. Yet never friend
Was served more gallantly. Didst learn by chance
How the usurper bears himself?

Digby. Men say
His every act displays the skilful chief
And dauntless warrior. Sportive, yet severe
Almost to savagery, himself last night
Relieved the sentinels: one wearied wretch
Lay sleeping at his post; the tyrant drew
His sword, and plunged it in the slumberer's heart,
Muttering, as calmly he resumed his rounds,
"I found him sleeping and I've left him so."

Bray. And yet 'tis said that, in the dead of night,
Accusing thoughts, that will not be appeased,
Press like a brooding nightmare on his soul.

Digby. Yes! oftentimes he starts in his unrest,
Raving of murdered Henry, Edward, Clarence,
Whose spectral shapes he sees, or seems to see,
Glide in their bloody grave-gear by his couch,
Pale, coroneted shadows, unaneled

Thousands whose slumbers shall be yet more sound
Ere the sun warms their graves for them ! But where
Can Digby be ? — who comes ? —

Enter Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

Brak. The king, my lord !
Enjoins thee with all speed to head thy troops,
And join his standard.

Stan. Should I disobey —
What then ? He ever threatens when he's crossed ?

Brak. His highness added with a fearful oath,
“ Tell my Lord Stanley, if he hesitates
I'll hang Lord Strange upon a gallows tree
So high, that every sutler in my camp
Shall see him dancing to the mocking breeze.”

Stan. Commend me to his majesty, Sir Robert ;
And, mark me ! — tell him I have other sons,
And cannot wait on him just now.

Brak. My lord !
Bethink thee how thy words will anger him !

Stan. Thou hast my answer, sir ! I pray thee, leave
me ;
I fain would be alone. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

Oh, Digby, Digby !
What evil fortune can detain thee thus ?
But who comes now ? — Sir Reginald ? — Beshrew
These bootless interruptions !

Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.

Bray. Good my lord !
The tyrant leads an army to the field,
So brave in numbers and in discipline,
It puts Earl Richmond's scanty force to shame ;
Wherefore he prays thee, for the love of Heaven,
To join him with all speed, or ruin waits him.

Fanned by their infant breathing. Then I marked
 An ulien cloud that spread its gradual pall,
 Ev'n as a fiend might stretch his sable wings,
 Above the ruthless harlot of the deep,
 Till night usurped the lurid universe.
 Then suddenly a rushing wind was heard ;
 And, louder still, the thunder crash of heaven.
 Therewith a mighty lightning-flush lit up
 The wrath of the roused ocean and its realm
 Of far and foaming waters ; and I saw
 The ship, that had so revelled in her guilt,
 The plaything of the giant elements ;
 Now hurled above the wildest of the waves,
 And now, in the black trough of the rent sea,
 Mocked by the careless seamew which sailed past
 Screaming her death-dirge. Thus awhile she reeled
 Or wrestled in her helpless agony ;
 Then, freighted with her demon-crew, whose shrieks
 Were drowned by the mad tempest which yelled back
 Their victims' curses in their ears, she plunged
 Into the billowy hell which gaped for her,
 In gulphed for ever by the avenging deep.
 It was an awful and a perilous hour ;
 Yet gloriously the glad sun rose again,
 Chasing the mists from the blue heaven. And thus
 This day may the veiled sun of Lancaster
 Rise paramount and radiant o'er this realm !

Digby. And ev'n as fate o'ertook that ruthless crew,
 Doth vengeance lower above the head of Gloucester.

Bray. Amen ! That he is doomed I question not ;
 Yet still there doth pertain to this dire king
 An adamantine fortitude, a grim
 Delight in danger, and a rooted hate
 Of all who thwart him in his devilish ways,
 Which, ev'n in death, will make him terrible.

Count. Thou deem'st, then, he will die, as he has lived,
 Undaunted, unrepenting ?

Shall charge into the fiercest of the fight,
To aid thy son's escape.

Stan. Yet how, my friend!
Shall I receive full surety that he's safe,
In time to serve Earl Richmond?

Bray. When thou see'st
A horseman gallop up yon gentle hill
Waving a crimson pennon, be assured
Lord Strange is saved from the usurper's gripe.

Stan. Bravely thou hast done thine errand; now to
arms!

Yet stay! my lady-wife is bowed by grief;
Therefore I'd have thee seek her, and, so far
As prudence will permit, recount to her
What thou hast heard and seen. Her princely rank
Demands it: nay, 'tis not impossible
Ere night she'll be the mother of thy king.

Digby. Farewell! and may we meet again, my lord,
On this side paradise!

Stan. Farewell, dear friend!

[*Exit* DIGBY.]

Oh! save my son, Great Author of all good!
And thou, my Eleanor, my sainted one,
Pray for our first-born at the throne of Heaven! [*Exit.*]

Count. Quick! what seest thou?—

P. Eliz. A sight for kings to look upon!—the march
To glory or to death of earth's fierce sons;
War in her naked majesty. How grand
The measured trample of the steel-clad host!
The streaming banners and the waving plumes!
The flashing bucklers and the glittering helmets!
The bristling spears, the neighing cavalry!
Oh! would I were a man, to bear my part
In yon brave revelry! On! on they march,
Archers in front and billmen in the rear,
And, in the midst, a terrible array
Of bombards, morrice-pikes, and arquebuses.

Count. Of whose battalions speakest thou?

P. Eliz. Of Gloucester's;
Earl Richmond's have the sun upon their backs,
Are further westward and less bravely clad,
And therefore less distinct.

Count. Canst thou behold
Him whom we both should tremble for?

P. Eliz. I mark
The glittering cognizance of Lancaster,
And, borne o'er one who seems in high command,
The fiery dragon of Cadwallader.

Count. 'Tis he!—Great God of battles! shield my
child!
Now strive if tow'rds the east thou canst descry
The dread usurper.

P. Eliz. On a gentle height
I mark a troop of warriors gaily plumed
And gorgeously caparisoned. Amidst
The dazzling throng, upon a milk-white steed
That paws the ground and arches his proud neck
As if he bore a conqueror, — sits one
In arms of damasked gold, around his casque
Wearing a kingly diadem. About him
Are streamers blazoned with the silver bear

And unavenged, who, as they slowly melt
Into the sable silence of the night,
With aspects of unutterable grief
Beckon their murderer to follow them.

Count. Thus conscience ever mutinies 'gainst crime !
True ! there's a dread hereafter which must dawn
On each unwilling straggler to the grave ;
Yet, irrespective of that world to come,
There reigns a retributive power in this,
A heaven or a hell in each man's breast.
For crime is its own Nemesis, and vice
A suicide that immolates itself ;
Since thereby come remorse, disease, despair,
The wasted body, the distempered mind,
The startled slumber and the waking dread ;
With other ministers of punishment
That scourge us on our journey to the tomb.
But virtue lifts a crown to her own brow :
Albeit 'tis an iron diadem,
'Tis studded with the choicest pearls of heaven ;
With thoughts, that are not of this transient earth,
With hope, that is the sunshine of the soul,
And faith, that is the soul of perfectness.

Bray. Thou dost remind me of a day long past,
When, sailing midst the sunny Cyclades
Clad with the date, the citron, and the vine,
I watched a pirate vessel on her course.
Her crew were speeding from a hideous deed :
Blood was still red upon their hands ; and still
Rang shrieks of murdered wretches in their ears ;
Yet the light laugh came wafted from her deck,
As the fair bark flew merrily along,
Flinging the sparkling waters from her prow,
And racing with the softest gales of heaven.
But, God was on their wake though man was not !
Anon, the winds, like childhood tired with sport,
Slept on the sea's smooth breast which gently heaved

P. Eliz. And he is!
 Upsoars the eagle-banner of his house!
 Upstart the bold retainers of thy lord!
 They brace their casques:—their glittering swords they
 wave;

And, rushing forward, shout, or seem to shout,
 ‘A Stanley to the rescue!’

Count. And the king?—

P. Eliz. Ponders some desperate feat. With lifted
 lance,

And air and gestures of a king, he speaks
 Words that seem strangely eloquent. His knights
 Raise high their falchions, and with loud acclaim
 Extol the orator. They form!—they charge!—
 The flower of English chivalry! on! on
 They spur their coursers tow’rds—

Count. My son?

P. Eliz. They do!—
 Felling whole ranks at once. With furious speed,
 Foremost and fiercest, sweeps the warrior king;
 Goading his foaming charger o’er the dead
 And mowing down the living.

Count. And my son

Goes forth to meet him?

P. Eliz. No, he bides the brunt;
 While, inch by inch, grim Gloucester gains on him,
 Unhorsing squire and knight. So close they are
 Scarce twenty paces part them. Onward pants
 The fiercest of his lineage; fast and sure
 Flashes his dreaded falchion: nearer still
 He hews his way, and with unearthly might
 Fells one of giant stature.—By the mass!
 One last wild effort more, and he has reached
 The banner of thy house!-- Ay! down it falls!
 Its bearer’s helmet cloven to his skull.—
 I can endure no more.

Count. Yet, hark! I hear

Bray. Doubt it not !
 He is not one to rail at death, nor vent
 His fears in execrations. He'll depart,
 And make no sign. Despair may rive his soul ;
 The big cold drops may stand upon his brow ;
 Yet, with a mute unconquerable will,
 He'll shroud his thoughts from all except his God,
 And the foul fiends that wait for him. But, lo !
 The sun already streaks the east with gold ;
 Wherefore, dear lady ! thou should'st seek thy tent,
 And we our several posts.

Count. [*To Digby.*] Farewell, Sir Knight !
 And Heaven reward thee in its own good time!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An elevated spot near Bosworth.

*The Princess ELIZABETH, the Countess of RICHMOND, and
 ANNE ST. JOHN.*

Count. How racking is suspense when all our hopes
 Hang trembling in the doubtful scales of fate,
 Poised against death and ruin ! Long ago
 I could have stood upon yon eminence,
 And gazed unflinching on the dreadful pomp
 And panoply beneath. But where is now
 My vaunted fortitude ? — Too late we learn
 How certainly the insolence of youth
 Is punished by the impotence of age.

Anne. Dear Aunt ! I am young ; I trust in Heaven's
 decrees :

I'll place me on the summit of yon mount,
 And glean what passes in the plain.

P. Eliz.

Stay, Anne !

*My father was a soldier and a king,
 And danger is my birthright.* [*Ascends the mount.*]

[*Sounds of Drums and Trumpets.*]

Well is it writ that those who sow the wind
Shall reap the whirlwind.

P. Eliz. Let us hence ! I see
A goodly troop of horsemen seeking us,
Lord Clifford at their head. Yes,—Anne ! he lives :
Come, sweetheart, come ! we should not be the last
To greet the victors of this glorious fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Interior of King RICHARD'S Tent at Bosworth.

*King HENRY, Lord STANLEY, Sir SIMON DIGBY, and
Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

K. Henry. Thou 'rt satisfied, Sir Knight ?

Bray. I am, my liege ;
This Trafford was the traitor, and none else.

K. Henry. [*To Stanley.*] My lord ! thou hast known
him from his infancy,
What sayest thou ?

Stan. I never loved the knave ;
Yet one, who yesterday so stoutly won
His knighthood by brave deeds, could scarce, I ween,
Be guilty of such baseness.

TRAFFORD enters and kneels to HENRY.

K. Henry. Rise, Sir Knight !
Knowing thy shrewdness, we have sent for thee
Touching a weighty matter which concerns
Our royal mother's weal. In this, the tent
Of the late despot, writings have been seized
Attesting that for months her acts and those
Of my Lord Stanley, now my Lord of Derby,
Were, by some household spy who ate their bread,
Most trait'rously revealed to our arch-foe ;
Whereby her sacred head, and our own hopes
Of winning the dominion of this realm,
Were placed in grievous peril. Canst thou guess

Of Gloucester, and, waved high above his plumes,
The gorgeous banner of St. George.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

Count.

Hark! hark! —

That blast seemed rife with horror.

P. Eliz.

Lady! mount!

And view the stately pageantry! More near
Advance the rival legions. Front to front,
They buckle on their helmets— they couch their spears—
They draw their arrows to the head. And now,
Their shafts in iron showers o'ercast the light;
And now, again, the rays of the fierce sun
Flare upon brand and buckler. Mount, oh! mount!
They meet!— they close!— sword flashes against
sword;

Lance crosses lance, and the rude battle-axe
Thunders on casque and cuirass. Far and near,
Bannered and beautiful, the tide of war
Rolls fiercely to and fro; advancing now,
And now receding; the heart-stirring drums,
The thrilling trumpet-blast, the neighing steeds,
The clanging armour, and the deafening cheers,
Rousing each soul to frenzy.

Count.

In the strength

Of thine hereditary fearlessness
Thou heedest not the grisly slain whose souls
Are fluttering tow'rd eternity. Seek, rather,
The rider whom I named to thee!

P. Eliz.

Ev'n now

A horseman gallops to the rear; a score
Of arrows whizzing past his helm. On! on
He goads his panting steed: — he gains the height,
And, glancing round him with defiant air,
Waves high a crimson pennon o'er his head.

Count. [*Falling on her knees.*] Sweet God of love!

I thank thee! [*To P. Eliz.*] Look again!
Lord Stanley should be stirring.

And therefore to thy teeth once more I say,—
Who dare accuse me ?

Enter CLIFFORD.

Clif. *I dare, Martin Trafford !*
I charge thee with ingratitude so base,
With perjuries and crimes so damnable,
That ev'n the fiends will point to thee as one
Whose sins were fouler than their own ! All this,
False traitor ! at a fitting place and hour,
I'll make so glaring to thine utter shame,
That men will rather huddle with the wretch
On whom the plague-spots fester, than they'll mate
With thee, thou blotch on chivalry and truth !

K. Henry. This is a grave impeachment, Master
Trafford :

What answer hast thou to Lord Clifford's charge ?

Traf. My fittest answer is my gage ; which thus—
[*To CLIFFORD.*

Thou braggart forger of malicious lies !
I fling in deadly challenge at thy feet ;
Defying thee, with brand or battle-axe,
To verify thy words, or own thyself
A false and recreant knight.

Clif. *Thus, too, I hurl*
My gage at thee, right worthless though thou art !
Defying thee, thy body against mine,
To mortal combat.

K. Henry. *Good my Lord of Derby !*
As Lord High Constable, and President
Of the High Court of Chivalry, we ask thee,—
Is it meet that we consent they arbitrate
This cause by wage of battle ?

Stan. *My liege lord !*
'Tis entered on the statutes that a knight,
Accused of unproved treason, may demand
To try his suit by combat.

Loud sounds of triumph. Look again ! perchance
They are friends who shout.

P. Eliz. They are. From north and south
Rush on the vassals of thy lord. Their ranks
Hem in the doomed usurper. In the midst
Of the red fray I mark him. One by one
His knights fall lifeless by his side ; yet still,
Unhorsed, unhelmed, he battles on his feet,
Sword, lance and axe all aimed at him. — But lo !
Fainter and feebler drops that stalwart arm !
O'erpowered by numbers, — wounded, — bleeding, — falls
The master-piece of warriors ! spurned already,
And trampled on, as common dirt, by men
He held as cheap as dirt.

Count. May all the saints
Plead for his fleeting soul !

P. Eliz. Amen ! And yet
Slight mercy showed he to my brothers' souls ;
To Clarence, Rivers, and brave Buckingham.
When valiant deeds shall sanctify foul crimes,
Then will his soul be safe, but not till then.

Count. Yet mercy is Heav'n's attribute. But now
Look round ! and say how fares it with the foe.

P. Eliz. One half is flying from the field : the rest
Salute the conqueror. High above his host,
Girt with an hundred banners, and the pomp
Of nodding plumes and blazoned bucklers, stands
Thy son and my liege lord. Upon a lance,
Uplifted o'er his head, thy lord exalts
The royal diadem. O, mount and look !

[*Countess and ANNE ascend.*

Lo ! it descends, — it glitters on his brow.
Ten thousand swords leap sheathless to the sun ;
Ten thousand warriors shout with one accord,
'Long live King Henry !'

Count. Blessed is the sight ;
And blessed be the Power that fought for us !

SONG.

Three cheers for our chieftains !
Three cheers for the day
That gives back to Skipton
Their time-honoured sway !
Our lost lord's discovered,
His rights are restored,
And Threlkeld's young peasant
Is Westmoreland's lord.

Where sat at the banquet
The chiefs of his race,
Where they led off the galliard,
Or headed the chase,
Once more the blithe minstrel
In hall shall appear,
And their horn from the greenwood
Shall startle the deer.

Through Brough'm's ivied turrets
The wind moans, where soon
The owl shall no longer
Lament to the moon ;
For bright lamps shall sparkle,
And bright eyes shall shine,
While whirl the light dancers,
And flows the red wine.

In Lonsb'rough's lone chambers,
Her widowhood o'er,
The lady of Bromflete
Sits weeping no more :
Her lost son's recovered,
His rights are restored ;
The shepherd of Threlkeld
Is Westmoreland's lord.

Who wrought this fiendish treason?

Traf. [*Looking askant at Sir R. BRAY.*] Heaven forbid

That Martin Trafford should so wrong a friend
As ev'n to guess him guilty!

K. Henry. What award
Deem'st thou such baseness merits?

Traf. Good my liege!
Death were too merciful a penalty.

Stan. [*Aside to DIGBY.*] What say'st thou?—He bears
well, I trow, the brunt
Of the king's questioning.

Digby. [*Aside to STANLEY.*] He doth, my lord;
For still his compact with the Evil One
Abides the hour of cancelling.

K. Henry. Sir Knight!
These are the writings.—Scan them well!—perchance
Thy wit may recognise the characters.

[*TRAFFORD examines them.*]

Traf. My liege! I know them not;—and yet, methinks,
They bear a close resemblance in their shape
To certain writings of Sir Reginald
Her grace from time to time has shown to me.

Bray. Before thy coming, Sir! his grace observed
This foul attempt to work me ill; but, thanks
To my long-proved attachment to his house,
My liege absolves me of this damning sin.

Traf. And am not I absolved?—for, by my troth!
I see black looks arraign me?—O my liege!
Let me not slink through life a branded wretch,
More cursed, more black, than Cain!

K. Henry. We must confess,
We find slight cause to brand thee with this guilt.

Traf. Then, if my king absolves me, who besides
Dare tax me with this crime?—Sir Reginald!
I mark a coward sneer upon thy lip,

Hugh. Ay! and kiss thee, dame,
In sight of king and courtier!

Ruth. Yes, how kind!
How good of him! My tears are gathering fast;
I cannot check them.

Hugh. And our pretty Alice
Missed not her share of kisses.

Alice. Nay, dear father!
He did but kiss my hand;— but look who comes?

Enter Father FRANCIS.

Ruth. Good Father Francis here? The kind old
man!
See how the children run to him!

F. Fran. Heaven's peace
Dwell with ye all, dear friends! I little deemed
These feeble limbs would carry me again
So far from my lone isle. For years I have prayed
That Heaven would spare me to embrace once more,
On the familiar threshold of his sires,
The son of my dead master. But I fear
I have come to shrieve him in his dying hour!

Alice. Father! what meanest thou?

F. Fran. Alas! my friends,
The gauntlet has been flung, the lie exchanged,
'Twixt Master Trafford and my lord. This day
They join in mortal combat.

Ruth. Oh, Hugh, Hugh!
This is too sad — too terrible!

Hugh. Whence sprang
This cruel feud betwixt two friends?

F. Fran. My lord
Has charged this Martin Trafford with foul acts
Of treason to the king, and fouler wrong
Done to himself, wherein he did belie
The lady of his love, and furthermore,

K. Henry. Be it so!

We grant the battle. We ourselves, Sir Knights,
Will name the time and place for your encounter;
And grace it with our presence. [*To TRAFFORD.*] As
for thee, Sir!

Till thou hast wiped away the stain which rests
On thy new knighthood, we would fain dispense
With further service at thy hands. [*Exit TRAFFORD.*
Brave Clifford!

Thou'rt of our kin and lineage; and our house
Is bounden by so many ties to thine,
That all our hopes and pray'rs must needs be with thee;
But, knowing how the hazards of thy youth
Have circumscribed thy scholarship in arms,
We tremble for the issue.

Clif. Nay! — I am steeled
In armour brighter than the mail of kings;
The panoply of innocence. My faith
In Heaven, and in the goodness of my cause,
So nerves me, that I'd cross a score of Traffords,
Though hell itself equipped them for the fray.

K. Henry. Certes! ev'n yesterday thy battle-axe
Did me stout service when the tyrant's lance
Was pointing to my gorget. Fare thee well!
May Heaven and all good angels guard thy weal!
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

A Village Fête. View of Skipton Castle.

HUGH BARTRAM, RUTH, ALICE, HUBERT, Peasants
dancing.

Hugh. Fill up your tankards to the brim, my friends!
Three cheers! [*Peasants cheer.*] Three more! Long
may Lord Clifford live
To enjoy his rightful, long-lost heritage!

With God's good blessing, we may yet preserve
The noble Clifford.

Hugh. Alice, art thou mad?

P. Fran. Nay question not the maid, but fly with
her!

'Tis no fool's errand which she leads thee on.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Skipton Castle.

ANNE ST. JOHN *discovered in a swoon.* Princess
ELIZABETH *attending her.* CLIFFORD *in armour.*

Clif. Anne! my beloved! speak to me!—Alas!
She hears me not, she heeds me not; she sleeps
The sleep that recks not lover, friend, nor foe;
How death-like, yet how beautiful! [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Again

That trumpet cites me to the lists. Farewell,
Gentlest and dearest! Could thy shrouded eyes
Look up, and greet me through the pleading tears,
That trickle down thine alabaster cheek,
Like dewdrops from the plumage of the swan,
They would not chide me for this chaste, first kiss,
Hallowed by such sad parting. [*Kisses her.*] Fare thee
well!

[*To P. Eliz.*] Farewell, too, royal maiden! Should I fall,
I pray thee, minister a sister's care
To this fair, fragile floweret! Should I live,
A Clifford's sword, life, heritage, are thine,
To prove how deep my gratitude. [*Kisses her hand.*]

P. Eliz.

Farewell!

And love and victory wreath thy sword, Sir Knight!

[*Exit CLIFFORD.*]

Anne. [*Recovering.*] Methought he knelt beside me!

--Has he gone?—

Gone to his death?—He wept to see me weep;—

*Enter King HENRY and Lord CLIFFORD on horseback.
Courtiers, Attendants, &c.*

Clif. [*Dismounting.*] Heaven bless thee, dearest
mother! and thee too,
Sweet Alice! [*Embracing them.*] Bless thee, too, my
noble Hugh!

I would not miss this grasp of thy true hand
To gain a score of coronets. [*To Henry.*] My liege!
This is the faithful pair of whom I spake — [*Presents
them to Henry.*]

Who, at the hazard of their lives, preserved
The persecuted boy.

K. Henry. [*To Hugh and Ruth.*] Not oft the tale
Of humble worth finds listeners at a court,
But yours has reached your sovereign. Such rewards
As earthly kings can give were nought to you
Whose meed is stored in heaven; yet demand
The choicest gems in Henry Tudor's crown,
And freely will he grant ye them.

Clif. [*Remounting.*] Farewell!
Friends of my tranquil boyhood! Ere I play
The chieftain in the hall to-night, I trust
To drain a loving tankard to your healths,
And trip once more with Alice on the green.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, CLIFFORD, Courtiers, &c.*]

Ruth. Dear Hugh! I feel that I could weep outright
For very joy. Dost see how gallantly
He reins his noble steed, and with what grace
He rides beside the king? And then, how kind
To greet us with such friendly welcoming!

Hugh. Almost too kind by half; for, by my troth!
I feel a tingling in my fingers still,
So heartily he grasped them.

Ruth. Then, how good
To call me mother! —

Stan. It is, my liege.

K. Henry. Then let the trumpets sound
To summon the accuser and the accused.

After a Flourish of Trumpets, CLIFFORD enters on horseback and rides up to the Barriers.

Stan. What mounted knight art thou, who, cased in steel,
Demandest entrance to these royal lists?

Clif. I am Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland;
Prepared to do my *dévoir* with my axe
Against Sir Martin Trafford, whom I hold,
And here pronounce, a false, disloyal knight,
A traitor to his king, this realm, and me.

Stan. Sir Knight! lift up thy vizor! and give proof
Thou art the true appelland in this suit.

[CLIFFORD raises his vizor.]

Swear that thy cause is holy, just, and true!
Swear that no aid thou hast from witches' craft!
From herb, nor stone, nor from the wizard's lore,
By which thou look'st for victory!

Clif. I swear it!

Stan. Then enter! and the saints defend the right!

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

First Herald. Sir Martin Trafford! come and prove
thyself
A valiant knight and loyal gentleman,
'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,
Appelland in this cause!

TRAFFORD enters on horseback and advances to the Barriers.

Stan. Sir Knight! who art thou,
Who, mounted and with casque and cuirass dight,
Seek'st entrance to these lists?

Traf. I am Martin Trafford,

Suborned some wretch,—who yet may hang for it,—
To filch the vouchers of his birth. [HUBERT starts.

Alice.

Why, Hubert!

Thou quakest like yon poplar leaves: what ails thee
That thus thy colour mounts and flies?—Come hither!—
And thou, too, father, come with us!

[ALICE takes HUBERT and Father FRANCIS aside.

Oh, Hubert!

'Twas *thou* who didst this wrong? Deny it not!

'Tis written in thy hang-dog look.—See, father!

See, how his eyeballs glare at me!

P. Fran.

My son!

Confess thy crime; nor carry to thy grave

A canker ever gnawing at thy heart,

That hideous canker, conscience! Even yet

A full revelation of thy guilt may stay

This most unequal combat.

Hub.

Alice!—father!—

'Tis true I did this wrong: but not for gold:—

No! not for gold. When I so sinned, my brain

Was crazed by hate and jealousy. Oh, Alice!

This Martin Trafford swore that thou wert false,

And Muster Henry wooed thee to thy shame.

P. Fran. I see it all; thou hast done wrong—foul
wrong,

But fouler wrong was wrought on thee. My son!

Thou must at once to Skipton, and unmask

The devilish dealings of this subtle Trafford

Ev'n to the king and council.

Alice.

Tarry not:

They will not hang thee, man!

Hub.

And if they did,

Better the rope were round my neck, than bear

The hell that writhes within me.

Alice.

Quick then, Hubert!

And thou [To HUGH.] dear father, come with us. I

trust,

K. Henry. Unclasp his vizor! give him breathing room!

[*Sir REGINALD BRAY is beckoned away by an Attendant. TRAFFORD feebly raises himself, and fixes his gaze on CLIFFORD.*

Traf. Ah! — vanquished? — and by thee! — The fiends themselves

Will work me no worse torture!

Clif. Martin Trafford!

Yield thee my prisoner, and confess thy guilt!

That, for the sake of ancient fellowship,

I sue the king to spare thy forfeit life.

Traf. Fool! — All the kings of earth were powerless
To add five minutes to my waning hours:

Nor, if they could, — came the vile meed from thee, —
Would I accept it, though with years of life.

Clif. Then! for the sake of thine immortal soul,
Confess and pray Heaven's mercy.

Traf. What! — confess—
To thee — I loathe with such undying hate,
That, glared around me hell's most damned imps,
Fretting to whirl me to its dreadest depths,
I'd care not, — so my gripe were round thy throat,
And that I dragged thee down with me.

*Re-enter Sir R. BRAY, followed by Father FRANCIS,
HUBERT, and the BARTRAMS.*

Bray. My liege!
Behold a conscience-stricken wretch — withal
Abashed by this great presence! — who avows
That he was wrought on by this wounded knight
To steal the vouchers of Lord Clifford's birth;
The which he has made good upon his oath.

Traf. [*Aside.*] Ah! Hubert false? — Then death is
death indeed! —

He loves me ;—I will seek, kneel, pray to him ;—
Ay ! grovel at his feet,—but I'll prevent
This foul unnatural butchery ! [*Going.*]

P. Eliz. Stay, Anne !

On this—the untarnished hearth of a proud race—
Bethink'st thou that the Clifford's destined bride
Should blast the Cliffords' honour ? His fierce sires,
Who charged at Poitiers and at Agincourt,
Sprang not from such scared mothers.

Anne. Thou art right :

Their frowns would haunt my slumbers.

P. Eliz. Come then, Anne !

Come to the lists ! Nay, shudder not, poor child !
The king expects thee : and withal, what knight,
Knowing the lady of his love o'erlooks
His cause with pray'r and weeping, but must feel
His arm thrice nerved for victory ?

Anne. Should he fall ?—

Oh, Lady ! should he fall ?

P. Eliz. He will not fall ;

By angels sentinelled and those dear eyes,—
His cause so righteous and his wrongs so deep,—
So true a Christian, and so brave a knight.—

I had almost said—he *shall* not ! Come, Anne, come !

[*Exit Princess ELIZABETH, leading ANNE ST. JOHN.*]

SCENE VI.

*Open space in front of Skipton Castle. Lists. A throne
for the King, and latticed Gallery for Ladies.*

*Lord STANLEY and Heralds within the Lists. Enter in
procession King HENRY, Princess ELIZABETH, Countess
of RICHMOND, ANNE ST. JOHN, Courtiers, Heralds, &c.*

K. Henry. Is all set forth by ancient precedent,
Accordant with the rules of chivalry ?

Save me, my mother! — save me! — Ye foul fiends!
Stand back! — Avaunt, I say!

K. Henry. This is no sight
For ladies' eyes to gaze on. Bear him hence!
His words and looks are fearful.

[*Attendants lift up* TRAFFORD.]

Traf. Do ye dread
A dying man? — Where's Clifford? — Art thou he? —
Methinks thou art? — Hark, Clifford! — To the last
I do abhor thee! — scorn thee! — spit at thee!

[*Exit* TRAFFORD, borne by *Attendants*.]

K. Henry. Behold the wrath of retributive Heaven!
But meet it is that we attune our minds
To gentler thoughts and feelings.

My Lord Clifford!

Amidst the peerless bevy of fair dames
Who trembled for thy safety, one I marked,
The silent agony of whose clasped hands
And stifled tears, too eloquently told
How tenderly she loves thee. Take her, Clifford!
We give thee our sweet cousin; and may Heaven
Accord thee such abundant happiness,
As we ourselves forsooth anticipate
With this fair Maid of York.

[*Takes* P. ELIZABETH by the hand.]

For yonder knave —

Who has so wronged thee! — guards! away with him
To instant execution!

[*Guards seize* HUBERT.]

Clif. Good my liege!
Right humbly do I crave thy clemency
For this misguided peasant. He has erred:
Yet once I knew him virtuous, kind, and brave;
And, weeting by what wiles he was beset,
I pray thee pardon him! Here's one, I trust,

[*Points to* ALICE.]

Who'll be his surety, should his life be spared,
That he'll transgress no longer.

A true and loyal knight, come here to do
 My *dévoir* with my falchion, lance or axe,
 'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,
 Whom to his face I style a perjured knight,
 And dastard utterer of spiteful lies!

Stan. Uplift thy vizer! [TRAFFORD raises it.
 It is well, Sir Knight!

Now, swear no help thou hast from sorcerer's art,
 Nor look'st for victory by other means
 Than God and thy own chivalry!

Traf. I swear it!

Stan. Then enter! and the Saints uphold the right!
 [Flourish of Trumpets.

First Herald. Our sovereign lord, the king, hereby
 ordains

That none,—whate'er his rank, estate, degree,—
 On pain of death shall dare approach these lists
 To abet or aid the combatants.

Second Herald. Behold!

Ye lieges all, brave knights and princely dames!
 Henry Lord Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,
 Intent to do his *dévoir* with his axe
 Against Sir Martin Trafford, whom he styles
 A false and recreant knight.

First Herald. Ye lieges all!

Behold Sir Martin Trafford! who maintains,
 'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,
 His cause is just, and dares him to the fray.

K. Henry. Sir Knights! address yourselves for aid to
 Heaven!

Then do your *dévoirs* well and valiantly!
 Sound trumpets!—Forward to the battle!

[They fight with battle-axes. TRAFFORD
 is wounded; staggers and falls.

Stan. Hold!—

The king throws down his warder. Good my liege!
 The vanquished knight, I trow, is hurt to death.

My mother ! oh, my mother ! it was well
Thou diedst before this hour !

K. Henry. [To *Hubert.*] Confessest thou
This wrong, false knave ?

Hub. Alas ! my liege, I do.

K. Henry. Then we adjudge this vanquished com-
batant, —

Thus cast by Heaven's high doom, no less convict
By dint of human evidence.

F. Fran. [To *Trafford.*] My son !
Bethink thee of eternity ! for here
Thine hours are numbered. Hast thou nought to say
May smooth thy soul's dark passage hence ?

Traf. To thee
Nothing ! — Yet somewhat to yon quaking thief
Whose lips would lie away men's fame.—Come hither !
[*Feels for his dagger.*] Come nearer, Hubert ! My voice
fails. — I am weak. —

[*HUBERT hesitates.*

Damnation ! Stand not thus with staring eyes
And chattering teeth ! — Thou'lt fear the hangman yet
More than thou fearest me. Come here, I say !
Thou wilt not come ? — Then hear me ! — May my curse,
And this, my parting look of quenchless hate,
Haunt thy scared nights, and agonize thy days
With pangs as fierce as now I feel !

And ye !

Who feast your eyes upon my dying throes,
I hate ye all ! — save one — whose seraph face
I fain would look upon once more.—Alas !
I see her not ! — a film steals o'er my eyes ; —
An icy chill creeps through my veins ! — Can this —
Be death ? 'Tis strange, — 'tis terrible ! — To die ! —
To sink so young into the damp, dark grave ! —
No heart to mourn, no eye to weep for me !
My mother ! — do I see thee ? — clasp thee ? — No ! —
Even *thou* avoidest, — fliest me ! — Oh ! save me !

palace of Richmond, in Surrey. The latter name was substituted by Henry VII., in compliment, apparently, to the title which he had borne before he exchanged an earl's coronet for a kingly diadem. "In this year [16 Henry VII.], the 21st of December," writes Fabyan, "in the night was an hideous thunder; and, this year, was the name of the king's palace of Shene changed, and called after that day Rychemont." *Fabyan's Chronicles*, p. 687. The lines in the text, in which the Princess Elizabeth is supposed to apostrophize the beautiful prospect visible from Richmond Hill, were composed by the author some years since, and formerly figured anonymously as an inscription in the terrace-walk in Richmond Park, overlooking the valley of the Thames. The possibility of its occurring to an occasional reader that he has somewhere met with the lines before, though without exactly recollecting where, induces the author to point out this otherwise very unimportant circumstance. To those who are well acquainted with the locality, the "old church," referred to in the text, is intended, not for Richmond, but for Petersham church, which lies embowered in the valley below.

Hic, nimum dilecta, jaces, pia nata, fidelis
 Uxor, amans mater, junctaque morte soror.
 Hic, ubi cara tuis, aliis aliena, fuisti,
 Te celebrare licet, te meminisse juvat.

J. H. J.

K. Henry. Be it so!
If thou canst pardon him, 'tis not for us
To shut the hand of mercy.

Clif. Take then! Hubert,
The life thy guilt has forfeited! Ev'n yet,
By prayer and shrift, thou may'st achieve for thee
That choicest blessing Heaven ordains for man,
A woman's changeless love.

K. Henry. And now, dear friends!
Praise be to Him who has reserved for us
To heal the maladies of this sick realm;
To dry the widow's and the orphan's tears;
And blend for ever York and Lancaster!
Henceforth the glory of our reign shall be
To sheath the sword, disuse the armourer's craft;
To change the trumpet for the lover's lute;
The war-horse for the lady's ambling steed;
To turn dank marshes into orchard meads,
And tangled thickets into garden-bowers.

[*Curtain falls.*]

NOTES TO THE DRAMA.

I.

Page 393.

“From Staincliffe, Horton Fells, and Litton Dale,” &c.

THE roll of names, as given in the text, of the principal places from which the retainers of the Cliffords anciently flocked to the standard of their lords, is taken from the old metrical history of Flodden Field, in which the manors of the “shepherd-lord” are thus enumerated:—

“From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
From Linton to Long Addingham,
And all that Craven coasts did till,
They with the lusty Clifford came ;
All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
With striplings strong from Wharledale,
And all that Hauton hills did climb,
With Longstroth eke and Litton Dale,
Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,
Well brown'd with sounding bows upbend ;
All such as Horton fells had fed
On Clifford's banner did attend.”

Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, p. 254.

II.

Page 401.

“Dear Sheen ! ev'n now
I see thy living landscape 'neath my feet,” &c.

Previously to the commencement of the sixteenth century, Shene, or Sheen,—signifying shining or beautiful—was the ancient name of the

B.

MURDER OF EDWARD V. AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

(See p. 161.)

The details of the murder of the young princes, as recounted in the text, are derived almost entirely from the narrative of Sir Thomas More, whose account has been followed by every subsequent historian. That there may be discovered occasional inconsistencies and improbabilities in his narrative, can scarcely be denied. It must be remembered, however, that More himself claims no greater weight for the truth of his statements, than that he learned them from well-informed and trustworthy persons who had no motive to falsify or mislead. For instance, in the account which he gives of the confessions said to have been made by Sir James Tyrrell and Dighton in the reign of Henry VII., we find Sir Thomas cautiously introducing such expressions as "they say," and "I have heard." But, though even More himself hesitates to vouch for the entire truth of all he relates, his narrative is nevertheless entitled to the highest respect. It should be borne in mind how near he lived to the times of which he wrote; that his position in society enabled him to converse with and interrogate many persons who had excellent means of knowing the truth; that, as a man learned in the law, he was eminently well qualified to weigh, and decide on the value of the evidence which he had collected; and, lastly, how great is the improbability that a man of high honour and integrity, such as was Sir Thomas More, should have deliberately falsified or garbled facts.

That there were current, in the days of Sir Thomas More, many and contradictory versions of the tragical story of the young princes, we can readily understand. "Of the manner of the death of this young king and of his brother," writes the chronicler Rastell, "there were *diverse opinions*; but the most common opinion was, that they were smothered between two feather-beds, and that, in the doing, the younger brother escaped from under the feather-beds, and crept under the bedstead, and there lay naked awhile, till that they had smothered the young king so that he was surely dead; and, after that, one of them took his brother from under the bedstead, and held his face down to the ground with his one hand, and with the other hand cut his throat asunder with a dagger. It is a marvel that any man could have so hard a heart to do so cruel a deed, save only that necessity compelled them: for they were so charged by the duke, the protector, that if they showed not to him the bodies of both these

APPENDIX

of the crime of treason with which she was charged, but for her notorious adultery.* Moreover, when, some time afterwards, Richard was afforded the opportunity of increasing the severity of her punishment, so far was he from playing the tyrant, that he behaved towards her with the most considerate kindness. The facts of the case are curious. While a prisoner in Ludgate, to which stronghold she had been committed after having performed her penance, Jane Shore had the good fortune to fascinate the king's solicitor-general, Sir Thomas Lynom, who had been employed to interrogate her while under restraint, and who became so enamoured of her as to make her an offer of his hand. Richard naturally regarded the conduct of his solicitor as indecent and reprehensible; nor probably, in those days, would the conduct of the sovereign have been considered over-harsh, had he dismissed Sir Thomas from his post, or even committed him to prison. But, so far from acting with severity, his behaviour, on being apprized of the unseemly courtship, was alike that of a lenient prince and a kind-hearted man. To Russell, Bishop of Lincoln, then lord-chancellor, he writes:—"We, for many causes, should be sorry that he (the solicitor-general) so should be disposed. Pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may exhort and stir him to the contrary. And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise will be advised, then (if it may stand with the law of the church) we be content, (the time of marriage deferred to our coming next to London) that, upon sufficient surety found of her good abering, ye do send for her keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment by warrant of these, committing her to the rule and guidance of her father, or any other by your discretion, in the mean season.

"To the right reverend father in God, &c., the Bishop of Lincoln."†

The popular story of Richard forbidding the citizens of London to relieve the unfortunate woman during her penance, and of her dying, in consequence of hunger and fatigue, in Shoreditch, is manifestly apocryphal.

"I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed;
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

* Hist. Doubts, Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii, p. 174; S. Turner's Middle Ages, vol. iii, p. 449, ed. 1825.

† Harl. MS. 433, fol. 310, quoted in Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii, p. 174; Campbell's Chancellors, vol. i, p. 109, where Lord Orford's inaccurate reference to the Harl. MS. is corrected.

APPENDIX.

A.

KING RICHARD'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

(See p. 78.)

"THE old Countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard," writes Walpole, "declared he was the handsomest man in the room except his brother Edward, and very well made."—*Historic Doubts*, Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii. p. 166.

"As I have just received, through another channel," writes Sharon Turner, "a traditional statement of what the Countess of Desmond mentioned on this subject, I will subjoin it, and the series of authorities for it. Mr. Paynter, the magistrate, related to my son, the Rev. Sydney Turner, the following particulars :—When a boy, about the year 1810, he heard the old Lord Glastonbury, then at least ninety years of age, declare that, when he was a young lad, he saw, and was often with, the Countess of Desmond, then living, an aged woman. She told him that when she was a girl she had known familiarly, and frequently seen, an old lady who had been brought up by the former Countess of Desmond, who became noted for her remarkable longevity, as she lived to be one hundred and twenty years of age. This lady mentioned that this aged Countess of Desmond had declared that she had been at a court banquet where Richard was present, and that he was in no way personally deformed or crooked. Edward IV. was deemed, in his day, the handsomest man of his court."—*Sharon Turner's Richard the Third, a Poem*, p. 277, note.

The reader, who may be interested in the story of the "old Countess of Desmond" and her remarkable recollections of Richard III., is referred to "An Enquiry into the Person and Age of the Countess of Desmond," Lord Orford's Works, vol. i. p. 210; Sharon Turner's *Hist. of the Middle Ages*, vol. iii. p. 443; *Quarterly Review*, vol. ii. p. 329; and *Notes and Queries*, vols. ii. iii. iv. and v. *passim*.

bed after the king had made her his concubine." * Drayton and Sir Thomas More agree that a want of stature was a drawback to her otherwise singular loveliness. "Proper she was," says the latter, "and fair; nothing in her body that you would have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus they say that knew her in her youth."—"Yet," continues the future lord-chancellor, "delighted not men so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both read well and write; merry in company, ready and quick of answer, neither mute nor full of babble, somewhat taunting, without displeasure and not without disport. The king would say that he had three concubines, which in three diverse properties diversely excelled. One the merriest, another the wiliest, the third the holiest harlot in his realm, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it were to his bed. The other two were somewhat greater personages, and natheless of their humility content to be nameless, and to forbear the praise of those properties. But the merriest was this Shore's wife, in whom the king therefore took special pleasure. For many he had but her he loved, whose favours, to say the truth (for sin it were to belie the devil), she never abused to any man's hurt, but to many a man's comfort and relief. Where the king took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind. Where men were out of favour, she would bring them in his grace. For many that had highly offended, she obtained pardon. Of great forfeitures she got men remission. And finally, in many weighty suits, she stood many men in great stead, either for none or very small rewards, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the deed itself well done, or for that she delighted to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do with the king, or for that wanton women and wealthy be not always covetous.

"I doubt not some shall think this woman so slight a thing, to be written of and set among the remembrances of great matters; which they shall specially think, that haply shall esteem her only by that they now see her. But mesecmeth the chance so much the more worthy to be remembered, in how much she is now in the more beggarly condition, unfriended and worn out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as great favour with the prince, after as great suit and seeking to with all those that those days had business to speed." †

Jane Shore survived till the reign of Henry VIII., dying, apparently, in great distress and at an advanced age. "At this day," writes Sir Thomas More, "she beggeth of many, at this day living, that at this day had begged if she had not been." ‡ Of the beauty which

* Drayton's Works, p. 121. Ed. 1718. † More's Richard III. pp. 83-86.

‡ Ibid. p. 86.

children dead, on the morrow after they were so commanded, that then they themselves should be put to death. Wherefore they that were so commanded to do it, were compelled to fulfil the protector's will.

“And after that, the bodies of these two children, as the opinion ran, were both closed in a great heavy chest, and, by the means of one that was secret with the protector, they were put in a ship going to Flanders; and, when the ship was in the black deeps, this man threw both those dead bodies, so closed in the chest, over the hatches into the sea; and yet none of the mariners, nor none in the ship save only the said man, wist what things it was that were there so enclosed. Which saying diverse men conjectured to be true, because that the bones of the said children could never be found buried, neither in the Tower nor in any other place.

“Another opinion there is, that they which had the charge to put them to death, caused one to cry suddenly, ‘Treason, treason!’ Wherewith the children, being afraid, desired to know what was best for them to do. And then they bade them hide themselves in a great chest, that no man should find them, and if anybody came into the chamber they would say they were not there. And, according as they counselled them, they crept both into the chest, which, anon after, they locked. And then anon they buried that chest in a great pit *under a stair*, which they before had made therefor, and anon cast earth thereon, and so buried them quick [alive]. Which chest was after cast into the black deeps, as is before said.”—*Rastell's Chronicles* (A.D. 1529), pp. 292, 293.

C.

JANE SHORE.

(See p. 187.)

It may be argued, that the cruel treatment, which the too-celebrated Jane Shore encountered during the protectorate of Richard, tends to weaken the evidence which has been adduced in support of his sympathy with female suffering. But Walpole has suggested, and his conjecture is probably correct, that it was at the instigation of the priesthood, and not of Richard, that this frail but tender-hearted woman suffered her celebrated persecution. Certain it is, that the punishment to which she was subjected was not on account

POSTSCRIPT.

KING RICHARD III.

THIS volume had nearly passed the press, when there appeared, under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls, two historical works of considerable value, each of which contains a point bearing on the disputed criminality of Richard III. The works alluded to are "Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII.," edited by James Gairdner, Esq.; and "Political Poems and Songs, composed between the Accession of Edward III. and that of Richard III.," edited by Thomas Wright, Esq.

Previously to the appearance of the former of these works, some doubts had been entertained by the author of this volume whether parliament can properly be said to have assembled during the brief reign of Edward V.; a point involving the weighty question as to how far the usurpation of Richard III. was sanctioned by the legislature. Certainly, strong evidence of such a parliamentary meeting having taken place had been adduced by the late Mr. Sharon Turner, although he admits that it may have been irregularly convened, and merely for "present exigencies." * But the validity of those arguments has since been impugned by Mr. Nichols †; and thus the ques-

* History of England during the Middle Ages, vol. iii. pp. 383—395, ed. 1830.

† Grants, &c. from the Crown during the Reign of Edward V., Hist. Introduction by John G. Nichols, Esq., pp. 387—395.

“Thus, weary of my life, at length
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome seent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent.

“The which now, since my dying day,
Is Shoreditch called, as writers say,
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being concubine to a king.”*

To Sir Thomas More we are indebted for the following quaint and graphic description of Jane Shore undergoing her penance at Paul's Cross:—“He” [Richard] “caused the Bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the cross in procession upon a Sunday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance, and pace demure, so womanly, and albeit she was out of all array save her kirtle [petticoat] only; yet went she so fair and lovely, namely, while the wondering of the people cast a comely red in her cheeks, —of which she before had most miss,—that her great shame won her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, than curious of her soul. And many good folk also, that hated her living, and glad were to see sin corrected, yet pitied they more her penance than rejoiced therein.”†

How charming is Michael Drayton's portrait of the once adored and envied mistress of the mighty Edward!—“Her hair was of a dark yellow; her face round and full; her eye grey, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of her‡ was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arm over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known. But Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her

* “The woefull Lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London,” &c. *Perey's Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 279, ed. 1847. That Shoreditch derived its name from Jane Shore is, of course, a popular error. Stow informs us that the name existed at least as early as 1440. *Survey*, Book v. p. 53.

† More's *Richard III.* p. 82.

‡ There is an original picture of Jane Shore in the provost's lodgings at Eton, and another in the provost's lodge at King's College, Cambridge, to both of which foundations she is presumed to have been a benefactress. Granger mentions another original picture of her, which, in his day, was “at Dr. Peckard's of Magdalen College, Cambridge,” and was formerly in the possession of Dean Colet. Granger also informs us that a lock of her hair, “which looked as if it had been powdered with gold dust,” was in the possession of the Duchess of Montagu. *Biog. Hist.* vol. i. p. 87.

sovereign dignity, certain it is that the legal parliament, which met seven months afterwards, fully acquiesced in its procedures, and confirmed Richard's title as King of England. Neither, as might be conjectured, was that parliament a packed or a venal one. On the contrary, as Lord Chancellor Campbell writes,—"we have no difficulty in pronouncing it the most meritorious national assembly for protecting the liberty of the subject and putting down abuses in the administration of justice, that had sat since the reign of Edward I." * And yet, according to Hume, "never was there in any country a usurpation more flagrant than that of Richard, or more repugnant to every principle of justice and public interest." Again, writes the great historian, "his title was never acknowledged by any national assembly; scarcely even by the lowest populace to whom he appealed." But what was really the state of the case? Assuming, for instance, that the bench of bishops may be selected as having fairly represented property and rank, as well as the integrity and intelligence of the age, let us ask what was the conduct of the majority of them when Richard set forth his claims to the sovereign power. Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, and formerly Lord Chancellor, placed the crown on his head in Westminster Abbey. A few weeks afterwards, Thomas Rotherham, Archbishop of York, also formerly Lord Chancellor and "considered to be the greatest equity lawyer of the age," † crowned him at York. John Russell, Bishop of Lincoln,—"a wise man and good," ‡ and one of the executors of Edward IV.,—not only consented to retain the Great Seal, but held it till within about three weeks of

* Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. i. p. 407.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 397.

‡ Lord Bacon's *Richard III.* Lord Campbell also speaks of Bishop Russell as distinguished for "uncommon learning, piety, and wisdom."—*Lives of the Chancellors*, p. 404.

had captivated the voluptuous Edward, not a vestige remained. "Albeit," writes Sir Thomas, "some that now see her deem her never to have been well-visaged. Whose judgment seemeth me somewhat like as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed, by her scalp taken out of the charnel-house; for now she is old, lean, withered, and dried up, nothing left but shrivelled skin and hard bone. And yet, being even such, whoso will advise her visage, might guess and devise which parts how filled, would make it a fair face."*

NOTE.

The author takes this opportunity of pointing out an error into which not only he himself has fallen, but which has long been universally prevalent. He refers to an allusion which he has made† to a painting, said to be by Mabuse, at Hampton Court, which is still described in the catalogue of royal pictures as representing "The Children of Henry VII." The charm, however, which so long attached itself to that venerable picture, has been recently dispelled. It has been shown, on high authority, that it represents, not the children of Henry VII., but of Christian II. King of Denmark. As such the picture is described in a catalogue cotemporary with the reign of Henry VIII., and as such, we presume, it will be transmitted to posterity.

* More's Richard III. p. 84.

† Antè, p. 229.

Bishop of Winchester had previously invited Richard to be his guest at his new foundation, Magdalen College; that he honourably entertained him there, and that, at his departure, he caused to be entered on the college register,—

“VIVAT REX IN ÆTERNUM.”

We will now venture to say a few words in reference to the favourable manner in which we find Richard occasionally spoken of by his contemporaries, compared with the virulent abuse too often heaped upon him by the succeeding Tudor chroniclers. Thus, in a very interesting contemporary poem, entitled “On the Recovery of the Throne by Edward IV.,” * for which we are indebted to Mr. Wright, occurs the following stanza :—

“The Duke of Gloucester, that noble prince,
 Young of age and victorious in battle,
 To the honour of Hector that he might come.
 Grace him followeth, fortune and good speed.
 I suppose he is the same that clerks read of.
 Fortune hath him chosen, and forth with him will go.
 Her husband to be; the will of God is so.”

But, doubtless, among the most remarkable encomiums which were lavished on Richard in his lifetime, were those which emanated from the mercurial priest and antiquary, John Rous. This person had not only been often in the presence of Richard, but probably had also often actually conversed with him. Rous, who was born about the year 1411, was one of the chaplains of a chantry at Guy's Cliff, about a mile and a half from Warwick Castle. His principal duties were to pray for the good estate of the Earls of Warwick: his principal occupation was studying and writing about antiquities. Of the many years which he spent at Guy's Cliff,

* Political Poems and Songs, p. 380.

tion stood when Mr. Gairdner, with whose views on the subject the author ventures to express his humble concurrence, thus steps forward as arbiter between the two. "Mr. Nichols' Historical Introduction," he says, "contains some important remarks in correction of Lingard and Sharon Turner, which show how difficult it is to avoid rash assumptions in dealing with this obscure portion of our history. It is my desire in these pages to avoid, as far as possible, making statements the truth of which is open to controversy, but one important fact relating to the accession of Richard III. appears to me to have been misunderstood even by Mr. Nichols. It is known that writs were sent out on the 13th of May for a parliament to meet on the 25th of June. On the 21st of June, however, a writ of *supersedeas* was received in the city of York to prevent its assembling; and Mr. Nichols considers that the parliament did not actually meet, a fact which he says is further declared in the Act of Settlement of the first year of Richard III. Now the words of that act do indeed declare that there was no true and legal parliament, but they appear no less distinctly to show that there was the semblance of such a thing. In plain ordinary language, the parliament really did meet, but the meeting was an informal one, and what was done was of doubtful validity until confirmed by a parliament regularly assembled. Parliament did meet, and the petition to Richard to assume the crown was presented by a deputation of the Lords and Commons of England, accompanied by another from the city of London, on the very day that had been originally appointed for the meeting."*

But, whatever may have been the constitution of the assembly which invited Richard to assume the

* Letters and Papers illustrative of the Reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII., Preface, pp. xvii. and xviii.

But, fortunately, the other, or “Manchester Roll,” had passed, as it would seem, into other, and probably Yorkist hands, and thus was preserved from Rous’s mutilations. There, then, we find touches of Richard’s character, such as it had originally, and probably conscientiously, been sketched by the antiquary. There he is the “mighty prince in his day, special good lord to the town and lordship of Warwick.” Again, he is “the most victorious prince, King Richard III. ;” and, lastly, he is described, almost enthusiastically, as,—“In his realm [ruling] full commendably ; punishing offenders of his laws, especially extortioners and oppressors of his commons, and cherishing those that were virtuous ; by the which discreet guiding he got great thanks of God, and love of all his subjects rich and poor, and great laud of the people of all other lands about him.”* Such, let us hope, was the true light in which Richard’s kingly character was viewed by the priestly antiquary of Guy’s Cliff. Rous’s treatment of the memory of the hero-king was, after all, probably not very different from that of other writers of the age on suddenly-finding themselves transferred from the rule of a Plantagenet to that of a Tudor. Of these two houses, the former was unquestionably the more popular. It was, therefore, obviously the object of Henry and his friends to depreciate and revile, as much as possible, the character of Richard, for the purpose of preventing commiseration attaching itself to his memory, and also to bring his line into disfavour and contempt. Had Richard proved victorious on the field of Bosworth ; had he quietly transmitted his crown to one of the princes of his race, we should probably find, in the chronicles and records of the past, little to his discredit, and possibly much fulsome panegyric in his favour.

* See Rous’s biographical notices, Nos. 17, 62, 63, in the Duke of Manchester’s copy of the Rous Roll, edited, with an interesting introduction, by William Courthope, Esq., Somerset Herald.

Richard's death. At Richard's first coronation there walked in procession Peter Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter; James Goldwell, Bishop of Norwich; William Dudley, Bishop of Durham; Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells; and Edmund Audley, Bishop of Rochester. Again, when, seventeen days after his coronation, Richard visited the University of Cambridge, he was met in procession and congratulated, by William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester and formerly Lord Chancellor; Richard Redman, Bishop of St. Asaph; Thomas Langton, Bishop of St. David's; and, lastly, by the accomplished Master of the Rolls, architect, and ambassador, John Alcock, Bishop of Worcester,—the same prelate who had been selected to be preceptor to Edward V., and who, less than three months previously, had been arrested, in company with Earl Rivers and Sir Richard Grey, by Richard's orders, at Stony Stratford.* Surely, after perusing this list of reverend prelates, including no fewer than four who had held the appointment of Lord Chancellor of England, we can scarcely be called upon to believe that the usurpation of Richard of Gloucester was so utterly unauthorized, so flagrant, so abhorrent to the feelings of his fellow-countrymen, as it is usually represented by the historian. Let it not be forgotten, moreover, that the learned and venerable

* The names of the prelates, recorded in the text as having directly sanctioned the deposition of Edward V., are merely those which recur at the moment to the author. Among the remaining ten, a curious inquirer would probably discover several others who sent in their allegiance to Richard III. Their names are:—Lionel Woodville, Bishop of Salisbury, brother to the Queen Dowager; John Morton, Bishop of Ely, in custody; Thomas Milling, Bishop of Hereford; Thomas Ednam, Bishop of Bangor; Edward Story, Bishop of Chichester; John Halse, or Hales, Bishop of Lichfield; John Marshal, Bishop of Llandaff; Thomas Kemp, Bishop of London; Richard Bell, Bishop of Carlisle; and Richard Oldham, Bishop of Man. The sees of Bristol, Chester, Gloucester, Oxford, Peterborough, Manchester, and Ripon, were not then in existence.