

The World's Story

British Isles Part 1: England, Wales

VOLUME TWENTY-THREE

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 23
British Isles Part 1: England, Wales

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

Volume 23
British Isles Part 1: England, Wales

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CONTENTS

ENGLAND

I. THE STUART KINGS

KING JAMES I AND HIS GOLDSMITH — *Sir Walter Scott* — 3
From "The Fortunes of Nigel."

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT . . . . — *David Hume* — 19
From "The History of England."

A CHARGE WITH PRINCE RUPERT — *Thomas Wentworth Higginson* — 24
From "Studies in History and Letters."

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR — *Winthrop Mackworth Praed* — 38

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY . . . — *Thomas Babington Macaulay* — 42

II. THE RULE OF OLIVER CROMWELL

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I — *Jacob Abbott* — 51
From "History of Charles the First."

A ROYALIST DESCRIPTION OF CROMWELL'S MEN — *Samuel Butler* — 66
From "Hudibras."

HOW CROMWELL DISSOLVED PARLIAMENT — *François Pierre Guillaume Guizot* — 68
From "The Life of Oliver Cromwell."

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONE'S PARLIAMENT — *Edward, Earl of Clarendon* — 74
From "A History of the Great Rebellion."

III. FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

IN THE DAYS OF THE PLAGUE . . . . . — *Daniel Defoe* — 83
From "A Journal of the Plague Year."

CONTENTS

THE FALL OF "KING MONMOUTH" . . . . *Charles Dickens* 90
From "A Child's History of England."
THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN . . *Robert Stephen Hawker* 97
A CAMPAIGN UNDER MARLBOROUGH
William Makepeace Thackeray 101
From "The History of Henry Esmond."
THE GOVERNMENT IN QUEST OF A POET
William Makepeace Thackeray 111
From "The History of Henry Esmond."
SUNDAY WITH SIR ROGER . . . . . *Joseph Addison* 124
From "The Spectator."

IV. ENGLAND UNDER THE FIRST THREE GEORGES

THE VICAR OF BRAY . . . . . *Unknown* 131
THE "BUBBLES" OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE I
Charles Mackay 134
From "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions."
WHEN GEORGE II BECAME KING
William Makepeace Thackeray 140
From "The History of Henry Esmond."
THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE II . . . *Horace Walpole* 142
From "The Letters of Horace Walpole."
WILLIAM PITT AND THE STAMP ACT . . *George Bancroft* 147
From "History of the United States."
THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON
James Kirke Paulding 152
From "History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan."
A MAID OF HONOR AT THE COURT OF GEORGE III
Madame D'Arblay 156
THE ROYAL VISIT TO OXFORD . . . . . *Madame D'Arblay* 162
From "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay."

V. THE NAPOLEONIC WARS

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC *Thomas Campbell* 175
TRAFALGAR . . . . . *William C. Bennett* 178
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE . . . . *Charles Wolfe* 183
JUST BEFORE WATERLOO . *William Makepeace Thackeray* 187
From "Vanity Fair."
WATERLOO . . . . . *Douglas Brooke Wheelton Sladen* 195

CONTENTS

VI. THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS IN ENGLAND

When Victoria became Queen . . . . *Benjamin Disraeli* 203
From "Sybil."
The Charge of the Light Brigade *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* 207
Santa Filomena . . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 212
Benjamin Disraeli . . . . . *L. F. Jennings* 215
Gladstone's Fight for Home Rule 223
From the "Atlantic Monthly."
The Latest English Revolution . 229
From "The Outlook."
The Coronation of George V . . . *Sydney Brooks* 232

WALES

I. LEGENDS OF WALES

King Arthur . . . . . *Bessie Raynor Parkes* 245
The Dream of Maxen Wledig 247
From the Mabinogion. Translated by Lady Charlotte Guest.
Beth Gelert; or the Grave of the Greyhound
William Robert Spencer 255
The Wearing of the Leek . . . . *An old song* 260
From "The Songs of Wales," by Ceiriog Hughes and Brinley Richards.

II. STORIES OF THE WELSH REBELLIONS

How the Welsh kept the Christmas of 1115
From "Pabo, the Priest." *Sabine Baring-Gould* 265
"When the Eighteen Fell" . *Owen Rhoscomyl* 273
The Rebellion of Owen Glyndwr *Owen Rhoscomyl* 281
From "Flame-Bearers of Welsh History."
The March of the Men of Harlech *An old war-song* 281
From "The Songs of Wales," by Ceiriog Hughes and Brinley Richards.
How a Welshman became King of England *Owen Rhoscomyl* 283
From "Flame-Bearers of Welsh History."

III. SCENES OF WELSH LIFE

The Eisteddfod . . . . *Jeannette Marks* 293
From "Gallant Little Wales."

ENGLAND

VOLUME III

I

THE STUART KINGS

HISTORICAL NOTE

ELIZABETH, the last of the Tudor monarchs, died in 1603, and was succeeded by James I, of the House of Stuart, the son of Mary, Queen of Scots. James was King of Scotland, and by his accession to the throne of England the two countries were united under one head.

The Stuart kings were firm believers in the "divine right of kings" to rule as they chose, but unfortunately this belief was united with an incapacity for ruling wisely. James was succeeded in 1625 by his son Charles I, who began his reign by quarreling with Parliament because it refused to grant him supplies to carry on an unpopular war with Spain. The result was that for the greater part of the first fifteen years of his reign he ruled without Parliament, raising money by various illegal taxes and forced loans. This in itself was enough to arouse the wrath of his subjects, but he made even more trouble for himself by introducing new ceremonies in the Church and by attempting to establish episcopacy in Presbyterian Scotland. The last measure resulted in an uprising in Scotland, and as the king was without money, he was forced to call what is known as the Long Parliament.

Under the leadership of Pym and Hampden this Parliament sternly set about the task of depriving the king of the opportunity for further abuse of his power. An ill-planned attempt of the king's to arrest the leaders of Parliament fanned to a flame the popular discontent and resulted, in 1642, in the outbreak of civil war. In this conflict, known as the "Great Rebellion," the king was supported by the greater part of the Episcopalian nobles and gentry and their retainers, "Cavaliers," as they were called; Parliament, by the middle classes, the merchants and yeomanry, nicknamed the "Roundheads," from the Puritan fashion of wearing the hair cut short.

KING JAMES I AND HIS GOLDSMITH

[Between 1603 and 1624]

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE goldsmith to the Royal Household, and who, if fame spoke true, oftentimes acted as their banker, — for these professions were not as yet separated from each other, — was a person of too much importance to receive the slightest interruption from sentinel or porter; and, leaving his mule and two of his followers in the outer court, he gently knocked at a postern gate of the building, and was presently admitted, while the most trusty of his attendants followed him closely, with the piece of plate under his arm. This man also he left behind him in an anteroom, — where three or four pages in the royal livery, but untrussed, unbuttoned, and dressed more carelessly than the place, and nearness to a king's person, seemed to admit, were playing at dice and draughts, or stretched upon benches, and slumbering with half-shut eyes. A corresponding gallery, which opened from the anteroom, was occupied by two gentlemen ushers of the chamber, who gave each a smile of recognition as the wealthy goldsmith entered.

No word was spoken on either side; but one of the ushers looked first to Heriot and then to a little door half-covered by the tapestry, which seemed to say, as plain as a look could, "Lies your business that way?" The citizen nodded; and the court attendant, moving on tiptoe, and with as much caution as if the floor had

been paved with eggs, advanced to the door, opened it gently, and spoke a few words in a low tone. The broad Scottish accent of King James was heard in reply, — "Admit him instanter, Maxwell. Have you hairboured sae lang at the court, and not learned that gold and silver are ever welcome?"

The usher signed to Heriot to advance, and the honest citizen was presently introduced into the cabinet of the sovereign.

The scene of confusion amid which he found the king seated was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments; but they were arranged in a slovenly manner, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest and ribaldry; and, amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the "Royal 'Prentice," as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the king's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

The king's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof — which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured nightgown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large

balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet nightcap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the king wore this highly honoured feather.

But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character; rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that, and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold asserter of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and one who feared war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform; and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsider-

ately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully — that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.

That the fortunes of this monarch might be as little of a piece as his character, he, certainly the least able of the Stuarts, succeeded peaceably to that kingdom, against the power of which his predecessors had, with so much difficulty, defended his native throne; and, lastly, although his reign appeared calculated to ensure to Great Britain that lasting tranquillity and internal peace which so much suited the king's disposition, yet, during that very reign, were sown those seeds of dissension, which, like the teeth of the fabulous dragon, had their harvest in a bloody and universal civil war.

Such was the monarch, who, saluting Heriot by the name of "Jingling Geordie" (for it was his well-known custom to give nicknames to all those with whom he was on terms of familiarity), enquired what new clatter-traps he had brought with him to cheat his lawful and native prince out of his siller.

"God forbid, my liege," said the citizen, "that I should have any such disloyal purpose. I did but bring a piece of plate to show to your most gracious Majesty, which, both for the subject and for the workmanship, I were loath to put into the hands of any subject until I knew Your Majesty's pleasure anent it."

"Body o' me, man, let's see it, Heriot; though, by

my saul, Steenie's service o' plate was sae dear a bargain, I had 'maist pawned my word as a royal king, to keep my ain gold and silver in future, and let you, Geordie, keep yours."

"Respecting the Duke of Buckingham's plate," said the goldsmith, "Your Majesty was pleased to direct that no expense should be spared, and —"

"What signifies what I desired, man? When a wise man is with fules and bairns, he maun e'en play at the chucks. But you should have had mair sense and consideration than to gie Babie Charles and Steenie their own gait; they wad hae floored the very room wi' silver, and I wonder they didna."

George Heriot bowed, and said no more. He knew his master too well to vindicate himself otherwise than by a distant allusion to his order; and James, with whom economy was only a transient and momentary twinge of conscience, became immediately afterwards desirous to see the piece of plate which the goldsmith proposed to exhibit, and despatched Maxwell to bring it to his presence. In the mean time he demanded of the citizen whence he had procured it

"From Italy, may it please Your Majesty," replied Heriot.

"It has naething in it tending to papistrie?" said the king, looking graver than his wont.

"Surely not, please Your Majesty," said Heriot; "I were not wise to bring anything to your presence that had the mark of the Beast."

"You would be the mair beast yourself to do so," said the king; "it is well kend that I wrestled wi' Dagon in my youth, and smote him on the ground-sill of his

own temple; a gude evidence that I should be in time called, however unworthy, the Defender of the Faith.' — But here comes Maxwell, bending under his burden, like the Golden Ass of Apuleius."

Heriot hastened to relieve the usher, and to place the embossed silver, for such it was, and of extraordinary dimensions, in a light favourable for His Majesty's viewing the sculpture.

"Saul of my body, man," said the king, "it is a curious piece, and, as I think, fit for a king's chamber; and the subject, as you say, Master George, vera adequate and beseeming — being, as I see, the judgment of Solomon — a prince in whose paths it weel becomes a' leeving monarchs to walk with emulation."

"But whose footsteps," said Maxwell, "only one of them — if a subject may say so much — hath ever overtaken."

"Haud your tongue for a fause fleeching loon!" said the king, but with a smile on his face that showed the flattery had done its part. "Look at the bonny piece of workmanship, and haud your clavering tongue. — And whose handiwork may it be, Geordie?"

"It was wrought, sir," replied the goldsmith, "by the famous Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini, and designed for Francis the First of France; but I hope it will find a fitter master."

"Francis of France!" said the king; "send Solomon, King of the Jews, to Francis of France! — Body of me, man, it would have kythed Cellini mad, had he never done onything else out of the gate. Francis! — why, he was a fighting fule, man, — a mere fighting fule, — got himself ta'en at Pavia, like our ain David at Durham

lang syne; — if they could hae sent him Solomon's wit, and love of peace, and godliness, they wad hae dune him a better turn. But Solomon should sit in other gate company than Francis of France."

"I trust that such will be his good fortune," said Heriot.

"It is a curious and vera artificial sculpture," said the king, in continuation; "but yet, methinks, the carnifex, or executioner there, is brandishing his gulley ower near the king's face, seeing he is within reach of his weapon. I think less wisdom than Solomon's wad have taught him that there was danger in edge-tools, and that he wad have bidden the smaik either sheath his shabble, or stand farther back."

George Heriot endeavoured to alleviate the objection, by assuring the king that the vicinity betwixt Solomon and the executioners was nearer in appearance than in reality, and that the perspective should be allowed for.

"Gang to the deil wi' your prospective, man," said the king; "there canna be a waur prospective for a lawfu' king, wha wishes to reign in luve and die in peace and honour, than to have naked swords flashing in his een. I am accounted as brave as maist folks; and yet I profess to ye I could never look on a bare blade without blinking and winking. But a'thegither it is a brave piece; — and what is the price of it, man?"

The goldsmith replied by observing that it was not his own property, but that of a distressed countryman.

"Whilk you mean to mak your excuse for asking the double of its worth, I warrant!" answered the king. "I ken the tricks of you burrows-town merchants, man."

"I have no hopes of baffling Your Majesty's sagacity," said Heriot; "the piece is really what I say, and the price a hundred and fifty pounds sterling, if it pleases Your Majesty to make present payment."

"A hundred and fifty pounds, man! and as mony witches and warlocks to raise them!" said the irritated monarch. "My saul, Jingling Geordie, ye are minded that your purse shall jingle to a bonny tune! — How am I to tell you down a hundred and fifty pounds for what will not weigh as many merks? And ye ken that my very household servitors, and the officers of my mouth, are sax months in arrear!"

The goldsmith stood his ground against all this objurgation, being what he was well accustomed to, and only answered, that, if His Majesty liked the piece, and desired to possess it, the price could be easily settled. It was true that the party required the money, but he, George Heriot, would advance it on His Majesty's account, if such were his pleasure, and wait his royal conveniency for payment, for that and other matters; the money, meanwhile, lying at the ordinary usage.

"By my honour," said James, "and that is speaking like an honest and reasonable tradesman. We maun get another subsidy frae the Commons, and that will make ai compting of it. Awa wi' it, Maxwell — awa wi' it, and let it be set where Steenie and Babie Charles shall see it as they return from Richmond. — And now that we are secret, my good and auld friend Geordie, I do truly opine, that speaking of Solomon and ourselves, the haill wisdom in the country left Scotland, when we took our travels to the Southland here."

George Heriot was courtier enough to say, that "the

wise naturally follow the wisest, as stags follow their leader."

"Troth, I think there is something in what thou sayest," said James, "for we ourselves, and those of our court and household, as thou thyself, for example, are allowed by the English, for as self-opinioned as they are, to pass for reasonable good wits; but the brains of those we have left behind are all astir, and run clean hirdie-girdie, like sae mony warlocks and witches on the Devil's Sabbath-e'en."

"I am sorry to hear this, my liege," said Heriot. "May it please Your Grace to say what our countrymen have done to deserve such a character?"

"They are become frantic, man, — clean brain-crazed," answered the king. "I cannot keep them out of the court by all the proclamations that the heralds roar themselves hoarse with. Yesterday, nae farther gane, just as we were mounted, and about to ride forth, in rushed a thorough Edinburgh gutterblood, — a ragged rascal, every dud upon whose back was bidding good-day to the other, with a coat and hat that would have served a pease-bogle, — and, without havings or reverence, thrusts into our hands, like a sturdy beggar, some supplication about debts owing by our gracious mother, and siclike trash; whereat the horse spangs on end, and, but for our admirable sitting, wherein we have been thought to excel maist sovereign princes, as well as subjects, in Europe, I promise you we would have been laid endlang on the causeway."

"Your Majesty," said Heriot, "is their common father, and therefore they are the bolder to press into your gracious presence."

"I ken I am *pater patriæ* well enough," said James; "but one would think they had a mind to squeeze my puddings out, that they may divide the inheritance. Ud's death, Geordie, there is not a loon among them can deliver a supplication, as it suld be done in the face of Majesty."

"I would I knew the most fitting and beseeming mode to do so," said Heriot, "were it but to instruct our poor countrymen in better fashion."

"By my halidome," said the king, "ye are a ceevil-eezed fellow, Geordie, and I carena if I fling awa as much time as may teach ye. And, first, see you, sir ,— ye shall approach the presence of Majesty thus, — shadowing your eyes with your hand, to testify that you are in the presence of the Vicegerent of Heaven. — Very weel, George, that is done in a comely manner. — Then, sir, ye sall kneel, and make as if ye would kiss the hem of our garment, the latch of our shoe, or such-like. Vera weel enacted — whilk we, as being willing to be debonair and pleasing towards our lieges, prevent thus, — and motion to you to rise; — whilk, having a boon to ask, as yet you obey not, but, gliding your hand into your pouch, bring forth your supplication, and place it reverentially in our open palm."

The goldsmith, who had complied with great accuracy with all the prescribed points of the ceremonial, here completed it, to James's no small astonishment, by placing in his hand the petition of the Lord of Glenvarloch.

"What means this, ye fause loon?" said he, reddening and sputtering; "hae I been teaching you the manual exercise, that ye suld present your piece at our ain royal body? — Now, by this light, I had as lief that ye had

bended a real pistolet against me, and yet this hae ye done in my very cabinet, where nought suld enter but at my ain pleasure."

"I trust Your Majesty," said Heriot, as he continued to kneel, "will forgive my exercising the lesson you condescended to give me in the behalf of a friend?"

"Of a friend!" said the king; "so much the waur, so much the waur, I tell you. If it had been something to do *yoursell* good, there would have been some sense in it, and some chance that you wad not have come back on me in a hurry; but a man may have a hundred friends, and petitions for every ane of them, ilk ane after other."

"Your Majesty, I trust," said Heriot, "will judge me by former experience, and will not suspect me of such presumption."

"I kenna," said the placable monarch; "the world goes daft, I think, — *sed semel insanivimus omnes;*[1] — thou art my old and faithful servant, that is the truth; and, were't any thing for thy own behoof, man, thou shouldst not ask twice. But, troth, Steenie loves me so dearly that he cares not that any one should ask favours of me but himself. — Maxwell [for the usher had reëntered after having carried off the plate], get into the antechamber wi' your lang lugs. — In conscience, Geordie, I think as that thou hast been mine ain auld fiduciary, and wert my goldsmith when I might say with the Ethnic poet — *Non meâ renidet in domo lacunar*,[2] — for, faith, they had pillaged my mither's auld house sae, that

[1] But we are all crazy at some time.

[2] No [gilded] ceiling glitters in my house. (Horace has "Non ebur neque aureum mea renidet in domo lacunar.")

beechen bickers, and treen trenchers, and latten platters, were whiles the best at our board, and glad we were of something to put on them, without quarreling with the metal of the dishes. D'ye mind, for thou wert in maist of our complots, how we were fain to send sax of the Blue-banders to harry the Lady of Loganhouse's dowcot and poultry-yard, and what an awfu' plaint the poor dame made against Jock of Milch, and the thieves of Annandale, wha were as sackless of the deed as I am of the sin of murder?"

"It was the better for Jock," said Heriot, "for if I remember weel, it saved him from a strapping up at Dumfries, which he had weel deserved for other misdeeds."

"Aye, man, mind ye that?" said the king; "but he had other virtues, for he was a tight huntsman, moreover, that Jock of Milch, and could hollow to a hound till all the woods rang again. But he came to an Annandale end at the last, for Lord Torthorwold ran his lance out through him. — Cocksnails, man, when I think of these wild passages, in my conscience, I am not sure but we lived merrier in auld Holyrood in these shifting days, than now when we are dwelling at heck and manger. *Cantabit vacuus* — we had but little to care for."

"And if Your Majesty please to remember," said the goldsmith, "the awful task we had to gather silver-vessels and gold-work enough to make some show before the Spanish Ambassador."

"Vera true," said the king, now in a full tide of gossip, "and I mind not the name of the right leal lord that helped us with every unce he had in his house, that his

native prince might have some credit in the eyes of them that had the Indies at their beck."

"I think, if Your Majesty," said the citizen, "will cast your eye on the paper in your hand, you will recollect his name."

"Aye!" said the king, "say ye sae, man? — Lord Glenvarloch, that was his name, indeed — *Justus et tenax propositi* — a just man, but as obstinate as a baited bull. He stood whiles against us, that Lord Randal Olifaunt at Glenvarloch, but he was a loving and a leal subject in the main. But this supplicator man maun be his son — Randal has been long gone where king and lord must go, Geordie, as weel as the like of you; — and what does his son want with us?"

"The settlement," answered the citizen, "of a large debt due by Your Majesty's treasury, for money advances to Your Majesty in great state emergency, about the time of the Raid of Ruthven."

"I mind the thing weel," said King James. — "Od's death, man, I was just out of the clutches of the Master of Glamis and his complices, and there was never any siller mair welcome to a born prince, — the mair the shame and pity that crowned king should need sic a petty sum. But what need he dun us for it, man, like a baxter at the breaking! We aught him the siller, and will pay him wi' our convenience, or make it otherwise up to him, whilk is enow between prince and subject. — We are not *in meditatione fugæ*, man, to be arrested thus peremptorily."

"Alas! an it please Your Majesty," said the goldsmith, shaking his head, "it is the poor young nobleman's extreme necessity, and not his will, that makes him im-

portunate; for he must have money, and that briefly, to discharge a debt due to Peregrine Peterson, Conservator of the Privileges at Campvere, or his haill hereditary barony and estate of Glenvarloch will be evicted in virtue of an unredeemed wadset."

"How say ye, man — how say ye!" exclaimed the king impatiently; "the carle of a Conservator, the son of a Low-Dutch skipper, evict the auld estate and lordship of the house of Olifaunt? — God's bread, man, that maun not be — we maun suspend the diligence by writ of favour, or otherwise."

"I doubt that may hardly be," answered the citizen, "if it please Your Majesty; your learned counsel in the law of Scotland advise, that there is no remeid but in paying the money."

"Ud's fish," said the king, "let him keep haud by the strong hand against the carle, until we can take some order about his affairs."

"Alas!" insisted the goldsmith, "if it like Your Majesty, your own pacific government, and your doing of equal justice to all men, has made main force a kittle line to walk by, unless just within the bounds of the Highlands."

"Weel — weel — weel, man," said the perplexed monarch, whose ideas of justice, expedience, and convenience became on such occasions strangely embroiled; "just it is we should pay our debts, that the young man may pay his; and he must be paid, and *in verbo regis* he shall be paid — but how to come by the siller, man, is a difficult chapter — ye maun try the city, Geordie."

"To say the truth," answered Heriot, "please your gracious Majesty, what betwixt loans and benevolences and subsidies, the city is at this present —"

"Donna tell me of what the city is," said King James; "our exchequer is as dry as Dean Giles's discourses on the penitentiary psalms — *Ex nihilo nihil fit* — It's ill taking the breeks aff a wild Highlandman — they that come to me for siller, should tell me how to come by it — the city ye maun try, Heriot; and donna think to be called Jingling Geordie for nothing — and *in verbo regis* I will pay the lad if you get me the loan — I wonnot haggle on the terms; and, between you and me, Geordie, we will redeem the brave auld estate of Glenvarloch. — But wherefore comes not the young lord to court, Heriot, — is he comely — is he presentable in the presence?"

"No one can be more so," said George Heriot; "but —"

"Aye, I understand ye," said His Majesty — "I understand ye — *Res angusta domi* — puir lad! — and his father a right true leal Scots heart, though stiff in some opinions. Hark ye, Heriot, let the lad have twa hundred pounds to fit him out. And, here — here" — (taking the carcanet of rubies from his old hat) — "ye have had these in pledge before for a larger sum, ye auld Levite that ye are. Keep them in gage, till I gie ye back the siller out of the next subsidy."

"If it please Your Majesty to give me such directions in writing," said the cautious citizen.

"The deil is in your nicety, George," said the king; "ye are as preceese as a Puritan in form, and a mere Nullifidian in the marrow of the matter. May not a king's word serve you for advancing your pitiful twa hundred pounds?"

"But not for detaining the crown jewels," said George Heriot.

And the king, who from long experience was inured

to dealing with suspicious creditors, wrote an order upon George Heriot, his well-beloved goldsmith and jeweller, for the sum of two hundred pounds, to be paid presently to Nigel Olifaunt, Lord of Glenvarloch, to be imputed as so much debts due him by the crown; and authorizing the retention of a carcanet of balas rubies, with a great diamond, as described in a Catalogue of His Majesty's jewels, to remain in possession of the said George Heriot, advancer of the said sum, and so forth, until he was lawfully contented and paid thereof. By another rescript, His Majesty gave the said George Heriot directions to deal with some of the moneyed men, upon equitable terms, for a sum of money for His Majesty's present use, not to be under fifty thousand merks, but as much more as could conveniently be procured.

"And has he ony lair, this Lord Nigel of ours?" said the king.

George Heriot could not exactly answer this question; but believed "the young lord had studied abroad."

"He shall have our own advice," said the king, "how to carry on his studies to maist advantage; and it may be we will have him come to court, and study with Steenie and Babie Charles. And, now we think on't, away — away, George — for the bairns will be coming hame presently, and we would not as yet they kend of this matter we have been treating anent. *Propera pedem*, O Geordie. Clap your mule between your hough, and god-den with you."

Thus ended the conference betwixt the gentle King Jamie and his benevolent jeweller and goldsmith.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

[1605]

BY DAVID HUME

[UNDER James I both Catholics and Puritans were fined and imprisoned and treated in all ways with the utmost unfairness and severity. Naturally, plots were made against the king. The most notorious was the Gunpowder Plot, a scheme for blowing up the Parliament House with gunpowder. This was to be done on the 5th of November. That day is still known as Guy Fawkes's Day, and the old rhymes are not yet forgotten: —

"Don't you remember
The fifth of November,
The gunpowder treason and plot?
I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot."

The Editor.]

IN the spring and summer of the year 1604 the conspirators hired a house in Piercy's name, adjoining to that in which the Parliament was to assemble. Towards the end of that year, they began their operations. That they might be less interrupted, and give less suspicion to the neighborhood, they carried in store of provisions with them, and never desisted from their labors. Obstinate in their purpose, and confirmed by passion, by principle, and by mutual exhortation, they little feared death in comparison of a disappointment; and having provided arms, together with the instruments of their

labor, they resolved there to perish in case of a discovery. Their perseverance advanced the work; and they soon pierced the wall, though three yards in thickness; but on approaching the other side, they were somewhat startled at hearing a noise which they knew not how to account for. Upon inquiry, they found that it came from the vault below the House of Lords; that a magazine of coals had been kept there; and that, as the coals were selling off, the vault would be let to the highest bidder. The opportunity was immediately seized; the place hired by Piercy; thirty-six barrels of powder lodged in it; the whole covered up with fagots and billets; the doors of the cellar boldly flung open; and everybody admitted, as if it contained nothing dangerous.

Confident of success, they now began to look forward and to plan the remaining part of their project. The king, the queen, Prince Henry, were all expected to be present at the opening of Parliament. The duke, by reason of his tender age, would be absent; and it was resolved that Piercy should seize him or assassinate him. The Princess Elizabeth, a child likewise, was kept at Lord Harrington's house in Warwickshire; and Sir Everard Digby, Rookwood, Grant, being let into the conspiracy, engaged to assemble their friends on pretense of a hunting-match, and seizing that princess, immediately to proclaim her queen. So transported were they with rage against their adversaries, and so charmed with the prospect of revenge, that they forgot all care of their own safety; and trusting to the general confusion which must result from so unexpected a blow, they foresaw not that the fury of the people, now unrestrained by any authority, must have turned against

them, and would probably have satiated itself by a universal massacre of the Catholics.

The day so long wished for now approached, on which the Parliament was appointed to assemble. The dreadful secret, though communicated to about twenty persons, had been religiously kept during the space of near a year and a half. No remorse, no pity, no fear of punishment, no hope of reward, had as yet induced any one conspirator either to abandon the enterprise, or make a discovery of it. The holy fury had extinguished in their breast every other motive; and it was an indiscretion at last, proceeding chiefly from these very bigoted prejudices and partialities, which saved the nation.

Ten days before the meeting of Parliament, Lord Monteagle, a Catholic, son to Lord Morley, received the following letter, which had been delivered to his servant by an unknown hand: "My Lord, — Out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation. Therefore I would advise you, as you tender your life, to devise some excuse to shift off your attendance at this Parliament. For God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; but retire yourself into your country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet, I say, they will receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm: for the danger is past as soon as you have burned the letter. And I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, unto whose holy protection I commend you."

Monteagle knew not what to make of this letter; and though inclined to think it a foolish attempt to frighten and ridicule him, he judged it safest to carry it to Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State. Though Salisbury, too, was inclined to pay little attention to it, he thought proper to lay it before the king, who came to town a few days after. To the king it appeared not so light a matter; and from the serious, earnest style of the letter, he conjectured that it implied something dangerous and important. A "terrible blow," and yet "the authors concealed"; a danger so "sudden," and yet so "great"; these circumstances seemed all to denote some contrivance by gunpowder; and it was thought advisable to inspect all the vaults below the houses of Parliament. This care belonged to the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain, who purposely delayed the search till the day before the meeting of Parliament. He remarked those great piles of wood and fagots which lay in the vault under the upper house; and he cast his eye upon Fawkes, who stood in a dark corner, and passed himself for Piercy's servant. That daring and determined courage which so much distinguished this conspirator, even among those heroes in villainy, was fully painted in his countenance, and was not passed unnoticed by the chamberlain. Such a quantity also of fuel, for the use of one who lived so little in town as Piercy, appeared a little extraordinary; and upon comparing all circumstances, it was resolved that a more thorough inspection should be made. About midnight, Sir Thomas Knevet, a justice of peace, was sent with proper attendants; and before the door of the vault finding Fawkes, who had just finished all his preparations, he immediately seized him, and, turning over the

fagots, discovered the powder. The matches and everything proper for setting fire to the train, were taken in Fawkes's pocket; who, finding his guilt now apparent, and seeing no refuge but in boldness and despair, expressed the utmost regret that he had lost the opportunity of firing the powder at once, and of sweetening his own death by that of his enemies. Before the council he displayed the same intrepid firmness, mixed even with scorn and disdain; refusing to discover his accomplices, and showing no concern but for the failure of the enterprise. This obstinacy lasted for two or three days: but being confined to the Tower, left to reflect on his guilt and danger, and the rack being just shown to him, his courage, fatigued with so long an effort, and unsupported by hope or society, at last failed him; and he made a full discovery of all the conspirators.

A CHARGE WITH PRINCE RUPERT

[1643]

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

[THE struggle between King Charles and his Parliament broke into open warfare in 1642. In the early part of the civil war, success lay with the Royalists, chiefly because their soldiers were better fitted for war and their generals were of much better training and quality. The most able cavalry leader was Prince Rupert, nephew of King Charles.

The Editor.]

PRINCE RUPERT, Prince Robert, or Prince Robber, — for by all these names was he known, — was the one formidable military leader on the royal side. He was not a statesman, for he was hardly yet a mature man; he was not, in the grandest sense, a hero, yet he had no quality that was not heroic. Chivalrous, brilliant, honest, generous, — not dissolute, nor bigoted, nor cruel, — he was still a Royalist for the love of royalty, and a soldier for the love of war, — and in civil strife there can hardly be a more dangerous character. Through all the blunt periods of his military or civil proclamations, we see the proud, careless boy, fighting for fighting's sake, and always finding his own side the right one. He could not have much charity for the most generous opponents; he certainly had none at all for those who (as he said) printed malicious and lying pamphlets against him "almost every morning," in which he found himself saluted as a "nest of perfidious vipers," "a night-flying dragon

prince," "a flapdragon," "a caterpillar," "a spider," and "a butterbox."

He was the king's own nephew, — great-grandson of William the Silent, and son of that Elizabeth Stuart from whom all the modern royal family of England descends. His sister was the renowned Princess Palatine, the one favorite pupil of Descartes, and the chosen friend of Leibnitz, Malebranche, and William Penn. From early childhood he was trained to war; we find him at fourteen pronounced by his tutors fit to command an army, — at fifteen, bearing away the palm in one of the last of the tournaments, — at sixteen, fighting beside the young Turenne in the Low Countries, — at nineteen, heading the advanced guard in the army of the Prince of Orange, — and at twenty-three we find him appearing in England, the day before the royal standard was reared, and the day after the king lost Coventry. This training made him a general, — not, as many have supposed, a mere cavalry captain; — he was one of the few men who have shown great military powers on both land and sea; he was a man of energy unbounded, industry inexhaustible, and the most comprehensive and systematic forethought. It was not merely, that, as Warwick said, "he put that spirit into the king's army that all men seemed resolved," — not merely, that, always charging at the head of his troops, he was never wounded, and that, seeing more service than any of his compeers, he outlived them all. But even in these early years, before he was generalissimo, the Parliament deliberately declared the whole war to be "managed by his skill, labor, and industry," and his was the only name habitually printed in capitals in the Puritan newspapers. He

had to create soldiers by enthusiasm, and feed them by stratagem, — to toil for a king who feared him, and against a queen who hated him, — to take vast responsibilities alone, — accused of negligence, if he failed, reproached with license, if he succeeded. Against him he had the wealth of London, entrusted to men who were great diplomatists, though new to power, and great soldiers, though they had never seen a battle-field till middle life; on his side he had only unmanageable lords and penniless gentlemen, who gained victories by daring, and then wasted them by license. His troops had no tents, no wagons, no military stores; they used those of the enemy. Clarendon says that the king's cause labored under an incurable disease of want of money, and that the only cure for starvation was a victory. To say, therefore, that Rupert's men never starved, is to say that they always conquered, — which, at this early period, was true.

He was the best shot in the army, and the best tennis-player among the courtiers, and Pepys calls him "the boldest attacker in England for personal courage." Seemingly without reverence or religion, he yet ascribed his defeats to Satan, and, at the close of a letter about a marauding expedition, requested his friend Will Legge to pray for him. Versed in all the courtly society of the age, chosen interpreter for the wooing of young Prince Charles and La Grande Mademoiselle, and mourning in purple, with the royal family, for Marie de Médicis, he could yet mingle in any conceivable company and assume any part. He penetrated the opposing camp at Dunsmore Heath as an apple-seller, and the hostile town of Warwick as a dealer in cabbage-nets, and the pam-

phleteers were never weary of describing his disguises. He was charged with all manner of offenses, even to slaying children with cannibal intent, and only very carelessly disavowed such soft impeachments. But no man could deny that he was perfectly true to his word; he never forgot one whom he had promised to protect, and, if he had promised to strip a man's goods, he did it to the uttermost farthing. And so must his pledge of vengeance be redeemed to-night; and so, riding eastward, with the dying sunlight behind him and the quiet Chiltern hills before, through air softened by the gathering coolness of these midsummer eves, beside clover-fields, and hedges of wild roses, and ponds white with closing water-lilies, and pastures sprinkled with meadow-sweet, like foam, — he muses only of the clash of sword and the sharp rattle of shot, and all the passionate joys of the coming charge.

The long and picturesque array winds onward, crossing Chiselhampton Bridge (not to be recrossed so easily), avoiding Thame with its church and abbey, where Lord General Essex himself is quartered, unconscious of their march; and the Cavaliers are soon riding beneath the bases of the wooded hills towards Postcombe. Near Tetsworth, the enemy's first outpost, they halt till evening; the horsemen dismount, the flagon and the foraging-bag are opened, the black-jack and the manchet go round, healths are drunk to successes past and glories future, to "Queen Mary's eyes," and to "Prince Rupert's dog." A few hours bring darkness; they move on eastward through the lanes, avoiding, when possible, the Roman highways; they are sometimes fired upon by a picket, but make no return, for they are hurrying past the main

quarters of the enemy. In the silence of the summer night, they stealthily ride miles and miles through a hostile country, the renegade Urry guiding them. At early dawn, they see, through the misty air, the low hamlet of Postcombe, where the "beating-up of the enemy's quarters" is to begin. A hurried word of command; the infantry halt; the cavalry close and sweep down like night-hawks upon the sleeping village, — safe enough, one would have supposed, with the whole Parliamentary army lying between it and Oxford, to protect it from danger. Yet the small party of Puritan troopers awake in their quarters with Rupert at the door; it is well for them that they happen to be picked men, and have promptness, if not vigilance; forming hastily, they secure a retreat westward through the narrow street, leaving but few prisoners behind them. As hastily the prisoners are swept away with the stealthy troop, who have other work before them; and before half the startled villagers have opened their lattices the skirmish is over. Long before they can send a messenger up, over the hills, to sound the alarm-bells of Stoken Church, the swift gallop of the Cavaliers has reached Chinnor, two miles away, and the goal of their foray. The compact, strongly built village is surrounded. They form a parallel line behind the houses, on each side, leaping fences and ditches to their posts. They break down the iron chains stretched nightly across each end of the street, and line it from end to end. Rupert, Will Legge, and the "forlorn hope," dismounting, rush in upon the quarters, sparing only those who surrender.

In five minutes the town is up. The awakened troopers fight as desperately as their assailants, some on foot,

some on horseback. More and more of Rupert's men rush in; they fight through the straggling street of the village, from the sign of the Ram at one end to that of the Crown at the other, and then back again. The citizens join against the invaders, the 'prentices rush from their attics, hasty barricades of carts and harrows are formed in the streets, long musket-barrels are thrust from the windows, dark groups cluster on the roofs, and stones begin to rattle on the heads below, together with phrases more galling than stones, — hurled down by women, — "cursed dogs," "devilish Cavaliers," "Papist traitors." In return, the intruders shoot at the windows indiscriminately, storm the doors, fire the houses; they grow more furious, and spare nothing; some townspeople retreat within the church doors; the doors are beaten in; women barricade them with wool-packs, and fight over them with muskets, barrel to barrel. Outside, the troopers ride round and round the town, seizing or slaying all who escape; within, desperate men still aim from their windows, though the houses on each side are in flames. Melting lead pours down from the blazing roofs, while the drum still beats and the flag still advances. It is struck down presently; tied to a broken pikestaff, it rises again, while a chaos of armor and plumes, black and orange, blue and red, torn laces and tossing feathers, powder stains and blood-stains, fills the dewy morning with terror, and opens the June Sunday with sin.

Threescore and more of the townspeople are slain, sixscore are led away at the horses' sides, bound with ropes, to be handed over to the infantry for keeping. Some of these prisoners, even of the armed troopers, are

so ignorant and unwarlike as yet, that they know not the meaning of the word "quarter," refusing it when offered, and imploring "mercy" instead. Others are little children, for whom a heavy ransom shall yet be paid. Others, cheaper prisoners, are ransomed on the spot. Some plunder has also been taken, but the soldiers look longingly on the larger wealth that must be left behind, in the hurry of retreat, — treasures that otherwise no trooper of Rupert's would have spared: scarlet cloth, bedding, saddles, cutlery, ironware, hats, shoes, hops for beer, and books to sell to the Oxford scholars. But the daring which has given them victory now makes their danger; — they have been nearly twelve hours in the saddle and have fought two actions; they have twenty-five miles to ride, with the whole force of the enemy in their path; they came unseen in the darkness, they must return by daylight and with the alarm already given; Stoken church-bell has been pealing for hours, the troop from Postcombe has fallen back on Tetsworth, and everywhere in the distance videttes are hurrying from post to post.

The perilous retreat begins. Ranks are closed; they ride silently; many a man leads a second horse beside him, and one bears in triumph the great captured Puritan standard, with its five buff Bibles on a black ground. They choose their course more carefully than ever, seek the by-lanes, and swim the rivers with their swords between their teeth. At one point in their hushed progress, they hear the sound of rattling wagons. There is a treasure-train within their reach, worth twenty-one thousand pounds, and destined for the Parliamentary camp, but the thick woods of the Chilterns have sheltered it

from pursuit, and they have not a moment to waste; they are riding for their lives. Already the gathering parties of Roundheads are closing upon them, nearer and nearer, as they approach the most perilous point of the wild expedition, — their only return-path across the Cherwell, — Chiselhampton Bridge. Percy and O'Neal with difficulty hold the assailants in check; the case grows desperate at last, and Rupert stands at bay on Chalgrove Field.

It is Sunday morning, June 18, 1643. The early church-bells are ringing over all Oxfordshire, — dying away in the soft air, among the sunny English hills, while Englishmen are drawing near one another with hatred in their hearts, — dying away, as on that other Sunday, eight months ago, when Baxter, preaching near Edgehill, heard the sounds of battle, and disturbed the rest of his saints by exclaiming, "To the fight!" But here are no warrior-preachers, no bishops praying in surplices on the one side, no dark-robed divines preaching on horseback on the other, no king in glittering armor, no Tutor Harvey in peaceful meditation beneath a hedge, pondering on the circulation of the blood, with hotter blood flowing so near him; all these were to be seen at Edgehill, but not here. This smaller skirmish rather turns our thoughts to Cisatlantic associations; its date suggests Bunker Hill, — and its circumstances, Lexington. For this, also, is a marauding party, with a Percy among its officers, brought to a stand by a half-armed and an angry peasantry.

Rupert sends his infantry forward, to secure the bridge, and a sufficient body of dragoons to line the mile and a half of road between, — the remainder of the troops

being drawn up at the entrance of a cornfield, several hundred acres in extent, and lying between the villages and the hills. The Puritans take a long circuit, endeavoring to get to windward of their formidable enemy, — a point judged as important, during the seventeenth century, in a land fight as in a naval engagement. They have with them some light field-pieces, artillery being the only point of superiority they yet claim; but these are not basilisks, nor falconets, not culverins (*colubri, couleuvres*), nor drakes (*dracones*), nor warning-pieces, — they are the leathern guns of Gustavus Adolphus, made of light cast-iron and bound with ropes and leather. The Roundhead dragoons, dismounted, line a hedge near the Cavaliers, and plant their "swine-feathers"; under cover of their fire the horse advance in line, matches burning. As they advance, one or two dash forward, at risk of their lives, flinging off the orange scarfs which alone distinguish them, in token that they desert to the royal cause. Prince Rupert falls back into the lane a little, to lead the other forces into his ambush of dragoons. These tactics do not come naturally to him, however; nor does he like the practice of the time, that two bodies of cavalry should ride up within pistol-shot of each other, and exchange a volley before they charge. He rather anticipates, on his style of operations, the famous order of Frederick the Great: "The king hereby forbids all officers of cavalry, on pain of being broke with ignominy, ever to allow themselves to be attacked in any action by the enemy; but the Prussians must always attack them." Accordingly he restrains himself for a little while, chafing beneath the delay, and then, a soldier or two being suddenly struck down by the fire, he exclaims, "Yea!

this insolency is not to be endured." The moment is come.

"God and Queen Mary!" shouts Rupert; "Charge!" In one instant that motionless mass becomes a flood of lava; down in one terrible sweep it comes, silence behind it and despair before; no one notices the beauty of that brilliant chivalrous array, — all else is merged in the fury of the wild gallop; spurs are deep, reins free, blades grasped, heads bent; the excited horse feels the heel no more than he feels the hand; the uneven ground breaks their ranks, — no matter, they feel that they can ride down the world: Rupert first clears the hedge, — he is always first, — then comes the captain of his life-guard, then the whole troop "jumble after them," in a spectator's piquant phrase. The dismounted Puritan dragoons break from the hedges and scatter for their lives, but the cavalry "bear the charge better than they have done since Worcester," — that is, now they stand it an instant, then they did not stand it at all; the Prince takes them in flank and breaks them in pieces at the first encounter, — the very wind of the charge shatters them. Horse and foot, carbines and petronels, swords and pole-axes, are mingled in one struggling mass. Rupert and his men seem refreshed, not exhausted, by the weary night, — they seem incapable of fatigue; they spike the guns as they cut down the gunners, and, if any escape, it is because many in both armies wear the same red scarfs. One Puritan, surrounded by the enemy, shows such desperate daring that Rupert bids release him at last, and sends afterwards to Essex to ask his name. One Cavalier bends, with a wild oath, to search the pockets of a slain enemy; — it is his own brother.

O'Neal slays a standard-bearer, and thus restores to his company the right to bear a flag, — a right they had lost at Hopton Heath; Legge is taken prisoner and escapes; Urry proves himself no coward, though a renegade, and is trusted to bear to Oxford the news of the victory, being raised to knighthood in return.

For a victory, of course, it is. Nothing in England can yet resist these high-born, dissolute, reckless Cavaliers of Rupert's. "I have seen them running up walls twenty feet high," said the engineer consulted by the frightened citizens of Dorchester; "these defenses of yours may possibly keep them out half an hour." Darlings of triumphant aristocracy, they are destined to meet with no foe that can match them, until they recoil at last before the plebeian pikes of the London train-bands. Nor can even Rupert's men claim to monopolize the courage of the king's party. The brilliant "show-troop" of Lord Bernard Stuart, comprising the young nobles having no separate command, — a troop which could afford to indulge in all the gorgeousness of dress, since their united incomes, Clarendon declares, would have exceeded those of the whole Puritan Parliament, — led, by their own desire, the triumphant charge at Edgehill, and threescore of their bodies were found piled on the spot where the royal standard was captured and rescued. Not less faithful were the Marquis of Newcastle's "Lambs," who took their name from the white woolen clothing which they refused to have dyed, saying that their hearts' blood would dye it soon enough; and so it did; only thirty survived the battle of Marston Moor, and the bodies of the rest were found in the field, ranked regularly side by side, in death as in life.

But here at Chalgrove Field no such fortitude of endurance is needed: the enemy are scattered, and, as Rupert's Cavaliers are dashing on, in their accustomed headlong pursuit, a small but fresh force of Puritan cavalry appears behind the hedges and charges on them from the right, — two troops, hastily gathered, and in various garb. They are headed by a man in middle life and of noble aspect: once seen, he cannot easily be forgotten; but seen he will never be again, and, for the last time, Rupert and Hampden meet face to face.

The foremost representative men of their respective parties, they scarcely remember, perhaps, that there are ties and coincidences in their lives. At the marriage of Rupert's mother, the student Hampden was chosen to write the Oxford epithalamium, exulting in the prediction of some noble offspring to follow such a union. Rupert is about to be made general-in-chief of the Cavaliers; Hampden is looked to by all as the future general-in-chief of the Puritans. Rupert is the nephew of the king, — Hampden the cousin of Cromwell; and as the former is believed to be aiming at the crown, so the latter is the only possible rival of Cromwell for the protectorate, — "the eyes of all being fixed upon him as their *pater patriæ*." But in all the greater qualities of manhood, how far must Hampden be placed above the magnificent and gifted Rupert! In a congress of natural noblemen — for such do the men of the Commonwealth appear — he must rank foremost. It is difficult to avoid exaggeration in speaking of these men, — men whose deeds vindicate their words, and whose words are unsurpassed by Greek or Roman fame, — men whom even Hume can only criticize for a "mysterious jargon"

which most of them did not use, and for a "vulgar hypocrisy" which few of them practiced. Let us not underrate the self-forgetting loyalty of the Royalists, — the Duke of Newcastle laying at the king's feet seven hundred thousand pounds, and the Marquis of Worcester a million; but the sublimer poverty and abstinence of the Parliamentary party deserve a yet loftier meed, — Vane surrendering an office of thirty thousand pounds a year to promote public economy, — Hutchinson refusing a peerage and a fortune as a bribe to hold Nottingham Castle a little while for the king, — Eliot and Pym bequeathing their families to the nation's justice, having spent their all for the good cause. And rising to yet higher attributes, as they pass before us in the brilliant paragraphs of the courtly Clarendon, or the juster modern estimates of Forster, it seems like a procession of born sovereigns; while the more pungent epithets of contemporary wit only familiarize, but do not mar, the fame of Cromwell (Cleaveland's "Cæsar in a Clown"), — "William the Conqueror" Waller, — "young Harry" Vane, — "fiery Tom" Fairfax, — and "King" Pym. But among all these there is no peer of Hampden, of him who came not from courts or camps, but from the tranquil study of his Davila, — from that thoughtful retirement which was for him, as for his model, Coligny, the school of all noble virtues, — came to find himself at once a statesman and a soldier, receiving from his contemporary, Clarendon, no affectionate critic, the triple crown of historic praise, as being "the most able, resolute, and popular person in the kingdom." Who can tell how changed the destiny of England, had the Earl of Bedford's first compromise with the country party suc-

ceeded, and Hampden become the tutor of Prince Charles, — or could this fight at Chalgrove Field issue differently, and Hampden survive to be general instead of Essex, and protector in place of Cromwell?

But that may not be. Had Hampden's earlier counsels prevailed, Rupert never would have ventured on his night foray; had his next suggestions been followed, Rupert never would have returned from it. Those failing, Hampden has come, gladly followed by Gunter and his dragoons, outstripping the tardy Essex, to dare all and die. In vain does Gunter perish beside his flag; in vain does Crosse, his horse being killed under him, spring in the midst of battle on another; in vain does "that great-spirited little Sir Samuel Luke" (the original of Hudibras) get thrice captured and thrice escape. For Hampden, the hope of the nation, is fatally shot through the shoulder with two carbine-balls in the first charge; the whole troop sees it with dismay; Essex comes up, as usual, too late, and the fight of Chalgrove Field is lost.

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR

[1644]

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

[It was not until Oliver Cromwell had reorganized the army, filling it with sober Puritans who fought for principle, that success deserted the Royalists. The first decisive victory of the Roundheads was at Marston Moor, where the gallant Cavaliers of Prince Rupert were swept away by the stern charge of Cromwell's Ironsides.

The Editor.]

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the clarion's note is high;
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! the huge drum makes reply:
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret stair.
Oh, many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;

And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van."

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride,
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon and the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldiers' shout, for God and for the King!"

'T is noon; the ranks are broken along the royal line;
They fly, the Braggarts of the court, the Bullies of the Rhine:
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown;
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it out!"

And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums
a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a
knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought
of fear;
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are
here.
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and
thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial, down with him
to the dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty
sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the
Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;
The gray-haired warden watches on the castle's highest
tower.
"What news, what news, old Anthony?" "The field
is lost and won;
The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the
sun;
And a wounded man speeds hither, — I am old and can-
not see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step should
be."

"I bring thee back the standard from as rude and rough
a fray,

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR

As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's lay.
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor *quantum suff.;*
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and buff;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out his life,
And I came to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!

"Sweet, we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance;
Or, if the worst betide me, why, better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a king, and Peter's for a pope!
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy! — out on the crop-eared boor,
That sent me with my standard on foot from Marston Moor!"

THE BATTLE, OF NASEBY

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SERGEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT

[1645]

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

[THE army of Cromwell was of remarkable caliber. High wages were given to the soldiers, and only those who were sober and God-fearing were permitted to join its ranks. Oaths, theft, gambling, and drunkenness were unknown. As Macaulay says, "The most rigid discipline was found in company with the wildest enthusiasm."

One peculiarity of the Puritan was his choice of given names for his children. He was not satisfied with simple Biblical names of one word, but frequently adopted a whole phrase, such as Zeal-of-the-Land, Praise-God, etc.

The battle of Naseby, between the forces of Charles I and those of Cromwell, resulted in the utter defeat of the king. The royal army was nearly annihilated. The "Man of Blood" was the name given by the Puritans to King Charles.

The Editor.]

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread?

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sat in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The general rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

ENGLAND

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound, the center hath given ground:
Hark! hark! — what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'T is he, thank God, 't is he, boys!
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar:
And he — he turns, he flies: shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain, and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broadpieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades;
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the miter and the crown,
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford halls: there is wail in Durham's stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the bishop rends his cope.
And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;

ENGLAND

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they
hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses
and the Word.



CHARLES I INSULTED BY SOLDIERS

BY PAUL DELAROCHE

(*French painter*, 1797–1856)

It is said that when the king passed through the crowds of soldiers at the close of the trial, some reviled him, some blew whiffs of tobacco smoke in his face, and that even in his own bedroom soldiers were permitted to smoke and drink. Whatever the faults of Charles may have been, he certainly behaved during those last days of his life with a dignity and Christian composure that in the minds of many have gone far to win pardon for his serious offenses as a sovereign.

The effect produced by the execution of the king has been described by Macaulay as follows: —

"In no long time it became manifest that those political and religious zealots, to whom this deed is to be ascribed, had committed, not only a crime, but an error. They had given to a prince, hitherto known to his people chiefly by his faults, an opportunity of displaying, on a great theater, before the eyes of all nations and all ages, some qualities which irresistibly call forth the admiration and love of mankind, the high spirit of a gallant gentleman, the patience and meekness of a penitent Christian. Nay, they had so contrived their revenge that the very man whose life had been a series of attacks on the liberties of England now seemed to die a martyr in the cause of those liberties. No demagogue ever produced such an impression on the public mind as the captive king, who, retaining in that extremity all his regal dignity, and confronting death with dauntless courage, gave utterance to the feelings of his oppressed people, manfully refused to plead before a court unknown to the law, appealed from military violence to the principles of the constitution, asked by what right the House of Commons had been purged of its most respectable members and the House of Lords deprived of its legislative functions, and told his weeping hearers that he was defending, not only his own cause, but theirs. His long misgovernment, his innumerable perfidies, were forgotten. . . . From that day began a reaction in favor of monarchy and of the exiled house, a reaction which never ceased till the throne had again been set up in all its old dignity."

II

THE RULE OF OLIVER CROMWELL

HISTORICAL NOTE

At the beginning of the civil war the Parliamentary party was composed for the most part of men who were Presbyterians in religion and moderates in politics. As the struggle progressed, there arose a new and radical party that was destined to wrest control of the state from both Royalists and Presbyterians. This party or sect was known as the Independents. Its leader was Oliver Cromwell, a country gentleman who, at the outbreak of the civil war, had raised a company for Parliament, and soon attained a commanding position by the discipline and zeal of his soldiers (the Ironsides, as they were called), and by the uniform success of his operations.

Soon after the appointment of Cromwell as lieutenant-general in 1645 the first period of the civil war was ended by the overwhelming defeat of the Royalists at Naseby. In the following year the king surrendered to the Scots, and was by them delivered up to the English Parliament. Then followed three years of treaties and intrigues between the king and Parliament, until the army, weary of the fruitless negotiations, seized the king and drove the Presbyterian members from Parliament. By the remaining members, known as the Rump Parliament, the king was accused of treason, tried before a special court of justice, found guilty, and executed on the 30th of January, 1649.

All parties except the Independents were united by this act against Cromwell, who as commander of the army was held chiefly responsible. "Yet such was his genius and resolution that he was able to overpower and crush everything that crossed his path, to make himself more absolute master of his country than any of her legitimate kings had been, and to make his country more dreaded and respected than she had been during many generations under the rule of her legitimate kings."

For nine years Cromwell and his soldiers ruled England, and at his death in 1658, Richard Cromwell, his son, quietly succeeded to the title of Lord Protector.

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES I

[1649]

BY JACOB ABBOTT

[AND now a design, to which, at the commencement of the civil war, no man would have dared to allude, and which was no less inconsistent with the Solemn League and Covenant than with the old law of England, began to take a distinct form. The austere warriors who ruled the nation had, during some months, meditated a fearful vengeance on the captive king. When and how the scheme originated; whether it spread from the general to the ranks, or from the ranks to the general; whether it is to be ascribed to policy using fanaticism as a tool, or to fanaticism bearing down policy with headlong impulse, are questions which, even at this day, cannot be answered with perfect confidence. It seems, however, on the whole, probable that he who seemed to lead was really forced to follow, and that . . . he sacrificed his own judgment and his own inclinations to the wishes of the army. For the power which he had called into existence was a power which even he could not always control; and, that he might ordinarily command, it was necessary that he should sometimes obey. . . .

Cromwell had to determine whether he would put to hazard the attachment of his party, the attachment of his army, his own greatness, nay, his own life, in an attempt which would probably have been vain, to save a prince whom no engagement could bind. With many struggles and misgivings, and probably not without many prayers, the decision was made. Charles was left to his fate. The military saints resolved that, in defiance of the old laws of the realm, and of the al-

most universal sentiment of the nation, the king should expiate his crimes with his blood.

Thomas Babington Macaulay.]

EVERYTHING connected with the trial was conducted with great state and parade. The number of commissioners constituting the court was one hundred and thirty-three, though only a little more than half that number attended the trial. The king had been removed from Hurst Castle to Windsor Castle, and he was now brought into the city, and lodged in a house near to Westminster Hall, so as to be at hand. On the appointed day the court assembled; the vast hall and all the avenues to it were thronged. The whole civilized world looked on, in fact, in astonishment at the almost unprecedented spectacle of a king tried for his life by an assembly of his subjects.

The first business after the opening of the court was to call the roll of the commissioners, that each one might answer to his name. The name of the general of the army, Fairfax, who was one of the number, was the second upon the list. When his name was called there was no answer. It was called again. A voice from one of the galleries replied, "He has too much wit to be here." This produced some disorder, and the officers called out to know who answered in that manner, but there was no reply. Afterwards, when the impeachment was read, the phrase occurred, "Of all the people of England," when the same voice rejoined, "No, not the half of them." The officers then ordered a soldier to fire into the seat from which these interruptions came. This command was not obeyed, but they found, on investigating the

case, that the person who had answered thus was Fairfax's wife, and they immediately removed her from the hall.

When the court was fully organized, they commanded the sergeant-at-arms to bring in the prisoner. The king was accordingly brought in, and conducted to a chair covered with crimson velvet, which had been placed for him at the bar. The judges remained in their seats, with their heads covered, while he entered, and the king took his seat, keeping his head covered too. He took a calm and deliberate survey of the scene, looking around upon the judges, and upon the armed guards by which he was environed, with a stern and unchanging countenance. At length silence was proclaimed, and the president rose to introduce the proceedings.

He addressed the king. He said that the Commons of England, deeply sensible of the calamities which had been brought upon England by the civil war, and of the innocent blood which had been shed, and convinced that he, the king, had been the guilty cause of it, were now determined to make inquisition for this blood, and to bring him to trial and judgment; that they had, for this purpose, organized this court, and that he should now hear the charge brought against him, which they would proceed to try.

An officer then arose to read the charge. The king made a gesture for him to be silent. He, however, persisted in his reading, although the king once or twice attempted to interrupt him. The president, too, ordered him to proceed. The charge recited the evils and calamities which had resulted from the war, and concluded by saying that "the said Charles Stuart is and has been the

occasioner, author, and continuer of the said unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars, and is therein guilty of all the treasons, murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damages, and mischiefs to this nation acted and committed in the said wars, or occasioned thereby."

The president then sharply rebuked the king for his interruptions to the proceedings, and asked him what answer he had to make to the impeachment. The king replied by demanding by what authority they pretended to call him to account for his conduct. He told them that he was their king, and they his subjects; that they were not even the Parliament, and that they had no authority from any true Parliament to sit as a court to try him; that he would not betray his own dignity and rights by making any answer at all to any charges they might bring against him, for that would be an acknowledgment of their authority; but he was convinced that there was not one of them who did not in his heart believe that he was wholly innocent of the charges which they had brought against him.

These proceedings occupied the first day. The king was then sent back to his place of confinement, and the court adjourned. The next day, when called upon to plead to the impeachment, the king only insisted the more strenuously in denying the authority of the court, and in stating his reasons for so denying it. The court was determined not to hear what he had to say on this point, and the president continually interrupted him; while he, in his turn, continually interrupted the president too. It was a struggle and a dispute, not a trial. At last, on the fourth day, something like testimony was produced to prove that the king had been in arms against

the forces of the Parliament. On the fifth and sixth days, the judges sat in private to come to their decision; and on the day following, which was Saturday, January 27, they called the king again before them, and opened the doors to admit the great assembly of spectators, that the decision might be announced.

There followed another scene of mutual interruptions and disorder. The king insisted on longer delay. He had not said what he wished to say in his defense. The president told him it was now too late; that he had consumed the time allotted to him in making objections to the jurisdiction of the court, and now it was too late for his defense. The clerk then read the sentence, which ended thus: "For all which treasons and crimes this court doth adjudge that he, the said Charles Stuart, is a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy, and shall be put to death by the severing of his head from his body." When the clerk had finished the reading, the president rose, and said deliberately and solemnly: —

"The sentence now read and published is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court."

And the whole court rose to express their assent.

The king then said to the president, "Will you hear me a word, sir?"

President. "Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

King. "Am I not, sir?"

President. "No, sir. Guards, withdraw the prisoner!"

King. "I may speak after sentence by your favor, sir. Hold — I say, sir — by your favor, sir — If I am not permitted to speak —" The other parts of his broken

attempts to speak were lost in the tumult and noise. He was taken out of the hall.

One would have supposed that all who witnessed these dreadful proceedings, and who now saw one who had been so lately the sovereign of a mighty empire standing friendless and alone on the brink of destruction, would have relented at last, and would have found their hearts yielding to emotions of pity. But it seems not to have been so. The animosities engendered by political strife are merciless, and the crowd through which the king had to pass as he went from the hall scoffed and derided him. They blew the smoke of their tobacco in his face, and threw their pipes at him. Some proceeded to worse indignities than these, but the king bore all with quietness and resignation.

The king was sentenced on Saturday. On the evening of that day he sent a request that the Bishop of London might be allowed to assist at his devotions, and that his children might be permitted to see him before he was to die. There were two of his children then in England, his youngest son and a daughter. The other two sons had escaped to the Continent. The Government granted both these requests. By asking for the services of an Episcopal clergyman, Charles signified his firm determination to adhere to the very last hour of his life to the religious principles which he had been struggling for so long. It is somewhat surprising that the Government were willing to comply with the request.

It was, however, complied with, and Charles was taken from the palace of Whitehall, which is in Westminster, to the palace of St. James, not very far distant. He was escorted by a guard through the streets. At St.

James's there was a small chapel where the king attended divine service. The Bishop of London preached a sermon on the future judgment, in which he administered comfort to the mind of the unhappy prisoner, so far as the sad case allowed of any comfort, by the thought that all human judgments would be reviewed, and all wrongs made right at the great day. After the service the king spent the remainder of the day in retirement and private devotion.

During the afternoon of the day several of his most trusty friends among the nobility called to see him, but he declined to grant them admission. He said that his time was short and precious, and that he wished to improve it to the utmost in preparation for the great change which awaited him. He hoped, therefore, that his friends would not be displeased if he declined seeing any persons besides his children. It would do no good for them to be admitted. All that they could do for him now was to pray for him.

The next day the children were brought to him in the room where he was confined. The daughter, who was called the Lady Elizabeth, was the oldest. He directed her to tell her brother James, who was the second son, and now absent with Charles on the Continent, that he must now, from the time of his father's death, no longer look upon Charles as merely his older brother, but as his sovereign, and obey him as such; and he requested her to charge them both, from him, to love each other, and to forgive their father's enemies.

"You will not forget this, my dear child, will you?" added the king. The Lady Elizabeth was still very young.

"No," said she, "I will never forget it as long as I live."

He then charged her with a message to her mother, the queen, who was also on the Continent. "Tell her," said he, "that I have loved her faithfully all my life, and that my tender regard for her will not cease till I cease to breathe."

Poor Elizabeth was sadly grieved at this parting interview. The king tried to comfort her. "You must not be so afflicted for me," he said. "It will be a very glorious death that I shall die. I die for the laws and liberties of this land, and for maintaining the Protestant religion. I have forgiven all my enemies, and I hope that God will forgive them."

The little son was, by title, the Duke of Gloucester. He took him on his knees, and said in substance, "My dear boy, they are going to cut off your father's head." The child looked up into his father's face very earnestly, not comprehending so strange an assertion.

"They are going to cut off my head," repeated the king, "and perhaps they will want to make you a king; but you must not be king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; for if you do, very likely they will, sometime or other, cut off your head." The child said, with a very determined air, that then they should never make him king as long as he lived. The king then gave his children some other parting messages for several of his nearest relatives and friends, and they were taken away.

In cases of capital punishment, in England and America, there must be, after the sentence is pronounced, written authority to the sheriff, or other proper officer

to proceed to the execution of it. This is called the warrant, and is usually to be signed by the chief magistrate of the state. In England the sovereign always signs the warrant of execution; but in the case of the execution of the sovereign himself, which was a case entirely unprecedented, the authorities were at first a little at a loss to know what to do. The commissioners who had judged the king concluded finally to sign it themselves. It was expressed substantially as follows: —

"At the High Court of Justice for the trying and judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, January 29, 1648: —

"Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, has been convicted, attainted, and condemned of high treason, and sentence was pronounced against him by this court, to be put to death by the severance of his head from his body, of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done; these are, therefore, now to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the said day, with full effect; and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant."

Fifty-nine of the judges signed this warrant, and then it was sent to the persons appointed to carry the sentence into execution.

That night the king slept pretty well for about four hours, though during the evening before he could hear in his apartment the noise of the workmen building the

platform or scaffold as it was commonly called, on which the execution was to take place. He awoke, however, long before day. He called to an attendant who lay by his bedside, and requested him to get up. "I will rise myself," said he, "for I have a great work to do to-day." He then requested that they would furnish him with the best dress, and an extra supply of under clothing, because it was a cold morning. He particularly wished to be well guarded from the cold, lest it should cause him to shiver, and they would suppose that he was trembling from fear.

"I have no fear," said he. "Death is not terrible to me. I bless God that I am prepared."

The king had made arrangements for divine service in his room early in the morning, to be conducted by the Bishop of London. The bishop came in at the time appointed and read the prayers. He also read, in the course of the service, the twenty-ninth chapter of Matthew, which narrates the closing scenes of our Saviour's life. This was, in fact, the regular lesson for the day, according to the Episcopal ritual, which assigns certain portions of Scripture to every day of the year. The king supposed that the bishop had purposely selected this passage, and he thanked him for it, as he said it seemed to him very appropriate to the occasion. "May it please Your Majesty," said the bishop, "it is the proper lesson for the day." The king was much affected at learning this fact, as he considered it a special Providence, indicating that he was prepared to die, and that he should be sustained in the final agony.

About ten o'clock, Colonel Hacker, who was the first one named in the warrant of execution of the three

persons to whom the warrant was addressed, knocked gently at the king's chamber door. No answer was returned. Presently he knocked again. The king asked his attendant to go to the door. He went, and asked Colonel Hacker why he knocked. He replied that he wished to see the king.

"Let him come in," said the king.

The officer entered, but with great embarrassment and trepidation. He felt that he had a most awful duty to perform. He informed the king that it was time to proceed to Whitehall, though he could have some time there for rest. "Very well," said the king; "go on; I will follow." The king then took the bishop's arm, and they went along together.

They found, as they issued from the palace of St. James into the park through which their way led to Whitehall, that lines of soldiers had been drawn up. The king, with the bishop on one side, and the attendant before referred to, whose name was Herbert, on the other, both uncovered, walked between these lines of guards. The king walked on very fast, so that the others scarcely kept pace with him. When he arrived at Whitehall he spent some further time in devotion with the bishop, and then, at noon, he ate a little bread and drank some light wine. Soon after this, Colonel Hacker, the officer, came to the door and let them know that the hour had arrived.

The bishop and Hacker melted into tears as they bade their master farewell. The king directed the door to be opened, and requested the officer to go on, saying that he would follow. They went through a large hall, called the banqueting hall, to a window in front, through which

a passage had been made for the king to his scaffold, which was built up in the street before the palace. As the king passed out through the window, he perceived that a vast throng of spectators had assembled in the streets to witness the spectacle. He had expected this, and had intended to address them. But he found that this was impossible, as the space all around the scaffold was occupied with troops of horses and bodies of soldiers, so as to keep the populace at so great a distance that they could not hear his voice. He, however, made his speech, addressing it particularly to one or two persons who were near, knowing that they would put the substance of it on record, and thus make it known to all mankind. There was then some further conversation about the preparations for the final blow, the adjustment of the dress, the hair, etc., in which the king took an active part with great composure. He then kneeled down and laid his head upon the block.

The executioner, who wore a mask that he might not be known, began to adjust the hair of the prisoner by putting it up under his cap, when the king. supposing that he was going to strike, hastily told him to wait for the sign. The executioner said that he would. The king spent a few minutes in prayer, and then stretched out his hands, which was the sign which he had arranged to give. The axe descended. The dissevered head, with the blood streaming from it, was held up by the assistant executioner, for the gratification of the vast crowd which was gazing on the scene. He said, as he raised it, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

The body was placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and taken back through the window into the

room from which the monarch had walked out, in life and health, but a few moments before. A day or two afterward it was taken to Windsor Castle upon a hearse drawn by six horses, and covered with black velvet. It was there interred in a vault in the chapel, with an inscription upon lead over the coffin: —

KING CHARLES

1648



CROMWELL IN WHITEHALL

BY JULIUS SCHRADER

(*Germany.* 1815–1900)

FROM the banqueting hall of this palace Charles I was led forth to die on the scaffold that had been erected under its windows. Cromwell, who, more than any other man in England, had been responsible for the execution of the king, is here represented as gazing sternly, but with no one knows what thoughts, at the portrait of Charles, before which rest the hat, gloves, and riding-whip of the monarch.

A ROYALIST DESCRIPTION OF CROMWELL'S MEN

BY SAMUEL BUTLER

THAT stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant.
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
With apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be going on,
And still be doing, never done,
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies,
In falling out with that or this
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick:
That with more care keep holyday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.

A DESCRIPTION OF CROMWELL'S MEN

Still so perverse and opposite
As if they worshiped God for spite,
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way and long another for;
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

HOW CROMWELL DISSOLVED PARLIAMENT

[1653]

BY FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT

[CROMWELL wished to summon a new Parliament, but the assembly then in session refused to adjourn, and, led by Sir Henry Vane, was about to pass a "Dissolution Bill," according to which the membership should remain unchanged, and none who might be elected to fill vacancies could be admitted unless the members approved.

The Editor.]

CROMWELL was informed that the Parliament was sitting, and that Vane, Martyn, and Sidney were pressing the immediate adoption of what they called the "Dissolution Bill." The members of the House who were with Cromwell at Whitehall went off immediately to Westminster; but Cromwell himself remained with his officers, determined still to wait, and not to act unless forced to do so by extreme necessity. Presently Colonel Ingoldsby arrived, exclaiming, "If you mean to do anything decisive, you have no time to lose." The House was on the point of coming to a vote; Vane had insisted with such warmth and earnestness on passing the bill, that Harrison had deemed it necessary "most sweetly and humbly" to conjure his colleagues to pause before they took so important a step.

Cromwell left Whitehall in haste, followed by Lambert and five or six officers; and commanded a detachment of soldiers to march round to the House of Commons.

On his arrival at Westminster, he stationed guards at the doors and in the lobby of the House, and led round another body to a position just outside the room in which the members were seated. He then entered alone, without noise, "clad in plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings," as was his custom when he was not in uniform. Vane was speaking, and passionately descanting on the urgency of the bill. Cromwell sat down in his usual place, where he was instantly joined by St. John, to whom he said, "That he was come to do that which grieved him to the very soul, and that he had earnestly with tears prayed God against. Nay, that he had rather be torn in pieces than do it; but there was a necessity laid upon him therein, in order to the glory of God, and the good of the nation." St. John answered, "That he knew not what he meant; but did pray that what it was which must be done, might have a happy issue for the general good"; and so saying, he returned to his seat.

Vane was still speaking, and Cromwell listened to him with great attention. He was arguing the necessity of proceeding at once to the last stage of the bill, and with that view, adjured the House to dispense with the usual formalities which should precede its adoption. Cromwell, at this, beckoned to Harrison. "Now is the time," he said; "I must do it!" "Sir," replied Harrison anxiously, "the work is very great and dangerous." "You say well," answered Cromwell, and sat still for another quarter of an hour. Vane ceased speaking; the Speaker rose to put the question, when Cromwell stood up, took off his hat, and began to speak. At first, he expressed himself in terms of commendation of the Parlia-

ment and its members, praising their zeal and care for the public good; but gradually his tone changed, his accents and gestures became more violent; he reproached the members of the House with their delays, their covetousness, their self-interest, their disregard for justice. "You haveno heart todo anything for the public good," he exclaimed; "your intention was to perpetuate yourselves in power. But your time is come! The Lord has done with you! He has chosen other instruments for the carrying on His work, that are more worthy. It is the Lord hath taken me by the hand, and set me on to do this thing."

Vane, Wentworth, and Martyn rose to reply to him, but he would not suffer them to speak. "You think, perhaps," he said, "that this is not Parliamentary language; I know it; but expect no other language from me." Wentworth at length made himself heard; he declared that this "was indeed the first time that he had ever heard such unbecoming language given to the Parliament; and that it was the more horrid, in that it came from their servant, and their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty, they had made what he was." Cromwell thrust his hat upon his head, sprang from his seat into the center of the floor of the House, and shouted out, "Come, come, we have had enough of this: I'll put an end to your prating — Call them in!" he added briefly to Harrison; the door opened, and twenty or thirty musketeers entered, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley.

"You are no Parliament," cried Cromwell; "I say, you are no Parliament! Begone! Give way to honester

men." He walked up and down the floor of the House, stamping his foot, and giving his orders. "Fetch him down," he said to Harrison, pointing to the Speaker, who still remained in his chair. Harrison told him to come down, but Lenthall refused. "Take him down," repeated Cromwell; Harrison laid his hand on the Speaker's gown, and he came down immediately. Algernon Sidney was sitting near the Speaker. "Put him out," said Cromwell to Harrison. Sidney did not move. "Put him out," reiterated Cromwell. Harrison and Worsley laid their hands on Sidney's shoulders, upon which he rose and walked out. "This is not honest," exclaimed Vane; "it is against morality and common honesty!" "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane!" replied Cromwell, "you might have prevented this extraordinary course; but you are a juggler, and have not so much as common honesty. The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" And, amidst the general confusion, as the members passed out before him, he flung nicknames in the face of each. "Some of you are drunkards!" he said, pointing to Mr. Challoner; "some of you are adulterers!" and he looked at Sir Peter Wentworth; "some of you are corrupt, unjust persons!" and he glanced at Whitelocke and others. He went up to the table on which the mace lay, which was carried before the Speaker, and called to the soldiers, "What shall we do with this bauble? Here, take it away." He frequently repeated, "It is you that have forced me to this, for I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work." Alderman Allen told him, "That it was not yet gone so far, but all things might be restored again; and that, if the soldiers were

commanded out of the House, and the mace returned, the public affairs might go on in their course." Cromwell rejected this advice, and called Allen to account for some hundred thousand pounds which, as treasurer of the army, he had embezzled. Allen replied, "That it was well known that it had not been his fault that his account was not made up long since; that he had often tendered it to the House, and that he asked no favor from any man in that matter." Cromwell ordered him to be arrested, and he was led off by the soldiers. The room was now empty; he seized all the papers, took the Dissolution Bill from the clerk, and put it under his cloak; after which he left the House, ordered the doors to be shut, and returned to Whitehall.

At Whitehall, he found several of his officers, who had remained there to await the event. He related to them what he had done at the House. "When I went there," he said, "I did not think to have done this. But perceiving the Spirit of God so strong upon me, I would not consult flesh and blood."

A few hours later, in the afternoon, he was informed that the Council of State had just assembled in its ordinary place of meeting, in Whitehall itself, under the presidency of Bradshaw. He went to them immediately, followed only by Harrison and Lambert. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you are met here as private persons, you shall not be disturbed; but if as a Council of State, this is no place for you; and since you can't but know what was done at the House this morning, so take notice that the Parliament is dissolved." "Sir," answered Bradshaw, "we have heard what you did at the House in the morning, and before many hours all England will hear it.

But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved; for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves. Therefore take you notice of that." All then rose and left the room. On the following day, the 21st of April, this announcement appeared in the "Mercurius Politicus," which had become Cromwell's journal: "The Lord-General delivered yesterday in Parliament divers reasons wherefore a present period should be put to the sitting of this Parliament, and it was accordingly done, the Speaker and the members all departing. The grounds of which proceedings will, it is probable, be shortly made public." And, on the same day, a crowd collected at the door of the House to read a large placard which had probably been placed there during the night by some Cavalier who was overjoyed at finding his cause avenged on the Republicans by a regicide; it bore this inscription: —

"This House to be let, unfurnished."

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONE'S PARLIAMENT

[1653]

BY EDWARD, EARL OF CLARENDON

[AFTER Cromwell's dissolution of the Long Parliament, or "Rump Parliament," as it was also called, he assumed executive authority, and sent a request to the Independent or Congregational churches of the land that they should name persons to form a new Parliament. Cromwell's council chose, chiefly from among the persons thus named, the "Little Parliament," which, from the name of one member, the Royalists called "the Barebone's Parliament."

The Editor.]

THERE were amongst them some few of the quality and degree of gentlemen, and who had estates, and such a proportion of credit and reputation, as could consist with the guilt they had contracted. But much the major part of them consisted of inferior persons, of no quality or name, artificers of the meanest trades, known only by their gifts in praying or preaching; which was now practiced by all degrees of men but scholars throughout the kingdom. In which number, that there may be a better judgment made of the rest, it will not be amiss to name one, from whom that Parliament itself was afterwards denominated, who was Praise-God (that was his Christian name) Barebone, a leatherseller in Fleet Street, from whom (he being an eminent speaker in it) it was afterwards called Praise-God Barebone's Parliament. In a word, they were a pack of weak, senseless fellows, fit only to bring the name and reputation of Parliament lower than it was yet.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONE'S PARLIAMENT

It was fit these new men should be brought together by some new way: and a very new way it was. For Cromwell, by his warrants, directed to every one of them, telling them "of the necessity of dissolving the late Parliament, and of an equal necessity, that the peace, safety, and good government of the commonwealth should be provided for; and therefore that he had, by the advice of his council of officers, nominated divers persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty, to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs was to be committed, and that having good assurance of their love to, and courage for God, and the interest of his cause, and the good people of this commonwealth." He concluded in these words, "I, Oliver Cromwell, captain-general and commander-in-chief of all the forces raised, or to be raised, within this commonwealth, do hereby summon and require you personally to be and appear at the council-chamber at Whitehall, upon the fourth day of July next, then and there to take upon you the said trust. And you are hereby called and appointed to serve as a member for the county of," etc. Upon this wild summons, the persons so nominated appeared at the council-chamber upon the 4th of July, which was near three months after the dissolution of the former Parliament.

Cromwell, with his council of officers, was ready to receive them, and made them a long discourse of "the fear of God, and the honor due to his name," full of texts of Scripture; and remembered "the wonderful mercies of God to this nation, and the continued series of Providence, by which he had appeared in carrying on his cause, and bringing affairs into that present glorious condition,

wherein they now were." He put them in mind of "the noble actions of the army in the famous victory of Worcester, of the applications they had made to the Parliament, for a good settlement of all the affairs of the commonwealth, the neglect whereof made it absolutely necessary to dissolve it." He assured them by many arguments, some of which were urged out of Scripture, "that they had a very lawful call to take upon them the supreme authority of the nation"; and concluded with a very earnest desire, "that great tenderness might be used towards all conscientious persons, of what judgment soever they appeared to be."

When he had finished his discourse, he delivered to them an instrument, engrossed in parchment under his hand and seal, whereby, with the advice of his council of officers, he did devolve and entrust the supreme authority of this commonwealth into the hands of those persons therein mentioned; and declared, "that they, or any forty of them, were to be held and acknowledged the supreme authority of the nation, to which all persons within the same, and the territories thereunto belonging, were to yield obedience and subjection to the third day of the month of November, which should be in the year 1654," which was about a year and three months from the time that he spoke to them; and three months before the time prescribed should expire, they were to make choice of other persons to succeed them, whose power and authority should not exceed one year, and when they were likewise to provide and take care for a like succession in the government. Being thus invested with this authority, they repaired to the Parliament house, and made choice of one Rouse to be their

Speaker, an old gentleman of Devonshire, who had been a member of the former Parliament, and in that time been preferred and made provost of the college of Eton, which office he then enjoyed, with an opinion of having some knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues; of a very mean understanding, but thoroughly engaged in the guilt of the times.

At their first coming together, some of them had the modesty to doubt, that they were not in many respects so well qualified as to take upon them the style and title of a Parliament. But that modesty was quickly subdued, and they were easily persuaded to assume that title, and to consider themselves as the supreme authority in the nation. These men thus brought together continued in this capacity near six months, to the amazement and even mirth of the people; in which time they never entered upon any grave and serious debate, that might tend to any settlement, but generally expressed great sharpness and animosity against the clergy, and against all learning, out of which they thought the clergy had grown, and still would grow.

There were now no bishops for them to be angry with; they had already reduced all that order to the lowest beggary. But their quarrel was against all who had called themselves ministers, and who, by being called so, received tithes, and respect from their neighbors. They resolved the function itself to be antichristian, and the persons to be burdensome to the people, and the requiring and payment of tithes to be absolute Judaism, and they thought fit that they should be abolished altogether; and that there might not for the time to come be any race of people who might revive those pretenses,

they thought fit, "that all lands belonging to the universities, and colleges in those universities, might be sold, and the monies that should arise thereby, be disposed for the public service, and to ease the people from the payment of taxes and contributions."

When they had tired and perplexed themselves so long in such debates, as soon as they were met in the morning upon the 12th of December, and before many of them were come who were like to dissent from the motion, one of them stood up and declared, "that he did believe, they were not equal to the burden that was laid upon them, and therefore that they might dissolve themselves, and deliver back their authority into the hands from whom they had received it"; which being presently consented to, their Speaker, with those who were of that mind, went to Whitehall, and re-delivered to Cromwell the instrument they had received from him, acknowledged their own impotency, and besought him to take care of the commonwealth.

By this frank donation he and his council of officers were once more possessed of the supreme power of the nation. And in a few days after, his council were too modest to share with him in this royal authority, but declared, "that the government of the commonwealth should reside in a single person; that that person should be Oliver Cromwell, captain-general of all the forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and that his title should be Lord Protector of the commonwealths of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, and that he should have a council of one and twenty persons to be assistant to him in the government."



CROMWELL VISITING MILTON

BY DAVID NEAL

(*American artist*, 1837)

SEVERAL years before the breaking-out of the Civil War, Milton had already planned his "Paradise Lost"; but he gave this up for the time and devoted himself, heart and mind, to the cause of the Puritans. Save for an occasional sonnet, he wrote prose only; but prose which is often of rare eloquence and harmony. His best-known work of this period is the "Areopagitica," a plea for liberty of the press.

After the execution of Charles I, Milton stood boldly on the side of the Puritans. He was soon made Latin or Foreign Secretary to the Commonwealth. Three years later he had become entirely blind, because of the overwork which his devotion to the State had brought upon his eyes. Of them he writes: —

> "What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In Liberty's defense, my noble task."

It was not until some years after the Restoration that he produced his wonderful epic, "Paradise Lost." This was followed by "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." Three years after the publication of these latter works, Milton died.

In this picture Cromwell is seen in the house of his Latin Secretary whom he has come to consult, probably, on some business of State. The stern warrior has entered unannounced, but has paused in Milton's study to listen to the music of a spinet played by the great poet in an adjoining alcove.

III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

HISTORICAL NOTE

CROMWELL died in 1658. His son succeeded him, but was not strong enough to fill his father's place, and resigned at the request of the army. England had wearied of the strict rule of the Puritans, and in 1660, Charles II, son of Charles I, was invited to return. Now came reaction, and at first the country could not do enough for this witty, good-humored sovereign; but it was soon evident that he cared for nothing but his own pleasure. His court was the home of dissoluteness and profligacy.

At the death of Charles II, in 1685, he was succeeded by his brother James. This new ruler had learned nothing from the fate of Charles I, but proceeded to rule as he chose, without regard to the wishes of his subjects. Moreover, he was a Roman Catholic, and was determined to reëstablish that form of faith in England. The result was that he was forced to flee from the kingdom, and the throne was given by Parliament to Mary, daughter of James, together with her husband, William of Orange. Parliament took advantage of this bloodless revolution and increased its power at the expense of the throne by enacting a Bill of Rights. This provided that henceforth the cabinet should be responsible to Parliament instead of to the king.

On the death of William of Orange, in 1702, Anne, second daughter of James II, became queen. Her lack of brilliancy of intellect apparently had no effect upon the march of events; for her reign was marked both by brilliant military achievements and by the excellence of its literature. In her first year on the throne, England, Germany, and Holland united in a war against France, known as the War of the Spanish Succession, in which the Duke of Marlborough won victory after victory for his country; and, under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Gibraltar was taken. By the treaty closing the war, England gained in America Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and a vast area of land about Hudson's Bay. In 1707, Scotland and England were united under the name of Great Britain.

IN THE DAYS OF THE PLAGUE

[1665]

BY DANIEL DEFOE

[In 1665, a terrible plague swept over England. The most vivid of all the accounts of this awful visitation was written by Daniel Defoe. He was a boy of five at the time of the pestilence, but his descriptions are so realistic that his work has often been accepted for what it claims to be, namely, a diary of the times.

The Editor.]

It is incredible and scarcely to be imagined, how the posts and corners of streets were plastered over with doctors' bills, and papers of ignorant fellows quacking and tampering in physic, inviting the people to come to them for remedies; which [invitation] was generally set off with such flourishes as these, viz.: — INFALLIBLE PREVENTIVE PILLS against the Plague, — NEVER-FAILING PRESERVATIVES against the infection, — SOVEREIGN CORDIALS against the corruption of the air, — EXACT REGULATIONS for the conduct of the body in case of an infection, — ANTI-PESTILENTIAL PILLS, — INCOMPARABLE DRINK against the Plague, never found out before, — AN UNIVERSAL REMEDY for the Plague, — THE ONLY TRUE PLAGUE WATER, — THE ROYAL ANTIDOTE against all kinds of infection; and such a number more that I cannot reckon up: and if I could, it would fill a book of themselves to set them down.

Others set up bills to summon people to their lodgings for directions and advice in the case of infection: these had specious titles also, such as these: —

An eminent High-Dutch Physician, newly come over from Holland, where he resided during all the time of the great Plague, last year, in Amsterdam, and cured multitudes of people that actually had the Plague upon them.

An Italian Gentlewoman, just arrived from Naples, having a choice secret to prevent Infection, which she found out by her great experience, and did wonderful cures with it in the late Plague there, wherein there died 20,000 in one day.

An ancient Gentlewoman having practiced with great success in the late Plague in this city, Anno 1636, gives her advice only to the Female sex. To be spoken with, etc.

An experienced Physician, who has long studied the Doctrine of Antidotes against all sorts of poison and infection, has, after forty years' practice, arrived to such skill as may, with God's blessing, direct Persons how to prevent their being touched by any contagious distemper whatever. He directs the Poor *gratis*.

I take notice of these by way of specimen. I could give you two or three dozen of the like, and yet have abundance left behind. 'T is sufficient from these to apprise any one of the humor of those times; and how a set of thieves and pick-pockets not only robbed and cheated the poor people of their money, but poisoned their bodies with odious and fatal preparations; some

with mercury, and some with other things as bad, perfectly remote from the thing pretended to; and rather hurtful than serviceable to the body, in case an infection followed.

I cannot omit a subtlety of one of those quack operators, with which he gulled the poor people to crowd about him, but did nothing for them without money. He had, it seems, added to his bills which he gave about the streets, this advertisement in capital letters, viz. — HE GIVES ADVICE TO THE POOR FOR NOTHING.

Abundance of poor people came to him accordingly, to whom he made a great many fine speeches, examined them of the state of their health, and of the constitution of their bodies, and told them many good things for them to do, which were of no great moment; but the issue and conclusion of all was that he had a preparation which, if they took such a quantity of, every morning, he would pawn his life they should never have the Plague, — no, though they lived in the house with people that were infected. This made the people all resolve to have it; but then the price of that was so much, I think 't was half a crown. "But, sir," says one poor woman, "I am a poor alms-woman, and am kept by the parish, and your bills say, you give the poor your help for nothing." "Ay, good woman," says the doctor, "so I do, as I published there: I give my *advice* to the poor for nothing, but not my physic!" "Alas, sir," says she, "that is a snare laid for the poor, then; for you give them your advice for nothing, that is to say, you advise them gratis, to buy your physic for their money, so does every shopkeeper with his wares." Here the woman began to give him ill words, and stood at his door all that day, telling

her tale to all the people that came, till the doctor, finding she turned away his customers, was obliged to call her up stairs again, and give her his box of physic for nothing, — which, perhaps too, was *good for nothing when she had it.*

But to return to the people, whose confusion fitted them to be imposed upon by all sorts of pretenders, and by every mountebank. There is no doubt but these quacking sorts of fellows raised great gains out of the miserable people; for we daily found the crowds that ran after them were infinitely greater, and their doors were more thronged than those of *Dr. Brooks*, *Dr. Upton*, *Dr. Hodges*, *Dr. Berwick*, or any, though the most famous men of the times; and I was told that some of them got five pounds a day by their physic.

But there was still another madness beyond all this, which may serve to give an idea of the distracted humor of the poor people at that time; and this was their following a worse sort of deceivers than any of the above; for these petty thieves only deluded them to pick their pockets, and get their money, in which their wickedness, whatever it was, lay chiefly on the side of the deceiver's deceiving, not upon the deceived: — but in this part I am going to mention, it lay chiefly in the people deceived, or equally in both; and this was in wearing charms, philters, exorcisms, amulets, and I know not what preparations, to fortify the body with them against the Plague; as if the Plague was not the Hand of God, but a kind of possession of an Evil Spirit; and that it was to be kept off with crossings, signs of the zodiac, papers tied up with so many knots, and certain words or figures written on them, as particularly the word

ABRACADABRA, formed in triangle or pyramid, thus: —

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

Others had the Jesuits' mark in a cross:

I H
S

Others nothing but this mark, thus:



I might spend a great deal of time in my exclamations against the follies, and, indeed, the wickedness of those things, in a time of such danger, in a matter of such consequences as this of a National Infection. But my memorandums of these things relate rather to take notice only of the fact, and mention only that it was so. How the poor people found the insufficiency of those things, and how many of them were afterwards carried away in the dead-carts, and thrown into the common graves of every parish, with these hellish charms and trumpery hanging about their necks, remains to be spoken of as we go along.

All this was the effect of the hurry the people were in, after the first notion of the Plague being at hand was among them; and which may be said to be from about Michaelmas, 1664, but more particularly after the two men died in St. Giles's, in the beginning of December; and again, after another alarm, in February: for when the Plague evidently spread itself, they soon began to see the folly of trusting to those unperforming creatures

who had gulled them of their money; and then their fears worked another way, namely, to amazement and stupidity, not knowing what course to take, nor what to do, either to help or relieve themselves; but they ran about from one neighbor's house to another, and even in the streets from one door to another, with repeated cries of, "*Lord, have mercy upon us, what shall we do?*"

Indeed, the poor people were to be pitied in one particular thing, in which they had little or no relief, and which I desire to mention with a serious awe and reflection, which, perhaps, every one that reads this may not relish; namely, that whereas Death now began not, *as we may say*, to hover over every one's head only, but to look into their houses and chambers, and stare in their faces; though there might be some stupidity and dullness of the mind, and there was so, a great deal; yet there was a great deal of just alarm, sounded in the very inmost soul, *if I may so say*, of others. Many consciences were awakened; many hard hearts melted into tears; and many a penitent confession was made of crimes long concealed. It would have wounded the soul of any Christian to have heard the dying groans of many a despairing creature; and none durst come near to comfort them. Many a robbery, many a murder, was then confessed aloud, and nobody surviving to record the accounts of it. People might be heard, even in the streets as we passed along, calling upon God for mercy, through Jesus Christ, and saying, — "I have been a thief — I have been a murderer," — and the like; and none durst stop to make the least inquiry into such things, or to administer comfort to the poor creatures that in the anguish both of soul and body thus cried out. Some of

the ministers did visit the sick at first and for a little while, but it was not to be done; it would have been present Death to have gone into some houses. The very buriers of the dead, who were the most hardened creatures in town, were sometimes beaten back, and so terrified that they durst not go into the houses where whole families were swept away together, and where the circumstances were most particularly horrible, as some were; but this was, indeed, at the first heat of the distemper.

Time inured them to it all; and they ventured everywhere afterwards without hesitation, as I shall have occasion to mention at large hereafter.

I am supposing now the Plague to be begun, as I have said, and that the Magistrates began to take the condition of the people into their serious consideration. What they did as to the regulation of inhabitants and of infected families, I shall speak to by itself; but as to the affair of health, it is proper to mention it here; that having seen the foolish humor of the people in running after quacks and mountebanks, wizards, and fortune-tellers (which they did as above, even to madness) the Lord Mayor, a very sober and religious gentleman, appointed Physicians and Surgeons for the relief of the poor; I mean, the diseased poor; and in particular, ordered the College of Physicians to publish directions for cheap remedies for the poor, in all circumstances of the distemper. This, indeed, was one of the most charitable and judicious things that could be done at that time; for this drove the people from haunting the doors of every dispenser of bills; and from taking down blindly, and without consideration, Poison for Physic, and Death instead of Life.

THE FALL OF "KING MONMOUTH"

[1685]

BY CHARLES DICKENS

[JAMES II was a Roman Catholic and the country preferred to have a Protestant ruler. Some were eager to give the crown to the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of Charles II, who was a Protestant. "King Monmouth," as he was called by his supporters, came over from Holland fully expecting to be made sovereign of England.

The Editor.]

HE immediately set up his standard in the market place, and proclaimed the king a tyrant, and a Popish usurper, and I know not what else; charging him, not only with what he had done, which was bad enough, but with what neither he nor anybody else had done, such as setting fire to London, and poisoning the late king. Raising some four thousand men by these means, he marched on to Taunton, where there were many Protestant dissenters who were strongly opposed to the Catholics. Here, both the rich and poor turned out to receive him, ladies waved a welcome to him from all the windows as he passed along the streets, flowers were strewn in his way, and every compliment and honor that could be devised was showered upon him. Among the rest, twenty young ladies came forward, in their best clothes, and in their brightest beauty, and gave him a Bible ornamented with their own fair hands, together with other presents.

Encouraged by this homage, he proclaimed himself king, and went on to Bridgewater. But, here the Government troops, under the Earl of Feversham, were close at hand; and he was so dispirited at finding that he made but few powerful friends after all, that it was a question whether he should disband his army and endeavor to escape. It was resolved, at the instance of that unlucky Lord Grey, to make a night attack on the king's army, as it lay encamped on the edge of a morass called Sedgemoor. The horsemen were commanded by the same unlucky lord, who was not a brave man. He gave up the battle almost at the first obstacle — which was a deep drain; and although the poor countrymen who had turned out for Monmouth fought bravely with scythes, poles, pitchforks, and such poor weapons as they had, they were soon dispersed by the trained soldiers, and fled in all directions. When the Duke of Monmouth himself fled was not known in the confusion; but the unlucky Lord Grey was taken early next day, and then another of the party was taken, who had confessed that he had parted from the duke only four hours before. Strict search being made, he was found disguised as a peasant, hidden in a ditch under fern and nettles, with a few peas in his pocket which he had gathered in the fields to eat. The only other articles he had upon him were a few papers and little books: one of the latter being a strange jumble, in his own writing, of charms, songs, recipes, and prayers. He was completely broken. He wrote a miserable letter to the king, beseeching and entreating to be allowed to see him. When he was taken to London, and conveyed bound into the king's presence, he crawled to him on his knees, and made a most

degrading exhibition. As James never forgave or relented towards anybody, he was not likely to soften towards the issuer of the Lyme Proclamation, so he told the suppliant to prepare for death.

On the 15th of July, 1685, this unfortunate favorite of the people was brought out to die on Tower Hill. The crowd was immense, and the tops of all the houses were covered with gazers. He had seen his wife, the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, in the Tower, and had talked much of a lady whom he loved far better — the Lady Harriet Wentworth — who was one of the last persons he remembered in this life. Before laying down his head upon the block he felt the edge of the axe, and told the executioner that he feared it was not sharp enough, and that the axe was not heavy enough. On the executioner replying that it was of the proper kind, the duke said, "I pray you have a care, and do not use me so awkwardly as you used my Lord Russell." The executioner, made nervous by this, and trembling, struck once, and merely gashed him in the neck. Upon this, the Duke of Monmouth raised his head and looked the man reproachfully in the face. Then he struck twice, and then thrice, and then threw down the axe, and cried out in a voice of horror that he could not finish that work. The sheriffs, however, threatening him with what should be done to himself if he did not, he took it up again and struck a fourth time and a fifth time. Then the wretched head at last fell off, and James, Duke of Monmouth, was dead, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. He was a showy, graceful man, with many proper qualities, and had found much favor in the open hearts of the English.

The atrocities committed by the Government, which

followed this Monmouth Rebellion, form the blackest and most lamentable page in English history. The poor peasants, having been dispersed with great loss, and their leaders having been taken, one would think that the implacable king might have been satisfied. But no; he let loose upon them, among other intolerable monsters, a Colonel Kirk, who had served against the Moors, and whose soldiers — called by the people "Kirk's Lambs," because they bore a lamb upon their flag, as the emblem of Christianity — were worthy of their leader. The atrocities committed by these demons in human shape are far too horrible to be related here. It is enough to say that besides most ruthlessly murdering and robbing them, and ruining them by making them buy their pardons at the price of all they possessed, it was one of Kirk's favorite amusements, as he and his officers sat drinking after dinner, and toasting the king, to have batches of prisoners hanged outside the windows for the company's diversion; and that when their feet quivered in the convulsions of death, he used to swear that they should have music to their dancing, and would order the drums to beat and the trumpets to play. The detestable king informed him, as an acknowledgment of these services, that he was "very well satisfied with his proceedings." But the king's great delight was in the proceedings of Jeffreys, now a peer, who went down into the west, with four other judges, to try persons accused of having had any share in the rebellion. The king pleasantly called this "Jeffreys's campaign." The people down in that part of the country remember it to this day as the "Bloody Assize."

It began at Winchester, where a poor deaf old lady,

Mrs. Alicia Lisle, the widow of one of the judges of Charles I (who had been murdered abroad by some Royalist assassins), was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives from Sedgemoor. Three times the jury refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into that false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said, "Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty"; — as I dare say he would. He sentenced her to be burned alive, that very afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others interfered in her favor, and she was beheaded within a week. As a high mark of his approbation, the king made Jeffreys Lord Chancellor; and he then went on to Dorchester, to Exeter, to Taunton, and to Wells. It is astonishing, when we read of the enormous injustice and barbarity of this beast, to know that no one struck him dead on the judgment-seat. It was enough for any man or woman to be accused by an enemy, before Jeffreys, to be found guilty of high treason. One man who pleaded not guilty, he ordered to be taken out of court upon the instant, and hanged; and this so terrified the prisoners in general that they mostly pleaded guilty at once. At Dorchester alone, in the course of a few days, Jeffreys hanged eighty people; besides whipping, transporting, imprisoning, and selling as slaves, great numbers. He executed, in all, two hundred and fifty, or three hundred.

These executions took place, among the neighbors and friends of the sentenced, in thirty-six towns and villages. Their bodies were mangled, steeped in caldrons of boiling pitch and tar, and hung up by the roadsides, in the streets, over the very churches. The sight and

smell of heads and limbs, the hissing and bubbling of the infernal caldrons, and the tears and terrors of the people, were dreadful beyond all description. One rustic, who was forced to steep the remains in the black pot, was ever afterwards called "Tom Boilman." The hangman has ever since been called "Jack Ketch," because a man of that name went hanging and hanging, all day long, in the train of Jeffreys. You will hear much of the horrors of the great French Revolution. Many and terrible they were, there is no doubt; but I know of nothing worse, done by the maddened people of France in that awful time, than was done by the highest judge in England, with the express approval of the King of England, in the "Bloody Assize."

Nor was even this all. Jeffreys was as fond of money for himself as of misery for others, and he sold pardons wholesale to fill his pockets. The king ordered, at one time, a thousand prisoners to be given to certain of his favorites, in order that they might bargain with them for their pardons. The young ladies of Taunton who had presented the Bible were bestowed upon the maids of honor at court; and those precious ladies made very hard bargains with them, indeed. When the "Bloody Assize" was at its most dismal height, the king was diverting himself with horse-races in the very place where Mrs. Lisle had been executed. When Jeffreys had done his worst, and came home again, he was particularly complimented in the Royal Gazette; and when the king heard that through drunkenness and raging he was very ill, his odious Majesty remarked that such another man could not easily be found in England. Besides all this, a former sheriff of London, named Cornish, was hanged

within sight of his own house, after an abominably conducted trial, for having had a share in the Rye House Plot, on evidence given by Rumsey, which that villain was obliged to confess was directly opposed to the evidence he had given on the trial of Lord Russell. And on the very same day, a worthy widow, named Elizabeth Gaunt, was burned alive at Tyburn, for having sheltered a wretch who himself gave evidence against her. She settled the fuel about herself with her own hands, so that the flames should reach her quickly: and nobly said, with her last breath, that she had obeyed the sacred command of God, to give refuge to the outcast, and not to betray the wanderer.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

[1688]

BY ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER

[JAMES II, in his determination to restore the Roman Catholic Church in England, issued a declaration granting religious freedom to all, and ordered that it be read in every church in the land. Even those who would have rejoiced to have such a law, knew that laws must be made not by the king, but by Parliament. The Archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops protested, and were thrown into prison. Among them was Trelawney, a popular Cornishman.

The Editor.]

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's Hold,
We'll set Trelawney free!

"We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,

ENGLAND

With 'one and all,' and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all!
Here's men as good as you!

"Trelawney he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why!"



JAMES II RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

BY EDWARD MATTHEW WARD

(*English artist*, 1816–1879)

ENGLAND had borne with James II in the expectation that before many years he would be succeeded by his daughter; but at the announcement that a son had been born to him, the country was in despair, and invited William of Orange — husband of James's daughter Mary — to come and lead a rising against the king.

The illustration pictures the dismay of James on hearing of the welcome received by William on his arrival. The letter making the announcement is falling from his hand. Back of him is the execrable Judge Jeffreys. Beside him is the queen, who points to the baby prince, as if to arouse James to defend the future of his son. Behind the screen is the Lord in Waiting who has brought the letter. Apparently he surmises its contents, and is intently listening to observe their effect. The scene is laid in the royal apartment at Whitehall Palace.

William of Orange landed on November 5, 1688. On December 11, James, realizing that resistance was hopeless, fled without hazarding a blow. He was captured and brought back to London, but escaped to France, where he was given a home and a pension by King Louis XIV.

A CAMPAIGN UNDER MARLBOROUGH

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

[JOHN CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough, one of the greatest as well as one of the most unscrupulous figures of the period, was born in 1650 and educated as a soldier. He attained a high position under James II, but was one of the first to desert that monarch on the landing of William of Orange, by whom he was created earl. His wife, Sarah, was the favorite and virtual ruler of the Princess Anne, and on Anne's accession to the throne, Marlborough was given command of the united armies of England, Holland, and Germany in the War of the Spanish Succession against Louis XIV of France. He proved to be the most brilliant general of his age, winning every battle in which he commanded. But at home his wife's influence was slowly undermined by the duke's enemies. In 1711, the duchess was superseded by a new favorite; Marlborough, left at the mercy of his rivals, was accused of peculation and dismissed from all offices, and the war was ended by the Peace of Utrecht (1713).

The Editor.]

HIS GRACE, the captain-general, went to England after Bonn, and our army fell back into Holland, where, in April, 1704, His Grace again found the troops, embarking from Harwich and landing at Maesland Sluys: thence His Grace came immediately to The Hague, where he received the foreign ministers, general officers, and other people of quality. The greatest honors were paid to His Grace everywhere — at The Hague, Utrecht, Ruremonde, and Maestricht; the civil authorities coming to meet his coaches; salvos of cannon saluting him, cano-

pies of state being erected for him where he stopped, and feasts prepared for the numerous gentlemen following in his suite. His Grace reviewed the troops of the States-General between Liège and Maestricht, and afterwards the English forces, under the command of General Churchill, near Bois-le-Duc. Every preparation was made for a long march; and the army heard, with no small elation, that it was the commander-in-chief's intention to carry the war out of the Low Countries, and march on the Mozelle. Before leaving our camp at Maestricht we heard that the French, under the Marshal Villeroy, were also bound towards the Mozelle.

Towards the end of May, the army reached Coblentz; and next day, His Grace, and the generals accompanying him, went to visit the Elector of Trèves at his castle of Ehrenbreitstein, the horse and dragoons passing the Rhine whilst the duke was entertained at a grand feast by the elector. All as yet was novelty, festivity, and splendor — a brilliant march of a great and glorious army through a friendly country, and sure through some of the most beautiful scenes of nature which I ever witnessed.

The foot and artillery, following after the horse as quick as possible, crossed the Rhine under Ehrenbreitstein, and so to Castel, over against Mainz, in which city His Grace, his generals, and his retinue were received at the landing-place by the elector's coaches, carried to His Highness's palace amidst the thunder of cannon, and then once more magnificently entertained. Gidlingen, in Bavaria, was appointed as the general rendezvous of the army, and thither, by different routes, the whole forces of English, Dutch, Danes, and

German auxiliaries took their way. The foot and artillery under General Churchill passed the Neckar, at Heidelberg; and Esmond had an opportunity of seeing that city and palace, once so famous and beautiful (though shattered and battered by the French, under Turenne, in the late war), where his grandsire had served the beautiful and unfortunate Electress-Palatine, the first King Charles's sister.

At Mindelsheim, the famous Prince of Savoy came to visit our commander, all of us crowding eagerly to get a sight of that brilliant and intrepid warrior; and our troops were drawn up in battalia before the prince, who was pleased to express his admiration of this noble English army. At length we came in sight of the enemy between Dillingen and Lawinge, the Brentz lying between the two armies. The elector, judging that Donauwort would be the point of His Grace's attack, sent a strong detachment of his best troops to Count Darcos, who was posted at Schellenberg, near that place, where great intrenchments were thrown up, and thousands of pioneers employed to strengthen the position.

On the 2d of July His Grace stormed the post, with what success on our part need scarce be told. His Grace advanced with six thousand foot, English and Dutch, thirty squadrons, and three regiments of Imperial Cuirassiers, the duke crossing the river at the head of the cavalry. Although our troops made the attack with unparalleled courage and fury, — rushing up to the very guns of the enemy, and being slaughtered before their works, — we were driven back many times, and should not have carried them, but that the Imperialists came up under the Prince of Baden, when the enemy could

make no head against us: we pursued him into the trenches, making a terrible slaughter there, and into the very Danube, where a great part of his troops, following the example of their generals, Count Darcos and the elector himself, tried to save themselves by swimming. Our army entered Donauwort, which the Bavarians evacuated; and where 't was said the elector purposed to have given us a warm reception by burning us in our beds; the cellars of the houses, when we took possession of them, being found stuffed with straw. But though the links were there, the link-boys had run away. The townsmen saved their houses, and our general took possession of the enemy's ammunition in the arsenals, his stores, and magazines. Five days afterwards a great *Te Deum* was sung in Prince Lewis's army, and a solemn day of thanksgiving held in our own; the Prince of Savoy's compliments coming to His Grace, the captain-general, during the day's religious ceremony, and concluding, as it were, with an "Amen."

And now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country; the pomps and festivities of more than one German court; the severe struggle of a hotly contested battle, and the triumph of victory, Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty: our troops entering the enemy's territory, and putting all around them to fire and sword; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately Muse of History, that delights in describing the valor of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater

part of the drama of war? You, gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraised — you, pretty maidens, that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzzah for the British Grenadiers — do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of the triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle? Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshiped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony; before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him; — he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse then Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle, I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our

duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of the drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured, — for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property, — the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jeweled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears: he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a bootblack, as he would flatter a minister or a

monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand (or stab you whenever he saw occasion). But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all: and as he rode along the lines to battle, or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

After the great victory of Blenheim the enthusiasm of the army for the duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage — nay, the very officers who cursed him in their hearts were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor? Not he who writes: a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher; but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.

The French right was posted near to the village of Blenheim, on the Danube, where the Marshal Tallard's quarters were; their line extending through, it may be a league and a half, before Lutzingen and up to a woody hill, round the base of which, and acting against the Prince of Savoy, were forty of his squadrons.

Here was a village which the Frenchmen had burned, the wood being, in fact, a better shelter and easier of guard than any village.

Before these two villages and the French lines ran a little stream, not more than two foot broad, through a marsh (that was mostly dried up from the heats of the weather), and this stream was the only separation between the two armies — ours coming up and ranging

themselves in line of battle before the French, at six o'clock in the morning; so that our line was quite visible to theirs; and the whole of this great plain was black and swarming with troops for hours before the cannonading began.

On one side and the other this cannonading lasted many hours; the French guns being in position in front of their line, and doing severe damage among our horse especially, and on our right wing of Imperialists under the Prince of Savoy, who could neither advance his artillery nor his lines, the ground before him being cut up by ditches, morasses, and very difficult of passage for the guns.

It was past midday when the attack began on our left, where Lord Cutts commanded, the bravest and most beloved officer in the English army. And now, as if to make his experience in war complete, our young aide-de-camp having seen two great armies facing each other in line of battle, and had the honor of riding with orders from one end to other of the line, came in for a not uncommon accompaniment of military glory, and was knocked on the head, along with many hundred of brave fellows, almost at the very commencement of this famous day of Blenheim.

A little after noon, the disposition for attack being completed with much delay and difficulty, and under a severe fire from the enemy's guns, that were better posted and more numerous than ours, a body of English and Hessians, with Major-General Wilkes commanding at the extreme left of our line, marched upon Blenheim, advancing with great gallantry, the Major-General on foot, with his officers, at the head of the column, and

marching, with his hat off, intrepidly in the face of the enemy, who was pouring in a tremendous fire from his guns and musketry, to which our people were instructed not to reply, except with pike and bayonet when they reached the French palisades. To these Wilkes walked intrepidly, and struck the woodwork with his sword before our people charged it. He was shot down at the instant, with his colonel, major, and several officers; and our troops, cheering and huzzaing, and coming on, as they did, with immense resolution and gallantry, were nevertheless stopped by the murderous fire from behind the enemy's defenses, and then attacked in flank by a furious charge of French horse which swept out of Blenheim, and cut down our men in great numbers. Three fierce and desperate assaults of our foot were made and repulsed by the enemy; so that our columns of foot were quite shattered, and fell back, scrambling over the little rivulet, which we had crossed so resolutely an hour before, and pursued by the French cavalry, slaughtering us and cutting us down.

And now the conquerors were met by a furious charge of English horse under Esmond's General, General Lumley, behind whose squadrons the flying foot found refuge, and formed again, whilst Lumley drove back the French horse, charging up to the village of Blenheim and the palisades where Wilkes, and many hundred more gallant Englishmen, lay in slaughtered heaps. Beyond this moment, and of this famous victory, Mr. Esmond knows nothing; for a shot brought down his horse and our young gentleman on it, who fell crushed and stunned under the animal, and came to his senses he knows not how long after, only to lose them again

from pain and loss of blood. A dim sense as of people groaning round about him, a wild incoherent thought or two for her who occupied so much of his heart now, and that here his career, and his hopes, and misfortunes were ended, he remembers in the course of these hours. When he woke up, it was with a pang of extreme pain, his breastplate was taken off, his servant was holding his head up, the good and faithful lad of Hampshire was blubbering over his master, whom he found and had thought dead, and a surgeon was probing a wound in his shoulder, which he must have got at the same moment when his horse was shot and fell over him. The battle was over at this end of the field, by this time; the village was in possession of the English, its brave defenders prisoners, or fled, or drowned, many of them, in the neighboring waters of Donau.

THE GOVERNMENT IN QUEST OF A POET

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

[In 1704, the Government set out in quest of a poet to compose a poem on Marlborough's victory at Blenheim. Some one recommended a young man named Joseph Addison, and he was chosen. In the poem which he produced there were two lines that especially delighted the Government and the people. In these he compared Marlborough to an angel who,

> "Pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Addison was given one office after another, and he won both political and literary glory. In the following extract he is pictured as in the act of composing this poem.

The Editor.]

Quitting the Guard table one Sunday afternoon, when by chance Dick[1] had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the bookshop near St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober and almost shabby in appearance — at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The captain rushed up, then, to the student of the book-stall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him, — for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends, — but the

[1] Richard Steele.

other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the captain, still holding his friend's hands; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humoredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome, like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself — where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele, with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always —"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you — at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack: will your honor come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, my guardian angel?"

"Indeed," says Mr. Esmond, with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learned to admire Mr. Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red coat. . . . *O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen;* shall I go on, sir?" says Mr. Esmond, who, indeed, had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

"This is Captain Esmond who was at Blenheim," says Steele.

"Lieutenant Esmond," says the other, with a low bow, "at Mr. Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr. Addison with a smile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the duchess.

"We were going to the 'George' to take a bottle before the play," says Steele: "wilt thou be one, Joe?"

Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr. Addison; "my Lord Halifax sent me the burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and ate his simple dinner in a very few minutes, after which the three fell to and began to drink. "You see," says Mr. Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am busy about your affairs, captain. I am en-

gaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Esmond, at the request of the host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table *aliquo mero*,[1] and with the aid of some bits of tobacco-pipe showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses, and Dick, having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse, the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. "You are like the German burghers," says he, "and the princes on the Mozelle: when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls."

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" says Captain Steele, gayly filling up a bumper; — he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

"And the duke, since you will have me act His Grace's part," says Mr. Addison, with a smile, and something of a blush, "pledged his friends in return. Most Serene Elector of Covent Garden, I drink to Your Highness's health," and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amuse-

[1] With a little wine.

ment; but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr. Addison's brains; it only unloosed his tongue: whereas Captain Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle.

No matter what the verses were, and, to say truth, Mr. Esmond found some of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered, and in every line from Addison's pen Steele found a masterstroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem wherein the bard describes as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgeling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame — when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the elector's country; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominion was overrun; — when Dick came to the lines —

> "In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand
> With sword and fire, and ravages the land.
> In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
> A thousand villages to ashes turn.
> To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
> And mixed with bellowing herds confusedly bleat.
> Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
> And cries of infants sound in every brake.
> The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
> Loath to obey his leader's just commands.
> The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
> To see his just commands so well obeyed;" —

by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccuped out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

"I admire the license of your poets," says Esmond to Mr. Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) "I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was?" — (by this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr. Esmond's head too) — "what a triumph you are celebrating? What scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he did n't belong to our sphere? You talk of the 'listening soldier fixed in sorrow,' the 'leader's grief swayed by generous pity': to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw those horrors perpetrated which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory: I tell you 't is an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is — ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. O sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you would never have sung it so."

During this little outbreak, Mr. Addison was listening, smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. "What would you have?" says he. "In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, 't is impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime

her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated rather than described; as in the Greek tragedies, that, I dare say, you have read (and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition), Agamemnon is slain, or Medea's children destroyed, away from the scene; — the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear sir, in my humble way: 't is a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman. Do you not use tobacco? Of all the weeds grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary. We must paint our great duke," Mr. Addison went on, "not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us, but as a hero. 'T is in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We college poets trot, you know, on very easy nags; it hath been, time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art, and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic, not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. *Si parva licet:*[1] if Virgil could invoke the divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contributes to every citizen's individual honor. When hath there been, since our Henrys' and

[1] *Si parva licet componere magnis:* If it is allowable to compare small things with great.

Edwards' days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction? If 't is in my power to sing that song worthily, I will do so, and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty, and fling up my cap and huzzah for the conqueror: —

> "'. . . Rheni pacator et Istri,
> Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
> Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
> Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.'"

"There were as brave men on that field," says Mr. Esmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfishness and treachery) — "there were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian favored, and who lie there forgotten, under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?"

"To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades!" says Mr. Addison, with a smile. "Would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome: what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greatest of a man's qualities is success; 't is the result of all the others; 't is a latent power in him which compels the favor of the gods and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts, I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? Every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is some-

thing divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity: no more have the gods, who are above it, and superhuman. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect; and, wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

A couple of days after, when Mr. Esmond revisited his poetic friend, he found this thought, struck out in the fervor of conversation, improved and shaped into those famous lines, which are in truth the noblest in the poem of the "Campaign." As the two gentlemen sat engaged in talk, Mr. Addison solacing himself with his customary pipe, the little maid-servant that waited on his lodging came up, preceding a gentleman in fine laced clothes, that had evidently been figuring at court or a great man's levée. The courtier coughed a little at the smoke of the pipe, and looked round the room curiously, which was shabby enough, as was the owner in his worn snuff-colored suit and plain tie-wig.

"How goes on the *magnum opus*, Mr. Addison?" says the court gentleman on looking down at the papers that were on the table.

"We were but now over it," says Addison (the greatest courtier in the land could not have had a more splendid politeness, or greater dignity of manner). "Here is the plan," says he, "on the table: *hâc ibat Simois*,[1] here ran the little river Nebel: *hic est Sigeia tellus*,[2] here are Tallard's quarters, at the bowl of this pipe, at the attack

[1] There flowed the Simois. [2] Here is the Sigeian country.

of which Captain Esmond was present. I have the honor to introduce him to Mr. Boyle; and Mr. Esmond was but now depicting *aliquo prælia mixta mero*, when you came in." In truth the two gentlemen had been so engaged when the visitor arrived, and Addison in his smiling way, speaking of Mr. Webb, colonel of Esmond's regiment (who commanded a brigade in the action, and greatly distinguished himself there), was lamenting that he could find never a suitable rhyme for Webb, otherwise the brigade should have had a place in the poet's verses. "And for you, you are but a lieutenant," says Addison, "and the Muse can't occupy herself with any gentlemen under the rank of a field officer."

Mr. Boyle was all impatient to hear, saying that my Lord Treasurer and my Lord Halifax were equally anxious; and Addison, blushing, began reading of his verses, and, I suspect, knew their weak parts as well as the most critical hearer. When he came to the lines describing the angel, that

> "Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage," —

he read with great animation, looking at Esmond, as much as to say, "You know where that simile came from — from our talk, and our bottle of burgundy, the other day."

The poet's two hearers were caught with enthusiasm, and applauded the verses with all their might. The gentleman of the court sprang up in great delight. "Not a word more, my dear sir," says he. "Trust me with the papers — I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treasurer, whom I am appointed

to see in half an hour. I venture to promise, the verses shall lose nothing by my reading, and then, sir, we shall see whether Lord Halifax has a right to complain that his friend's pension is no longer paid." And without more ado, the courtier in lace seized the manuscript pages, placed them in his breast with his ruffled hand over his heart, executed a most gracious wave of the hat with the disengaged hand, and smiled and bowed out of the room, leaving an odor of pomander behind him.

"Does not the chamber look quite dark?" says Addison, surveying it, "after the glorious appearance and disappearance of that gracious messenger? Why, he illuminated the whole room. Your scarlet, Mr. Esmond, will bear any light; but this threadbare old coat of mine, how very worn it looked under the glare of that splendor! I wonder whether they will do anything for me," he continued. "When I came out of Oxford into the world, my patrons promised me great things; and you see where their promises have landed me, in a lodging up two pairs of stairs, with a sixpenny dinner from the cook's shop. Well, I suppose this promise will go after the others, and Fortune will jilt me, as the jade has been doing any time these seven years. 'I puff the prostitute away,' says he, smiling, and blowing a cloud out of his pipe. There is no hardship in poverty, Esmond, that is not bearable; no hardship even in honest dependence that an honest man may not put up with. I came out of the lap of Alma Mater, puffed up with her praises of me, and thinking to make a figure in the world with the parts and learning which had got me no small name in our college. The world is the ocean, and Isis and Charwell are but little drops, of which the sea takes no account.

My reputation ended a mile beyond Maudlin Tower; no one took note of me; and I learned this at least, to bear up against evil fortune with a cheerful heart. Friend Dick hath made a figure in the world, and has passed me in the race long ago. What matters a little name or a little fortune? There is no fortune that a philosopher cannot endure. I have been not unknown as a scholar, and yet forced to live by turning bear-leader, and teaching a boy to spell. What then? The life was not pleasant, but possible — the bear was bearable. Should this venture fail, I will go back to Oxford; and some day, when you are a general, you shall find me a curate in a cassock and bands, and I shall welcome your honor to my cottage in the country, and to a mug of penny ale. 'T is not poverty that's the hardest to bear, or the least happy lot in life," says Mr. Addison, shaking the ash out of his pipe. "See, my pipe is smoked out. Shall we have another bottle? I have still a couple in the cupboard, and of the right sort. No more? Let us go abroad and take a turn on the Mall, or look in at the theatre and see Dick's comedy. 'T is not a masterpiece of wit; but Dick is a good fellow, though he doth not set the Thames on fire."

Within a month after this day, Mr. Addison's ticket had come up a prodigious prize in the lottery of life. All the town was in an uproar of admiration of his poem, the "Campaign," which Dick Steele was spouting at every coffee-house in Whitehall and Covent Garden. The wits on the other side of Temple Bar saluted him at once as the greatest poet the world had seen for ages; the people huzzahed for Marlborough and for Addison, and, more than this, the party in power provided for the

meritorious poet, and Mr. Addison got the appointment of Commissioner of Excise, which the famous Mr. Locke vacated, and rose from this place to other dignities and honors; his prosperity from henceforth to the end of his life being scarce even interrupted. But I doubt whether he was not happier in his garret in the Haymarket, than ever he was in his splendid palace at Kensington.

SUNDAY WITH SIR ROGER

BY JOSEPH ADDISON

[THE reign of Anne is known as the Augustan age of English literature. Then for the first time authorship became a recognized calling, instead of an occasional occupation. This was due partly to the increase of wealth and leisure, and partly to governmental encouragement. Pope was the greatest of the poets; Addison, Swift, Steele, and Bolingbroke stood first among the writers of prose. The famous "Spectator" was the production of Addison and Steele. Its entertaining essays and sketches professed to be written by a club, of which "Sir Roger de Coverley" was the chief character.

The Editor.]

MY friend, Sir Roger, being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own choosing: He has likewise given a handsom Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found his Parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common-prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant Singing Master, who goes about the Country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no body

to sleep in it besides himself; for if by Chance he has been surprised into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servants to them. Several other of the Old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old Friend, in the midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character make his Friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him

on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechising Day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir Roger and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers; while the Parson instructs them every Sunday in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazzled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it.

IV
ENGLAND UNDER THE FIRST THREE GEORGES

HISTORICAL NOTE

QUEEN ANNE died in 1713, having outlived all of her seventeen children, and was succeeded by George I, Elector of Hanover, great-grandson of James I. As King George was more interested in his German principality than in his newly acquired kingdom, he gave his cabinet practically a free hand in England, a policy that led to a gradual shifting of executive power from the king to the prime minister. In 1720 a mania for stock speculation swept over England, leaving ruin in its wake, but under the long and peaceful administration of Sir Robert Walpole the country recovered its prosperity.

During the reign of George II (1727–1760), England was drawn into two wars with France, the War of the Austrian Succession and the Seven Years' War. In the latter, under the vigorous leadership of William Pitt, England completely humbled her ancient rival, and, by seizing French possessions in Canada and India, laid the foundations of her vast colonial empire.

George III (1760–1820) was determined to destroy the party system and restore royal authority. The oppressive measures directed by his favorite minister, Lord North, against the American colonies, resulted in the American Revolution whereby England lost her most important overseas territory.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

[It is said that a certain Vicar of Bray, named Simon Symonds, changed his theology with each change of sovereign; and that, when reproached for inconsistency, he declared that he was perfectly consistent, for he had ever been true to a single aim, and that was to remain Vicar of Bray.

The Editor.]

In good King Charles's golden days
  When loyalty no harm was meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
  And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd
  Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
  Or touch the Lord's anointed.
    And this is law that I'll maintain
      Until my dying day, sir,
    That whatsoever king shall reign,
      Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
  And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
  And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
  Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit,
  But for the Revolution.
    And this is law, etc.

ENGLAND

When William was our king declar'd
  To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
  And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
  Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
  A jest was non-resistance.
    And this is law, etc.

When royal Anne became our queen,
  The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
  And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
  I blam'd their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was,
  By such prevarication.
    And this is law, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
  And moderated men look'd big, sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
  And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
  From our new Faith's-Defender;
And almost every day abjur'd
  The Pope and the Pretender.
    And this is law, etc.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
  And Protestant succession,

THE VICAR OF BRAY

To these I do allegiance swear —
  While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty,
  I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be —
  Until the times do alter.
    And this is law, etc.

THE "BUBBLES" OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE I

[1720]

BY CHARLES MACKAY

[THE greatest and most calamitous of the "Bubbles" was the South Sea Company, with its scheme for paying off the national debt by trading in the South Sea. The company set wild stories afloat of the enormous fortunes that might be made by this trade, and at the office in Exchange Alley people strove with one another for an opportunity to purchase its stock. A ballad of the day declares: —

"Then stars and garters did appear
Among the meaner rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.

The greatest ladies hither come,
And plied in chariots daily,
Or pawned their jewels for a sum
To venture in the Alley."

When the speculative mania was at its height, the chairman and some of the chief directors sold out their interests at an enormous profit. Then came the crash, and thousands of families were made beggars. Parliament investigated, and eventually the stockholders received nearly one third of the money which they had so foolishly invested.

The Editor.]

INNUMERABLE joint-stock companies started up everywhere. They soon received the name of "Bubbles," the most appropriate that imagination could devise. The

populace are often most happy in the nicknames they employ. None could be more apt than that of "Bubbles." Some of them last for a week or a fortnight, and were no more heard of, while others could not even live out that short span of existence. Every evening produced new schemes, and every morning new projects. The highest of the aristocracy were as eager in this hot pursuit of gain as the most plodding jobber in Cornhill. The Prince of Wales became governor of one company, and is said to have cleared £40,000 by his speculations. The Duke of Bridgewater started a scheme for the improvement of London and Westminster, and the Duke of Chandos another. There were nearly a hundred different projects, each more extravagant and deceptive than the other. To use the words of the "Political State," they were "set on foot and promoted by crafty knaves, then pursued by multitudes of covetous fools, and at last appeared to be, in effect, what their vulgar appellation denoted them to be — bubbles and mere cheats." It was computed that near one million and a half sterling was won and lost by these unwarrantable practices, to the impoverishment of many a fool, and the enriching of many a rogue.

Some of these schemes were plausible enough, and, had they been undertaken at a time when the public mind was unexcited, might have been pursued with advantage to all concerned. But they were established merely with the view of raising the shares in the market. The projectors took the first opportunity of a rise to sell out, and next morning the scheme was at an end. Maitland, in his "History of London," gravely informs us, that one of the projects which received great encourage-

ment, was for the establishment of a company "to make deal boards out of sawdust." This is no doubt intended as a joke; but there is abundance of evidence to show that dozens of schemes, hardly a whit more reasonable, lived their little day, ruining hundreds ere they fell. One of them was for a wheel for perpetual motion — capital, one million; another was "for encouraging the breed of horses in England, and improving of glebe and church lands, and repairing and rebuilding parsonage and vicarage houses." Why the clergy, who were so mainly interested in the latter clause, should have taken so much interest in the first, is only to be explained on the supposition that the scheme was projected by a knot of the fox-hunting parsons, once so common in England. The shares of this company were rapidly subscribed for. But the most absurd and preposterous of all, and which showed, more completely than any other, the utter madness of the people, was one started by an unknown adventurer, entitled "A company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Were not the fact stated by scores of witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in five thousand shares of one hundred pounds each; deposit, 2 pounds per share. Each subscriber, paying his deposit, would be entitled to one hundred pounds per annum per share. How this immense profit was to be obtained, he did not condescend to inform them at that time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly an-

nounced, and a call made for the remaining ninety-eight pounds of the subscription. Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door, and when he shut up at three o'clock, he found that no less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. He was thus, in five hours, the winner of two thousand pounds. He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the Continent. He was never heard of again.

Well might Swift exclaim, comparing Exchange Alley to a gulf in the South Sea: —

"Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men.

Meantime, secure on Garraway cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the foundered skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead."

Another fraud that was very successful was that of the "Globe *Permits*," as they were called. They were nothing more than square pieces of playing-cards, on which was the impression of a seal, in wax, bearing the sign of the Globe Tavern, in the neighborhood of Exchange Alley, with the inscription of "Sail-Cloth Permits." The possessors enjoyed no other advantage from them than permission to subscribe at some future time

to a new sail-cloth manufactory, projected by one who was then known to be a man of fortune, but who was afterwards involved in the peculation and punishment of the South-Sea directors. These permits sold for as much as sixty guineas in the Alley.

Persons of distinction, of both sexes, were deeply engaged in all these bubbles; those of the male sex going to taverns and coffee-houses to meet their brokers, and the ladies resorting for the same purpose to the shops of milliners and haberdashers. But it did not follow that all these people believed in the feasibility of the schemes to which they subscribed; it was enough for their purpose that their shares would, by stock-jobbing arts, be soon raised to a premium, when they got rid of them with all expedition to the really credulous. So great was the confusion of the crowd in the Alley that shares in the same bubble were known to have been sold at the same instant ten per cent higher at one end of the Alley than at the other.

Sensible men beheld the extraordinary infatuation of the people with sorrow and alarm. There were some both in and out of Parliament who foresaw clearly the ruin that was impending. Mr. Walpole did not cease his gloomy forebodings. His fears were shared by all the thinking few, and impressed most forcibly upon the Government. On the 11th of June, the day the Parliament rose, the king published a proclamation, declaring that all these unlawful projects should be deemed public nuisances, and prosecuted accordingly, and forbidding any broker, under a penalty of five hundred pounds, from buying or selling any shares in them. Notwithstanding this proclamation, roguish speculators still

carried them on, and the deluded people still encouraged them. On the 12th of July, an order of the Lords Justices assembled in Privy Council was published, dismissing all the petitions that had been presented for patents and charters, and dissolving all the bubble companies.

WHEN GEORGE II BECAME KING

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

On the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jackboots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but, by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as a skillful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and in the hunting-fields of Norfolk, no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood or Sweetlips more lustily, than he who now thundered over the Richmond road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner: and woe be to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jackboots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jackboots.

He on the bed started up, and with many oaths and a strong German accent asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him?

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The

wakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honor to announce to Your Majesty that your royal father, King George I, died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant."

"*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out His Sacred Majesty King George II: but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until three-and-thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled England.

How the king made way with his father's will under the astonished nose of the Archbishop of Canterbury; how he was a choleric little sovereign; how he shook his fist in the face of his father's courtiers; how he kicked his coat and wig about in his rages, and called everybody thief, liar, rascal, with whom he differed, — you will read in all the history books; and how he speedily and shrewdly reconciled himself with the bold minister, whom he had hated during his father's life, and by whom he was served during fifteen years of his own with admirable prudence, fidelity, and success.

THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE II

[1760]

BY HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD

[HORACE WALPOLE, son of the famous statesman, Sir Robert Walpole, was the author of a number of literary works. Best known of all these are his "Letters," fascinating pictures of the fashionable life of his day; not always to be trusted, indeed, in matters of bare fact, but captivating, nevertheless, and vivid and delightful.

The Editor.]

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried in to see that chamber. The procession through a line of footguards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabers and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the bells tolling, and minute guns, — all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than

by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, "Man that is born of a woman," was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant: his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it nearly two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back

in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatrical to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order.



DR. JOHNSON IN THE ANTEROOM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD

BY E. M. WARD

(*English artist*, 1816–1879)

DR. JOHNSON was one of the greatest English essayists and critics of the eighteenth century, and the author of a monumental dictionary of the English language. His early life was passed in dire poverty, and his greatest work, "Rasselas," was written in the evenings of one week to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. In 1762, he received a pension of three hundred pounds a year from the Government, and from that time until his death, he was the foremost figure in English literature. Dr. Johnson was even more celebrated as a talker than as a writer, and many of his conversations with Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other members of the brilliant Literary Club of which he was the leading member, have been preserved in Boswell's famous biography.

One of the Doctor's most prominent contemporaries was Lord Chesterfield. He had held several positions of state, and he was known as a man of wealth and of fine literary taste. In those times it was desirable to dedicate a new literary work to some well-known man, who was expected, in return for the compliment, to take an interest, generally financial, in the book. When Dr. Johnson set to work on his Dictionary, he addressed the prospectus to Lord Chesterfield, was thanked for the courtesy — and that was all. According to the custom, Johnson continued to call upon the earl until it was too plain to be disregarded that his lordship did not care to receive the awkward, clumsy scholar among his fashionable guests. The scene of the illustration is the earl's anteroom. Dr. Johnson sits cane in hand, a sturdy, indignant figure, and casts a glance of scorn at a lady of fashion who has been admitted to the august presence of Chesterfield, while he himself is refused an audience.

Chesterfield realized too late what an honor the dedication of the Dictionary would be to him, and warmly praised the forthcoming book. But the Dictionary came out without a dedication, and its author sent to his recreant patron a letter scornfully refusing his belated offer of help.

WILLIAM PITT AND THE STAMP ACT

[1766]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

[WILLIAM PITT, the first Earl of Chatham, was a famous English statesman and orator. In 1756, he entered the cabinet, and from that time until his death in 1778 he was the greatest figure in English politics. He was a strong friend to the American colonies, in that he opposed their taxation by England; but in 1778, he opposed with equal strength the acknowledgment of their independence.

The Editor.]

ON the 20th of February, — while the newspapers of New York were that very morning reiterating the resolves of the Sons of Liberty, that they would venture their lives and fortunes to prevent the Stamp Act from taking place, that the safety of the colonies depended on a firm union of the whole, — the ministers, at a private meeting of their supporters, settled the resolutions of repeal which even Charles Townshend was present to accept, and which, as Burke believed, he intended to support by a speech.

Early the next day, every seat in the House of Commons had been taken; between four and five hundred members attended. Pitt was ill, but his zeal was above disease. "I must get up to the House as I can," said he; "when in my place, I feel I am tolerably able to remain through the debate, and cry aye to the repeal with no sickly voice"; and he hobbled into the House on crutches,

swathed in flannels; huzzaed, as he passed through the lobby, by almost all the persons there.

Conway moved for leave to bring in a bill for the repeal of the American Stamp Act. It had interrupted British commerce; jeoparded debts to British merchants; stopped one third of the manufactures of Manchester; increased the rates on land, by throwing thousands of poor out of employment. The act, too, breathed oppression. It annihilated juries; and gave vast power to the admiralty courts. The lawyers might decide in favor of the right to tax; but the conflict would ruin both countries. In three thousand miles of territory, the English had but five thousand troops, the Americans one hundred and fifty thousand fighting men. If they did not repeal the act, France and Spain would declare war, and protect the Americans. The colonies, too, would set up manufactures of their own. Why, then, risk the whole, for so trifling an object as this act modified?

Jenkinson, on the other side, moved, instead of the repeal, a modification of the Stamp Act; insisting that the total repeal, demanded as it was with menaces of resistance, would be the overthrow of British authority in America. In reply to Jenkinson, Edmund Burke spoke in a manner unusual in the House; fresh, as from a full mind, connecting the argument for repeal with a new kind of political philosophy.

About eleven, Pitt rose. With suavity of manner he conciliated the wavering by allowing good ground for their apprehensions; but calmly, and with consummate and persuasive address, he argued for the repeal, with eloquence which expressed conviction, and which yet could not have offended even the sensitive self-love of

the warmest friends of the act. He acknowledged his own perplexity in making an option between two ineligible alternatives; pronounced, however, for repeal, as due to the liberty of unrepresented subjects, and in gratitude to their having supported England through three wars.

"The total repeal," replied Grenville, "will persuade the colonies that Great Britain confessed itself without the right to impose taxes on them, and is reduced to make this confession by their menaces. Do the merchants insist that debts to the amount of three millions will be lost, and all fresh orders countermanded? Do not injure yourselves from fear of injury; do not die from the fear of dying; the merchants may sustain a temporary loss, but they and all England would suffer much more from the weakness of Parliament, and the impunity of the Americans. With a little firmness, it will be easy to compel the colonists to obedience. The last advices announce that a spirit of submission is taking the place of the spirit of revolt. Americans must learn that prayers are not to be brought to Cæsar through riot and sedition."

Between one and two o'clock on the morning of the 22d of February, the division took place. Only a few days before, Bedford had confidently predicted the defeat of the ministry. The king, the queen, the princess dowager, the Duke of York, Lord Bute, desired it. The scanty remains of the old Tories; all the followers of Bedford and Grenville; the king's friends; every Scottish member, except Sir Alexander Gilmore and George Dempster; Lord George Sackville, whom this ministry had restored, and brought into office; Oswald, Sackville's colleague as vice-treasurer for Ireland; Barrington, the

paymaster of the navy, were all known to be in the opposition.

The lobbies were crammed with upwards of three hundred men, representing the trading interests of the nation, trembling and anxious, and waiting almost till the winter morning's return of light, to learn their fate from the resolution of the House. Presently it was announced that 275 had voted for the repeal of the act, against 167 for softening and enforcing it. The roof of St. Stephen's rang with the loud shouts and long cheering of the victorious majority.

When the doors were thrown open, and Conway went forth, there was an involuntary burst of gratitude from the grave multitude which beset the avenues; they stopped him; they gathered round him as children round a parent, as captives round a deliverer. The pure-minded man enjoyed the triumph, and while they thanked him, Edmund Burke, who stood near him, declares, that "his face was as if it had been the face of an angel." As Grenville moved along, swelling with rage and mortification, they pressed on him with hisses. But when Pitt appeared, the whole crowd reverently pulled off their hats; and the applauding joy uttered around him, touched him with tender and lively delight. Many followed his chair home with benedictions.

He felt no illness after his immense fatigue. It seemed as if what he saw and what he heard, the gratitude of a rescued people, and the gladness of thousands, now become his own, had restored him to health. But his heart-felt and solid delight was not perfect till he found himself in his own house, with the wife whom he loved, and the children, for whom his fondness knew no restraint

or bounds, and who all partook of the overflowing pride of their mother. This was the first great political lesson received by his second son, then not quite seven years old, the eager and impetuous William, who, flushed with patriotic feeling, rejoiced that he was not the eldest-born, but could serve his country in the House of Commons, like his father.

THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON

[1775 to 1783]

BY JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was in fact a sort of jack of all trades, and good at each. In addition to these he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest, as times go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he hardly ever was seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people his neighbors — one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood when they happened to differ

with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses, and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which), fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his doctors and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made villainous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him, and beat him like fury. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new land to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle there, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms, and building himself a fine farmhouse, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and,

besides, was in great want of money on account of his having lately to pay swingeing damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads, — the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretenses managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and, had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time, Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you would only let him alone. He always wore a linsey-wolsey coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton, all of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.

A MAID OF HONOR AT THE COURT OF GEORGE III

[1786]

BY MADAME D'ARBLAY

[MADAME D'ARBLAY, or Frances Burney, was the author of "Evelina," the "best seller" of the day. She became maid of honor to the queen, and the following extract is from the journal that she kept.

The Editor.]

I RISE at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half-hour between them.

The queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well.

Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in the morning at all. The queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'T is fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neckerchief.

By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the

king, and be joined by the princesses, and they all proceed to the king's chapel in the castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the princesses, and the king's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably.

I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. My present book is Gilpin's description of the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Mrs. Delany has lent it me. It is the most picturesque reading I ever met with: it shows me landscapes of every sort, with tints so bright and lively, I forget I am but reading, and fancy I see them before me, colored by the hand of Nature.

At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business — in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birthday of any of the royal family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable.

That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven.

My rummages and business sometimes occupy me uninterruptedly to those hours. When they do not, I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or

long arrears; — and now, from ten to the times I have mentioned, I devote to walking.

These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labors of the toilet. The hour, advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays, is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a week.

A quarter before one is the usual time for the queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I: Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering things, and then the hairdresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation.

When she observes that I have run to her but half-dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud.

When I return, I finish, if anything is undone, my dress, and then take Baretti's "Dialogues," my dearest Fredy's "Tablet of Memory," or some such disjointed matter, for the few minutes that elapse ere I am again summoned.

I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of "state." There, in a very short time, her

dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bedtime.

It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large. And I have then two hours quite at my own disposal: but, in the natural course of things, not a moment after! Those dear and quiet two hours, my only quite sure and undisturbed time in the whole day, after breakfast is over, I shall henceforth devote to thus talking with my beloved Susan, my Fredy, my other sister, my dear father, or Miss Cambridge; with my brothers, cousins, Mrs. Ord, and other friends, in such terms as these two hours will occasionally allow me. Henceforward, I say; for hitherto dejection of spirits, with uncertainty how long my time might last, have made me waste moment after moment as sadly as unprofitably.

At five we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are commonly tête-à-tête: when there is anybody added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally.

When we have dined, we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over: this is at about eight o'clock. Our tête-à-tête then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the king or queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over, he conducts them, and goes himself, to the concert-room.

This is commonly about nine o'clock.

From this time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never

quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper at near eleven.

Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the queen: half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded.

I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed — and to sleep, too, believe me: the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head.

Such is the day to your F. B. in her new situation at Windsor; such, I mean, is its usual destination, and its intended course. I make it take now and then another channel, but never stray far enough not to return to the original stream after a little meandering around and about it.

I think now you will be able to see and to follow me pretty closely.

With regard to those summonses I speak of, I will explain myself. My summons, upon all regular occasions — that is, morning, noon, and night toilets — is neither more nor less than a bell. Upon extra occasions a page is commonly sent.

At first, I felt inexpressibly discomfited by this mode of call. A bell! — it seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude, I always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation. But I have philosophized myself now into some reconcilement with this manner of summons, by reflecting that

to have some person always sent would be often very inconvenient, and that this method is certainly less an interruption to any occupation I may be employed in than the entrance of messengers so many times a day. It is, besides, less liable to mistakes. So I have made up my mind to it as well as I can; and now I only feel that proud blush when somebody is by to revive my original dislike of it.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO OXFORD

[1786]

BY MADAME D'ARBLAY

[THE success of Madame D'Arblay's novels had been so pronounced that, as Macaulay says, she was "on the highest pinnacle of fame." But when she became an attendant upon the queen, the pleasures and rewards of literary work were no longer for her. Macaulay pictures the honors which would have been bestowed upon her at Oxford if she had come as Frances Burney; but now she was merely an adjunct to the royal train, and, as he says, "She had the honor of entering Oxford in the last of a long train of carriages which formed the royal procession, of walking after the queen all day through refectories and chapels, and of standing half-dead with fatigue and hunger, while her august mistress was seated at an excellent cold collation." The following is Frances Burney's own account of the closing hours of the visit.

The Editor.]

AT Christ Church College, where we arrived at about three o'clock, in a large hall there was a cold collation prepared for Their Majesties and the princesses. It was at the upper end of the hall. I could not see of what it consisted, though it would have been very agreeable, after so much standing and sauntering, to have given my opinion of it in an experimental way.

Their Majesties and the princesses sat down to this table; as well satisfied, I believe, as any of their subjects, so to do. The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt stood behind the chairs of the queen and the princess royal. There were no other ladies of sufficient rank to

officiate for Princess Augusta and Elizabeth. Lord Harcourt stood behind the king's chair; and the vice-chancellor, and the head master of Christ Church, with salvers in their hands, stood near the table, and ready to hand to the three noble waiters whatever was wanted: while the other reverend doctors and learned professors stood aloof, equally ready to present to the chancellor and the master whatever they were to forward.

We, meanwhile, untitled attendants, stood at the other end of the room, forming a semicircle, and all strictly facing the royal collationers. We consisted of the Miss Vernons (thrown out here as much as their humble guests) Colonel Fairly, Major Price, General Harcourt, and (though I know not why) Lady Charlotte Bertie,—with all the inferior professors, in their gowns, and some, too much frightened to advance, of the upper degrees. These, with Miss Planta, Mr. Hagget, and myself, formed this attendant semicircle.

The time of this collation was spent very pleasantly — to me, at least, to whom the novelty of the scene rendered it entertaining. It was agreed that we must all be absolutely famished unless we could partake of some refreshment, as we had breakfasted early, and had no chance of dining before six or seven o'clock. A whisper was soon buzzed through the semicircle of the deplorable state of our appetite apprehensions; and presently it reached the ears of some of the worthy doctors. Immediately a new whisper was circulated, which made its progress with great vivacity, to offer us whatever we would wish, and to beg us to name what we chose.

Tea, coffee, and chocolate were whispered back.

The method of producing, and the means of swallow-

ing them, were much more difficult to settle than the choice of what was acceptable. Major Price and Colonel Fairly, however, seeing a very large table close to the wainscot behind us, desired our refreshments might be privately conveyed there, behind the semicircle, and that, while all the group backed very near it, one at a time might feed, screened by all the rest from observation. I suppose I need not inform you, my dear Susan, that to eat in presence of any of the royal family is as much *hors d'usage* as to be seated.

This plan had speedy success, and the very good doctors soon, by sly degrees and with watchful caution, covered the whole table with tea, coffee, chocolate, cakes, and bread and butter.

The further plan, however, of one at a time feasting, and the rest fasting and standing sentinels, was not equally approved; there was too much eagerness to seize the present moment, and too much fear of a sudden retreat, to give patience for so slow a proceeding. We could do no more, therefore, than stand in a double row, with one to screen one throughout the troop; and, in this manner, we were all very plentifully and very pleasantly served.

The Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt, as soon as the first serving attendance was over, were dismissed from the royal chairs, and most happy to join our group, and partake of our repast. The duchess, extremely fatigued with standing, drew a small body of troops before her, that she might take a few minutes' rest on a form by one of the doors; and Lady Charlotte Bertie did the same, to relieve an ankle which she had unfortunately sprained.

"Poor Miss Burney!" exclaimed the good-natured duchess; "I wish she could sit down, for she is unused to this work. She does not know yet what it is to stand for five hours following, as we do."

The beautiful window of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Jervis, in New College, would alone have recovered me, had my fatigue been infinitely more serious. In one of the colleges I stayed so long in an old chapel, lingering over antique monuments, that all the party were vanished before I missed them, except doctors and professors; for we had a train of those everywhere; and I was then a little surprised by the approach of one of them saying, "You seem inclined to abide with us, Miss Burney?" — and then another, in an accent of facetious gallantry, cried, "No, no, don't let us shut up Miss Burney among old tombs! — No, no!"

After this, many of the good doctors occasionally spoke to me, when there happened to be an opportunity. How often did I wish my dear father amongst them! They considered me as a doctor's daughter, and were all most excessively courteous, — handing, and pointing, and showing me about as much as possible.

In another college, while Miss Planta and myself were hanging a little back, at the entrance into a small cedar chapel, that would not much more than hold the royal family and their immediate suite, the Duchess of Ancaster, who took every opportunity to show me civilities, and distinguish me, came down the steps, and made me ascend them, to return with her, when she called to her daughter, and in the most obliging terms introduced me to her, with many kind speeches of her wish that we should cultivate much acquaintance.

Lady Charlotte is very handsome, and has a very good figure: she unfortunately lisps very much, which, at first, never prejudices in favor of the understanding; but I have conversed with her too little to know anything more of her than that she is well bred, and seems to have a large portion, internally, of the good-natured and obliging disposition of her mother.

At the Town Hall an address was presented by the mayor and corporation of the city of Oxford to the king, which the mayor read. The king took off his hat, and bowed, and received the address, after hearing it, but returned no answer. Nor has His Majesty made any except to the Oxford University, though they have, since, poured in upon him from every part of the kingdom.

The mayor was then knighted.

I think it was in Trinity College that we saw the noblest library I have ever happened to enter. For 't is but little, my dear Susan, I have seen of sights. Here we had now court scenery, in which I acted but an uncourtier-like part. The queen and princesses had seats prepared for them, which, after a stroll up and down the library, they were glad, I believe, to occupy. The ladies of their suite were then graciously ordered by Her Majesty to be seated, as there was not here the state or public appearance that was observed at the theater, and in the college where the refreshments were given.

As to the poor men, they must never sit in the presence of the queen, be they whom they will or what they will: so they were fain to stand it out.

Miss Planta glided away behind a pillar, and, being there unseen, was able to lounge a little. She was dreadfully tired. So was everybody but myself. For me, my

curiosity was so awake to everything, that I seemed insensible to all inconvenience.

I could not, in such a library, prevail with myself to so modest a retirement as Miss Planta's: I considered that the queen had herself ordered my attendance in this expedition, and I thought myself very well privileged to make it as pleasant as I could. I therefore stole softly down the room, to the farther end, and there amused myself with examining what books were within reach of my eyes, and with taking down and looking into all such as were also within reach of my understanding. This was very pleasant sport to me; and had we stayed there till midnight, would have kept me from weariness.

In another college (we saw so many, and in such quick succession, that I recollect not any by name, though all by situation), I saw a performance of courtly etiquette, by Lady Charlotte Bertie, that seemed to me as difficult as any feat I ever beheld, even at Astley's or Hughes's. It was in an extremely large, long, spacious apartment. The king always led the way out, as well as in, upon all entrances and exits; but here, for some reason that I know not, the queen was handed out first and the princesses, and the aide-de-camp and equerry followed. The king was very earnest in conversation with some professor; the attendants hesitated whether to wait or follow the queen; but presently the Duchess of Ancaster, being near the door, slipped out, and Lady Harcourt after her. The Miss Vernons, who were but a few steps from them, went next. But Lady Charlotte, by chance, happened to be very high up in the room, and near to the king. Had I been in her situation, I had surely waited

till His Majesty went first; but that would not, I saw, upon this occasion, have been etiquette. She therefore faced the king, and began a march backwards, — her ankle already sprained, and to walk forward, and even leaning upon an arm, was painful to her: nevertheless, back she went, perfectly upright, without one stumble, without ever looking once behind to see what she might encounter; and with as graceful a motion, and as easy an air, as I ever saw anybody enter a long room, she retreated, I am sure, full twenty yards backwards out of one.

For me, I was also, unluckily, at the upper end of the room, looking at some portraits of founders, and one of Henry VII in particular, from Holbein. However, as soon as I perceived what was going forward, — backward, rather, — I glided near the wainscot (Lady Charlotte, I should mention, made her retreat along the very middle of the room); and having paced a few steps backwards, stopped short to recover, and, while I seemed examining some other portrait, disentangled my train from the heels of my shoes, and then proceeded a few steps only more; and then, observing the king turn another way, I slipped a yard or two at a time forwards; and hastily looked back, and then was able to go again according to rule, and in this manner, by slow and varying means, I at length made my escape.

Miss Planta stood upon less ceremony, and fairly ran off.

Since that time, however, I have come on prodigiously, by constant practice, in the power and skill of walking backwards, without tripping up my own heels, feeling my head giddy, or treading my train out of the

plaits — accidents very frequent among novices in that business; and I have no doubt but that, in the course of a few months, I shall arrive at all possible perfection in the true court retrograde motion.

In another college, in an old chapter house, I had the opportunity to see another court scene. It was nearly round in shape, and had various old images and ornaments. We were all taken in by the doctors attendant, and the party, with doctors and all, nearly filled it: but, finding it crowded, everybody stood upon the less ceremony, and we all made our examinations of the various contents of the room quite at our ease: till suddenly the king and queen, perceiving two very old-fashioned chairs were placed at the head of the room for their reception, graciously accepted them, and sat down. Nothing could exceed the celerity with which all confusion instantly was over, and the most solemn order succeeded to it. Chairs were presented to the three princesses by the side of the queen, and the Duchess of Ancaster and Lady Harcourt planted themselves at their backs; while Lady Charlotte instantly retreated close to the wall, and so did every creature else in the room, all according to their rank or station, and the royal family remained conspicuous and alone, all crowd dispersed, and the space of almost the whole room unoccupied before them, so close to the walls did everybody respectfully stand.

The last college we visited was Cardinal Wolsey's — an immense fabric. While roving about a very spacious apartment, Mr. F—— came behind me, and whispered that I might easily slip into a small parlor, to rest a little while; almost everybody else having taken some opportunity to contrive themselves a little sitting but myself.

I assured him, very truly, I was too little tired to make it worth while; but poor Miss Planta was so woefully fatigued that I could not, on her account, refuse to be of the party. He conducted us into a very neat little parlor, belonging to the master of the college, and Miss Planta flung herself on a chair half-dead with weariness.

Mr. F—— was glad of the opportunity to sit for a moment also; for my part, I was quite alert. Alas! my dear Susan, 't is my mind that is so weak, and so open to disorder; my body, I really find, when it is an independent person, very strong, and capable of much exertion without suffering from it.

Mr. F—— now produced, from a paper repository concealed in his coat pocket, some apricots and bread, and insisted upon my eating; but I was not inclined to the repast, and saw he was half-famished himself; — so was poor Miss Planta: however, he was so persuaded I must both be as hungry and as tired as himself, that I was forced to eat an apricot to appease him.

Presently, while we were in the midst of this regale, the door suddenly opened, and the queen came in! — followed by as many attendants as the room would contain.

Up we all started, myself alone not discountenanced; for I really think it quite respect sufficient never to sit down in the royal presence, without aiming at having it supposed that I have stood bolt upright ever since I have been admitted to it.

Quick into our pockets was crammed our bread, and close into our hands was squeezed our fruit; by which I discovered that our appetites were to be supposed anni-

hilated at the same time that our strength was to be invincible.

Very soon after this we were joined by the king, and in a few minutes we all paraded forth to the carriages, and drove back to Nuneham.

V
THE NAPOLEONIC WARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

THROUGHOUT Napoleon's career he had in England a persistent and uncompromising enemy that steadily thwarted his dream of European supremacy. On the Continent he was invincible, but the ocean was England's, and try as he would, he could not wrest it from her. And not content with defending her shores, England revived again and again the drooping spirits of the Continental Powers in their life-and-death struggle with the French emperor, and by scattering subsidies and forming coalitions kept alive the spirit that at last gathered strength to pull down the great adventurer from his imperial throne and send him forth to die on a desolate island of the Atlantic.

The three dominant figures in England's long struggle with Napoleon were William Pitt the younger, son of the Earl of Chatham (prime minister in 1783 at the age of twenty-four, died in 1806), Admiral Nelson, whose great victories at the Nile and Trafalgar secured the safety of England and her colonies, and Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, hero of the Peninsular War in Spain and of the battle of Waterloo.

By the treaty of Vienna (1815), England gained Cape Colony (South Africa), Ceylon, British Guiana, Malta, and other important territories. But the long struggle had been won at an enormous cost. From 1793 to 1815, the national debt increased from two hundred and fifty to eight hundred and fifty million pounds. To the popular discontent resulting from the hard times that followed are chiefly due the far-reaching reforms of the nineteenth century.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

[1801]

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

[DURING the struggle with Napoleon, England declared a blockade against the French ports. The Baltic countries united to oppose this. Early in 1801, the British fleet entered the harbor of Copenhagen and opened fire. After the victory of the English, Nelson was so kind to his wounded foes that when he landed in Denmark he was received with shouts of applause.

The Editor.]

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back; —
Their shots along the deep slowly boom: —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers; ye are men!
And we conquer but to save: —
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

As death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

TRAFALGAR

[1805]

BY WILLIAM C. BENNETT

NORTHWEST the wind was blowing
  Our good ships running free;
Seven leagues lay Cape Trafalgar
  Away upon our lee;
'T was then, as broke the morning,
  The Frenchman we descried,
East away, there they lay,
  That day that Nelson died.

That was a sight to see, boys,
  On which that morning shone;
We counted three-and-thirty,
  Mounseer and stately Don;
And plain their great three-deckers
  Amongst them we descried, —
"Safe," we said, "for Spithead,"
  That day that Nelson died.

Then Nelson spoke to Hardy,
  Upon his face the smile,
The very look he wore when
  We beat them at the Nile!
"We must have twenty, Hardy,"
  'T was thus the hero cried;
And we had twenty, lads,
  That day that Nelson died.

TRAFALGAR

Up went his latest signal;
  Ah, well, my boys, he knew
That not a man among us
  But would his duty do!
And as the signal flew, boys,
  With shouts each crew replied;
How we cheered as we neared
  The foe, when Nelson died!

We led the weather column,
  But Collingwood, ahead,
A mile from all, the lee line
  Right through the Frenchman led;
"And what would Nelson give to
  Be here with us!" he cried,
As he bore through their roar
  That day that Nelson died.

Well, on the Victory stood, boys,
  With every sail full spread;
And as we neared them slowly
  There was but little said.
There were thoughts of home amongst us,
  And as their line we eyed,
Here and there, perhaps, a prayer,
  That day that Nelson died.

A gun, — the Bucentaure first
  Began with us the game;
Another, — then their broadsides
  From all sides through us came;

With men fast falling round us,
While not a gun replied,
With sails rent, on we went,
That day that Nelson died.

"Steer for their admiral's flag, boys!"
But where it flew none knew;
"Then make for that four-decker,"
Said Nelson, "men, she 'll do!"
So, at their Trinidada,
To get we straightway tried,
As we broke through their smoke,
That day that Nelson died.

'T was where they clustered thickest
That through their line we broke,
And to their Bucentaure first
Our thundering broadside spoke,
We shaved her; — as our shots, boys,
Crashed through her shattered side,
She could feel how to keel,
That day that Nelson died.

Into the Don's four-decker
Our larboard broadsides pour,
Though all we well could spare her
Went to the Bucentaure.
Locked to another Frenchman,
Our starboard fire we plied,
Gun to gun, till we won,
That day that Nelson died.

TRAFALGAR

"They've done for me at last, friend!"
'T was thus they heard him say,
"But I die as I would die, boys,
Upon this glorious day;
I've done my duty, Hardy,"
He cried, and still he cried, —
As, below, sad and slow,
We bore him as he died.

On wounded and on dying
The cockpit's lamp shone dim;
But many a groan we heard, lads,
Less for themselves than him.
And many a one among them
Had given, and scarcely sighed,
A limb to save him
Who there in glory died.

As slowly life ebbed from him
His thoughts were still the same:
"How many have we now, boys?"
Still faint and fainter came.
As ship on ship struck to us
His glazing eyes with pride,
As it seemed, flashed and gleamed,
As he knew he conquering died.

We beat them — how, you know, boys,
Yet many an eye was dim;
And when we talked of triumph,
We only thought of him.

And still, though fifty years, boys,
Have gone, who, without pride,
Names his name, — tells his fame,
Who at Trafalgar died!

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

[1809]

BY CHARLES WOLFE

[In 1808, Spain rose against Napoleon and was promptly assisted by England. Sir John Moore, the English general, was unexpectedly forced to fight with a much larger force than his own. He was victorious, but fell in the very hour of his victory.

The Editor.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

ENGLAND

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.



WELLINGTON'S MARCH FROM QUATRE-BRAS TO WATERLOO

BY ERNEST CROFTS

(*English painter*, 1847)

WHILE Napoleon was organizing his troops, after his return from Elba, Wellington with an English army and Blücher with the Prussians proceeded to Belgium, where it was evident an encounter would take place. Wellington with many of his officers was at a ball when word was brought that the emperor was at hand. Drums beat, bugles sounded, and in one hour the troops were on the march to Quatre-Bras, where on June 16, 1815, two days before the struggle at Waterloo, a desperate battle was fought in which the English were victorious. On the same day the Prussians were defeated by the French under Marshal Grouchy, and in order to keep in communication with his allies, Wellington was forced to retire from Quatre-Bras toward Brussels.

For several days it had rained furiously and the roads were overflowed with water or deep in mud. Wellington, falling back from Quatre-Bras in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm, halted on the evening of the seventeenth at Waterloo, where he determined to make a final stand against the French, and sent dispatches to Blücher to hasten to his support. Napoleon, too, in pursuit of Wellington, came to Waterloo in the storm and darkness and sent word to Grouchy to advance with all speed, as it was evident that on the morrow a decisive conflict would take place.

In this picture Wellington is seen riding at the head of his soldiers and cheered by a cavalry regiment that has been ordered back to protect the English rear.

JUST BEFORE WATERLOO

[1815]

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

[ON the 15th of June, 1815, a magnificent ball was given at Brussels, at which the Duke of Wellington was a guest. In the midst of the revelry, a courier announced to him that the troops of Napoleon had crossed the boundary and were near Quatre-Bras. The news quickly ran through the ball-room — through the city. The bugles sounded, the drums beat, and within an hour Wellington and the English forces were on the march.

The selection opens while the people of Brussels are still ignorant of the result of the encounter at Quatre-Bras. There are wild rumors of the coming of the French, and hosts of people are trying to escape from Brussels. Rebecca, the adventuress of the book, has worked upon the timidity of Amelia's brother Jos and induced him to pay her an exorbitant price for her horses. George is the husband of Amelia.

The battle of Waterloo took place on the 18th of June.

The Editor.]

THOUGH midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city [Brussels]. The people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumors of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered: a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumor gradually got strength. No Frenchmen

had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favorable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with dispatches from the commandant of that place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre-Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity — a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave — no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter

female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looking up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity — the moans of the people within were frightful — the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. "Stop! stop!" a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley's hotel.

"It is George, I know it is!" cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing; it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colors of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

"Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!" cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne — and — and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two

napoleons: my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts, during the long, feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage, which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed up stairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the major's wife had rushed down to him when the latter had recognized him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband. . . . There was only one man in the army for her: and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the street fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on

whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful His Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skillful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things and trembled.. So did all the rest of Brussels — where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tri-colored banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the emperor and king. The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. . . .

[The 18th] was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilet, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that

chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned, she brought her Prayer-Book with her, and her uncle the dean's famous book of sermons; out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse (for the dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words), but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to continue this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar. . . . All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting

the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honor.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, while the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint-Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery — which hurled death from the English line — the dark, rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to waver and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops

rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels — the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

WATERLOO

[1815]

BY DOUGLAS BROOKE WHEELTON SLADEN

["THE battle of Waterloo was fought on a glorious day in June; a Sabbath day, clear and warm after the heavy rain of the night, which had entirely ceased ere the roar of battle began. At home, mothers and sisters and sweethearts were praying for the safety of those dear to them who were about to engage in deadly combat. It was while these loved ones were engaged in their devotions at church that the battle commenced, and from many a maiden's heart, in Kent and elsewhere, went out a fervent petition asking divine protection for the one dearer to her than life; and many a noble boy fought better and died more heroically that awful day, knowing that such a woman was praying for him."]

"WHAT struck?"
"Half-past ten o'clock."
As over his saddle-bow he bent,
He thought of the village church in Kent,
And said, "She'll be kneeling soon to pray —
Perhaps for me, on this Sabbath day."

Ping! ping!
Hark the bullets wing!
Their cuirassiers sweep across the plain.
"Charge them, our Life Guards!" — They turn again;
While English beauty is on its knees
For English valor across the seas.

ENGLAND

There goes
The Vanguard of the foes!
They've taken the wood by Hougoumont!
"Coldstreams and Fusiliers to the front!"
Taken again, lads! that's not amiss;
Your sweethearts at home will boast of this.

Pell-mell,
Bullet, shot, and shell
Rained on our infantry thick and fast;
Many a stout heart will beat its last;
Blue eyes will moisten many a day
For good lives lightly given away.

Crash, clash,
Like a torrent's dash,
Lancer and cuirassier leap on the square!
Scarcely a third of the bayonets there.
Ye who would look on old England again,
Now must ye prove yourselves Englishmen.

Stamp, stamp,
With its even tramp,
Rolls uphill the invincible Guard:
Falters it at the fiftieth yard?
Weak, worn, and oft assaulted the foe,
Yet never its heart misgave it so.

On, on,
And the fight is won!
Shot-stricken linesman and thrice-charged Guard
Glare at them lion-like, hungry and hard;

WATERLOO

His waiting is done — his hour has come;
Pent-up fierceness drives bayonets home.

On, on,
Life Guard and Dragoon!
An English charge and a red right hand
Will bring fair years to your fair old land.
With riven corselet and shivered lance,
Is reft and shivered the pride of France.

Still, still,
In the moonlight chill,
A dying Dragoon looks up to a friend:
"Tell her I did my part to the end —
Tell her I died as an Englishman should —
And give her — her handkerchief — it is my blood."

There went,
From a church in Kent,
An eager and anxious prayer to God
For lovers, brothers, and sons abroad:
The fairest and noblest prayed for one —
Neither lover, nor brother, nor son.

A calm
After hymn and psalm:
The preacher in silent thought is bowed,
Ere he gives out the bidding prayer aloud.
Hark! what can that long, dull booming be,
Swept by the east wind across the sea?

Boom, boom,
Like the voice of doom!

The preacher has fought, and knows full well
The message that booming has to tell,
And gives out his text: "Let God arise,
And he shall scatter our enemies."

One night
In two memories bright;
One golden hour unwatched at a ball,
A kerchief taken or given was all.
"Off to the war to-morrow — good-bye —
I'll carry it with me until I die!"

He is dead!
"You have come," she said,
"To bring me tidings of him I loved?
Your face has told me your tale — he proved
Worthy the name I did not know,
The man that I thought him a year ago."

"He died
With stern English pride,
But lived to fight the great battle through;
His last words were of England and you;
He died as an English gentleman should,
And sent you — your handkerchief — rich with his blood."

"Ah me!
Life is sad," moaned she,
"When all the sun in its sky hath flown!"
And "One loving bosom is very lone."
And "Oh, if I might lie by you
In your soldier's grave at Waterloo!"



"SCOTLAND FOREVER!"

BY LADY BUTLER (ELIZABETH THOMPSON)

(*English artist*, 1844)

"On the afternoon of the 18th of June the Ninety-second Regiment, which was then reduced to two hundred men, found it necessary to charge a column of the enemy, which was coming down upon them, numbering nearly three thousand. The Scots Greys had been placed to the left, in reserve; their duty was clear; they joined in the charge, passing through the ranks of the Highland infantry as best they could, receiving from their countrymen as they passed an enthusiastic welcome, and joining with them in the shout of 'Scotland forever!' The French column they charged was enveloped in smoke, which had in no degree cleared when the Greys dashed into the mass, which yielded to the furious onset, and was hurled back in confusion by the impetus of the shock, for it was not imagined that cavalry were near; it was infantry only by which the enemy thought, by the sound of the musketry, they were threatened, and they were lost in amazement at the suddenness and fury of the charge." The Scots Greys were almost annihilated in this charge.

VI
THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS IN ENGLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

GEORGE IV (1820–1830) was succeeded by William IV, on whose death in 1837, Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

During the last hundred years England has waged wars in China, India, Russia, and South Africa. It is not, however, for its wars that this century of her history will be remembered, but rather for the steady growth of democracy at home and for the development of England into a great colonial empire abroad.

A list of the more important reforms will show how far England has advanced in less than a century. In 1823, the criminal law was reformed, the death penalty being abolished for some two hundred offenses. In 1829, the Catholic Emancipation Act made it possible for Roman Catholics to enter Parliament. In 1832, the "rotten boroughs," that is, the electoral districts in which the population had become very small, were abolished, and their seats distributed among the great new manufacturing centers, thus transferring the balance of power to the middle classes. In 1833, slavery was abolished in the colonies, and in the same year the first Factory Act was passed, limiting the labor of children to eight hours a day. In 1867, the suffrage was extended to all householders in towns. In 1868, imprisonment for debt was abolished. In 1870, compulsory education was established. In 1884, male suffrage was made practically universal. In 1888, local self-government was granted. In 1907, old-age pensions were inaugurated, and in 1911, the power of the House of Lords was curtailed.

Queen Victoria died in 1901. During her reign, the longest in English history, England's population doubled, her wealth increased threefold and her trade sixfold. Her colonial possessions were vastly increased, and the colonies of Canada, Australia, Cape Colony, and New Zealand were granted home rule. Victoria was succeeded by her son Edward VII, who was followed in 1910 by George V.

WHEN VICTORIA BECAME QUEEN

[1837]

BY BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

THE daily bulletins became more significant, the crisis was evidently at hand. A dissolution of Parliament at any time must occasion great excitement; combined with a new reign, it inflames the passions of every class of the community. Even the poor begin to hope; the old, wholesome superstition, that the sovereign can exercise power, still lingers; and the suffering multitude are fain to believe that its remedial character may be about to be revealed in their instance. As for the aristocracy in a new reign, they are all in a flutter. A bewildering vision of coronets, stars, and ribbons, smiles, and places at court, haunts their noontide speculations and their midnight dreams. Then we must not forget the numberless instances in which the coming event is deemed to supply the long-sought opportunity of distinction, or the long-dreaded cause of utter discomfiture; the hundreds, the thousands, who mean to get into Parliament, the units who dread getting out. What a crashing change from lounging in St. James's Street to sauntering on Boulogne pier; or, after dining at Brooks's and supping at Crockford's, to be saved from destruction by the friendly interposition that sends you in an official capacity to the marsupial sympathies of Sydney or Swan River!

Now is the time for the men to come forward who have claims: claims for spending their money, which

nobody asked them to do, but which, of course, they only did for the sake of the party. They never wrote for their party, or spoke for their party, or gave their party any other vote than their own: but they urge their claims to something; a commissionership of anything, or a consulship anywhere; if no place to be had, they are ready to take it out in dignities. They once looked to the Privy Council, but would now be content with an hereditary honor; if they can have neither, they will take a clerkship in the Treasury for a younger son. Perhaps they may get that in time; at present they go away growling with a gaugership; or having with a desperate dexterity at length contrived to transform a tidewaiter into a landwaiter. But there is nothing like asking, except refusing.

Hark! it tolls! All is over. The great bell of the metropolitan cathedral announces the death of the last son of George III who probably will ever reign in England. He was a good man: with feelings and sympathies: deficient in culture rather than ability; with a sense of duty; and with something of the conception of what should be the character of an English monarch. Peace to his *manes!* We are summoned to a different scene.

In a palace in a garden, not in a haughty keep, proud with the fame but dark with the violence of ages; not in a regal pile, bright with the splendor, but soiled with the intrigues, of courts and factions; in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth and innocence, and beauty, came a voice that told the maiden that she must ascend her throne!

The Council of England is summoned for the first time within her bowers. There are assembled the prelates

and captains and chief men of her realm; the priests of the religion that consoles, the heroes of the sword that has conquered, the votaries of the craft that has decided the fate of empires; men gray with thought, and fame, and age; who are the stewards of divine mysteries, who have toiled in secret cabinets, who have encountered in battle the hosts of Europe, who have struggled in the less merciful strife of aspiring senates; men, too, some of them, lords of a thousand vassals and chief proprietors of provinces, yet not one of them whose heart does not at this moment tremble as he awaits the first presence of the maiden who must now ascend her throne.

A hum of half-suppressed conversation which would attempt to conceal the excitement, which some of the greatest of them have since acknowledged, fills that brilliant assemblage; that sea of plumes, and glittering stars, and gorgeous dresses. Hush! the portals open; she comes; the silence is as deep as that of a noontide forest. Attended for a moment by her royal mother and the ladies of her court, who bow and then retire, Victoria ascends her throne, a girl, alone, and for the first time, amid an assemblage of men.

In a sweet and thrilling voice, and with a composed mien which indicates rather the absorbing sense of august duty than an absence of emotion, the queen announces her accession to the throne of her ancestors, and her humble hope that divine Providence will guard over the fulfillment of her lofty trust.

The prelates and captains and chief men of her realm then advance to the throne, and kneeling before her, pledge their troth, and take the sacred oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

ENGLAND

Allegiance to one who rules over the land that the great Macedonian could not conquer; and over a continent of which even Columbus never dreamed; to the queen of every sea, and of nations in every zone.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

[1854]

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred!
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabering the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd.
Plunged in the battle-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
    All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
    Noble six hundred!



BALACLAVA

BY LADY BUTLER (ELIZABETH THOMPSON)

(*English artist*, 1844)

In 1854 England and France supported Turkey, which had been attacked by Russia, and their armies invaded the Crimea, laying siege to the great Russian fortress of Sebastopol. It was at the battle of Balaclava in this war that the Light Brigade made their famous charge.

When the command to charge across a mile of open ground to the Russian batteries was given, there were, as Tennyson says, —

"Cannon in front of them."

There was a battery in front and on each flank, and Russian riflemen on both sides. Every soldier realized the hopelessness of the charge and knew that

"Some one had blundered";

but military discipline prevailed, and without a moment's hesitation the hopeless charge was made. Out of the six hundred and seventy, the killed, wounded, and missing numbered three hundred. There has been much dispute on the question of the responsibility for giving the order. Whether a command was misunderstood and the matter was purely a blunder, or whether the drunkenness of an officer was the cause, will perhaps never be fully established.

This picture shows the survivors staggering back from the bullet-swept plain into the ranks of the British army.

SANTA FILOMENA

[1854–1850]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[In the Crimean War, the arrangements for the care of the soldiers were so inadequate that nine tenths of the men brought to the hospitals died. Florence Nightingale was begged to go and bring order out of chaos. Unlimited authority was given her, and what many looked upon as the "wild experiment" of putting a woman in charge of a military hospital of ten thousand men proved to be a great success. As she walked, lamp in hand, from room to room, the wounded soldiers kissed her very shadow as it fell upon their beds of suffering. It is of her that Longfellow wrote the following poem.

The Editor.]

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
  Our hearts, in glad surprise,
  To higher levels rise.

The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
  And lifts us unawares
  Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
  And by their overflow
  Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

ENGLAND

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
  A noble type of good,
  Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
  The symbols that of yore
  Saint Filomena bore.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

[1804–1881]

BY L. F. JENNINGS

[BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, was born in 1804. Before he was twenty-two years of age, he had become well known as a writer; but his ambition was political, and he succeeded in entering Parliament. He manifested such talent and ability that he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, in 1868, Premier. He soon lost this office, but returned to power in 1874; and for four years his strong will skillfully guided the foreign policy of Great Britain. In 1881 he died.

Disraeli was a thoroughgoing imperialist, the champion of the aristocracy. Nevertheless, in practice he was liberal, and went so far as to urge establishing the Church of Rome in Ireland, besides advocating several almost revolutionary reforms in England. He was a brilliant orator, always clear and dignified, and witty withal.

The Editor.]

THERE is no more difficult body of men to lead in the world than those who constitute the House of Commons, and when it has fallen to Mr. Disraeli's lot to lead them, he has done it with incomparable tact. He never scolds or lectures them, as if they were a pack of naughty children, who ought to be whipped and sent to bed. This is Mr. Gladstone's method of managing his fellow members, and it partly accounts for the success with which he turns a majority for him into a majority against him. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, deals patiently with the House, humors it in its fits of petulance or anger, and

often recalls it to a sense of its duty by a few words of good-humored remonstrance. Once, when he had suffered a great defeat, and the House was wild with excitement, and everybody looked to him for a violent speech, he rose calmly and said, "I think the best thing is always to put a good face upon a disagreeable state of affairs, and take that sensible view which may be taken even of the most distressing and adverse occurrences, if you have a command over your temper and your head." In the same way, his trenchant replies to attacks upon himself or his party are always free from malevolence, while at the same time they pierce the tenderest points of his antagonists. He fastens some epithet upon a man which sticks to him for the remainder of his life. Mr. Horsman will always be the "superior person" of the House of Commons. No one who sees Mr. Beresford Hope rise to make a speech will forget his "Batavian grace." Lord Salisbury will be remembered for his "power of spontaneous aversion." Mr. Lowe is the "inspired schoolboy." When Mr. Gladstone professed to disestablish the Irish Church, after supporting the cause of "Church and State" all his life, Mr. Disraeli had the opportunity of pointing out a real case of inconsistency, and he did not fail to use it. He taunted the Liberal leader with endeavoring to "reverse the solemn muniments of the nation at eight days' notice," and with having come forward, "like a thief in the night, to make the enormous sacrifice of all the convictions of his life." His sketch of the eternal "Irish difficulty" is worth reading, even though it suffers much through being detached from a great speech: —

"I never liked the emigration from Ireland. I have

deplored it. I know that the finest elements of political power are men, and therefore I have not sympathized with the political economists who would substitute entirely for men, animals of a lower organization. . . . I am not conscious that I have ever been deficient in sympathy for the Irish people. They have engaging qualities, which I think every man who has any heart must respect. But I must say nothing surprises me more than the general conduct of the Irish people on this subject of sentimental grievances. They are brave, lively, very imaginative, and therefore very sanguine; but going about the world announcing that they are a conquered race, they do appear to me the most extraordinary people in the universe. Every one of us, nations and individuals, is said to have a skeleton in the house. I hope I have not; if I had, I would turn the key upon him. But why do they go about ostentatiously declaring themselves to be a conquered race? If they really were a conquered race, they are not the people who ought to announce it. It is the conquerors from whom we should learn the fact, for it is not the conquered who go about the world and announce their shame and humiliation. (Cheers.) But I entirely deny that the Irish are a conquered race. I deny that they are more a conquered race than the people of any other nation. Therefore, I cannot see that there is any real ground for the doleful tone in which they complain that they are the most disgraced of men, and make that the foundation for the most unreasonable requests. Ireland is not one whit more conquered than England. They are always telling us that the Normans conquered Ireland. Well, I have heard that the Normans conquered England, too (laughter), and the

only difference between the two conquests is that while the conquest of Ireland was only partial, that of England was complete. (Renewed laughter.) Then they tell us that a long time ago there was that dreadful conquest by Cromwell, when Cromwell not only conquered but plundered the people. But Cromwell conquered England. (Great laughter.) He conquered the House of Commons. (Renewed laughter.) He ordered that bauble to be taken away, in consequence of which an honorable member, I believe of very advanced Liberal opinions, the other night proposed that we should raise a statue to his memory. (Laughter and cheers.) Well, sir, then we are told that the Dutch conquered Ireland, but, unfortunately, they conquered England, too. They marched from Devonshire to London through the midst of a grumbling population. But the Irish fought like gentlemen for their sovereign, and there is no disgrace in the battle of the Boyne, nor does any shame attach to the conduct of those who were defeated. (Hear, hear!) I wish I could say as much for the conduct of the English leaders at that time. (Hear, hear!) Therefore, the story of the Irish coming forward on all occasions to say that they are a conquered race, and, in consequence of their being a conquered race, to wish to destroy the English institutions, is the most monstrous thing I ever heard of. (Laughter.)"

Lightness and gayety often appear in Mr. Disraeli's speeches when all things seem to be going against him. It is his courage and unfailing good humor which make him many personal friends, even among his bitter political foes. If a man is doomed to be beaten, it is well to see him taking his punishment with a serene countenance

and a cheerful air. Throughout the long and stormy period during which Mr. Disraeli was compelled to remain in the "cold shade of opposition," he never betrayed signs of a failing heart. "The determined and the persevering," as he says in "Lothaire," "need never despair of gaining their object in this world"; and this principle is the keynote to his own life. He allied himself very early with a declining party, and he has remained steadfast to it through almost unexampled vicissitudes. There was a grudge against it in the minds of the people, and it never had a chance of taking up a popular question. All the fruit on the tree fell to the Liberals. Nothing would have been more natural, according to the ordinary behavior of men, than for Mr. Disraeli to have broken down during his long and arduous struggle against a victorious party. He had sat for fifteen years in Parliament before the smallest prospect appeared of his enjoying the solace of office. His party was scattered, demoralized, and cast down. It had no policy before it. Its former long lease of power had rendered the people tired of it; and it had fallen out of accord with the spirit of the age. Younger men and younger ideas were needed in it. Mr. Disraeli was abundantly able to supply ideas, but the very sound of the words "change" or "progress" scared the country party. They distrusted the unknown man who was at their head in the Lower House. He was much too clever for them. He had a head full of ideas — that was decidedly un-English. He had written in newspapers, and could not tell the weight of a bullock by pinching it in the rear. Nothing much worse could be said of a man. The old squires looked askance at the young man with a Hebrew type of face who suddenly appeared

among them. He had no land and no money, no "family," and no titled kinsfolk. To move a stubborn, inert mass such as the Tory party then was might have defied the strength of twenty men. The task fell to the "adventurer," and he had to address himself to it while the party was in deep adversity. The lot of a leader in opposition is at the best never an enviable one. His followers are eager for office; and if he cannot bring them to the desired haven, they reproach him for his want of capacity and enterprise. If he makes a dash at power and fails, they accuse him of foolhardiness and stupidity. "Anybody," they will say, "might have seen that failure was inevitable," although they may all the time have been inciting him to make the attempt. If he goes fast, he is hot-brained; if slow, he is faint-hearted. Mr. Disraeli tried hard for years to bring his party out of the Slough of Despond, and was resisted chiefly by that party itself.

It was not until 1852 that he was first called to office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Twice afterwards he was compelled to take the same post, with a minority at his back. At length still greater responsibilities were pressed upon him. In the early part of 1868, Lord Derby, under whom Mr. Disraeli had so often served, found his health rapidly declining. He retired from office, and Mr. Disraeli received the commands of the Queen to form a cabinet. When he went down to the House of Commons, on the night of March 5, 1868, everybody expected a memorable speech. The House was crowded, and the new premier was vehemently cheered as he passed through Westminster Hall. In the House itself he was received with equal warmth. The galleries were

filled with people eager to hear the great speech. But Mr. Disraeli does not care to surprise people — at least not in the way they expect. He delivered a short and modest address, and instantly applied himself to the practical work of the House — work which few prime ministers have ever managed so well. The interest felt by the public in his accession to power was not unnatural. Since Mr. Disraeli had entered Parliament, more than thirty years before, only five men had succeeded in climbing before him to the chief place in the country, — Peel, Aberdeen, Russell, Palmerston, and Derby. He had beaten his rival, Gladstone, in the race. Many great men had come and gone during those thirty years, and had missed the chief mark. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Sir James Graham, Arthur Buller, the Duke of Newcastle, were men of great influence and abilities; but the unknown member, whose faith was that all things in this life will fall to those who wait and persevere, achieved the distinction which they failed to reach. He had fought out his struggle with a grand courage which would alone render him a man memorable in history. He set himself to accomplish his purpose, not in a feverish or impulsive spirit, but with an heroic patience, an indomitable endurance, and a splendid self-reliance which enabled him to face all antagonists, to rise again and again from repeated reverses and blows, to mock at all difficulties, and finally to vanquish every obstacle which was thrust in his path. He had no intimate friends, outside a very small circle of men with whom he has been acting for years. He began as a solitary man in the wastes of London, with the chances of success incalculably against him. He sought no help from outside.

He paid court to no man, and, what must be the strangest thing of all to aspiring politicians, to no newspaper. Social prejudices stood in front of him like a wall of iron. Not the least of these prejudices was that which related to the race from which he sprang. His family traced its descent from the pure Sephardim stock: they were Hebrews of the Hebrews. For two generations, at least, they had been Christians, but still the favorite taunt leveled at Mr. Disraeli was founded on his Jewish origin. These reproaches, as usual, he met with defiance. So far from repudiating his race, he has always gloried in it. He fought its battles in the House of Commons, and to him fell the honor of completing the removal of Jewish disabilities. He succeeded in gaining for Jews the right to sit in the House of Commons, and he has done more to break down the unjust prejudice against them than any man of his generation. He has made people at last understand that they do not insult him by calling him a Jew — they only pay him a compliment.

GLADSTONE'S FIGHT FOR HOME RULE

[1893]

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

[WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE (1809–1898) was the son of a wealthy merchant of Liverpool. He entered Parliament at the age of twenty-three, the follower of Sir Robert Peel, and rose from one position to another. From the beginning he manifested unusual ability in finance. He professed Tory principles, but in 1866 he supported Lord Russell's bill for the extension of suffrage and the redistribution of seats in the House of Commons. In 1867, he became the leader of the Liberal party. The following year he was made Prime Minister. He succeeded in bringing about the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and in winning some measure of reform in the Irish land system. He was made Premier four times. In 1894, he gave up political office, and in 1898 he died.

Gladstone's only rival was Disraeli; but Disraeli's sparkling oratory was more than balanced by Gladstone's solid principles. Disraeli was ambitious and ready to adopt new standards that promised preferment; Gladstone changed his opinions more than once in the course of his career, but never to win a personal success. His place in history is that of a reformer in finance and a defender of the rights of the English people of all classes.

The Editor.]

AND now came the part of Mr. Gladstone's public life which brought both his statesmanship and his character most seriously and most bitterly into dispute. Called again, for the third time, to be Prime Minister of Eng-

land, he accepted the great office virtually at the hands of the Irish party, without whose support it could not be held, and with it he accepted their programme of home rule for Ireland.

The wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's course is more questionable than the sincerity of it. The subject on that side is too large for this article, yet a few words must be said. In his first plan, submitted to Parliament on the 8th of April, 1886, he proposed to give Ireland a distinct legislature, with substantial independence in the control of its domestic affairs, but to silence its voice in the larger affairs of the United Kingdom by taking its representation in the Imperial Parliament entirely away. The Liberal party was broken by the startling proposition. Eighty-five of its members seceded and joined the Conservatives to defeat the bill. Mr. Gladstone appealed by a dissolution, and was beaten in the country overwhelmingly. The seceding Liberals, taking the name of "Unionists," formed a coalition with the Conservatives in a Ministry which held the Government, under Lord Salisbury, for six years, until the Parliament expired. Then Mr. Gladstone, still full of vigor, and firm in his resolution to give home rule to Ireland, renewed his appeal to the people. The elections of 1892 went against him in England, but favorably in Scotland and Wales, and strongly favorable in Ireland, of course. Without the Irish members he would be heavily outvoted in the House; with them he had a majority of forty-two. On this dubious verdict he undertook his fourth Ministry, and brought forward his second home rule bill. It was radically different from the first in plan, giving Ireland eighty members in the House of Commons at London

(with no vote there on matters affecting Great Britain alone), and a domestic legislature of two houses at Dublin. The Commons passed the bill, and the Lords, as expected, threw it out. Mr. Gladstone saw the uselessness of a dissolution, or of agitation against the peers. He went stoutly through other business of the session to the end, and even to April of the following year. Then he resigned. He had finished his political career.

In these home-rule measures Mr. Gladstone had set his hand for the first time to an important undertaking of constructive statesmanship; and the verdict must be that he was not equal to it. His life work has been in reforming statesmanship. In that he has had no peer. He has been, we may say, the greatest of those peaceful revolutionists who lift and carry nations forward, out of old conditions into new; who reconcile their institutions with advancing time, and make them participants in the progress of the world. But this reparative work, most useful, perhaps, that true statesmanship can do, wins commonly less of the admiration of mankind than the framing of political systems and the building of states. Bismarck and Cavour, among Gladstone's contemporaries, are more than likely to rank above him, in present and in future opinion, as belonging to an order of statesmanship that is superior in its kind. The justice of that opinion is far from sure. It turns mostly upon a question of weight in moral qualities that are widely opposed. But the fact of it is to be recognized; and so, too, is the fact that when Gladstone attempted a serious work of constructive statesmanship, he failed.

A grievous ending for so great and so noble a career! It ought to have been ended for him in the serene con-

tentment of some crowning success. In no procession of noisy triumph, but by some flower-strewn and beautiful way he should have gone to his retirement with a happily satisfied heart. He had done so much for England, — for Britain, for Ireland! He had labored so long, so hopefully, so valiantly, so hard! He had struck, without favor or fear, at so many wrongs! He had remembered so faithfully the whole people, and borne so calmly the selfish resentments of a selfish class! He had warmed the very heart of the world so often with his generous enthusiasms! He had been for half a century so inspiring a figure in the eyes of all mankind, so chivalrous in standing for Right! One feels that there might fitly have been a trooping of all the people of British race to say Hail and Farewell to him when he went out of public life.

Gladstone's place in English history will be high, and it will be quite apart from any other. He will have no near companionship in his fame. It will be, we think, an eminence assigned to moral qualities more than to intellectual powers. The very sincerity that his enemies have denied to him will be counted perhaps the loftiest of his claims. It will be seen that few men of brilliant gifts and great ambitions have sought with his earnestness for the Right in what they did, or have stood with his courage by what they found it to be. When he braved the scorn and anger of the Church which has always been more to him than to most of its priests, and challenged by the same act his own past, in order to do justice to the people of another creed, and when he made a righteous peace with the Boers in the face of a storm of English wrath, he rose to a greatness

in character that will be measured in future time with clearer eyes than now.

The persuasive witchery of his eloquence will be poorly understood by generations to come. It is not found in the word, the phrase, the argument, or the thought. It came for the most part from the spirit that warmed the breath of the man, sounded in his voice, looked out of his eyes. It was personal to him, largely drawn from the moral qualities that seemed to be his greater distinction. No man of his day has had such power of persuasion as he. It may not be too bold to say that no man of any time has surpassed him in that power. Yet he was never logically strong. His argumentative writings, the most carefully and deliberately composed, show defects of reasoning that are marked. From controversy with an antagonist like Professor Huxley he was sure to come with wounds. Yet his masterful influence over minds of every class is a certain fact. It was once said by somebody that "Gladstone could persuade anybody to anything — himself included"; and no doubt the epigram carries a significant truth. Fashion a man finely and largely, and make him to be tensely strong in every part of his whole nature, but inject a little, barely a little excess on the moral and emotional side, — a little more of feeling, with pressure of conscience behind it, than logical judgment can quite control, — and we shall have the persuasive man who is over-persuasive sometimes to himself. On the great scale, as in Gladstone, it produces a rare and splendid power for the kind of work he had to do, —a rare and splendid character for the delight and admiration of mankind. It kept him in the strength and beauty of youth till he died. It did more; for he was

younger in spirit, younger in the generosities and hospitalities of his mind, when his work was finished than when it began. He, at least, in this questioning nineteenth century, found wellsprings of faith in both God and man, and drank of them to the end.

THE LATEST ENGLISH REVOLUTION

[1911]

FROM THE OUTLOOK

[In 1906, the Liberals came into power. This party is opposed to continuing the special privileges which place political power in the hands of powerful families and classes. In 1911, it brought about what has been called the "bloodless revolution," that is, the taking from the House of Lords of the power to veto a bill passed in three successive sessions by the House of Commons.

The Editor.]

What has really happened is that the House of Lords can no longer interpose a veto to the will of the people, as expressed by the House of Commons, although, in order to make effective any expression of that will in opposition to the wish of the peers, the House of Commons must pass any measure three separate times, covering a period of not less than two years — which seems to be far enough from permitting the Government majority to exercise a snap judgment as the result of sudden popular excitement. The thing that impressed the Spectator as most significant during the nearly three weeks which intervened between the formal announcement of the Prime Minister that the royal prerogative would be invoked if needful, and the passage of the Parliament Bill by a majority of seventeen in the House of Lords, was that the people of England did not seem to care a rap about the real revolution that was going on.

No one on the streets was talking about it. There were no gatherings to discuss it, except here and there a conference between peers of varying views. The tram-cars, the barber-shops, the hotel lobbies, the smoking rooms, were as phlegmatic and uninterested as though the matter of "mending or ending" had been settled long before — as in effect it had been, at the last two popular elections, when excitement had not been wanting. The people had decided, and, having commissioned their elected rulers to act for them, they had gone about their business of farming and trading with a confidence entirely calm, and perhaps a little grim, that the work would be efficiently accomplished.

The humor of the closing drama was supplied by the bluff and venerable Lord Halsbury, who at the age of more than fourscore years flung his gauntlet into the arena, called about him a hundred peers who declined to follow the prudent counsel of the Unionist leader, Lord Lansdowne, and announced that, as for himself and his followers, they would never yield, even if the House of Lords was swamped by five hundred newly created Liberal peers and its ancient Conservative prestige abolished forever. These fighting lords came to be known as the "Die-hards," and sometimes as the "Ditchers," from their desire to occupy the last ditch in their demise; while the peers who followed Lord Lansdowne in recognizing in advance their defeat, and proposed to abstain from voting on the final division, were called "Hedgers." The real tragedy of the event seems to have been the disappointment of the five hundred Liberal candidates for the peerage, who had, it is understood, been carefully chosen, and of course were at least tacitly pledged to the

Liberal programme. For so large a number of ambitious men, with equally ambitious wives and daughters, to get so near that height of privilege and then have their aspirations dashed to earth, implies an aggregate of disappointment that cannot be contemplated without a shudder.

THE CORONATION OF GEORGE V

[1911]

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

A GRAY, windy day and none the less British for being so; all London pouring Abbey-wards; the cars in the underground trains splashed with the unwonted blaze of admirals', generals', and privy councilors' uniforms; hordes of sightseers with luncheon bags and baskets; much tripping over swords and earnest gazing at gold braid and scarlet tunics and silk knee breeches, amid a torrent of festive, inconsequential talk, as the train speeds on; the whole of Victoria Street one solid mass of motors, peers' coaches, taxicabs, and broughams, each with its vision of nodding plumes and gleaming jewels and resplendent masculinity within; the Abbey, as one draws near it, grayer, more venerable and reposeful than one has ever known it, the fit hearthstone for a world-wide race; a glimpse of stands and tiers multitudinously crowded, of garlands, poles, bunting, and glittering emblems, of windows and roofs alive with faces; then the turning into Dean's Yard, usually the quietest of all the little havens in which London abounds, but now bustling and brilliant with troops and guests and officials, women in court dresses with gorgeous trains carried over the arms, naval and military men, judges and officers of the court, and so into the cloisters, till I am directed for the entrance I want and mount up and up and round and round the seven hundred-year-old cork-

screwy stone staircase, till I am drawn through an arch by a courteous and bespangled usher, and find myself in the South Triforium, sixty feet or so above the nave.

It is 8 o'clock. The royal guests are not due to leave Buckingham Palace till 9.30, and the king and queen will not reach the Abbey before 11; so there is plenty of time to look around. The Triforium itself is mainly given up to journalists, but among them are not a few army and navy officers and their wives, for whom seats could not be found elsewhere, and also a gathering of white-robed scholars from Westminster School, come to assert their historic privilege of acclaiming the king. One wanders about, sampling one coign of vantage after another, and finding each different and each superb. The arch nearest to the western door by which the royal guests, the princes and princesses of the blood royal, and Their Majesties, are to enter later on, and through which already is pouring a stream of peers and peeresses, offers perhaps the best view of all. Craning over its edge and looking down on the floor below and up the whole length of the Abbey, what does one see? What will be the sight that will greet the king and queen on their entrance? First, a rich blue Worcester carpet stretching along the vista to the carven height of the choir screen, on which are massed the orchestra and trumpeters round the scarlet, conspicuous robes of Sir Frederick Bridge, the conductor. On either side of the carpet runs a wide border of softer, blue-gray up to the edge of the partitions, three feet or so in height, that wall off the seats from the Abbey floor. The partitions are hung with silver brocade heavily stamped with patterns in royal blue. Behind them, row upon row, tier upon tier, as-

cend the seats, their straight lines of pale blue merging exquisitely with the somber gray of the walls and arches. Even at this early hour they are well filled, and every moment sees a new arrival. One looks down on a rippling sea of color. Admirals in gold and blue coats over white breeches and stockings; army officers in scarlet and gold; Scottish chieftains in flowing dark green tartans; the mayors of the great cities in scarlet cloaks edged with miniver and hung with gold badges; here a jumble of shimmering hues, a great glittering splash, that resolves itself under opera glasses into Oriental potentates, with flashing turbans and ropes of jewels; there the Earl Marshal's officers showing people to their places; with crimson, gold-tipped staves; and mingling with all the white plumes of the women and their dresses of white or softest blue or heliotrope or pink or lightest green. Medals and ribbons and orders and clasps and jewels twinkle up at one; only the yellow-gray pillars of the Abbey and the busbied Grenadiers, who alternate with the Yeomen of the Guard, seem motionless; all else goes billowing and sparkling in long harmonies of shade and light.

No stage effect ever began to compare with this. Eyes and brain ache with the ever-moving gorgeousness of it all. Stroke follows upon stroke, gem is added to gem. One watches a peeress, coronet in hand, moving with resplendent grace up the nave and through the arch of the choir screen, her crimson fan-shaped train edged with ermine spreading luxuriously behind her or borne by a page all exquisite in cream and gold and ruffles and long sword; or a prelate in scarlet and lawn; or an Indian visitor, a walking column of jewels; or an ambassador ablaze with stars; or a judge in full glory of wig

and scarlet mantle; or a knight in the brilliant cloak of his order. And they enter not in twos or threes, but in dozens, till for sheer relief one is forced to rest one's eyes on the arching roof of the Abbey and its cool and tranquil vistas. The more distinguished among them and those higher in rank pass, as I said, under the arch of the choir screen that spans the nave, beneath the orchestra and the royal trumpeters, who are to sound the fanfares on silver trumpets, and who stand out gorgeously in their murrey and gold. The screen makes an excellent break as one's eye sweeps up the length of the Abbey, but those who are to the westward of it — perhaps half the total number present — find that it blocks their view of the Coronation ceremonies, and except the entrance of the guests and the processions, they can see little or nothing of all that makes up the splendor of the occasion. But being in the Triforium, with a liberty of movement, I can pass to a point beyond the choir screen, to the very angle, indeed, of the nave and transepts, and look down on the altar, the thrones, the coronation chair, the very scene of the king's sacring. Just beyond the screen are the choir stalls, soon to be occupied by the royal guests and representatives and their suites. Above them are tiers upon tiers of seats. Then come the transepts, the north being occupied by the peeresses and the south by the peers, and above them both run vast galleries up to the level of the Triforium itself for members of Parliament and their wives. Beyond the transepts one's eye travels over galleries splashed with the red of judges, the blue and white of admirals, the scarlet and gold of army officers, interspersed with the gleam of women's necks and

arms, the shimmer of their dresses and the flash of jewels — past the royal boxes reserved for the king's and queen's and for Queen Alexandra's private friends — till it rests on the glittering cream and gold of the altar, laden with the sacred vessels. In the space between the two transepts, called the "theater," stand the two thrones, in crimson damask, facing the altar and set on a dais, the king's being to the right, the queen's to the left and lower down. A few yards farther on, still facing the altar, is the historic chair of St. Edward, the coronation seat of centuries of English kings. To the right of it, but some little distance, — almost, indeed, under the shadow of an arch, — stand two recognition chairs, facing northwards, with faldstools in soft light blue before them. Down from the altar, over the blue carpet, ripples the sheen of magnificent Persian rugs.

One has not time to take in even one half the "values" of the general setting before the preliminaries begin. From St. Edward's Chapel, behind the sanctuary screen, the regalia are brought forth, are laid on the altar, are dedicated. A procession forms; headed by the trumpeters, followed by the choir, the sub-dean of Westminster and the prebendaries in their crimson robes. Out bursts the splendid hymn, "O God, our Help in Ages past," and with slow ecclesiastical pomp the regalia are borne down the nave and into the tapestried annex, there to await the coming of the king and queen. Hardly are they deposited before the royal guests arrive. To name them would be to simply give a list of all the reigning families and of all the nations on earth. Nothing that has gone before equals the splendor of their approach, as headed by the German crown prince and princess, they sweep

up the nave in a profusion of varied magnificence, a flowing opalescent stream of dancing lights, and take their places in the choir stalls. No sooner are they seated than, to the blare of silver trumpets and preceded by pursuivants in mediæval bravery, the Prince of Wales enters, a wholesome, unaffected, boyish figure, in the mantle of the Garter, bearing a vast plumed hat. He is escorted to a seat in the south transept just in front of the peers' benches. All who are bound for the royal boxes pass before him, and all, as they pass, curtsy or bow, and the prince acknowledges their salutation with a pleasing, because natural, jerk of his head and shoulders. He is kept for a while quite busy. His three brothers and his sister, and after them a long train of princes and princesses of the blood royal, each with an attendant page or officer or lady in waiting, make their obeisance on their way to the royal boxes. It is the last of the preliminaries before the arrival of the king and queen. Every seat is taken; the whole massed effect of stateliness and brilliance is at its highest point; all Europe, America, Africa, and the Orient, four hundred millions of British subjects, and the best of English beauty, valor, and worth, are represented there in those radiant seven thousand personages, awaiting the coming of the king and queen.

They come at last. One hears the booming of the guns, the faint echo of cheering without. There is not to-day the feeling of anxious tension that there was nine years ago when no one knew whether King Edward could stand the strain of the long and arduous ceremony. But there is the universal emotion of expectancy fed by all that has gone before and charged with the sense of the

full significance of an occasion that is a religious rite and a political sacrament as well as a spectacular pageant. All eyes and thoughts are turned to the west door. Slowly the procession enters. First the Abbey beadle in robes of silken blue; then the ten chaplains in ordinary scarlet — hooded; after them the domestic chaplains, the sacrist bearing the Cross of Westminster, followed by more ecclesiastics. Then the pursuivants, all gold and murrey, and the officers of the orders of knighthood in mantles of glimmering hues, heralds in blazoned coats, household officials, great nobles bearing the standards of the British Dominions, India, Ireland, Scotland, England, and the United Kingdom, Lord Lansdowne holding aloft the Royal Standard, the four knights of the Order of the Garter appointed to hold the canopy for the king's anointing, great political dignitaries, chancellors and lord chamberlains, the Archbishop of Canterbury, more pursuivants, the bearers of the queen's regalia, and then the queen herself, — pale and tense with emotion but splendidly dignified, — her stupendous train borne by eight ladies in snowy white and followed by double dazzling lines of attendant retinue. It is an incomparable moment as the procession flashes onwards and the organ and choir burst into the noble anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the House of the Lord," and the Westminster boys fling out their greeting, "Vivat Regina Maria! Vivat, vivat, vivat!"

There is a pause of but a moment and the final procession enters the Abbey. One watches the passing of the king's regalia with a certain impatience, even though Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are among the sword-

bearers, and the golden orb and the scepter with the dove and St. Edward's crown are among the precious treasures. At last, firm and upright, in his crimson robe of state, flanked by two bishops and an array of gentlemen-at-arms, followed by his train-bearers in red and white attended by a glowing company of officials and Yeomen of the Guard, comes the king — while the anthem swells to its second movement and the "Vivats" of the Westminster boys crash out again. The service begins at once, that unique and noble service, a tissue of mediæval mysticism, chivalry, feudalism, ecclesiasticism, and politics, blending the sacred and the secular into a pact between the king and his god, and the people and their sovereign. The anointing with oil, the solemn benedictions many times multiplied, the investiture of the sovereign with quasi-sacerdotal robes, the delivery to him of the regalia with prayers and injunctions — make it in certain aspects predominantly an ecclesiastical ceremony. On the other hand, the fourfold "Recognition" with which the service opens and in which the archbishop, turning to the four points of the compass asks the people whether they are willing to do their homage and service to the king, recalls the time when monarchy was elective or rested on the fortunes of war; and the administration of the oath emphasizes its secular and political side. Then again the touching of the king's heels with the golden spurs, the girding on of the sword, the presentation of the glove, and the homage of the bishops, princes, and peers recall the ideas and practices of feudalism and chivalry. And the whole of this curious service, except the "Recognition," is embedded in the communion service of the Church of England,

at which king and queen themselves devoutly communicate. Is this amazing and yet moving medley, written in the noblest language and with no part of it that does not bear the seal and warrant of the centuries, destined, I wonder, in the quick-moving times that lie ahead, to be the enduring form which the covenant between the English monarch and his people is destined to assume?

But there is scant leisure or inclination for such questionings while the service itself proceeds, while one's ears and mind and heart are filled and stirred by the chanting of the Litany, while beneath one's eyes the solemn coronation oath is administered and the king is seen to kiss the Bible and sign the roll, while the four highest of English noblemen hold a gleaming canopy of gold over his head and the archbishop anoints him, while the chivalric investiture is in progress and while, when the crowning is accomplished, the peers, with a blinding, simultaneous movement put on their coronets, and "God save the King" resounds through the Abbey, and the trumpets blare, and far off one hears the cannon thundering the glad tidings to the world. Each one of these separate ceremonies has its unforgettable moments when everything that color, music, the utmost splendor of costume and of language, and the solemnities and mysteries of religion can do to flood the emotions and dazzle and beguile the senses is done with superb and compelling effect. The passage of the regalia from throne to altar, the assumption of the emblems of temporal power, the first moment when the crowned and anointed king turns round to face his subjects, the helping of the king onto his throne in reminiscence of the days

when the monarch was lifted shield-high for his people to see, the thrilling flavor of a thousand years of kingship in the words and acts of homage, the coming and going of magnificent dignitaries with emblems whose significance is woven with the earliest annals of English nationality, the unrobing of the Monarch at this moment in obedience to hallowed forms, his investment at that moment still in accordance with traditions and meanings that were ancient five hundred years ago, the bowings and kneelings, the prayers and oblations, the crowning of the queen, and the culminating scene when king and queen and bishops kneel at the altar rails and receive the communion while the tremendous words of the Anglican service roll in beauty through the listening Abbey — these are episodes that must surely, in their union of the deepest messages with the most gorgeous of pageants, stay printed on the mind forever.

It is over. The benediction has been pronounced; the *Te Deum* is ringing out; the king and queen have passed into St. Edward's Chapel behind the altar. In a few moments they reappear; the processions are re-formed; the queen, bearing in her right hand her scepter and the cross and in her left the ivory rod with the dove and wearing her crown, passes through the choir and down to the west door, the central and most imposing figure in a long line of beauty and splendor; two minutes later the king, wearing the imperial crown, in his right hand the scepter with the cross, emblem of kingly power and justice, in his left hand the orb, follows in the midst of his retinue; the organ peals "God save the King," and cheer after cheer breaks from the brilliant ranks of guests and spectators. Without a hitch and with every circum-

stance of historic pomp the great ceremony is consummated, and as we leave the Abbey there are borne to our ears the thunderous cheers of the multitude without, acclaiming their crowned and anointed sovereigns.

WALES

I

LEGENDS OF WALES

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN the Saxons invaded Britain, in the fifth century, the inhabitants were driven to the westward and mingled with their kinsmen in Wales. The conquest of these kinsmen was slow, for they made a most determined resistance. The "King Arthur" of Tennyson's "Idylls" is thought to have been one of their leaders, as was also Cadwallon. In the eleventh century, an English army overran Wales; but not until the days of William the Conqueror did any English ruler succeed in obliging the Welsh to recognize him as sovereign. This recognition was given most grudgingly, and in order to present these unwilling subjects from making raids upon the English territories, the land along the borders or marches was granted to Norman nobles, "lords marchers," as they were called; and there they built their strongholds. They were an independent folk, these marchers, but they held back the Welsh, and therefore they had to be endured.

KING ARTHUR

BY BESSIE RAYNOR PARKES

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He dwelt at Caerleon-upon-Usk;
He held it with an armed right hand,
And drank red wine from dawn till dusk.

How stalwart were the warriors then,
In our time no such maidens are:
King Arthur was the first of men,
The fairest dame Queen Guenevar.

When Merlin waved his silver wand,
None dared dispute its awful spells;
On summer nights the moonlit strand
Was musical with fairy bells.

And all the knights in Arthur's court
Made glorious that enchanted spot;
And who was first in every sport, —
Ah, who was loved but Launcelot!

How bright the armor which they wore
When setting out at morning-tide, —
The silken banners which they bore,
By gentle hands were wrought and dyed.

And who shall rise, and who shall fall,
  When they the robber-bands assail;
And whose pure hands shall duty call
  To seek and find the Holy Grail!

Fair company of noble knights
  That ride in that mysterious land,
And celebrate your mystic rites
  With stainless sword in stainless hand.

Ah, where is Caerleon-upon-Usk!
  Though somewhere in the south of Wales,
The wanderer there, at gathering dusk,
  When dreaming o'er these ancient tales,

Will hardly see such lovely dames,
  Will hardly meet such noble men,
Till bards and prophets prove their claims,
  And good King Arthur comes again!

THE DREAM OF MAXEN WLEDIG

FROM THE MABINOGION

["MABINOGION" is a general term, used for the old Welsh tales and romances. In the following tale, "Maxen" is that Maximus whom, in 383, his soldiers proclaimed Emperor of Rome.

The Editor.]

MAXEN WLEDIG was Emperor of Rome, and he was a comelier man, and a better and a wiser than any emperor that had been before him. And one day he held a council of kings, and he said to his friends, "I desire to go to-morrow to hunt." And the next day in the morning he set forth with his retinue, and came to the valley of the river that flowed towards Rome. And he hunted through the valley until midday. And with him also were two and thirty crowned kings, that were his vassals; not for the delight of hunting went the emperor with them, but to put himself on equal terms with those kings.

And the sun was high in the sky over their heads, and the heat was great. And sleep came upon Maxen Wledig. And his attendants stood and set up their shields around him upon the shafts of their spears to protect him from the sun, and they placed a gold enameled shield under his head; and so Maxen slept.

And he saw a dream. And this is the dream that he saw. He was journeying along the valley of the river towards its source; and he came to the highest moun-

tain in the world. And he thought that the mountain was as high as the sky; and when he came over the mountain, it seemed to him that he went through the fairest and most level regions that man ever yet beheld, on the other side of the mountain. And he saw large and mighty rivers descending from the mountain to the sea, and towards the mouths of the rivers he proceeded. And as he journeyed thus, he came to the mouth of the largest river ever seen. And he beheld a great city at the entrance of the river, and a vast castle in the city, and he saw many high towers of various colors in the castle. And he saw a fleet at the mouth of the river, the largest ever seen. And he saw one ship among the fleet; larger was it by far, and fairer than all the others. Of such part of the ship as he could see above the water, one plank was gilded and the other silvered over. He saw a bridge of the bone of the whale from the ship to the land, and he thought that he went along the bridge, and came into the ship. And a sail was hoisted on the ship, and along the sea and the ocean was it borne. Then it seemed that he came to the fairest island in the whole world, and he traversed the island from sea to sea, even to the farthest shore of the island. Valleys he saw, and steeps, and rocks of wondrous height, and rugged precipices. Never yet saw he the like. And thence he beheld an island in the sea, facing this rugged land. And between him and this island was a country of which the plain was as large as the sea, the mountain as vast as the wood. And from the mountain he saw a river that flowed through the land and fell into the sea. And at the mouth of the river he beheld a castle the fairest that ever man saw, and the gate of the castle was open, and he went into the castle.

And in the castle he saw a fair hall of which the roof seemed to be all gold, the walls of the hall seemed to be entirely of glittering precious gems, the doors all seemed to be of gold. Golden seats he saw in the hall, and silver tables. And on a seat opposite to him, he beheld two auburn-haired youths playing at chess. He saw a silver board for the chess, and golden pieces thereon. The garments of the youths were of jet-black satin, and chaplets of ruddy gold bound their hair, whereon were sparkling jewels of great price, rubies, and gems, alternately with imperial stones. Buskins of new cordovan leather were on their feet, fastened by slides of red gold.

And beside a pillar in the hall, he saw a hoary-headed man, in a chair of ivory, with the figures of two eagles of ruddy gold thereon. Bracelets of gold were upon his arms, and many rings upon his hands, and a golden torquis about his neck; and his hair was bound with a golden diadem. He was of powerful aspect. A chessboard of gold was before him, and a rod of gold, and a steel file in his hand. And he was carving out chessmen.

And he saw a maiden sitting before him in a chair of ruddy gold. Not more easy than to gaze upon the sun when brightest, was it to look upon her by reason of her beauty. A vest of white silk was upon the maiden, with clasps of red gold at the breast; and a surcoat of gold tissue was upon her, and a frontlet of red gold upon her head, and rubies and gems were in the frontlet, alternating with pearls and imperial stones. And a girdle of ruddy gold was around her. She was the fairest sight that man ever beheld.

The maiden arose from her chair before him, and he threw his arms about the neck of the maiden, and they two sat down together in the chair of gold: and the chair was not less roomy for them both than for the maiden alone. And as he had his arms about the maiden's neck, and his cheek by her cheek, behold, through the chafing of the dogs at their leashing, and the clashing of the shields as they struck against each other, and the beating together of the shafts of the spears, and the neighing of the horses and their prancing, the emperor awoke.

And when he awoke, nor spirit nor existence was left him, because of the maiden whom he had seen in his sleep, for the love of the maiden pervaded his whole frame. Then his household spake upon him. "Lord," said they, "is it not past the time for thee to take thy food?" Thereupon the emperor mounted his palfrey, the saddest man that mortal ever saw, and went forth towards Rome.

And thus he was during the space of a week. When they of the household went to drink wine and mead out of golden vessels, he went not with any of them. When they went to listen to songs and tales, he went not with them there; neither could he be persuaded to do anything but sleep. And as often as he slept, he beheld in his dreams the maiden he loved best; but except when he slept he saw nothing of her, for he knew not where in the world she was.

One day the page of the chamber spake unto him; now although he was page of the chamber, he was King of the Romans. "Lord," said he, "all thy people revile thee." "Wherefore do they revile me?" asked the emperor. "Because they can get neither message nor answer from

thee, as men should have from their lord. This is the cause why thou art spoken evil of." "Youth," said the emperor, "do thou bring unto me the wise men of Rome, and I will tell them why I am sorrowful."

Then the wise men of Rome were brought to the emperor, and he spake to them. "Sages of Rome," said he, "I have seen a dream. And in the dream I beheld a maiden, and because of the maiden is there neither life nor spirit, nor existence within me." "Lord," they answered, "since thou judgest us worthy to counsel thee, we will give thee counsel. And this is our counsel; that thou send messengers for three years to the three parts of the world, to seek for thy dream. And as thou knowest not what day or what night good news may come to thee, the hope thereof will support thee."

So the messengers journeyed for the space of a year, wandering about the world, and seeking tidings concerning his dream. But when they came back at the end of the year, they knew not one word more than they did the day they set forth. And then was the emperor exceedingly sorrowful, for he thought that he should never have tidings of her whom best he loved.

Then spoke the King of the Romans unto the emperor. "Lord," said he, "go forth to hunt by the way that thou didst seem to go, whether it were to the east or to the west." So the emperor went forth to hunt, and he came to the bank of the river. "Behold," said he, "this is where I was when I saw the dream, and I went towards the source of the river westward."

And thereupon thirteen messengers of the emperor's set forth, and before them they saw a high mountain, which seemed to them to touch the sky. Now this was

the guise in which the messengers journeyed; one sleeve was on the cap of each of them in front, as a sign that they were messengers, in order that through what hostile land soever they might pass no harm might be done them. And when they were come over this mountain, they beheld vast plains, and large rivers flowing therethrough. "Behold," said they, "the land which our master saw."

And they went along the mouths of the rivers, until they came to the mighty river which they saw flowing to the sea, and the vast city, and the many-colored high towers of the castle. They saw the largest fleet in the world, in the harbor of the river, and one ship that was larger than any of the others. "Behold again," said they, "the dream that our master saw." And in the great ship they crossed the sea, and came to the island of Britain. And they traversed the island until they came to Snowdon. "Behold," said they, "the rugged land that our master saw." And they went forward until they saw Anglesey before them, and until they saw Arvon likewise. "Behold," said they, "the land our master saw in his sleep." And they saw Aber Sain, and a castle at the mouth of the river. The portal of the castle saw they open, and into the castle they went, and they saw a hall in the castle. Then said they, "Behold, the hall which he saw in his sleep."

They went into the hall, and they beheld two youths playing at chess on the golden bench. And they beheld the hoary-headed man beside the pillar, in the ivory chair, carving chessmen. And they beheld the maiden sitting on a chair of ruddy gold.

The messengers bent down upon their knees. "Em-

press of Rome, all hail!" "Ha, gentles," said the maiden, "ye bear the seeming of honorable men, and the badge of envoys, what mockery is this ye do to me?" "We mock thee not, lady, but the Emperor of Rome hath seen thee in his sleep, and he has neither life nor spirit left because of thee. Thou shalt have of us therefore the choice, lady, whether thou wilt go with us and be made Empress of Rome, or that the emperor come hither and take thee for his wife." "Ha, lords," said the maiden, "I will not deny what ye say, neither will I believe it too well. If the emperor love me, let him come here to seek me."

And by day and night the messengers hied them back. And when their horses failed, they bought other fresh ones. And when they came to Rome, they saluted the emperor, and asked their boon, which was given to them according as they named it. "We will be thy guides, lord," said they, "over sea and over land, to the place where is the woman whom best thou lovest, for we know her name, and her kindred, and her race."

And immediately the emperor set forth with his army. And these men were his guides. Towards the Island of Britain they went over the sea and the deep. And he conquered the island from Beli, the son of Manogan, and his sons, and drove them to the sea, and went forward even unto Arvon. And the emperor knew the land when he saw it. And when he beheld the castle of Aber Sain, "Look yonder," said he, "there is the castle wherein I saw the damsel whom I best love." And he went forward into the castle and into the hall, and there he saw Kynan, the son of Eudav, and Adeon, the son of Eudav, playing at chess. And he saw Eudav, the son of

Caradawc, sitting on a chair of ivory carving chessmen. And the maiden whom he had beheld in his sleep, he saw sitting on a chair of gold. "Empress of Rome," said he, "all hail!" And the emperor threw his arms about her neck; and that night she became his bride.

BETH GELERT; OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND

[About 1220]

BY WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER

[THE Llewelyn whose hasty temper was the death of his faithful dog was Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, or Llewelyn the Great. He brought both Norman barons and Welsh chieftains under his rule, and gave valiant assistance to the barons in their struggle to force King John to sign Magna Charta. Unluckily for the probability of the story of Gelert, tales greatly similar to this have been found in Russian, Sanscrit, Arabian, and many other languages. The Welsh version has been handed down by tradition for seven hundred years, and is generally received throughout Wales. Of the so-called tomb of Gelert, George Borrow says: —

"The tomb, or what is said to be the tomb, of Gelert, stands in a beautiful meadow just below the precipitous side of Cerrig Llan: it consists of a large slab lying on its side, and two upright stones. It is shaded by a weeping willow, and is surrounded by a hexagonal paling. Who is there acquainted with the legend, whether he believes that the dog lies beneath those stones or not, can visit them without exclaiming with a sigh, 'Poor Gelert!'"

The Editor.]

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:

"Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"O, where doth faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave, — a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'T was only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise:
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, — no voice replied, —
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;

But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir:

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND

There never could the spearman pass,
  Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
  And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
  And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
  The name of "Gelert's Grave."

THE WEARING OF THE LEEK

AN OLD SONG TRANSLATED FROM THE WELSH BY HENRY DAVIES

[CADWALLON, the hero of the following song, was King of Wales in the seventh century. For many years he resisted the advance of the Saxons, but was finally defeated and slain at Hevenfelth. In his memory the leek is worn on the first of March.

The Editor.]

WHEN King Cadwallon, famed of old,
'Mid tumults and alarms,
With dauntless heart and courage bold,
Led on the British arms,
He bade his men ne'er fret and grieve,
Nor doubt the coming fray,
For well he knew it was the eve
Of great St. David's Day.

The Saxons in their wild distress,
Of this their hour of need,
Disguised them in the British dress
The hero to mislead.
But soon the Welshman's eager ken
Perceived the craven play,
And gave a leek to all his men
Upon St. David's Day.

"Behold," the gallant monarch cried,
"A trophy bright and green,

THE WEARING OF THE LEEK

And let it for our battle-guide
In ev'ry helm be seen!
That when we meet, as meet we must,
The Saxons' proud array,
We all may know in whom to trust
On good St. David's Day."

Anon arose the battle shout,
The crash of spear and bow,
But aye the green leek pointed out
The Welshman from his foe.
The Saxons made a stout defense,
But fled at length away;
And conquest crowned the British prince,
On great St. David's Day.

We'll cherish still that field of fame,
Whate'er may be our lot,
Which, long as Wallia hath a name,
Shall never be forgot;
And braver badge we ne'er will seek,
Whatever others may;
But still be proud to wear the leek,
On good St. David's Day.

II

STORIES OF THE WELSH REBELLIONS

HISTORICAL NOTE

WALES was forced to acknowledge the sovereignty of William the Conqueror, but the freedom-loving people never fully yielded to Norman authority. When Edward I came to the throne of England, he determined to subjugate this troublesome little country. First, he bade Llewelyn ap Gruffydd come to him and pay him the homage of a vassal, but the wary prince refused to trust himself in the hands of Edward. An English invasion resulted. Llewelyn was overcome and forced not only to pay homage annually, but also to give up a goodly share of his lands. In 1284, Wales was put under English rule, and English laws were introduced. According to the legend, Edward planned to appease the pride of the Welsh by promising them a prince who had been born in Wales and had never spoken a word of English. This prince proved to be his baby son, who was born at Carnarvon in Wales. The Welsh, however, were not long satisfied with this "sop to Cerberus," and in 1402 a formidable revolt broke out under the leadership of Owen Glendower. This was the last national uprising. In 1536, Wales was incorporated with England, and all the rights and privileges of English subjects were accorded to the Welsh. The history of the country since that date is therefore blended with that of England.

HOW THE WELSH KEPT THE CHRISTMAS OF 1115

BY SABINE BARING-GOULD

[In the story from which the following selection is taken, Rogier has been sent as governor to the district between the Towy and Teify Rivers, and his brother as bishop. The sufferings of the Welsh from the two tyrants have reached the point where they can no longer be borne. The result is the uprising described.

The Editor.]

Like an explosion of fire-damp in a coal-mine, — sudden, far-reaching, deadly, — so was the convulsion in South Wales.

All was quiet to-day. On the morrow the whole land from the Bay of Cardigan to Morganwg was in flames. The rising had been prepared for with the utmost caution.

The last to anticipate it were the soldiery under Rogier, who were quartered in Caio. Notwithstanding imperative orders from the bishop at Llawhaden to return to him, they had remained where they were, and had continued to conduct themselves in the same lawless manner as before. They scoffed at the tameness with which their insolence was endured.

"They are Cynwyl conies — *des lapins!*"[1] they said. "Say 'Whist!' and nothing more is seen of them than their white tails as they scuttle to their burrows."

[1] Rabbits.

For centuries this had been an oasis of peace unlapped by the waves of war. The very faculty of resistance was taken out of these men, who could handle a plough or brandish a shepherd's crook, but were frightened at the chime of a bowstring and the flash of a pike.

Yet, secretly, arms were being brought into the valley, and were distributed from farm to farm and from cot to cot; and the men whose wives and daughters had been dishonored, whose savings had been carried off, who had themselves been beaten and insulted, whose relatives had been hung as felons, were gripping the swords and handling the lances — eager for the signal that should set them free to fall on their tormentors. And that signal came at last.

On Christmas Eve, from the top of Pen-y-ddinas shot up a tongue of flame. At once from every mountain-side answered flashes of fire. There was light before every house, however small. The great basin of Caio was like a reversed dome of heaven studded with stars.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Rogier, issuing from the habitation he had appropriated to himself, and looking round in amazement.

"It is the *pylgain*," replied his man, Pont d'Arche, who knew something of Welsh.

"*Pylgain!* What is that?"

"The coming in of Christmas. They salute it with lights and carols and prayers and dances."

"Methinks I can hear sounds."

"Aye! they are coming to church."

"With torches — there are many."

"They all come."

Then a man came rushing up the hill; he was breath-

less. On reaching where stood Rogier, he gasped: "They come — a thousand men and all armed."

"It is a river of fire."

Along the road could be seen a waving line of light, and from all sides, down the mountains ran cascades of light as well.

"There is not a man is not armed, and the women each bears a torch; they come with them — to see revenge done on us."

Then up came Cadell. He was trembling.

"Rogier," he said, "this is no *pylgain* for us — the whole country is stirring. The whole people is under arms, and swearing to have our blood."

"We will show these conies of Cynwyl that we are not afraid of them."

"They are no conies now, but lions. Can you stand against a thousand men? And — this is not all, I warrant. The whole of the Towy Valley, and that of the Teify, all Dyfed, maybe all Wales, is up to-night. Can you make your way through?"

Rogier uttered a curse.

"I relish not running before those conies."

"Then tarry — and they will hang you beside Cynwyl's bell, where you slung their kinsmen."

Rogier's face became mottled with mingled rage and fear.

Meanwhile his men had rallied around him, running from the several houses they were lodging in; a panic had seized them. Some, without awaiting orders, were saddling their horses.

"Hark!" shouted Rogier, "what is that?"

The river of light had become a river of song. The

thunder of the voices of men and the clear tones of the women combined. And from every rill of light that descended from the heights to swell the advancing current, came the strain as well.

"They have come caroling," said Rogier disdainfully.

"Carol, call you this?" exclaimed Cadell. "It is the war-song of the sons of David. 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him, flee before Him. Like as the smoke vanisheth, so shalt Thou drive them away: and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish —'"

"I will hear no more," said Rogier. "Mount! And Heaven grant us a day when we may revenge this."

"I will go, too," said Cadell. "Here I dare not remain."

Before the advancing river of men arrived at the crossing of the Annell, the entire band of the Normans had fled — not one was left.

Then up the ascent came the procession.

First went the staff of Cynwyl, not now in its gold and gem-encrusted shrine, but removed from it — a plain, rough, ashen stick, borne aloft by Morgan ap Seyssult, its hereditary guardian, and behind him came Meredith, with his two attendant bards, all with their harps, striking them as the multitude intoned the battle-song that for five hundred years had not sounded within the sanctuary of David. The women bore torches aloft, the men marched four abreast, all armed and with stern faces, and Pabo was there — and led them.

The archpriest, on reaching the church, mounted a block of stone, and dismissed the women. Let them return to their homes. A panic had fallen on those who

had molested them, and they had fled. The work was but begun, and the men alone could carry it on to the end.

Rogier and his men did not draw rein till they had reached the Ystrad Towy, the broad valley through which flowed the drainage of the Brecknock Mountains. And there they saw that on all sides beacons were kindled; in every hamlet resounded the noise of arms. At Llandeilo they threw themselves into Dynevor, which had but a slender garrison. But there they would not stay; and, avoiding such places as were centers of gathering to the roused natives, they made for Carmarthen.

The castle there was deemed impregnable. It was held mainly by Welsh mercenaries in the service of Gerald of Windsor. Rogier mistrusted them; he would not remain there, for he heard that Griffith ap Rhys, at the head of large bodies of insurgents, was marching upon Carmarthen.

Next day the brother of the bishop was again on the move with his men by daybreak, and passed into the Cleddau Valley, making for Llawhaden.

In the mean time the men of Caio were on the march. None were left behind save the very old and the very young and the women.

They marched four abreast, with the staff of Cynwyl borne before them. Now the vanguard thundered the battle-song of David, "Cyfoded Duw, gwasgarer ei elynion: afföed ei gaseion o' i flaen ef."

They sang, then ceased, and the rear guard took up the chant: "When thou wentest forth before the people; when thou wentest through the wilderness, the earth

shook and the heavens dropped." They sang on and ceased. Thereupon again the vanguard took up the strain, "Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited; and they of the household divided the spoil."

Thus chanting alternately, they marched through the passage among the mountains threaded by the Sarn Helen, and before the people went Pabo, wearing the bracelet of Maximus, the Roman Emperor, who took to wife that Helen who had made the road, and who was of the royal British race of Cunedda.

So they marched on — following the same course as that by which the Norman cavalcade had preceded them. And this was the *pylgain* in Dyfed in the year 1115.

The host came out between the portals of the hills at Llanwrda, and turned about and descended the Ystrad Towy, by the right bank of the river; and the daybreak of Christmas saw them opposite Llangadock. The gray light spread from behind the mighty ridge of Trichrug, and revealed the great fortified, lonely camp of Carn Gôch towering up, with its mighty walls of stone and the huge cairn that occupied the highest point within the inclosure.

They halted for a while, but for a while only, and then thrust along in the same order, and with the same resolution, intoning the same chant on their way to Llandeilo. There they tarried for the night, and every house was opened to them, and on every hearth there was a girdle-cake for them.

On the morrow the whole body was again on the march. Meanwhile, the garrison had fled from Dynevor

to Careg Cennen, and the men of Ystrad Towy were camped against that fortress from which, on the news of the revolt, Gerald had escaped to Carmarthen.

By the time the men of Caio were within sight of this latter place, it was in flames.

And tidings came from Cardigan. The people there had with one acclaim declared that they would have Griffith as their prince, and were besieging Strongbow's castle of Blaen-Porth.

But the men of Caio did not tarry at Carmarthen to assist in the taking of the castle. Only there did Pabo surrender the bracelet of Maxen to the prince, with the message from his sister.

They pushed on their way.

Whither were they bound? Slowly, steadily, resolvedly on the track of those men who had outraced them to their place of retreat and defense, the bishop's castle of Llawhaden.

Now when Bernard heard that all Caio was on the march, and came on unswervingly towards where he was behind strong walls and defended by mighty towers, then his heart failed him. He bade Rogier hold out, but for himself he mounted his mule, rode to Tenby Castle; nor rested there, but took ship and crossed the mouth of the Severn estuary to Bristol, whence he hasted to London, to lay the tidings before the king. And with him went Cadell, the chaplain.

It was evening when the host of Caio reached Llawhaden, and Rogier from the walls heard the chant of the war-psalm. "God shall wound the head of his enemies: and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his wickedness . . . that thy foot may be dipped in the

blood of thine enemies: and that the tongue of thy dogs may be red through the same."

He shuddered — a premonition of evil.

Pabo would have dissuaded his men from an immediate assault; but they were not weary, they were eager for the fray. They had cut down and were bearing fagots of wood, and carried huge bundles of fern. Some fagots went into the moat, others were heaped against the gates. The Episcopal barns were broken into, and all the straw brought forth.

Then flames were applied, and the draught carried the fire with a roar within.

By break of day Llawhaden Castle was in the hands of the men of Caio. They chased its garrison from every wall of defense; they were asked for, they gave no quarter. Those who had so long tyrannized over them lay in the galleries, slain with the sword, or thrust through with spears. Only Rogier, hung by the neck, dangled from a beam thrust through an upper window.

"WHEN THE EIGHTEEN FELL"

[1282]

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL

On Thursday, December 10, 1282, Llewelyn [ap Gruffydd] received a message from the plotters, luring him to Aberedw, some miles down the Wye, below Builth, and on the other side of the stream. The snow was lying white on the world, and the rivers (deeper then than now) were running black and full, but the ford across the Wye at Llechryd was still passable.

Choosing eighteen of his household men, his bodyguard, Llewelyn rode to Llechryd, and crossed. There he left his eighteen to hold the ford till he should come back, and then, attended only by one squire, young Grono Vychan, son of his minister, Ednyved Vychan, he pushed on down the valley to Aberedw.

At Aberedw he was to meet a young gentlewoman, who was to conduct him to a stealthy meeting with some chiefs of that district. If it be asked why he rode thus, almost alone and almost unarmored, the answer is that he was on a secret errand, in which he must not attract attention to himself until he had seen the local chiefs, and arranged all the details of a rising on their part. The more secret and sudden that rising was, the more likely it was to succeed. He was taking one of the risks that a fearless captain takes in such a war. It was like him to do it, for he was a steadfast soul.

At Aberedw, however, the gentlewoman was not there

to meet him. In truth, the whole message was part of the plot of Giffard and the Mortimers, though he did not know it yet.

Yet, as he waited, he thought of how the snow would betray which way he went, either in going to the secret meeting with the chiefs, or in stealing away for safety from any sudden enemies. Therefore he went to the smith of the place, Red Madoc of the Wide Mouth, and bade him take the thin shoes off the horses, and put them on again backwards. Any one finding his tracks after that would think that he had been coming, not going.

Then, as dark fell, he found that the Mortimers, with their horsemen, were closing in round the place. Danger was upon him, indeed. Swiftly he stole away with his squire, and hid himself in a cave which may still be seen at Aberedw.

All that night he lay hidden, and then, as soon as the earliest gray of dawn crept over the snowy earth, he stole away with his squire again, and rode back to Llechryd. He could only go slowly, so he had to go stealthily, for his horse could not gallop, because of its shoes being backwards.

At Llechryd he found his faithful eighteen, but by this time the river was too high for crossing there. They must find some bridge. Now, the nearest bridge was the one at Builth, under the walls of the great castle.

Llewelyn believed that, by the trick of the horseshoes, he had thrown the Mortimers off his track. Also he remembered that Builth Castle was to be delivered to him according to promise. He took his eighteen men

and rode back to the bridge at Builth, no great distance down the valley.

He reached the bridge barely in time. The Mortimers at Aberedw had terrified Red Madoc the smith into confessing the trick of the horseshoes. Like hounds they were following his trail, and now they caught sight of him, crossing the bridge with his little troop.

The bridge was of wood like the rest of the bridges of that district. Llewelyn turned and broke it down behind him, the black flood of the full Wye mocking the Mortimers as they drew rein on their panting steeds, before the broken timbers. Their hoped-for victim had escaped for the moment. In their fury they turned and dashed back down the valley to cross at Y Rhyd (now called Erwood) eight miles below.

Llewelyn expected the castle of Builth to be given up to him. But the garrison refused, doubtless making some excuse of waiting till the country had risen. He could not waste time; the bridge on the road to Cevn y Bedd was gone; he took his eighteen and led the way along the southern bank of the Yrvon to another bridge, just above the little church of Llanynys. There he crossed, and posted the eighteen to hold that bridge, doubtless feeling himself safely returned from great peril.

In thankfulness for that escape, too, he caused a White Friar to hold a service for him, perhaps at the end of the bridge, perhaps in the little church of Llanynys, beside the dark Yrvon. It does not matter much where the service was held, the whole of that ground was to be made sacred that day.

This done, Llewelyn went up to the grange of Llan-

vair, a farmstead belonging to the parish church of Builth, doubtless to get food and an hour's sleep, after the cold watching of that winter's night in the cave. After a frosty night of scout-work, one's eyes get very heavy when one gets warm next day, and a great drowsiness stills the blood, even of the stubbornest man.

Meanwhile the Mortimers had crossed the Wye at Erwood, and with Giffard were riding fast for the bridge of Orewynm where the eighteen held their post. In headlong haste their leading squadron charged the bridge — but the eighteen had not been chosen in vain. They kept the bridge.

While the clamor was at its height, Grono Vychan roused Llewelyn and told him of it.

"Are not my men at the bridge?" demanded the prince.

"They are," answered Grono.

"Then I care not if all England were on the other side," returned Llewelyn proudly. He knew what manner of men he had left to hold that bridge.

But down in front of the bridge, where the enemy were shouting in their baffled rage, as they tried in vain to hew a way across, one of Giffard's captains spoke out. It was Helias ap Philip Walwyn, from lower down the Wye.

"We shall do no good *here!*" he shouted. "But I know a ford, a little distance off, that they do not know of. Let some of the bravest and strongest come with me, and we can cross and take the bridge in the rear."

At once the bravest crowded after Helias to the ford, where the water seems as dark and deep in winter as the rest of the long black pool on either hand. They crossed.

The eighteen were charged in rear as well as in front. But they kept faith. Where Llewelyn had posted them, there they died. As men should end, proudly fighting, so they ended.

"Till the eighteen fell," says the bard, "it was well with Llewelyn ap Gruffydd."

Then over their bodies poured all the mass of Mortimer's men, with Giffard's, to seek Llewelyn's little force on the high ground beyond. Fast the horsemen spurred, and as they hastened they came suddenly upon an unarmored man with one companion, hurrying on foot towards where the bridge was roaring under the trampling host. One of the horsemen, Stephen or Adam of Frankton, in Llewelyn's old lordship of Ellesmere, dashed forward with his men, and one ran his lance through the younger of the two. The other one was running up through the little dingle, to get back to the army above in time to lead it in the coming battle. On the bank above the little spring at the head of the dingle, grew a great spread of broom (*banadl*). In that bush of broom Frankton overtook the man and ran his spear out through him in a mortal wound.

That man was Llewelyn. The accident had happened. Go to the spot, and the people will tell you that no broom has ever grown again in Llangantem Parish from that dark day to this.

So died Llewelyn ap Gruffydd; a gallanter soul never passed to God.

THE REBELLION OF OWEN GLYNDWR

[1402–1415]

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL

MANY a victory Glyndwr won in the field. He defeated and ruined Grey. But he was a statesman in war, too. He made an alliance with the King of France. He sent to make alliances with the Scots and the Irish. Once, indeed, he formed such an alliance with part of the English against the usurping Henry, that it seemed for a moment as if he must win all that he dreamed of.

For one of his generals, Rhys Gethin, had defeated Edmund Mortimer in a great battle at Pilleth, in what is now Radnorshire, capturing Mortimer himself. Now Mortimer's nephew, the boy Earl of March, had a better right to the crown of England than Henry had, so far as law went. Henry therefore kept the boy a prisoner at Windsor, and was glad enough to hear that Mortimer was a prisoner to the terrible Glyndwr. While he remained a prisoner, Mortimer could not try to get the crown of England for his nephew.

But Mortimer had a brother-in-law in the famous Hotspur, son of Earl Percy of Northumberland, and Hotspur was not pleased that his wife's brother should remain a prisoner. He demanded that King Henry should arrange for the ransom of Mortimer, as he had arranged for the ransom of Grey, when Glyndwr had captured him. Henry, however, refused. Now Henry

owed his throne to the help which the Percies had given him.

Glyndwr had from the first kept in touch with Percy and spared the Mortimer possessions — plain proof that from the first he had been planning to use the right of the young Earl of March against Henry. Henry's refusal to ransom Mortimer was the one thing he wanted. He entered into negotiations in earnest, with Hotspur and Mortimer, to drive out Henry. He succeeded with both. Mortimer not only agreed, but married Glyndwr's daughter Joan.

The plan was that the Percies should come down from the north and join with Mortimer and Glyndwr for a march on London. Before they started, however, Glyndwr would have to take the last moment for a fierce campaign against the lords marchers and the Flemings of the south, so as to leave Cymru secure while he should be gone. Had the Percies stuck to the plan it must have succeeded, in all human probability.

But it was Hotspur who led the men of the north to join Owen, and Hotspur was ever a hothead. When he reached Cheshire — which Owen harried, from first to last, because it was an enemy to Henry — and found himself joined by all that county, as well as by the Cymry of the nearest Cantrevs, he thought he was strong enough to pull down Henry single-handed. He turned east, instead of keeping to the plan and marching on to join Owen. It was the old mistake of Luke de Tany over again, overconfidence, and it had a like result.

For Henry was too strong and too ready. Too late Hotspur turned back and took up the original plan

again. Henry was too swift for him. Hotspur reached Shrewsbury only to find that Henry, with an army twice as large as his own, was there in the town before him.

All that bravery could do to retrieve a fatal mistake was done next day in battle. But it was done in vain, and Glyndwr, finishing his work in the south, and turning at last to come and meet his ally, was met by the news that Hotspur had been slain, and his army destroyed, in one of the bloodiest battles of British history — the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403.

Yet, though so much was lost in that mistake of Hotspur's, Glyndwr never lost heart. He had the true hero soul that, like a star, burns only the brighter the deeper the darkness spreads around it. He still fought on — still made his power felt — still ruled Cymru.

He terrified Parliament as no Cymric prince had ever terrified it before. In 1404, Parliament granted leave to the people of Shropshire to pay him tribute to save themselves. In 1408, Shrewsbury refused to open its gates to the king's army for fear of him. The Flemings of Dyved paid their price to him after he had defeated them and brought fire and sword to their doors. Countless castles he destroyed. To the bitter end he refused to yield.

It is not known where he died, though it is inferred that he died in 1416. In Gwent they say that he did not die. They say that he and his men sit sleeping in Ogov y Ddinas, buckled in their armor, their spears leaning against their shoulders, their swords across their knees. There they are waiting till the day comes for them to sally forth and fight for the land again.

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

[1468]

NATIONAL CAMBRIAN WAR-SONG; TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD

[WHILE Edward IV was reigning in England, he sent the Earl of Pembroke against the mighty castle of Harlech and demanded that it be given up to him. Its defender, David Einion, replied, — "I held a tower in France till all the old women in Wales heard of it, and now all the old women in France shall hear how I defend this castle." He made a stout resistance, but was finally obliged to yield to famine. The national war-song, of which the following is a translation, is said to have been composed during this siege.

The Editor.]

MEN of Harlech, march to glory,
Victory is hov'ring o'er ye,
Bright-eyed freedom stands before ye,
  Hear ye not her call?
At your sloth she seems to wonder,
Rend the sluggish bonds asunder,
Let the war-cry's deafening thunder
  Ev'ry foe appall.

Echoes loudly waking,
Hill and valley shaking;
Till the sound spreads wide around,
  The Saxon's courage breaking;

WALES

Your foes on ev'ry side assailing,
Forward press with heart unfailing,
Till invaders learn with quailing,
  Cambria ne'er can yield.

Thou who noble Cambria wrongest,
Know that freedom's cause is strongest,
Freedom's courage lasts the longest.
  Ending but with death!
Freedom countless hosts can scatter,
Freedom stoutest mail can shatter,
Freedom thickest walls can batter,
  Fate is in her breath.

See they now are flying!
Dead are heap'd with dying!
Over might hath triumphed right,
  Our land to foes denying;
Upon their soil we never sought them,
Love of conquest hither brought them,
But this lesson we have taught them,
  "Cambria ne'er can yield."

HOW A WELSHMAN BECAME KING OF ENGLAND

[1485]

BY OWEN RHOSCOMYL

[TOWARD the end of the fifteenth century Richard III succeeded in usurping the throne of England. His tyranny and the crimes by which he had accomplished his object so aroused the English people that they invited Henry Tudor, a descendant of John of Gaunt and also of Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman who had married the widow of Henry V, to become their sovereign. He landed at Milford in 1485, and was soon engaged in a fierce battle with Richard at Bosworth. Henry was successful and was crowned on the battlefield as Henry VII.

The Editor.]

CLOUDILY dawned the morning of that Monday, August 22, 1485, when Henry Tudor drew out the host of his gallant countrymen for the battle that was to close a thousand years of struggle. It was to close more; it was to close the mediæval period of British history, and to open the modern day, the day of our own empire.

Richard III, king that morning, drew out his host from its tents at Sutton, and saw, two miles to his left front, the host of Henry, king that night. To his right front, on Hanging Hill at Nether Coton, he saw the host of Sir William Stanley, the men of Northeast Cymru. On his immediate right lay Lord Stanley's men.

He sent to order Lord Stanley to join him, but Lord Stanley would not come.

Then Richard measured what he had to do. His army was nearly equal in numbers to all the other three combined. It was far better equipped and armored. Moreover, it was composed for the most part of veteran troops; there were no sweepings of jails and hospitals with him, like the men that Henry had brought from France.

The ground, too, was all in Richard's favor. In front of him ran out the long tongue of Anbian Hill. Round it, on the north and west, lay a long, winding marsh, between him and the other armies. That marsh could only be crossed at Sandeford, where the ancient trackway, which he had followed from Stapleton, ran on down from Anbian Hill to Shenton and Henry's camp. Therefore he would take up a position on the end of the ridge of Anbian Hill, overlooking Sandeford crossing, and there wait Henry's coming. Richard was one of the best generals of his day.

But if he were to march straight off to do it, then Lord Stanley, yonder on his right, might swing round the head of the marsh, and attack him from behind, just when the others attacked him in front. That would mean certain defeat. Therefore he commanded the Earl of Northumberland, whose men were as many as Lord Stanley's, to stand fast where he was, and keep Lord Stanley off. Then, with his eight thousand and more of veterans, he set forward along the ridge of Anbian Hill.

Henry Tudor, as he drew out his men from the camp at Whitemoor, could look across the marsh and see the

plain of Redmoor beyond it, swelling up into the crest of Anbian Hill. On that crest he could see the front of Richard's army, one wide wave of glittering steel, ranging into position. He saw what Richard intended. He knew that he himself must cross the marsh and attack Anbian Hill.

Every disadvantage was with Henry. His own men, including the worthless foreigners, were not nearly so many as Richard's. He had sent for Lord Stanley, and Lord Stanley had refused to come to him. But he still trusted Sir William Stanley, for Sir William's men were Cymry.

He knew that the marsh could only be crossed at Sandeford. The ancient trackway from his camp led to that crossing, and onward to Richard's position. The track would lead him the right way then; the marsh would protect his right flank while he marched to Sandeford, and there, when he turned the head of the column to the right to cross the little stream, the troops of Sir William Stanley would be but a mile or so away, behind him on Hanging Hill. Then Sir William could follow him on over the crossing and join him in the attack. It was the only plan, now, — and he marched to carry it out.

When he came to Sandeford, he led the way across the marsh to array his men on Redmoor beyond. Still no Stanley came. But it was ten o'clock, and the battle must be fought, Stanley or no Stanley. Above him rose the steel-crowned crest of Anbian, and the harvest sun shone dazzingly into the eyes of his archers as they faced the slope. Behind them was the wide marsh to cut them off from retreat or flight if they were beaten.

They were few and the foes were many. They were on the low ground, and the foe with his cannon was on the high ground. To attack now would be boldness, indeed. But they were bold hearts; they attacked.

When the order was given to prepare — "Lord!" says the old chronicler, "how hastily the soldiers buckled on their helms; how quickly the archers bent their bows and flushed the feathers of their arrows; how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves, ready to approach and join, when the terrible trumpet should sound the blast to victory or death."

The chronicler used the right word there. It was a case of victory or death to the leaders. For Henry was striking for the crown that meant life and safety to him. The exiles were striking for the home that was the only place in the world for them. The Cymry were striking, in the fire of a pride that nothing could kill. Well might Richard feel haunted.

He looked at all the Cymric banners ranged against him, and he called for a bowl of Burgundy, and turned to his squire, Rhys Vychan.

"Here, Vychan," he cried, "I drink to thee; the truest Welshman that ever I found in Wales." And with the words he drank the wine, threw the bowl behind him, and gave the word for the onset.

His van was stretched from the marsh on the right to the marsh on the left — "a very terrible company to them that should see them afar off," says the chronicler. In the center were the archers, and on either hand of them two wings of men-at-arms, covered with steel from top to toe. Behind them on the hill were Richard and his main body with the cannon.

Henry's van was thin, because his men were fewer. But they were enough. The trumpet blew, the soldiers shouted, the king's archers let fly their arrows. But Henry's bowmen stood not still, they paid them back again. Then, the terrible shot once over, the armies came to handstrokes, and the matter was dealt with blades.

Henry's tactics were all boldness. He still felt that Sir William Stanley's men must come in, for they were Cymry, too, unlike Lord Stanley's. Therefore he pressed the fight on Richard's left till his van had outflanked it. By this movement he could face the slope now with the sun at his back, while it shone in the faces of Richard's men, dazzling their eyes in turn. By this movement, too, he had got Richard's army between him and Sir William Stanley, so that it would be taken in front and rear when Stanley charged — a thing that would mean complete disaster for Richard.

Richard saw that, and with his cavalry swung round to come on Henry's right flank and rear. But there was another green spread of marsh (where now wave Anbian Woods) and it was too soft. His good white horse stuck fast. Shouting for another horse he mounted again, and led the thundering charge straight at Henry's flank. But Earl Jasper was watching. He had the main body of Henry's men under him, the men of old Deheubarth, and while the gallant Earl of Oxford continued the fight in the van, against the Duke of Norfolk, Jasper faced his men to meet the desperate Richard, and beat back his furious onset. Thus, "in array triangle," the fight raged on.

Keenly Henry watched the fight. Now or never was

the moment. Where was Will Stanley with his Cymry? In his anxiety he rode back, attended only by his bodyguard and standard-bearer, towards Sandeford, to where he could see if Will Stanley were coming. And as he drew rein to look, one of Richard's men saw him and sped away with the news to his master.

Richard was pausing for a drink from the spring, which is to this day called "King Richard's Well," when the word was brought to him. He saw at once that he had still one last desperate chance. If he could reach and kill Henry, then the victory would be his, seeing that there would be no one left for Henry's men to fight for. He seized the chance. "Let all true knights follow me," he shouted, and spurred away over the hill to where he should find Henry.

Fast poured the flower of Richard's knights after him while Henry's bodyguard saw the onset coming and closed its ranks to defend him. Richard marked the great standard that Sir William Brandon bore, and he charged upon it like a demon. He unhorsed huge Sir John Cheyney who tried to bar his way. He slew the standard-bearer, and laid a hand upon the standard itself. But giant Rhys ap Meredydd, of Nant Conwy, seized it from him and drove him back a breadth, while Henry himself met him with a fury that astonished friend and foe.

Richard raged like a madman, but it was all too late now. Sir William's men were here at last, Richard ap Howel, of Mostyn, with the rest and best. King Richard was borne back, fighting like ten men, yet still borne back. His horse fell; his lords and knights were dead or dying fast around him. Still he raged on. Then came

Dark Rhys ap Thomas, seeking the king who had once threatened him, and tradition still tells how the blade of Dark Rhys ended the life of the last Norman king, Richard III.

The fall of Richard was the end of the battle, too, for all his men fled at that. Northumberland laid down his arms — there was no more to fight for. Lord Stanley whose troops had never struck a blow, hurried over to Henry, whose men were following the flight of the vanquished.

But all was not done yet. The long, fierce dream of the stubborn Cymry was to be fulfilled to the very letter. They had come into England to win the crown of Britain back for one of the old blood of its founder. They did it in very deed. For when the chase was ended, the crown of dead King Richard was found in a hawthorn bush, and Lord Stanley lifted it and placed it on the head of Henry.

Thus was the long dream fulfilled. The crown of Britain was come back to the descendant of its founder at last. And the wild shout of triumph with which the victors hailed their countryman king is remembered to this day in the name of the field in which they stood and watched him crowned. Its name means "The Field of the Shout."

You may still see the stone whereon that crowning took place. It is in Stoke Golding, and the spot is still called "Crown Hill," in memory of the only time that ever a King of England was crowned on the field of battle.

Lost in battle, that crown had come back in battle. Did the bones of all the slain generations of the Cymry

who had struggled for this day stir in their red graves at that shout? Surely their spirits knew when the work was done at last. Surely a sound like the moving of a mighty wind must have swept over Cymru, for the ghosts of all the heroes, slain in the battles of the thousand years of struggle, could leave their graves at last and go to God — the long work done, the victory won; the "Nunc Dimittis" chanted o'er the mountains as they passed.

III
SCENES OF WELSH LIFE

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE devotion of the Welsh to their country and its customs and to literature and music brought about the establishment of the Eisteddfod, a musical festival which is attended by many thousand persons. The word "Eisteddfod" means a session or sitting, and originated, perhaps long before the Christian era, in the Gorsedd, which was in great degree a political assembly. Although the Gorsedd lost its political power, it retained a strong hold upon the people of Wales as a means of encouraging the love of music and poetry and of preserving the national customs. "Chairs" were established, or conventions where musicians were trained. Four of these now exist in Wales. It was probably at some time during the sixth century that Eisteddfodau began to be held, and for many years they took place triennially. Every means was employed to improve the music and encourage the musicians. Rewards were given, a silver harp to the chief musician, and a silver chair to the chief bard. During the last fifty years many local Eisteddfodau have been held, and a provincial one almost every year. The latter must be proclaimed by a bard who is a graduate of one of the "Chairs" a year and a day before the time set. When the day arrives, there is first of all a Gorsedd meeting, announced by the blast of trumpets. Here, deserving candidates receive the degree of bard. At the close of the celebration, comes "Chair Day," or the time of rewarding the prize-winners.

THE EISTEDDFOD

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

It was the first morning of my first Welsh National Eisteddfod, and I sat by the window working, and glancing away from my work to a hillside up which led narrow steps to the summits above, among which were hidden away some half a dozen tiny villages. Colwyn Bay, where the Eisteddfod was to be held, was — as the crow does *not* fly — about forty miles distant. It was a glorious morning of sunshine in which gleamed the river, glossy beeches and pines, and little whitewashed Welsh cottages. As I looked, there began to emerge from the steps a stream of people; down and down they flowed, bright in their pretty dresses or shining in their black Sunday-best broadcloth. All those mountain hamlets up above, reached by roads passable only for mountain ponies, were sending their men, women, and children to the Welsh festival of song and poetry.

Talking and excited about who would be chaired as bard, who would be crowned, what female choir would win in the choral contests, what male choir, and discussing a thousand little competitions, even to a set of insertions for sheets, shams, and towels, we were borne on the train from Bettws-y-Coed swiftly through the Vale of Conway, beside the river, past Caerhûn, the once ancient city of Canovium, past Conway Castle, with its harp-shaped walls still encircling the town, and so to Colwyn Bay.

Then all these enthusiastic people who had climbed down a hill to take the train, climbed up another to see the first Gorsedd ceremony. As we passed, from one of the cottages was heard the voice of a woman screaming in great excitement, "Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones, come to the front door quickly. There's some people going by; they're dressed in blue and white. Dear me, Mrs. Jones, they're MEN!" The procession, fully aware that Mrs. Jones, and all the little Joneses and all the big and middling Joneses, too, had come, went on gravely up, up, up the hill to "Y Faṅerig" (the Flagstaff), where stood the "Maen Llog of the Gorsedd" and its encircling stones. The paths were steep, and even bards and druids are subject to *embonpoint.* Old Eos Dar, who can sing penillion with never a pause for breath, lost his "wind," and the "Bearer of the Great Sword of the Gorsedd" was no more to be found. A boy scout, perhaps thinking of Scott's minstrel, who said, —

> "The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The minstrel was infirm and old,"

was dispatched downhill after him, and found him and the sword, arm in arm, lagging comfortably behind. Druidical deportment is astonishingly human at times. But the hill top achieved and wind recovered, the bards soberly made their way into the druidical circle of stones that surround the great Gorsedd stone. Nowhere, as the archdruid remarked, had the Bardic Brotherhood been brought nearer heaven.

From the summit, north, east, south, west, the soft valleys, the towering mountains, the secluded villages, the shining rivers, and the great sea were visible. And there on this hilltop the bards, druids, and ovates dressed

in blue and white and green robes, celebrated rites only less old than the Eye of Light itself. After the sounding of the trumpet ("Corn Gwlad"), the Gorsedd prayer was recited in Welsh, —

> "Grant, O God, Thy Protection;
> And in Protection, Strength;
> And in Strength, Understanding;
> And in Understanding, Knowledge;
> And in Knowledge, the Knowledge of Justice;
> And in the Knowledge of Justice, the Love of it;
> And in that Love, the Love of all Existence;
> And in the Love of all Existence, the Love of God.
> God and all Goodness."

Then the archdruid, Dyfed, standing upon the Gorsedd stone and facing the east, unsheathed the great sword, crying out thrice, "Aoes Heddwch?" (Is it peace?) and the bards and ovates replied "Heddwch!" (Peace.)

There are some scholars who question the "identity of the Bardic Gorsedd with the druidic system." The Welsh Gorsedd, this side of the controversial point, is forty centuries old, and in all conscience that is old enough. Diodorus, the Cicilian, wrote, "There are, among the Gauls, makers of verses, whom they name bards. There are also certain philosophers and theologists, exceedingly esteemed, whom they call Druids." Strabo, the geographer, says, "Amongst the whole of the Gauls three classes are especially held in distinguished honor — the bards, the prophets, and the druids. The bards are singers and poets, the prophets are sacrificers and philosophers, but the druids, besides physiology, practiced ethical philosophy." As far back as we can look in the life of the Cymry, poetry, song, and theology have been inextricably woven together. The

Gorsedd was then, formally, for the Welsh people what it still is informally: a popular university, a law court, a parliament. The modern Gorsedd, with its twelve stones, is supposed to represent the signs of the zodiac through which the sun passes, with a central stone, called the "Maen Llog," in the position of the sacrificial fire in the druidical temple. A close reverence for nature, a certain pantheism in the cult of the druids, shows itself in various ways, — in the belief that the oak tree was the home of the god of lightning, that mistletoe, which usually grows upon the oak, was a mark of divine favor. The most prominent symbol of the Gorsedd is the "Broad Arrow" or "mystic mark," supposed to represent the rays of light which the druids worshiped. Even the colors of the robes of the druids, ovates, and bards are full of characteristic worship of nature; the druids in white symbolical of the purity of truth and light, the ovates in green like the life and growth of nature, the bards in blue, the hue of the sky and in token of the loftiness of their calling.

Up there on the hill top, with its vast panorama of hill and valley, sea and sky, time became as nothing. The Gorsedd became again the democratic Witenagemot of the Welsh, and there still were represented the mountain shepherd, the pale collier, the lusty townsman, the gentle knight, the expounder of law, the teacher and the priest. But if upon the hill time was as nothing, down below in the gigantic Eisteddfod pavilion some ten thousand people were waiting. "Gallant little Wales," which has certainly awakened from its long sleep, was past the period of rubbing its eyes. It was shouting and calling for the Eisteddfod ceremonies to begin, perhaps

as the folk in Caerwys had called impatiently in the days of the twelfth century, or again in that old town in the days of Elizabeth, the last that memorable Eisteddfod when a commission was appointed by Elizabeth herself to check the bad habits of a crowd of lazy illiterate bards who went about the country begging.

That great Eisteddfodic pavilion, where the people were waiting good-naturedly but impatiently, is primarily a place of music. Even as in the world, so in Wales, music comes first in the hearts of mankind and poetry second. And it may be, since music is more social and democratic, that the popular preference is as it should be. The human element in all that happens at a Welsh Eisteddfod is robust and teeming with enthusiasm. It is true that prize-taking socks, shawls, pillow shams, and such homely articles no longer hang in festoons above the platform as they did some twenty or thirty years ago. Now the walls are gayly decorated with banners bearing thousands of spiteful-looking dragons, and pennants inscribed with the names of scores of famous Welshmen, and with such mottoes as "Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd" (the truth against the world), "Gwlad y Mabinogion" (the land of the Mabinogion), "Calon wrth Galon" (heart with heart), and others.

After the procession of dignitaries was seated upon the platform, a worried-looking bard began to call out prizes for every conceivably useful thing under the sun, among them a clock tower which he seemed to be in need of himself as a rostrum for his throat-splitting yells. During these announcements the choirs were filing in, a pretty child with a 'cello much larger than herself was taking off her hat and coat, a stiff, self-conscious young

man was bustling about with an air of importance, and in the front, just below the platform, sat newspaper reporters, from all over the United Kingdom, busy at their work. Among them were the gray, the young, the weary, the dusty, the smart, the shabby, and one who wore a wig, but made up in roses in his buttonhole for what he lacked in hair. There were occasional cheers as some local prima donna entered the choir seats, and many jokes from the anxious-looking master of ceremonies.

At last the first choir was assembled, and a little lady, somebody's good mother, mounted upon a chair. The choir began to sing, —

> "Come, sisters, come,
> Where light and shadows mingle,
> And elves and fairies dance and sing,
> Upon the meadow land."

The little lady never worked harder, her baton, her hands, her head, her lips, her eyes were all busy. Was it the Celtic spirit that made those elves and fairies *seem* to dance upon the meadows or did they really dance? The next choir was composed of younger women, among them many a beauty-loving face, alas! too pale and telling of the hard life of the hills or of the harder life of some mining-town. Of the third choir the leader was a merry little man, scarcely as high as the leader's stand, with a wild look in his twinkling eyes as he waved a baton and the choir began, —

> "Far beneath the stars we lie,
> Far from gaze of mortal eye,
> Far beneath the ocean swell,
> Here we merry mermaids dwell."

He believed not only in his choir, but also in those mermaidens, and so did the little lad, not much bigger than Hofmann when he first began to tour, who played the accompaniment. When that choir went out, a fourth came in, still inviting the sisters to come. At last the sisters not only came, but also decided to stay, and another choir lured the sailor successfully to his doom, and all was over, for even in choir tragedies there must be an end to the song. The gallant little mother had won the first prize. It takes the mothers to win prizes, and the audience thought so, too. The crowd yelled and stamped with delight.

When one asks one's self whether Surrey, for example, or such a State as Massachusetts in America, could be brought to send its people from every farm, every valley, every hill-top, to a festival thousands strong, day after day for a whole week, one realizes how tremendous a thing this Welsh national enthusiasm is. Educationally nothing could be a greater movement for Wales. To the Welsh the beauty of worship, of music, of poetry are inseparable. Only so can this passion for beauty, which brings multitudes together to take part in all that is noblest and best in Welsh life, be explained. Only so can you understand why some young collier, pale and work-worn, sings with his whole soul and shakes with the song within him even as a bird shakes with the notes that are too great for its body. These Welsh sing as if music were all the world to them, and in it they forget the world. Behind the passion of their song lies a devout religious conviction, and their song sweeps up in praise and petition to an Almighty God, who listens to Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" as well as to some great hymn.

To hear ten thousand Welsh people singing "Land of my Fathers," each taking naturally one of the four parts and all singing in perfect harmony, is to have one of the great experiences of life. To hear Shelley's "Ode" set to Elgar's music and sung by several choirs, to hear that wild, far-traveling wind sweep along in a tumult of harmonies, to know that every heart there was as a lyre even to the least breath of that wind, to hear that last cry, —

"Oh, wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" —

to listen again to those choirs late in the evening on the station platform with the sea dim and vast and muting the song to its own greater music, is to have felt in the Welsh spirit what no tongue can describe, — it is to understand the meaning of the word "hwyl," that untranslatable word of a passionate emotionalism.

All that went on behind the scenes the audience could not know. They saw only those considered by the adjudicators fit to survive. They did not see the six blind people, for even the blind have their place in this great festival, who entered the little schoolroom off Abergele Road to take the preliminary tests, the girl who played "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and, shaking from excitement and holding on to her guide, was led away unsuccessful. They did not see the lad who played "Men of Harlech" crudely, his anxious, aging, work-worn mother sitting beside him, holding his stick and nodding her head in approval. All they heard were a selected two who were considered by the judges fit to play, a man both blind and deaf who performed a *scherzo* of Brahms and a Carnarvon sea-captain, now

blind, who played on the violin. The quiet of the one-time sea-captain's face laid against the violin, the peace and pleasure in the lines about the sightless eyes, would have repaid the whole audience — even if the violinist had not been an exceptionally good player — for listening.

One of the inspiring and amusing events of the week was the discovery of a marvelous contralto. A young girl, shabbily dressed and ill at ease, came out to sing. Everything was being pressed forward toward the crowning of the bard, one of the great events of the Eisteddfod. People were impatient, and somewhat noisy. But as the girl began to sing they quieted down, then they listened with wonder, and in a minute you could have heard a pin drop in that throng of ten thousand. Before she had finished singing, "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," the audience knew that it had listened to one of the great singers of the world. When she had finished her song and unclasped her hands, she became again nothing more than an awkward, silly, giggling child whom Llew Tegid had to hold by the arm.

The audience shouted, "What's her name?"

"Maggie Jones," he replied; "that begins well."

"Where does she come from?" demanded the crowd.

"Police station," answered Llew Tegid lugubriously.

The audience roared with laughter and demanded the name of the town. Maggie Jones is the daughter of Police Superintendent Jones of Pwllheli. Perhaps in the years to come the world will hear her name again.

There are children at these Eisteddfodau whose little feet can scarce reach the pedals of a harp. Even the robins singing up in the high pavilion roof who had

joined in the music from time to time, trilling joyously to Handel's "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," twittered with surprise that anything so small could play anything so large. But no one of the thousands there, even the children, grew tired for an instant, unless it was these same robins, who were weary at times because of the cheerless character of some of the sacred music sung in competition and themselves started up singing blithely and gladly as God meant that birds and men should sing. The robins twittered madly when some sturdy little Welshman stepped into the penillion singing, accompanied by the harp, no more to be daunted than a child stepping into rope skipping. When the grown-ups had finished, two little children came forward and sang their songs, North Wales style.

The afternoon was growing later and later; it was high time for the name of the bard of the crown poem to be announced. At last, with due pomp, the name of the young bard was announced. Every one looked to see where he might be sitting. He was found sitting modestly in the rear of the big pavilion, and there were shouts of "Dyma fo!" (here he is!). Two bards came down and escorted him to the platform, where all the druids, ovates, and bards were awaiting him. The band, the trumpeter, the harp, and the sword now all performed their service, the sun slanting down through the western windows on to this bardic pageant. The sparrows flew in and out of the sunlight, unafraid of the dragons that waved about them and the bands that played beneath them, and the great sword held sheathed over the young bard's head. The sword was bared three times and sheathed again as all shouted "Heddwch!"

The bard was crowned and the whole audience rose to the Welsh national song.

What is the meaning of this unique festival of poetry and song? Mr. Lloyd George, who had escaped from the din of battle outside, and the jeers of the Goths and Vandals who could n't or would n't understand the Fourth Form, said, amidst laughter, that there was no budget to raise taxes for the upkeep of the Eisteddfod. Then he continued, "The bards are not compelled by law to fill up forms. There is no conscription to raise an army from the ranks of the people to defend the Eisteddfod's empire in the heart of the nation. And yet, after the lapse of generations, the Eisteddfod is more alive than ever. Well, of what good is she? I will tell you one thing — she demonstrates what the democracy of Wales can do at its best. The democracy has kept her alive; the democracy has filled her chairs; the sons of the democracy compete for her honors. I shall never forget my visit to the Llangollen Eisteddfod two years ago. When crossing the hills between Flintshire and the valley of the Dee, I saw their slopes darkened with the streams of shepherds and cottagers and their families going toward the town. What did they go to see? To see a man of their nation honored for a piece of poetry. . . . And the people were as quick to appreciate the points as any expert of the Gorsedd, and wonderfully responsive to every lofty thought." Yes, unlike any other gathering in the world, the Eisteddfod is all that. Long ago in the latter half of the eighteenth century Iolo Morganwg stated the objects of Welsh bardism, — "to reform the morals and customs; to secure peace; to praise (or encourage) all that is good or excel-

lent." This national festival is the popular university of the people, it is the center of Welsh nationalism, the feast of Welsh brotherhood. Only listened to in this spirit can one understand what it means when an Eisteddfodic throng, after the crowning of the bard, rises to sing "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," —

"Old land that our fathers before us held dear."