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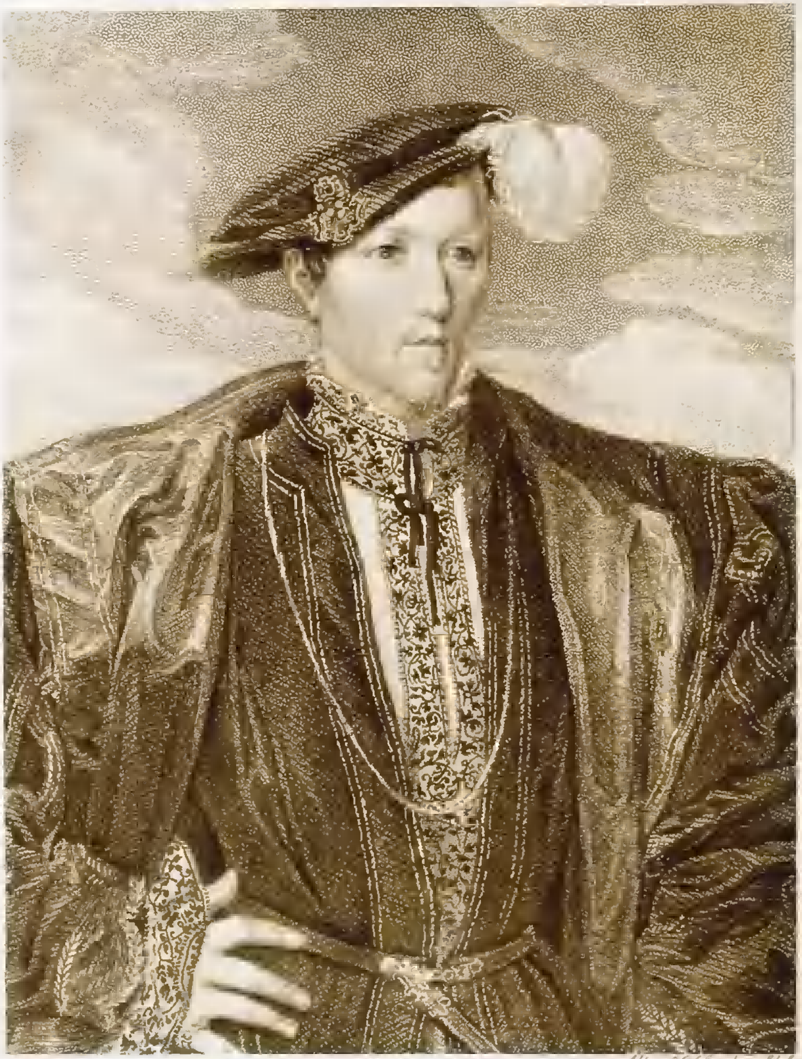
THE HOUSE OF HOWARD



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Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

From an engraving by Scriven after a painting by Holbein, in His Majesty's Collection

THE HOUSE OF HOWARD

BY THE LATE

GERALD BRENAN

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF PERCY," ETC.

AND

EDWARD PHILLIPS STATHAM

(RETIRED COMMANDER, R.N.)

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE 'BRITANNIA'"

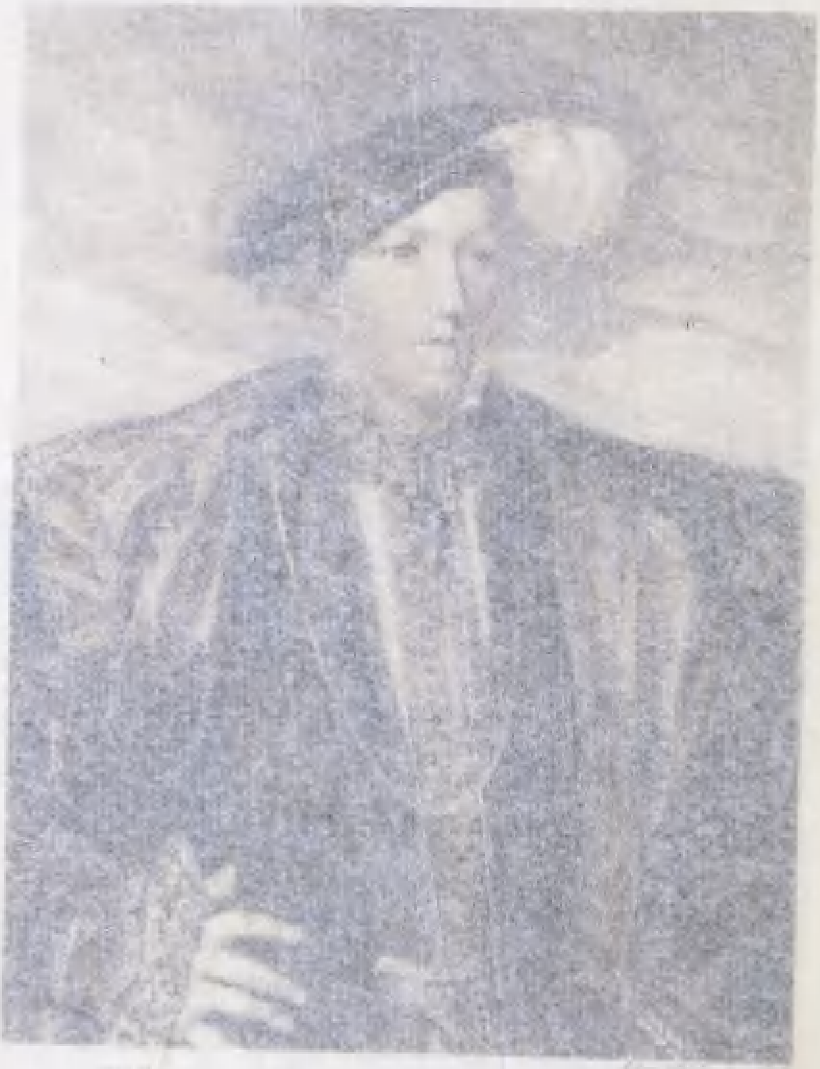
WITH 36 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

AND 2 PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON
HUTCHINSON & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW
1907



Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

[illegible] Majesty's Collection.

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Preface

THERE does not arise any necessity for an elaborate introduction to a work such as the present one. The title speaks for itself, and the various sources of information are sufficiently indicated as the story progresses.

A few words, however, as to the scope of the book will not be out of place, and it may be stated at once that it does not profess to be an exhaustive record, or analysis of descent, of all the collateral branches of the Howard family now extant. A moment's consideration will serve to convince anyone of the futility of attempting such a task: not only is it beset with almost insuperable difficulties, but, could these be overcome, the work would be swelled to unreasonable dimensions, and a considerable portion would be of interest only to those branches of which it would treat. Anyone who has attempted the elucidation of the history of an obscure branch of a great—or of any—family is aware of the immense amount of labour involved—the tentative and mostly fruitless scrutiny of interminable registers, the deciphering of crabbed manuscripts, etc.; and when all is done, there probably remains some link which cannot be traced, rendering the whole work valueless. It is of little service to any man to know that he is *probably* descended from some Thomas, William, or Robert Howard who lived nine or ten generations back; and this is, in the vast majority of instances, as far as investigation will carry him.

The design of the book is not, therefore, a complete account of all the branches in existence, but a consecutive historical account of the great family of Howard, chiefly with regard to those members who have occupied the more prominent positions, and especially to those who have held the highest hereditary titles.

The most superficial student of English history is aware that members of the Howard family have, at various periods, played very important parts therein; the actors will in these pages be presented, singly or in groups, with such staging and accessories as are requisite to throw them into due relief; and, be their actions good or bad, every effort will be made to the end that they may be accurately set forth. To the historian, in guise however humble, who is possessed of any artistic sense, or regard for the best traditions of his office, anything approaching deliberate inaccuracy is, indeed, impossible; but it does not require a very deep study of the historical works, even of some very eminent writers, to realise how subtly the bias or views of a lifetime may turn the pen aside, and render ineffective—or worse—the most painstaking research; there are modern as well as ancient instances of such deviations.

Having, as far as is possible, ensured that accuracy without which history ceases to be so in any proper sense, there remains the necessity of so moulding it that it shall be something more than a mere string of truths—gems, indeed, intrinsically, but sadly lacking in lustre without the arts of the lapidary and jeweller. The gift of telling a true story in such fashion that it shall hold the attention of the reader throughout is, in its highest perfection, bestowed upon few; but every effort has been made in these pages to arrive at such a result, not, it is hoped, without some measure of success; and there is, indeed, ample material in the history of the Howards for the making of a tale of the deepest interest.

Genealogical tables are, unhappily, necessary in a book of this description; unhappily, because they are crude and unpleasing productions in themselves; and when the reader is impelled by necessity to consult them for the elucidation of some point or the refreshing of the memory, their grim, orderly battalions of names and dates come as a shock by contrast with the more kindly relation of the hopes and fears, the loves and tragedies, of these our brothers and sisters, so baldly set forth in them. However, they are necessary; and there are nine or ten of them for the reader to consult or to ignore, as it may seem good to him.

Some explanation appears desirable of the dual authorship of the book, which is due to the untimely death of Mr. Gerald Brenan, in November, 1906; and it may be stated that he is responsible for that portion which concludes with the chapter entitled "The Poet Earl and his Times."

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I

The Early Howards

(*c.* 1250–1436)

In the western part of Norfolk, some five miles from the ancient port of King's Lynn, there stands, upon ground slightly rising above the prevailing level of that neighbourhood, the little village of East Wynch. The very name of this place is eloquent of antiquity, for "Wynch" is derived from two Celtic words signifying "white water." But it is not upon its great age that the village prides itself, so much as upon the fact that it was the first known home of the illustrious family of Howard, and that the founder of that family and many of his descendants lie buried there.

In looking upon the cradle of such a race, as upon the source of a mighty river, there is a curious, romantic interest. It is true that the drowsy hamlet or lonely moated grange merely represents the first recorded appearance of the historic line, just as the rivulet trickling from its parent spring is but the earliest visible trace of the stream that washes the walls of cities. The alchemy of ages has laboured to produce the one, a hundred forgotten racial strains have mingled in the evolution of the other. But the flood as a flood, or the family as a family, may be fairly said to have begun its existence in a certain spot;

and it is not without profit to visit this birthplace ere one proceeds to trace the course of either. East Wynch, then—cradle of "all the Howards"—is to-day but a sleepy Norfolk village, clustered not unpicturesquely around its fine church of All Saints, which is a landmark for miles over the surrounding plain. The name of Howard is little known in the place to-day, and there are but few surviving traces of Howard occupation. The ancient mortuary chapel of the family, which survived many centuries of neglect, was finally destroyed in 1875, at the time of the restoration of the church,[1] and is now commemorated only by a brass tablet placed in the wall of an organ-chamber, which stands upon its site.[2]

In 1631, when Weever published his invaluable *Funeral Monuments*, an attempt was being made by the then chief of the Howard family to place the shrine in repair. The painstaking antiquary states that "this ancient Chappell of the Howards hath of late yeeres beene most irreligiously defaced by uncovering the same; taking off the Lead, and committing it to sale, whereby these ancient Monuments have layne open to ruine. But now in repairing by the order of the most Honourable preserver of Antiquities (as well in generall, as in his owne particular) Thomas, Earle of Arundell and Surrey."[3] Arundel's work, however, went for naught, since, during the Commonwealth, Puritan zeal once more unroofed the chapel, mutilated the tombs, and smashed the painted windows. When Mr. Henry Howard compiled his *Memorials*, early in the last century, the building was a mere heap of ruins. In East Wynch church there still stands a baptismal font, bearing the arms of Howard and Bois, the gift of Sir John Howard, *temp.* Edward III.; and one of the church windows displays the conjoint shields of Howard and De Vere. As we shall see, it was through this latter alliance that Wynch passed out of the hands of the Howards. The remains of the manor house,[1] where the Duke of Norfolk's ancestors resided, may be seen to the eastward of the village, and together with the foundations of an ancient nunnery, complete East Wynch's slender list of antiquities.

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[1] The church was restored from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A.

[2] The organ-chamber is at the south-east angle of the southern aisle, exactly where the old mortuary chapel stood. The tablet records the names of the principal Howards buried beneath.

[3] Weever, p. 847.

It was in the stirring days of Edward I. that the first Howard made his home at East Wynch. This was Master William Howard, afterwards to become Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and a knight. Of his parentage we know nothing, although the probabilities are that he belonged either to a burgess family of Lynn, or else to some substantial yeoman stock of the neighbourhood. He may have been either of Danish or of English descent. North-west Norfolk was as much a district of the Danes as it was of the Angles;[2] and both races sought refuge in its marshy fastnesses after the Norman conquest, gradually emerging from their hiding-places as the laws of the invader grew less rigorous. But it must also be remembered that the shores of the Wash sheltered sea-rovers of many different breeds, and that there are evidences, especially in local place-names, of a stubbornly rooted British population. The surname which Howard bore tells us little in this direction. As it stands, it might well be of Scandinavian origin,[1] and the sea-going tastes of so many early Howards seem to indicate a viking strain; or the original form may possibly have been "Hereward," and there certainly was a rich burgess of Lynn, William Hereward by name, who flourished early in Henry III.'s reign; but neither the Chief Justice himself, or any of his descendants, ever spelt their patronymic thus, although they use many other forms, such as Heyward, Heiward, Haward, and Ha*u*ard. The Hereward theory has inspired certain genealogists to deduce the descent of the ducal line of Norfolk from Hereward the Wake, "last of the Saxons"; but the derivation most favoured by the matter-of-fact is the simple one of "Heyward," which was a title bestowed in old England upon the functionary who guarded the barns and haggards of a farm or village. "The warden of a common," says Haliwell, "is still so called in some parts of the country."

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[1] It is generally known as "Grancourt's Manor," from the family of that name, its original lords.

[2] See Grant Allen, *Town and County in England.*

It is interesting to note the various pedigrees, more or less splendid, upon which the professional heralds have attempted at different periods to graft the Howard stock. Instead of helping to unravel the puzzle, these tabarded flatterers have so confused the evidences at their command that to-day the very name of Justice William Howard's father is unknown, and will probably remain so for ever. Perhaps the most absurd of these gorgeous lines of descent is that quoted in Collins's *Peerage*,[2] on the authority of three heralds of high repute.[3]

But, in truth, the pedigree which flaunts itself unblushingly in Burke's *Peerage*, tracing the Howards to Hereward the Wake, rests upon no better foundation; and if there were even a tradition in the Judge's time of any such descent (and there must have been had any such descent existed), some memorial of the fact would have figured in the Howard arms. It is satisfactory to find that one of the first to set aside these vain imaginings was himself a Howard—Henry Howard of Corby, who, in his *Memorials*, describes the worthy Judge's ancestors as "gentry of small estate, probably of Saxon origin, living at home, intermarrying with their neighbours, and witnessing each other's deeds of conveyance and contract." Mr. Henry Howard makes the Judge a grandson of "Robert Howard of Terrington and Wiggenhall," and a son of "John Howard, by his wife Lucy Germund"; but even of this modest claim there is no tangible proof. That Howard owned lands in Wiggenhall and Terrington cannot be denied; but the deeds and charters show that while he purchased some of this property, presumably out of his legal earnings, the remainder came to him with his wife, Alice Fitton of Wiggenhall St. Germans. It is to be feared that we must accept Dugdale's *dictum*,[1] and look upon William Howard of East Wynch as the first of his line.

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[1] Compare the *Saga of Howard the Halt.*

[2] Edition of 1756, vol. i. p. 174.

[3] Harvey, Glover, and Seager.

Where our future Justice pursued his studies, we know not, but his legal connection with King's Lynn began early, as did his frugal purchases of property thereabout. He had already commenced to add acre to acre in the fifth year of Edward I. (1277). From 1285 onward, as Blomefield shows, Howard was counsel to the Corporation of King's Lynn, and resided at East Wynch—although he did not occupy the manor-house there until 1298, when he bought it from a family named Grancourt. By that time he had become a person of consequence, and it was necessary that he should possess a suitable abode. For a man in his position, without influential relatives, and not of Norman descent, William Howard must have been possessed of great natural gifts to rise so high. Shrewdness he certainly had, as we perceive not only from his land purchases, but also from the two marriages which he contracted. His first wife—an Ufford, of the house which afterwards became Earls of Suffolk—brought him lands and gold, and, although she died childless, these material relics of her love remained in his possession. His next spouse, a Fitton, was heiress of Fitton Manor in Wiggenhall St. Germans, and of other fair estates. But, apart from his worldly wisdom, Howard was an able and upright lawyer, as indeed he must have been to win and hold the favour of Edward I. The "English Justinian" was a careful chooser of his judges. In 1293 the Lynn counsel was made Justice of Assize for the Northern Counties; in 1295 he was summoned to Parliament as a justice; and in 1297 he received the appointment of Justice of the Common Pleas, sitting on the bench with such famous lawyers as John de Mettingham and Ranulphus de Heningham. Some years before his death he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and it is even asserted that he was Chief Justice of England; but this does not appear to be borne out by facts. He was certainly knighted, belonged to the King's Council, and was a Justice of *trail-baston,* and therefore a terror to the forest outlaws and deer-stealers of Western Norfolk.

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[1] *Baronage of England.*

We have a fleeting glimpse of the Judge's home life at Wynch in 1306, in the following note of presents (propitiatory perhaps, perhaps friendly tokens of esteem) sent to his wife and himself by the honest burgesses of King's Lynn. The entry is from the Lynn rolls:—"*Item in uno carcos. bovis misso D'ne Alice Howard usq. Wynch VI sol.—Item in vino p. duas vices miss. D'no Willo. Howard cum duobus carcos. vitul. et uno scuto Apri, XIII sol. VIII d.—Item in duob. salmon. miss. D'no Willo. Howard vigil pasche XI sol.*" Which may be rendered out of borough-Latin thus:—"For a carcase of an ox, sent to the Lady Alice Howard at Wynch, 6 shillings.—For wine sent thrice to Sir William Howard, with two calves and a shield (collar) of brawn, 13 shillings and 8 pence.—For 2 salmon sent to Sir William Howard on the vigil of Easter, 11 shillings."

Many other notices of gifts from the Lynn burgesses to their counsel are entered upon the rolls between 1285 and 1308, and it may be observed that, as the Judge's fortunes progressed, the value and frequency of these presents showed a corresponding increase.

Sir William Howard died in July or August, 1308, but not before he had seen his elder son[1] fairly established in life by a fortunate marriage. Sir John Howard—already knighted, and a gentleman of the bedchamber to Edward I.—was united, thanks to royal favour and paternal influence, to Joan de Cornwall, a sprig of the Plantagenet stem, and the eventual heiress of many goodly manors about Lynn, such as Pentney, East Walton, Mereford, etc., the possession of which made the Howards the richest landowners in that part of Norfolk, after the puissant lords of Castle

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[1] He is said to have left a second son, William; and a third may have been Edmund Howard, afterwards Archdeacon of Northumberland, who, in 1322, was a party to a deed of Sir John Howard, his probable elder brother.—Howard *Memorials.*

Rising. As for the old Judge, he was laid to rest in the mortuary chapel which he had erected at East Wynch. The effigies of his second wife and himself, which still existed in Weever's time, figure in the *Monuments*. For any idea of Sir William's personal appearance we must turn to the kneeling figure bearing his name, introduced into one of the stained-glass windows of Long Melford church, and supposed to have been copied from a contemporary effigy at Wynch. Two other judges are portrayed with Sir William, and the window bears the following legend: "*Pray for the goode state of William Howard, Cheff Justis of Inglond, & for Richard Pycot and for John Haugh, Justis of the lawe.*" The arms are those of Howard (*gules*, a bend *argent* between six cross crosslets fitchee of the second), and of the Judge's two wives, Alice Ufford and Alice Fitton.

Sir John Howard, although a person of considerable consequence in East Anglia, probably found his own importance overshadowed by that of his wife, Joan de Cornwall. These Cornwalls were descendants *à la main gauche* of Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, younger son of King John; so that the third generation of the paternally obscure Howards could call cousins with Edward III., and had the blood of William the Conqueror in their veins. Sir John saw some fighting in Scotland, but the terrible overthrow of the English forces at Bannockburn probably disgusted him with warfare, for thereafter he contented himself with acting as Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk during thirteen years, and with raising troops for Edward II. and his illustrious successor. Howard was also Governor of Norwich for a brief period, lived hospitably at East Wynch, and there died and was buried in 1331. His tomb (representing a knight with his feet resting upon a writhing dragon) is reproduced in Weever's *Monuments*, as is the effigy of his royally descended spouse, who survived until 1341.

Sir John Howard, the third of his name to reside at Wynch, was brought up in the company of his kinsman, Edward III., and was one of the young knights who helped that monarch to break the power of Mortimer and shut the "she-wolf of France" up in Framlingham Castle. By Edward he was constituted Admiral of the North Seas in 1335, and made a knight-banneret. For his services as admiral, and for the wages of the men-at-arms under him, he was allowed £153 *7s. 6d.* during the following year. Howard helped to ferry Edward's victorious armies into France, and on several occasions harried the French coasts, landing men at various points and laying waste the country with fire and sword. A curious interest attaches to the manor of Fersfield, which he acquired with his wife, Alice de Boys. Fersfield lies on the southernmost border of Norfolk, near the town of Diss, and, as Mr. Henry Howard of Corby points out,[1] is the only one of "the old Howard estates"—that is to say, of the acres gathered together with such sagacity and patience by Justice William Howard and his immediate successors—which has descended through every vicissitude to the recent Dukes of Norfolk. Family partitions, confiscations, sales and exchanges of lands, have scattered all the rest of the old manors, but Fersfield Boys still remains in the possession of the senior line of Howard, and is the oldest of the Duke of Norfolk's paternal estates.

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[1] *Memorials.* Fersfield was the birthplace of Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk.

Sir John Howard, who was Sheriff of Norfolk in 1345, lived to a good old age. The date of his death is uncertain; but he was certainly alive in 1388, when his elder son, Sir Robert Howard, died. The fine baptismal font—still preserved in East Wynch church, and which bears the arms of Howard and Boys—was presented by the sheriff-admiral, an effigy of whom not even the indefatigable Weever was able to discover. His wife, Alice de Boys, had died in 1372, and, as already stated, his son, Sir Robert, also predeceased him. This latter knight eventually brought the barony of Scales of Newcells into the family by marrying Margaret, daughter of Robert, third Lord Scales;[1] and the heir of these accumulated honours was their eldest son, Sir John Howard of East Wynch and Fersfield, who was probably born several years before the date assigned in the Howard *Memorials* (1366–7), for his first wife, Margaret Plaiz of Toft, died in 1381, leaving two children by him, which could hardly have been the case had Howard been but fifteen or sixteen years of age at the time. Moreover, his effigy in painted glass in the south window of Weeting St. Marie's church, erected at the time of his first marriage, represents him as a bearded personage in knightly armour. Margaret Plaiz, besides the barony of Plaiz,[2] brought her husband many rich manors,

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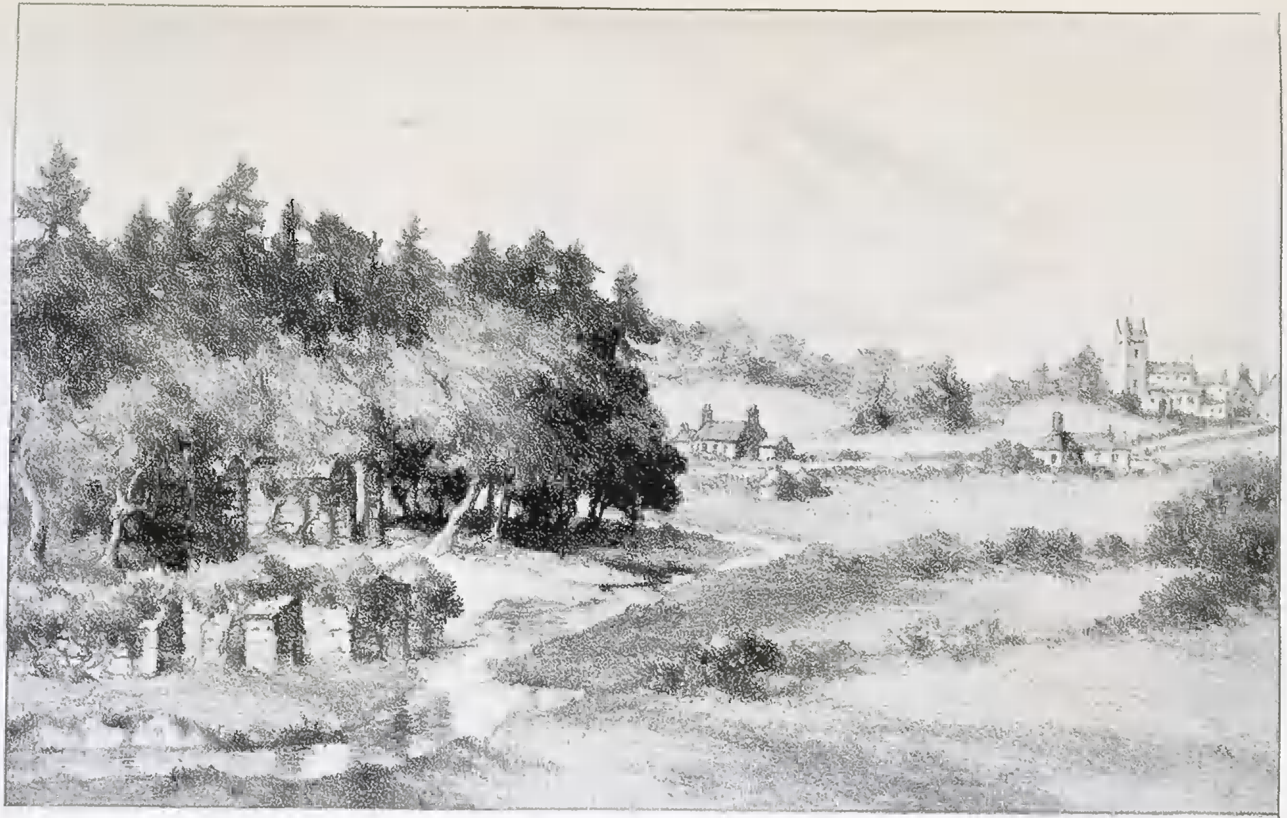
[1] The barony of Scales, however, did not fall to the Howards until the murder of Thomas, seventh baron, by Jack Cade in 1460. The family of Scales was seated at Middleton, near King's Lynn, and Sir Robert Scales was first summoned as a baron in 1299. His son, Robert, second baron and K.B., married a daughter of the house of Courtenay; and their son, Robert, third baron (*d.* 1369), was father, by his wife, Katharine Ufford (sister and co-heir of William, Earl of Suffolk), of Roger, fourth baron (*d.* 1386), and of two daughters, Margaret, wife of Sir Robert Howard, and of Elizabeth, wife of Sir Roger de Fellbrigg.

[2] Giles de Plaiz (*d.* 1303), summoned to Parliament as first Baron Plaiz of



From a drawing by A. L. Collins *After a sketch by the Rev. E. J. Alvis, Vicar of East Winch*

THE FIRST KNOWN HOME OF THE HOWARDS

Remains of the ancient moated (Howard) House, East Winch, Norfolk, and East Winch Church

especially in Essex, where she owned Stansted Mountfitchet, Plaistow (the "stow," or seat, of the Lords Plaiz), etc. Her Norfolk residence was at Toft, near Lowestoft, but the bulk of her estates lay outside East Anglia; so that during her lifetime Sir John Howard deserted the old mansion of East Wynch, and went to live in Essex, of which county, as well as of Herts, he served as sheriff under Henry IV. and Henry V. Two years after her death, in 1383, he made a second wealthy alliance with Alice, daughter and heir of Sir William Tendring, of Tendring Hall, in Suffolk. This lady inherited Tendring, Stoke, and Nayland, on the banks of the Stour;[1] and at Tendring Hall Sir John Howard presently took up his abode. Like his grandfather, he held the office of Admiral of the Northern Seas; and he sat during one Parliament as knight of the shire for Cambridge, through the Plaiz influence. In right of his wives he was a man of very large possessions, but the great bulk of these went to the daughter and sole heir of his elder son, John; while the *male heir*, John Howard,[2] son of the second son, Robert, only succeeded to a very small moiety of the paternal property.

Old Sir John Howard survived his second wife, Alice Tendring,[3] and his two elder sons. In 1436, when he must have been nearly eighty, he went on a pilgrimage

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Toft in 1297, was great-grandfather of Sir John, fourth baron, who died 33 Edw. III., leaving the above Margaret his only daughter and heir. The barony of Plaiz of Toft, like that of Scales, passed through the senior line of Howard to the house of De Vere.

[1] In what we now know as "Constable's country," and only a few miles from Dedham and Colchester.

[2] Afterwards first Duke of Norfolk.

[3] She died October 18th, 1426. Her portrait, in painted glass, in Stoke Church *juxta* Nayland, is reproduced in H. Howard's *Memorials*.

to the Holy Land, and died at Jerusalem (probably from the fatigues of the journey) on November 17th, 1437. A reference to the Genealogical Table will show readily enough how matters stood at this stage of the family history.

Sir John Howard's only son by his first wife, another Sir John,[1] had married Joan Walton, heiress of Wyvenhoe, thus still further extending the Howard domains in Essex, and, dying *vitâ patris*, left an only daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1410. This young lady inherited the baronies and estates of Scales and Plaiz of Toft, besides the Walton estates, and a very large slice of the old Howard lands about King's Lynn, including the ancient roof-tree of East Wynch itself. So rich a damsel might look high for a husband, and accordingly in 1438–9 Elizabeth Howard's hand was bestowed by her grandfather upon John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford. The Earl paid a fine of £2,000 to Henry VI. for having married her without royal licence. No doubt the power and influence of the house of Vere was the real reason why East Wynch and the other manors in north-western Norfolk, which should have descended to the countess's cousin of the half blood, John Howard (then a child), were included in her marriage portion. The "strong hand" bore down the law right often in those days, as we find from that faithful picture of the time, the *Paston Letters*,[2] and it was no unusual thing for a powerful baron to seize upon and hold valuable property in defiance of testamentary bequests and court decisions. Certainly the Earl of Oxford took unto himself the lion's share of the Howard lands, and thereby laid the foundations of a bitter feud between the two houses, which was intensified by the fact that they followed different sides in the Wars of the Roses.[1]

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[1] Like his father, he is said to have died on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

[2] The Pastons were for two generations kept out of the possession of Caistor Castle and other estates bequeathed to them by Lord Fastolf by the opposition, and on more than one occasion by the armed intervention, of the Mowbrays and Poles, who claimed the inheritance. See the *Paston Letters*, *passim*.

Turning to the children of the old sheriff-admiral by his second wife, we find that, in addition to the eldest, Sir Robert Howard (presently to be discussed), he is credited by the genealogists with a second son, Henry, upon whom, we are informed, he settled the manors of Terringhampton, Wiggenhall, East Walton, and Buckenham, in Norfolk, and who is said to have left a daughter and heiress, the wife of Henry Wentworth of Codham in Essex. There is a curious tradition which assigns to Sir John other children, one of whom was the founder of the *Tripp* family. Thus runs the quaint old story: "Tripp, of the Howard stock, has borne, since the time of Henry V., both the name of Tripp and a scaling-ladder in bend for his coat armour. Upon an ancient blazon in the possession of the Tripps of Huntspill, in Somersetshire, is an inscription stating that this atchievement was given unto my lord Howard's 5th son at the siege of Bullogne. King Harry the fifth being there, asked how they took the town and castle? Howard answered, 'I tripp'd up the walls.' Saith his Majesty, 'Tripp shall be thy name, and no longer Howard,' and honoured him with the scaling-ladder for his bend." The gallant Tripp may have actually existed. There was certainly a John Tripp, Vice-Marshal of Calais, *temp.* Henry VI.,[1] but his legitimate connection with the Howard family is open to grave doubt. Tower, in his *Patronimica Britannica*, dismisses the tradition lightly enough; but for many generations the Tripps of Somersetshire certainly bore the Howard arms with the addition of the scaling-ladder upon the bend, and this, apparently, with the sanction of successive Earls Marshal.[2]

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[1] John de Vere, twelfth Earl of Oxford, husband of Elizabeth Howard, was a Lancastrian, and was beheaded with his son Aubrey after the Battle of Towton, 1461. We shall see how John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, engaged his son, the thirteenth Oxford, in single combat at Bosworth.

Sir Robert Howard, son of Sir John and Alice Tendring of Tendring, was a valiant fighter alike by land and sea. Born about 1385, a contemporary of Henry V., he served under that soldier-king in France, probably fought at Agincourt, and certainly commanded the English fleet, when, with 3,000 stout mariners of East Anglia, he sailed out of Lowestoft, landed below Calais, and ravaged the French coasts.[3] The affection which Harry of Monmouth bore him, and his own prowess, led to Sir Robert's marriage to the Lady Margaret Mowbray, an alliance brilliant enough at the time, as between a youth of modest possessions and none too lofty birth, and a daughter of one of the proudest houses in the kingdom, but destined in due time to prove far more splendid, and, indeed, to form the foundation of all the subsequent glories of the Howard line.

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[1] Berry's *Kent Genealogies*. The descendants of this Tripp, however, bore "*gules*, a chevron between 3 nags' heads erased *or*."

[2] Burke's *General Armoury* repeats the Tripp-Howard story, and gives as the arms of Tripp of Huntspill, Co. Somerset, "*gules*, a scaling ladder, on a bend betw. 6 crosses crosslet *or*." This family has been seated at East Brent and Huntspill since Henry VIII.'s time, and is now represented by the Rev. Owen Howard Tripp, who in 1898 assumed the name of Owen alone, as heir of Sir William Owen-Barlow, eighth baronet. In refutation of the account of Tripp at Boulogne, Tower claims that "the name is found in the *Rotuli Hundredorum*, some century and a half before the siege alluded to, as *Trippe*" (*Patron. Brit.*). Henry Howard of Corby does not recognise the Tripp connection at all; but it would be highly interesting to learn how so persistent a tradition originated. Baron Tripp, a once well-known character, was a descendant of this branch of the family, ennobled in Holland.

[3] Howard *Memorials*.

Margaret Mowbray was sister of John, Lord Mowbray,[1] a companion in arms of Sir Robert Howard, and the elder daughter[2] of that famous Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal of England, whose historic quarrel with Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., led to his banishment for life. Duke Thomas stood at the head of the English baronage, as the heir of the Bigods, Warrennes, and Mowbrays, and the great-grandson and representative of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk and Earl Marshal, son of Edward I. by Margaret of France, daughter of Philip le Hardi.[3] His proud, half-savage character is familiar to all students of Richard II.'s reign; and although he had died in exile and comparative poverty abroad, his widow and children had succeeded in maintaining their place among the nobility, and were in a fair way to recover all the Duke's forfeited dignities and estates. On the mother's side the future wife of Sir Robert Howard was little less nobly descended. Elizabeth, Duchess of Norfolk, was daughter and heir of Richard Fitz-Alan, the puissant Earl of Arundel and Surrey, a descendant of Queen Adeliza of Brabant by her second marriage with William de Albini, Earl of Arundel. By a second alliance with a Fitz-Alan heiress the representation of that great race was eventually to pass into the possession of the

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[1] Afterwards second Duke of Norfolk of the Mowbray line.

[2] The question as to whether she or her sister Isabella, Lady Berkely, were the elder has long been settled in favour of Lady Howard.

[3] See Genealogical Table II., showing the Mowbray, Fitz-Alan, and Howard descent.

Howards; as it was, Duchess Elizabeth inherited Framlingham Castle, in Suffolk,[1] and was residing there with her daughters, when Sir Robert Howard came a-wooing, flushed with his victories in France and honoured with the King's especial favour.

Of his personal appearance at this time we can form some opinion from the effigy identified as his by Mr. Henry Howard, and reproduced in the *Memorials*.[2] The original, representing a young man kneeling, with dark moustache and light brown hair, figured in a window of Tendring chapel. It is singular that no vestige of any memorial to Lady Margaret Mowbray survives. Their marriage probably took place in 1420, as John Howard, the only son of the union, was born either in 1421 or 1422.[3] There were also two daughters, of whom the elder, Margaret, married Sir Thomas Daniell, afterwards Lord Deputy of Ireland and Baron of Rathware in that country,[4] while the younger, Katharine, became the second wife of Edward Nevill, Lord Abergavenny. Sir Robert Howard died before his father, Sir John, and was buried in Tendring chapel. Had he lived longer he might have succeeded in wresting some of the possessions of his family from the hands of the Earl of Oxford; but fate ruled otherwise, and when old Sir John died in Palestine a few years later, all that descended to his grandson, now the sole male representative of the family, was the Tendring and Stoke-Nayland estate in Suffolk, and Fersfield, which alone remained to him of the Norfolk manors. This was the reason why, in 1460, when this grandson aimed at being chosen knight of the shire for Norfolk, a number of influential persons opposed him on the ground that he was practically without lands or friends in that county.[1] The boy thus stripped of his inheritance found powerful protectors, however, in his kinsfolk the Mowbrays; and before he died the good folk of Norfolk could no longer say that John Howard "hadde no lyvelihode nor conversment" among them.

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[1] After the Duke's death in Venice the Duchess of Norfolk married, secondly, Sir Gerard Ufflete, and thirdly, Sir Robert Goushall.

[2] *Memorials*, Appendix iii. Mr. Howard's evidence identifying the effigy appears conclusive.

[3] *Memorials*. Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas in Dallaway's *Sussex*.

[4] Sir Thomas Daniell, who was Lord Irish Deputy, was created Baron of Rathware by letters patent, 1475. Morant, in his *Hist. of Essex*, gives a pedigree of the descendants of Sir Thomas (wrongly styled "William" by Burke and others), down to Edward and John Daniell of Messing, Co. Essex, *temp. Jac. I.* This, however, was but the younger branch of the family. The senior branch, heirs of the barony, long survived in Ireland, and settling in the county of Kilkenny, became followers of the Butlers, Earls of Ormond. In 1571 and 1572 we find John Danyell, head of the house, acting as Thomas, Earl of Ormond's intermediary with Cecil. William Daniel, Archbishop of Tuam (*d.* 1628), was a member of this Kilkenny line; and many old families in Southern Leinster still trace their descent from the marriage of Thomas Daniell and Margaret Howard. The Daniells bore—"*argent* a pale fusillé *sable.*"

So closed the first period of the Howard history. A century and a half had elapsed since William Howard of East Wynch emerged from the obscure position of a country lawyer, and by dint of sheer ability and sound sense founded the fortunes of the family. There had been no clerks among his successors. Pen and inkhorn were exchanged for sword and helmet, and the knights of East Wynch had borne Justice William's device—the "bend *argent* between six cross crosslets"—upon many a battlefield. Races, like nations, pass through certain phases, and this was the knightly phase of the house of Howard. They stood now upon the threshold of a new and grander era, an era in which they were destined to command rather than to follow.

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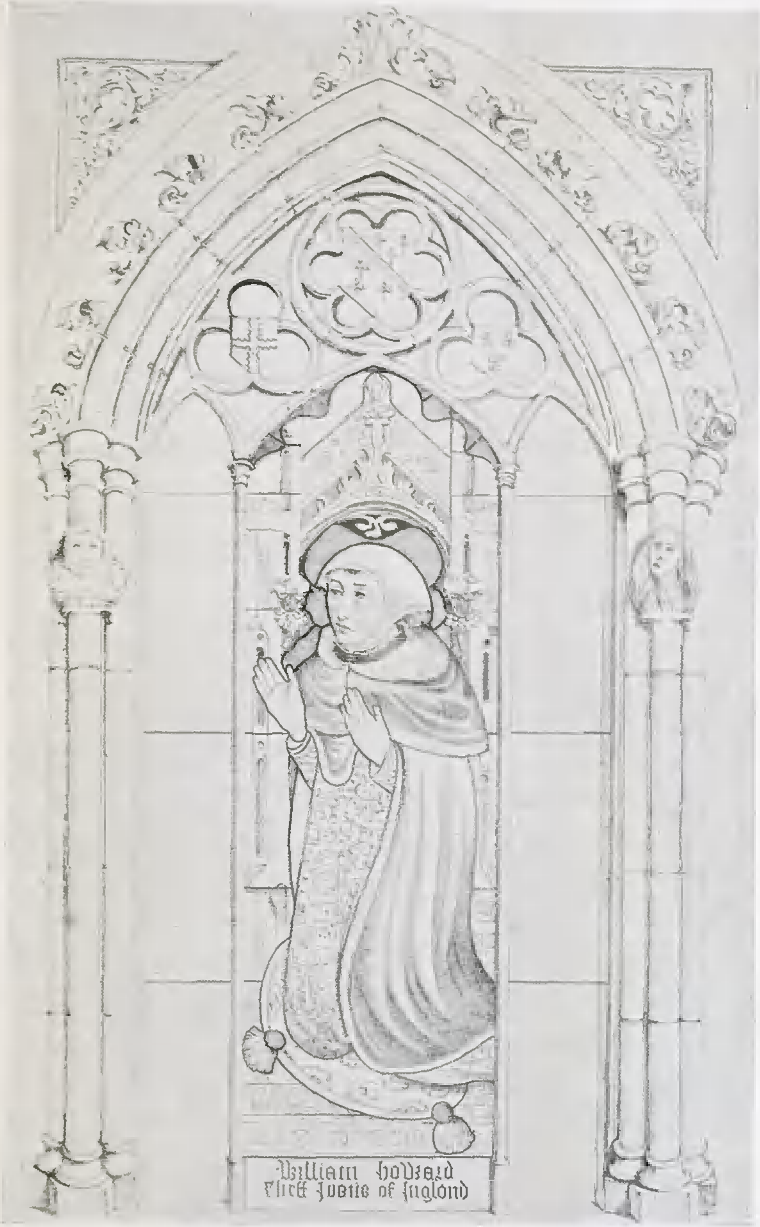
[1] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), i. 241.

Henceforward the descendants of Edward I's *protégé*, the Lynn Justice, were the descendants of Edward I. as well. The blood of Plantagenet and of Capet, of Mowbray, Bigod, Warrenne, Fitz-Alan, Percy, and the flower of the English baronage,[1] henceforward mingled with that of Howard. The knightly had given place to the princely phase of the race, just as the latter was to be succeeded in its turn by the phases of statecraft and religious fervour. In a single generation the Howards stepped from the plough to the judge's bench; in a single generation they leaped from the ranks of the country gentry to the highest position in the nobility of England.

[1] See Genealogical Table II., which shows the principal houses from which John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, claimed descent through his mother, Margaret Mowbray.


William Howard
Chief Justis of Inglond

From a lithograph by W. H. Kearney

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD OF WIGGENHALL

(*d.* 1303)

From a window in Long Melford church

II

"Iacke of Norfolk"

(1420–85)

JOHN HOWARD, the future Duke of Norfolk, was born probably at Tendring Hall, in or about the years 1420–2.[1] Of his boyhood we know nothing; but it is not unlikely that he was brought up in the household of his uncle, John Mowbray, who had recently[2] been restored to the dukedom of Norfolk, where he imbibed the strong anti-Lancastrian sentiments which animated his whole career. His paternal grandfather dying at Jerusalem in 1437, he succeeded to such of the latter's estates as had not been diverted to the De Veres, and went to reside at his principal manor-house, Tendring Hall, in Stoke-Nayland. About 1443 occurred his marriage to Katharine Molines, or Moleyns, generally described as "daughter of William, Lord Molines," a Buckinghamshire baron who had been killed at Orleans in 1428. There is, however, some doubt in regard to this lady. According to Burke's *Dormant and Extinct Peerage*, and to Dugdale and Doyle, upon whom Burke bases his statement, this William (fourth Baron Molines) left an only daughter and heir, Alianore,

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[1] Howard *Memorials. Life of John, Duke of Norfolk*, by Sir H. Nicolas, in Dallaway's *Western Sussex*.

[2] By Act of Parliament, 3 Henry VI.

Baroness Molines in her own right, who was married in 1441 to Robert, Lord Hungerford, then a child of ten years. Hungerford was afterwards summoned in right of his wife[1] as Baron Molines, and the barony is still held by his descendant, the Earl of Loudoun. No mention is made by Burke of any other daughter of William, fourth Lord Molines; had such existed she would have been co-heir to the barony and estates. Who, then, was Katharine Molines, who married John Howard in or about 1442? Hasted, in his *History of Kent*,[2] tries to evade the difficulty by making her "daughter of Richard, (third) Lord Molines." But this baron died in 1384, so that if Lady Howard were his daughter, she must have been about sixty years of age when she married and bore children. It is possible, of course, that she may have been illegitimate; but the most likely explanation is that Dugdale, Doyle, Burke, etc., were all mistaken, and that Katharine Molines, Lady Howard, was a younger daughter of William, (fourth) Lord Molines, and that her rights as co-heir were overridden by Hungerford's strong Lancastrian influence.[3] The genealogists were certainly mistaken regarding Howard's second wife, Margaret Chedworth, as we shall presently see.

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[1] Date of summons, 1445.

[2] Vol. ii. p. 779. The Molines family were said to be of French origin, taking their name from a town in the Bourbonnais. The first baron, John de Molines (*d.* 1371), was one of those who seized Mortimer in Nottingham Castle. A favourite of Edward III., he was summoned as a baron in 1347.

[3] Hungerford, one of the warmest partisans of Henry VII. and Queen Margaret, was one of those who basely deserted the gallant Sir Ralph Percy at Hedgeley Moor in 1464. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Hexham, and beheaded at Newcastle. It seems strange that, if Howard's wife were a co-heir of Molines, he, neither then nor at any other time, claimed the honour or estates.

It was not until nine years after his marriage, *i.e.* in 1451, that John Howard began to show his prowess as a soldier in the French wars, under a distant kinsman, Lord Lisle.[1] He took part in the retrieving of Bordeaux, and fought beside that mighty war-dog, John Talbot, when he was slain at the siege of Chastillon, July 17th, 1453.[2] On this occasion, Howard is said to have been severely wounded, and even taken prisoner. That he was not long held for ransom is proved by the fact that in 1454–5 he was back in England, fighting at the first battle of St. Albans, under Warwick, and a month later contending on behalf of his friends, the Yorkists, for the parliamentary representation of Norfolk. His opponent, Sir Harry Gray, the Lancastrian candidate, was, of course, supported by the Earl of Oxford, who used his influence as possessor of the old Howard manors about King's Lynn to defeat the heir male of the family. The latter, however, had the strength of the Mowbrays at his back; and the old Duchess of Norfolk (sister of the King-maker, Warwick)[3] was particularly active in his behalf. On June 8th, 1455, the Duchess wrote from Framlingham Castle to John Paston,[4] saying that it was “right necessarie that my lord (Norfolk[5]) have at this tyme in the parliament suche persons as longe unto him and be of his menyall[6] servaunts.” Wherefore she requests Paston to "geve and applie" his voice towards the election of her "right welbelovid cosin and servaunts, John Howard and Syr John Chambirlayn, to be Knyghts of the Shire, exhorting all suche other" as by his wisdom might be open to persuasion, "to the good exployte and conclusion of the same."[1] The Duke of York[2] himself even wrote to Paston urging Howard's election; and Warwick, whose keen eye had already marked this young squire as one likely to rise, added his influence to that of his sister. In the county of Norfolk, nevertheless, there was a great deal of grumbling among the Yorkists against Howard's nomination, and from the character of Master Paston, as unconsciously outlined by himself and his correspondents, we may feel sure that he was one of the chief fomenters of mischief. The facts that Howard had lost nearly all his Norfolk property, and that he had been bred out of the county, and was little known there, were employed to injure him with the electors. On June, 1455, John Jenney, a person of importance in the neighbourhood of Norwich, and a member of the Lord Treasurer's[3] council, wrote to Paston:—

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[1] Dugdale, *Baronage*, ii. 25. Stowe, *Annals*, p. 396.

[2] Dugdale.

[3] She was Katharine Nevill, daughter of Ralph, first Earl of Westmoreland.

[4] This was John Paston, senior (1421–66), at the time a reputed Yorkist, but secretly playing the Mowbrays false.

[5] Her son, John Mowbray, third Duke of Norfolk of that family.

[6] The word “menyall” is used in its then significance, “menial servant” signifying a person attached to a household. Needless to say, a man of knightly birth and considerable estate, the writer's nephew to boot, was not “menial” in the modern sense.

> "I tolde my Lord of Norffolk atte London that I labored divers men for Sir Roger[4] Chaumberlyn, and they seid to me they wold have hym, but not Howard, in asmeche as he (Howard) hadde no lyvelihode in the shire, nor conversment."[5]

The truth of the matter seems to have been that Paston was endeavouring to effect his own election, to the exclusion of Howard. This would certainly appear from the following letter, written a day later by Jenney, and evidently in reply to an eager inquiry from Paston:—

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[1] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), i. 337.

[2] Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV.

[3] Ralph, Lord Cromwell, was then Lord Treasurer.

[4] It will be noticed that the Duchess of Norfolk called him "Sir John."

[5] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), i. 340.

> "My servaunt tolde me ye desired to knowe what my Lord of Norffolk seid to me *whan I spake of you;* and he seid in asmeche as Howard myght not be, he wolde write a lettre to the Under-Shreve that the shire shulde have fre eleccion, soo that Sir Thomas Todenham[1] wer not, nor none that was toward the Duke of Suffolk. . . . Howard was as wode[2] as a wilde bullok; God send hym seche wurshipp as he deservith. It is a evill precedent for the shire that a straunge man shulde be chosyn, and no wurshipp to my Lord off Yorke, nor to my Lord of Norffolk to write for hym; for yf the gentilmen of the shire will suffre seche inconvenyens in good feithe the shire shall not be called of seche wurshipp as it hathe be."[3]

In the end, however, John Howard was nominated and duly elected knight of the shire, in spite of the secret influences at work against him;[4] and so it was Master Jenney's turn to be "as wode as a wilde bullok."

In Parliament Howard threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the White Rose, helping to carry the measure which established Duke Richard's right as next heir to the throne. His partisanship drew down upon him the wrath of Queen Margaret; and in 1460 John Paston learns, not without a secret satisfaction one imagines, that "Sir John Howard is like to lose his head."[5] But his head remained safely in its place, and he fought valiantly at the second battle of St. Albans, and at the decisive victory of Towton,[1] where John Paston the younger[2] (now an acknowledged Lancastrian) was wounded and left for dead upon the field. Howard's conduct at Towton attracted the attention of the young victor, whose first civil patent as Edward IV. was the appointment of Sir John to a place in the royal household.[3] He was also made Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, and Constable of the castles of Norwich, Harwich, and Colchester. His old enemy, the Earl of Oxford, had been beheaded after Towton, and Howard, with a generosity extraordinary in those days, instead of seeking to recover some of his ancestral estates from the widowed countess, acted as her intercessor with the King and the Duke of Gloucester, succeeded in obtaining her pardon and even the reversal of the attainder upon her husband, and kept her supplied with money from his own slender purse until her fortunes were re-established.[4] He took over the management of such of her manors as lay about King's Lynn, and administered them for years without reward; so that with this large territorial interest, his dual shrievedom, and his three constableships, he was now, after his cousin Norfolk, the greatest man in those parts. Hardly had these things come to pass than our old acquaintance, John Paston, set himself to upset Howard's credit with the King, doubtless using the same arguments against the latter's being appointed sheriff of Norfolk, as had been used five years before against his nomination as knight of the shire. To this end one Thomas Denyes, a creature of Paston, was sent to York, where Howard was with the King. That Denyes failed in his mission may be seen by the letter which he wrote to Paston in May,[1] 1461 :—

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[1] Of Tuddenham Hall, near Norwich.

[2] *Wode, i.e.* furious.

[3] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), i. 341, dated June 25th, 1455.

[4] *Return of Members*, i. 351.

[5] *Paston Letters*, ii. 289. From this we gather that Howard was now a knight, although it is usually stated that he did not receive knighthood until Edward IV.'s coronation (*cf.* Doyle).

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[1] March 9th, 1461.

[2] Sir John Paston the younger (*d.* 1503) was second son of John Paston, already mentioned, and brother of Sir John Paston the elder.

[3] He was made King's Carver.

[4] *Household Books of John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and Thomas, Earl of Surrey* (published by the Roxburghe Club).

> " And heer in the Kyng's house," he writes bitterly, " anenst Howard, wher I had hopid to a' relevid myself, I am supplanted and cast oute from hym by a clamour of all his servaunts at onys, and ne wer oonly that his disposicion accordyth not to my pouer conceyte, which maketh me to gif lesse force, be cause I desire not to dele ther [where] bribery is like to be usid, ellis by my trouth this unhappy unkyndnes would I trow a' killed me."[2]

There is a suggestion of " sour grapes " in this epistle, and it is somewhat difficult to understand where the " bribery " lay.

Paston's motives for wishing to exclude Howard from the shrievalty are easily understood. He (Paston) had been elected to the last Parliament of Henry VI., and again to the first of Edward IV. Doubts were thrown upon the legality of this latter election, and a new poll had been ordered, over which Paston and his friends did not wish Howard to preside. Their plans were upset, however, the new election took place in due form, and, both sides coming into Norwich attended by armed retainers, an altercation occurred between the new sheriff and Paston in the shire hall. What passed seems to have been that Paston, who was notorious for a bitter tongue, made use of some expressions derogatory to Howard, and

[1] Probably written on May 10th, says Gairdner.

[2] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), ii. 10.

that one of the latter's men, enraged by the insult, drew his dagger and attempted to stab Paston. The sheriff appears to have acted throughout with dignity and self-restraint. On August 23rd, 1461, John Paston the younger wrote from Lewes to his father:—

> "It is talkyd here how that ye and Howard shuld a' strevyn toguedder on the scher daye, and on of Howard's men schuld a' strekyn yow twyess with a dagere, and soo ye schuld a ben hurt but for a good dobelet that ye hadde it on."[1]

When news of this strife reached Court, the King sent at once for both Howard and Paston. The latter delayed coming, although two messages under the privy seal were sent for him. At last Edward swore that "if he came not, he should die for it"; and the culprit's brother, Clement, wrote to him on October 11th:—

> "Come to the Kinge wards or ye meet with him, and when ye come ye must be suer of a great excuse. Also, if ye doe well, come right stronge, for Howard's wife[2] made her bost that if any of her husband's men might come to yow, ther yulde goe noe penny for your life; and Howard hath with the Kinge a great fellowship. . . . Also as I understand, the Duke of Norffolk hath made a great complaint of yow to the Kinge . . . and Howard and Wyngfelde[3] helpe well every day and call upon King against yow."[4]

The unwilling Paston proceeded to Court, and after an investigation into his behaviour at Norwich was committed to the Fleet Prison. As for Howard, the King still further rewarded him by the grant of several forfeited manors which had been the property of James, Earl of Ormond and Wilts.[1] He was also placed by the Duke of Norfolk over the latter's property in East Anglia, and the Duke dying in the same year, was continued in that office by the new chief of the house of Mowbray,[2] whose principal adviser he became.

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[1] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), ii. 39.

[2] His first wife, Katharine Molines.

[3] Sir John Wingfield, K.B., of Letheringham, in Suffolk, ancestor of the Viscounts Powerscourt.

[4] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), ii. 52.

In 1462, accordingly, we find Sir John Howard living in notable state at Tendring Hall, the recognised mouthpiece of King Edward throughout Norfolk and Suffolk, sheriff of both shires, and administrator of the great De Vere and Mowbray estates. His first wife was still alive, the statements of Dugdale, Doyle, Nicolas, and others to the contrary notwithstanding;[3] and there dwelt with him his only son, Thomas, then aged eighteen, and his four daughters—Anne, Isabel, Jane, and Margaret. Busy though he was, he found time to pay frequent visits to his cousins, Norfolk and Oxford, as well as to the Lords Montacute and Stafford, and wherever he went, distributed money freely among the household minstrels, pages, and serving-men. He also attended Court, where his frank, soldierly manners and skill at tourney had made him a particular favourite, not only with the King, but also with the latter's brother, Richard of Gloucester. It is curious how such opposite natures came to be so much attached to each other; but the fact remains that a warm friendship, destined to last as long as life itself, sprang up between Crouchback Richard and John Howard. It was through Gloucester that Howard obtained the pardon of his cousin, the Countess of Oxford,[1] and the lifting of the attainder from her blood; and on more than one occasion the Duke visited Sir John at Tendring Hall and inspected Colchester, Harwich, and Norwich Castles in his company.

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[1] James Butler, fifth Earl of Ormond and first Earl of Wilts, a vigorous Lancastrian, was beheaded at Newcastle, May 1st, 1461.

[2] John, Earl of Surrey and fourth Duke of Norfolk of the Mowbray line, was a mere youth when he succeeded his father in 1461.

[3] Dugdale, followed by Doyle and Nicolas, maintain that Katharine Molines, Lady Howard, died in 1452. The *Paston Letters*, however, mention her death as occurring thirteen years later, on November 3rd, 1465; and this is borne out by a letter written by her son, Thomas Howard, on March 11th, 1465, in which she is expressly mentioned. This letter, quoted on a later page, is published in the Howard *Household Books*. It is difficult to see how three such accurate historians could be misled into an error of thirteen years; but the previous doubt as to Katharine Molines's parentage may be recalled in this connection.

The stubborn fight made by Queen Margaret in the north brought Howard, at the head of his own and Norfolk's men, to serve beyond Tyne. Previous to this, however, he had been joined in a commission with the Lords Fauconberg and Clinton for the fitting out of a naval armament. The little fleet, sailing from King's Lynn, swept down on the Breton coast and captured Coquet and Ile de Rhé, bringing back no great booty, but much honour and distinction. Howard's *Accounts* show that he bore more than his fair share of the expenses of this venture, and therein we also find recorded the disbursements made by him during his journey north. On December 11th, 1462, John Paston the younger, writing from Newcastle to his father in the Fleet, mentions Howard's departure in command of the Yorkist ordnance to join the Earl of Warwick at Warkworth.[2] He took part in all the battles of this campaign, particularly distinguishing himself at Hedgeley Moor and at Hexham, where the Lancastrians, under the futile Somerset and

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[1] *Household Books*, 1461–4. Howard *Memorials*.

[2] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), ii. 120.

Howard’s kinsman, Lord Hungerford, were crushingly defeated. During the distribution of Lancastrian property which followed, Sir John purchased, for £20 and a bay courser, the reversion of the constableship of Bamborough Castle.[1] This, with other hereditary honours of the house of Percy, was practically going a-begging since the heroic death at Hedgeley Moor of the “Gledd of Dunstanburgh”—Sir Ralph Percy, last of four gallant brothers, who had all fallen in the Lancastrian cause.

The north being pacified, Howard accompanied his cousin, Norfolk, into Wales, and spent the early part of 1464 beyond Severn. His son and heir, the young Thomas Howard, was now of suitable age to see the world and fit himself for knighthood; so Sir John, looking about for some foreign court at which to place him, decided upon that of Burgundy, then presided over by that chivalrous prince, Charles the Bold. Duke Charles was in the thick of his wars with Louis XI. of France, and under such tutelage Howard felt that his son would serve a vigorous apprenticeship to the sword. In June or July, 1466, after preparations hereinafter to be dwelt upon,[2] Sir John escorted the young squire Thomas, and several other boys of good family, to Flanders, whence they proceeded to Dijon, where Charles held his court. The elder Howard appears to have made good use of his time in Burgundy, for he returned to England bearing the Duke’s formal proposal for the hand of Edward IV.’s sister, the Lady Margaret Plantagenet, and thus revealed himself in a new capacity—that of diplomatist. Negotiations followed between the two courts, with the result that the proposed alliance was agreed upon, and a few months later Howard was sent back to Dijon in charge of the Lady Margaret,[1] who was duly wedded to the Duke on July 3rd, 1468. The envoy was rewarded with the post of King's Wardrobe Master.[2]

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[1] *Household Books.*

[2] See under the account of Thomas, second Duke (chap. iii.). In this same year (1446) Howard was made Vice-Admiral of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Meanwhile his first wife had died (1465), and he had himself contracted a second marriage. This alliance of Sir John Howard seems to have proved as great a stumbling-block to learned genealogists as did the former one, and Doyle, Burke, and the rest follow their bell-wether, Dugdale, into an error concerning her, as curious as those into which they fell concerning the first Lady Howard. The lady now in question has been described for centuries as "Margaret, daughter of Sir John Chedworth Knt," and Dugdale informs us that after Howard's death "she remarried John Norreys esquire." Now we are in a position to show that precisely the contrary was the case, viz. that Margaret Chedworth had been first married to John Norreys, esquire, and that it was after his (Norreys's death) that she became the wife of Sir John Howard. It is curious that the lady's will[3] did not give these professional pedigree-makers an inkling of the true state of affairs. In that document she is simply described as the widow of John, Duke of Norfolk. Had John Norreys been her second husband, he must certainly have been mentioned. But to this negative proof we are able to add proof positive that Margaret Chedworth was a widow when married to Howard. The latter's *Household Books,* when dealing with the expenditures preceding the wedding, contain an entry relative to gifts of cloth "to my Lady's daughters." Mr. Payne Collier, editor of these accounts, learning from Dugdale that Margaret Chedworth was a maiden, supposes that this must refer to Howard's daughters by his first wife, though why he went to the trouble of calling them his lady's daughters, and not his own, must have struck Mr. Collier as curious. Subsequently the editor of the *Household Books* is betrayed into another error, when he finds Howard writing of his "daughter Radmyld" and his "daughter Norris"; and in his introduction he informs us that John Howard had four daughters by his first wife (which is quite true), and that two of these daughters married persons of the name of Radmyld and Norris (which is equally untrue). These four daughters' alliances will be found given in Genealogical Table III. Who, then, were "my Lady's daughters" that received gifts from Sir John? And who were the persons described by him as his "daughters Radmyld and Norris"? They were simply his step-daughters, children of Margaret Chedworth by her *first* husband, John Norris. It was customary then, and it is not infrequent to-day, to find step-children thus spoken of, and Sir John's son, Thomas Howard, generally alluded to his step-son, Lord Berners, as his "son."

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[1] Bramante, xi. 125.

[2] 8 Edward IV., m. 14.

[3] Dated May 13th, 1490; proved December 3rd, 1494.

John Howard, then, was united on February 20th, 1467, to Margaret Chedworth, widow of John Norreys, and daughter of one Sir John Chedworth, the latter possibly a relative of John Chedworth, Bishop of Lincoln (who died 1471). At the same time that he presented cloth to her daughters he gave to the lady herself "a plyte of fine lawne."[1] From this date onward he is described in his accounts and other private papers as "*Dominus Howard,*" which seems to indicate that he had already been summoned to Parliament as a baron.

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[1] *Household Books*, 1467.

He is certainly styled "*Joannes, Dominus Howard*" in a royal commission, dated March 4th, 1470,[1] authorising him to arm and command "the Kinge's shipps," and to guard the eastern coasts. Reports of Warwick's sudden change to the side of the Red Rose, and his projected invasion having reached Edward, he appointed the Duke of Suffolk and Lord Howard to enforce the peace and raise troops in East Anglia;[2] but these measures had been taken too late to arrest the vengeful swoop of the "King-maker." Edward was captured by Warwick at Wolney,[3] taken to Warwick Castle, and thence removed secretly and under cover of night to Middleham Castle, the "King-maker's" stronghold in Yorkshire. Under the circumstances, Lord Howard did the best possible thing for his master, by holding his fleet in readiness at King's Lynn, and concerting with Sir William Stanley and other Yorkists for Edward's escape. The King being under the care of the Archbishop of York, Warwick's brother, who still cherished Yorkist sympathies, was allowed a certain degree of liberty, and permitted to hunt freely in the neighbouring forest, attended only by a small guard. Stanley, Howard, Sir John à Brough, and a considerable party of Yorkists,[4] made their way to Middleham by unfrequented roads, and watching their opportunity, surprised Edward's custodians

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[1] *Pat.*, 10 Edward IV.

[2] July 14th, 1470.

[3] Edward's capture, as told by Holinshed and Commines, has been denied by Carte and Hume, and subsequently reasserted by Lingard. The record on Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk's tomb at Thetford (presently to be quoted) fully bears out the story of the capture and subsequent escape of the King. See chap. iii.

[4] Lilly's MSS., p. 333, quoted in Howard *Memorials.*

GENEALOGICAL TABLE I

THE EARLY HOWARDS

(1st wife)
Alice,
dau. and heir
of Sir Edward
Fitton, Knt.
s.p.

=

Sir William Howard, Knt.,
of East Wynch, Co. Norfolk;
Chief Justice of Com. Pleas;
d. 1331.

=

(2nd wife)
Alice,
dau. of
Sir Robert
Ufford, Knt.

Joan,
sister and heir
of Richard
de Cornwall.

=

Sir John Howard, Knt.,
of East Wynch, etc.;
Sheriff of Cos. Norfolk and
Suffolk; *d.* 1331.

William.

Edmund,
Archdeacon
of
Northumberland;
fl. 1340.

Alice,
sister and heir
of Sir Robert
de Boys, Knt.,
of Fersfield,
Co. Norfolk.

=

Sir John Howard, K.B.,
of East Wynch, etc.;
Admiral of the North Sea;
d. aft. 1388.

Margery,
dau. of Robert
Lord Scales
(through whom
Barony of Scales
eventually descended).

=

Sir Robert Howard, Knt.,
d. vitâ patris, 1388.

John.

(1st wife)
Margaret,
dau. and heir
of John,
Baron Plaiz
of Toft.

=

Sir John Howard, Knt.,
of Fersfield, East Wynch, etc.;
d. in Palestine, 1436.

=

(2nd wife)
Alice,
dau. and heir of
Sir William
Tendring, Knt.,
of Tendring,
Co. Essex.

Joan,
sist. & heir
of John
Walton, of
Wyvenhoe,
Co. Essex.

=

Sir John Howard, Knt.
d. vitâ patris.

Margaret;
mar.
(1) Constantine
Clifton, of Buckenham, Co. Norfolk;
(2) Sir Geo.
Talbot, Knt.

The Lady
Margaret
Mowbray,
dau. of
Thomas,
Duke of
Norfolk, K.G.
(eventual heir of
her gr. nephew,
John Mowbray,
4th Duke of
Norfolk), and
Earl Marshal.

=

Sir Robert Howard, Knt.,
of Tendring;
d. vitâ patris.

Henry.

John de Vere,
12th Earl
of Oxford
(executed
1462).

= 1429

Elizabeth Howard,
granddau. and heir
(through whom descended the
Baronies of Scales and Plaiz,
the estates of East Wynch,
etc.).
↓

Sir John Howard, Knt.
(*aft.* 1st Duke of Norfolk,
Earl Marshal and Lord
High Adm. of England);
b. circa 1420–2.
See Genealogical Table III.]

Margaret;
mar. Sir William
Daniell, Knt.,
Baron of Rathware,
in Ireland; Lord
Deputy of Ireland.
↓

Katharine;
mar. (as 2nd wife)
Edward Nevill,
Lord Abergavenny.
↓

on one of these hunting expeditions and carried off the King. They then rode to Lynn, where Howard's vessels were waiting, and on October 3rd, 1470, the King sailed under Sir John's protection for Holland. The ships which succeeded in putting out to sea[1] were three in number, carrying about 800 men; and after a narrow escape from capture at the hands of the Easterling pirates, the fugitive monarch was safely landed at Alkmaar.

Warwick caused Lord Howard's name to be included in the list of those summoned to the new Parliament on October 15th, and this fact has led Tierney[2] and others to suspect Howard's loyalty to Edward IV. and the White Rose. But any such suspicion of treachery, or even of acquiescence in Henry VI.'s restoration, is readily shown to be groundless. In the first place, every peer on the rolls was summoned, whether Yorkist or Lancastrian, Warwick's intention being, apparently, to get them into his clutches by a pretence of conciliatory measures. For instance, John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was appointed custos of Norfolk and Suffolk, and lured to London, where he was forthwith cast into the Tower. Howard was probably absent in Burgundy with Edward; certainly he did not attend to answer his summons; while, in further proof of the family's staunch loyalty to the Yorkist side, young Thomas Howard was obliged to keep sanctuary at Colchester.[3] No sooner had Edward returned[4] than both Howards hastened to Suffolk and there proclaimed him sovereign,[5] following up the proclamation by mustering as large a force as they could, and marching to join him on his way south. On that bloody Easter Sunday of 1471, when Warwick was defeated and slain at Barnet Heath, father and son fought at the head of their East Anglians, Thomas being sorely wounded in the fray. Again at Tewkesbury, last battle of the Wars of the Roses, John Howard was conspicuous for his valour, and Edward summoned him as a baron to the first Parliament held after peace had been restored to the distracted kingdom. He was also installed as a Knight of the Garter at this time,[1] and sent with Lord Hastings to recover Calais. This they did without bloodshed, whereupon they were appointed Governor and Deputy-Governor of the town. Howard was also made Treasurer of the Household,[2] and granted the whole benefit that should accrue to the King from the coinage of money in England, whether at the Tower or elsewhere.

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[1] One vessel, with Thomas Howard on board, had been forced to put back.

[2] *Hist. of Arundel.*

[3] See chap. iii.

[4] He landed at Spurn Head, Yorkshire, March 14th, 1471.

[5] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), ii. 422.

The scene of Howard's activities now shifted to France, where he was in constant negotiation with Duke Charles of Burgundy. In June, 1472, he was sent with Hastings on an embassy to the Duke respecting the pale of Picardy,[3] and in May, 1473, he again visited the Burgundian court. The somewhat cold treatment which Charles had accorded to Edward IV.[4] while in exile had, however, impressed most of the leading Yorkists strongly against him, and from this time forward they began to cast about for a means of slackening the bonds of alliance between the brothers-in-law. Howard seems to have been the first to suggest to the King that a treaty with Louis XI. of France might prove an excellent protection in case Duke Charles's sympathies again grew doubtful. At first Edward scouted the notion, for the character of Louis was abhorrent to him; but whether Howard was able to produce proofs of Burgundian treachery, or whether the prospect of injuring the Franco-Scottish alliance attracted him, he came in time to regard the prospect of a peace with France more favourably. It is not impossible that his invasion of that country in 1475 may have been a gigantic *ruse*, intended to bring matters to a head and lead to a treaty.

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[1] Ashmole, *Hist. of the Garter*, 266.

[2] 14 Edward IV.

[3] *Fœdera*, xi. 759.

[4] As Hume points out, Charles the Bold was, despite his marriage, naturally inclined to favour the Lancastrian side, and had he been diplomatically approached by Warwick would have openly declared against the exiled Edward.

Commines's account of the events which followed certainly lends colour to such a supposition. As a preliminary to the invasion, Garter King of Arms was sent from Dover to declare war. He was also armed with secret instructions from "the Lords Howard and Stanley," the nature of which presently came to light. Louis received him cordially, presented him with 300 crowns, and made inquiries as to the possibility of a peace. Upon which Garter advised the King to apply to the Lords Howard and Stanley,[1] who were well disposed towards France, and had the greatest influence with Edward. A servant of the Sieur de Grassay, having been taken prisoner outside the Anglo-Burgundian camp, was through the mediation of Howard and Stanley immediately released. He even obtained an audience with Edward, after which he was sent back under a safe conduct to the French camp, Howard and Stanley presenting him with a noble apiece, and desiring him to "present their most humble service to the King his master, when he had an opportunity of speaking to him."[1] Louis then disguised a servant of the Sieur des Halles[2] as a herald, and sent him to Howard and Stanley. He was civilly entertained and introduced to the English King, before whom he laid his master's propositions for a conference. That these were well received is evident from the fact that commissioners were at once appointed to arrange terms of peace.

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[1] Thomas Stanley, afterwards first Earl of Derby.

On the English side were: John, Lord Howard, Sir Thomas St. Leger (or "Chalanger," as Commines calls him), Dr. Morton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and William Dudley, Dean of the Chapel Royal; while France was represented by the Bastard of Bourbon, the Bishop of Evreux, and the Sieur de St. Pierre.[3] They met at a little village hard by Amiens, and by August 29th, 1475, had agreed upon terms which were certainly most favourable to England. Edward, on agreeing to withdraw his army from French territory, was to receive 75,000 crowns in ready money and a pension for life of 50,000 crowns, to be paid yearly in two instalments. A truce of seven years was to be proclaimed, and a marriage was arranged between the Dauphin and Edward's eldest daughter.[4] It was further arranged that Lord Howard and Sir John Cheyne should be left as hostages with Louis during the period of Edward's withdrawal from France, and that pensions to the value of 16,000 crowns annually should be conferred upon the privy councillors of the English monarch, Lord Hastings and the Chancellor[5] receiving 2000 crowns each, and the remainder being divided between Howard, Stanley, "Challanger," Sir Thomas Montgomery, and others. Gifts of money and plate were also distributed among these personages.[1]

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[1] Commines.

[2] Olivier Merichon, S. des Halles.

[3] Commines.

[4] Commines. *Fœdera*, v., part. iii. 65–8.

[5] Thomas of Rotherham.

Howard has been much blamed by historians for accepting these gifts at the hands of Louis, especially since Hastings and he already enjoyed small pensions from the Duke of Burgundy;[2] but he merely followed the example of his master and superiors in so doing, while a contemporary writer like Philippe de Commines evidently regards such largesse as quite customary, and even expresses a belief that Louis had got off very cheaply, and that "the English do not manage their negotiations with so much cunning as the French do, but proceed more ingenuously, with greater straightforwardness and simplicity."[3] No doubt Howard, Hastings, and Stanley were expected to fee the French officials generously, and so the money was kept in circulation. The English courtiers certainly had Edward's full sanction for their pensions and gifts, that monarch doubtless looking upon the latter as indirect means of paying his followers.[4]

In spite of the angry protest of Burgundy, Edward accepted the terms offered. The English army approached to within half a league of Amiens, from which city Louis sent out three hundred waggon-loads of the best wines in France to quench the thirst of his new friends. Many of the English entered Amiens, and were sumptuously entertained, the King (as Commines puts it) bidding the citizens

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[1] Commines. *Fœdera.* [2] Lenglet, iii. 617. [3] Commines.

[4] Howard's *Household Book* shows that he paid his own men-at-arms out of his private means, and many of the French King's crowns found their way into East Anglian pockets.

"*faire debauche*" for their benefit. So thoroughly did the visitors enjoy themselves, and so loath were they to depart, that both king and bourgeoisie were heartily sick of them. Meanwhile a meeting had been agreed upon between Edward and Louis, Commines himself, the Sieur de Bouchage, St. Leger, and Lord Howard being deputed to select a suitable place for the *rencontre.* The marshy plain before Picquigny[1] was chosen, and in the precautions taken by the French to ensure their monarch's safety we recognise the treacherous character of the times, and the suspicion with which every prince regarded his neighbour. The murder of John of Burgundy on the bridge of Montereau, over fifty years before, was still unforgotten; and Commines remarks somewhat contemptuously on the trusting nature of the English, showing how they could have been cut off to a man in the narrow causeway which wound through the marsh. A wooden bridge over the River Somme had been erected, in the middle of which was a strong barrier of lattice, with apertures just large enough to admit a man's arm. Through this obstruction the newly reconciled sovereigns were to fraternise, a number of cannon being all the time trained upon the spot from the *château* of Picquigny.

The meeting took place on August 29th,[2] 1475, Edward being attended at the barrier by Chancellor Stillingflete, Sir John Cheyne, and young Sir Thomas Howard,[3] while the elder Howard held the King's bodyguard at some distance. So Capet and Plantagenet embraced as well as they might through the holes in the woodwork, exchanged "some agreeable discourse," and went their several ways.

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[1] Picquigny, or Pecquigny, was a strong *château* about three leagues from Amiens, and guarding a ford of the Somme.

[2] Commines.

[3] Thetford Tablet (Weever).

Louis returned to Amiens, highly pleased at having bought off England and circumvented Burgundy.[1] While he was at his supper there came to join him "three or four English lords, and the lord Howard, being among the number, told the King, in his private ear, that if he desired it, he (Howard) would find a means to bring his master Edward to him at Amiens, and even to Paris, so that they might be right merry together for a time." This proposition was anything but agreeable to Louis, who knew all too well Edward's capacity for such enjoyment, and the sums which would be needed to gratify it. His grace of England was always ready for a merrymaking, and had probably prompted Howard to offer this suggestion, at which Louis went through the comedy of pretending to be pleased, but whispered to Commines that "the thing he most dreaded had come to pass."[2] To the English lords he made many civil speeches, but excused himself from entertaining King Edward, on the ground that Burgundy's hostile attitude demanded an immediate expedition against him. Edward was forced to content himself with carousals in Calais and London; while Howard remained behind in France as temporary hostage during the evacuation of the English forces. On his return to England the King presented him with several forfeited manors of the Earl of Oxford.[3] His cousin, John Mowbray, fourth Duke of Norfolk, was now dead,[4] and there stood between Howard and the great possessions of the Mowbrays but one frail life, that of the Duke's sole offspring, a child of six years. This little Lady Anne, whose princely blood, vast fortune, and many titles[1] made her the greatest heiress in England, was promptly affianced[2] to the baby Duke of York, second son of the King. It was an ill-starred betrothal, for even before the boy prince met with his dreadful death in the Tower the heiress of the Mowbrays had perished of decline in her castle at Framlingham.[3] The greater part of her estates passed to John, Lord Howard, as the next heir; while her baronies went into abeyance between Howard, as senior co-heir, and Lord Berkeley, as junior co-heir, of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk,[4] until terminated in Howard's favour by Richard III.

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[1] Charles the Bold, although at first he threatened to "fight France single-handed," made peace with Louis in the following September (Lenglet, iii. 409).

[2] Commines.

[3] *Rot. Pat.*, 15 Edward IV., p. 2, m. 15.

[4] He died 1475.

Edward IV.'s life was now hastening to its close, and as the sybaritical king fell more and more under the influence of his wife and her relatives, the Grays and Woodvills, the feud between the latter and the old nobility grew daily fiercer. Howard, like the other leading Yorkists, had never favoured Edward's union with Katharine Gray, and now that the Queen's sons and brothers began to presume upon their "fire-new stamp of honour," and to override Gloucester, Buckingham, and Hastings in the royal councils, he at once ranged himself upon the side of the latter. In return, the Queen's party did their utmost to keep him away from Court. He was sent with a fleet to overawe the Scots in 1479,[1] and on his return was again despatched to France in order to remind Louis of the engagement of marriage between the Dauphin and Edward's eldest daughter. The fact that his crafty Majesty of France broke his word in this respect, and married his son elsewhere, was unjustly blamed by the Woodvills upon Howard, and although Edward had appointed him Constable of the Tower *for life* on February 18th, 1479,[2] he was now arbitrarily replaced in that office, and without his commission being formally revoked,[3] by the stripling Dorset, son of the Queen by her first marriage. This insult led to his temporary retirement from Court, and he naturally betook himself to the North, where the Duke of Gloucester was fighting the Scots, and at the same time gathering strength for his coming struggle with the Queen and her new nobility.

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[1] Besides the Earl Marshalship, which would have descended through her had she lived to bear children, she held in her own right the baronies of Mowbray, Segrave, and Braose. At the time of the betrothal the Duke of York was created Earl of Norfolk and Earl Warrenne of Surrey.

[2] In January, 1476.

[3] Her death occurred early in 1483.

[4] See Genealogical Table II.

Here, we may be sure, he was not allowed to forget his grievances against the Grays and Woodvills. Crouchback Richard found little difficulty in inflaming him still further by the reminder that the earldom of Norfolk and the Earl Marshalship, to which he believed himself entitled, had been withheld from him in favour of the Queen's son, the infant Duke of York, although the latter now possessed no shred of right to those dignities.[4] As the blood representative and heir of the Mowbrays and Bigods, as well as of an important branch of the royal family itself, he could not but join Buckingham, Hastings, and the barons of the North in scorning these

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[1] *Rot. Pat.*, 19 Edward IV.

[2] *Pat.*, 18 Edward IV., part ii.

[3] There is, at least, no record of his resignation or dismissal, nor did he receive any compensation for the loss of this "life office."

[4] His contracted wife, the heiress of Norfolk, having died in infancy.

"Jacks become gentlemen,"[1] and in dreading the prospect of their mastery.

Gloucester, like Napoleon in later times, possessed an extraordinary power of attracting towards himself the fervent loyalty of those rough, honest soldiers, his companions in arms. Many such would have cheerfully followed him to death itself—did so, indeed, on the fatal field of Bosworth. Themselves men of stainless honour, they seem to have been blind to their leader's crying faults; to his cruelty, his boundless ambition, and the absolute unscrupulousness with which he followed his ends. It is true that he did not make them his confidants in the crimes which he was about to commit; but the deed once done, the object once attained, they did not turn from him, as one might have imagined, but remained faithful through good or ill report. Such were the Scropes, the Dacres, the Nortons, Herons, and Musgraves, and the rest of the northern chivalry, whose good swords wrought such dints on the armour of Richmond's followers at Bosworth. Such were Lincoln, Ferrers, and stout old Sir Robert Brackenbury. And such, especially, was "Jacke of Norfolk," that John Howard of whom I write. He saw in his master, "Dickon," the shrewdest politician and the bravest captain in England. He looked upon him as a British combination of Charles the Bold and Louis XI. (which to some extent Richard was); and he believed him to be the one man fitted to guide the country safely and firmly, to crush impending civil war, and to make England victorious abroad and prosperous at home. That Howard was not privy to any of the dark deeds alleged against his master is sufficiently clear from the fact that the chroniclers most inimical to Richard's party,[1] who wrote under Tudor influences and in Tudor times, acquit him of all blame in this direction, while they pour forth the vials of their wrath upon Lovel, Ratcliff, Catesby, and the others of Richard's ministers. Furthermore, vigorous efforts were made by Richmond's chief adherents to bring Howard over to their side, even on the eve of the deciding conflict. He could have played Richard false, and made splendid terms with the enemy, like the Stanleys, or deserted the King on the very field of battle, as did Northumberland; but he preferred to fall, sword in hand, fighting for the man to whom he had, like them, sworn allegiance.

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[1] An expression placed by Shakespeare in Gloucester's mouth (*Richard III.*, act i. scene 3). To such a pitch had the pride of the Woodvills risen that the Queen put forward her brother, Earl Rivers, as a candidate for the hand of Mary, heiress of Burgundy (Hall, p. 240; Holinshed, p. 703).

One more point must be considered in reviewing his conduct during these dark days of English history. Apart altogether from his personal friendship and admiration for Richard, he had lived and fought through the horrors of the Wars of the Roses, when England was drenched in blood by the warring factions. The possibility of the old struggle beginning afresh must have seemed to one now nearing his seventieth year appalling to the last degree. It is quite conceivable that he should deem it best for the nation to recover itself, and gain a sorely needed breathing-space under Richard's stern rule, even though that rule had been founded upon blood, than to spill more blood for the sake of replacing one cruel tyrant by another, and avenging one set of victims so that another set might be doomed to axe and dungeon.

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[1] Such as Polydore Virgil and Hall. The latter's view of Howard's character as that of an honest soldier, loyal to a bad master, though absolutely guiltless of his crimes, is faithfully reproduced in Sir George Beaumont's fine poem of *Bosworth Field.*

At the funeral of Edward IV. Lord Howard bore the banner royal, riding "next before the fore horse . . . upon a courser trapped with blak velvet with divers scochons of the King's armez, with morenyng hudd[1] on his head."[2] After the obsequies he at once joined with Buckingham, Northumberland, Hastings, Lincoln, and others of the old nobility most strongly opposed to the Queen's relatives in supporting Gloucester's title of Lord Protector of the Kingdom and guardian of the young princes. To these offices the Duke had been nominated by Edward on his deathbed.[3] Hall states that Howard was, at this stage, of Richard's "priveyest counsel and doing,"[4] and that he was one of the lords who induced the Queen to allow her second son, York, to leave sanctuary.[5] But this amounts to nothing more than that, according to his duty, he aided in carrying out the late king's last commands, and in preventing the Woodvill faction from gaining control of affairs. He had naught to do with, nor do Hall or Grafton accuse him of any participation in, the deaths of Hastings, Buckingham, and Rivers (with the two former of whom he was on terms of the closest friendship), or in the mysterious disappearance of the two princes in the Tower. His name, which constantly figures in the records and chronicles previous to Richard's protectorate, almost wholly disappears during that time. In his private accounts, it is true, there are entries concerning certain articles presented to the Protector, such as a gilt cup; and this leads

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[1] *i.e.* "mourning hood."

[2] *Archæologia*, i. 350.

[3] This is admitted even by Polydore Virgil (*Historia Anglicana*).

[4] *Chronicle*, p. 361.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 356.

Mr. Payne Collier, who edited the *Howard Household Books* for the Roxburghe Club, to surmise that a strong alliance existed between Richard and Howard. But we must remember that Buckingham, Hastings, Northumberland, and the Stanleys were at first strong supporters of the Crouchback, and, were their Household Books available, we should probably find therein many such presents.[1]

The facts that Richard appointed Howard to no office of authority, and that the latter's name disappears for a time from the State Records, show that however strong their friendship may have been, the Protector did not choose to admit the heir of the Mowbrays to his councils. But Mr. Payne Collier disproves his own case, when, in his introduction to the *Household Books*, he labours to implicate Howard in the supposed murder of the princes from certain entries in his accounts about that time. These entries deal with the pay of certain workmen, and the order of beds and "two sacks of lime" to be conveyed to the Tower. With the ingenuity of an historical novelist, Mr. Payne Collier suggests that the beds were for the unhappy children of Edward IV., and the lime for the purpose of calcining their remains. But, unluckily for his theory, our editor starts upon the false premises that Lord Howard still held the office of Constable of the Tower, conferred upon him in 1479. As has been already pointed out, he was removed from that post by Woodvill influence some years before Edward's death, being supplanted by the Marquis of Dorset, nor did Richard, on attaining power, restore it to him. He was certainly not Constable in 1485, when his kinsman, the Earl of Oxford, succeeded to the office, nor is the constableship enumerated in the list of his posts in the bill of attainder of that year. With regard to the beds and lime, they were probably sent for the comfort of some of his many friends imprisoned in the fortress. It was not unusual for noblemen to supply furniture and sanitary comforts to the destitute captives, and if the lime were intended for a grimmer purpose than that of whitewash, it is hardly likely that casual London workmen should have been hired (their wages are entered in the accounts) to carry out such a commission.

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[1] It was, of course, customary then, and for long after, that noblemen should present valuable gifts annually to the sovereign or his representative.

Howard took no part in public affairs until after Richard III. had been formally proclaimed king. Having then, in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Northumberland,[1] Lords Berkeley and Stanley, and most of the Yorkish nobility, sworn allegiance to the new king, his claims as senior co-heir of Thomas of Brotherton and of the Mowbrays (wrongfully ignored by Edward IV. and delayed by recent events) were at once recognised, and he was elevated to the dignities of *Duke of Norfolk* and *Earl Marshal of England* (June 28th, 1483),[2] such as had been held by his deceased cousin, the fourth and last duke of the Mowbray line. At the same time, Viscount Berkeley,[3]

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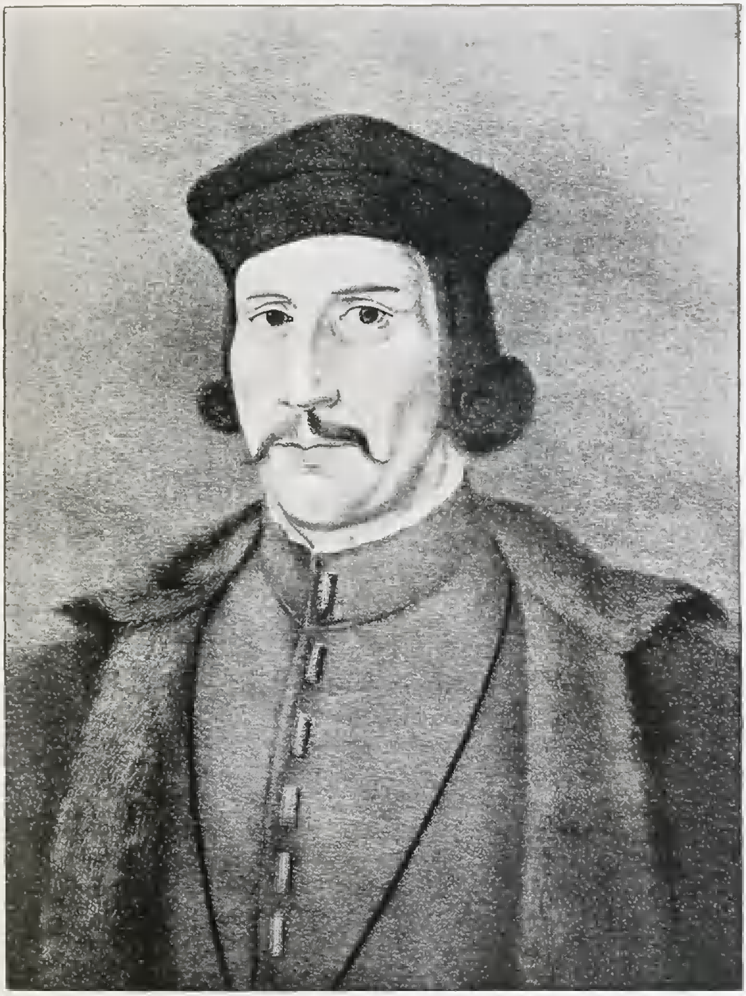
[1] Some years before Northumberland had solemnly bound himself to support Richard in case of the extinction of Edward IV.'s heirs male. The document is preserved in the Syon House MSS., dated 1474. It is not unlikely that Howard may have gone through some similar form of pledge.

[2] *Pat.*, 1 Richard III., pt. 1, m. 18. These titles, like that of Earl of Surrey, were, of course, conferred with the usual limitations to "heirs male," etc.

[3] William, second Lord Berkeley (son of James, Lord Berkeley, by the Lady Isabel Mowbray, second daughter of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk), had been created a viscount by Edward IV. two years before. He played Richard false, was made *Earl Marshal* by Henry VII. in 1485, and Marquis of Berkeley in 1488. Dying *s.p.*, all his titles but the barony of Berkeley became extinct (see Genealogical Table II.).



From a lithograph after a picture on an oak panel found at Windsor Castle in 1834 among lumber brought from Greenwich Palace when taken down in the reign of Charles II

JOHN HOWARD, FIRST DUKE OF NORFOLK

(1430?–1485)

as junior co-heir of the same noble house, was given its secondary title of Earl of Nottingham, while Sir Thomas Howard, the new Duke's only son (then living in retirement at Ashwell Thorpe), was created *Earl of Surrey*.[1]

At the coronation of Richard III., on July 6th, Norfolk officiated as Lord High Steward, and walked immediately before the King, carrying the crown. He was also Earl Marshal, and, as such, entitled "to bear a golden staff, tipped at each end with black, the upper end adorned with the royal arms, and the lower with the Duke's."[2] On the same occasion the Earl of Surrey bore the sword of state,[3] while Northumberland (to whom Richard had restored all the forfeited Percy estates) officiated as Lord High Chamberlain, and the treacherous Stanley as High Constable.[4] The *Wardrobe Accounts* for 1483 show us that Norfolk's second wife attended the coronation, as well as his daughter-in-law, Lady Surrey, and the two Dowager-Duchesses of Norfolk then living,[5] all four being in personal attendance on Queen Anne. From these *Accounts* we learn that Piers Courteys, the King's Wardrober, was instructed to deliver to each of the three duchesses "for their liveree of clothyng agenst the saide mooste noble Coronation," fourteen yards of scarlet cloth, together with "a longe gowne maade of vj yerds & a quarter of blue velvet, & purfiled with vj yerds of crymsyn clothe of gold; and a longe gowne made of vj yerds of crymsyn velvet and purfiled with vj yerds of whyte clothe of gold."[1] To the Countess of Surrey were allotted "a longe gowne maade of vj yerds di' of blue velvet, purfiled with v yerds & iij quarters of crymmysyn satyn; and a long gowne maade of vj yerds di' of crymysyn velvet, purfiled with vj yerds iij quarters of whyte damask."[2] To the Earl of Surrey the King presented as an "especyal gift . . . a mantel lace of blue silke, with botons unto the same, for a mantel of blue velvet."[3]

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[1] June 28th, 1483.

[2] For the due support of the dignity of Marshal, Norfolk was granted to himself and his heirs £20 yearly out of the fee farm rent of Ipswich.

[3] *Excerpta Historica*, p. 380.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] *i.e.* Elizabeth Talbot, widow of John Mowbray, fourth Duke (*d.* 1475), and Eleanor Bourchier, widow of John Mowbray, third Duke (*d.* 1461).

A few weeks after the Coronation,[4] Norfolk was raised to the added dignities of Lord Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine, and Steward of the Duchy of Lancaster for life. He then retired from court to his mansion at Tendring Hall,[5] and took no part in state affairs until summoned to receive the Earl of Argyle and the Scottish peace commissioners at Nottingham in September, 1484, among his colleagues being Northumberland and Nottingham (both still loyal to Richard), the Archbishop of York, Sir Robert Percy, Ratcliff, and Catesby.[6] Buckingham's disaffection caused the King to summon Norfolk to London, whence the latter wrote to Sir John Paston[7] asking for reinforcements from East Anglia against the Kentishmen. The letter is as follows:—

"To my Right Welbeloved Frynde John Paston, this delivred in hast.

"Right welbeloved frynde, I comaund me to you. It is soo that the Kentysshmen be up in the Weld,[8] and say that they wol com and the Cite, which I shall lett[1] yf I may. Therefore I pray you that with all diligence, ye make you redy and come hidder, and bring w^{t} you six talle felows in harnesse, and ye shall not lyse yo^{r} labo^{r}, that knoweth Good, whoo have you in his keping. Written at London, the xth daye of October.

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[1] *Wardrobe Accounts* (1483).

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] On July 25th, 1483.

[5] Framlingham was held by the widow of the last Mowbray for life.

[6] Cotton. MSS., Caligula, B.V.

[7] Sir John Paston the younger, second son of old John Paston, Norfolk's early foe. He had succeeded in establishing his right to Caistor Castle, and turned Yorkist in hope of preferment.

[8] Weald of Kent.

"Yower frend,
"J. NORFOLK."[2]

The death of Richard III.'s only son, Edward, Prince of Wales,[3] and of Queen Anne, less than a year later, caused him to look about for a second wife, who would at once strengthen his position and bring him heirs of his body. It appears well-nigh incredible that among those eager to become the Crouchback's consort should have been his own niece, the Lady Elizabeth,[4] daughter of Edward IV., and sister of the murdered princes. Yet Sir George Buc, in his *Life of Richard III.*, quotes a letter dated in February, 1485, and purporting to be from the Lady Elizabeth to the Duke of Norfolk, assuring him that he was the man upon whom she most relied, in consequence of the love which her father had borne him, and entreating him to contrive a marriage between her and her uncle, the King, on the expected death of the Queen, for which event she expressed great anxiety.[5] Buc asserts that this letter existed in the collection of the Earl of Arundel of the time,[6] to whom his work is dedicated; and while this is

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[1] Prevent.

[2] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), iii. 308 (1484).

[3] On March 31st, 1484, aged ten.

[4] Afterwards consort of Henry VII.

[5] Buc, *Richard III.*, p. 568.

[6] Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey (1585–1642). Sir George Buc's *Life of Richard III.* appeared in 1619. Arundel, while somewhat of a trimmer in early life, was hardly the person to allow false statements of this kind to go unchallenged. And although Sir George Buc (*d.* 1623) was an enthusiastic partisan of Richard III. (Horace Walpole's ingenious *Historic Doubts* were founded upon Buc's evidence), it is difficult to see what object he could have had in blackening the character of the Lady Elizabeth.

I.—E

doubted by many historians, it seems singular that, if no such letter existed, the statement should not have been denied by Arundel, or by some of the Howard family at the time or subsequently.[1] The chief objections advanced against the episode are, firstly, its improbability, and secondly, the supposed engagement of the Lady Elizabeth to Henry Tudor. But Richmond was an exile at the time, and his fortunes were at their lowest ebb; while Richard's powers of captivation where women were concerned have become traditional. Certainly the Queen-Dowager gave her consent to this strange betrothal; and if such a letter as that quoted by Buc really existed, it may well have been written by Edward IV.'s widow, anxious to make her peace with Richard.[2] Whether Norfolk interested himself in the furtherance of the match or not there is no means of ascertaining; but when Queen Anne actually died,[3] Richard forthwith applied to the Pope for a dispensation to marry his niece. But there was little leisure left him to think of marriage.

On August 1st Richmond landed at Milford Haven (the English coast being too carefully guarded by Norfolk's ships), and began his march through Wales to Shrewsbury and thence to Tamworth, gathering force as he proceeded. Already the Stanleys and other pretended adherents of Richard were in secret communication with the invader. The King returned from the North, where he had been on progress, and about August 13th Norfolk wrote to Sir John Paston appointing a rendezvous at Bury St. Edmunds, whither Paston was to bring, at the Duke's cost, a goodly company of “tall men,” well armed and arrayed in the Howard livery.[1] The friends of Richmond had hopes of luring Norfolk away from his allegiance, or, at least, of keeping him neutral, like Northumberland, in the coming fight; and to this end they now approached him with arguments, promises, and, finally, with threats.[2] It is related that on the night before his departure to join the King there was affixed to the gates of his house (probably Tendring Hall) the celebrated warning distich—

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[1] On the contrary, Henry Howard of Corby, who had access to many secret sources of information respecting his house, appears to credit Buc's account of the letter. See *Memorials*.

[2] It will be remembered that Shakespeare makes Richard first win over the Queen-Dowager, that "relenting fool, and shallow changing woman," who promises to persuade her daughter into marrying him (*Richard III.*, act iv. scene 4).

[3] March 16th, 1485.

> “Jacke of Norffolke be not too bolde
> For Dykon thy maister is bought and solde.”[3]

Sir John Beaumont, in his poem of *Bosworth Field*, alludes to a number of similar broad hints, and puts into the Duke's mouth certain words in which he is supposed to defend his position. The passage, which it is not amiss to quote *in extenso*, runs thus :—

> “Long since the King had thought it time to send
> For trustie Norfolke, his undaunted friend ;
> Who, hasting from the place of his abode,
> Found at the doore a world of papers strow'd ;
> Some would affright him from the Tyrant's aide,
> Affirming that his master was betraide ;
> Some laid before him all those bloody deeds,
> From which a line of sharp revenge proceeds,
> —With much compassion that so brave a knight
> Should serve a Lord against whom angels fight ;
> And others put suspicions in his minde,
> That Richard most observ'd was most unkinde.
> The Duke awhile these cautious words revolves
> With serious thoughts, and then at last resolves :—

[1] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), iii. 320.

[2] Hall, p. 419. Grafton.

[3] Grafton, i. p. 154.

'If all the Campe prove traytors to my Lord,
Shall spotlesse Norfolke falsifie his word?
Mine oath is pass'd; I swore t'uphold his Croune,
And that shall swim, or I with it shall droune.
It is too late now to dispute the right!
Dare any tongue since York spread forth his light,
Northumberland or Buckingham defame,
Two valiant Cliffords, Roos, or Beaumont's name,
Because they in the weaker quarrel die?
They had the King with them, and so have I.
But eye the face of Richard shunnes,
For that foul murder of his brother's sonnes!
—Yet lawes of knighthood gave me not a sword
To strike at him, whom all with joint accord
Have made my prince, to whom I tribute bring;
—I hate his vices, but adore the King.
Victorious Edward! If thy soul can heare
Thy servant Howard, I devoutly swear,
That to have saved thy children from that day
My hopes on earth should willingly decay.
Would Gloucester then, my perfect faith had tried
And made *two* graves, when noble Hastings died!'"

Norfolk and his son, Surrey, met the King at Leicester on August 16th, the first council of war on the part of the royalist forces being held in an inn of that town.[1] There is no need to describe the battle of Bosworth Field in these pages, save in so far as the two Howards were concerned in that bloody and decisive fray.[2] Richard, while commending Norfolk's "great knowledge and virtue, as well in counsel as in battle,"[3] placed him in command of the vanguard, with Surrey as lieutenant. On the night of Sunday, August 21st, Norfolk encamped his forces, consisting largely of archers, on Sutton Heath, at some distance in front of the main body. This was done by Richard’s express orders, so that the lightly armed van, if driven back, might not throw the main body into confusion; but in the light of subsequent events, it would appear that the broad gap left between Norfolk’s men and the bulk of the army proved a fatal error, for the treacherous Stanley, suddenly throwing off the mask, swept down between the two divisions, and, by separating Norfolk from the King, turned the tide of fight.

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[1] The *White Boar*, the name of which was subsequently changed to the *Blue Boar*, in memory of Richard's famous cognisance.

[2] For particulars of the conflict the reader is referred to Hutton's *History of Bosworth*, where the treachery of Stanley and the heroic death of Richard in the midst of Richmond's body-guard are fully described.

[3] Hall, p. 375.

On Monday morning, August 22nd, the battle began. Norfolk and Surrey formed their troops on Sutton Heath,[1] the men-at-arms being in wedge shape, backed by archers. Richmond’s van, which was drawn up at some distance, was commanded by the Earl of Oxford; and both sides seem to have moved simultaneously to the attack. Old Grafton’s description of that crashing onset can scarce be bettered:—

> “Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! How quickly the archers bent their bows, and frushed their feathers! How readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves, ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death. . . . The trumpets blew, and the soldiers shouted, and the King’s archers courageously let fly their arrows. The Earl’s bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again; and the terrible shot once passed, the armies joined, and came to handstrokes, when neither sword nor bill was spared.”

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[1] On the site of Norfolk’s camp, when the wood was cut down in 1748, there were found spears, swords, battle-axes, skull-caps, breastplates, and long knives. In 1778, almost on the same spot, a handsome foliated crucifix came to light.

The brunt of battle was for some time borne by the forces of Norfolk and Oxford. The latter, however, like the rest of Richmond's officers, had been eagerly watching for some movement on the part of Lord Stanley, and seeing the latter still inactive, began to fear that he meditated a double treachery. Consequently, Oxford slightly withdrew his men, and ordered them to hold their ground. Observing this, Norfolk's suspicions were aroused; he also slightly withdrew, and there was a lull in the fight. Then Stanley, hesitating no longer, burst between the van and rear of the royalist army. At the same moment Oxford hotly renewed his attack, and Norfolk found himself hemmed in between two bodies of the enemy, either of which was equal to his own. His only possible hope was to cut his way through the press, and this he endeavoured to accomplish, fighting with a vigour astonishing in one of his age.

"In the mêlée," says Hudson,[1] "Norfolk chanced to recognize Oxford by his device—a star with rays,[2] which was glittering on his standard. In like manner, Oxford discovered the Duke by his cognizance,—the silver lion.[3] These gallant men were nearly allied to each other by the ties of blood.[4] Formerly they had been united by the ties of friendship. In that hour of deadly conflict, however, friendship and relationship were alike disregarded. The lances of the two chieftains crossed, and each shivered on the armour of the other. Renewing the combat with their swords, Norfolk wounded Oxford in the left arm, a stroke which the Earl paid back by cleaving the beaver from Norfolk's helmet. The Duke's face being thus exposed, Oxford chivalrously declined to continue the combat with so great an advantage on his side.[1] His generosity, however, was of no avail to Norfolk. An arrow, shot by an obscure hand, struck him in the face, and laid him a corpse at Oxford's feet.

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[1] *History of Bosworth*, pp. 100–6.

[2] The historic device of the Veres.

[3] "Mowbray's Lion painted on his Shielde."—Beaumont's *Bosworth Field.*

[4] John, thirteenth Earl of Oxford (1443–1513), was son of the twelfth Earl, by Elizabeth Howard, Norfolk's first cousin (see Genealogical Table I.). He had for a time served under Edward IV.'s banners, but had revolted to the Lancastrian side, and suffered attainder. His estates being confiscated, his wife (a Nevill) was obliged to earn her bread by needlework.

Lord Surrey, who beheld his father's fall, now made a furious onset to avenge his death. He was encountered, however, by superior numbers, and notwithstanding the valour with which he fought, his own position became a critical one.[2] A generous effort was made to rescue him by Sir Richard Clarendon and Sir William Conyers. Those gallant knights, however, were in their turn surrounded by Sir John Savage[3] and his retainers, and cut to pieces. In the meantime, Surrey was singly opposed by the veteran Sir Gilbert Talbot,[4] who would willingly have spared the life of one so chivalrous and so young. Surrey, however, refused to accept quarter, and, when an attempt was made to take him prisoner, dealt death among those who approached him. One last endeavour to capture him was made by a private soldier; Surrey, however, turning furiously on him, collected his remaining strength, and severed the man's arm from his body."[5]

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[1] It must be recollected that Oxford was over twenty years his adversary's junior. He was also under deep obligations to Norfolk for the manner in which he (when Sir John Howard) had treated his (Oxford's) widowed mother.

[2] "Young Howard single, with an army fights!"—Beaumont's *Bosworth Field.*

[3] Sir John Savage, K.B., nephew of Lord Stanley (whose go-between he was in betraying Richard to the Earl of Richmond) and brother of Thomas Savage, Archbishop of York. He had been particularly well treated by the Crouchback, and was therefore the bitterer against him. He was slain at Boulogne, 1492.

[4] Ancestor of the present Earl of Shrewsbury. Sir Gilbert Talbot, K.G., of Grafton, was second son of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, by Elizabeth, daughter of James, fourth Earl of Ormond.

[5] This exploit of Surrey's is recounted in verse by Beaumont.

The brave Earl, worn out with loss of blood, then sank to earth, and seeing Talbot by his side, presented to him the hilt of his sword, imploring Sir Gilbert to slay him, lest he might die by some ignoble hand. Talbot, on the contrary, spared his life, and had him carried from the field.

Thus suddenly, in one bloody day, fell the fortunes of the house of Howard. Surrey, the heir of his line, lay grievously wounded in the hands of the usurper. Stout old Norfolk had fought his last fight, and fallen in harness, loyal to the last. In the words of Hall, which might well have served John Howard for an epitaph—

> "He regarded more his othe, his honour, and his promise made to King Richard, like a Gentleman and a faythful subject to his Prince, absented not himselfe from his maister, but as he faithfully lived under him, so he manfully died with him, to his great fame and lawde." [1]

The dead body of the first Duke of Norfolk was treated with greater respect than befell that of his master, King Richard. Instead of being slung across a herald's horse and so carried into Leicester, the remains of the Duke were borne with all respect (thanks, no doubt, to the chivalrous Oxford) through Northampton, Huntingdon, and Cambridge to Thetford, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. There in the church of the Cluniac priory, founded by his ancestor, Roger Bigod, he was solemnly interred one week after Bosworth battle.[2]

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[1] *Chronicle*, p. 419.

[2] Weever, *Funeral Monuments*, p. 830, where a view of the tomb may be found. At the dissolution of monasteries the Duke's body was removed to Framlingham.

Henry VII. might spare lives, if they stood not in his way, but he was the most avaricious monarch of his time, and, as such, little likely to let slip a chance of adding to the crown revenues by extensive confiscations. The great estates of the Howards, spreading as they did into nearly a dozen counties, attracted his greed at once; and during his first Parliament—*i.e.* on November 7th, 1485—the dead Duke of Norfolk and his living son, "styled Earl of Surrey," were attainted, and all their titles and estates forfeited to the Crown, while Surrey, declared an outlaw and a traitor, was liable to death at the new sovereign's pleasure.

The condition of Norfolk's widow, who enjoyed no property in her own right, was one of extreme destitution, and she might, like the Countess of Oxford a few years previously, have been reduced to earn her bread as a seamstress, were it not that her youthful daughter by the Duke, Katharine Howard, had been married in 1482 to the young Lord Berners,[1] step-son of the Earl of Surrey, who enjoyed an income out of his mother's estate of Ashwell Thorpe, to which he eventually succeeded. Berners was only fifteen when he married the step-sister of his step-brother, and the union had not yet been consummated; but after Bosworth he took up his residence in London with his wife and her mother. Not having committed any overt act against the new King, he soon made his peace, and became a frequenter of the Court. His own mother, Lady Surrey, was, as we shall presently see, put to sore hardship, and even temporarily driven from Ashwell Thorpe.

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[1] Grandson and heir of John Bourchier, first Lord Berners (*d.* 1474), his father Sir Humphrey Bourchier, who had fallen on Edward IV.'s side at Barnet in 1471, having married Elizabeth Tilney, heiress of Ashwell Thorpe. This lady was remarried to Sir Thomas Howard, afterwards Earl of Surrey, and Surrey resided with her at Ashwell Thorpe during Lord Berners's nonage. The Countess of Surrey was also mother (by Bourchier) of Margaret, afterwards wife of Sir Thomas Bryan, and consequently grandmother of Sir Francis Bryan, Lord Justice of Ireland, a distinguished soldier and versifier, who died 1550. Sir Francis Bryan's first military service was under his uncle of the half-blood, Thomas Howard, afterwards third Duke of Norfolk.

Lord Berners is, perhaps, best known as the translator of Froissart into English, but he was also a distinguished soldier and man of affairs, fought in Scotland under Surrey (who was at once his step-father and brother-in-law), and became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1516.[1]

The daughters of John, Duke of Norfolk, by his first wife, Katharine Molines, were Agnes, married to Sir Edmund Gorges, her father's ward;[2] Isabell, married to Sir Robert Mortimer of Essex; Joan, certainly the wife of John Timperley of Hintlesham, Suffolk, and said by some to have remarried her cousin, William, Marquis of Berkeley;[3] and Margaret, married to Sir John Wyndham of Fellbrigg, Co. Norfolk, a confirmed Yorkist, who was beheaded at York in 1502.[1]

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[1] Lord Berners and Katharine Howard, his wife, left an only daughter, Joan, Baroness Berners, who married Edward Knyvett (younger brother of Sir Thomas Knyvett, K.B., of Buckenham, Co. Norfolk, who married Lady Muriel Howard, daughter of the second Duke of Norfolk). The Knyvetts were already related to the Howards through their descent from Margaret Howard, aunt of the first Duke (see Genealogical Table I.). The barony of Berners descended to the present holder through the Knyvetts, who also inherited Ashwell Thorpe.

[2] He was for a time esquire of the body to his father-in-law, and is frequently mentioned in the *Household Books*. From this union descended the family of Gorges of Wraxall, Co. Somerset, of whom Sir Arthur Gorges, the poet-adventurer (*d.* 1625), married, in 1554, Douglas Howard, daughter and heir of Henry, Viscount Howard of Bindon. See Genealogical Table III.

[3] This is positively asserted by Weever (*Funeral Monuments*), although no documentary evidence of the union exists. Joan Howard died February 24th, 1483, and Berkeley four years later *sine prôle.*

We turn now to the eventful story of Thomas Howard, sole heir of his name, the future victor of Flodden, and eventually second Duke of Norfolk.

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[1] He was implicated in the insurrection of that year. Wyndham was ancestor of the Earls of Egremont, and of the present Wyndhams, Lords Leconfield.

III

The Victor of Flodden

(1444–1513)

WHEN Surrey was carried, wounded and despairing, from Bosworth Field, it was believed that the new King would at once condemn him to the scaffold. The Earl had powerful friends, however, upon the victorious side; and it was represented to Henry that this young soldier had taken no part in Richard's councils, and had been drawn from his retirement at Ashwell Thorpe mainly by a sense of filial duty. Moreover, the Welsh invader hardly felt secure enough, as yet, to venture upon a general slaughter of his predecessor's adherents, and was therefore disposed to bid for popular favour by a specious policy of conciliation. The pleadings of Oxford, Stanley (now Earl of Derby), Sir Gilbert Talbot, and others, on behalf of Surrey, were accordingly successful, and the stricken Earl was spared for greater things. His wounds having been dressed, he was borne in a horse-litter from Leicester to London, and there committed to the Tower. Strictly speaking, he was now Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal of England;[1] but all these honours, together with the estates of the Mowbrays, Bigods, and Howards, were taken from him by the Act of

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[1] In succession to his father, his blood being as yet unaffected by attainder. Compilers of *Peerages* appear to have ignored this point.

Attainder, November 7th, 1485. He was now a landless outlaw, his very existence subject to the King's pleasure. On December 9th, Sir James Ratcliff, Lieutenant of the Tower, received a fixed grant for his maintenance,[1] and it seemed probable that "Thomas Howard, knight, late Erle of Surrey," should be permitted to rust away his life in captivity.

Of the early part of Surrey's active career, he himself has left us a curious, and evidently truthful account, in the shape of a long autobiography which he caused to be engraved upon his tomb at Thetford.[2] The *Household Books* of Duke John also supply us with many particulars concerning the youth of the victor of Flodden, as do the State Papers of the time. He was born probably at Tendring Hall in Stoke-by-Nayland, during the latter part of 1444, and his childhood was spent between that place and the splendid fortress of his cousin, the Duke of Norfolk, at Framlingham. The days had passed when gentlemen could afford to scoff at clerkly lore, and, in due course, young Howard was sent by his father to the neighbouring grammar school of Ipswich. Here he was a person of consequence, and lodged with the mayor of the town while prosecuting his studies, as we learn from payments made by Sir John's steward to that functionary.[3] It is probable that all his early "booke learning," as he calls it, was obtained at Ipswich; for while he was still a mere youth, the tempest of civil war broke upon England, and we find him acting as page to the young Earl of

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[1] Campbell's *Materials for the Illustration of the Reign of Henry VII.*, i. p. 208.

[2] Reproduced in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, pp. 834–40.

[3] *Household Books.*

March,[1] afterwards Edward IV., by whose side he fought at Towton Field. Edward at once attached the lad to his court, where he soon distinguished himself by a skill at arms far beyond his years. We have an opportunity of judging how he had profited by his clerkly studies at Ipswich Grammar School from a letter written by him at this time to his father and mother, and reproduced in the Howard *Household Books.* The letter is dated March 11th, 1465, and runs as follows:—

> "Right Reverent and will belovyd fadur and modur, I recommend me to you, deseyring to here of your wellefare, the weche Jhu (Jesus) percerve you in.
>
> "The Kinge howeth (oweth) me for the plate that the Quene was served wethe the day of her Kornasyon (Coronation), xx. lb. For the Lists then held in Smethefelde, 40 lb. Also my Lord (of Norfolk) howethe me for the charge and Kosts that I bere to be his Debewte (Deputy), wane the Lord Skales and the Bastard of Bourgoyen fowte, 200 marks."[2]

It was no small honour for so young a man to act as Deputy Earl Marshal of England on an occasion so important, yet (as we gather from the endorsement of the letter in Sir John Howard's writing) such was the service for which Thomas claimed 200 marks from his cousin, John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, on the occasion of Elizabeth Woodvill's coronation festivities.

The "will belovyd" mother, to whom the above epistle is jointly addressed, died in November of the same year;[3]

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[1] Monumental tablet at Thetford (Weever).

[2] This letter disproves the statements of Dugdale, Doyle, and Nicolas to the effect that Sir John Howard's first wife had been dead since 1452.

[3] She was buried in Long Melford church, where her portrait in painted glass, representing a dame of somewhat stolid aspect, long survived. It is reproduced in the Howard *Memorials.*

and some six months later the King advised Sir John Howard to send his heir abroad, where his natural disposition towards warlike pursuits might be gratified. The slaughter of the Civil Wars had made sad havoc among the chivalry of England, and Edward, not as yet sunk in sensual gratification and uxoriousness, desired to gather around him a new generation of capable soldiers. In young Howard his keen eye discerned the true material, and he suggested the tented court of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, as the most likely school for so promising a pupil. A considerable band of young gentlemen of Yorkist families readily volunteered to accompany Thomas Howard,[1] and enroll themselves, with their followers, in the service of the Duke, then at war with his neighbour, Louis XI. of France. It is not improbable that a certain impending event of a different character may have influenced Sir John Howard in thus parting with his son and heir. The Knight was about to be married to a second wife,[2] and under such circumstances may have found Master Thomas somewhat in the way. At any rate preparations for the young squire's departure were hurried on, and Sir John's purse, none too well filled at the time, was liberally drawn upon for the purpose of fitting him out in suitable fashion, as the following extracts from the accounts of the steward at Tendring will show:—

"1466, 13th Maye, my Master payd to Cambton for a dagger for Master Thomas . . . ij sh.—*It.*, Friday before Whitsondey, to Harry Galle, Taylour, for making a short gowne for Master

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[1] Thetford Monument.

[2] Katharine Norreys, otherwise Chedworth. The wedding took place in the February following, while Thomas Howard was in France.

Thomas, of blak damaske . . . iij sh., i yd.—*It.*, 28th Maye, for a gestraunt[1] of mayle, and a swerde for Master Thomas . . . xx sh."[2]

The Knight accompanied his son and the latter's companions to Dijon in June or July of the same year, and saw them duly installed in the Duke's retinue, with an excellent prospect of shrewd experience in the art of warfare. Thomas Howard served for two years with Burgundy, and returned to his native land at the close of 1468, when he was at once made esquire of the body to Edward IV., an office involving constant attendance upon the King, so that "he was aboute hym at hys makynge redy, bothe evening and mornyng," as the autobiography at Thetford stated. During Warwick's invasion Thomas followed his master loyally. "He was wyth the seid Kinge Edward in all hys busyness, as well at Lyncolnshire Field" as "at such tyme as the said Kynge was takyn by the Erle of Warwyke at Warwyke, before his escape."[3] It is possible that Howard carried the news of Edward's capture and imprisonment at Middleham to the Yorkists; he certainly helped to liberate the King, and accompanied him to Lynn on the eve of his departure for Flanders. A sudden attack by the sea forces of the Red Rose prevented Thomas from crossing with his master, and forced him to put into the Colne estuary. His enemies were on the watch, however, and he found it necessary to take sanctuary in the abbey church of St. John at Colchester.[4] But so sooner had Edward landed in England once more than Howard at once broke sanctuary, joined his father, and, with him, proclaimed the King through Suffolk and

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[1] *Gestraunt*, a sleeveless coat of mail.

[2] *Household Books.*

[3] Thetford Monument.

[4] Thetford Monument.

Norfolk,[1] great numbers of Yorkists flocking to their banner. At Barnet Sir Thomas (for thus he is now styled) was sorely wounded[2] fighting as "the Kinge's henchman"; and he participated in the honours and rewards conferred upon his father by the reinstated monarch.

In this same battle of Barnet was slain young Humphrey Bourchier, son of Lord Berners, leaving a widow and two children. By way of consoling the former, as he himself had consoled Elizabeth Woodvill for the loss of her first husband, the King set himself to make a match between Mistress Bourchier and Sir Thomas Howard. The lady was a considerable heiress, through her father, Sir Frederick Tilney of Ashwell Thorpe,[3] in Norfolk, and Boston, in Lincolnshire, and brought to Howard the life enjoyment of some dozen rich manors. The wedding took place between February and May, 1471–2. Howard still kept up his connection with the Court, and, as we have seen, accompanied Edward IV. to France in 1475. The Thetford monument tells that "whan King Edward and Kyng Lewes mette at the barriars upon the ryver Som,[4] the seid Sir Thomas was with Kynge Edward at the Barriars by the Kyng's commaundement, and no man else save only the Chaunceller of England, the Chauncellor of Ffraunce and Sir John Cheney."

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[1] *Paston Letters.*

[2] Thetford Monument.

[3] Ashwell Thorpe came to the Tilneys through the marriage of Isabell, sole heir of Sir Edmund Thorpe of Ashwell Thorpe, with Sir Philip Tilney of Boston (*d.* 1453). This Sir Philip, after his wife's death, became a priest, and died a canon and prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral. His son, Sir Frederick, father of Lady Surrey, married Elizabeth, daughter of Lawrence Cheney, of Cambridge.

[4] At Picquigny, on the Somme. See *ante*, under account of the first Duke.

After his return from this expedition, however, Howard waxed disgusted with court ways, and with the increasing power and insolence of the Woodvills. Accordingly he applied for his dismissal, pleading the necessity of looking after his wife's property, and attending to the education of his step-son as well as of his own children.[1] Licence to settle in Norfolk was readily granted him, the Queen's kindred being far from sorry to see him depart. For the remainder of the reign he held aloof from state affairs, living the life of a plain country gentleman (as he tells us) "at a howsse which he had in the righte of hys wyffe, called Asshewel Thorpe, and ther he laye and kepte an honorable howsse in the favor of the hoole Shire, duryng the lyff of the seid Kyng Edward."[2]

In 1476–7 he served the office of sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk. To the plots of the Duke of Gloucester he was no more privy than was his father, but like the latter, he acquiesced in Richard's proclamation as King, and left his quiet country home to attend the coronation, escorting to London his wife and step-mother, as well as his cousins, the two Dowager Duchesses of Norfolk. He was now Earl of Surrey, that title having been conferred upon him at the same time that his father was given the ancient honours of his maternal ancestors, the duchy of Norfolk and earl marshalship; and he carried the sword of state when the crown was placed upon Richard's head.[3] Of his valiant conduct at Bosworth, and his final surrender to Sir Gilbert Talbot, enough has already been said. The records of the Tower of London afford us no information as to what part of that cheerless fortress he inhabited during his confinement,

[1] His son and heir, afterwards third Duke, was born in 1474.

[2] Thetford Monument.

[3] *Excerpta Historica*, p. 380.

but under date of December, 1485, a Treasury entry shows that a respectable allowance was paid to the Lieutenant, Sir James Ratcliff, for his maintenance.[1]

Meanwhile the unhappy Lady Surrey had hastened to London in the hopes of making interest for her husband's life, or at least of obtaining an interview with him. During her absence from home, Henry's agents (headed, as it would appear, by Sir John Ratcliffe, newly summoned to Parliament as Lord Fitz-Walter) seized on all Surrey's property, and even attempted to take possession of Ashwell Thorpe, Lady Surrey's estate in her own right. Finding, however, that they could not legally confiscate the Tilney manors, they contented themselves with frightening away the Ashwell Thorpe servants, on the pretence that they had spoken evil of the King, and thus cutting off the supplies of Lady Surrey, who was reduced to acute want. She had brought her children with her, and matters grew so desperate with them that she wrote to Sir John Paston the younger (the same upon whom John, Duke of Norfolk, had called for reinforcements a few years before), asking his assistance and that of the gentlemen of Norfolk. The letter, which figures in the Paston correspondence, is dated from Minster, in the Isle of Sheppey. Now Minster, at this period, belonged almost entirely to two religious foundations, the ancient Priory, founded in Saxon times, and the Hospital of St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower.[2] It is highly probable that Lady Surrey, while haunting the precincts of the Tower in the hope of seeing her husband, may have been succoured by the good sisters of St. Katharine's,[1] and lodged by them for the sake of her own or her children's health at Minster, whence she wrote to Paston in the following strain:—

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[1] "*Item*, for the bourding of the erle of Surrey for the space of iiij wokes, every woke at vi s. viii d.—viii lb."—*Materials for R. of Hen. VII.*, vol. i. p. 208

[2] Hasted's *Kent*.

"To myn ryght worshepfull cosyn John Paston, Esquyer.

"Myn ryght worshipfull cosyn, I recomaunde me hertly to you, thankyng you of your greet kyndnes and lovyng disposicion towardys myn lord and me at all tymes. . . . Cosyn, I shewyd you myn mynde that I wolde have myn shildern to Thorpe, wher in, God yelde you, it pleasyd you to sey that I shulde have hors of you to help to conveye them thyder; but now I understonde myn Lord Fitz Walter hath dischargyd myn lordys servauntes thens, affermyng upon them that they shulde have had unfythyng langage of the Kyng's Grace. Cosyn, I trust that ye and all the gentilmen of the shire, which have had knowleche of myn lordes servauntes, kan say that hertofor they have not ben of that dispocion to be lavas of theyr tungys, whan they had moore cause of booldnes than they have nowe. I wolde not have thowght myn Lord Fitzwalter wolde have takyn so ferforth displeasure for the keepyng of x. or xij. men at Thorpe. I woot weel ther exceeded not iij. mess[2] meet, good an bad. I truste, all thow I were a soel woman, to mayntene so many at the leeste, what so evyr I dyde moore.

"I trustyd to have foundyn myn Lord Fitzwalter better lord to me, seyng what I was wyth myn Lord Oxenforth,[3] upon myn desyre and request at that tyme made unto hym, he promysed me to be good lord to myn lord and me, whereof I praye you to put hym in remembrauns, trustyng yit be the meene of you to fynde hym better lord to me hereaftyr.

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[1] There were three of these sisters attached to St. Katharine's-by-the-Tower, besides ten bedeswomen. The hospital was spared by Henry VIII. in after years, perhaps through the influence of the third Duke of Norfolk in memory of the kindness shown by the sisters to his mother and himself. The old manor-house of the hospital at Minster long survived as a farmhouse, and it was probably within its walls that Lady Surrey and her children were quartered. With the exception of the abbey, it was at that time the only house in Minster parish capable of sheltering them.

[2] A mess was a party of four at dinner.

[3] Oxford.

"I have fownde my Lord of Oxenforth singuler very good and kynde lord to myn lord and me, and stedefaste in his promys, wherby he hath wonne myn lordys service as longe as he leevyth, and me to be hys trewe bedewoman terme of mine lyve; for hym I drede mooste, and yit as hytherto I fynde hym beste. . . . I pray you yeve credens to the berer of thys, and to Thomas Jenney, whan he comyth to you.

"From Mynster, in the Yle of Shepey, the iij^{de} day of Octobre.

"Your faythefoull coseyne,
"E. SURREY."[1]

Only the last two sentences and signature are in Lady Surrey's handwriting, the rest being that of her clerk or secretary. The anxieties of the poor lady were greatly alleviated, when a few months later the King decided to spare the Earl's life, and a "special pardon" was granted "to Thomas Howard, late Earl of Surrey, otherwise called Thomas Howard, late of Asshewel Thorp, Co. Norf., Knight, otherwise called Thomas Howard late of Stoke,[2] Co. Suff., esquire, with rights reserved to the Crown to imprison him during pleasure in any prison it may select."[3] His release was still distant, although it was well known that after Henry's union with the heiress of the House of York, Surrey recognised his right through his wife to the throne, and was prepared to serve him as loyally as he had served his two predecessors. Beaumont puts in the Earl's mouth the following sentiments:—

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[1] *Paston Letters* (ed. Gairdner), iii.

[2] Stoke-by-Nayland, where Tendring Hall lay.

[3] P.S., No. 826, Henry VII., i. p. 3 m. 16(12).

"Set England's royale Wreath upon a stake,
There will I fight, and not the place forsake,
And if the will of God hath so disposed
That Richmond brave be with the Croune inclosed,
I shall to him and his give doubtlesse signes
That duty in my thoughts, not faction shines."[1]

He was too proud, however, to make any appeal to Henry's clemency; and so, while others of Richard III.'s more or less faithful adherents (such as the Earl of Northumberland[2]) soon made their peace with the new monarch, Surrey remained silent. It is possible that Henry still doubted him and feared his influence; and this might explain a curious story recorded by the Earl himself, regarding a suspicious offer of liberty made to him by the Lieutenant of the Tower.

In June, 1487, when the Earl of Lincoln invaded England, the Lieutenant approached Surrey, and, after hinting at his real or pretended Yorkist sympathies, offered to furnish him secretly with means of escape. Whether the prisoner, recognising Henry's hand in this, determined not to be entrapped into a compromising situation, or whether he had made up his mind to absolute loyalty to the Tudor king,[3] he certainly rejected the Lieutenant's proffered help, declaring (to quote his own words) "that he would not depart thence, until such time as he that had commanded him thither, should command him out again." Some writers aver that this reply so moved Henry that he shortly afterwards released the Earl. As a matter of fact, Surrey was not set at liberty for two full years afterwards, and it is much more likely that the King was influenced by political, rather than by generous motives, in opening the prison gates. The times were troublous both at home and abroad. Henry's extortions had stirred up discontent among the people, especially in the North Country; the Scots were watching eagerly for an opportunity to cross the borders and ravage the disaffected districts; while pretenders, powerfully supported, threatened the King's throne from beyond seas. To offset these dangers, there was in the realm scarcely one man of established military ability, Henry's greedy courtiers and councillors being more skilful at handling purse than sword. In this emergency the King thought of Surrey, a trained soldier from boyhood, as one who might serve him shrewdly against his enemies. In January, 1488–9, the Earl was released after taking the oath of allegiance, his confinement having lasted for three years and four months. The attainder was removed from his blood to the extent of his being restored to the forfeited earldom of Surrey, and to a small portion of his estates.[1] The great majority of the Howard possessions still remained in the King's gripe, and were destined to be so for many a long year.

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[1] Beaumont's *Bosworth Field.*

[2] Northumberland was released *sub cautione* a few months after Bosworth, and almost immediately made Warden of the East and Middle Marches.

[3] Mr. Henry Howard of Corby (*Memorials*) is of opinion that the offer was a wily scheme of Henry VII. to lure Surrey into rebellion or permanent exile, so that the Howard estates should irretrievably become Crown property.

Surrey had scarcely reached home to put his affairs in order, when a royal mandate summoned him forth to pay for these marks of forgiveness with his good sword. A rising had broken out in Yorkshire against the increased taxes upon land and personal property, the malcontents being headed by Sir John Egremond and one John à Chambre. During a conference between these men and the King's deputy, the Earl of Northumberland, in the latter's park of Topcliffe, a fierce struggle took place, Northumberland and a number of his followers being slain.

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[1] Campbell, *Materials for History of Henry VII.*, ii. 420. He was only given back a few manors which had passed, after Bosworth, into the hands of his friend and kinsman, Oxford. This nobleman had accepted the confiscated estates mainly as a means of preserving them for Surrey or his heirs, should they be restored to favour, and he now cheerfully returned them, through the King, to the rightful owner.

Egremond, Chambre, and their followers then marched upon and captured York. Most of the northern gentry were supposed to be in sympathy with the insurgents, and the poet, Skelton, in a contemporary elegy[1] on Northumberland, attributes his death to the treason of the Yorkshire and Durham nobility. It was to quell this serious disturbance that Surrey was, in May, 1489, sent to the North at the head of a strong force, his orders being to show no quarter to those who remained contumacious. He experienced little difficulty in putting an end to the rising and capturing the ringleaders; but the moderation which he showed towards his prisoners might have injured him at court had he not found an infallible means of placating Henry, to wit, the rapid filling of the royal coffers with the taxes, now sternly enforced. John à Chambre, who had taken the most active part in the attack upon the Earl of Northumberland, and who had caused the latter's dead body to be beheaded at Thirsk, was hanged at York upon a gibbet of great height; but Egremont was permitted to escape oversea to the Duchess of Burgundy, and the general body of the rebels escaped punishment upon making submission and paying the King's taxes. Henry visited York immediately after the

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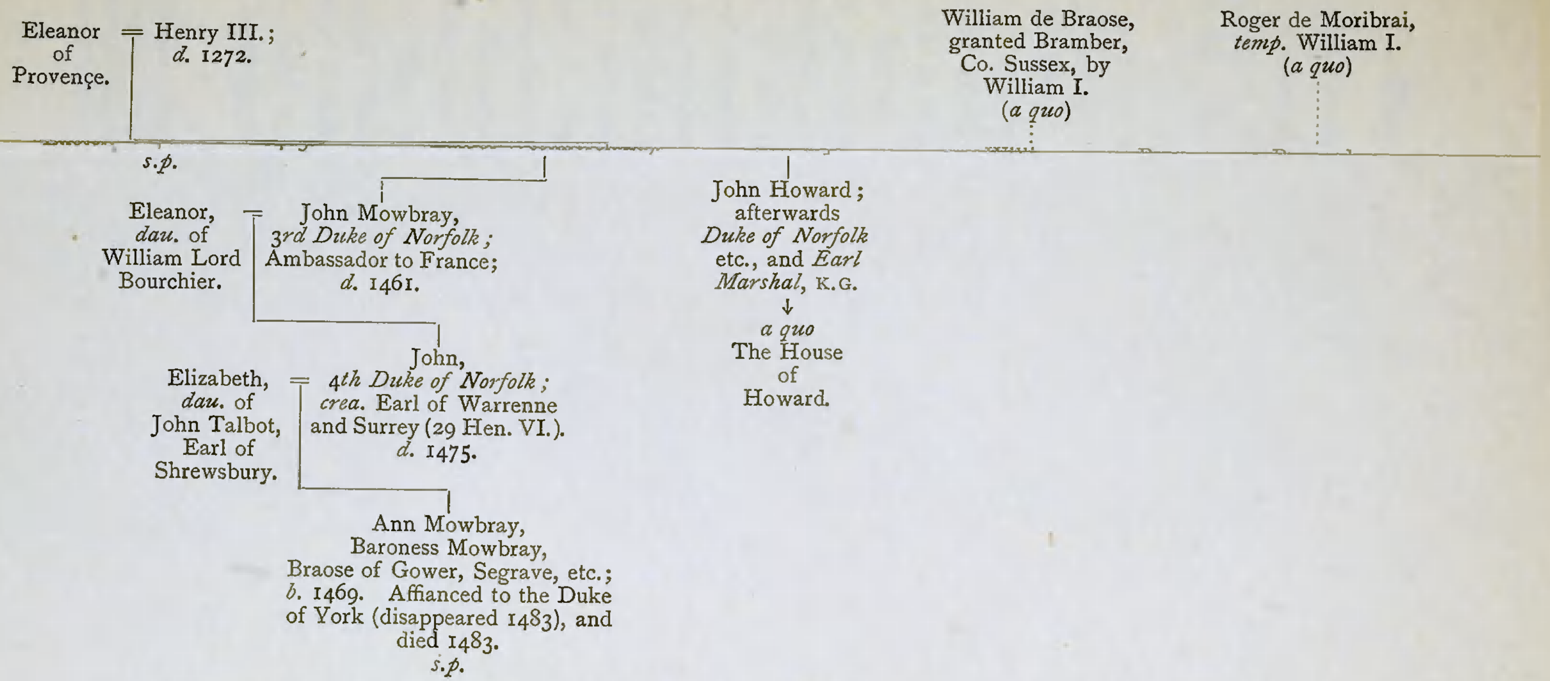
[1] To be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE II

MATERNAL ANCESTRY OF JOHN HOWARD, 1ST DUKE OF NORFOLK


Eleanor of Provençe.
Henry III.; *d.* 1272.
s.p.
Eleanor, *dau.* of William Lord Bourchier.
John Mowbray, *3rd Duke of Norfolk;* Ambassador to France; *d.* 1461.
Elizabeth, *dau.* of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.
John, *4th Duke of Norfolk; crea.* Earl of Warrenne and Surrey (29 Hen. VI.). *d.* 1475.
Ann Mowbray, Baroness Mowbray, Braose of Gower, Segrave, etc.; *b.* 1469. Affianced to the Duke of York (disappeared 1483), and died 1483. *s.p.*
John Howard; afterwards *Duke of Norfolk* etc., and *Earl Marshal,* K.G.
↓
a quo The House of Howard.
William de Braose, granted Bramber, Co. Sussex, by William I. (*a quo*)
Roger de Moribrai, *temp.* William I. (*a quo*)

suppression of the rising, and rewarded Surrey's prompt action by making him Lieutenant-General of the North and deputy to the young Prince Arthur in the wardenships of the Eastern and Middle Marches towards Scotland.[1] In this capacity he put down a second rising against taxation at Acworth, near Pontefract, during the spring of 1492,[2] severely punished the ringleaders, "and for the Residue, . . . sued to the Kyng's Highnes for ther Pardones, whiche he obteyned, and wanne therby the favor of the countrey."[3]

He had succeeded, indeed, in winning not only the people's favour, but that of the King as well, by his vigorous yet humane government.

Meanwhile, in the North, Surrey had been patiently waiting for the opportunity he most desired, to wit, a chance of measuring swords with James IV. of Scotland. It was known that, since his reception of Perkin Warbeck, James had been making preparations for an invasion of England,[4] and Surrey took his measures accordingly. In the summer of 1497 the Scottish King suddenly swooped down upon the Border, and besieged Fox, Bishop of Durham, in Norham Castle. It was supposed by the Scots that Surrey was absent at Court, and that their "Great Raid," as they called it, must inevitably succeed. The famous gun "Mons" was drawn by oxen all the way from Edinburgh Castle to Upsetlington on the Tweed, opposite Norham, and a vigorous attack on the castle began. Surrey, however, had succeeded in hoodwinking the Scot-

[1] Campbell, *Materials*, i. 480.

[2] *Plumpton Correspondence*, 95–7.

[3] Thetford Monument.

[4] See the Scottish Lord High Treasurer's *Accounts* (ed. Dickson).

tish spies, and pushing by forced marches to the scene of action with a force of about 9,000 men, compelled James to retreat into Scotland with undignified speed. Surrey lost no time in following, and for several August days wrought havoc in the Merse, taking Ayton Castle (which he rased to the ground) and considerable booty. James, hampered by his baggage and by the redoubtable "Mons," was forced to remain inactive within sight of Ayton;[1] but he finally sent Lyon Herald with a message to Surrey, challenging the latter to meet him with equal forces at a given place and time. Such an arrangement would, of course, enable James to bring up reinforcements, and disembarrass himself of his unwieldy artillery and train; yet Surrey, eager for an encounter, readily consented.

But Lyon had, it seemed, somewhat shifty instructions, for when "he had herd this answere" (to quote from the Thetford Monument, an apparently straightforward autobiographical account of the affair) "and sawe well the said Erle was clerely determined to fight, he said unto him: Sir, the Kyng my master sendeth you word that for eschewyng of effusion of Christen blode, he wil be contented to fight with you hande to hande for the Towne of Berwicke and the Fisigarthis on the West Marches:[2] yf he wynne you in bataile, and yf ye wynne hym in bataile, you to have a Kingis Ransom. Whereunto the said Erle made answere, that he thanked his Grace that he put hym to so moche honour, that he beying a Kyng anoynted wold fight hande to hande with so poore a man as he, but be yt said he wold not deceyve his Grace, for he said though he wanne hym in bataile he was never the nerer Berwicke ner the Fisshergathys, for he had no such Commyssyon to do so:[1] hys Commyssyon was to do the Kyng of Scottis all the harme he coude, and so he had don, and wold do. And had hym (Lyon) shewe unto the Kyng hys Master that whan the jorney was don, he wold fyght wyth hym on horsback or on fote at hys plesur, at any place he wold indifferently appoynt."[2]

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[1] Hall. Ridpath, *Border History*, etc. The Thetford Monument, describing the destruction of Ayton, says that "the Kinge of Scots with the puyssance of his realme (were) lookyng upon it."

[2] The Fish Garths on the River Esk, the possession of which was long disputed by the two countries.

After this James did not renew his request either for a duel with Surrey or for a formal engagement between the two armies. It is not unlikely that the whole affair was contrived for the purpose of gaining time, and such a view is borne out by the *Accounts* of the Scots Lord High Treasurer,[3] which show that James at first endeavoured to bring up additional forces to "the raid of Atoune," and afterwards entered into peace negotiations with Sir William Tyler, Governor of Berwick, whom he met on August 21st at Dunbar. According to Hall,[4] the Scottish monarch would not venture a battle, and bad weather having set in, Surrey withdrew his invading forces[5] to Berwick, where they were disbanded.[6]

From this time to the death of Henry VII. the Earl remained Master of the Borders, keeping the Scots in check and sternly suppressing all unauthorised English raiding. Henry's regard for him grew greater with each succeeding year, but as yet His Majesty could not prevail upon himself to yield up the great estates and revenues of the Mowbrays and Howards, so that the defender of the North remained as poor as when he left the Tower. Of compliments and rewards which cost nothing Henry was liberal enough. Surrey was frequently honoured with the King's trust, particularly in the case of Empson and Dudley, against whose extortions the outcry grew daily louder. In 1501 he was at length given a seat in the Privy Council, and a few months later appointed Lord High Treasurer; nor was it one of the least significant signs that the Howard fortunes, lately at their lowest ebb, were once more rising rapidly, that the King permitted the union of his own sister-in-law, the Lady Ann Plantagenet, third daughter of Edward IV., to the youthful Sir Thomas Howard, Surrey's eldest son.

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[1] In other words, that Henry would refuse to ratify any such wager of battle, a fact which must have been patent to the Scottish King when he sent the challenge.

[2] Thetford Monument.

[3] Edited by Thomas Dickson, pp. 352–3, and introduction.

[4] *Chronicle*, p. 480.

[5] The English recrossed the Tweed on August 24th (Scots Treasurer's Accounts).

[6] Holinshed, iii. 516.

In the year 1501 we find the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, after her trials and poverty, once more in high favour at court, and treated indeed as the first peeress of the realm. She was sent with a splendid retinue to meet Katharine of Aragon on her entry into England, and an interesting itinerary still exists[1] of the journey which the affianced bride of Prince Arthur took, in company with Duchess Margaret, from Amesbury to London. The Duchess was commanded to be at Amesbury with her ladies on Monday, October 25th, and there to await the coming of Katharine. On Wednesday the party proceeded to Andover, the Princess and "my lady of Norfolk" riding together in a covered litter, and creating a great sensation, no doubt, among the good folk of Wessex. At Andover they lodged at the Angel Inn, proceeding next day to Basingstoke, where they spent the night "at Kingesmelles howse." On the 5th they were at Lord Bath's seat at Dogmersfield, and on the 6th the party, now greatly increased by the noblemen and gentlemen who had joined it on the way, reached Chertsey, where they rested over Sunday, Katharine, the Duchess of Norfolk, and their ladies being received at the abbey. Monday saw them once more on the road, marching towards Croydon, where they were to lodge with the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the foot of Banstead Downs a glittering concourse of nobles was posted, among the number being the Duke of Buckingham[1] and the Earl of Surrey—the latter snatching a brief respite from his sterner duties in the North. On Tuesday, November 10th, they rode out from Croydon, and proceeded to the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth, where Katharine rested for two or three nights before making her triumphal entry into London.

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[1] Cotton. MSS., Vespasian, c. xiv. f. 81.

It was a time of royal marriages and giving in marriage; and in 1503 the Earl of Surrey escorted Henry VII.'s daughter, the Lady Margaret, into Scotland, where she was to be united to James IV. Henry accompanied the bridal party as far as Colly Weston, in Northamptonshire, the residence of his venerable mother, the Countess of Richmond. Thence Surrey, as Lord Lieutenant of the North, took the Queen-elect under his care. They were met outside York by the young Earl of Northumberland,[2] whose gorgeous attire and prodigal manners had won for him the name of "Magnificent." Northumberland had lately been appointed Warden of the Marches, and as such appeared to think that the conduct of the expedition from York to Edinburgh should be in his hands. Surrey, however, with his usual quiet determination, tacitly declined to give way, and continued to command the armed escort, while he permitted Northumberland to amuse the ladies and his own vanity with costly shows and banquets at York and Newcastle, and with a splendid hunt in the deer forest near Alnwick.[1] At Kirk Lamberton, beyond Berwick, James awaited his child-wife,[2] and the gay cavalcade proceeded to Edinburgh, where the nuptials were solemnised on August 8th, Surrey giving the bride away on behalf of the English King. The occasion was a vastly different one from the last upon which the King of Scots and he had encountered each other before the dismantled castle of Ayton. They were destined to meet a third time, and with tragic results by the slopes of Flodden.

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[1] Edward Stafford, third Duke of Buckingham (1478–1521), afterwards Wolsey's great opponent, and son of Henry, second Duke, beheaded by Richard III. His daughter afterwards married, as his second wife, Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Henry Percy, fifth Earl, son of the nobleman slain at Topcliffe in the Tax Insurrection.

Although Surrey retained his lieutenancy of the North, his duties as Lord High Treasurer, and the frequent missions with which the King entrusted him at home and abroad, now compelled him to leave the custody of the Borders largely in Northumberland's hands. In 1507 he was sent as ambassador to France, where he met many friends of his youth, now, like himself, grizzled by the vicissitudes of time. Another and sadder reminder of the encroaching years was furnished by the death, during the early summer of the same 1507, of his wife, Elizabeth Tilney, so long the companion of his joys and sorrows.

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[1] See *The Fyancells of Margaret, eldest daughter of King Henry VII.*, by John Yonge, Somerset Herald (Leland's *Collectanea*), iv. 266, etc.

[2] She was barely fourteen years of age.

The Countess Elizabeth died at Lambeth, where Surrey had recently built a "fayre mansion."[1] In her will she asked to be buried "in the nunnes' quire of the Minoresses, within Aldgate, London, near the spot where Ann Montgomery lieth."[2] In Burke's *Peerage*—a work which stands seriously in need of revision—the date of her death is absurdly given as "4 April, 1497." This of course is completely disproved by the Countess's will, as is the assertion (also made by Burke) that Surrey married his second wife, Agnes Tilney, on 17th August, 1497. The latter event took place early in 1509, a few days before the death of Henry VII. Agnes Tilney, who was a first cousin of the Countess Elizabeth, had resided in Surrey's household for some time, probably in the capacity of housekeeper and guardian to his grandchildren. She brought him little or no fortune, and the marriage was probably one of convenience, the Earl being now sixty-five, and his second consort about forty years of age. By Elizabeth Tilney, Surrey had, in all, ten children, seven sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Sir Thomas Howard, had married, as we have seen, the Lady Ann, daughter of Edward IV. Three sons and a daughter had died in childhood. The two remaining sons, Edward and Edmund, were promising young knights. Of the two daughters who had attained years of discretion, the elder, Muriel, was already the widow of one husband, John Grey,

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[1] Afterwards greatly enlarged and known as Norfolk House; this building stood in Church Street, Lambeth, on the site of the present Norfolk Row.

[2] The sisters of St. Clare were called Minoresses, from their abbey in the Minories, between Aldgate and Tower Hill. Surrendered in 1537, the abbey became the residence of John Clarke, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

Viscount Lisle, and affianced to another, Sir Thomas Knyvett; while the younger, Elizabeth, Lady Boleyn, had a year before[1] given birth to a child, Ann Boleyn, whose doomed head was yet to wear the crown. By his second wife, Agnes Tilney, Surrey had a family of two sons and four daughters, from the eldest of whom, Lord William Howard, the Earls of Effingham descend.[2]

While still a widower, the Earl was sent to Antwerp to negotiate for the marriage of the Princess Mary of England to the Prince of Castile, son of King Philip, who had, much against his will, spent the winter of 1506–7 in England. Surrey returned to find himself appointed one of the executors to the will of Henry VII.; but it was only when the King felt the icy fingers of death upon him that he began to make adequate restitution to the man who had served him so patiently and so well. His first step was to add a "general clause" to his will, providing that after his death the estates unjustly withheld from Surrey and others should be restored to them. Within a few days of his decease, however, the terror which preyed upon him overcame even his ruling passion of avarice, and he conveyed directly to Surrey all the property of the Mowbrays, Bigods, and Howards, which had remained so long in the gripe of the Crown. Thus, after twenty years of strict loyalty and rigorous service, the Earl had his reward at last, and the silver lion floated once more over the Towers of Framlingham. East Anglia hailed the restored lord with delight, and Sir Thomas Howard, who made a progress through Norfolk and Suffolk as his father's deputy, was everywhere received with the liveliest demonstrations of welcome. Apart from their natural affection for the proud races which the Earl and his son represented, it meant much to the East Anglians to exchange the grinding exactions of the King's agents for the generous and enlightened rule of the Howards.

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[1] In 1507.

[2] For the names and alliances of the Earl's children, by both wives, see Genealogical Table III.

Under the new King, Surrey at once took the foremost place in court and council. Henry VIII., young, ardent, and eager for military glory, looked upon the veteran soldier with an admiration which he could scarcely feel for the Earl's rival minister, Fox, Bishop of Westminster.[1] The latter was too closely associated with the late sovereign's saving policy, and too anxious to preserve intact the vast hoards of gold imprisoned in the royal treasury, to please either King or people. It must not be thought, however, that, as some writers (notably Hume) would have us believe, Surrey gained the advantage over Fox by encouraging Henry in spendthrift ways. On the contrary, when the real tempter appeared, in the person of Wolsey, Surrey made every effort in his character as Lord Treasurer to restrain the royal expenditure. The truth is that, while he despised Fox's parsimonious and grasping policy, and held that a king should live in kingly fashion, he was equally opposed to the wanton extravagance encouraged by his successor in the royal favour. During the early years of Henry's reign, when Surrey's advice was hearkened to, and for the most part followed, no serious drains were made upon the exchequer. The King indulged himself with jousts and similar semiwarlike displays, which had been unheard of under the rule of his father; but the money spent was circulated in

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[1] Formerly Bishop of Durham.

England (and not upon the Continent, as in later years), and the enormous savings of Henry VII. were scarcely affected. The revival of the tourney led to Surrey's being made Earl Marshal in 1510. During the previous year he had been sent as a commissioner to conclude the treaty with France,[1] and in November, 1511, he went on a similar errand to the court of Ferdinand the Catholic.[2] At both courts he was received with great distinction, "as the first minister of the English King."

The favour and influence enjoyed by Surrey attracted to court his two elder sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, young men of about the King's age, but already seasoned soldiers, thanks to the stern training which they had undergone under their father upon the Scottish marches. Finding themselves in somewhat straitened circumstances, the brothers had varied their Border services by ventures upon the sea, sailing from Lowestoft, Lynn, and Ipswich to different continental ports. Enterprises of this kind were common along the East Anglian coast, and the ships employed, half merchantmen, half privateers, are rightly regarded as the forerunners of the British navy. As early as 1492, Sir Edward Howard (who could not have been more than fifteen) is found serving in the squadron of Sir Edward Poynings, a Norfolk knight, and cousin of the Pastons,[3] at the reduction of Sluys. In 1497 both brothers accompanied Surrey into Scotland, and were knighted before Ayton Castle. During the jousts following Henry VIII.'s coronation, they attracted the young King's particular notice by their prowess in the lists. Sir Thomas Howard was the shrewder of the two, and the better soldier; but the gallant presence, great strength, and dare-devil courage of Sir Edward completely overshadowed the more useful qualities of the elder brother in Henry's estimation.

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[1] In March, 1509 (Bergenroth, Spanish Calendar, i. No. 36).

[2] *Ibid.*, i. No. 59.

[3] He was son of Robert Poynings by Elizabeth Paston, sister of John Paston of Paston (1421–66), the enemy of Sir John Howard.

On May 20th, 1509, Sir Edward was made Royal Standard Bearer, with a pension of £40 yearly, and shortly received the reversion of the post of Lord High Admiral of England, then held by the Earl of Oxford. Like Charles Brandon, he lived on terms of the closest intimacy with Henry, and, had he lived, he might have risen, like Brandon, to the highest distinctions at the disposal of the state. As it is, he holds undisputed place as the first of the great sea-captains of England, the prototype of Drake, Howard, and Frobisher, and the glorious band of Elizabethan mariners. Sir Thomas Howard was content to fight under the orders of his younger brother when at sea, and it was as second-in-command to Sir Edward that, in 1511, he met and defeated the famous Scottish privateer, Andrew Barton.

Some historians have attempted to throw doubt upon the episode of the fight with Barton, and particularly upon the ballad commemorating that event; but the balance of proof favours the story as chronicled by Hall and Grafton, and the anachronisms and other mistakes in the ballad are but such as one finds in all popular poetry of the kind. According to Grafton, the King was at Leicester during June, 1511, when news was brought to him by sundry merchants of one Barton, a Scotsman, who patrolled the seas between England and the Continent in his "greate shipp the *Lyon*," accompanied by a second vessel known as the *Jenny Pirwyn*, and took toll of all English craft which passed that way. The Scottish version, of Leslie and Buchanan, is that Barton had suffered injuries at the hands of the Portuguese, and that he had procured letters of mark solely for the purpose of making reprisals against that nation. There seems little doubt, however, that Barton eventually fell foul of the English merchant ships, and when complaint was brought to Henry, he placed the matter in the hands of the Lord Admiral and his brother. The former went in pursuit of the *Jenny Pirwyn*, leaving Sir Thomas to watch for Barton and the *Lyon*.

"The Lord Hawarde," says Grafton, "liyng in the Downes, perceyved where Andrew was makyng toward Scotland; and so fast the sayd Lord chased him, that he overtooke him, and there was a sore battaile; the Englishe men were fierce, and the Scottes defended themselves manfully, but in the ende the Lord Howard and his men entered the maine decke, and in conclusion Andrew was taken, beyng so sore wounded that he dyed there, and the remnant of the Scottes were taken, with their shippe called the *Lyon*.

"All this while was the Lord Admyrall[1] in chace of the Barke of Scotlande called *Ienny Pirwyn*, which was wont to sayle with the *Lyon* in company, and so much did he with other that he layed him aboord, and fiercely assayled him, and in the end the Lorde Admirall entered the Barke, and slewe many and tooke all the rest. Thus were these two shippes taken and brought to Blackwall the second daye of August, and all the Scottes were sent to the Bishoppe's palace of York, and there remayned at the King's charge, untill other order was taken for them."[2]

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[1] Strictly speaking, he was only Deputy Lord Admiral to Oxford.

[2] Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 242. See also Stowe, p. 489, and Holinshed, p. 811.

In the ballad Sir Thomas Howard is represented as beheading Barton, who is described throughout as "Sir Andrew," though he was not a knight:—[1]

"Lord Howard he tooke a sword in his hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrewe's head;
'I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'
He caused his body to be cast,
Over the hatchboard into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crounes;
'Where'er thou land this will bury thee.'"[2]

Henry is said to have allowed the prisoners taken by the Howards a shilling each *per diem* to expedite them on their journey to Scotland; but this did not allay the resentment occasioned on the thither side of Tweed by the slaying of Barton and the capture of the *Lyon* and *Jenny Pirwyn.* James sent a herald to his brother-in-law, demanding satisfaction for what he termed an outrage; but this Henry refused, and the bitterness thus created led to trouble on the Border, and eventually to the Scottish invasion of England. As for the ships taken by the Howards, that of Barton was appropriated by the King, so that the infant navy now consisted of

"two shippes of war
Before in England was but one."[3]

Of the *Jenny Pirwyn's* fate we know nothing positive, but it is possible that Henry gave her to the Lord Admiral, and that she was the bark *Genett*, which, in his will, he bequeathed to one of his natural sons.

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[1] See *Dict. of Nat. Biography*, art. "Barton, Andrew."

[2] *Ballad of Sir Andrew Barton.*

[3] *Ibid.*

Sir Edward Howard now commenced a vigorous naval warfare against France, sweeping the narrow seas with the vessels under his command, and harrying the coasts of Normandy and Brittany wherever he could effect a landing. His conduct of the campaign shows him to have been a young man of chivalrous character and great bravery, but rash to the point of foolhardiness, better fitted indeed to follow than to direct.

> "It was," says Hume, "a maxim of Howard, that no admiral was good for anything that was not brave to a degree of madness. As the sea service requires much less plan and contrivance and capacity than the land, this maxim has great plausibility and appearance of truth; though the fate of Howard himself may serve as a proof that even there courage ought to be tempered with discretion."[1]

On April 7th, 1512, he took command of the fleet fitted out for the support of the Pope and the King of Spain against the French.[2] With twenty large ships in all he sailed from Portsmouth about the middle of May, and descending upon the Breton coast ravaged the country for miles. Trinity Sunday found him in Bertheaume Bay, where the enemy were strongly entrenched along the shore. Howard landed, drove them from their fortifications, and pursued the fugitives for over seven miles, attacking and defeating them whenever they attempted to make a stand.

On Monday, May 23rd, he again landed at Conquet, burned the town and the *château* of the Sieur de Portzmoguer (called by the French "Primauguet," and by the

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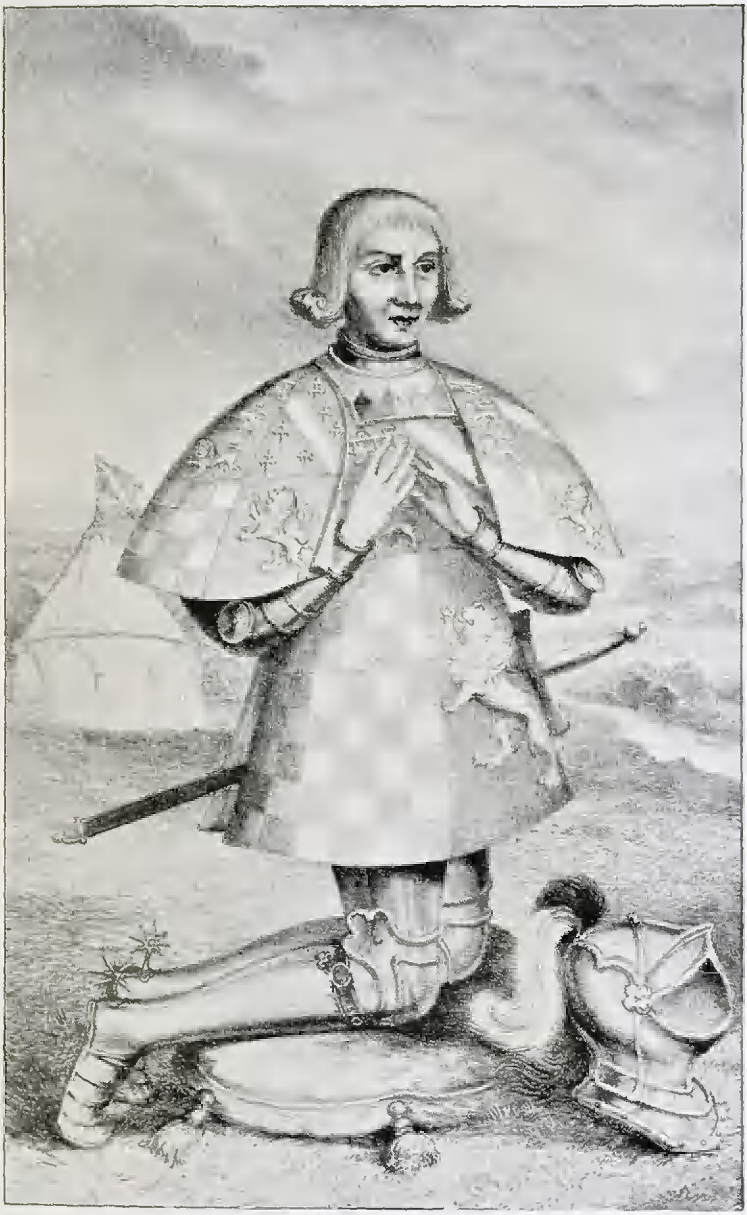
[1] *History of England*, iii. p. 331.

[2] *Fœdera*, xiii. p. 251.



From a lithograph by W. H. Kearney *After a painting by C. Hallmandel*

THOMAS HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, AFTERWARDS SECOND DUKE OF NORFOLK

Probably in his camp near Twysulford, on the morning of the Battle of Flodden

English "Sir Piers Morgan"),[1] and carried off great store of booty and provisions. On June 1st he was met in Crozon Bay by a challenge from Portzmoguer and other Breton gentlemen, who asked him to wait until they could collect their forces and give him battle. To this Howard replied that "all that day they should find him in that place tarrying until their coming." He had barely 2,500 men with him, but with the help of his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Knyvett, he posted these so well, that when the Bretons arrived with a greatly superior force they did not venture to make an attack, but endeavoured to blockade the Admiral in his entrenchments.

In the early morning of June 2nd Howard fell upon the raw levies of Portzmoguer, who were thrown into utter confusion, so that the English succeeded in regaining their ships without loss. Howard continued his campaign, pillaging and burning wherever he sailed, nor would he grant a truce of six days which the enemy requested. Having wasted the seaboard from Cherbourg to the Loire, he returned to the Isle of Wight for supplies.

So restless a spirit could not remain long inactive. During the first week of August he again sailed forth with a much stronger fleet of twenty-five great ships, among which were the *Regent*, commanded by Sir Thomas Knyvett, and the *Royal Sovereign*, each carrying a crew of 700 men. The Admiral's flagship was the *Marie Rose*, a somewhat smaller and swifter vessel. Besides Knyvett, he numbered among his captains Charles Brandon and Sir John Carew, and the objective point of the expedition was Brest. The French had meanwhile mustered a considerable fleet, the principal vessel of which was the huge *Marie la Cordelière,* the crew of which is stated by English authorities to have numbered 1,000. The Sieur de Portzmoguer commanded on behalf of the enemy. Putting out from Brest, he had just cleared the Goulet, when, on August 10th, the advance guard of the English fell upon him. In seeking to avoid the *Sovereign,* Portzmoguer brought the *Cordelière* within grappling distance of Knyvett's ship, and a furious combat ensued, in the midst of which the *Cordelière* caught fire, and the flames spread to the *Regent.* The two fleets, dreading a like fate, drew off to some distance, but Knyvett and Portzmoguer fought savagely on, in spite of the conflagration which raged around them.[1] At last the *Cordelière's* magazine blew up, and the two ships, with all survivors on board, were destroyed.[2]

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[1] Hervé, Sieur de Portzmoguer, whose fine Celtic patronymic was "refined" into Primauguet by the chronicler, Alain Bouchard. Châteaubriand claimed descent from him in the female line.

Howard, with the main body of the fleet, came up just in time to witness this appalling disaster. Swearing to avenge his brother-in-law, he at once bore down upon the enemy; but the latter, panic-stricken by the loss of their admiral, fled in all directions. Howard gave chase, and having captured several ships, anchored once more in Bertheaume Bay, whence he wasted the coasts of Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany, destroying villages and *châteaux*, and driving the frightened people into the fortified towns. Between his brother-in-law and himself a friendship of the warmest character had existed, and he now swore to avenge Knyvett's death upon the French.

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[1] This combat is the subject of Latin poems by Humbert de Montmoret and G. Brice.

[2] Polydore Virgil, p. 27. Stowe, p. 490.

On August 26th, Wolsey (whose extraordinary rise to power was just beginning) wrote to Bishop Fox:—

> "Sir Edward hath made hys vow to God that he would nevyr se the Kyng in the face tyl he had revengyd the dethe of the nobyll and valyant Knight Sir Thomas Knyvett."[1]

No doubt his grief and rage were greatly augmented by a second tragedy which arose out of the first, namely, the fatal illness of his sister, the Lady Muriel Knyvett, who, when the news of Sir Thomas's decease reached Bokenham,[2] on August 12th, at once declared that she had "made tryst with hym in Heaven that day five months." Despite the remonstrances of her friends, she accordingly began to prepare for death, signed her will on October 13th, and died, as she had prophesied, on the twelfth day of the following January.[3] Returning to England for the purpose of attending her funeral, Sir Edward Howard was on March 19th, 1513, created Lord High Admiral of England, Ireland, and Aquitaine,[4] the reversion of which he had held for some time; and on Easter Sunday (March 27th), having collected his fleet at Portsmouth, he made for his old anchorage in Bertheaume Bay, outside Brest. The French navy lay in the roadstead within, and when Howard endeavoured to reach them by means of the narrow passage known as the Goulet, one of his ships, commanded by young Arthur Plantagenet, struck on a hidden rock and was lost. The Lord Admiral then decided not to make the attempt until he could secure reliable pilots, and contented himself with blocking the sea entrances to Brest and ravaging the country around the city. The French commander remained passive, with his ships drawn safely under the protecting guns of the fortress; nor did he attempt to meet Howard on the landward side. It presently appeared that he was waiting for naval reinforcements; and, about the middle of April, these arrived under the command of the Chevalier Prégend de Bidoux, who was styled by the English "Prior John," probably from a confused notion of his surname, combined with the knowledge that he belonged to the knightly brethren of St. John of Jerusalem. Prégend brought with him six galleys, and he put into Conquet, some few leagues from Brest, where he fortified himself behind batteries skilfully erected on neighbouring rocks.

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[1] Fiddes, *Life of Wolsey*, Collections, p. 10.

[2] The Norfolk seat of the Knyvetts, about thirteen miles south-west from Norwich.

[3] From her elder son, Sir Edmund Knyvett, descended the Norfolk baronets of that name, while her younger son, Sir Henry, is represented in the female line by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. She had previously married John Grey, Viscount Lisle (*d.* 1504), by whom she had an only child, Elizabeth, contracted to Henry, Earl of Devon, and *d.s.p.* before 1526.

[4] *Pat Rot.*, 4 Hen. VIII., part ii. The Earl of Oxford, his predecessor, had died on March 10th.

Notwithstanding the enemy's strong position, the daring Howard resolved to attack him. If a story given by Holinshed be true, he was induced to act thus rashly by certain letters which had passed between the council and himself. According to the chronicler, he wrote to Henry VIII., inviting that prince, in the name of chivalry, to cross the Channel and take command of his devoted navy. The King was anxious enough to do so, but in view of the difficulties surrounding the succession, he was persuaded both by Surrey and Fox to decline; and the council despatched a stinging rebuke to Sir Edward Howard, openly accusing him of dilatoriness in his attack upon Brest.

Furious at so unfounded a charge, the Lord Admiral decided upon immediate hostilities. No such correspondence as that described is now extant, but it is not unlikely that Howard may have had private letters from his father to the same effect. At all events, he set out from Bertheaume Bay on April 25th, 1513, determined to destroy the fleet of Prégend, or to be himself destroyed. He had, at the time, only two galleys at his disposal. Of one of these he took personal command, allotting the other to Lord Ferrars. He brought with him, however, a number of small row-barges and crayers, which were commanded by Sir Thomas Cheyne, Sir William Sidney, and other gallants. The object of these latter was to attack Prégend's galleys in the shoal-water where they lay,[1] and but for Howard's own impatience and lust for battle, he might have succeeded in surrounding and cutting off the enemy by these means.

Having vainly challenged Prégend to leave his fortified position, close inshore, the Lord Admiral left his galley for one of the barges, commanded by Carroz, a Spaniard, and manned by seventeen Englishmen. Then, apparently expecting the rest of the small-boat captains to do likewise, he ordered his men to give way, and rowing in through a hail of shot, grappled with the French admiral's galley, upon the deck of which he leaped sword in hand, followed by Carroz and the devoted seventeen. By some mischance, the cable which fastened his barge to Prégend's ship parted, or was cut by the enemy, and Cheyne, Sidney, and the other captains, seeing the barge swept away by the tide, deemed that Howard had fallen back, and themselves retired beyond reach of the

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[1] On what are known as "*les Blancs Sablons.*"

French fire. Thus the Lord Admiral and his men found themselves deserted upon the deck of the galley, and surrounded by an overwhelming force. Howard might have saved his life by revealing his identity, but this he disdained to do, and fighting furiously to the last, was thrust overboard by the pikes of the French, but not before he had torn from his breast and flung into the waves the golden whistle, his badge of command, which he had by will bequeathed to King Henry. Spent with wounds, he perished in the swift current, as did all his followers save one, whom the enemy took alive.[1]

Meanwhile the retreating English had discovered the loss of their Admiral, and Lord Ferrars sent a boat under a flag of truce to learn his fate. The messenger was courteously received by Prégend, who stated that he had been in complete ignorance of Howard's presence on his ship until informed by the surviving prisoner that one of those swept overboard was the Lord Admiral of England. So great was the consternation produced among the English by this dire news, that they at once fled from the neighbourhood of Brest, without even pausing to recover Howard's body. The latter, according to Paulus Jovius,[2] was cast upon the beach, and honourably buried by the Bretons, to whom the Admiral's name had long been one of terror. Taking advantage of the English panic, Prégend de Bidoux boldly crossed the Channel in their wake and ravaged the Sussex coast, carrying away much booty, but losing an eye in one of his encounters. The death of Sir Edward Howard plunged King and country in grief, and much undeserved blame was bestowed upon Ferrars and the other captains who had, all unwittingly, left him to his fate. Henry at once appointed the slain hero's elder brother, Thomas, as Lord High Admiral in his stead, and exhorted him to avenge Sir Edward's death. James IV., apparently oblivious of the Barton affair, wrote to his brother-in-law:—

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[1] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, i. No. 4005. Holinshed, p. 816. Stowe, p. 491.

[2] *Historia Sui Temporis* (ed. 1553), i. p. 99. The statement of Paulus to the effect that Howard's body was recognised by the small golden whistle which still hung about its neck scarcely tallies with the above account of his throwing that badge of his office into the sea to save it from the French.

> "Surely . . . we think more loss is to you of your late Admiral, who deceased to his great honour and laud, than the advantage might have been of the winning of all the French galleys and their equipage."[1]

The Lord Admiral had married Alice Lovel, sister and sole heir of Henry, Lord Morley, and widow of Sir William Parker. By her he had no children, but he left behind two natural sons, provisions for whose settlement in life were made in their father's curious will. This document, executed a year previous to Howard's death, is thus summarised in *Testamenta Vetusta*:—

> "The will of Edward Howard Knight. My body to be buried where God will. My manor of Morley[2] in Norfolk, which my wife hath for her life, payingy early to the Prior and Convent of Ingham in Norfolk to find a priest to sing for me and her at the altar there called St. Esprit: also whereas I have two bastards, I give the King's grace the choice of them, beseeching his grace to be good lord to them, and that when he cometh of age he may be his servant; and him that the King's grace chuesth, I bequeath him

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[1] Etlis, *Original Letters*, series i. vol. i. p. 77.

[2] Morley Old Hall, where Lady Howard resided, lies hard by the villages of Morley St. Botolph and Morley St. Peter, some four miles from Wymondham. "Ingham" is Hingham.

my bark called *Genett*, with all apparel and artillery, and L£ to begin his stock with: the other bastard I bequeath to my special trusty friend Charles Brandon, praying him to be good master unto him; and for because he hath no ship, I bequeath him C marks to set him forward into the world: to the Queen's grace, St. Thomas's Cup:[1] I will that Henry Parker esquire,[2] son and heir of my said wife, have, after her decease, the said manor to him and his heirs, upon condition that he amortizes the said house X marks a year within two months after the death of my said wife; and I will that the Abbey shall be bound to find a secular priest, called 'Howard's Priest,' and a new friar, which shall be called 'Howard's Friar.' Alice, Lady Morley, my wife, and Charles Brandon, to be executors; and for the labour of the said Charles, I bequeath him my rope of bowed nobles that I hang my great whistle by, containing CCC. angels; and for the strengthening of this, my last will, I beseech the King's noble grace to be supervisor, and I bequeath his grace my great whistle.

"(*signed*) EDWARD HOWARD."[3]

The Admiral's bequest of one of his natural children to the King irresistibly recalls the will of another and more famous seaman, who, like Howard, fell in battle. Nelson left his daughter Horatia and her mother, Lady Hamilton, to the nation's loving care—a trust none too generously observed.

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[1] This, the "Grace Cup" of Thomas à Becket, was given back to the third Duke of Norfolk by Katharine of Aragon, and remained with his descendants until presented by the twelth Duke to Mr. H. Howard, of Corby. It is now at Corby Castle.

[2] Afterwards Lord Morley, in right of his mother.

[3] This will, dated 1512, was proved July 18th, 1513. The fate of Sir Edward Howard's natural children is uncertain, but it seems likely that they were alluded to on July 2nd, 1519, when "Charles Howard, one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and George Howard, one of the King's Surgeons, were licensed to import 1,000 tons of Gascon wine." (*French Roll*, Hen. VIII., m. 2.)

The Victor of Flodden

We come now to the beginnings of that fierce duel which raged for many years between two generations of the house of Howard and Thomas Wolsey, the King's favourite minister. The wanton expenditure in which Wolsey encouraged Henry caused the deepest dismay to Surrey, who, while far from being penurious, had been trained in a school of severe economy. It was only natural that Henry, young and dazzled by display, should hearken to the councillor who relaxed rather than to him who tightened the purse-strings—to the free-handed, optimistic priest, rather than to the stern and cautious veteran. Gradually Surrey's position at the council-board became insupportable. The King, it is true, never treated this old soldier and loyal servant with open disrespect, but he heard his advice without heeding it, and permitted to Wolsey a freedom which was peculiarly galling, not only to Surrey, but to Buckingham, Northumberland, and the other great nobles, who were forced to sit silent while "the flesher's son of Ipswich" said his say. Outbreaks of temper were frequent, even on the part of the usually patient Surrey. In September, 1512, the Earl, having offered his opinion as usual, and "being discountenanced by the King, left the Court. Wolsey," comments a contemporary, "thinks it would be a good thing if he were ousted from his lodging there altogether." The Lord Admiral, too, had more than one angry encounter with the truculent churchman, and the love between them was not increased by Howard's marriage to the daughter of Wolsey's bitterest and proudest foe, the Duke of Buckingham.

Thus matters stood at the beginning of the eventful year 1513. That year, although it commenced uncompromisingly and even gloomily[1] for the house of Howard, was destined ere its close to prove the most glorious in the family annals.

Wolsey, in his anxiety to shut out Surrey and his sons from all chance of further glory or preferment, completely overreached himself, and benefited the very men whom he sought to injure. When the invasion of France was determined upon, old Surrey, eager to avenge upon the French the deaths of his son and son-in-law, demanded, as he had a right to demand, a post of honour in the army. Wolsey, however, easily persuaded the young monarch that, were so renowned a captain as the Earl to accompany the expedition, the glory of prospective victory must be shared with him; and that, king as he was, Henry would be regarded by Europe as a mere boy, fighting under the guidance of his tutor. Moreover, he pointed out, Surrey was almost a septuagenarian, and would be better suited in administering the business of the Treasury and keeping the peace at home. Thus it fell out that although the Earl followed his sovereign to Dover, entreating permission to serve in France, he got nothing for his pains but fair words from the King and covert sneers from Wolsey. Nor was Lord Howard permitted to take his place among the "flower of English chivalry," although, as Lord Admiral, he had much to do with ferrying the three divisions of the army across the Channel. Naturally the Earl and his son were at once depressed and deeply affronted by this denial; but in the event it proved most fortunate for them, since, while the King's vast array wasted time and treasure in futile sieges and engagements without profit, Surrey, Howard, and the veteran troops left at home were enabled at one blow to crush the power of a nation which had harassed England for centuries.

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[1] Owing to the death of Sir Edward Howard.

While Surrey was in London, occupied with the duties of the lord treasurership, he learned from his northern scouts that the King of Scotland, taking advantage of Henry's absence, meditated an invasion of England upon a grand scale. With this end in view, James had gathered an army of over 50,000 men, crossed the Tweed, and avenged his defeat and flight of 1497 by capturing Norham Castle after a siege of six days. He had then marched into Northumberland, ravaging the northern parts of the county, and taking, in turn, the strongholds of Etal, Wark, and Ford. The Lord Admiral, hastening to France at the first ill tidings from the North, prevailed upon Henry to spare 5,000 men, and with these made for the Scottish coast with the object of making a diversion in James's rear.[1] Surrey, on his side, sped northwards with his little force, and pitching his camp at Bolton, in Glendale, called the ever-ready chivalry of Northumbria to arms. By September 1st, his troops numbered 20,000; and five days later he was unexpectedly reinforced by the Lord Admiral, who, seeing no chance of a sea fight, had landed his hardy veterans at Berwick and proceeded to join his father. Surrey now felt himself strong enough to continue his march, and accordingly reached Wooler Haugh on September 7th. He found that James had withdrawn across the Till at his approach, and taken up a strong position on Flodden Hill, the last spur of the eastern Cheviots. Aware that the Scots outnumbered his own forces by nearly two to one, Surrey decided against a direct attack; and, remembering the challenge sent him by James before Ayton in 1497, he despatched a herald to the enemy's camp with a similar message. The Scottish King was invited to descend, with his host, into the plain of Millfield, between Flodden and Wooler, and there, a day having been fixed for the combat, test the valour of the two armies on equal ground. It was now James's turn to decline the challenge, which he did with the somewhat inconsistent declaration that "it became not an Earl thus to challenge a King."

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[1] Carte, iii. 12.

Surrey was now inclined to venture upon an assault of the Scottish position, but the shrewd counsel of his elder son saved him from what might have proved a fatal mistake. Seeing that James would not forego the advantage of Flodden Hill, the Lord Admiral advised his father to make a pretence of marching towards Scotland, as if with the intention of invading that country and cutting off the King's supplies. This was done: the English broke up camp and crossed the Till, but instead of continuing northward, turned suddenly on Barmoor, and marched westward so as to come directly behind the enemy. Had James stood fast on Flodden, he might even yet have prevailed; but he appears to have been frightened by the English manœuvre, and setting fire to the huts in which his troops had been quartered, abandoned the hill for the neighbouring position of Brankston. The smoke, blowing eastward from the Scottish camp, proved a godsend to Surrey, by concealing his advance. Under this accidental cover, Lord Howard, with the English vanguard and artillery, recrossed the Till at Twizel Bridge, while the main body of the army found a ford higher up the stream. Once across, Surrey divided his forces into two lines. Of the former of these, Lord Howard led the centre, Sir Edmund Howard[1] the right wing, and Sir Marmaduke Constable (with Sir William Percy as his lieutenant) the left. The centre of the rear line was commanded by Surrey himself, while the right and left wings were under Lord Dacre of the North and Sir Edward Stanley respectively.

The Scottish disposition was different, and consisted of a reserve force, under the Earl of Bothwell, and three divisions, of which the centre was led by the King, the right by the Earl of Huntley and Lord Home, and the left by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle. Lord Howard, perceiving that the space between the two English lines was too great, and the lines themselves too weak to withstand the weight of the Scots, sent to his father a token, consisting of the *Agnus Dei* which he wore on his breast, and asked that the army should be drawn up in closer order. His wishes once more prevailed, and with fortunate results for England. Huntley and Home began the attack, sweeping down upon Constable's northern levies, and after a severe struggle driving them from the field. The usual account is that Home's Borderers, having penetrated to the English rear, stayed to plunder the baggage, and by this lack of discipline practically lost the battle. At any rate, by the time their leaders had succeeded in getting them in hand again the Scottish army was in utter confusion. The Highlanders of Lennox and Argyle, eager for the fray, had broken through all restraints and hurled themselves headlong upon the English right. Here they were encountered by Sir Edmund Howard, who resisted the onslaught stubbornly, but would have been overwhelmed and driven back had not his brother, the admiral, recognising the peril in which he stood, hurried up the supporting cavalry under Lord Dacre in time to turn the tide of fight.

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[1] Sir Edmund was also Knight Marshal of the army.

Regarding the personal prowess of Sir Edmund Howard all authorities are agreed; but a document preserved among the State Papers[1] accuses his followers of giving way to panic before the furious attack of the Gaelic clansmen. "Edmund Howard," this document states, "had with hym 1,000 Cheshire men, and 500 Lancashire men, and many gentilmen of Yorkshire, on the right wyng of the Lord Howard; and the Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, with many Lordes, dyd sette on hym; and the Cheshire and Lancashire men never abode stroke, and fewe of the gentilmen of Yorkshire abode, but fled. Mr. Gray and Sir Humfrey Lyle be taken prisoners, and Sir Wygard Harbottell and Maurys Barkeley slayne. And the said Edmund Howard was thrice felled: and to his relief the Lord Dacres cam with 1,500 men, and put to flight all the said Scottes, and had about V score of his men slayne." Doubt must rest upon this narrative, owing to the fact that the "Lord Chamberlain of Scotland" (Home), who is described as heading the charge, was actually fighting on the Scottish right, and therefore could not have attacked the right wing of the English line. The result was a terrific carnage, the Highlanders, who refused to ask for quarter, being well-nigh exterminated by Howard and Dacre. Meanwhile the Scottish centre under James, supported by Bothwell, had resisted the Lord Admiral's repeated onslaughts, the northern nobles forming themselves in a circle around their monarch. Surrey succeeded in intercepting and defeating the unruly Borderers, returning from the rout of his left wing, and by this success extinguished the last hope of Scottish victory. The Lord Admiral, reinforced by his brother and Lord Dacre, and subsequently by Surrey himself, charged again and again upon the devoted ring that fought around King James. Night alone forced the English to desist, and even in the twilight Howard's sea-dogs maintained a murderous conflict with the enemy.

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[1] This is the earliest original State Paper relating to Henry VIII.'s reign, and is printed in the collected State Papers, vol. iv. part 1.

When the morning of September 10th, 1514, dawned upon the slopes of Flodden, it showed the grim work that had been done. Scotland's King and the flower of his nobility had perished heroically in that bloody fray, the remnants of the northern host were flying in confusion across the Tweed, and the power of England's ancient rival lay broken at a blow. Since Bannockburn no such decisive battle had been fought between the nations; and even Wolsey, inimical as he was to Surrey, could not deny the completeness of the victory or its importance from a British point of view. Surrey and his son had between them, not only saved England and defeated the invader, but had put an end, perhaps for ever, to such invasions. Moreover, by the death of the factious James IV. and the succession of Henry VIII.'s nephew to the Scottish throne, both king and minister imagined that they would long exercise a dominant influence in the sister realm. Accordingly no attempt was made to belittle the triumph of the Howards, and when Henry returned from France in October, flushed with his own petty successes of Terouenne and Tournay, he showered rewards upon that family. The proud titles which Surrey had lost through one battle he now regained through another, after the lapse of thirty years. He was created *Duke of Norfolk*, the patent being dated February 1st, 1514,[1] and *Earl Marshal* of England; while the King conferred upon him twenty-six manors, and granted to himself and his heirs male an honourable augmentation to their heraldic bearings, viz. "in an escutcheon *or*, a demi-lion rampant, pierced through the mouth with an arrow, within a double tressure flory and counterflory gules," the tressure being part of the royal arms of Scotland. At the same time the Lord Admiral, whose cool and skilful generalship had done so much to win the fight at Flodden, was elevated to the rank of Earl of Surrey.

But in spite of this show of extraordinary favour, even Flodden did not restore the newly made Duke of Norfolk to his old place in the counsels of Henry VIII. Wolsey, now Bishop of Lincoln, barred the way, and Norfolk, like Buckingham, Northumberland, and the other great nobles, sought in vain to overthrow the power of this upstart minister. The opinions of the Duke and the Bishop clashed upon nearly every important subject, and Norfolk was particularly opposed to the peace with France and the marriage of the King's young and charming sister, the Lady Mary, to the elderly French monarch, Louis XII. It is possible that Norfolk's chief reason for resisting this match was the mutual love which was known to exist between Mary and her brother's handsome favourite, Charles Brandon. Brandon had been the bosom friend of Norfolk's dead son, Sir Edward Howard, and the Duke knew, moreover, that Henry VIII. had encouraged the love affair between princess and courtier, until Wolsey urged upon him the politic alliance with France. In this, as in former council-board contests between them, the Bishop won the day. Not only was the Lady Mary betrothed to Louis XII., but by way of adding to Norfolk's chagrin at this defeat, he himself was chosen as chief of the magnificent retinue which escorted her to France. Furious at what he deemed, no doubt correctly, to be an insult planned by Wolsey, the Duke was betrayed into indiscretion. At Abbeville he quarrelled with and dismissed all the Lady Mary's English attendants,[1] which, while it may have temporarily deprived Wolsey of a few useful spies, had the far more important effect of setting the new Queen of France against Norfolk, and securing his recall to England in practical disgrace. This was but the beginning of a long series of humiliations which the King, at his minister's instance, heaped upon the shoulders of the victor of Flodden. On November 15th, 1515, he was compelled by the royal mandate to escort Wolsey, who had that day been presented with the Cardinal's hat, from the high altar to the door of Westminster Abbey,[2] and we learn from Giustiniani that Henry compelled him to keep up an outward show of friendliness to the proud priest.

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[1] It was not until 14–15 Chas. II. that the title of Duke of Norfolk was restored by Act of Parliament to the original precedence held by John, first Duke, *temp.* Rich. III.

It was by dint of this policy of humiliation that Wolsey succeeded in bending so many of the nobles to his will. Recognising in him the chief, if not the only channel of Court favour, they were compelled, in their own and their children's interests, to become his real or pretended adherents. The "Magnificent" Earl of Northumberland, Buckingham's father-in-law, from being the Cardinal's bitter foe, became his obsequious friend, even going so far as to place his son and heir, Lord Percy, among the masterful prelate's pages. In like manner was Shrewsbury brought to heel, and many another of the great feudal lords. But the Howards held out against cajolements and insults alike, and if the septuagenarian Duke hated Wolsey, his hate was as nothing compared to that of his son, the Earl of Surrey. The latter had more than once quarrelled openly with the Cardinal, and in 1513 had put an end to all prospect of truce between them by marrying the eldest daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, and entering upon an alliance, offensive and defensive, with that bold and ambitious prince. Wolsey watched all this grimly enough, waiting for the Howards and Staffords to make that false step which, he confidently expected, would place them in his power. So, in after years, the great Richelieu watched and waited until the time came to annihilate his enemies and consolidate the power of France; but while Richelieu played the game of statecraft like a gentleman, despising unripe revenges and showy triumphs of the moment, Wolsey could not sufficiently restrain his burgher instincts, and so sacrificed eventual victory to mere venom and personal vainglory. For the time being, however, the Cardinal had the King's ear absolutely, and he used his power skilfully enough towards the encompassing of his own ends. That the chief of these was the destruction of Buckingham and his party there can be little doubt.

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[1] Brewer, *Henry VIII.*, i. 40.

[2] This duty was shared by Charles Brandon, now Duke of Suffolk.

Although still Lord Treasurer, Norfolk came seldom to the Council after he discovered that his remonstrances against the royal extravagance went unheeded. Such a course was eminently satisfactory to Henry, who endeavoured to reward the old soldier for his forbearance by a specious show of favour. When the Duke came to London from Framlingham (for he was now in full possession of that stately stronghold of his ancestors) he was welcomed almost as a prince of the blood, and Wolsey, to please the King, paid him such attention that there were rumours of a reconciliation, and even that shrewd observer, Giustiniani, was for a time persuaded that Norfolk had given up the contest.

In February, 1516, the Duchess Agnes was chosen to act as godmother to the Princess Mary; and later in the same year the Duke was a commissioner for the formation of the "Holy League" between England, Spain, and the Emperor, "for the defence of the Catholic Church against heresy." In 1517 he was called upon, as Earl Marshal, to suppress the so-called "'Prentice Riots" in London; and although this work was uncongenial, and he was suspected of sympathising with the malcontents, there was nothing lacking of the old thoroughness and promptitude in his manner of carrying out the King's orders. As far as we can learn from Holinshed and Stowe, these riots were really caused by the growing prosperity of the foreign artificers who had poured into England during recent years, and the consequent jealousy of the less skilful native craftsmen. One Dr. Beale, a priest, and a broker named Lincoln, by seditious speeches created an agitation against the foreigners, and many were thrown into prison for threatening the French and Flemish merchants with violence. Finally the 'prentices rose in arms, liberated their imprisoned comrades, and proceeded to wreck the establishment of Meutas,[1] a Picard, slaying several of his servants and plundering his goods. Cardinal Wolsey, fearing for his own safety, mustered a strong guard and fortified York House against the rioters. Meanwhile Norfolk, summoned in haste, raised a force of 1,300 East Anglians and marched southward, sending his son, the Earl of Surrey, with a troop of cavalry in advance. Surrey, reinforced by Lord Shrewsbury, broke the back of the rising, and on May 1st (long known to London 'prentices as "the evil May Day") Norfolk marched into the city, arrested the ringleaders, and put an end to the disturbance.[2]

Henry desired that a wholesale execution of the prisoners should take place, but Norfolk succeeded in persuading him to a more merciful sentence. Lincoln and thirteen other agitators were hanged, but the remainder of the culprits, to the number of over four hundred, were fully pardoned, after they had presented themselves before the King, clad only in their shirts, and with ropes around their necks.[3] For the magnanimity which he displayed on this occasion, Norfolk's name was held in high esteem by the 'prentices, who afterwards sent several of their number to attend his obsequies at Thetford. The riots were not without some profit to the native tradesmen, for they drew the attention of Henry and his Council to the enormous influx of foreigners, and over 15,000 Flemings were commanded to sell their businesses and leave London.[1]

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[1] A descendant of this Meutas, Frances, daughter of Sir Peter Meutas or Mewtas, married Henry Howard, second Viscount Bindon (*d.* 1590), great-grandson of the second Duke of Norfolk.

[2] From a curious proclamation which he issued, it is evident that the Duke ascribed to the wives and daughters of the citizens no small share in the 'prentices' rising. He ordered that "women should not meet together to babble and talk," and that "all men should keep their wives in their houses."

[3] Stowe, p. 505. Holinshed, p. 840.

When, in 1520, Henry went to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Norfolk was left guardian of the realm. For such costly mummery as that which took place outside Guisnes the Duke had little stomach, and he cordially echoed Buckingham's condemnation of the whole undertaking, blaming it, as did the Constable, upon Wolsey, Surrey, too, expressed in no mild terms his opinion of the chief minister's wasteful ostentation; and so active did the faction of the nobles become during the winter of the year, that Wolsey determined to strike the blow which he had so long meditated. As a preliminary step. Surrey, who stood well with the King and was generally regarded as the first soldier of the day, must be removed to a position from which he could not interfere with the Cardinal's designs. His influence and popularity were too great to permit of any false charges being trumped up against him, therefore Wolsey resolved upon the expedient of proposing him to Henry as the only person capable of subduing Ireland, over the greater part of which country the King's sovereignty had ceased to exist. The bait took; and Surrey, much against his will (for his subtle intelligence easily divined the Cardinal's object), was commanded to proceed forthwith to Dublin, and to take over the viceroyalty vacated by the Earl of Kildare. No sooner was this dangerous opponent well out of the way than Wolsey unmasked his batteries. Buckingham was arrested, charged with high treason, and brought to trial.

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[1] Le Grand, iii. 232.

The chief charge advanced against him seems to have been that, owing to his descent from the Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., he made some pretence to stand in the line of succession to the throne; and to a monarch of Henry VIII.'s jealous disposition such boasting would doubtless have been sufficient to condemn him. But Buckingham's real offence was that he had flouted and made an enemy of Wolsey, and it was for this that he was marked for death. There were many nobles, not personally related to the doomed peer, who might have been selected to preside over his trial; but it was part of the Cardinal's scheme of revenge that Norfolk, stainless veteran and loyal gentleman, should be forced into that intolerably painful position. To the King, Wolsey made it appear that this was but a just penance which the aged Duke must undergo by way of reparation for his too great intimacy with his "traitorous kinsman." So despite Norfolk's earnest pleadings and the great services which he had rendered to king and country, he was compelled to sit as Lord High Steward while the jury of twenty peers, chosen for their absolute subserviency, went through the travesty of a trial. When at last it fell to him to pronounce the sentence of attainder and death upon Buckingham, the rugged old soldier was completely unmanned, the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, and it was some time before he could falter forth the words of doom.

The history of this reign of bloodshed and misery presents few pictures more pathetic than that of the grizzled hero of Flodden driven, for the base gratification of a rival minister, to proclaim a sentence which he believed to be unjust, upon one whose opinions he shared, and who had been his closest friend for thirty years. But this was the last of Norfolk's many sacrifices to loyalty. As he left Westminster, broken in mind and body, he vowed that, even at the risk of forfeiting the King's grace, and thereby endangering the edifice of his fortunes, which he had reared with such labour and patience, he should never again take part in public affairs. This vow he was allowed to keep, save for an occasional "visit of duty" to Court, and an unavoidable appearance before Charles V. in May, 1522, when the Emperor so far honoured the house of Howard as to constitute its heir, Lord Surrey, admiral of all his dominions. During the following December Norfolk resigned the lord treasurership, retaining no dignity outside of his hereditary titles save the earl marshalship, the duties of which had long been performed by Surrey as deputy. The Duke's final visit to London was in April, 1523, when he had a short and apparently affectionate conversation with the King. His last days were spent peaceably at Framlingham, in superintending the education of the six children borne to him by his second wife, the Duchess Agnes; and he died in the majestic castle of the Bigods and Mowbrays on May 21st, 1524, in the eightieth year of his age.[1]

An extraordinary sensation was produced throughout England by the death of Thomas Howard, second Duke of Norfolk. For the time being all factious strife was laid aside, and the whole nation went into mourning for the man who had saved his country on Flodden Field. A writer of to-day[2] has aptly compared the intense popular feeling aroused by the passing of Norfolk with that which followed upon the decease of the Duke of Wellington. Between the two great captains there were, in truth, many points of resemblance. Each died full of years and honours, having ranked for nearly half a century as the first general and foremost subject of his time and country. Although their campaigns had been varied and uniformly successful, the fame of each rested mainly upon one magnificent battle. Each had tried his hand at statecraft, only to discover in defeat that a victorious commander is seldom gifted with political skill. But however regarded in a civil capacity, each, as a soldier, possessed to the last the love and admiration of the entire community. To Norfolk, as to the conqueror of Waterloo, a splendid public funeral was accorded. The body lay in state at Framlingham Castle; whither flocked a great host of mourners from Norfolk, Suffolk, and the neighbouring counties, as well as citizens and 'prentices from London, merchants and seamen from the eastern ports, and even veterans of the Scottish wars, who had journeyed all the way from the distant Border to render a final homage to their departed leader. The little village of Framlingham could not accommodate such a multitude, so that many slept in the open air upon the slopes surrounding the castle. A full account of the funeral ceremonies, drawn up by the College of Heralds, has been preserved, and though too long to be quoted here, affords a good example of the splendour with which a great nobleman was laid to rest in those days.

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[1] It is curious to note that his son and successor, the third Duke, lived to be eighty-one.

[2] Mr. William A. Dutt, author of *Highways and Byways in East Anglia.*

This account, however, makes no mention of the extraordinary panic with which the great congregation was smitten during the funeral sermon. The preacher, Dr.

Mackrell (who is here described as "abbot of Whittle," in Northumberland, but who became famous in later years as Prior of Barlings. and leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace in Lincolnshire[1]), was a man of remarkable eloquence, and so moving was his discourse upon death, that "a violent fear surprised all the multitude, being very diligent and attentive to the sermon," and, rising as one man, they fled from the church with a great outcry, leaving the prior alone with the corpse. Many were seriously injured in the struggle to gain the doors of the abbey; and nobles, commons, and even priests, mingled in that strange and terrible flight. It was long maintained among the vulgar that, at the burning words of Dr. Mackrell, the dead Duke of Norfolk seemed to arise from his shrouded hearse; nor could the people be quieted or induced to return to the church until the preacher had made an end of his sermon. It is probable that Mackrell's influence over the people, afterwards exemplified by his raising an insurgent army of 20,000 in Lincoln and Norfolk for the Pilgrimage of Grace, dated from this sensational discourse, and the superstitious dread to which it gave rise.

The elaborate monument placed over Norfolk's remains in Thetford Abbey has already been mentioned. The work, as we learn from the Duke's will, was executed by Clarke, master of the "King's works" at Cambridge, and one Wessel, a mason of Bury St. Edmunds; while the long biography of the deceased inscribed thereon[1] bears evidence of having been largely the composition of the deceased nobleman himself. This epitaph has been already quoted extensively. Its closing words, added by another hand, are a just and simply eloquent tribute to the upright character of the victor of Flodden: "At hys depertyng oute of Framlingham castell toward hys buryalle, he cude not be asked one grote for hys debte, nor for restitution to any person."

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[1] Dr. Matthew Mackrell, subsequently leader of the Pilgrimage of Grace, and suspected of having incited the Lincolnshire people to rebellion, was beheaded at Louth after the suppression of the rising. He was a son of a servant of the Howards, who was unpopular in Norfolk on account of his supposed Scottish origin (see *Paston Letters*).

Not all the honour in which the dead Duke's name was borne could save his tomb from the wanton vandalism of the early Reformers, who when unleashed in this part of East Anglia by Henry and Cromwell, broke into the abbey church of Thetford and destroyed this and many other storied monuments. Hoping to preserve the relics of his ancestors from profanation, the third Duke of Norfolk succeeded in obtaining a grant of the tenancy of Thetford Abbey after the Dissolution; but he was too late to stay the hands of these fanatics and their dupes, and before he could enter into possession, irreparable damage had been done. The bones of his father, which had been left exposed in their roofless shrine, were reverently gathered together, and after resting for some time in Thetford church, were conveyed to a chapel which the Howards had built in Lambeth, and there reverently reinterred, under a new monument, a partial copy of that which had existed at Thetford. This second tomb had also disappeared in the time of Martin, the historian of Thetford; but he tells us that he had seen "a most beautiful painting of it, contained in a curious history and pedigree of the Howard family with their monuments, executed in a large vellum book by Henry Lilly, Rouge Dragon pursuivant, who died 1638." This is the pedigree alluded to in the introduction, and to which we owe so much for information concerning the old memorials, effigies, etc., of the Howards. Norfolk's figure was there "represented on a brass plate, cumbent, with his arms, and his head resting on his helmet and crest, but no inscription." His widow, the Duchess Agnes, who survived him for over twenty years, and lived to do a great deal of harm to the house of Howard through her lax guardianship of the unfortunate Queen Katharine, was buried by his side at Lambeth.[1]

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[1] See Martin's *History of Thetford*, appendix vii., where the inscription is quoted in full. Also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, Howard's *Memorials*, etc.

The will of the second Duke of Norfolk, signed on the last day of May, 1520, is remarkable as being the last instrument of the kind extant in which a subject speaks of himself in the plural "we." He bequeathed a large sum for the making of his tomb at Thetford, and the carving of his curious autobiography thereon, to "Master Clerke, master of the King's works at Cambridge and Wassel, free mason of Bury." To his widow, Duchess Agnes Tilney, he bequeathed "all manner of plate, jewels, garnyshed and ungarnyshed, with . . . all our household stuff, beddings, hangings, sheetes, fustians, blanketts, pelows, cusheons, hanged beds of gold and silk, and all other stuffe belonging to bedding and apparelling of chambres; . . . all our naprie, and all our chapell stuffe, with all maner of kecheyn stuff; . . . all our apparel for our bodies, with all our horses, geldings &c.; . . . all our harness and other abillaments of warrys, with long bowes, cross bows and bendings; . . . all our wyne, gold and silver, and all other our goods and cattells; . . . all maner of detts owing to us, as well as the revenues of our lands, and the arrerage of the same." To Cardinal Wolsey he left as a peace offering "a pair of our gilt pots, called our Skottish pots," and he requests the Chancellor to deal justly by his widow.

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[1] See *Surrey Archæological Coll.*, ix. 397 (article by Mr. Leveson Gower on the Howards of Effingham).

The history of Thomas Howard, second Duke and Earl of his name, is a sufficient index to his character. Bred to the profession of arms from his youth, he was a soldier before everything—blunt, straightforward in all his dealings, resourceful in the field, but little fitted for the chicanery of courts, or the pushing of his own fortunes at the expense of his self-respect. In warfare he exhibited a humanity rare enough in those days, and destined to become rarer under the tigerish Tudors. He had abundant excuse for that noblest of sins—pride of birth, representing as he did an important branch of the Royal Family, as well as the great baronial line of Mowbray; but, probably owing to his early training and the imprisonment and poverty which afflicted him for so many years, he remained singularly modest, and never paraded his princely rank, as did so many of his contemporaries. Compared with the extravagant ostentation of the "Magnificent Earl" of Northumberland, for instance, Norfolk's household arrangements were simple to severity, and there were not wanting those who accused him of niggardliness. It is more likely, however, that this economical rule of life emanated from a natural distaste for the vulgar display which Henry VIII. inaugurated and encouraged, and of which Wolsey was so notorious an exponent. For the powerful prelate Duke Thomas entertained no love, and it was his opinion, afterwards borne out by facts, that Wolsey's methods of government, and the class of greedy place-hunters whom he introduced at Court, were dangerous to the liberties of the people, and seriously menaced both the old nobility and the old religion of England. A faithful, though by no means a fanatical Roman Catholic, it was perhaps well for Norfolk that he died when he did, and before he could be involved, like his old friend and lieutenant, Lord Darcy, in too zealous protests against the suppression of the monasteries and the distribution of church property among the "new men." To the last, Henry VIII. accorded to the Duke a considerable degree of churlish respect. He could do no less, in view of all that he owed to Norfolk, and the respect in which the great commander's name was held by the kings and courts of Europe. Both at home and abroad, by friends and foes alike, Thomas Howard's worth and probity were freely admitted; and Polydore Virgil faithfully expresses the general opinion of his character when he describes him as "*Vir prudentia, gravitate et constantia prœditus.*"[1]

A reference to the accompanying genealogical tables will most readily show the names and alliances of the second Duke's numerous offspring.[2] By his second wife he was ancestor of the Howards, Earls of Effingham, and by his first, of all the other titled branches of the Howard family now in existence, save that of the Earl of Wicklow, whose origin is doubtful. To enumerate, however briefly, the great number of important families of Great Britain and Ireland who can claim the Duke as their common ancestor would occupy many pages of this work. The old and exclusive Catholic aristocracy, especially, may well regard him in the light of a patriarch, for there is scarcely one of its leading houses which does not boast of direct or collateral descent from the Victor of Flodden.

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[1] *Historia Anglicana.* Polydore Virgil, it may be remembered, was a bitter enemy of all Richard III.'s adherents, which makes his praise of Norfolk all the more noteworthy.

[2] Some confusion as to the exact number of the second Duke's children has been caused by Lilly, who, in the Northampton MS., makes him father of three sons besides those mentioned in the accompanying table. These were (see Howard *Memorials*) the "Lord John Howard, son of Thomas Duke of Norfolk *and the Lady Agnes*, who died March 23rd, 1503"; the "Lord Charles," son of the same, who died May 3rd, 1512; and the Lord Henry

(*d.* Feb. 22nd, 1513). Lilly took his information from tablets in the Howard Chapel, Lambeth. But the second Duke was not married to Agnes Tilney until after 1507, and so could not be father, by her, of a son who died in 1503. It is probable the three were sons of Thomas, afterwards third Duke, by his first wife the Lady Anne Plantagenet, "Anne" and "Agnes" being then regarded as interchangeable names.

IV

The Third Duke

HE who now succeeded to the dukedom of Norfolk—Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, Lord High Admiral and Lord Treasurer of England—was in his fifty-first year, a successful commander both by land and sea, a diplomatist of acknowledged skill, and the chosen champion of the old nobility against "new men and new measures."

The third Duke presents to us a typical example of the heir of a great house, brought up under the demoralising influences of the early Tudors. Originally a high-spirited youth, brave, generous, and a natural leader of men, his character had been gradually perverted in the dangerous atmosphere of the Court. Situated as he was—a descendant of the Plantagenets, married to Edward IV.'s daughter, and thus but a few steps removed from the throne itself—the necessity of caution and duplicity had been impressed upon him from boyhood. A single false step might have meant utter ruin to himself and his entire family; cunning and constant vigilance, on the other hand, were levers capable of raising him to the loftiest honours. So Thomas Howard learned perforce to wrap himself in that cloak of subtlety which could alone protect him through those perilous times, and which, in the end, became his habitual wear. Inwardly ambitious and ever plotting his own and his family's advancement, he was outwardly the obsequious courtier, who watched unmoved, and even helped to carry out the cruelties and brutalities of his despotic master. At heart a zealous Catholic, and almost fanatically devoted to his own kindred, the third Duke of Norfolk sacrificed both religion and family affection in order to maintain the favour of Henry VIII. His father, the second Duke, would have gone to the scaffold rather than truckle to the King's vices, or accept a creed at his hands; but the new lord of Norfolk had been bred in a different school, and his whole career throughout the reign of Henry was little more than an acted lie. It was the irony of fate that such sustained hypocrisy should, after all, fail to attain its object, and that, one after another, the triumphs which he won reacted upon himself.

While admitting the great abilities of this remarkable man, it is impossible to admire his character, or, at least, that side of his character which he presented to the world. In person he was small of stature, of spare figure and swarthy complexion.[1] His features were aquiline, and judging by Holbein's portraits, he kept his face clean-shaven after the fashion of Henry VII.'s time. At the time of Falieri's sojourn in England, when he was generally regarded as Wolsey's certain successor, he cultivated a great liberality, and was unusually affable to his inferiors, whom he encouraged to bring their grievances before him. Falieri comments upon the intelligence and apparent freedom with which he discussed public affairs, domestic and foreign.

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[1] Description given by Falieri, the Venetian ambassador in 1531 (Brown's *Venetian Calendar*, iv. 294). As a specimen of the errors into which so-called "historical" novelists are betrayed, either by ignorance or a mistaken ideal of art, the following picture of the Duke may be quoted from Harrison Ainsworth's *Tower of London*, chap. xi.: "The Duke of Norfolk had a martial air and deportment. His expression was haughty and commanding. He was tall of stature and strongly built, though he had not the gigantic frame or broad shoulders of the King. His beard was grizzled, and his gray hair clipped close to his head."

The exact date of the third Duke of Norfolk's birth is unknown; but as he was in his twelfth year at the battle of Bosworth, and his parents were married in 1472, it may be accepted that he was born in 1473, and at Ashwell Thorpe, where his father was then domiciled. We have no record of his early education; but at the age of eleven he was brought to Court, and formally betrothed to the King's niece, Ann, third daughter of Edward IV.[1] The little Lady Ann[2] had been previously contracted by treaty to Philip, son of the Archduke Maximilian; but this arrangement had fallen through after her father's death and the usurpation of Richard III., and the latter monarch readily gave her hand to the grandson of his loyal friend, John, Duke of Norfolk. Bosworth's bloody day, and the overthrow of the house of Howard, naturally caused this second betrothal to lapse; nor was Henry VII. at all anxious to find a husband for his sister-in-law until his own dynasty was more securely seated upon the throne. During his father's imprisonment, young Thomas Howard probably lived at his mother's seat of Ashwell Thorpe, with his brothers and his half-brother, John Bourchier, Lord Berners. The last-named, it will be remembered, was also uncle by marriage to the Howard lads, although very few years older than themselves; and it is possible that the sound education which he received in youth was shared with these near relatives. It is easy to imagine the future translator of Froissart, eldest of that little group of boys, reciting for their benefit some chronicle of chivalry, or directing their mimic wars, under the old rooftree at Ashwell Thorpe. The release of the head of the family from the Tower, and his restoration by Henry VII. to the title of Earl of Surrey, in 1489, changed the prospects of the youthful Howards as if by magic.

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[1] Buc, *Richard III.*, p. 574.

[2] She a mere child, having been born on November 2nd, 1475.

They were no longer dependent upon the charity of relatives; and although, in consequence of the King's covetousness, their father had recovered but a tithe of his rightful possessions, he was rich enough to clothe and educate them as became the children of a great noble. The two oldest sons, Thomas (now Lord Howard), and Edward (afterwards the dare-devil Admiral), were placed as pages in the royal household; and presently, through the kindly influence of the Queen, Henry was induced to sanction the contract of marriage between Thomas and the Lady Ann Plantagenet. Whether the King, as the father of two healthy sons, felt reasonably satisfied as to the succession, or whether he had shrewdly penetrated the sad truth, viz. that the seeds of consumption were in the blood of Edward IV.'s younger daughter, he permitted the nuptials to take place in Westminster Abbey on February 4th, 1495. The Lady Ann had no dowry, nor would her skinflint brother-in-law relax his purse-strings in her behalf. Finally the Queen, from very shame, settled upon her an annuity of £120 *per annum*, drawn from Elizabeth's private estate.[1]

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[1] The marriage settlement of the Lady Anne and Lord Howard is quoted *in extenso* in Madox's *Formulare Anglicanum*, pp. 109–10. The Queen's gift of an annuity to her sister was confirmed by Act of Parliament, 11 and 12 Hen. VII.

Thomas, Lord Howard, and his brother, Edward, accompanied Surrey in his campaign against James IV. in 1497, and took part in the capture of Ayton, receiving the honour of knighthood at their father's hand early in the following year. During the jealous sovereignty of Henry VII., however, no person so nearly related to the blood royal as Lord Howard could hope for many opportunities of distinguishing himself, and so, with the exception of a visit to Scotland in 1503 in the train of Queen Margaret, and a brief sojourn in France during Surrey's embassy of 1507, the King's brother-in-law was kept in close attendance at Court, learning to repress his natural impetuosity, and to play a part in the eyes of men. The succession of Henry VIII. was hailed by him with delight, as heralding a new era of activity at home and abroad.

The account of his successful expedition against the Scottish sea-captain, Andrew Barton, in August, 1511, has already been sufficiently referred to. This exploit secured for him and for his brother, Sir Edward, the lasting favour of the young King; and owing to Barton's widespread reputation as a scourge of the seas, and the undisguised wrath of the King of Scots at his death, the affair made a great noise, and a ballad was made in Lord Howard's honour, of which a garbled version was printed many years afterwards, and still survives. In May, 1512, Howard was appointed Lieutenant-General under the Marquess of Dorset of the army sent into Spain, with the intention of aiding the King's father-in-law in his proposed invasion of Guienne. Dorset was disabled by the climate and the character of the drinking water, so that the chief command of the expedition fell to Howard. More than half the troops were sick, the supply of food was wholly inadequate, and Ferdinand showed no signs of coming to the support of his allies. Finally a mutinous spirit set in among the half-starved and fever-racked English forces, and Howard, after exhausting every device to induce Ferdinand to move, on the one hand, and to control his officers and men on the other, was reluctantly compelled to lead the army to the coast and ship them for England.

The year 1513 was a momentous one to Lord Howard, for within it he lost one wife and married another, became Lord High Admiral by the tragic death of his brother, and took a prominent part in the great victory of Flodden, whereby his father won a dukedom and he himself the title of Earl of Surrey. The death of his first consort, the Lady Ann, about the first of the year, must have proved rather a relief than otherwise. Brilliant as the alliance to Edward IV.'s daughter had been, little benefit and no small share of uneasiness had accrued to Thomas Howard therefrom. The unhappy princess, moreover, had been a victim of consumption for several years; all the four sons that she had borne him died one after the other of that disease, only the eldest, Thomas, surviving his tenth year. The death of his brother, Lord Edward, in the attack on Prégend de Bidoux's ships during the following April, and his own appointment to the post of Lord Admiral, with strict injunctions from Henry VIII. to avenge the English loss, brought home to the widower his childless condition, and the possibility of his family's extinction, should he fall in battle. He determined therefore to marry again without loss of time, and cast his eye about for a suitable consort. Such a personage was found in Elizabeth Stafford, eldest daughter of his close friend and kinsman, Edward, third Duke of Buckingham. Efforts have been made to build a romance of blighted love upon this marriage, and to explain the lady's subsequent quarrels with her husband upon the ground that she was wedded against her will, and had already bestowed her affections upon another, to wit, her father's ward, Richard Nevill, afterwards fourth Earl of Westmoreland. This pretty story, however, rests mainly upon the statement made by the Duchess herself over twenty years later, when she was seeking by every means to irritate Norfolk and justify her own conduct. She then asserted that Nevill and she were formally betrothed, and "had loved together ij yere." Their mutual affection cannot have been a very serious matter, for the swain was but eleven years of age when he began his courtship, and the lady was five years his senior.[1] Moreover, if he had ever been affianced to Lady Elizabeth at all, he readily consoled himself with a mate nearer his own age, her younger sister, Katharine; and so far from being an unhappy bride, Elizabeth Stafford appears to have lived very happily with her lord until other circumstances occurred to estrange them. The ancestry of Lord Howard's second wife was but little inferior to that of her predecessor.

Although not a king's daughter, she was directly descended from Edward III., both through his sixth son, Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester[2] (whose representative her father was), and through John of Gaunt and the Beauforts, Dukes of Somerset. Her father was Constable of England, and heir of the great houses of Bohun and Stafford; while her mother was a Percy of Northumberland.[1] One important effect of the union was to weld the chief families of the old nobility in a closer league against the encroachments of Wolsey and the swarms of "new men" with which he was filling the Court. Already, in the King's ante-chamber, the Lord Admiral and the future Cardinal had encountered each other, and bitter words had been exchanged between them, laying the foundation of that fierce feud which was only to be quenched by death.

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[1] Westmoreland was born in 1499, and Elizabeth (if we may believe her own statement) in 1494.

[2] By Alianore, first daughter and co-heir of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, etc., whose younger co-heir, Ann, was queen of Henry IV. Ann Plantagenet, daughter of Gloucester and Alianore Bohun, married Edmund Stafford, fifth Earl of Stafford (*d.* 1403), and was ancestor of Elizabeth Stafford, Duchess of Norfolk.

The autumn of this eventful 1513 brought Flodden, in which great battle Lord Howard played a gallant part, if indeed he were not, as some authorities maintain, the actual organiser of victory. On the occasion of his father's restoration[2] to the dukedom of Norfolk, he himself was created Earl of Surrey (February 7th, 1513–14), and was admitted to the King's privy council, where he speedily signalised himself by his consistent opposition to Wolsey. At first the King seems to have permitted the baiting of his new minister, in which Surrey, Buckingham, and even the ordinarily good-natured Suffolk indulged; perhaps he may have enjoyed these exciting episodes and clashings of rough wit as serving to relieve the tedium of affairs. But as Wolsey's influence over him increased, and the proud cleric insisted that his dignity was hurt by such unworthy disputation, Henry set himself sternly to stamp out the independence of the young nobles. On May 21st, 1516, after a stormy scene between the Earl of Surrey and Wolsey, the King interfered with every evidence of anger, and Surrey was forcibly ejected from the council chamber. Nevertheless he continued to retain the royal favour to no inconsiderable degree, and the Cardinal saw clearly that his removal from Court was necessary if the designs against Buckingham's life and vast estates were to be carried out successfully.

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[1] Alianore, daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland.

[2] Restoration, because after the first Duke's death at Bosworth the second Duke succeeded to all his titles until the bill of attainder was passed, and was therefore legally Duke of Norfolk from August 22nd to November 7th, 1485.

Gerald Oge FitzGerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy of Ireland, had fallen into disgrace, owing chiefly to the influence of his hereditary enemies, the Butlers, and the fact that he had entered into blood alliances with the purely Irish nobility.[1] Wolsey persuaded the King that Surrey was the one man fitted to restore tranquillity to the narrowing English Pale, and to bring the Gaelic princes and chiefs and the rebel Celto-Norman lords to submission. Accordingly the Earl went very unwillingly to Ireland, while in his absence the nets were drawn around his father-in-law, and "the finest buck in England," as Charles V. called him, fell a victim to the Cardinal's hatred.

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[1] Two of his daughters (the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth) were married to Brian O'Conor Faly and Fergananim O'Carroll of Ely respectively; his sister, Lady Eleanor, was the wife, first of Donal MacCarthy Reagh, and secondly of Calvagh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell; and his aunt, also Eleanor, had been the consort of Con Mor O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Moreover, many of his brothers and nephews had contracted Gaelic alliances. But that Ormond should reproach him with this seems paradoxical, for the Butler earl was himself the son, grandson, and great-grandson of marriages with ladies of purely Gaelic birth, his mother being a MacMurrough Kavanagh, his grandmother an O'Carroll of Ely, and his great-grandmother an O'Reilly of Breffni. Indeed, most of the great Norman-Irish lords had long since sunk their feuds and freely intermarried with the Gaelic nobility. Clanricarde, Desmond, the Lord Barry, FitzMaurice of Kerry, etc., were all "*ipsis hiberniores Hibernicis.*" It is a curious fact that, while the Gaelic and Norman blood mingled freely and generously, the Gaelic and Saxon strains assimilated with difficulty, as though a natural antipathy existed between them.

Surrey was perhaps the best of the English viceroys sent to Ireland during the reign of Henry VIII. The Italian methods of subjugating the sister kingdom, introduced subsequently under Elizabeth, were happily unknown to him; and he believed neither in wholesale massacres of the Irish, like Essex and Sidney,[1] nor in assassination and poisoning, as did Bingham, Mountjoy, Carew, and his own treacherous nephew, the Earl of Sussex.[2] Religious difficulties, it is true, had not yet added their rancour to the Irish wars, and Surrey's task was all the easier for this reason; but in his dealings with the clans, while naturally striving to maintain or establish British supremacy, he displayed a fairness and liberality which had been lacking in his English-born predecessors.

Surrey landed at Ringsend, in Dublin, on May 23rd, 1520. He brought with him his wife and infant family, and at once took up his abode in the Castle, having sent out emissaries to all the great Norman-Irish lords and to the Gaelic princes and chieftains. The force which accompanied him from England consisted of 100 guards and "1,000 inferiors," the latter mainly raw levies from East Anglia, Essex, and Kent. To these were added, some weeks later, a body of cavalry under Sir John Bulmer.

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[1] The atrocious slaughters of Rathlin Island (under the first Earl of Essex) and Mullaghmast (under Sir H. Sidney) are referred to.

[2] Thomas Ratcliffe, third Earl of Sussex (Elizabeth's favourite) tried to procure Shane O'Neill's assassination by poison, which "dastardly attempts" are referred to in the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* O'Donnell was actually poisoned in Spain by the agent of Carew and Mountjoy (*vide* Carew MSS., October, 1602). Mountjoy employed Thomas Fleming to murder O'Neill, and Bingham sent a hired assassin to slay O'Rourke of Breffni.

The precarious character of English rule in Ireland at this period may be judged from the fact that the capital city of the Pale was in a state of intermittent siege throughout the first half of the sixteenth century, the warlike clans of O'Byrne, O'Tuathal, and MacMurrough threatening its gates and cutting off its convoys on the south, while the O'Carrolls, O'Conors Faly, and a host of minor septs (secretly aided and encouraged by the Fitz-Geralds) menaced the city on the south-west and west. As a result, it was found necessary to maintain a strong civic force; and this militia, more than half Gaelic by blood, and familiarised with the surrounding country by numerous "hostings" and defensive battles, proved exceedingly useful to Surrey.

The news of Kildare's imprisonment, unpopular even in "loyal Dublin," caused serious trouble among his friends and kinsmen of Northern Leinster. The clans of his sons-in-law, O'Conor Faly and O'Carroll, rose in arms, and the fierce race of O'More, whose hereditary hatred and distrust of the English had passed into a proverb, were already ravaging Ormond's country and threatening Kilkenny. In the far south-west the other great head of the Geraldines, the Earl of Desmond, maintained the state of a semi-independent prince, and waited but for a suitable opportunity to fall upon the Butlers in the rear. The good faith of this latter house even was in doubt, although its chief, the *de jure* Earl of Ormond (Sir Pierce Butler), eager to receive the royal acknowledgment of his ancient title, hitherto withheld,[1] was one of the earliest to offer his services to the Lord Deputy, bringing with him his maternal relative, the MacMurrough, and a small portion of the Kavanaghs, that chieftain's clan. As to the barons and knightly families of Meath and Dublin — Nettervilles, Nangles, Barnewalls, D'Altons, Tuites, D'Arcys, Fyans, and the rest — they were too nearly related to the great house of Kildare to give anything but a lukewarm support to the new Lord Lieutenant. Surrey complains bitterly of their attitude in his early letters to Henry, asserting that they sent him a mere handful of horsemen, and those ill-equipped and badly mounted. When his attitude towards the FitzGeralds was better understood throughout the Pale, however, the lesser nobility grew more friendly, and before he left Ireland he had completely won them over.

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[1] Thomas Butler, seventh Earl of Ormond, left two daughters and co-heirs, who married respectively Sir James St. Leger and Sir William Boleyn. His next male heir, Sir Pierce Butler, claimed the earldom and estates, but

Hardly were the Earl and his household established in Dublin Castle before the peace of the Pale demanded an immediate expedition against the O'Mores and their allies, who, under "the best leader of cavalrie in Ireland," Conal O'More, were ravaging the countryside from Athy to the liberties of Kilkenny, and from Carlow to the Slieve Bloom Mountains. As yet the territory of Leix had not been planted with Saxon settlers (Hovendens, Hartpoles, Hetheringtons, and Cosbys), so that the Pale was at Conal's mercy. Under him fought the confederacy of tribes known as the "Twelve Septs of Leix,"[1] besides cavalry, galloglasses,

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his claim was long disputed by the Boleyns; and even when he was confirmed in the title he had to resign it to Anne Boleyn's father, Sir Thomas, receiving instead the title of Earl of Ossory. However, at the fall of the Boleyns, the earldom and Irish estates of Ormond came back to the Butlers.

[1] The O'Mores, originally a Northern clan, had settled in Leix (the greater portion of the modern Queen's County, and parts of Kildare and Carlow) in the tenth century. The "twelve Septs" of the Confederacy included the O'Lalors, MacCrossans (anglicised "Crosbie"), etc.

and kerns from the neigbouring clans.[1] Surrey, according to Holinshed, was at dinner in Dublin when news reached him of the concentration of these forces upon the great heath of Leix,[2] and their march upon Athy. His inherited promptness of action at once asserted itself. Orders were hastily despatched to the Barons of the Pale to join him with all available fighting men. The Viceroy himself set out at daybreak on the following morning with his 1,100 English and a large contingent of Dublin citizens led by their mayor and sheriffs.[3] The march towards Leix was tedious and somewhat unproductive, for instead of pouring in to his assistance, as Surrey had expected, the Norman-Irish hardly responded to his summons at all. Only 48 horse and 120 foot appeared from Meath, under the command of Nangle, Baron of Navan, and his son-in-law, Thomas Fyan of Feltrim. The noblemen and gentry of Kildare held sullenly aloof, although a word from Sir James Fitz-Gerald of Leixlip could have raised the countryside.

Conal O'More, hearing of Surrey's advance, fell back towards his fortress of Dunamase, while he detached a troop of cavalry and some light kerne to cut off the British rear-guard with its convoy of baggage and provisions. This latter manœuvre was skilfully carried out in a pass of the hilly country near where Maryborough now stands—the self-same pass, indeed, where the second

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[1] With him were bands from the MacMurroghs, MacGilpatricks, O'Dempsys of Clanmalier, O'Brenans of Edough (whose chief, however, like that of the MacMurrogh clan, sided with Ormond), O'Carroll of Ely, O'Meagher of Ikerrin, etc.

[2] Now called Maryborough Heath.

[3] Thomas Tue was mayor of Dublin in 1520, and Michael Fitz-Simon and Robt. Shillingford were sheriffs.

Earl of Essex was so handsomely defeated in 1399 by the O'Mores.[1] The Irish fell upon the rear-guard, and after a short skirmish utterly routed the English contingent, although the latter were picked soldiers and supplied with firearms. All Surrey's supplies would have been captured but for the valour of some of the Dublin militia, who, seeing the English flying, entrenched themselves behind their own "carriages," or baggage-waggons, and, under the leadership of Patrick Fitz-Simon, offered a stout resistance. Eventually Fitz-Simon, who is described as "a relative of the mayor,"[2] succeeded in bringing off the greater part of the stores in safety, as well as the heads of two Irish captains, whom he had slain with his own hands.

Next morning the officers of the runaway English rear-guard, unaware of Fitz-Simon's courageous action, reported to Surrey that they had been surprised by a great host of the enemy, and that, owing to the cowardly flight of Patrick Fitz-Simon and his Dublin swordsmen, the insurgents had prevailed and carried off the stores and baggage. At this (to quote from Holinshed's narrative) "the Lieutenant posted in a rage to the Mayor in his pavillion"—the encampment was probably upon what is now called Maryborough Heath—"telling him that his man, Fitz-Simons, was a cowardlie traitor in running awaie, when he should have defended the carriages. 'What am I, my Lord?' quoth Patricke Fitz-Simons, skipping in his shirt out of the tent, with two heads in his hand. 'My Lord, I am no coward. I stood to my tackling, when your men gave me the slip; I rescued the carriages, and have here sufficient tokens of my manhood,' tumbling downe both the heads. 'Saist thou so, Fitz-Simons?' quoth the Lieutenant: 'I crie thee mercie, and by this George, I would to God it had been my good hap to have beene of thy companie in that skirmish': So drinking to Fitz-Simon in a boll of wine, he returned to his pavillion."[1]

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[1] This defile is still known, from the plumes shorn from the helmets of Essex's knights, as "Bearnaneglish," or "the Pass of the Plumes."

[2] The family of Fitz-Simon was a very important one in Dublin during the sixteenth century. Between 1520 and 1560 it gave five mayors, ten sheriffs, and many minor officials to the city. Patrick Fitz-Simon here mentioned had been sheriff in the preceding year (1519). The family is now represented by Mr. Christopher O'Connell Fitz-Simon of Glancullen, Co. Dublin.

From what we know of Surrey's character, it is safe to surmise that the faint-hearted and false-tongued English officers fared none too well at his hands. A few hours after his recognition of Patrick Fitz-Simon's valour, his forces were boldly attacked by O'More's main body. The action was hotly contested, and the close quarters at which the combatants engaged may be guessed from Holinshed's statement that one of the enemy discharging "his peece at the verie face of the Lieutenant, strake the vizor off his helmet," but the shot "pearsed no farther, as God would." Matters might have gone ill with Surrey, had not the Earl of Ormond and MacMurrogh opportunely appeared from the direction of Kilkenny with 150 horse, 200 galloglasses, and 300 kerns. O'More then drew off, and the two Earls "brenned divers townes and forreyed the cuntre."[2] These proceedings were interfered with by the Irish, who separated into small bands and harassed the Lord Lieutenant's forces, so that "at dyvers skarmysshes men were slayne on booth parties."[3] Finally Surrey concluded a truce with O'More, and a general parley was held on the heath of Leix, to which came most of the Irish chieftains of Leinster, including the Earl of Kildare's brothers-in-law, O'Conor Faly and O'Carroll of Ely, the latter described by the Lord Lieutenant in a letter to Henry VIII. as "the most estemed capteyn of the land."[1] Favourable terms were offered to the insurgents, which most of them accepted, and the truce was extended into a formal peace. O'Carroll, however, was too greatly attached to Kildare to yield his allegiance readily, but Conal O'More and the others persuaded him, so that "with mouche difficulte he was sworn."[2]

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[1] Holinshed, vi. 279.

[2] Surrey to the King; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 35; July 23rd, 1520.

[3] *Ibid.*

When questioned by Surrey "upon what grounde he had moevid warre, considering he had promised Sir William Darcy to bee loving and serviceable . . . he said he was so mouche hurt by Englishmen in tymes past that nowe he sawe good season to revenge his hurtes."[3] It was generally believed that Kildare's imprisonment had been the real cause of O'Carroll's disaffection, and Surrey had heard tales (probably from Ormond, who, although Kildare's brother-in-law,[4] was his deadly rival) of a certain letter written by the Geraldine to the chief of Ely urging him to insurrection. The Lord Lieutenant was instructed by Wolsey to offer considerable sums for proof of the treasonable contents of this letter,[5] and he endeavoured, first by fair words, and subsequently by threats, to compel O'Carroll to confess concerning it; but the latter "answered, saying he wold not distayne his honnour for the pavelion ful of gold, ne if he had receevid any suche letter, wold disclose the same."[1] Although thus thwarted, Surrey conceived a high regard for Fergananim O'Carroll, as he did somewhat later for O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, whom he met on a journey northward. O'Neill and MacMahon he earnestly desired to conciliate; but the Prince of Tyrone and the Lord of Oriel ignored his friendly messages, and positively refused to recognise Henry as their sovereign. Accordingly the Viceroy set forth on an expedition against them on August 11th, attended by Ormond "with a right good power of horsmen and also of fotemen." We know very little concerning this "hosting," save that Surrey did not succeed in meeting O'Neill; and from the fact that he did not inform the Council of his adventures, but sent the King a private verbal explanation by a discreet envoy, it is by no means improbable that he was forced to retire before the superior forces of the northern princes.

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[1] Surrey to the King; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 35; July 23rd, 1520.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

[4] Ormond's wife was Margaret Fitz-Gerald, famous in Irish song and story as *Mairgread Gearoid*, or "Margery Garrett."

[5] The letter was supposed to have been conveyed by Hickey, Abbot of Monasterevan.

The written account, dated from Dublin Castle on August 25th, is very vague. "I dyd," he writes, "suche annoysaunce as I might, *the circumstance whereof I forbere to write*, for somuche as Sir John Wallop was personally present in all the progresse whiche can reaport unto your Grace all the effect thereof."[2]

Subsequently Henry acknowledges receiving the particulars referred to from Wallop, and compliments Surrey upon his "discrete conduct." Clearly O'Neill's power had made an impression, for Henry sent orders that he should be conciliated in every possible way, and forwarded by Wallop a golden collar which was to be offered to the Prince of Tyrone. Nothing is said of this collar subsequently; probably Surrey's discretion prevented him from sending it northward, well knowing that it would be regarded as an insult by the proud O'Neill.

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 35.

[2] Surrey to King; *S.P.*, ii. 40.

On October 2nd, 1520, Surrey left Dublin for a progress through the South of Ireland, his object being to bring the better-disposed of the Gaelic chieftains into friendly relations with the government, while at the same time endeavouring to heal the feuds between the Norman-Irish barons, particularly between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond.[1] Desmond's desire to make himself the virtual sovereign of Munster had just resulted in his defeat by Cormac Oge MacCarthy, Lord of Muskerry;[2] and Surrey, who as yet had no idea of how much more Irish than English the descendants of Strongbow's barons had become, especially in Munster, was inclined to regret the overthrow of one whom he regarded as an "Englishman."

Writing to Henry on September 26th, he says:—

> "His (Desmond's) discomfyture and losse may be right hurtfull. The moost part of theym that overthrew him bee Irishmen; and I feare it shall cause theym to wex the more prowder, and also shal cause other Irishmen to take pryde therin, setting the les by Englishman."[3]

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[1] The long and bitter struggle between the houses of Fitz-Gerald and Butler was destined to end only in the extinction of the earldom of Desmond. Its intensity is well illustrated by the famous story of the conquered, captured, and sorely wounded Desmond, who, when borne from the field of battle upon a litter of spears carried by Ormond's victorious soldiers, was asked in mockery: "Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" and undauntedly replied: "In his accustomed place, *on the necks of the Butlers!*"

[2] Cormac MacCarthy of Muskerry (*d.* 1536), was ancestor of the MacCarthys, Earls of Clancarty, and Viscounts Muskerry, whose male heirs still survive in France.

[3] Surrey to King, September 25th; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 46.

At the same time he has a good word for MacCarthy:—

> "Notwithstanding, the said Cormak who was chyef capteyne, is the man of all the Irishmen of the land, save O'Downyel, that I thynk wold moost gladly fall to English order. And undoubted, yf the said Erl had not invaded his countrey and brent and destroyed the same, he would not have attempted any thyng against him; and the discomfyture was in the said Cormac Oge's owne countre."[1]

Marching from Dublin by way of "the Great Woods" of Upper Ossory, part of the territory of the still unsubdued MacGilpatricks,[2] the Lord Lieutenant fixed his headquarters in the pleasant town of Clonmel, whither a great company of Norman-Irish and Irish nobles assembled to hear the terms which he proposed for the settlement of their differences. From Munster came a host of FitzGeralds, Barrys, and Roches, riding side by side with MacCarthys, O'Sullivans, and O'Brians. The Earls of Desmond and Ormond went through a form of reconciliation, as did Desmond and MacCarthy of Muskerry, and on October 6th the entire gathering set off along the valley of the Suir to Carrick, where *Pierus Ruadh* (or "Red Pierce," as Ormond was nicknamed) gave them a royal banquet in his fine castle, now a crumbling ruin.

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[1] Surrey to King, September 25th; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 46.

[2] Some eighteen months later (in 1522), the chief of the MacGilpatricks (Fitz-Patricks), annoyed by the Earl of Ormond's encroachments upon his lands, sent an envoy to Henry VIII. This daring messenger had the temerity to waylay the King in the great hall of Greenwich Palace, and in a loud voice to threaten him thus: "*Sta pedibus, Domine Rex! Dominus meus Gillapatricius me misit ad te, et jusset dicere, quod si non vis castigare Petrum Rufum, ipse faciet bellum contra te!*" We are not told by Leland what was the fate of the envoy who thus menaced Henry with war, if Red Pierce of Ormond were not punished; but probably the King treated the affair as a prodigious jest. At any rate, the son of the then MacGilpatrick was created Baron of Upper Ossory, and his grandson was that "*carissime Barnabe*" who was brought up with Edward VI. Lord Castletown represents the family to-day. According to Irish authorities, the name of the challenging envoy was Dermot O'Lalor, a friar.

The head of the house of Butler was a shrewd and far-seeing man (albeit in Ireland the credit for his foresight and shrewdness was generally given to his wife, "Margery Garrett"), and he had hatched out a scheme for the settlement of his family difficulties with the Boleyns, which Surrey, under the influence of Butler hospitality, was now persuaded to endorse. Had this scheme come to a successful issue (and at the time everything seemed to favour it) the entire history of England might have been altered. For Ormond's plan concerned the speedy marriage of his son and heir, the Lord Butler,[1] with Mistress Anne Boleyn, younger daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, the rival claimant of the Butler honours and estates. Mistress Anne was at the time in her fourteenth year, and Lord Butler a little older; but such early unions were common enough, particularly where the conflicting interests of great families could be reconciled in this manner.[2] Whether Ann had been already sent to the French Court as early as 1520 is a matter of doubt; the probabilities are that she did not leave England until after her proposed match with the heir of Ormond. The latter, some months before, had been placed in the household of Cardinal Wolsey, where one of his fellow-pages was another young noble, the Lord

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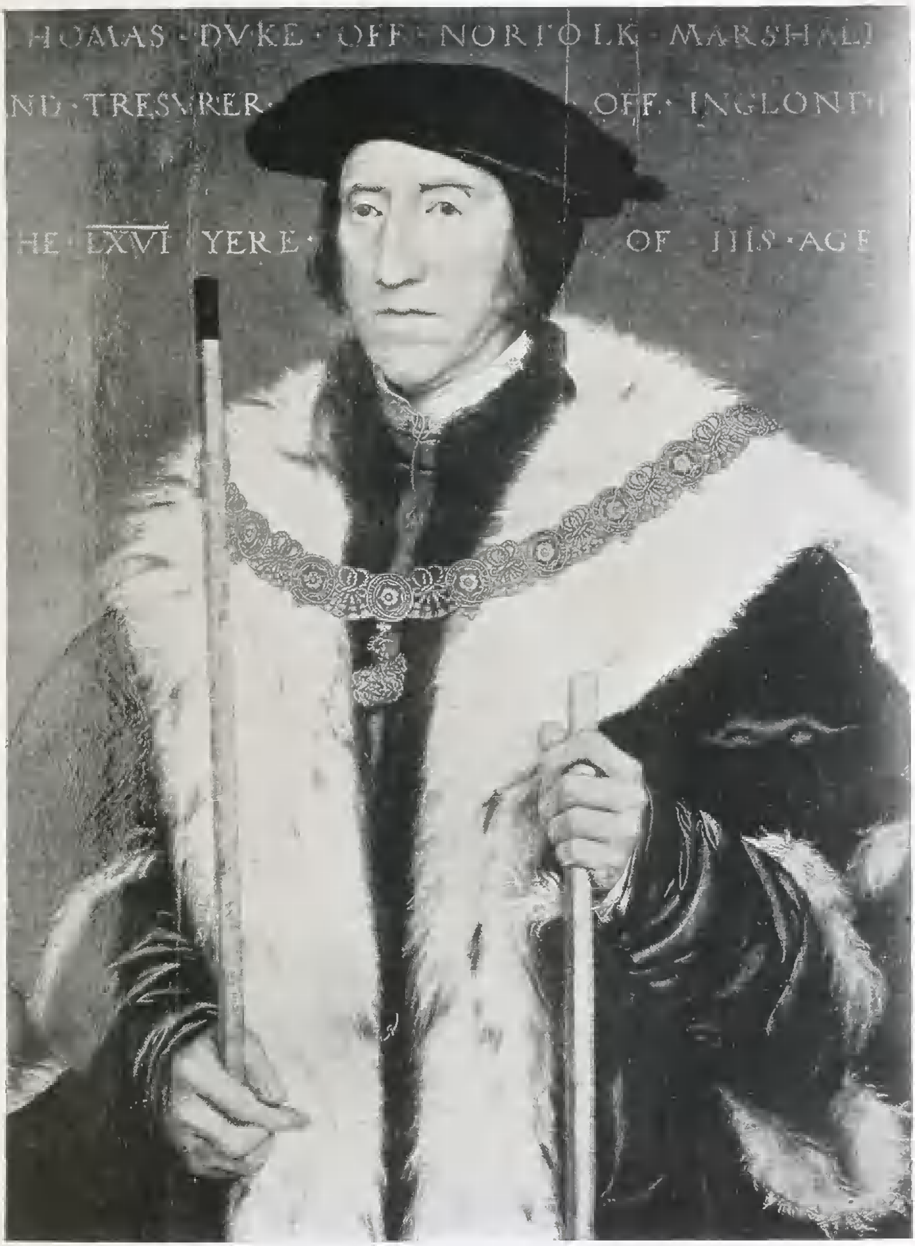
[1] James, Lord Butler, afterwards ninth Earl of Ormond, who was poisoned with several of his retinue at Ely House, Holborn, October 16th, 1546.

[2] The editor of the *State Papers* of Henry VIII. attempts to prove that Mary Boleyn, elder sister of Ann, was the bride designed for Lord Butler by Ormond and Surrey. But at this time Mary Boleyn was the King's mistress (as appeared during the proceedings against Ann in 1536), and would hardly be looked upon as a suitable match for the son of a great nobleman.


HOMAS · DVKE · OFF · NORFOLK · MARSHALL
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THOMAS HOWARD, THIRD DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G. (1473-1554), EARL MARSHAL AND LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND

Percy, whose history is also interwoven with that of Ann Boleyn.[1] The project of betrothing Ann to James Butler was no new one, for Wolsey had discussed it with Surrey on a former occasion, when the Boleyn-Butler feuds were discussed in council; but at Ormond's solicitation the Lord Lieutenant now took the matter up afresh, and wrote to the Cardinal-Legate from Waterford :—

> "And where, at our beeing with Your Grace, divers of us moeved you to cause a maryage to bee solempnysed betwene thErll of Ormonds son, beeing with your Grace, and Sir Thomas Boleyns daughter; we thynk, yf your Grace causid that to be doon, and also a fynal ende to bee made betwene theyme, for the tytle of landes depending in varyaunce, it shuld cause the said Erll to bee the better wylled to see this land brought to good order."[2]

He also urged the scheme upon the King in several letters, and it is curious, in the light of subsequent events, to find that Henry VIII. approved of the suggested union of Ann Boleyn with Butler, and wrote to Surrey in the following terms :—

> "And like as ye desire Us to indevour our sellff, that a marriaage may be had betwixt therle of Ormondes sonne and thee doughter of Sir Thomas Bolain, knight, comptroller of our Householde; so we woll ye bee meane to the said Erle for his agreeable consent and mynde thereunto, and to advertise Us, by your next letters, of what towardnesse ye shall fynde the said Erle in that bihalf. Signifying unto you that, in the meane tyme, We shall advaunce the said matier with our Comptroller."[3]

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[1] Percy, afterwards sixth Earl of Northumberland, was the accepted lover of Ann until Wolsey, at the King's desire, broke off their courtship.

[2] Surrey to Wolsey, from Waterford, October 7th, 1520; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., part ii. p. 50.

[3] King to Surrey, Lambeth Library; vol. 602, leaf 7.

The speculative will find food for curious thought in this "might have been" of history. Ann Boleyn sent to Ireland instead of to France, and established as a child-wife under the wary eyes of a grim old mother-in-law, such as "Margery Garrett," would probably have ended her days peacefully within the walls of Carrick Castle, and not beneath the axe of the headsman of Calais. Her visits to England would have been rare, for Henry VIII.'s nobles knew him better than to bring their comely wives to his lustful court, and since he had already seduced one Boleyn, it was not likely that another would be placed in his way. So there should have been no Queen Elizabeth; and who can say whether England would have kept or abandoned her ancient faith? Providence willed, however, that the apparently auspicious match should not take place. Perhaps Sir Thomas Boleyn was unwilling to make peace with the Butlers; perhaps Ormond, having been temporarily confirmed in his earldom, deemed the battle won, and sought to ally himself with a house less tarnished by scandal than that of Boleyn; at any rate, the project languished for a year, and was finally permitted to lapse altogether. Ann Boleyn went to France, and Lord Butler was eventually married to a Fitz-Gerald of Desmond.

While at Carrick and Waterford, the Earl of Surrey paid peculiar attention to the Munster chieftains who attended his progress, and especially to two of them, Cormac Oge MacCarthy of Muskerry, already alluded to, and his kinsman, MacCarthy Reagh. To Henry he describes them as "Irish lordes of grete power. . . . They bee two wise men, and I fynde theyme more conformable to good ordre than summe Englishmen here. I have mocoined theym to take their landes and to holde theyme of the Kinges Grace; and they woll be content soo to doo."

This was the policy which the Viceroy pursued with most of the Gaelic nobility. In return for their allegiance to the Lord of Ireland (the title then borne by the King in that country),[1] he promised them secure tenure of their lands and assistance against marauding neighbours. It was no fault of Surrey that his pledges were not kept by his successors, but such was unfortunately the case. One large tract of territory in the County Kilkenny,[2] rich in coal and iron ore, was confirmed by him on behalf of the King to its hereditary chieftain and his clan; yet exactly one hundred years later the Earl of Strafford caused this very estate to be forfeited and made over to his creature, Sir Christopher Wandesford, on the ground that the descendants and heirs of Surrey's grantees were "mere Irish" and had "intruded" upon their native territory, holding it solely "*per manu forte.*" It is interesting to note, in this connection, that Surrey's descendant, Henry Frederick, twenty-fifth Earl of Arundel, endeavoured to prevent Strafford's injustice; but similar violations of legal rights occurred in many parts of Southern and Western Ireland, and led directly to the Great Rebellion of 1640–1. Surrey was the first to propose the establishment of a kingdom in Ireland, and the total abolition of the old racial barriers.

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[1] Henry VIII. did not assume the dignity of "King of Ireland" until 1542.

[2] Edough, comprising the barony of Fassadinan (with its coalfields, still in active operation) and portions of the neighbouring Queen's and Carlow counties. This country is largely inhabited by the same clan to whom Surrey confirmed the ownership. Fate made Surrey's great-great-grandson, the Earl of Arundel, the advocate of these clansmen in their efforts to hold their heritage.

He saw that it was useless to attempt to force English customs peacemeal upon the clans, and that the old Pale system led to continuous wars, feuds, and disturbance. To his mind the only alternatives open to the King were, either to conquer the country peaceably by winning over the great chieftains, recognising them in their ancestral dignities, and giving them a representative Parliament in Dublin or Kilkenny, or to attempt the complete extermination or banishment of the Irish race. The latter course he pronounced impossible, for three reasons, viz. the fabulous cost which such an undertaking would involve, the extraordinary vitality of the people and their devotion to their country, and the fact that the great body of Norman-Irish would be almost certain to side with their kindred against the English.

It is characteristic of the time, and of the man as a product of the time, that no considerations of humanity are allowed to enter into the discussion of this merciless project of extermination. Surrey regards it solely from a utilitarian point of view, and would doubtless have entered upon its horrors as obediently as he afterwards did upon the massacre of his co-religionists of the Pilgrimage of Grace, had Henry commanded him to that effect. His advice to the King, however, was wholly in favour of conciliation, and, as a preliminary step thereto, he counselled formal embassies to O'Neill and O'Donnell and the release of the Earl of Kildare from prison. Contrary to his successors of Elizabeth's time, Surrey appears to have had a very high opinion of the Gaelic Irish, especially as soldiers, and he compares them favourably in the latter capacity with some of his English levies. On his way back to Dublin from Waterford he passed through the outskirts of O'Byrne's country, where he encountered such splendid and well-armed horsemen that, as he informs the King, he at once discharged fifty of the English cavalry, sent over under Sir John Bulmer, and attempted to recruit his ranks from the eastern clans. During the winter of 1520–1 he seems to have remained peacefully in Dublin; his chief trouble being that Wolsey (quite possibly with the intention of crippling his resources) kept him sorely in need of money.

In November he wrote bitterly to the Cardinal: "Yf any Irishman wold make in-surrection or invasion . . . I can not bee hable to yssue out of this towne (Dublin) for lake of money. Shewing your Grace, upon my feyth, that . . . I and the Tresurer, with all the capteyns of the Kinges retynue here, have not emonges us all 20£ in money."[1] Truly a grievous situation for the viceroy of a great sovereign, in a country liable at any moment to rise into insurrection! After considerable delay money was sent, Henry himself adding 1,000 marks over and above the amount asked (a singular example of generosity for a Tudor, but easily accounted for on the ground of the seizure of the vast revenues of the Duke of Buckingham). The King also despatched instructions to Surrey by Sir John Pechey, authorising him to win over the Irish by land grants, full recognition of the chieftains' nobility, and the conferring of knighthoods upon such of them as he deemed worthy. These measures were offset, however, by the retention of Kildare in prison; and when the Easter of 1521 passed without the Earl's return to his kin and country, serious discontent manifested itself among the lately pacified chieftains of Leinster.

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[1] Surrey to Wolsey; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 57.

MacCarthy Reagh, too, who had been described as wise and "conformable to good ordre" only a few months before, but whose wife was Kildare's eldest sister,[1] fell away from his allegiance; and the son[2] and brothers of the captive nobleman went from chieftain to chieftain, and from baron to baron, adding fuel to the flame of resentment against England. At last the storm broke forth. O'Conor Faly and O'Carroll of Ely, backed by Connell O'More and the Fitz-Geralds, raised the standard of rebellion in Leinster; in Munster, Desmond and the MacCarthys mustered their forces, and throughout the dark north, O'Neill was reported to be arming for war. Upon O'Donnel, Surrey thought he could depend; but he did not at all approve of that prince's determination to invite a great body of the "Irish-Scottes"—*i.e.* the MacDonnells of the Isles, Campbells, etc.—into Ireland, under Argyle's leadership, for the purpose of coping with Kildare and his kinsfolk. "Your Grace knoweth," wrote the perplexed Lord Lieutenant to Henry, "there is no suche love betwene the Scottes and me that I shuld be desirous to have them stronger in this land than I."

In the meantime the risings in Ofaley and Leix demanded urgent attention, and on July 9th Surrey set out with Ormond and the citizen-troops of Dublin against the insurgents. Ormond was detached to invade O'Carroll's country, while the Viceroy assailed O'Conor, "brenning townes and houses, and destruying a marvelous dele of corne," and laying siege to the castle of Monasteroveris,[3]

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[1] Donal MacCarthy Reagh, Lord of Carberry, had married Lady Eleanor Fitz-Gerald. She afterwards remarried O'Donnell.

[2] Lord Thomas Fitz-Gerald, known as "Silken Thomas," who was afterwards executed at Tyburn together with his five uncles.

[3] Monasteroris, or "Castropeter," near Edenderry, King's County.

"the strongest of all this land." On July 15th O'Conor, who had relied on support from Munster, was obliged to surrender the castle;[1] but this success was counterbalanced by the news that the crafty Connell O'More had broken through Ormond's forces and attacked Naas, before which town he slew Lord Dunsany,[2] and put his cavalry to rout. A threatening demonstration so near Dublin caused Surrey to retreat in haste towards the Liffey, without pursuing his war in Leix and Ofaley; and the news of the reverse having been duly reported to Wolsey by his agent and "poore bedesman," Stile, the King sent certain "secret advices" by Leonard Musgrave, which were probably in the nature of a rebuke. At any rate, Surrey's zeal for the settlement of Ireland suddenly cooled; he abandoned the contest with O'More and O'Carroll, wrote a series of most discouraging letters to Henry, in which the conquest of the Irish chieftains was declared hopeless, and finally pleaded to be relieved of his no longer congenial office, on the ground that he had been attacked by a flux of the body, and dreaded the approach of winter in Dublin.

His appeal remained unnoticed, although he protested that his life was in danger, and that sixty of those whom he had brought from England were already "ded of the same disease,"[3] to which strangers in Ireland were, he declared, peculiarly susceptible. No doubt Henry and Wolsey were sceptical concerning this ailment; they certainly knew the difficulty of finding anyone worthy to take Surrey's place at the head of Irish affairs; so that all he got for his pains was the gift of certain manors which had belonged to his unhappy father-in-law, Buckingham, and a promise of Kildare's release. Armed with this latter pledge, he succeeded in making peace with O'More and the other Leinster chieftains;[1] but his anxiety to resign the Lord Lieutenancy increased with the news that war against France was in the air, and he continued to press the King for a recall. Shortly before Christmas, 1521, he left Dublin suddenly (whether with or without the royal licence is not known) and crossed to England.

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[1] Surrey to King; *S.P.*, ii. 75.

[2] Stile to Wolsey.

[3] Surrey to King; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 84 (16th September, 1521).

The viceregal council was dismayed by this move, for Kildare had just been set at liberty, and was holding a great Christmas festival at Maynooth, to which many came who were no friends of the Government; and it was feared that without Surrey's strong hand to hold the balance between them, the Geraldines and Red Pierce of Ormond would be at each other's throats. The Council accordingly sent to Wolsey a warm protest[2] against the untoward absence and intended retirement of the Viceroy; but in the meantime Surrey had succeeded in obtaining an interview with the King,[3] whom he persuaded into promising his recall as soon as a suitable successor could be found. After a brief further sojourn in Dublin Castle the Earl's government of Ireland closed finally about the middle of April, 1522,[4] his last efforts being successfully directed towards the appointment of his friend and ally, Ormond, in his stead. He left behind him the reputation of an enlightened and fair-minded ruler; and in the reaction to the old, chaotic order of things which followed upon his departure the English and many of the Norman-Irish realised full bitterly what a friend and champion they had lost. For many years the burgesses of Dublin, Kilkenny, Ross, and Waterford were accustomed to consult him in affairs of moment, and to look for his advice and guidance rather than that of their actual governors. Indeed, on May 15th, 1528, the anti-Geraldine element of the Council, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin and Chief Justice Bermingham, appealed to their former viceroy for his intercession at Court in their behalf.[1]

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[1] On October 19th, Stile notified Wolsey of the treaties signed between the Viceroy and "O'Karol, O'Conour and O'More" (*State Papers*).

[2] Dated February 28th, 1521–2 (*S.P.*).

[3] On January 25th.

[4] Stile notified Wolsey of the Lord Admiral's approaching departure from Ireland on March 11th, 1521–2; and Surrey had already left on April 25th.

Having settled his young family at Tendring Hall by Stoke Nayland,[2] Surrey once more took up the office of Lord Admiral, and set about mustering a fleet to harry the French coasts. The royal treasury had been sadly depleted, however, by long years of wastefulness, and the Admiral found considerable difficulty in obtaining sufficient funds to fit out and provision his ships for a long campaign. Among the vessels which he commanded[3] was the *Genet* or *Jenet*, which his deceased brother, Lord Edward Howard, had bequeathed upon his death-bed to one of his natural sons, and which may have been the *Jenny Pirwyn* captured from Andrew Barton. Surrey's first naval employment in 1522 was not of a warlike character; for he was sent with his fleet to escort the Emperor Charles V. to these shores (May 24th), and took part in the installation of that potentate as a Knight of the Garter. Charles, who had undertaken the visit mainly with the object of conciliating Wolsey by renewed promises of the reversion of the papacy, saw in Surrey a probable rival, and possible successor, of the Cardinal. Desiring, therefore, to win over the younger minister as well, and at the same time pay Henry an indirect compliment, he formally constituted the Earl "Lord Admiral of the Holy Roman Empire and its dependent states." This dignity gave Surrey authority over the fleet and naval stores of Flanders, a fact of which he immediately availed himself. Reinforced by some twenty Flemish vessels, and victualled for a six months' campaign, he descended upon the Norman coast a few days after Henry's declaration of war against France. Cherbourg was his first point of attack, and having landed some troops there and devastated the country for leagues around the walls, he set sail for the wealthy port of Morlaix, in Brittany, which he took by storm, plundered, and partially burned. Many London traders had property and agencies in Morlaix; but this fact seems to have made scant difference to Surrey and his sea-dogs, who pillaged the goods of Londoners and Bretons with impartiality. It is likely, however, that the so-called "English merchants" who thus suffered really belonged to the unpopular class of foreigners settled in London, whose dealings had led to the "'Prentice Riots" of 1517.

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[1] *State Papers.*

[2] His *Catering Booke* while at Tendring, in 1523, was in the possession of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps.

[3] See a list of his ships, with their captains, in *S.P.*, Hen. VIII. The commander of the *Jenet* was Baldwin Willoughby.

The Admiral was now summoned to take command of the land forces, and leaving a strong garrison at Morlaix and the fleet under the command of Sir William Fitzwilliam, he hurried to Calais, outside which place an Anglo-Flemish army of some 18,000 men was encamped. It cannot be said that he was as successful on land as he had been at sea. The French, although fully equal to him in point of numbers, avoided a battle, and chose rather to defend the principal towns of Normandy and Picardy with strong garrisons, well armed and plentifully provisioned. The Lord Admiral, on the other hand, was without magazines, and did not dare to distribute his army for fear of the scattered bodies being surprised by the ever-active French, whose spies were in every hamlet. After several futile endeavours to draw Vendôme and Guise, the enemy's generals, into a general engagement, Surrey invested Hedin, only to find himself between two fires, the garrison attacking him by night and day, while Guise hung on his flanks with 6,000 horse and foot. He stuck doggedly to the siege, however, until a continuous series of rains led to an epidemic of dysentery among his men, and the Flemish portion of the army, under Count de Buren, insisted upon retiring.

This decided him to close the fruitless campaign, and about November he withdrew from before Hedin. During his return march, a surprise attack of the French upon his rear-guard resulted in the cutting off of 500 men. In revenge Surrey ravaged Artois, and burned many villages and *châteaux*, before going into winter quarters. He doubtless looked for some rough reprimand from the Court, but none came. The fact was that the return of Albany as Regent to Scotland, and his threatened invasion of the Border counties, had led Henry to fear that the days of Flodden were about to be repeated, and he determined that a Howard should once more stand in the gap of northern danger. So, in place of reproof, Surrey received further honours; and when, on December 4th, his father resigned the post of Lord Treasurer, Henry vowed that "he knew none so worthy to succeed the Duke as his son the Admiral." This dignity was accordingly conferred upon him; and Albany having left Scotland for France in search of aid, he was, on February 6th following, commissioned general-in-chief of an army hastily raised for the invasion of Scotland. In secret, the King conferred upon him discretionary powers of the most ample nature in regard to any negotiations which might arise with the Scottish nobles; but the chief objects of his policy were clearly the detachment of the young King, his mother and friends, from Albany's influence, the gradual ousting of the Regent from power, and the creation of an Anglo-Scottish alliance in place of the old, hereditary friendship between Scotland and France.

Surrey's first step was to overawe the Borderside. Entering the Merse, he swept that unhappy district with fire and sword, harried Teviotdale, and captured Jedburgh and other fortresses, the Scots, distracted by faction, offering only a half-hearted opposition. An understanding was at once effected between the Queen-mother and her brother's general, Margaret's sympathies being, naturally enough, on the side of England; and from his letters to the King and Council,[1] Surrey seems to have been confident of forming a very strong English party out of the jealous factions which struggled for mastery north of Tweed. In order to prevent Albany's return for as long a period as possible, he sent orders to his vice-admiral to cruise constantly up and down the Channel, and the close watch thus maintained had the effect of delaying the Regent until far beyond the time appointed for his reappearance in Scotland. The Earl of Angus, the Queen's husband, had been banished by Albany, and there was practically no nobleman of sufficient influence to oppose Surrey's intrigues, backed as they were by the presence of a strong English army on the Border.

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[1] This correspondence, too long for quotation, may be studied at length in the printed *Calendar of State Papers*, *temp.* Hen. VIII.

The manifold advantages of an alliance between "Northe Britaine and South Britaine" (as the Earl cunningly phrased it) were urged upon the Scots, and the fact that France had proved but a fair-weather friend formed a strong argument in favour of breaking off the confederacy with the latter country. By way of further inducement, Surrey virtually promised that should a permanent peace be established, the hand of the Lady Mary—heir apparent to the English throne—should be conferred upon the youthful King of Scots,[1] so that the two kingdoms might be united in a manner eminently gratifying to northern pride. Notwithstanding all the efforts which he made, however, to overcome Scottish prejudices, and the vigorous advocacy of his cause by Queen Margaret and her adherents, there remained a strong feeling that an English alliance portended danger to the weaker kingdom, and that the bonds of friendship, which had subsisted so long between the Courts of Paris and Edinburgh, should remain loyally intact. This silent but unyielding opposition was sufficiently powerful to postpone any formal declaration of peace; and although Surrey (who had established his headquarters at Sheriff Hutton, near York, an old royal seat lent to him by Henry in lieu of any other available Northumbrian mansion) kept up constant communication with his friends in Scotland, and especially with the Queen-mother, he was unable to hurry matters to the desired conclusion before Albany, evading the English war-ships, landed in the Forth. The Regent at once summoned together a large army, which he led southwards towards the Tweed, with the intention of invading England, and by a demonstration of strength converting the wavering Scottish nobles to his side.

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[1] Le Grand, iii. pp. 39, 40.

The time was opportune for such an enterprise, for Albany had returned unexpectedly, and his forces had been mustered with unlooked-for expedition. Surrey lay at Sheriff Hutton; the "Magnificent" Earl of Northumberland, who should have been on guard along the Eastern Marches, was squandering his fast-declining wealth at Court, while his brother and deputy, Sir William Percy, lacked ammunition and horses sufficient to carry on any serious campaign against the Scots.[1] The warden of the Western Marches (Lord Dacre) had enough to do to defend Cumberland; and altogether it is plain that had the Duke of Albany boldly carried out his original plan and invaded Northumbria, he might, with ordinarily skilful generalship, have ravaged the country to his liking and repaid Surrey's recent devastation of the Merse and Teviotdale with interest. But by a strange repetition of history he was betrayed into committing the self-same mistake which his brother, James IV., had made many years before. In place of crossing the Tweed, he turned aside near Roxburgh, and proceeding down the left bank of the river, laid siege to Wark Castle (November 1st, 1523). This stronghold had but recently been rendered almost impregnable by Surrey; but the Duke deliberately wasted time upon its investment, and remained himself inactive upon the Scottish side of the Border, while he threw a portion of his army uselessly against its walls. Almost exactly the same things happened which had occurred upon that former occasion,[1] when James, by halting before Norham Castle, gave Surrey's father time to recover from his surprise. Even as the elder Surrey had done a quarter of a century before, the Lord Treasurer, on hearing of the Scottish attack, flew to arms, and by dint of an inherited rapidity of action, had a large and well-equipped force marching against the Duke before the latter's troops had succeeded in capturing the outworks at Wark. Albany now found himself between two dangers—on the one side the advancing English, on the other the treacherously inclined party of the Queen-mother. As James IV. had done in 1497, he suddenly withdrew from the siege and fell back in the direction of Edinburgh, leaving Surrey to harry the Borderside as he listed. It was in celebration of this sudden retreat that John Skelton, the poet laureate, who was then upon a species of visitation of the great northern mansions,[2] composed his scurrilous verses, entitled "*How the Duke of Albany like a cowardlie knyght, ran awaye.*"

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[1] See the correspondence between Percy and Lord Dacre in Addit. MSS., Brit. Mus., in which Percy's helplessness and urgent need of remounts and ammunition are set forth.

So keen, indeed, was the contempt which the Duke's failure had excited, not only in England, but in Scotland and even among his own party, that he found it advisable to leave his native land for ever and retire to France. Surrey was left practically master of the situation beyond the Border, and after a preliminary raid (which was almost inevitable, for by plunder alone could he hope to pay his troops, the royal exchequer being at its lowest ebb) he set to work once more to conciliate the Scots and win them over to the proposed alliance. His efforts in this direction were now more successful, for Albany's retirement had temporarily reduced the anti-English faction to impotence. Henry was highly pleased with the progress of affairs, and having rewarded the Earl with considerable grants of land, renewed his commissions as Commander-in-Chief in the North and Warden-General of the Borders. Next year (1524) he was granted licence to relinquish his vice-royalty for the time being to Lord Dacre while he journeyed south to attend his father's stately obsequies and enter into possession of the honours and estates which had fallen to his share as third Duke of Norfolk; but, this accomplished, he almost immediately returned to Sheriff Hutton, where he maintained a princely state.

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[1] In 1497.

[2] Skelton, for good and sufficient reasons, had fled from the wrath of Cardinal Wolsey and taken refuge with some of the great northern nobles, who liked not the Prime Minister, and encouraged the poet's bitter satires against him. We shall find the Laureate at Sheriff Hutton presently, singing the praises of Lady Surrey; he had also visited Northumberland's house at Leconfield, where a number of quaint verses from his pen were long emblazoned upon the walls and ceilings.

As yet no serious differences had manifested themselves between the newly succeeded Duke and his consort, and the little Court circle at Sheriff Hutton appears to have been as happy as it was hospitable. So, at least, John Skelton found it when he tarried there at the time of Albany's retreat, and the most graceful of the laureate's poems is that "Goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell," which was composed in honour of the then Countess of Surrey and her "bevy of faire ladyes," and dedicated to the former in return for the entertainment which the poet had enjoyed under her roof.

The youthful Henry Howard, afterwards to become famous as the poet Earl of Surrey, was now about six years of age, and just beginning his studies under John

Clerke, a scholar and writer of no mean ability, who also acted as secretary to his pupil's father. In the Household Books of the third Duke of Norfolk for 1523,[1] the regular breakfast fare of "the Lord Howarde" (as he then was) is set down as "a racke or chyne of mutton, and a checkyn," save on Fridays and Saturdays, when he was to be served with "a dysshe of butter-mylke and six eggs." For drink he had a "pottell" of beer with his breakfast all the year round. The other children of the Duke and Duchess, except the "Lady Myrriall" mentioned by Skelton, were still in the nursery.

Towards the end of 1525, Norfolk, having succeeded in enforcing peace upon the Border and breaking the power of Albany in Scotland, was permitted to lay down his general wardenship and return to Court. He had much to occupy him in the removal of his family and household effects to Kenninghall, which he chose as his principal country seat in place of the huge but gloomy castle of Framlingham. This tendency to abandon the great fortresses reared by their ancestors for the more comfortable manor-houses of the period had become common among English nobles. The splendid castles of Hedingham and Alnwick were left desolate and well-nigh roofless, while their lords, the Veres and Percys, erected for themselves more congenial homes in spots selected for natural beauty instead of defensive strength. No sooner had he succeeded to Kenninghall[2] than he proceeded to tear down the old mansion there and to erect a new one. This latter he planned, out of compliment to Henry VIII., in the form of the letter "H"—a fashion which at once became popular with loyal and time-serving gentlemen, and grew to be almost the rule for house-construction under Edward VI. and Elizabeth.[1] The structure erected at Kenninghall by the third Duke of Norfolk had an adventurous history. After its builder's attainder it became for a time the residence of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth (from which fact it came to be styled "Kenninghall Palace"), but was restored to the Duke by Mary, and for a time became the chief seat of the Howards, until wholly supplanted by Arundel Castle and by the splendid mansion maintained by the family in Norwich. It was finally pulled down about the year 1650, but its scattered materials may readily be traced in the neighbouring houses.

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[1] This MS. volume was in the possession of the eminent antiquary, Sir Thomas Phillipps.

[2] Kenninghall, anciently Koning, or King's Hall, built on the site of an old Danish or Anglian royal hall, had long been a hunting-lodge of the Mowbrays. Thomas Howard, second Duke of Norfolk, first made it a regular family residence, finding its central position in the very heart of East Anglia useful to him.

Norfolk was called away from his building operations to join with the Duke of Suffolk in quelling the popular risings at Sudbury, Lavenham, and other places against the exorbitant war tax demanded by the King (1525). Henry was anxious that the insurgents should be severely punished; but Norfolk and Wolsey (for once agreeing) persuaded him that such a course might possibly be dangerous and set the entire kingdom in a blaze. Accordingly he was reluctantly induced to relinquish his usual drastic policy, and Norfolk and Suffolk, by going in person among the people and reasoning with them, succeeded in obtaining the surrender of the insurgent leaders.

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[1] Queen Mary's initial letter hardly lent itself to the idea, which is why we find no known old Tudor mansions constructed in the form of the letter "M." There is an old tradition that the loyal Sir Henry Jerningham attempted to rebuild Costessey Hall in M-fashion, but was dissuaded by the ridicule of his friends.

These men, mostly belonging to the lesser gentry and yeoman classes, were carried to London and indicted before the Star Chamber. There, after they had been formally charged with high treason, Wolsey read to them the King's "gracious pardon," granted on the ground that their poverty and necessities had driven them to rebel blindly against his authority. It was required, however, that each prisoner should find sureties for his loyalty in the future; and when none such were forthcoming, the Cardinal and the Duke of Norfolk volunteered to act as sureties, and the culprits were released.[1]

Throughout all this affair Norfolk displayed the greatest tact, and as it was well known that he had nothing to do with the exactions of the King and Wolsey, his popularity increased as that of the Cardinal diminished. It was at this time that the imperial ambassador, Giustiniani, described him in such flattering terms to Charles V., evidently believing that the time was not far distant when he should become principal adviser to the Crown. That Norfolk himself looked forward to succeeding Wolsey is manifest from the pains which he took to ingratiate himself with the King, and secure his position at Court. The party of the old nobility, sworn foes of the Cardinal, regarded him as their natural leader; the oppressed people as a protector against further taxation and a favourer of peace. With Henry he stood well, as one who had never attempted to thwart the royal will, and whose military abilities and diplomatic gifts might be equally relied upon in time of emergency. The fact that he was Wolsey's avowed rival did him no harm in the eyes of the King, who, like his daughter Elizabeth in later years, chose to hold, or fancy he held, the balance of power against ministerial factions—deeming that he could keep each in check by the fear of the other's elevation. Soon after his suppression of the tax insurrection in East Anglia, the Duke was entrusted with a secret commission to the Regent of France, and this mission led to the open negotiations which took place in August between that princess and the English commissioners, of whom Norfolk was the principal, and which eventually resulted in the freedom of King Francis from his captivity at Madrid. A formal alliance was concluded at Moore on August 30th, 1525, between the Regent and the commissioners, by the terms of which Henry bound himself to exert all his influence towards the French monarch's liberation on fair terms, while the depleted English treasury became the richer by 1,800,000 crowns, and the King by a yearly pension of 100,000 crowns for life. During the next two years, while Henry posed as the ally of the released Francis and the champion of the Pope against Charles, Norfolk was employed upon many important services at home and abroad, but never lost sight of what had now become the main objects of his life, to wit, the overthrow of Wolsey and his own consequent aggrandisement.

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[1] Hall, p. 700; Stowe, p. 725.

From the first, the Duke was a supporter of the King's project for a divorce from Katharine of Aragon. It is most likely that his original incentive for taking this side of the question arose, not from any of the prevalent scruples regarding the validity of the marriage, so much as from a courtier-like desire to gratify his royal master. But two new and far more powerful motives soon appeared, to make him an eager advocate of the divorce. One of these was the fact, patent to the entire Court, that his sister's child, Ann Boleyn, recently returned from a prolonged residence in France, had aroused in the King's breast so violent a passion, that Henry, acting through Wolsey, caused her betrothal to the young Lord Percy to be broken off, and the disconsolate swain banished from Court. It occurred to the watchful Norfolk that this manifestation of royal jealousy betokened a regard for Ann of a character widely different from that which he had formerly felt for her elder sister, Mary Boleyn, whose marriage to William Carey he showed himself only too anxious to hasten. Moreover, in beauty and superficial accomplishments, Ann far surpassed any lady of the Court, the gentle English dames appearing homely, of little wit, beside this vivacious pupil of Marguerite de Valois. Norfolk felt that she would grace any station to which she might be called, even the throne itself; and he thanked his stars that his former plan of wedding her to Red Pierce of Ormond's son, her kinsman, had been allowed to fall through. Now, were Katharine of Aragon but well out of the way, Ann might reign at Greenwich or Windsor, instead of sharing in the tempestuous life of the Irish Pale. He himself, he reflected, had married a king's daughter; why should not his niece mate with a king?

But in addition to the new avenue of ambition opened up through this unexpected prospect of becoming, once more, the King's uncle by marriage, there was still another cause which must have weighed strongly in the Duke's mind in favour of the exclusion of Katharine from the royal bed. About the time that the Queen's faded charms and increasing infirmities began to prove irksome to Henry, Norfolk also became involved in domestic unhappiness; and as the chances of a royal divorce grew rosier, the courtier, like his master, chose to lavish his affections upon a younger and more captivating lady than his legal consort. With the King, this new charmer was Mistress Boleyn, daughter of the Comptroller of the Household; while the Duke, by a curious parallel, fell in love with a certain pretty damsel, Bess Holland by name, whose father was his principal steward.[1] Here, surely, was a verification of the old saw, "like master, like man."

The patience and dignified behaviour of Queen Katharine, however, was far from being emulated by the Duchess of Norfolk when she too found herself supplanted by a young and unscrupulous rival. Although, in the early stages of his amour with Mistress Holland, Norfolk (still, consciously or unconsciously, patterning his conduct upon that of Henry) behaved with circumspection, the angry Duchess showed her jealousy in constant bickerings, and thereby estranged her lord's respect as well as his affection. She took no pains to conceal her wrongs, as yet largely imaginary, but aired them freely at Court and elsewhere; until Norfolk first banished her to the seclusion of Kenninghall, and then, as she continued to attack him by means of complaining letters written to the King and Council, determined, if possible, to secure a divorce. Hence, upon the grounds of policy and private expedience, he found himself in full sympathy with Henry; and, as president of the Privy Council, was one of the most active advocates of the King's projects. Indeed, he went so far, when the long and wearisome negotiations with Rome showed every sign of failing, as to acquiesce, outwardly at least, in all the proceedings which led to Henry's final rupture with the Pope.

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[1] As Elizabeth Holland plays a somewhat important part in the story of Norfolk and of his son, the Earl of Surrey, a few words as to her identity will not be amiss. The jealous Duchess calls her a "drab," and sneers at her mean birth, but in the self-same letter (see later) admits her relationship to Lord Hussey. As a matter of fact, Bess was daughter of John Holland of Wartwell Hall, in Redenhall, Norfolk, chief steward and afterwards trustee to the Duke. Her mother was probably a Hussey, niece perhaps of the Lord Hussey of Sleaford (who was beheaded for his supposed encouragement of the Pilgrimage of Grace), and, if the latter, grandchild of Sir William Hussey, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, by Elizabeth Berkeley of Wymondham. Under the protection of Norfolk her family throve greatly, one of her brothers being Sir Thomas Holland of Kenninghall, and the other Brian Holland of Wartwell, escheator of Norfolk in 1549. They long continued to inherit the chief stewardship of the Howard estates in East Anglia, and John Holland, nephew of Bess, having purchased Quidenham Hall, near Attleborough (now the seat of Lord Albemarle), was grandfather of Sir John Holland of Quidenham, chief steward to the Earl of Arundel, who was created a baronet in 1629. Cousins of Bess Holland were the well-known Philemon Holland, D.D., the translator, and his son Henry, author of the *Herologia Anglica*. Bess herself, after her prolonged connection with the third Duke of Norfolk, seems to have married one Jeffrey Miles, or Myles, of Stoke Nayland.

Further, he was the spokesman of the Crown in the House of Lords, and although an avowed Catholic, signed in 1529 the famous letter which practically threatened Clement with the loss of his ecclesiastical supremacy in England if he did not grant the divorce. Throughout all this time, too, he was Ann Boleyn's chief adviser, and it was largely due to his counsels that that frivolous damsel did not yield sooner to Henry's amorous advances. Nor did he relax for one moment his steady undermining of Wolsey's influence, taking advantage of every new delay or disappointment in the progress of the cause to instil into the King's mind fresh hints of the Cardinal's culpability. The time was near, he hoped, when he could avenge Buckingham's death, and the innumerable slights and humiliations which he himself, his father, and many of his kindred, had suffered at that prelate's hands. Meanwhile his attitude of uncompromising support of the King, and the vigour with which he championed the bills for regulating the clergy, led to his being suspected by the Catholic party of Lutheran inclinations. It was known that his niece, Ann Boleyn, whom he desired to raise to the throne, had been taught complaisance towards the new doctrines at the court of the Duchesse d'Alençon, and that since she had become first favourite with Henry, her Huguenot friends had, very naturally, renewed their old influence over her. From these facts, many drew the inference that Norfolk also favoured a change in the national religion, whereas his real aims were quite different, comprising those already sufficiently indicated, added to what he deemed a sorely needed reform, the legal curbing of ecclesiastical arrogance and wealth. Albeit he put his own interests and those of England first, he was none the less then, as to the end of his days, a follower of the Roman Catholic faith, and the innovations for which he worked related solely to the Church's temporal power. When, in the House of Lords, the zealous Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, attacked the clergy bills as dangerous to faith, Norfolk answered with warmth more befitting a soldier than a minister, accused the bishop of a blind fanaticism, which was as full of peril to the Church as heresy itself, and bade him remember that "the greatest clerks were not always the wisest men." To this Fisher replied that he did not recall, in his long experience, any fools that had become great clerks.[1]

There is no need to rehearse here the events leading up to Pope Clement's evocation of the royal divorce proceedings to Rome, or the consequent rage and disappointment of Henry. Suffice it that this event was the signal for

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[1] Burnet, ii. 82.

Wolsey's overthrow and the triumph of his enemies. On October 18th, 1529, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk were sent to demand the great seal from the disgraced Cardinal. He refused to yield it up to them without a written warrant under the King's hand, and they departed, temporarily baffled, from York stairs, only to return with an imperative letter, which left no doubt in Wolsey's mind. The seal, at Norfolk's advice, was bestowed upon Sir Thomas More, and within the week the Cardinal was banished to Esher, and his gorgeous palace at Westminster, with all its accumulated treasures, passed into the hands of the King.

It is possible that Henry might have rested quite content with this—indeed, he showed signs of relenting towards his old servant, and sent him a ring in token of apparent forgiveness—but Norfolk and Ann Boleyn were determined that their foe should not escape so lightly, or be left to enjoy in peace the revenues of two great episcopal sees,[1] with the prospect of being restored to favour by some untoward event, such as a reconciliation with Rome, or the tardy grant by Clement of the divorce. With the probable object of securing his banishment overseas, they redoubled their former exertions to ruin him, the Duke for his part craftily working in secret, and leaving the task of directly influencing the King's mind to Mistress Ann. The latter, who, despite bribes and temptation, had hitherto followed Norfolk's advice, and succeeded in preserving her own chastity and the King's fondness, experienced little difficulty in reviving her lover's resentment against the Cardinal. The House of Lords in November voted almost unanimously a long series of charges against Wolsey, and formally applied to the King for his removal from all his remaining dignities; following which he was indicted for having offended against an obsolete statute of Richard II.,[1] generally forbidding the procuring of bulls from Rome. He was declared an outlaw, his property forfeited to the Crown, and he himself ordered to withdraw to Cawood, in Yorkshire, and there await "the King's dread pleasure." Wholly upon the authority of Stowe, it is averred that when the Duke of Norfolk heard of this last-mentioned command he wrote in savage mood to Thomas Cromwell, vowing that should the Cardinal hesitate to obey, he (Norfolk) "would tear him with his teeth."[2] Cavendish, perhaps the most reliable authority upon Wolsey, makes no mention of such a letter, although had it existed he must have known of it from Cromwell. Still, it must be confessed that such brutal words were by no means impossible from the lips of Norfolk, who had almost as little magnanimity as the King himself, and, like the latter, sometimes took his metaphors from the kennel and the slaughter-house. It is certain that the Duke signed the articles of impeachment against Wolsey, and that, after the confiscation of his old enemy's goods, he was granted the manor of Felixstowe, in Suffolk, one of the estates which the Cardinal had allotted for the support of his proposed colleges at Oxford and Ipswich. A few months later, the long feud between the two ended with Wolsey's death at Leicester Abbey.

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[1] York and Winchester.

If the Duke had hoped to step into the deceased prelate's shoes and succeed him in power and influence, he was doomed to disappointment. Nevertheless, he now became the first minister, as he had long been the first noble of the kingdom, and was busily employed by Henry in the negotiations respecting the divorce, which, in spite of frequent repulses, were still maintained with France and Rome. His frequent absences abroad excused him from taking any definite position regarding the King's gradual encroachments upon the privileges and property of the Church, and both sides seem at this period to have claimed him as an adherent. While industriously advocating the King's interests, he did not forget that he himself ardently desired freedom from marital bonds; and although the Duchess of Norfolk and he met very rarely, their quarrels upon these occasions became intolerably bitter. The fascinating Mistress Holland exercised over Norfolk a greater sway than ever, and, as if to irritate the Duchess more, her own children, the Lady Mary Howard (afterwards Duchess of Richmond) and young Lord Surrey, were altogether upon their father's side in the dispute.

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[1] The Statute of Provisors.

[2] Stowe.

In the Parliament which assembled on January 15th, 1532, Norfolk (who had just returned from one of the numerous but fruitless diplomatic journeys to the Continent which he made about this time in the hope of counteracting the Emperor's dominant influence over the captive Pope) spoke his mind freely upon recent events. Clement, he declared, had used the King, whom his predecessors hailed as "Defender of the Faith," with ingratitude and injustice, and the very citation of the sovereign of England to Rome was an affront to the entire nation, and an infringement of the royal prerogative. Turning to the subject of the divorce itself, he stated that many learned clerks maintained matrimonial causes to be matters for temporal, rather than ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the King and not the Pope being the recognised head of the former in England. In conclusion he urged the Lords to offer their goods and persons in support of the threatened prerogative of their sovereign, and against the interference of foreign potentates. To this speech Lord Darcy replied, denying that temporal jurisdiction governed suits for divorce, and insisting upon the papal supremacy in such causes,[1] and as he found several peers disposed to support him in this contention, their attendance in Parliament was peremptorily dispensed with.[2]

During the early part of this year, Norfolk's time was divided between his labours on behalf of the divorce, his attempts to pacify his wife, and the arrangements which necessarily preceded the betrothal and marriage of his elder surviving son and heir, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. This young nobleman, destined to become the ornament of camp and court, and the first lyric poet of his generation, was probably in his sixteenth year, having been born, according to the most reliable accounts, in the spring of 1516–17.[3] A lad of greater promise it would have been difficult to discover throughout the length and breadth of England. Reared for the most part in the country, at Sheriff Hutton or Kenninghall, he had not been permitted to wanton his youth away, like the heirs of so many great nobles of the period, in the poisonous atmosphere of the Court,[1] but had grown up healthy and active, skilled in the exercises of chivalry, and accustomed to the weapons of war and chase from earliest boyhood. These attainments he owed to the stern training received from his father, and more particularly from his father's half-brother, Lord William Howard, who, after the Duke resigned the general wardenship of the Northern Marches, became young Surrey's outdoor instructor and associate.

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[1] *Cal. P.R.*, Hen. VIII., v. 805.

[2] This affair led to a bitterness between Darcy and Norfolk, which found expression on the part of the former in 1534, when he instructed his son, Sir Arthur Darcy, to deliver certain letters to the Duke, "for no goodnes in him, but to stop his evil tongue" (*Cal. P.R.*, Hen. VIII., viii. 1142–3).

[3] A difference of opinion, however, exists as to the exact date of his birth, and some writers place it as late as the summer of 1518, which would make him less than fourteen when he was married, and less than eighteen when his eldest child (Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk) was born. His birthplace was most likely Tendring Hall, in Stoke Nayland, which his parents made their principal home, before the death of the second Duke gave them Framlingham and Kenninghall.

There were but seven years of difference in the ages of the two, but the future Lord Howard of Effingham had already fleshed his sword upon the Border, and borne a straight lance at tourneys in France and at home, so that he made an excellent supervisor of this part of his nephew's education. But Surrey was no mere candidate for warlike honours; nature had endowed him with gifts of mind superior even to those of body, and here again fortune, or his father's foresight, had provided him, in the person of John Clerke,[2] with a tutor worthy of so brilliant a pupil. It is customary to find fulsome praise bestowed by their teachers upon the more than ordinarily intelligent children of the great, but Surrey's subsequent reputation, and the authentic specimens of his poetry that survive to us, go far to justify the eulogium which Clerke pronounced upon his boyish talents in the *Treatise of Nobility*, published in 1543, and dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk. As Clerke had lived much abroad, and was proficient in French and Italian, the young Earl probably learned those languages, as well as Latin and a smattering of Spanish, from him. Many excellent poetical translations from these tongues are mentioned in the *Treatise of Nobility* as having been made by Surrey, and it is easy to trace the influence of the foreign poets, especially the Italian, in his original compositions.

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[1] As, for instance, the young Lord Percy, afterwards sixth Earl of Northumberland, Ann Boleyn's sometime sweetheart, whose health was permanently ruined by Court life. Although Surrey received the honorary title of cupbearer to Henry VIII. in 1526, he never resided at Court until he went to France with the Duke of Richmond in 1532; whereas Percy was for a long period an inmate of Wolsey's household.

[2] John Clerke, author of *De Mortuorum Resurrectione* (published 1545, and dedicated to Surrey) and of a *Treatise of Nobility* (1543, dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk). He was afterwards secretary to Norfolk, and committed suicide in the Tower, 1552.

The subject-matter of these latter fairly proves that he did not venture a flight upon his own pinions until after his sojourn in France, at least; but some of the translations from the classics, which conclude the printed editions of his works, may have been the work of boyish days at Kenninghall, with Clerke as an admiring mentor, and old John Skelton, perchance, as occasional critic. Besides Clerke and Lord William Howard, he had many companions of about his own age, as, for instance, another uncle, Thomas Howard (afterwards the unfortunate lover of the Lady Margaret Douglas, and a victim of the King's jealous tyranny), his cousins, Henry, George, and Charles Howard,[1] and a neighbour and kinsman, Sir

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[1] The sons of Lord Edmund Howard, standard-bearer at Flodden, and therefore brothers of Queen Katharine Howard. In consequence of their father's extreme poverty, they were frequently quartered upon their relatives in East Anglia, residing sometimes at Kenninghall and Tendring, and sometimes with the old Dowager Duchess Agnes at Horsham St. Faiths. At the latter place Lord Thomas Howard (younger of the old Duchess's sons) also dwelt until he was of an age to win (unluckily for himself) the heart and troth of a princess of the blood royal.

Richard Southwell,[1] of Woodrising, not far from Kenninghall.

The last-named, although brought up with the Earl, and permitted to share his pastimes and studies, and even his none too well-stocked purse (as is evident from the Duke of Norfolk's *Household Book*), long afterwards became his insidious foe, and with the basest motives[2] bore false witness against him. All these lusty lads, and others of lesser birth, formed a band of young gallants who were at once the hope and the concern of that part of East Anglia. That they contrived to get into mischief is highly probable; but that the mischief was only such as one would expect from high-spirited boys of their race is abundantly proved by the esteem, and even affection, in which Surrey continued to be held by the grave and learned abbots of the neighbouring monasteries. In the Viking country of East Anglia, rivers might be sluggish, but blood was quick, and the clerics and burgesses of Norwich, Thetford, and Bury St. Albans forgave many madcap pranks for the sake of those that played them. Indeed, it was to the mitred fathers of the abbeys (some of whom had been boys with his father) that Surrey turned for advice and assistance, when he found himself in straits, owing to improvident merrymaking. After all, when there were May-day revels afoot, or some joust or other festival drew half the population of the countryside to Norwich or Lynn, it was overmuch to expect that squires of mettle should sit mumchance over their books, or that, having set forth to the tryst, they should arrive there ill-attired, ill-mounted, or lacking sufficient funds to buy their sweethearts a fairing. So Surrey and his fellows frequently found themselves in debt; and as at this period the Duke of Norfolk kept his elder son rather strictly upon an allowance, and was himself much abroad "in the King's business," the Earl was constrained to apply for temporary loans from his friends, the monks. Save for feeding the poor at their gates, adding to their libraries, and adorning their churches, the good brethren had few outlets for their money; at least, the Earl deemed that such was the case, knowing nothing of the constant and exorbitant demands made upon the monasteries by the King and Wolsey. In a manuscript preserved at the British Museum, we have an example of one of these ingenuous applications which Surrey made while at Kenninghall to his father's old acquaintance, John Reeve,[1] Abbot of Bury St. Edmunds. The document is copied from the original, found among the papers of the worthy Abbot at the Dissolution, and runs as follows:—

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[1] Southwell was grandson and heir of Sir Richard Southwell of Barham and Woodrising, and son of Francis Southwell, auditor of the Exchequer, by Dorothy, daughter of William Tendring, a far-off cousin of Surrey, and descendant of the family which formerly possessed Tendring Hall.

[2] For these motives, as well as for the charges preferred against Surrey by Southwell, see later, under the account of the Poet Earl's "trial" and execution.

"My Lord:

"Notwithstanding that aforetime I have borrowed of you to the sum of xxx^{li} pound sterling, having not yet repaid it, yet by very need and extreme necessity, I am again constrained, my known good Lord, at this present, affectuously to desire to shew yourself so much my cordial friend as to lend some over and above xx^{li} pound, in such haste as I may have it here to-morrow by VIII of the clock, for such is my present need and thought. My Lord for your kindness to be shewn towards [me] it lieth not in my power to offer the like recompense. Yet, my Lord, ye shall so bind me to be your inward and affectuall friend whiles I live, and your money, first and last, to be honestly repaid to you again with hearty thanks, which if I were so ingrate (which God defend!) to deny ye, might and may it well believe, my Lord my father will not so see your hearty kindness uncontented. And thus, my very good Lord, with hearty request of this my desire, I leave you to God. Displease you not so, though my Lord [Norfolk] being out of the country in this my necessity, I rather attempt to assay you, his ancient friend, than others farther off. From Kenninghall, this St. Peter's, yours assuredly during his life,

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[1] Otherwise styled "Melford," from his birthplace.

"H. SURREY.

"To his very good Lord and Friend, my Lord Abbot of Birry give these."[1]

This document, a copy of which is in the British Museum, is endorsed: "My Lord of Surre xx^{li}, and besides that xxx^{li}": so that the Earl's request was evidently granted.

On February 13th, 1532, Surrey was formally affianced to his cousin, the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of John, fifteenth Earl of Oxford[2] (who had, but a little while before, succeeded Ann Howard's husband, "Little John of Campes,"[3] in that illustrious earldom). The marriage ceremony took place at Pentecost in the same spring; and both bride and bridegroom being under sixteen years of age, they separated at the altar, as was the custom, and did not live together until 1535. We find the name of the little Countess among those of the Lady Mary's dames of honour, while the Earl made his appearance at Court, where his gallant bearing and ready wit speedily won for him the King's regard. Somewhat to Norfolk's discomfiture, indeed, Henry insisted upon choosing Surrey as companion to his natural son, Henry Fitz-Roy, Duke of Richmond, who, unlike Sir John Perrott and others of the putative offspring of royalty, had been fully acknowledged by his father, and was treated almost as a prince of the blood. In fact, there seemed, for a time at least, a shrewd possibility that Fitz-Roy would become heir designate to the throne, the more so as his mother, Elizabeth Blount, exercised considerable influence over the King, and remained his confidante and friend long after she ceased to be his mistress.[1] The Duke of Richmond had been raised to the dignity of Lord High Admiral upon Norfolk relinquishing that post in 1525, and he was now a sickly boy in his fourteenth year. Henry's object in giving him Surrey for a friend was clearly that the latter's example might stimulate him to bodily and mental exertion.

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[1] Brit. Mus., Addit. MSS., No. 24, 493, fol. 234.

[2] By Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Trussell of Cubbesdon, Staffs. The fifteenth Earl of Oxford was descended from a younger son of John, twelfth Earl (executed 1462), and of Elizabeth Howard, heiress of the senior branch of the Howard family (see Genealogical Table I.).

[3] See Genealogical Table III.

According to Anthony Wood,[2] the two lads studied together at Christ Church, Oxford; but if they did so the period of their stay there must have been very brief, and Lodge[3] points out that their names are not to be found upon the university books. In October, 1532, when Henry, accompanied by Norfolk and a number of other peers, crossed to Calais, in order to confer with Francis, and, if possible, persuade that monarch into a

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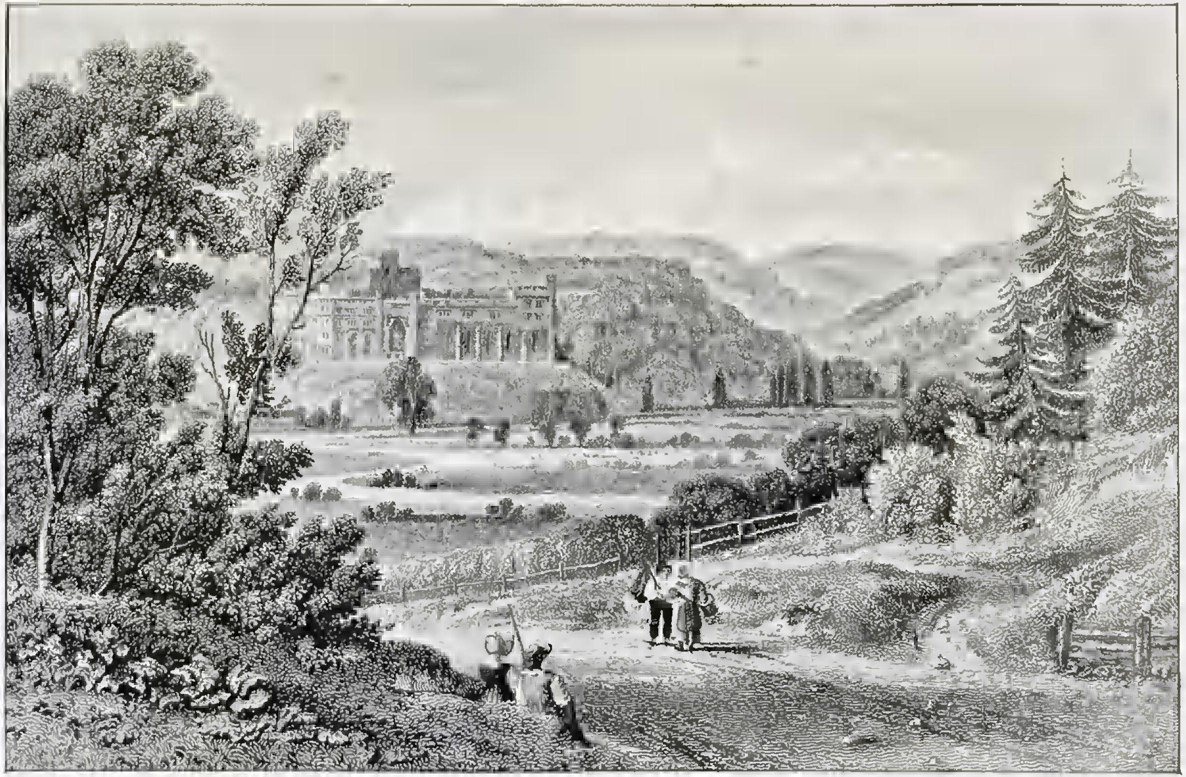
[1] She was daughter of Sir John Blount of Kinlet, Co. Salop, and after her *liaison* with Henry, married firstly, in 1522, Gilbert Tailboys, created Lord Tailboys of Kyme; and secondly, in 1534, the youthful Edward Fiennes, ninth Lord Clinton and later first Earl of Lincoln.

[2] *Athenæ Oxoniensis.*

[3] *Portraits,* i. p. 114.



From an engraving by W. J. Cooke *After a drawing by C. B. Ottley*

ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

(About the year 1830)

joint defiance of Rome, both the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Surrey were members of the retinue; and after the negotiations had concluded, they attached themselves to the French King's train and journeyed to Paris.

During the following twelve months they accompanied Francis on his progresses, returning to England for a brief visit in June, 1533, when Surrey carried the fourth sword at the coronation of his cousin, Ann Boleyn. Norfolk was also present at this ceremony, as he had been at the private marriage of the King with Ann during the previous November. The new Queen at first showed every disposition to favour her relatives, the Howards, and set herself particularly to bring about a match between the Lady Mary Howard and young Richmond. To this the King assented readily enough, for he wished to see his son settled, and found that the continental princes to whom he proposed him as a possible son-in-law were inclined to look askance at such an alliance. Projects for wedding the Duke to the Princess Mary of Portugal or to Catherine de Medicis had fallen through,[1] and since he himself had married a lady whose chief boast was her maternal descent from the Howards, he felt that his possible heir would not be disgraced by a union with a Howard of the whole blood. So Richmond and the Lady Mary were duly affianced, and the former was sent back to France under the care of his future brother-in-law, while the latter became one of Ann Boleyn's ladies, and incidentally the pupil of Cranmer, a fact which explains why, alone of her family, she embraced Lutheran tenets. Her marrriage to Richmond took place at Hampton Court on November 25th, 1533,[1] but was never consummated, owing to the youth of the parties and the Duke's premature demise. The two boy husbands, Richmond and Surrey, went to reside at Windsor; their child-wives were attached to the Court of the new Queen until the time, fixed upon by their elders, should arrive for them to set up establishments of their own. Of the experience of the ladies under Ann Boleyn's frivolous care we have no record; but Surrey, some years later, when he was a prisoner at Windsor, indulges in some delightful poetic reminiscences of the days which he had passed there in the Duke of Richmond's company.

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[1] The first of these alliances had been suggested by Wolsey, the second by Lord Russell (see *Cal. S.P.*, Hen. VIII.).

This pleasant companionship lasted until 1535, when Surrey and his Countess were considered old enough to live together as man and wife.

Meanwhile the domestic affairs of the Earl's parents had been going steadily from bad to worse, until in Passion Week, 1534, a final quarrel and separation occurred between them. Although most of the Duchess of Norfolk's letters dealing with her marital woes were written after this date, and while she was living apart from the Duke, the events which they describe belong mainly to the period between 1527 and 1535. It seems most appropriate, therefore, that the episode in question (which, however painful it may seem, does not lack a certain element of comedy) should be dealt with at the present stage of the narrative. We have seen how differences first arose between the Duke and Duchess in consequence of the former's infatuation for Bess Holland, daughter of his steward, and how Norfolk, in consequence of the wearisome disputes which this affair engendered, took a leaf from the King's book, and laboured to obtain a divorce.

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[1] A dispensation was deemed necessary before the ceremony could be carried out, in consequence of the near relationship of bride and bridegroom. Richmond was third in descent from Queen Elizabeth Woodvill, and the Lady Mary third in descent from that Queen's sister, Katharine Woodvill, Duchess of Buckingham.

This course, however, the Duchess positively refused to submit to, probably not so much upon religious grounds, as from a determination not to yield to "that drab, Bess Holland." According to the lady's version (recorded somewhat incoherently in a series of letters to Cromwell, the Lord Privy Seal, and preserved in the Cottonian collection[1]), Norfolk then went so far as to use personal violence against her, locking her up in her apartments, and possessing himself of her jewels. This, she states to Cromwell (in a letter dated October 24th, 1557), occurred on the Tuesday before Easter, 1534. "It is four years," she writes, "come this Tuesday in Passion Week that he (the Duke) came riding all night, and locked me up in my chamber, and took away all my jewels and my apparel." He sent to interview her, however, his chaplains, "Mr. Burley and Sir Thomas Seymer," and, through them, promised to restore these spoils, and to endow her as richly in proportion to her station as the King had endowed Katharine of Aragon, providing she would agree to a divorce. But if Norfolk modelled his conduct upon that of Henry VIII., the Duchess showed as resolute a resistance as Katharine herself. She angrily "rebuked his prestes," and when, on the following day, the Duke wrote her a letter (replete, no doubt, with the latest and most powerful arguments in favour of divorce), she answered him sharply, and refused to give any further consideration to the matter.

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[1] Titus B. I. The letters are printed by Nott in his *Life of Surrey*, and were consulted by Lord Herbert of Cherbury for his *History of the Reign of Henry VIII.*

The precise manner of her leaving Kenninghall is in doubt, but it is most likely that she did so peaceably and of her own accord; otherwise we should have heard of this additional instance of the Duke's barbarity in the letters to Cromwell. Her place of retirement was Redbourne, in Herts, where there was a fair dwelling-house formerly belonging to the abbey of St. Albans, but at this time in the possession of the Crown. She was able to maintain at Redbourne a household of twenty persons, but complained bitterly of the small allowance made to her by the Duke, as well as of the dearness of living in that neighbourhood. "I lye in Hartforthschyre," she tells the Lord Privy Seal, ". . . I colde lye better chepe in London then I doe here; ytt may welle be cald Harfothschyre."[1] This is evidently intended as a bitter pun, for in another epistle[2] she alludes to the shire as very "hard," or expensive to dwell in. As time went on her complaints to Cromwell and even to the King became more numerous, and scarcely a month passed by that she did not launch some new accusation against her husband, or plead vigorously for an increase of income. Learning, during the summer of 1536, that Henry was at Dunstable celebrating his honeymoon with Jane Seymour, the Duchess hastened thither, and urged her suit for "better living." The King heard her out with considerable impatience, and having discoursed (as became the Head of the Church) upon wifely duty and docility, advised her to write "gently" to her husband. This, she declares to Cromwell, she did; but if one judges from the general tone of her correspondence, it may be reasonably doubted whether she was possessed of the faculty of writing gently, least of all to the Duke.[1] One of the most grievous thorns in her side was that both her son, Surrey, and her daughter, the Duchess of Richmond, sympathised with their father rather than with her. The Duchess of Richmond, indeed (who appears to have imitated her cousin and friend, Ann Boleyn, both in Lutheranism and lightness of morals), went so far as to make a friend of her father's mistress, Bess Holland, and to live under the same roof as the latter at Kenninghall.[2] Surrey, to do him justice, refused to countenance Bess Holland, and quarrelled with his sister, partly on that account and partly because of her abandoning the old religion; but he showed scant duty towards his mother, none the less, and was a rare visitor at "hard" Redbourne, although we find him paying his respects to the Princess Mary and "the Fair Geraldine" at the neighbouring Hunsdon House. On November 10th, 1537, the Duchess of Norfolk wrote to Cromwell, who had been trying to bring about a reconciliation, and induce her to return to Kenninghall:—

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[1] Letter to Cromwell, dated June 26th, 1538.

[2] Letter of October 24th, 1537.

> "I knowe, my lorde, my husbondes crafty ways of olde, that he hath made me many tymes promysys under a colur, weche he never performed; I wylle never make more sute to hym, nether for prisonment, nor for lasse lyvynge, duryng my lyff. And by sydes thatt my doyter of Rechemonde and Besse Holand ys

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[1] On January 29th, 1539-40, she writes: "I have made sute to hym iij tymes with iij gentylle letters; one off them was by the Kynges commandement."

[2] See later, under the account of Surrey's arrest and trial.

cummen up wyth hyr—that harlott weche has putt me to al thys trobulle, and ytt ys a XI yere synsse my lord my husbonde furst fell in love wyth hyr and yet sche ys but a churles doyter and off no gentyll blode,[1] but that my lorde my husbonde hath sett hym up for hyr sake, by cawce he ys so nye a Kynne to my lord Hussy that was late made, that dyed last and was by-heddett,[2] and was the hedde of that drabbe Bess Holondes blode; and kepys her stylle in hys house, and hys chylder mayntenne the mater: therefore I will never cum att hym duryng my lyff. Another cawce, he sett hys women to bynde me tyll blode came out att my fyngars endes; and pynnacullyt me; and satt on my brest tylle I spit blode; and he never ponysched them, and all thys was done for Besse Holand sake; and he sende my word by Mayster Conysbe[3] that he wolde serve me so ij yere afore he put me away. I know welle yff I schulde cum agayne my lyve schude be but schortt."

Cromwell at last realised that he could accomplish no good purpose by further interference in the quarrel, and as Norfolk, on his side, was inclined to suspect him of sympathising with the Duchess for political reasons, he ceased to correspond with the discontented lady at Redbourne. The latter, finding that her letters to the Lord Privy Seal were allowed to go unanswered, resolved to visit London in person, and to confer directly with Cromwell, if not with the King. Norfolk, learning of this, wrote refusing to have anything to do with his wife, on the ground that she had circulated many false and injurious statements against him. His letter, addressed to Cromwell, runs as follows:—

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[1] For the truth regarding this assertion (contradicted by the writer herself in the next few words) see note 1, p. 158, where particulars bearing on the Holland family may be found.

[2] Sir John Hussey, created first Lord Hussey of Sleaford (1529), was beheaded at Sleaford, June, 1537, on suspicion of having sympathised with the Pilgrimage of Grace.

[3] Coningsby.

"My veray gode lord; it is come to my knowlege that my wilfulle wiff is come to London, and hath be w^{t} you intendyng to come to me to London. My lord, I assewre you aslong as I lyve I uolle never come in her company unto the tyme she hath furst wryten to me that she hath untrewly slandered me in wryting and sayng that when she had be in chyld-bed ij nyghtes and a day of my doghter of Richmond I shuld draw her out of her bed by the here of the hed aboutes the howse and w^{t} my dager geve her a wonde in the hed. My gode lord, if I prove not by witnes and that w^{t} many honest personys that she had the skar in her hed XV. monethes before she was delyvered of my seid doghter, and that the same was cutt by a surgeon of London for a swellyng she had in her hed of drawyng of ij tethe, never truste my worde after,—reportyng unto yo^{r} gode lordshipe whether I shuld play the fole or no, to put me in her danger that so falsly wille slander me and so wilfully styk therby. Sewerly I think there is no man on lyve that wold handle a woman in childbed of that sort: nor for my part wold not so have done for alle that I am worthe. Finally, my lord, I requyre you to send to her in no wise to come where I am, for the same should not only put me to more troble than I have (wheroff I have no nede), but might geve me occasion to handle her otherwise than I have done yet. If she furst wrighte to me, confessyng her fals slander, and therupon sue to the Kynges highnes to make an ende, I uolle never refuse to do that his Maiesté shalle commande me to do; but before assewredly never; and thus hertly fare ye welle.

"From Bontyngford this fryday before day. Yo^{r}

"Oune assuredly,
"T. NORFFOLK."[1]

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[1] In view of the subsequent proceedings against Norfolk's son, the Earl of Surrey, and the charge that he had adopted the royal arms illegally, it is interesting to note that the above letter is sealed with the three lions passant of England, differenced by a label of three points.

It does not appear that the Duchess gained much by her journey to London. No doubt the disgrace and death of Cromwell, followed by the elevation of Katharine Howard to the throne, proved fatal to her hopes, and she returned to her seclusion at Redbourne. Nott, in his *Life of Surrey*,[1] says: "The Duchess remained silently waiting for an opportunity to revenge her injuries" until Norfolk's arrest and arraignment for high treason in 1546, when, "thinking she had found that opportunity in the present unfortunate crisis, she again preferred articles of accusation against her husband, impeaching not only his moral conduct, but his fidelity to the King." Lord Herbert of Cherbury also accuses her of helping to betray both the Duke and Earl of Surrey, and the same charge is made by Henry Howard of Corby, in the *Memorials*.[2]

There is some doubt, however, whether she or the Dowager Duchess Agnes (widow of the second Duke) was the person mentioned in the *State Papers* as having been examined by Henry's commissioners in this matter.[3] A chivalrous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* endeavours, with considerable success, to show that she did not give evidence against either Norfolk or her son. There is even a probability that, after his release from the Tower, the Duke, disgusted by the mercenary behaviour of Bess Holland, or finding that Queen Mary did not look with so much tolerance upon such scandals as her father had done, was at length reconciled to his consort. At any rate, she is said to have left Redbourne for the family mansion at Lambeth, where she died on November 30th, 1558, four years after the Duke. She was buried in the Howard chapel at Lambeth, and an epitaph eventually

[1] Page xiv. [2] Appendix, p. 30. [3] See *S. P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i.

placed over her grave by her brother, Lord Stafford.[1] The Duchess's letters, as preserved in the Cottonian MSS. and quoted by Dr. Nott, are well worth perusal, as vividly illustrating the character and literary abilities of a great lady of Tudor times. Usually the body of the epistle is written in another hand, no doubt that of her secretary or chaplain; but the signature and postscript (for she generally thought of something new to allege of Bess Holland or the Duke, or some new compliment to pay to Cromwell, after the letter had been signed) are probably her own. She spelt her name in various ways, but that which she seems to have preferred was the curious one of "*Norffokey*," which may have been intended as a sort of feminine form of "Norfolk." A specimen of her own spelling and composition may be quoted here. It is addressed to Cromwell, and concerns a New Year's gift which she was sending to him from Redbourne. The caligraphy of the original is as eccentric as the spelling, of which a translation is given below :—

"My fary god lord, Her I sand yow in tokyn hoff tha neweyer a glasse hoff setyl set in selffer gyld in tokake hoff tha newere. I pra yow tak het wort; and hy war hable het sowlld be bater. I woll het war ha M^{e} pond. I pra god save yow has many god save yow has many god neuyers has I wold my sallf long lyffe has mess honhar. I thanke yow my lord for hal your kynesse."[2]

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[1] Henry Stafford (1501–63), only son of Edward, third Duke of Buckingham, was restored to the barony of Stafford. It was his descendant, Roger Stafford, who resigned his title to Charles I. on the ground of poverty, when Sir William Howard, son of the Earl of Arundel, was created Baron Stafford.

[2] "My very good lord, Here I send you in token of the New Year a glass of [? crystal] set in silver gilt, in token of the New Year. I pray you take it [in] worth; and I were able, it should be better. I would it were a thousand pounds. I pray God save you as many God save you as many good New Years as I would myself, long life and much honour. I thank you, my Lord, for all your kindness." The reading "crystal" suggests itself, although former editors give the word up in despair.

While the Duchess of Norfolk was obstinately (and, as events proved, successfully) opposing her husband's wishes for a divorce and a new marriage, the fortunes of the house of Howard had been varied indeed. Having seen his niece, Ann Boleyn, secretly married, and solemnly crowned as Queen-Consort of England, Norfolk was rewarded by Henry for his services at home and abroad with the dignity of Earl Marshal in succession to the Duke of Suffolk, who had held that dignity (usually regarded as hereditary in the descendants of Thomas of Brotherton) since the decease of the victor of Flodden. Additional estates were also granted to him "in reward for his wisdom and loyalty," and many of these were the spoils of the lesser monasteries. His position and policy at Court were disingenuous in the extreme; he was, in fact, playing a part, and, like his colleague Gardiner, endeavouring to keep the King from breaking irrevocably with Rome, while apparently acquiescing in all the measures directed against papal supremacy. Hume sums up the state of affairs very justly as follows:—

> "Henry's ministers and courtiers were of as motley a character as his conduct; and seemed to waver, during his whole reign, between the ancient and the new religion. The Queen, engaged by interest as well as inclination, favoured the cause of the reformers: Cromwell . . . had embraced the same views; and as he was a man of prudence and abilities, he was able, very effectually, though in a covert manner, to promote the late innovations: Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, had secretly adopted the Protestant tenets. . . . On the other hand, the Duke of Norfolk adhered to the ancient faith; and by high rank, as well as by his talents both for peace and war, he had great authority in the King's council: Gardiner, lately created Bishop of Winchester, had enlisted himself in the same party; and the

> suppleness of his character and dexterity of his conduct had rendered him extremely useful to it. All these ministers, while they stood in the most irreconcilable opposition of principles to each other, were obliged to conceal their political opinions and to pretend an intire agreement with the sentiments of their master. Cromwell and Cranmer still carried the appearance of a conformity to the ancient speculative tenets; but they artfully made use of Henry's resentment to widen the breach with the see of Rome. Norfolk and Gardiner feigned an assent to the King's supremacy, and to his renunciation of the sovereign pontiff; but they encouraged his passion for the Catholic faith; and instigated him to punish those daring heretics who had presumed to reject his theological principles. Both sides hoped by their unlimited compliance to bring him over to their party; the King meanwhile, who held the balance between the factions, was enabled, by the courtship paid him both by Protestants and Catholics, to assume an unbounded authority. . . . Each side dreaded to lose him by the smallest opposition, and flattered themselves that a blind compliance with his will would throw him cordially and fully into their interests."[1]

None of these four ministers, in fact, was endowed by nature with that heroic spirit which makes men voluntary martyrs for faith and principle; and although the failure of their projects brought in turn Cromwell and Cranmer to execution, and Gardiner and Norfolk to the very steps of the scaffold, each one, when confronted with the prospect of an ignominious death, evinced a cringing subservience to the tyrant who had condemned him, and a willingness to barter honour and consistency for the mere boon of life. Cranmer, it is true, finding that his solemn recantation of Protestantism was to avail him nothing, and that by no exercise of duplicity could he escape his cruel fate, mustered up sufficient resolution to reavow his old opinions, and went with fortitude to the stake. In his place, Norfolk would almost certainly have done alike, but not before he had exhausted every artifice to win over the sovereign at the expense of his own conscience and self-respect.[1] However deeply one may feel as regards the Catholic or the Protestant religion, it is difficult to sympathise with the men who championed either faith at the Court of Henry VIII., or with the methods which they employed to further their views.

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[1] Hume, *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 98.

Norfolk's ancient hatred of Wolsey had, by a natural transition, come to be directed against the Cardinal's sometime servant, Cromwell; and the feud between them was doubly embittered, first by Cromwell's zeal against the monastic orders, and secondly by the fact that Ann Boleyn, once settled, and, as she deemed, securely settled, upon the throne, abandoned the ties of kinship, and throwing over the Howards altogether, allied herself warmly to the new secretary of state and the anti-Catholic party. Historians generally ascribe to Cranmer the responsibility for Ann's avowal of the new doctrines; but when we remember her connection with the French Huguenots, it is not impossible that she was more influenced by foreign friendships than swayed by any theological considerations which the learned archbishop could lay before her. But whether we regard her as a zealous convert to Lutheranism, deep in the confidence of Cranmer or Cromwell, or as a graceful and superficial coquette, led to favour the reformed tenets partly by the advice of that shrewd worldling, her friend Marguerite de

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[1] See later for the fulsome letters written by the Duke to Henry when he had actually fallen under the ban of royal displeasure.

Valois, and partly by a feminine spite against the religion that refused to recognise her, Ann's defection was a sore blow to the Duke of Norfolk, who had expected so much in return for all that he did to raise her to the rank of Queen. From the moment that she forsook his alliance and cast in her lot with his rival, Cromwell, he vowed her ruin, and set himself deliberately to accomplish it. Lord Darcy had spoken of Norfolk's "evill tongue," and this was the chief weapon which he now elected to employ against the niece who had treated him with what he deemed the vilest ingratitude. Perhaps his eyes, trained to observe every straw blown by Court breezes, had already noticed that the King's affection for Ann showed signs of cooling, and that a certain demure damsel, Jane Seymour by name (who had entered Court under the wing of her connections, and his own relatives, the Knyvetts[1]), was engaging a great deal of the monarch's leisure, and even luring him away from those grave matters which should have occupied the time of the head of the Church.

At any rate, the Duke lost no opportunity of widening the breach between Henry and Ann, until what had been the simple distaste arising from satiety on the King's part grew into positive dislike, and eventually into active hatred. It is not suggested that Norfolk had any designs against the Queen's life; what he probably aimed at was a divorce, and her banishment from Court. But the evil passions which his policy of suggestion aroused in the King's mind were not to be assuaged by the mere disgrace of Ann. Henry desired a new wife, and was resolved that no discarded consort should again set up her little court to intrigue against him and plague him from afar. There is little need to rehearse at length the story of that tragedy. Norfolk took no part in preparing the charges against the Queen, but he presided over her trial as Lord High Steward, while his son, the Earl of Surrey, acted as Deputy Earl Marshal upon that occasion.

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[1] Jane Seymour, through her mother, Margery Wentworth, was related to many of the lesser gentry of East Anglia, and her maternal uncle, Sir Richard Wentworth of Nettlestead, was married to Ann Tyrell, a first cousin of Edmund Knyvett of Ashwell Thorpe, yeoman porter to Henry VIII., who was Norfolk's nephew by marriage.

In spite of all that has been written and surmised concerning that trial, we are little the wiser as to the real nature of the evidence upon which Ann was declared guilty and sentenced to death by a jury of twenty-five[1] peers, most of whom were neither "new men" nor bigoted Catholics.[2] The most recent biographer of the hapless Queen, Mr. Paul Friedmann,[3] while he believes her guiltless of any intentional crime, confesses to a suspicion that the jury were induced to convict her by the production, at the eleventh hour, of some evidence of a character so extraordinary that its true purport was suppressed; but as to what this evidence might have been, or what foundation it had in fact, he ventures no guidance.[4]

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[1] The jury originally consisted of twenty-six, but during the proceedings the Earl of Northumberland, Ann's old sweetheart, was so overcome by emotion that he dared the King's displeasure and left the hall.

[2] Ann's bitterest enemies, Dacre of the North, Hussey, Braye, and Darcy, were not summoned. Those who shared in the verdict were the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquess of Exeter, the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, Westmoreland, Derby, Worcester, Rutland, Sussex, and Huntingdon, and Lords Audley, Delawarr, Montagu, Morley, Dacre of the South, Cobham, Maltravers, Powys, Monteagle, Clinton, Sandys, Windsor, Wentworth, Burgh, and Mordaunt.

[3] *Ann Boleyn: a History.*

[4] The baser Catholic pamphleteers of Elizabeth's day, however, were wont to allege certain atrocious things concerning Henry and the Boleyns, which might have been derived from evidence brought forward at the trial, and subsequently suppressed.

It may be noticed that one of the chief witnesses against the Queen was her sister-in-law, Jane Parker,[1] Lady Rochford (wife of George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, who was tried and sentenced at the same time as his sister). This wretched woman was actuated wholly by hatred of her own husband and the Queen, and it was upon her unsupported statements that the charges of incest were brought. We shall encounter her ill-omened name again in the course of this narrative; for while she was largely instrumental in bringing Ann Boleyn to her death, she became the evil genius of yet another Queen of the Howard blood, and ended her own life with the misguided Katharine upon the scaffold of the Tower. Lady Rochford's grandmother had been remarried to Lord Edward Howard, the heroic Admiral, and her father, the learned and pious Lord Morley, was one of the jury that condemned Ann Boleyn.

After sentence had been passed on Ann Boleyn, and while she still lay in prison awaiting her summons to the block or the stake (as the King might choose), her enemies inspired Henry with the idea of declaring the Lady Elizabeth, her only child, illegitimate, as the Lady Mary had already been declared. There are strong reasons for believing that Norfolk was one of those who urged this measure upon the willing monarch. Although in stigmatising Elizabeth as a bastard he was injuring his own blood, and barring the succession to the throne of his niece's child, yet, on the other hand, he was thereby vastly furthering the chances of his son-in-law, the Duke of Richmond. He believed himself, in fact, to be in the position of a chess-player who voluntarily sacrifices one piece in order to clear the way for a brilliant move with another.

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[1] Jane Parker, Viscountess Rochford, was daughter of Henry Parker, tenth Lord Morley (1476–1556) by Alice, daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletsoe. She was, through the St. Johns, a first cousin of the then wife of Lord William Howard; and these facts, added to her own marriage with George Boleyn, made her an intimate, and, as it proved, dangerous member of the family circle. It was her great-grandnephew, William Parker, Lord Monteagle (afterwards thirteenth Lord Morley), who was the real or supposed instrument of the discovery of the "Gunpowder Plot."

Mary and Elizabeth both set aside, Henry might be persuaded to declare his favourite child, Richmond, heir to the throne; and thus in place of his niece, Norfolk might see his daughter on the throne. Whether he directly counselled the King to this end or not, he was the chief of the peers who were sent after Ann's trial to Newington Green[1] to secure from the young Earl of Northumberland the desired admission of a precontract of marriage between the latter nobleman and the Queen. Upon the strength of such a precontract, it was intended to declare the King's marriage with Ann null and void. Northumberland, however, to his credit, refused to be a party to any such false statement, and having taken a solemn oath that no precontract had ever existed, "receaved the blessed Sacrament upon the sayme, before the Duke of Norfolk, and others of the Kynges hignes Council."[2] This failing, the supple Cranmer was sent to the Tower to persuade or threaten Ann into admitting the betrothal denied by her old admirer; but the Queen was as firm as the gallant Percy, and, probably with a view to preserving her own honour and the legitimacy of her child, refused to yield to the Primate's insincere promises. For a time Henry and his councillors were at a loss; but a new pretext for a dissolution of the marriage was found in the statement (fact or fiction, but vouched for by that soul of honour, the Defender of the Faith himself) that the King had committed adultery with Mary Boleyn, sister of Ann, before his union to the latter. Upon this Cranmer (who held, or pretended to hold, "that such carnal relations, whether lawful or the reverse, placed Henry and Ann within the forbidden degrees of affinity") pronounced the marriage null and void. Then the grotesque farce was played out; and the Queen, who had just been declared an unmarried woman, was beheaded for the consequently impossible crime of adultery. Within twenty-four hours after her death, Henry was wedded to Jane Seymour at Hampton Court.[1]

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[1] The mansion at Newington, formerly owned by Norfolk, and lent by him to the Earl of Kildare after the latter's release from the Tower in 1527, had passed into the hands of the Earl of Northumberland, probably by purchase. After the latter's death it became King's property.

[2] Letter of Northumberland to Cromwell, May 28th, 1536, *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*

But if the Duke of Norfolk felt any satisfaction in having accomplished his share of the ugly work, namely, the bastardising of Elizabeth, the feeling was destined to be short-lived. The young Duke of Richmond, upon the very eve of the consummation of his marriage with Mary Howard, was taken ill, and died on July 22nd, 1536,[2] little over a month after the execution of Ann Boleyn. Norfolk had sacrificed one of the best pieces upon the board, and all to no purpose. Nay, that ill-judged move was to prove the bane of his posterity, when many a long year afterwards, Elizabeth, the niece whom he had thus dishonoured, came, in spite of his intrigues and Cranmer's hypocrisies, to the throne of England. Richmond's childless widow remained unmarried, although, as we shall see, there were various projects for remarrying her. She had considerable difficulty in obtaining payment of the dowry settled upon her;[1] but eventually a bill was signed in her favour, March 2nd, 1539-40, whereby she received for life the manor of Swaffham, in Norfolk, and other Crown properties. It was at Kenninghall that she resided, however, cultivating the Protestant faith, and cherishing such oddly contrasted friends as John Foxe, the martyrologist, and Bess Holland, her father's light o' love.

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[1] "*Sacrificing himself,*" Mr. Froude remarks, "*to a sense of public duty.*"

[2] Richmond's body was carried to Thetford and there interred with the Howards. At the dissolution his remains were removed to Framlingham.

Those few years, between 1536 and 1540, are strange, restless, memorable years in the annals of the house of Howard—years replete with bitter hates and passionate loves that ended in bitterness, with ambitions of the loftiest and tragedies sadder than any that these chequered chronicles can show, with the glitter of courts and the gloom of the dungeon, with sparkling poetry and dark intrigue, with the smiles of women and the treacherous whisper that sped its victim to the scaffold. During that brief period, the story of the Howards was the story of the English Court, almost the story of England itself. In every romance, in every warlike achievement of the time, a Howard was the moving figure. And what a medley of characters did the race supply to that drama of four twelvemonths! Norfolk himself, grizzled and wary, cunning as Ulysses and fully as callous; Surrey, that lad of mettle, rare poet and rare soldier, a thoroughbred courser let loose among the shire horses; Lord William Howard, whom many at the time thought a good-humoured fool,[1] but who was to prove himself wiser than his more brilliant brother; Mary, Duchess of Richmond, playing the Puritan at Kenninghall with Master John Foxe and Mistress Bess Holland; the gentle Lady Surrey, a somewhat colourless personage, very happy in her first-born (no doubt astrology-loving Surrey kept back from her John Clerke's cast of the child's horoscope,[2] else she might have wept, not smiled), but taking no deep interest either in the pretty sonnets that her lord composed, or the pretty ladies that he wrote them to; the Duchess of Norfolk fuming and fretting at Redbourne, now sending off long letters and "glasses hoff setyl" to Cromwell, now complaining of her husband to the King himself (that protector of distressed wives!); the ancient Duchess Dowager, residing in stately austerity at Horsham St. Faith's, and ruling her hot-blooded maidens with the tardy rod; ill-fated, merry-eyed Katharine Howard, a sweet rose ruined in the bud, thanks to the pious blindness of that same step-grandmother; and a host of other Howards, great and small, sage and foolish, famous or forgotten, among whom may be mentioned the Lord Thomas, half-brother of the Duke, and younger brother of Lord William Howard—a young man of whom we heard before as one of Surrey's boy companions at Kenninghall, and who now reappears for a space as the hero of a luckless love affair, and the cause of a new form of treason being added to those already enumerated upon the statute books.

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[1] Cottonian MSS., Vespasian, F. xiii. f. 75.

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[1] Marillac, the French Ambassador, for instance, who roundly called him so, and marvelled that England should have sent such as Ambassador to Scotland.

[2] The nativity of Thomas Howard, afterwards fourth Duke of Norfolk, as cast by John Clerke at Surrey's orders, still exists.

Thomas Howard had left the gloomy old manor-house at Horsham St. Faith's (where he had been brought by his mother, the Duchess Agnes) in order to follow his brother, William, to Court. Both of these young men commenced life with well-filled pockets; for their father, the second Duke, had left all that he could leave to his second wife, and as she was a frugal lady, whose principal recreation was piety, her two sons had enough to ruffle it with the best, for a time at least. Indeed, their situation was that of wealthy men in comparison to their poor, broken-down half-brother, Lord Edmund Howard, who was forced to quarter his children upon such of his relatives as would accept of them, and to plead hungrily for a petty post at Calais after his Flodden pension ceased. Lord Thomas Howard, being naturally a comely youth, cut a good figure at Court, where he renewed his old friendship with his nephew, Surrey (the two were almost of an age), and became a favourite with the King, as well as with his cousin, Ann Boleyn.

Now among the ladies attendant upon Ann was the Lady Margaret Douglas, a Princess of the blood-royal, and half-sister of James V. of Scotland.[1] Although she was Henry VIII.'s niece, that monarch had, so far, treated her with somewhat meagre kindness, keeping her for some years in the Lady Mary's establishment at Beaulieu, and on the birth of Elizabeth naming her first lady of honour to the infant. This naturally brought her into constant association with Ann Boleyn, and the latter took a fancy to the shy, graceful girl, who, although a Queen's daughter, had been all her life a mere dependent upon the charity of others. Through Ann's good offices Henry was induced to notice his niece, and the sudden favour thus bestowed upon her recalled to the minds of the courtiers that, after Elizabeth and the King of Scots, Margaret Douglas was next in the line of succession to the English throne. Thereupon poor Margaret became a person of great consequence, and those who had ignored her existence a few months before now went out of their way to attract her by a thousand courtesies. One may be certain that neither Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, nor Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, was behindhand in paying court, each after his own fashion, to the new star.

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[1] Margaret Douglas was the daughter of Henry VIII.'s elder sister, Margaret, by her second marriage with Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus. Born at Harbottle Castle, in Northumberland, October 8th, 1515, while her mother was a fugitive, she became the godchild of Cardinal Wolsey, and, after Wolsey's fall, a ward of Henry VIII.

Chastillon, the French Ambassador (no mean judge of feminine good looks, if we are to believe Brantôme), wrote of her to Francis I. on March 16th, 1534, saying that the King treated her as if she were full sister, instead of half-sister to the King of Scots, and would be certain to give her a good dowry. He added, "This lady is beautiful, and esteemed here."[1] Already at the Council her marriage was frequently discussed, for she was now twenty years of age and ripe for matrimony. But the ministers little guessed that Margaret had saved them the trouble of selecting her a husband, by picking out one suited to her own fancy. This was the Lord Thomas Howard, who, in visiting Ann Boleyn, had encountered the latter's new friend and fallen desperately in love with her. It was no interested passion, for at this time Margaret had nothing but her birth and her fair face to recommend her; and it is highly probable that Thomas Howard wasted very little thought upon the lady's ancestry, if, indeed, he considered it at all. For her part, Margaret was equally captivated by this gallant, as was the gallant by her; and Ann Boleyn, pretty matchmaker and mischief-maker as she was, must needs give the pair every opportunity of making love to their hearts' content. The result is somewhat doubtful, and historians (who, indeed, have little more than the *State Papers* to go by) are divided as to whether Thomas Howard and the Lady Margaret were privately married, or entered into one of those solemn betrothals which were regarded almost as marriages in those days. Some sort of private contract was undoubtedly entered into between them, and with the knowledge and sanction of the Queen, who revelled in mysterious love affairs of this sort—a taste for which she paid all too dearly. But for Ann's disgrace, the happy sweethearts might have weathered the storms of Henry's wrath, and lived to found a new and illustrious branch of the house of Howard.

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[1] *Cal. S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vii. appendix No. 13.

That dire event, however, proved the ruin of their hopes. When Elizabeth was declared illegitimate, Margaret Douglas became the lady of highest rank in England; and Norfolk, seeing that she stood in the way of his son-in-law, the Duke of Richmond, began to press for her marriage. Had he known how matters stood, and the relation in which she stood to his brother, he might have remained silent; but in that unlucky year of 1536 he seemed fated to blunder into intrigues which only injured himself and his own family. The pother which he made to have the Lady Margaret married, led to the discovery that she had been either married or betrothed to Thomas Howard for nearly a year.

At this intelligence the King was furious—the more so because of the share that Ann Boleyn had had in furthering the love affair. Howard was at once arrested and lodged in the Tower, whither, a few hours later, he was followed by the Lady Margaret, who had been conveyed by barge from Greenwich. When Parliament met, Henry demanded the attainder of Howard; but it was found that there was no existing statute under which he could be convicted of treason. This proved a slight obstacle to the King or Cromwell, and the latter (not ill-pleased at the chance of paying back some old scores to the Howards) drew up a Bill by the terms of which "it was made treason to marry without the King's consent, any princess related in the first degree to the Crown."[1] The bill became law, and Howard was duly condemned to death. He was not executed, however (probably through the influence of Norfolk), and the lovers lingered in the Tower.

After a few months the Lady Margaret became ill—it was said of an intermittent fever—and Henry permitted her removal by water to Syon Abbey by Isleworth. She was finally set at liberty on October 29th, 1537,[2] just two days before Lord Thomas Howard died in the Tower "of a broken heart." Generous Surrey, touched by the woeful end of one so near and dear to him, alludes to Howard in certain lines which he wrote to a lady about this time. Having described himself under the guise of "The Whyte Lion" (the badge of the Howards), he continues :—

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[1] One wonders whether the framers of the Royal Marriages Act, *temp.* Geo. III., knew of this old statute.

[2] Holinshed, v. 673.

"How can ye thus intreat a Lion of the race,
That with his paws a crowned King devoured in the place?
If you be fresh and fair am I not of your hue?
And for my vaunt I dare well say my blood is not untrue;
For you yourself have heard, it is not long ago,
Sith that for love one of the race did end his life in woe,
In tower strong and high, for his assured truth,
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas! the more the ruth.
This gentle beast so died, whom nothing could remove,
But willingly to lose his life, for loss of his true love."

Margaret Douglas remained in disgrace for some time, and Henry even tried to prove her illegitimate—a characteristic insult to his sister's child; but she was again taken into favour after Jane Seymour's death, and became first lady to Ann of Cleves and afterwards to Katharine Howard. The Howard name and nature must have had an irresistible attraction for her, since, while in the last-named capacity, she once more lost her heart to one of the family, Sir Charles Howard, Queen Katharine's brother, and nephew of her first lover.[1] Of this affair more will be said presently. It is now high time to turn again to the chief of the Howards and his doings.

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[1] Lady Margaret Douglas was not married to Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox (by whom she was mother of Darnley, and ancestor of the present Royal Family), until 1544.

V

The Pilgrimage of Grace and its Sequel

THE year 1536 witnessed the outbreak of the Pilgrimage of Grace, that armed protest of the northern counties against the religious chaos into which Henry and his ministers had plunged England. No attempt will be made in these pages to discuss at length the rights and wrongs of the insurrection. Enough ink has already been expended in such profitless controversy, and the wise man realises that any fairness which he may show in considering the motives of one side will inevitably be hailed as bias by the advocates of the other. Let it suffice, therefore, that the rising of the northern Catholics had for its main objects: the repeal of all statutes enacted against the old religion; the preservation of monastic and other church property from further spoliation; the restoration of Parliament to its ancient privileges; and the suppression of the "new men" about the King, whose interest it was (so the insurgents declared) to benefit themselves under the cloak of reformation. But, above all, the Pilgrimage was a determined effort to resist the enforcement of religious tenets wholly distasteful to the great mass of the population north of Trent; and, as such, the men of Lincoln, Yorkshire, and Northumberland were as justified in enlisting under its banners as were the Huguenots of

France or the Lutherans of Germany in appealing to the sword against royal or imperial tyranny. Unlike the Huguenots, the English Catholics of 1536–7 had no foreign allies. The movement was a purely domestic one, and the proclamations of Aske and the other leaders invariably express the most devoted loyalty to the sovereign as head of the body politic. Their subsequent actions, and the trustful manner in which they accepted Henry's pledges and obeyed his behests, showed that they were wholly sincere in these professions. It was against the Protestant section of the Council that they rebelled—

> "Crom., Cram. and Riche,[1]
> With L.L.L.[2] and their liche,
> As some men teach,
> God them amend!"

as their rude marching song[3] ran; and they would have been quite satisfied if the agents of the Vicar-General and the Southern Primate had been withdrawn from the North, and they themselves permitted to worship as their fathers had done. That the expelled monks took a leading part in stirring up the rising cannot be denied. It would have been singular if, despoiled of what they believed to be their rightful possessions, and compelled to witness that which, to them, meant persecution and sacrilege, they had acted otherwise. In all warfare which has religion for its basis, the priest will be found inciting his flock to armed resistance; and the northern clerics, secular and regular, who countenanced this crusade against a compulsory change of creed, were no more to blame than the Lutheran or Calvinistic ministers, whose burning zeal fanned the flames of rebellion on the Continent or in Scotland.

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[1] Cromwell, Cranmer, and Richard Rich.

[2] The three L's stand for Leigh, Leyton, and the Bishop of London, the last-named at this time a bitter foe of Romanism.

[3] This song, or rather chant, was composed by a monk of the suppressed St. Mary's Abbey at York, and may be found in *Letters and Papers*, *Henry VIII.*, *1536*, 787.

The first insurrection, which occurred in Lincolnshire, was led by Dr. Matthew Mackrell, late prior of Barlings—the same extraordinarily eloquent man whose words had stricken such terror into the hearts of the great congregation, on the occasion of the second Duke of Norfolk's funeral at Thetford, that mourners and spectators fled in panic from the abbey church.[1] Ever since that memorable occasion, Dr. Mackrell's power over the people had been very great; and it needed but a few vigorous denunciations from his lips of Cromwell and the Protestant agents, to set the country in a blaze, and assemble at Lincoln an army of 20,000 men.[2] Against these, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and subsequently the Duke of Suffolk, were sent; but such was the zeal of the rebels that Cromwell lost heart, and advised the King to temporise with them. Suffolk was therefore instructed to offer them a free pardon and due consideration of their demands if they laid down their arms and dispersed peaceably. The bait took, the insurgents melted away, and Henry kept his word concerning pardon in characteristically Tudor fashion, by causing the arrest of Dr. Mackrell, Captain Cobbler, and others, who were almost immediately put to death. As for the promises made with regard to religious grievances, they were utterly ignored, and a fresh swarm of Cromwell's inquisitors descended upon Lincolnshire, carrying off church plate, confiscating property, and compelling all and sundry to accept the King's religious supremacy.

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[1] See *ante*, chap. iii.

[2] Herbert. Some historians, notably Hume, imagine that the man who called himself "Captain Cobbler" and commanded the contingent of mechanics in this force was Mackrell disguised; but the *State Papers* show that the two were distinct.

Such treachery as this could have but one result. Many of the Lincolnshire rebels fled beyond Humber, where the news of their treatment excited the utmost indignation and sympathy, and within a few weeks a host of full 40,000, largely composed of well-trained veterans of the Scottish wars, had gathered under the leadership of Robert Aske, a gentleman of ancient lineage in the North Riding of Yorkshire. At first the great Catholic families of the district held back from any association with the insurgent army, and the veteran Lord Darcy, together with the Archbishop of York,[1] shut the gates of Pontefract against Aske. But gradually, whether by threats or arguments, the Archbishop, the Bishop of Durham,[2] Darcy, Sir Thomas and Sir Ingram Percy, Sir Robert Constable, Sir Thomas Hilton, Sir Francis Bigod, and many other persons of the greatest influence in the North, enrolled themselves under the insurgents' standard. To their undertaking they gave the name of the "Pilgrimage of Grace," and both Hull and York readily surrendered to them; while the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had been advancing against their main body at Pontefract, decided that it was better policy to fall back and send for reinforcements.[3] At Court, consternation and surprise prevailed, for no further serious disturbance had been anticipated by Henry or Cromwell after the Lincolnshire insurgents had been cozened into submission, and vengeance wreaked upon their leaders.

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[1] Archbishop See.

[2] Cuthbert Tunstall.

[3] Shrewsbury was a courtier rather than a general, and, as Wriothesley informs us in the *State Papers*, his full force barely exceeded 2,000 men.

The reports which arrived from the North by every post of the growing numbers and enthusiasm of the "Pilgrims," gave rise to a well-grounded fear that, before an army sufficient to cope with them could be mustered, they might carry, not only the northern, but the eastern and midland counties as well, and secure so great an advantage as to be able to dictate terms to the King. Moreover, although the rebels held no parley of any sort with the foreign enemy, there was always the danger of an invasion from Scotland or Germany, should the country become distracted by civil war. The conditions were such as the pettifogging brain of a Cromwell could not cope with; and only a really strong man might hope to avert the threatened catastrophe. Such a man must have many attributes. He must be a great noble by descent, not by recent creation; for to such only would Aske and his followers listen, their belief in gentle blood being second only to their belief in the old religion. He must be a soldier, accustomed to look danger in the face, and able to dispose of scanty, ill-supplied troops with judgment and skill, and to inspire his men with confidence in a doubtful cause. Both King and Council well knew that they had at their disposal precisely such a leader in the Duke of Norfolk; and, indeed, when the Lincolnshire rising occurred, Gardiner, Bishop Tunstall, and others of the Catholic party had suggested Norfolk's name as that of the one person capable of suppressing the popular movement effectually, without bloodshed if possible, but certainly with the utmost loyalty to the Crown. The Protestant party, however, feared to trust the Duke in such a command; for despite his tacit acquiescence in Henry's tortuous religious policy, he was regarded by them as the leader of the Catholics, and a faithful friend to the dominance of Rome in spiritual questions. The settlement of affairs in Lincoln without his aid was regarded by Cromwell, Cranmer, and Latimer as a triumph; but, as we have seen, they triumphed prematurely, and where one county had been crushed, half a dozen were now in arms. Still Henry had sufficient confidence in the closet ministers to allow them to poison his mind a little longer against the Duke, and Shrewsbury was permitted to retain the chief command in the North, until matters there became absolutely desperate. From Pontefract, Aske issued an address, in which he set forth the aims and objects of the pilgrimage, and which was read at every market-cross and trysting-place from Trent to the Border, and from Flamborough Head to Morecambe Bay. The result was that hardy recruits poured in upon every side, while supplies sufficient to outlast a long campaign were stored at York, Richmond, Hull, and other important towns.

The insurgents marched behind banners, upon each of which was woven a crucifix, with the representation of a chalice and of the five wounds of Christ;[1] and upon the sleeve or breast of every pilgrim a badge was worn emblematic of the five wounds, with the sacred name of Jesus wrought in the middle. An oath was taken by all, that no base or interested motives had led them to join the Pilgrimage of Grace, that they bore the utmost loyalty to the King and his issue, and that their

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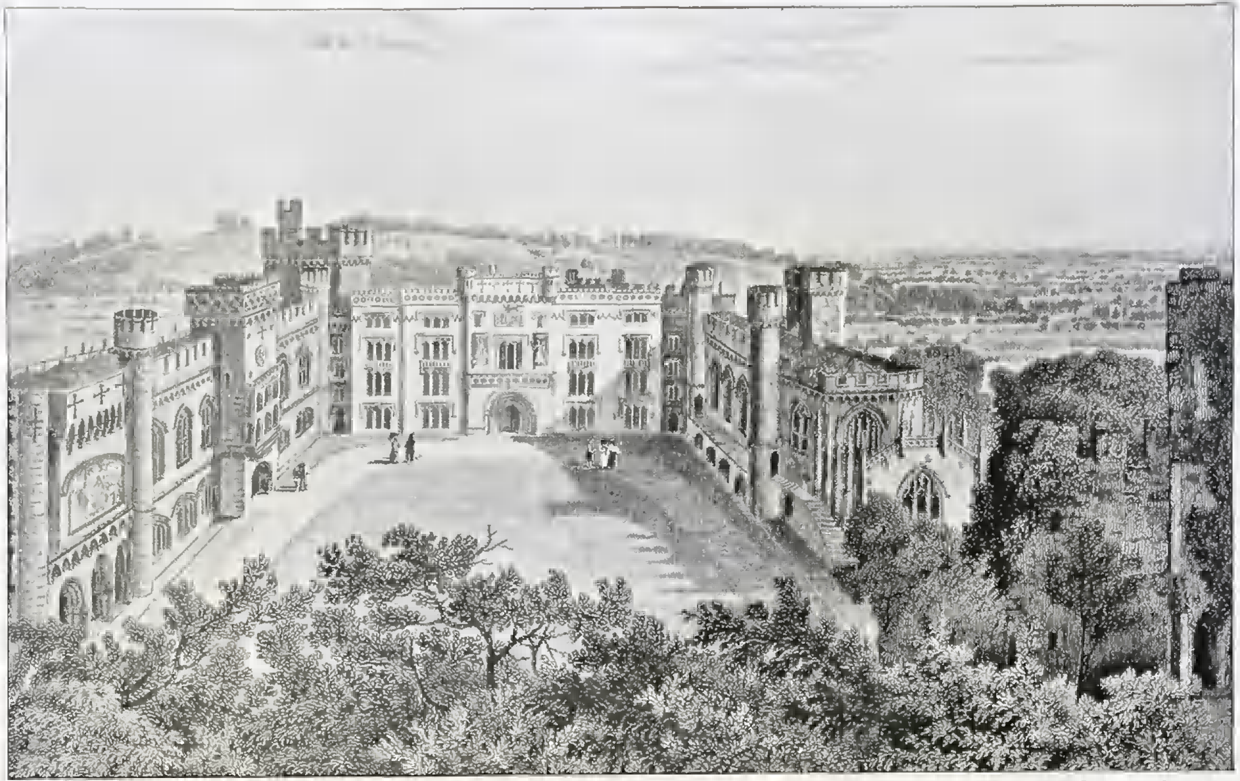
[1] Fox, ii. p. 992.



From an engraving by W. J. Cooke *After a drawing by C. B. Ottley*

ARUNDEL CASTLE. THE COURTYARD

(About the year 1830)

objects were the same as those of the Lincolnshire insurgents, to wit, the repeal of statutes against the Catholic faith, the driving of baseborn counsellors from about the King, and the preservation of church property. A court of justice at York, for deciding lawsuits in the northern counties, was also demanded. The fervour of the Pilgrims seemed to carry all before it, and only three persons of consequence among the Yorkshire Catholics held out against the crusade. The Earl of Cumberland was besieged in Skipton, Sir Ralph Eure in Scarborough Castle; while the Earl of Northumberland lay sick to death at his manor-house of Wressill, helplessly watching his brothers and retainers march away to fight under the banner of the Five Wounds.[1] To the Catholics of the North, and, in particular, to these waverers, Aske's proclamation was addressed. Its terms were as follows:—

"Robert Aske, capytayne in chefe of the Pylgrymage, to the Nobilite and Commyns of the Northe: from the castell of Pomfret, October, 1536.

"Lordes, Knyghtes, Maisters, Kynnesmen and Frendes. We perceyve that you be informyd that thys assemble or pylgrymage, that we, by the favour and mercy of Almyghty God, do entend to procede in hys cause: the Kynge our Soveragne Lord, hathe had many imposicyons of us: we dowte not, but ye do ryzte well knowe, that, to oure power, we have ben all weys redy in paymentes and servyces to Hys Hyghnes, as eny of hys subyettes; and, therfore, to asserteyne you of the cause of thys oure assemble and pylgrymage, is thys. For as muche that shuche symple and evyll dysposyd persones, beynge of the Kynges Counsell, hathe nott onely ensensyd Hys Grace with mony and sundry newe invencyons, whyche be contrary to the faythe of God, and honour to the Kynges Mayeste, and the comyn welthe of thys realme, and thereby entendythe to destroye the Churche of Englond, and the mynysters of the same, as ye do well knowe, as well as we; but also the seyd Counsell hathe speylyd and robbid, and farthyr entendynge utterly to spoyle and robbe the hole body of thys realme; and that as well you, as us, yffe God, of hys infynyte mercye, had not causyd shuche, as hathe taken, or hereafter shall tooke, thys pylgrymage uppon theym, to procede in the same, and whethyr all thys aforeseyde be trew, or not, we put it to your concynes; and yff you thyncke it be trewe, and do fyght agaynst us, that entendythe the comyn welthe of thys realme, and no thynge elles, we truste, be the grace of God, ye shall have small spede; for thys pylgrymage we have taken, hyt is for the preservacion of Crystes Churche, of thys realme of Englond, the Kynge our Soverayne Lord, the Nobylyte and Cõmyns of the same; and to the extent to macke petycion to the Kynges Highnes for the reformacyon of that whyche is amysse, within thys his realme, and for the punnyshement of the herytykes and subverteres of the lawes; and we, nother for money, malys, dysplesure to noo persons, but shuche as be not worthy to remayne nyghe abowte the Kynge oure Soveragne Lordes persone, And further you knowe, yff you shall obligue, as we truste in God, you shall nott, ye put bothe us and you, and youre heires and oures, in bondage for ever; and further, ye are sure of entensyon of Crystes curse, and we clere and out of the same. And yff we overcum you, then you shalbe in oure wylles. Wherfore, for a conclusyon, yff you wyll not cum with us, reformacyon of the premyssis, we certyfy you, by thys oure wrytynge, that we wyll fyght and dye agaynst bothe you and all those that shal be abowtt towardes to stope us in the seyd pylgremage; and God shalbe Judge, which shalt have Hys grace and mercy theryn, and then you shalbe judgged, hereafter, to be shedderes of crystyn blode, and destroers of your evyne crystyn.

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[1] Aske, not satisfied with having enlisted Sir Thomas Percy, Northumberland's heir, and his brother Sir Ingram, besides "all the Kynsmen and followeres of the Percyes" upon his side, made a determined effort to gain over the Earl himself. William Stapleton, a tenant of Northumberland, deposed that "Aske moved my Lord if he would be contented with that he (Aske) and the Lordes would do, and what by the general importunacy of Aske . . . he (Northumberland) did thereunto agree. . . . It was openly spoken of the field, 'Strike off the head of the Earl, and make Sir Thomas Earl.'" This, however, Aske prevented; but the Earl "crept into a corner, and dare not shew himself." So Aske and the younger Percys departed, leaving Sir Thomas Hilton with a garrison at Wressill; and Sir Ingram Percy made an inflammatory speech at York, in which he wished that Cromwell might "be hanged as high as he might look unto; and if he were there present, as he wished to God he were, he would put his sword in his belly" (Exchequer Misc. Papers, A, $\frac{2}{28}$, p. 167; and *A Brief Remembrance of Sir Ingram Percy*).

"From Robert Aske, chefe Capytayne off the conventyall assemble, or Pylgremage, for the Baronage and Commynalty of the same."[1]

On October 20th, Shrewsbury sent Lancaster Herald (Thomas Myller) to Pomfret, with a proclamation to the rebels, which, by an extraordinary lack of judgment, was the self-same one which had been employed in quelling the Lincolnshire rising and inducing the rebels to return to their homes. Naturally enough, Aske, Darcy, and the other leaders in Yorkshire would not accept promises which had already been ruthlessly broken; and confident in their own strength and the weakness of the King, were resolved to hold out for better terms and more reliable assurances than those accepted by the unfortunate Dr. Mackrell and his fellows. Lancaster Herald was received in the great hall at Pontefract by the "capytayne in chefe," with the Archbishop of York standing on one side of his chair, and the veteran Lord Darcy on the other; and so much was he overawed by Aske's bearing and the importance of those that formed the rebel council, that he presented the proclamation from the Council and the accompanying message from Shrewsbury upon his knees —a weakness for which he afterwards paid with torture

[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. p. 467.

and death. He was forbidden by Aske to read the proclamation to the populace, and returned to Shrewsbury's camp without having accomplished anything towards the dispersal of the insurgents, who now began to make preparations for a march southward, intending to give battle to the King's forces (or, as they preferred to call them, "the armye of the Councill") on October 27th, the eve of SS. Simon and Jude.

The time had now arrived when Cromwell could no longer conceal from Henry the true state of affairs, and the inability of himself and the Protestant section of the Council to offer any adequate resistance to the rebels. Henry was at Windsor with his new Queen, Jane Seymour; and when he learned how he had been deceived, and lulled into a sense of false security, his rage was so great that Cromwell dared not venture into his presence, but conducted all communications through Wriothesley, under pretence of important business in London.[1] There was no further jealous temporising with regard to Norfolk's appointment as commander-in-chief and Lieutenant of the North, and a courier was despatched to Kenninghall to summon the Duke from his seclusion. No sooner had his commission been signed than matters began to assume a more favourable aspect. Money and men were the most pressing needs, for the Exchequer was well-nigh empty, and, as we have already seen, the royalist forces in the North did not number one to twenty of the rebels. In the space of a few days Norfolk recruited 2,000 men, exclusive of his personal retainers, while from Gloucester he brought another 1,000, under the command of Sir Anthony Kingston. So urgently did he impress upon Henry the need of funds that the latter was persuaded to sell his plate, and on October 18th, Wriothesley wrote to Cromwell:—

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[1] See the correspondence, *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. pp. 479–81. Although Henry twice demanded his presence at Windsor, he succeeded in evading the summons until the royal fury had cooled.

> "His Grace's pleasure is, youe shall goo to the Juel hous in the Tower and there take asmoche plate as you shall thinke His Grace shall not necessarily occupie, and put it strayte to coyning. His Majestie apperethe to feare moche this matier, especially if he should want moneye. . . . And His Grace would have this matier for moneye wel folowed, for there resteth with youe all our hope."[1]

Preparations were made in London and throughout the South of England for the raising of a great army; and having thus rescued things as well as he might from the perilous state into which they had fallen, and done all that he could at short notice to prepare for the campaign, Norfolk left Windsor for the North, bringing with him his ardent son and heir, the Earl of Surrey.[2] Surrey had been knighted by the King on the same day (October 18th) that Wriothesley had sent Cromwell orders respecting the disposal of the Tower plate, and this was his first martial enterprise. On his way to join Shrewsbury, Norfolk hurriedly evolved a plan of resistance to the overwhelming forces of the Pilgrimage. He proposed to hold Doncaster and the River Don as long as he might, to act wholly upon the defensive until reinforcements could be sent, and to fall back, if compelled by numbers, upon the Trent and the difficult country about Newark. In the interim he resolved, if the rebels gave him time, to enter into diplomatic relations with them, and to appeal to their loyalty and patriotism, reminding them of how his father and himself had led them against the common enemy, the Scots, under the banners of the very King whose wishes they now set at naught. He relied, and not without reason, upon the two facts that he himself was, like them, a Roman Catholic, and that they had been his comrades in many a battle and raid of the past. The outlines of this policy he despatched from Cambridge to the King, who appears to have been impressed with its wisdom, and with the sincerity of the Duke's intentions.

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[1] Wriothesley to Cromwell, October 18th; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i.

[2] Wriothesley to Cromwell, October 15th; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i.

Writing from Windsor at midnight of October 26–7th, Henry complimented his lieutenant on a most "politique devise," and urges him "never to give stroke . . . unless you shall, with due advisement, thinke yourself to have greate and notable advauntage for the same"; but should the rebels reject his conciliatory offers, to retire "into the passes of Nottingham and Newerk."[1] By October 26th Norfolk was at Doncaster, awaiting the promised attack, having made the most of his scanty troops, which, with a small reinforcement of sailors under his old vice-admiral (now Lord High Admiral of England), Sir William Fitz-William, could not have exceeded 6,000 men. The fortunes of weather, rather than of war, however, were destined to turn the scale in the King's favour. Throughout the afternoon and night of the 26th, and the morning of the feast of SS. Simon and Jude, rain fell in torrents, so that the fords of the Don were rendered impassable, and Aske was obliged to postpone his advance. Without any delay, Norfolk despatched messengers to Aske and Darcy asking for a conference, and at the same time caused to be freely circulated among the insurgents (and particularly among the veterans of the Border) the following proclamation :—

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. p. 494.

"Alas, ye unhappy men ! What francy, what folye, hath ledde and seduced you to make this most shamefull rebellion against our moost noble and rightuose King and Soveraigne; who is more worthye, for his innumerable graces, and noble vertues, and gentle conditions, to be King, maistre and governour of all Christendom, than of so small a realme as Englande? And if ye fynde fawte that he hath had moche good of youe, then ye owght to considre and thinke the same to be well imployed; for he hath not only spent the same, but also an infinite som of his ouen treasure, to maynteigne and kepe you in peax, against all enemyes. Fye for shame! Howe can ye, of those parties, fynde in your hartes to rebell against His Highnes, who hath so often, in our company, obteigned great victories against the enemyes of the realme? Fye for shame! How can ye thus doo, and over and besides your offences to your naturall Soveraigne Lord, yeve us too, that have loved youe better than any parte of the realme, occasion to fighte with youe, that we have taken for our best frendes? We can saye no more; but trust ye, surelye, that unles ye doo, incontinent, drawe home, every man to his house, we woll yeve youe baitaill; and though we shalbe sorry soo to doo, yet we shall shewe you the most harde curtesye, that ever was shewed to men, that have loved youe soo well as we have don. Alas! that ever it shold be sayde, that ye Northern men, that have so well served ther Prince, in our companies, and in many other places, sholde nowe com to fight against us, and we, defending our Princes quarrell, against them! Finallie, it is nowe at your choyse, whether ye woll abide the dawnger of bataill against us, or els goo home to your houses, submitting youe to the Kinges mercy. If ye goo home, ye may be assured to have us humble sewters to His Highnes for youe; and if ye doo not, then doo your worst to us, for soo we woll doo to youe. And yet ye have occasion to say that we deale like honest charitable men with you, to yeve you this warnyng; more gentle than your desertes doth require.

"(Signed) T. NORFOLK. G. SHROUESBURY.
"The Kynges Lieutenantes.
"H. EXETER. THOMAS RUTLAND. G. HUNTTYNGDON."[1]

Ever since Flodden, the name of Howard had been one to conjure with in the North, and the personal reputation of the third Duke of Norfolk stood as high among the men of Yorkshire and the Border counties as that of his father had done. He had lived among them, and ruled them justly; fought at their head, and never been found wanting. More than all, he professed the same religion as themselves, and, like them, was no friend to the "new men" at Court. His very presence, they felt, was a guarantee of good faith on Henry's part; and when he promised to be "humble sewter" for them to the King, they resolved, although they had no intention of disbanding at his first command, to give him the opportunity of offering them terms. As to the nature of these terms, Norfolk had written for full instructions to the King, and Aske and his followers agreed to wait until the answer arrived. It is quite clear from the very first lines of Henry's reply that he intended any promises which his lieutenant made to be merely a blind, sufficient to keep the rebels in good humour until he was able to crush them with the southern army, then in process of formation.

"Nowe," wrote his honourable majesty, "concernyng your promyses, to be made to the rebelles for the steye of them, tyl your forces shalbe com and joyned with thothers; albeit We certainly knowe that you wil pretermytt non occasion, wherin by pollicye or otherwise youe maye dammage our enemyes, yet We doubt not again, but in all your procedinges you will have suche a temperance as our honour, specially, shall remayn untouched, and yours rother encreaced, thenne by the certain graunte of that, you cannot certainly promyse, appere in the mouthes of the worst men, any thing defaced. . . . Finally, wheras you desire Us, in cace of any mischaunce shuld happen unto you, to be good Lord unto your childern; surely, good Cousin, albeit We trust certainly in God, that no suche thing shall fortune; yet We wold you shuld perfitely Knowe that if God shuld, by the ende of the cours of nature in you, take you out of this transitory lief befor Us, we shuld not fayle to remember your childern, being your lyvely ymages, and in soche wise to loke of them with our Princely favour, for your assured trouthe and service, as others, by their exemple, shuld not be discoraged to folowe your steppes in that behailf. Yeven under our Signet, at our Castell of Wyndesore, the 27 day of October, at mydnyght, the 28 yere of our reyne."[1]

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[1] *S.P.*, Henry VIII., vol. i. pp. 495–6.

The rebels, remembering the fate of their friends in Lincolnshire, were wary, however; and eventually it was agreed that two gentlemen should be sent to the King with proposals for an amicable settlement. "Henry," says Hume, "purposely delayed giving an answer, and allured them with hopes of intire satisfaction, in expectation that necessity would soon oblige them to disperse themselves."[2] This plan not answering to his expectations, however, and the difficulties of mustering an army without sufficient funds being naturally great, he was compelled to take the step of offering "a free general pardon," to all those in arms, save six whom he named and four others, the naming of whom he reserved to himself. This was refused by the rebels, who were determined, if possible, not to sacrifice their leaders; and, at Norfolk's suggestion, the King invited three hundred of the malcontents to Doncaster to discuss still better terms of peace, hoping "by intrigue and separate interests to throw dissension among so great a number."[1] To Aske and Darcy, however, he refused to give safe conducts, although he secretly instructed Norfolk to induce them to submit themselves without such security if possible. This conference, in turn, coming to nothing, Henry wrote authorising his lieutenant to offer an amnesty to all, without exception, who had taken part in the rising, provided that they at once dispersed and returned to their homes. He also pledged himself to grant to them, as well as to the surrendered Catholics in Lincolnshire, "*a Parliament, to be holden in suche place as he should appointe at Michaelmas next ensuing*,"[2] whereat all their grievances in regard to religion, the Council, and other matters could be freely discussed.

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. pp. 493-5.

[2] *Hist. of England*, vol. iv. chap. xxxi.

But all these fine promises were but baits for that "fool gudgeon," the trustful northern Catholic, who, honourable himself, believed implicitly in his sovereign's honour. Henry had not the slightest intention of keeping his plighted word—so much is abundantly proved from his letters, and from the terrible sequel. Whether or not Norfolk was privy to this duplicity is at least doubtful; but it would seem from the *State Papers* that, although in the beginning he protested against the King's treachery, he ended by tamely surrendering his good name to the royal keeping, and obeying the orders sent to him submissively. Had he not done so, disgrace and the Tower would have been his portion (unless, indeed, he had cast in his lot with the Pilgrimage; in which case no man can say what the end of the struggle might have been), and there were plenty of others, such as Shrewsbury, Huntingdon, and Fitz-William, ready enough to take his place, and execute, at any cost, the royal commands. Power and the favour of kings were as the breath of his nostrils; and it is to be feared that, sooner than lose them, he would have connived at many villainies even worse than those of which the unprincipled tyrant at Windsor was now making him the instrument.

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[1] Hume.

[2] *Ibid.*

On the 27th of October, Norfolk sent a party of nobles and gentlemen (his son, Surrey, being probably among the number) from Doncaster to Pontefract with the King's promises respecting a free pardon and a Parliament. The envoys were enthusiastically received; and after Henry's "generous offer" had been read, first to Aske and the leaders of the Pilgrimage, and subsequently to the people in the market-place of Pontefract, it was decided with acclamation to accept without cavil his majesty's promise of grace, vouched for as it was by the great Duke of Norfolk, who had so often led the chivalry of the North against the Scots. At high noon on that Friday of October, the streets of the historic town swarmed with insurgents, gentle and simple, lay and cleric, rich and poor; and it would have gone hard with any agent of my Lord Cromwell, suspected of spying out monastic spoils or nosing after church plate in the neighbourhood. St. Cuthbert's banner hung proudly from the castle walls, and in the great hall of the fortress the "Capytayne in chefe," with his lords spiritual and temporal, held undisputed sway.

Before dawn of October 28th that great host had melted away as if by magic, and the sun rose upon streets silent and deserted. The Pilgrimage of Grace was over. The Pilgrims, relying upon the King's faith, had each and all departed to their homes. Aske, Darcy, and the Percys watched through the night by Ferrybrigg, while their disbanded army marched slowly past, crossing the Aire on its way to York, where, after hearing masses of thanksgiving at various churches, the Pilgrims divided into companies, each of which took the shortest route back to its native parish in the East or North Riding, in Durham, or in distant Northumberland, loudly proclaiming the King's magnanimity, and spreading far and near the news of the Parliament which his Grace had promised to his northern subjects. Little they guessed, poor wretches, the real nature of the fate already planned for them by their vindictive and perjured sovereign. Little they imagined that the eagerly looked for church tower or trysting oak, which now guided them to their homes, might, before another Michaelmas came round, be used as a gallows wherefrom their lifeless bodies should swing in token of the "dread mercy" of Henry Tudor; while even their innocent wives and children should not be safe from the indiscriminate vengeance of this monster, driven frantic by any resistance to his will. For the time being, the honest commons of Yorkshire and the Border counties had nought but praise for "Bluff King Hal" and his lieutenant, the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, and the twain were toasted in nappy ale at many a village tavern and roadside inn. Norfolk, on his side, exulted to find the danger past which had haunted him since his coming to Pontefract. None knew better than he the hideous slaughter which must have occurred had negotiations been finally broken off, and Aske decided to hurl his huge army at the insignificant forces of the King; and none knew better how slight the chances of the royalists would have been against such an overwhelming assault. The keen apprehension which he felt is reflected in his urgent request to the King to look after the welfare of his children should he himself fall. Such being his feelings, the joyous reaction which he experienced upon learning of the insurgents' dispersal was equally pronounced. He took prompt possession of Pontefract, and made ready to enter York; but not before he had despatched to the King by a courier, alluded to, though not named (was it the young Earl of Surrey?), the following letter, in which, as may be seen, he gives no hint to the effect that he regarded Henry's pledges as aught but honest:—

"May it please Your Majestie to be aduertised, that the Lordes and Gentlemen that went from us, yesterdaye, to the commons at Pomfret, be retourned; and uppon the declaration there of your most gratious free pardon, have dispeached home, to their howses, all the said commons. And, Sir, by cause the berer hereof hath ben presente at all our conferences, and hath seen howe perplexed thaffaires here hathe ben yn, from tyme to tyme, we desyre Your Highnes to be content, that we molest Youe with no lenger letter. And at our commyng to You, wich, God willing, shalbe afore tomorrowe seven nyght, we shall declare as nere as we can what we have don, sithens our commying from Your Majestie; wich were to tedious to troble you withe all. From Doncastre, this Saturdaye, at 6 of the clocke at nyghte.

"(Signed) T. NORFOLK. G. SHROUESBURY.
"THOMAS RUTLAND. W. FYTZWYLLM. FRAUNCES TALBOTT.
[Superscribed] "To the Kinges Highnes. From Dancastre
this Saturday at 11 of the clock at nyght.
Hast, post, hast, hast!"[1]

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. p. 496–7 (October 28th).

Hardly had this announcement been received at Windsor than Henry began to talk anew of vengeance against the rebels, and particularly against Aske and Darcy, just as though he had never made any promises of pardon. His first step was to order Norfolk and Fitz-William to make overtures to the two leaders of the Pilgrimage, inviting them to come to Doncaster and there take the oath of allegiance. As on a previous occasion, he required that they should be tricked into submitting without a safe-conduct, if such a course were practicable; if not, a guarantee of some sort might be given them, which need not be regarded too rigidly by the Duke and the Lord Admiral. The oath should be duly administered, and as much time as possible expended in giving Aske and Darcy "shrewd counsel" as to their future loyalty. In other words, they were practically to be kept prisoners at Doncaster, and their friends throughout the North amused with fair speeches, "soo that" (to quote Henry's own words) "by the steye of them from any newe attemptates, the Kinges Majestie may, in the mean season make his preparations to advaunce towardes them, and they remayn yet unprovided, or at the lest, not soo well furnished as they might be for the same, if they shuld knowe of His Majesties preparacions against them."[1] The letter goes on to promise that as soon as possible the "Armeye Royale, which His Majestie hath prepared, will advaunce thitherwardes withal, *for the utter extinguishment of these traitours, their wyves and children, with fire and sword accordingly.*"[2]

This appalling threat, levelled at the unconscious people to whom he had but a few days before extended a "free, generall pardon," reads more like the furious utterance of a thwarted madman, than the instructions of a King sitting in Council to his representatives. Indeed, much of Henry's conduct from this period onward suggests intermittent insanity, the existence of which might readily be traced to two causes, which, as alienists admit, are fraught with the greatest danger to the brain, viz. sexual indulgence and theological speculation. It is assuredly more charitable to regard this monarch as a frenzied victim of lust and religious fanaticism, than as a sane being, coolly plotting and carrying out his crimes against humanity.

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., i. pp. 498–505.

[2] *Ibid.*

Norfolk and his subordinate officers must have ventured to protest against so flagrant a violation, or rather series of violations, of the solemn agreement made with the northern Catholics, for on December 2nd Henry despatched a packet of angry letters, one to the officers as a body, in which he upbraided them for resisting his commands, and others to Norfolk, Shrewsbury, and the Duke of Suffolk—the last-named still engaged in "pacifying" Lincolnshire. Norfolk was accused of lukewarmness in the royal service, because he shrank from staining his honour by the betrayal of the pardoned insurgents. The King's command, he was informed, should be sufficient to safeguard any subject against the charge of bad faith, and he was bidden to "*esteme no promyse*" that he made to the rebels, nor to think his "honour touched in the breche and violacion of the same."[1] Broad hints were thrown out as to his religious opinions, and the sympathy with the Pilgrimage of Grace which they might be supposed to inspire, and the letter concluded by forbidding him to hold any further communication, save on the treacherous lines suggested by the King, with Aske, Darcy, and their former adherents.

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., i. p. 518.

In the letter to Shrewsbury, sent at the same time, the Earl was encouraged to work independently of his commander-in-chief, and to get possession of the persons of Aske and Darcy, if he could do so without informing Norfolk of his intentions.[1] What means Norfolk took to avert, for the time being at least, his master's base designs must remain unknown, but he probably succeeded in frightening the King by representing that although the rebels at Pontefract had dispersed, they were still in possession of their arms, and that signs of active discontent in other districts of the North augured ill for the state in case of any breach of the royal faith committed before the "Armeye Royale" was ready to reinforce the troops at Doncaster. Henry was certainly convinced of the danger of showing his real intentions too soon, and grudgingly consented to postpone his vengeance until the time was ripe for bloodshed. On December 9th he ratified the general amnesty by letters patent, and in order to persuade the northern Catholics of his goodwill, and so render them the more unsuspecting, invited Robert Aske to visit him at Court under safe-conduct. The leader of the Pilgrimage journeyed to London about Christmas, and was received with the greatest apparent cordiality. Henry urged him to give proof of his loyalty by aiding Norfolk in the pacification of Yorkshire, and promised in return to visit the capital of the North during the coming spring, when he would have Jane Seymour crowned in the Cathedral, and would listen graciously to the complaints of his obedient subjects.[1]

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., i. p. 519.

Meanwhile troops from the South were being steadily poured into Yorkshire, and strong garrisons held every town and fortress of importance for the King. Norfolk's army had trebled itself in numbers, the supply stores of the insurgents were in his hands, and Suffolk, with a picked force, was ready to cross the Humber from Lincolnshire and hasten to his support. While the rebel leaders were kept amused by Henry's affectation of clemency, the tables had been completely turned upon them, and they were rendered practically helpless. One man, it is true, perceived the real trend of affairs, and would have persuaded the scattered Pilgrims to rush to arms once more, and assert themselves before it was too late. This was Sir Francis Bigod, a scion of the ancient house of that name,[2] who having surprised some certain information concerning the King's treacherous designs, raised a small force at Beverley, and attempted to recapture Hull from the royalist garrison. Robert Aske, however, completely duped by Henry, and determined to show himself a man of his word, hurried to the scene of action, and in conjunction with Bigod's father-in-law, Lord Conyers (also a former Pilgrim)[3] defeated and captured young Bigod.

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[1] A little later (January 6th) a similar invitation was sent to Lord Darcy; but whether that old soldier had begun to suspect the King, or whether he was really ill, he wrote from Templeherst, in the West Riding, excusing himself from the journey to London. Soon afterwards he was arrested, and carried in a horse-litter to the Tower.

[2] Sir Francis Bigod of Settrington and Mulgrave was a direct descendant of John Bigod, brother and heir of Roger, sixth Earl of Norfolk of that house. Born in 1508, and educated at Oxford, he was a scholar of parts, and the author of a Latin treatise on the royal title.

[3] Bigod had married Katharine, daughter of William, Lord Conyers. His only son, Ralph Bigod, was restored in blood by Mary, but died *s.p.*, and the estates passed, through a daughter, to the Radcliffe family.

For this exploit the King sent Aske a letter of acknowledgment,[1] the value of which may be judged from the fact that, less than four months later, for no cause, real or pretended, the "pardoned" chief of the Pilgrimage was seized by Norfolk, acting upon Henry's imperative order, and sent in chains to London. Many other leaders of the Pilgrims were arrested at the same time, although they produced their certificates of free pardon, and proved conclusively that since their submission at Pontefract they had taken no part in any disturbance, or countenanced in the slightest degree any new movement against the King's authority.

It was shown, in fact, that mainly because of the honourable adherence of such men as Sir Thomas Percy and Sir Robert Constable to their terms of surrender, the rising of Bigod, and another abortive attempt upon Carlisle, headed by Musgrave and Tilby,[2] had been rendered harmless. Nevertheless Percy and Constable, with Sir John Bulmer, Sir Ingram Percy, Stephen Hamilton, George Lumley (son of Lord Lumley), Nicholas Tempest, Ralph Bulmer, John Pickering of Lythe, Margaret Cheyne (Lady Bulmer—"a very fayre creature and a beautiful"[3]), and several more, were conveyed to London, where mock trials and a certain scaffold awaited them. The hapless Lady Bulmer, having heard her character foully (and, as has since been shown, lyingly) attacked by the King's lawyers, was burned at the stake; and all the male prisoners, save Sir Ingram Percy, were hanged, drawn, and quartered.[1]

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[1] Dated January 27th, 1537, *S.P.*; Hen. VIII.

[2] This attempt occurred about the same time as that of Bigod, and was probably inspired by the same causes. Being repulsed from Carlisle, Musgrave and Tilby were routed on the Yorkshire moors by the Duke of Norfolk. Musgrave escaped, but Tilby, with seventy other prisoners, was taken. The King sent orders that they should be at once executed, which was done.

[3] Wriothesley's *Chronicle*. She was a natural daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, Norfolk's father-in-law.

While these measures were being taken against the leaders of the Pilgrimage, the King threw off all disguise and commanded Norfolk and Shrewsbury to proceed without further excuse or parley to the bloody sacrifice of which he had so long been baulked. A paroxysm of homicidal mania seemed to seize upon him. He could not wait for the executions of Aske and the rest of the imprisoned leaders in June. His tigerish passion craved an immediate massacre of the wretched commons, the yeomen and peasants whom, but a little while before, he had sent to their homes rejoicing in fancied security. His own honour and the honour of his lieutenants were as nothing to him in comparison with the ferocious desire which now possessed him to spill the blood of these trusting and helpless people. Some writers have attempted to gloss over and even to justify the massacre which was carried out by his orders and solely for his personal satisfaction in the northern counties during the spring and summer of 1537. But the plain fact remains that this hideous slaughter was one of the most treacherous and wanton crimes recorded in modern history—a crime which deserves to rank with, if it does not actually excel in actrocity, the red work of Alva in the Netherlands or the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The first step which Henry took was the proclamation of martial law throughout the recently disaffected districts. Norfolk was ordered to spread the royal banner and to declare null and void the general amnesty ratified on December 9th. This was the first intimation that the doomed people received of the fate which was in store for them. Looking forward hopefully to the promised Parliament, and confidently relying upon the King's pardon, they had set about their ploughing and the sowing of their crops as usual, when suddenly the tempest burst upon their defenceless heads. Norfolk, fearing for his own life and knowing that enemies surrounded him upon every side, no longer dared to oppose the royal commands, the dreadful nature of which there was no possibility of misunderstanding. The following letter from Henry was the signal for the butchery to begin :—

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[1] See Wriothesley's *Chronicle*. The executions of all the prisoners save Lady Bulmer, Darcy, Aske, and Constable took place at Tyburn, on June 2nd, 1537. Lady Bulmer was burned at Smithfield.

"We doo ryght well approve and allowe your proceedinges in the displayyng of our Baner. And forasmoche as the same is now spredde and displayed, tyll the same shalbe closed again, the cours of our lawes must geve place to thordenaunces and estatutes marciall; *our pleasure is, that, before you shall close upp our said Baner again, you shal, in any wise, cause suche dredfull execution to be doon upon a good nombre of thinhabitauntes of every towne, village and hamlet, that have offended in this rebellion, aswell by the hanging of them uppe in trees, as by the quartering of them, and the setting of their heddes and quarters in every towne, greate and small,* and in al such other places, as they may be a ferefull spectacle to all other herafter, that wold practise any like mater: which We requyre you to doo without pitie or respecte, according to our former letters; remembring that it shalbe moche better that these traitours shulde perishe in their wilfull, unkynde, and traitorous folyes, thenne that so slendre punishment shuld be doon upon them, as the dredde therof shuld not be a warning to others. . . . Our pleasure is, that you shall with diligence sende uppe in perfite suretie unto Us, the traitours, Bygode, the Fryer of Gnasborough, Leche, if he may be taken, the Vicare of Penrithe, and Touneley, late Chauncelour to the Bisshop of Carlisle, . . . and oon Doctour Pykering, a Chanon of Birdlington, or as many of them, immediately, as you have, or can gette, and the rest aftre, as they may be apprehended."

In order to encourage Norfolk's soldiers in the work of slaughter, as well as to tempt the hinds and tenants of the suspected to spy upon and bear witness against their masters, Norfolk was to hold out hopes of rich rewards in the shape of confiscated lands, and to guard all such lands and other property carefully:—

"We desire and praye you to have good respecte to the conservation of the landes and goodes of all suche as shalbe now atteynted; that We may have them in sauftie, to be yeven, if we shalbe so disposed, to such persons as have truely served Us; for We be enfourmed that there were amonges them diverse freeholders and riche men, whose landes and goodes, well looked unto, woll rewarde other well, that with their truthes have deserved the same."

The monasteries were not forgotten, nor yet their occupants.

"Finally . . . we desire and pray you, at your repaire to Salleye,[1] Hexam,[2] Newminster,[3] Leonerde Coste,[4] Saincte Agathe,[5] and all suche other places as have made any maner of resistance, or in any way conspired, or kept their houses with any force, sithens thappointment at Dancastre, you shall, without pitie or circumstance, nowe that our Baner is displayed, cause all the monkes and chanons that be in any wise faultie, to be tyed uppe, without further delaye or ceremony, to the terrible exemple of others; wherin We thinke you shall doo unto Us highe service."[1]

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[1] Sawley Abbey, in Craven.

[2] Hexham Abbey, in Northumberland.

[3] Newminster Abbey, in Northumberland.

[4] Lanercost Priory, Cumberland.

[5] St. Agatha's Abbey, at Richmond, in Yorkshire.

These orders were carried out to the letter. Had Norfolk shrunk from the task, sleek Shrewsbury or foolish Suffolk would have welcomed the chance of winning Henry's favour with so little danger to themselves; nay, one or other of them probably held his commission ready signed in anticipation of such an emergency, for to the last Henry feared lest his principal lieutenant should refuse to imbrue his hands in the blood of the Yorkshire Catholics. But if the Duke had ever entertained such scruples, they had been abandoned long ago; and he entered upon the fell butchery with a front of steel. Attended by several troops of horse, he passed through every parish in Yorkshire, wreaking the King's vengeance upon the wretched inhabitants. From the trees by the roadside in each riding swung the corpses of men and women; the ditches were choked with the bodies of those cut down in flight. Priests hung in chains from the towers of their own churches, honest yeomen from their granary rafters, until life was almost extinct, when they were cut down, disembowelled, and their severed quarters nailed on high in token of the great victory which King Henry VIII. had won over his rebellious subjects. Trial there was none, no precise records were kept of the numbers that perished; but if Norfolk actually put to death "a good nombre of thinhabitauntes of every towne, village, and hamlet" that "offended" in the rebellion, at least ten thousand persons must have paid the penalty of their own or their neighbours' religious zeal. The probabilities are that nearly double that number of victims suffered in Yorkshire, Durham, and the Border counties between the months of February and July, 1537. So hardened did Norfolk become, that before long we find him jesting grimly at the cruel fate of his former friend, Sir Robert Constable. Aske and Constable, together with Lord Hussey (who had been convicted upon the flimsiest grounds of sympathy with the Pilgrimage of Grace), were sent down from London to be executed, each in the district where he was best known, and where his sufferings would make the deepest impression upon the people. The prisoners were borne on horseback, closely manacled, their feet being tied beneath the bellies of the horses, and no effort was spared to add to the ignominy of their last journey. At Sleaford, Hussey was hanged, his dying words being to the effect that he had never by word or deed given any encouragement to the rebellion. Constable suffered at Hull, in the neighbourhood of which town his ancestors had been seated for centuries.

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[1] The above extracts, printed in the *State Papers*, Henry VIII., vol. i. pp. 537-40, are from a miscellaneous bundle in the Chapter House, $\frac{A\ 6}{1}$.

The letter which Norfolk wrote announcing to Cromwell the death of this gallant knight (whose father, Sir Marmaduke Constable, had fought beside him at Flodden) bears a peculiar significance to-day. Time is a wondrous staucher of old feuds; and within recent years we have seen two representatives of Sir Robert Constable and the third Duke of Norfolk united in happy matrimony.[1]

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[1] At the recent festivities attending the wedding of the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., and the Honourable Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell, there was displayed at Everingham Hall a relic of the bride's ancestor, the Sir Robert Constable whose tragic death is alluded to above. The relic consisted of the badge worn by Constable when he mustered his tenants and friends on

Little did Norfolk dream of such an event when he wrote from Leconfield on July 8th, 1537:—

> "On Frydaye, beyng market daye at Hull, Sir Robert Constable suffred, and dothe hang above the highest gate of the towne, so trymmed in cheynes as this berer can shewe you, that I thinke his boones woll hang there this hundrethe yere. And on Thursdaye, which shalbe market daie, God willing, I wolbe at thexecution of Aske at Yourke, accompanyed with such gentlemen as be nere these parties; and that done, shall remayne at Shrif Hoton onto the tyme I shall here fro you. . . . From Lekenfild, this Sonday, the 8th daie of July."

Leconfield is but a few miles from Hull, and Norfolk's brief stay there had probably something to do with the fact that the Earl of Northumberland had recently made over the place, together with all the rest of his estates, to the King.[1] He certainly interested himself, about this time, in the disposal of Northumberland's natural heirs, the children of Sir Thomas Percy, whom he placed under the guardianship of their kinsman, Sir Thomas Tempest, of Holmside, by Durham. Aske's execution took place at York Castle on July 20th; and we have an account of his last moments, written privately to Cromwell by Richard Coren, one of the Lord Privy Seal's secret agents, whose duty it was to keep a close watch, not only upon the prisoners sent from London for execution, but upon Norfolk as well. It was this same Coren who had,

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Market Weighton Common, hard by Everingham, before riding to join Aske at Pontefract. Upon it is distinctly marked the symbol of the Five Wounds of Christ.

[1] Northumberland died on June 30th, 1537; and his previous making over of the Percy estates to the Crown was probably brought about by the hope that Henry might consequently show some grace to the sons of his attainted brother, Sir Thomas Percy.

a month previously, taken down the final statements of Lord Darcy, when that grizzled soldier was being led to his death on Tower Hill. It is stated in this report that Aske made certain remarks accusing Cromwell of enmity to Norfolk, but Coren held back this part of the "confession" from the Duke. The allusion may have been to the efforts of Cromwell and the Protestant section of the Council to twist Darcy's utterances on the steps of the scaffold into an accusation against Norfolk of secret complicity in the rebellion. On the whole, Robert Aske seems to have met his doom like the brave man he was, without laying the blame for his rebellion upon any shoulders but his own, and without retracting any of the opinions which he had maintained.

His name is still remembered in the North Country.

> "It is long, very long ago," writes Mr. Arthur H. Norway in his work on *Yorkshire*,[1] "since Robert Aske went bravely to the scaffold, while the gibbets stood thickly by the wayside in every part of Yorkshire. But he and his comrades are not yet forgotten, their sturdy manhood is a cherished memory in Yorkshire, and it may be that he would not have deemed his life a wasted one had he known how many of those who hear his story told after three centuries, can still say of him that he did well."

Even before the death of Aske, Norfolk began to make overtures to the King for permission to lay down his office as Lieutenant of the North. He had certainly earned such relief by the absolute fidelity with which he served his master, laying his sympathies and his self-respect alike at Henry's feet, and not hesitating, at the King's command, to become the persecutor of the faith which he himself professed, and the slayer of unnumbered thousands who sole crime was that they had risen in defence of that faith. Little wonder that the fertile county of York, which his mercenary exertions had converted into one vast charnel-house, seemed hateful and unlovely in his eyes. He was not a man of keen sensibilities, but the horrors through which he had been compelled to pass, must have rendered further residence in that quarter of England well-nigh unbearable. Wander whithersoever he would, the smell of blood seemed to haunt his nostrils, the stain of blood to defile every landscape upon which he gazed.

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[1] "Highways and Byways" Series (Macmillan and Co.).

In June, 1537, the King made him a promise that, when a suitable successor could be found, he should be recalled; but nothing was done to carry out the promise. Just as had happened on a former occasion in Ireland, Norfolk began to complain of various ailments, which, his enemies asserted, were merely assumed for the purpose of exciting the King's sympathy and hastening his recall. In the course of the same letter to Cromwell which mentioned Sir Robert Constable's execution, he wrote reproving the Lord Privy Seal for making light of his illness, and ordering him to remain longer in the North.

"I aske your Lordeship," he goes on, "to take in good parte that I do not followe your advise in offring my poure person to remayne lenger in thies parties; . . . for, and I shold tary here when the cold tyme of the yere shold comme, I knowe surely my deathe shold shortely insewe witheowte remedy. For notwithstanding it is nowe in the hete of the Somer, yet I goo as warme on my body and legges as I do in Wynter. And yet, if I take any cold, incontinent the lax commythe agayne, and so sore, that for the tyme it dothe last it doth plucke my stomake clere away. And howe I should defend me against the cold in this countrey, when it shold passe Michaelmas, I reporte me to your good Lordshippe, unles I shold contynewally kepe me in a warme chambre, withowte goyng owte in to the aier, fro wich I can not absteyne; for, and I did, my stomake of eatyng shold be sone taken away; and that begynnyng to fayle in an old man, death must shortly folowe. My Lord this contrey is more cold than those that hath not experimented the same, wold beleve, wherfore, if ye woll have my liff to contynewe any tyme, help that His Majesties promisse, made to me in his last letters, may be observed."[1]

But Norfolk knew better than to trust to Cromwell for the gratification of his desires. Naturally it was still to the best interests of the Protestant leader to keep him away from Court as long as possible, particularly now that Jane Seymour was about to become a mother, and everything promised so well for the German party in England. The Duke resorted to various ingenious schemes to evade Cromwell's vigilance, and to keep his own many loyal sacrifices and present anxiety to return home before the King's eyes, using that supple courtier, Sir Francis Bryan, who was his nephew, as his chief advocate at Court. At length he was rewarded for his pains by a promise of relief before Michaelmas, 1537, at furthest, when Henry declared his intention of establishing a Council of the North, to take the place of the Lieutenant. None knew better than Norfolk, however, what the royal word was worth; and he continued in a state of suspense, especially when the return of James V. to Scotland, and the signs of renewed activity along the Border, gave rise to a fear of invasion, in which case he would have to bear the brunt of attack. With this dread before him of an indefinite prolongation of his thankless office, he wrote in the following terms to his nephew and Gardiner:—

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., v. p. 9.

> "To my veray good Lorde, my Lord of Winchester, and to my Nephewe, Sir Francis Bryan knt. and to eyther of them.
>
> "With my most herty recomendacions and like thankes for your paynes taken in wrytyng to me of your newes. . . . As to newes here, the Kyng of Skottes passed by the coste on Tuysday at nyghte last past. I pray God he kepe better pease with us then many of his light subjectes wold he dyd. For to be playne to you, if we shuld have besynes with him, I am more then half afraid that I shuld not get hens so sone as I trust now to do; for I am promysed to remayne no lenger here than Mychelmas, and not so long if the Kynges Highnes come in to these parties, as he has wryten to me he woll do. . . I pray God send us 3, grace merrylie to mete this Winter at London."[1]

On September 18th Norfolk wrote to the King directly, reminding him of the promise alluded to above. He received in return a lengthy, but indefinite letter, containing assurances of his approaching recall, with instructions concerning the government of the lieutenantcy that seemed to belie these assurances. Indeed, it was not until the death of Jane Seymour in November, and the relaxation of the efforts of the Protestant party to keep him in the North, that the Duke received formal permission to lay down his office. About November 20th he had the pleasure of installing at York the new governing Council, with his friend, Bishop Cuthbert Tunstall, at its head.

Norfolk's chief desire in resigning the loathed viceroyalty of the North was to turn his back upon camp and court, and enjoy for a time a life of comparative peace at

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[1] Holograph letter, preserved in Chapter House Miscellaneous Letters, *temp.* Hen. VIII., vol. i. leaf 94.

Kenninghall. Not only had his health suffered severely from the strain of recent events, but his affairs had been mismanaged by the Hollands and others, left in control during his prolonged absence, and there was urgent need for his personal supervision, especially in East Anglia. Moreover, he had been only partially reimbursed for the great expenditure demanded by his position as King's Lieutenant, and it became clear that if he wished to save himself from debt a period of retrenchment, perhaps even the sacrifice of some portion of his estates, was necessary.

Accordingly he obtained permission from the King to retire to his principal country seat, where Bess Holland ruled as Duchess in all but name, to the great scandal of the countryside. Before taking leave of Henry, however, the Duke was compelled to intercede on behalf of his hot-headed son, Lord Surrey, who had been confined for some months as a prisoner in Windsor Castle. Surrey, whose strong Romanist sympathies were well known, had been taunted by some of the Seymour faction—probably by the future Duke of Somerset himself, according to the latest and most careful of the poet Earl's biographers[1]—with treasonable connivance at the deeds of the northern insurgents. The offensive remark was made, whether by Edward Seymour[2] or not, in the royal park of Hampton; and Surrey, who had not the blood of Hotspur in his veins for nothing,[3] promptly struck his insulter, forgetful that he

[1] M. Edmond Bapst, whose account of Surrey in *Deux Gentilshommes Poètes de la Cour de Henry VIII.* evinces much careful research, and is, for a foreigner, a remarkable achievement in English historical literature.

[2] He had just been created Viscount Beauchamp.

[3] Surrey was grandson of Alianore Percy, Duchess of Buckingham, a daughter of the fourth Earl of Northumberland, and was consequently a direct descendant of Harry Hotspur, many of whose characteristics he would seem to have inherited.

stood within the precincts of Court, and not in Rising Chase or among the booths of Norwich fair. The penalty for such an offence was the loss of the culprit's right arm, and if the Queen's brother were indeed the person stricken, it may be imagined that Surrey's temper had placed him in serious peril. He was at once arrested and summoned before the Council; while his father wrote anxiously to Cromwell from the North:—

> "What chawnces of informations hath ben of my son falsely ymagined, no man knoweth better than ye. And nowe to amende the same in my hert, by chaunce of lightlihode to be maymed of his right arme."[1]

However, the King probably took into consideration the unjust and provocative nature of the insult which had caused Surrey's attack, and contented himself with sending the Earl as a state prisoner to Windsor. There (as we shall see presently, when dealing more particularly with the career of this brilliant young nobleman) he employed the hand saved from the executioner in inscribing several of his most delightful poems—among others, that addressed to his dainty little heroine, "the Faire Geraldine." Norfolk readily succeeded in obtaining his son's release, and, fearful lest further violence might arise out of the episode at Hampton Court, persuaded Surrey to accompany him into East Anglia. To Kenninghall, however, Surrey positively refused to go; for he keenly resented Bess Holland's presence there and the evil influence which she exercised over his father and sister. He appears to have removed his wife and infant son[2] for a time to the old manor-house at Fersfield, then temporarily to Shottisham Hall,[1] in the same neighbourhood, where his second son, the future Earl of Northampton, was born, and eventually to the mansion at Norwich, which the Howards, like other great families, maintained in the chief town of their county. By acting in this manner he added two more to his already long list of enemies; for not only did the affronted Bess Holland treasure a mortal grudge against him, but she actually inspired with similar sentiments his only sister, the Duchess of Richmond, who was completely under her thumb; and the hatred of these two women had, in the sequel, much to do with bringing his fiery career to a close upon the scaffold.

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[1] Norfolk to Cromwell, August 8th, 1537; *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. v. 325.

[2] Thomas Howard, afterwards fourth Duke, born on March 10th, 1536-7, at Kenninghall.

It is likely that the project of a matrimonial alliance between the families of Howard and Seymour, which originated at this time, was devised by Mistress Holland and the Duchess as a sure means of irritating Surrey. Norfolk was certainly not the author of the scheme, although eventually led to acquiesce in it by strong domestic influences. Neither did it come from the Seymours themselves, whom the proposals for a match surprised as much as they did Surrey. We can only suppose, therefore, that it was planned by the Duchess of Richmond and the frail Bess, perhaps acting through the Seymours' East Anglian relatives, the Wentworths,[2] and that its main object was to spite Surrey, who looked upon the Seymour family as "mushroom noblesse, newlie sprung,"[1] and had been at open feud with them since the affair at Hampton Court six months before. The elder of the Seymour brothers was already married; but Sir Thomas Seymour, the future Lord Admiral, remained as yet a bachelor, albeit his fine presence and audacious spirit marked him out as one of the foremost gallants of the Court. He was flattered by the prospect of a union with the Duchess of Richmond; for, although he afterwards married Henry VIII.'s widow, and aspired even to the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, he esteemed it, at this stage of his career, a great honour to mate with a daughter of the house of Howard, and one, moreover, who was daughter-in-law to the King. After some demur, Norfolk gave his consent to a betrothal, the persuasions of his daughter and mistress outweighing in his mind the fear of damaging himself with the Catholic party by such an alliance.

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[1] Shottisham, or Shotesham, about five miles from Norwich, was probably leased by Surrey from the Whyte family.

[2] Queen Jane Seymour and her brothers were children of Sir John Seymour by Margery Wentworth, aunt of Thomas, first Lord Wentworth of Nettlestead, Co. Suffolk (1501–51), a neighbour and political ally of Norfolk, and a distant kinsman, through the Husseys, of Bess Holland.

To Bess Holland, in truth, he seemed unable to deny anything. The favourite's splendid jewels and fine raiment[2] were the wonder of the countryside, and all who wished to keep in the Duke's good graces courted her assiduously. Towards his widowed daughter Norfolk also showed himself blindly indulgent, and the two women soon succeeded in overcoming his natural feelings in regard to Sir Thomas Seymour. The King's goodwill was desirable before any definite steps were taken in the matter, and the dispute over the Duchess of Richmond's unpaid dowry offered an excuse for bringing her to Court. Accordingly, on April 6th,

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[1] Such, indeed, was the general opinion at Court. The Seymours had not yet canonised their patronymic by the addition of the saintly prefix, and were held to be "minor gentry."

[2] These things were, after Norfolk's disgrace, inventoried and taken possession of on the King's behalf.

1538, Norfolk wrote to Cromwell from Kenninghall, announcing his intention of visiting London, and asking that the Duchess might be licensed to accompany him, for the purpose of "sueing her cause before the King." In the country she spent most of her time "crying and wayling," particularly since the "greate sikness" had broken out in that part of England.[1]

Cromwell was requested to "feel the King's mind"; and, unless permission were withheld, Norfolk proposed to visit the capital with the Duchess and a retinue of about eighty persons. Unlike most great noblemen of the time, the head of the house of Howard had no town mansion. Howard House, Lambeth, belonged for life to the Dowager Duchess; and when her step-son visited London, accompanied by the army of retainers deemed suitable to his rank, he was forced to hire or borrow a place of residence. As we have already seen, his affairs were far from flourishing at this time, and he informs the Lord Privy Seal that if he cannot afford to reside nearer Court he will "lie at Layer Marney," and "sparcle"[2] his company at board wages.[3] Now Layer Marney, which is hard by Colchester, and over forty miles from London, seems a singular substitute for a town house, and its selection shows that Norfolk was indeed in financial straits. He could live practically without cost at the magnificent house built by the first Lord Marney some twenty years before, for he was guardian to its owner, the young Elizabeth Marney, and had already married her to his second son, Lord Thomas Howard, the latter being barely nine years of age, while his consort was over twenty-one.[1]

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[1] The letter mentions that Surrey's family had been removed from Kenninghall to a house some miles away, *i.e.* Fersfield.

[2] Scatter.

[3] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.;* Norfolk to Cromwell, April 6th, 1538.

The proposed expedition was delayed for a time, however, for Henry, being a Tudor, could not bring himself to disgorge the Duchess of Richmond's dowry, as long as any plausible excuse remained for keeping it in his own hands. The experience which he had had of Her Grace of Norfolk made him wary of that lady's daughter, who was known to inherit much of the maternal obstinacy and shrewish tongue; wherefore Cromwell was ordered to throw cold water upon Norfolk's project, and strict orders were sent that the Duchess of Richmond should remain patiently at Kenninghall, and abide the King's pleasure as to the settlement of her affairs. This was a most unsatisfactory decision to the Duchess and Bess Holland, who allowed Norfolk no peace until, by the exercise of all his credit with Henry, he succeeded in obtaining permission for his daughter to present herself at Court early in the summer. Prospects now seemed very favourable for the alliance between the Howard and Seymour families. The Duchess of Richmond was known to incline to the new religion, and would doubtless profess its doctrines unreservedly if

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[1] On April 4th, 1526, Norfolk applied to Wolsey for the "rewle" of one of the two daughters and co-heirs of John, second Lord Marney of Layer Marney (*d.* 1525), by the latter's wife, Christian, daughter and sole heir of Roger Newburgh. He was granted the wardship of Elizabeth Marney, who, on the death without issue of her sister, Katherine, Lady Poynings, inherited all the Marney estates (*Letters and Papers*, *Henry VIII.*, vol. iv.). Norfolk at first intended Elizabeth Marney for Surrey, but eventually bestowed her hand upon Lord Thomas, afterwards Viscount Bindon, on May 14th, 1533. The marriage contract is still at Norfolk House, St. James's. The famous tower of Layer Marney, nearly eighty feet high, and built of brick and flint, with terra-cotta adornments, by Henry, first Lord Marney (*d.* 1523), is one of the finest and most picturesque structures in Essex.

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wedded to Sir Thomas Seymour, for which reason both Cranmer and Cromwell for once worked hand in hand with Norfolk in furthering the proposed union. Henry was persuaded that he might the more easily cheat the Duchess in the matter of her dowry if he gratified her present desires; and it was accordingly arranged that he should return a gracious answer when Norfolk approached him concerning the match. This took place during a royal journey from Westminster to Hampton Court, and Sir Ralph Sadleir describes the interview in a report to Cromwell, dated July 14th, 1538. The slight esteem in which Norfolk held the Seymours is shown by the manner of his speech. "Perceyvying there ensueth comenly no grete good by conjunction of grete bloodes togyther," he said, "he sought not therefore, nor desyred to mary his doughter in any high bloode or degree." To this the King replied, "answering meryly, that if he were so minded to bestow his doughter uppon the saide Sir Thomas Seymour, he shoulde be sure to couple her with one of suche lust and youth as shoulde be able to please her at all poyntes."

The Seymours not being regarded as of sufficient importance to negotiate with Norfolk, it was agreed that the Lord Privy Seal (whose son Gregory, Lord Cromwell, had married their sister[1]) should act for them and discuss the marriage settlements with the Duke. All this having been arranged agreeably, the Duchess of Richmond temporarily abandoned the suit for her dowry, and went back to Kenninghall to prepare for a speedy wedding.

But the young widow and her adviser, Bess Holland, had reckoned without the Earl of Surrey and his bitter feud against the Seymours. Surrey was kept in ignorance of the intended match as long as possible; but such news cannot remain long secret, and the Earl's friends at Court put him in possession of the truth. That his sister, and the widow of his beloved friend Richmond, should mate with one whom he regarded as a swaggering upstart and a sworn enemy of his house, was too much for the impetuous descendant of Hotspur.

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[1] Gregory, Lord Cromwell, married Elizabeth Seymour, sister of Queen Jane, and widow of Sir Anthony Oughtred.

Careless of whether a welcome awaited him there or not, Surrey hastened to Court and deliberately attempted to reopen his quarrel with Edward and Thomas Seymour. Norfolk endeavoured to pacify his son, but being in secret but a lukewarm friend to the match, was himself overcome by the Earl's fierce denunciations of "these saucy fellows that had crept into Court under their sister's petticoats." The future Lord Protector of England, while naturally enraged at the insults which were levelled at his family by Surrey, was as yet too cautious to venture upon open reprisals, preferring rather to wait for his revenge. Discretion was also the watchword of Sir Thomas Seymour, who, indeed, was not prepared to risk death at the hands of so skilled a swordsman as Surrey, for the sake of a marriage to which he was by no means enthusiastically inclined. The choleric heir of the Howards could not be placed under restraint, as he had been a year before, in the heyday of Queen Jane's influence; and it was felt by the Seymour faction that any benefits which might accrue to them from an alliance with the Duchess of Richmond could be more than counterbalanced by the constant menace of such a brother-in-law. Accordingly the project was allowed to drop by agreement between Norfolk and Cromwell; Sir Thomas Seymour withdrew directly to the North, and Surrey returned home, exulting over his victory. Needless to say, his feelings were not shared by the Duchess of Richmond, who found herself unceremoniously robbed of a husband; and from this time forward brother and sister were completely estranged. Because Surrey was a fervent Catholic, the Duchess became an equally zealous advocate of the new doctrines; and we shall learn how, a few years later, she constituted herself one of the chief witnesses against the Earl, and experienced a malicious pleasure in taking his children from their mother's care, and compelling them to profess the Protestant faith. Meanwhile she continued to reside at Kenninghall, and recommenced her agitation for her delayed dowry, proving such a plague to Henry that, on March 2nd, 1539–40, a bill was signed by which she obtained a grant for life of the manor of Swaffham, in Norfolk, and other estates. It is possible that she entertained a genuine affection for the handsome Seymour, and that the disappointment permanently soured her; at any rate, she remained unmarried to the end of the chapter, and signalised herself by her persecution of the Romanists, and especially of the monks and nuns, upon her various properties.

This affair ended, the Duke of Norfolk was at length able to gratify his desire for a peaceful country life, and at the same time put his affairs in order. During the summer and autumn of 1538 he sold many of his manors (chiefly those in distant counties) to the King and others, paid his more pressing debts, and invested what remained of the money thus raised in the purchase of certain valuable estates, all either in Norfolk or Suffolk, and within a day's ride of Kenninghall. He complained that his agents, particularly on the Welsh borders, robbed him continuously, and preferred to strengthen his interests in East Anglia, where he could personally supervise all that went on. In the *Letters and Papers, temp.* Henry VIII.,[1] there is a detailed statement of his sales and purchases, as well as an interesting account of his annual income from various sources. This was drawn up for the King's benefit, and runs as follows:—

"Account of lands sold and purchased by the Duke of Norfolk:—Sold to the King, the manors of Claxton and Fyndon, 70*l.*; the manor of Hunsdon, with the parks, 50*l.* To Sir John Dudley, the manor of Acton Burnell, 98*l.* To James Lauson, the manor of Wollerhampton,[2] £27. To George Throgmorton, the manor of Sullyhill,[3] £34. To Gostwicke, the manor of Willyngton,[4] 46*l.* To my lord of Suffolk (when I went to Ireland) the manor of Cossey,[5] 110*l.* Also divers other manors to the value of 133*l* 6*s.* 8*d.* Total 568*l* 6*s.* 8*d.*

"Bought the manors of Wynthering,[6] Snape,[7] Alborough,[8] Romborowe,[9] and some other lands.

"Annual Receipts:—The Treasurership, fee of 378*l.* An annuity of my lord of Suffolk, 413*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The Stewardship of the Augmentation,[10] 100*l.* The stewardship of Winchester, 100*l.* Of suppressed lands given by the King, 200*l.* Of Sipton, 200*l.* Whereof, to the quondam and other monks, 72*l.* To my wife and son, 400*l.* And so remaineth to me, clear, 2,638*l.*"

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[1] No. 1,215, 1538.

[2] Wolverhampton.

[3] Solihull, Birmingham.

[4] Wellington, Salop.

[5] Costessey, near Norwich, afterwards granted by Queen Mary to Sir Henry Jerningham.

[6] Wynfarthing, four miles from Kenninghall.

[7] Near Saxmundham, Co. Suffolk.

[8] Alburgh, near Harleston, Co. Norfolk.

[9] Rumburgh, near Halesworth, Co. Suffolk.

[10] The Court of Augmentations was instituted on the dissolution of the monasteries, for the purpose of securing the Church revenues to the Crown. When the pillaged estates were all granted away, the Court became a nullity.

Another interesting relic of Norfolk's residence in East Anglia survives in the shape of his tailor's bill. This document, endorsed "Mawlt's Byll for Apparell," is preserved among the additional MSS.[1] at the British Museum, and besides such entries as "iij yardys and iij quarters of blacke saton for a jerkyn," and "iij yards of blacke saton for a doublet," mentions "a satyn kyrtyll for my lady (of Richmond) and purple satyn for her garters," which shows that Mawt, like "courageous Francis Feeble," was a woman's tailor. Clothing for the young Lord Thomas Howard[2] and his wife, and for "Master Barkley" (*i.e.* Berkeley[3]) then a ward of Norfolk, are included in the items of this account, which is useful as giving the values of stuff and the cost of tailoring at the period. At Kenninghall, the Duke maintained a company of minstrels and another of players, as we find from various references in the household accounts of the Le Stranges of Hunstanton, also preserved in the British Museum.[4]

Norfolk appears to have taken very kindly to country pursuits, and evinced a practical interest in East Anglian matters which one would have hardly expected from a man so long concerned with the high affairs of State. But the building of sea-dykes, and the protection of the Marshland farmers from marauders, not to speak of the pleasures of hunting and hawking, were, no doubt, agreeable relaxations, after the bloody work which he had been forced to carry out in the North and the Court intrigues which had occupied his mind for three decades. In spite of his sixty-five years, he entered upon the joys of the chase with boyish ardour; many a fat buck fell to his share; and day after day his horn was heard among the oaks of Castle Rising, the beeches and heathy uplands of Swaffham, and even as far south as Framlingham and Stoke-by-Nayland. At Kenninghall he kept hospitable state; for while the gentle dames of the neighbourhood would not visit there, because of Bess Holland and the scandal which her presence occasioned, no such scrupulous feeling prevented the male Le Stranges, Knyvetts, Bedingfields, and Townshends from partaking of the Duke's goodly fare, sharing in his out-door sports, and listening to his minstrels and players.

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[1] Add., 27,449, f. 22.

[2] Afterwards Viscount Howard of Bindon.

[3] Henry Berkeley, rightfully seventh Baron Berkeley, born 1534. He afterwards married Katharine Howard, daughter of Surrey, and was grandfather of George, first Earl Berkeley.

[4] Add. MSS., 27,449, f. 1. Sir Nicholas Le Strange was a warm personal friend of the Earl of Surrey, and we find him paying sums of 3*s*. 4*d*. and 4*s*. 8*d*. to the "servants" and minstrels at Kenninghall for plays and musical performances.

To these lusty gentlemen, Bess Holland's position seemed very similar to that formerly occupied by Ann Boleyn or Jane Seymour in the royal household; while they looked upon the banished Duchess, dwelling in her "hard Hartfordshire" retirement, as another Katharine of Aragon. With the common people Norfolk was hugely popular, for he kept open house, listened to the grievances of the poor, and sedulously cultivated that unusual affability and liberality towards his inferiors of which the Venetian ambassador, Falieri, makes mention,[1] and which was in notable contrast to the haughty demeanour affected by the "new men," whom the wave of Protestantism and confiscation had washed up from the depths. It is, indeed, in his relations with the country folk of East Anglia that his character presents its most agreeable side, and the tradition of his popularity long survived in the districts of Framlingham and Kenninghall. "To serve the Duke of Norfolk" was for two centuries a saying in the two counties, signifying to be merry, to eat and drink of the best;[1] while until very recently he was commemorated at the harvest suppers of this part of England by certain curious mummeries, and the singing of a song entitled "I am the Duke of Norfolk."[2]

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[1] Brown's *Venetian Calendar*, iv. 294.

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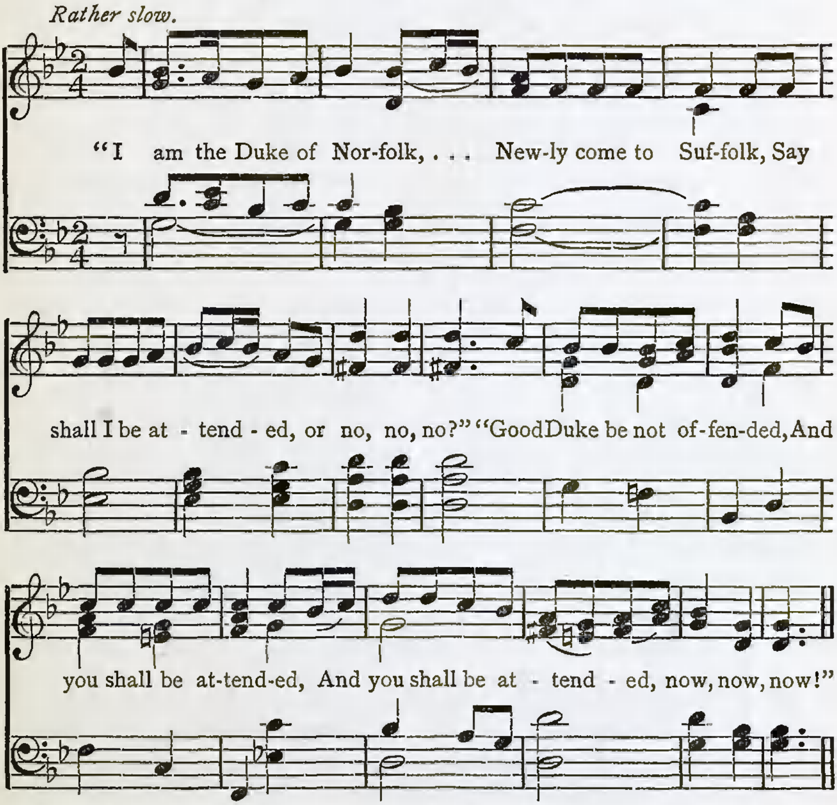
[1] It became in time a national proverb. In the play entitled *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (1617) the character of "Mine Host" says:—

> "Why, Sir George, send for Spendle's noise presently.
> Ha! ere't be night, *I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk!*"

[2] For an account of this famous East Anglian song see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, i. pp. 117–20. The air and words of the refrain run as follows:—

I AM THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



Rather slow.
"I am the Duke of Nor-folk, . . . New-ly come to Suf-folk, Say shall I be at - tend - ed, or no, no, no?" "Good Duke be not of-fen-ded, And you shall be at-tend-ed, And you shall be at - tend - ed, now, now, now!"

One of the company was crowned with an inverted cushion, or pillow, and enthroned upon a table, while the rest of the merrymakers danced around him singing. A jug, brimming with ale, was then presented to the "Duke," who was bound to drain it to the bottom, without spilling a drop, or permitting the coronal cushion to fall from his head.

On March 19th, 1538–9, terminated the chequered career of Lord Edmund Howard, Norfolk's elder surviving brother, and father of the unfortunate lady who was destined to become Queen Katharine Howard. This son of the victor of Flodden appears to have been a person of no great force of character, possessing neither the commanding talents of the third Duke, nor the stick-at-nothing heroism of his other brother, the Lord Admiral. Yet he showed a stubborn courage at Flodden,[1] where he was King's standard-bearer and knight marshal, besides commanding the right wing of the first line. For his services in this momentous fight he was granted a pension of 3*s.* 4*d.* *per diem*[2] for the space of three years; and when this expired he seems to have been allowed "diets for taking thieves,' at the daily rate of 20*s.*[3] In this latter trade, scarcely a suitable one for a gentleman of his illustrious birth, he remained but fifteen months, when his marriage took place to Joyce Culpepper, widow of Ralph Leigh and second daughter and co-heir of a Kentish knight of old descent, Sir Richard Culpepper of Oxenhoath.[4] This lady, whose father had died in 1484, shared with her two sisters[1] a considerable inheritance in Kent and Hampshire, and upon the strength of this Lord Edmund Howard proceeded to live recklessly in London, following the dangerous example of extravagance which the young King set to his courtiers.

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[1] See *ante*, chap. iii.

[2] *Cal.*, Hen. VIII., ii. 1463.

[3] *Ibid.*, ii. 1473–4 and 1477.

[4] By Isabella, daughter and co-heir of Otwell Worsely of Stamworth, Hants. After Culpepper's death she wedded Sir John Leigh, knight, of Stockwell, Surrey (*d.* 1523), elder brother of the Ralph Leigh who married her daughter Joyce (afterwards Lady Edmund Howard). Isabel Worsely,

At the Field of the Cloth of Gold he was one of the challengers on the English side, and acquitted himself stoutly enough in the lists; but the enormous expenses incurred upon that occasion helped to ruin him, as they did many a far wealthier gallant. In order to pay his debts he was forced to sell off every acre of his wife's estate, and that unfortunate lady died in poverty, and was buried from the house of her younger sister, Mrs. Barham,[2] at Teston, near Maidstone. After his wife's death, and, indeed, during her lifetime, Lord Edmund Howard experienced the direst straits. On more than one occasion he was forced to fly overseas to escape his creditors, while those who had acted as his sureties were arrested and fined. His father he had estranged by his spendthrift life, and although he assisted at the obsequies of the second

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Lady Leigh, grandmother of Queen Katharine Howard, died April 18th, 1524. The Leighs (of whom more presently) were long settled at Stockwell, and were thus neighbours of the Howards at Lambeth. Like the Howards, they were buried in Lambeth Church. Sir Richard Culpepper, who was Sheriff of Kent (2 Edw. IV.), descended in the fourth generation from Sir John Culpepper, Justice of the Common Pleas, who *d. circ.* 3 Hen. V.

[1] The eldest sister, Margaret, married William Cotton, of a Cambridge family, and was ancestor of the Cottons of Oxenhoath and Hadlow; the youngest, Elizabeth, was wife of Henry Barham of Barham Court, by Teston, Co. Kent.

[2] It is interesting to note that Richard Harris Barham, author of the inimitable *Ingoldsby Legends*, was a direct descendant of this lady, and consequently of kin to Queen Katharine Howard, about whose history he might well have woven one of his metrical romances.

Duke, nothing was left to him by the latter's will. To these misfortunes we must add the fact that his wife saddled him with a large family of children. Landless, broken, and frequently in exile, Lord Edmund was compelled to quarter these upon his own and his wife's relatives. Some were taken charge of by their step-grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, some by the Earl of Surrey, afterwards third Duke, and his half-brother, Lord William Howard, and some by the Cotton, Barham, and Culpepper[1] families in Kent.

Again and again Lord Edmund petitioned the King and Council for relief, pleading his services at Flodden and elsewhere, but nothing was done for him until April, 1531, when, through the instrumentality of his brother the Duke, he was given the post of Comptroller of Calais. This was a fairly remunerative office, with opportunities for indirectly adding to the recognised salary; but Howard's old habits could not be shaken off, and he was frequently pressed for money and obliged to appeal to Cromwell for aid. His marriage to Dorothy, widow of Sir William Uvedale of Wickham, and daughter of Thomas Troyes,[2] brought him a life estate in Hampshire, and consequent temporary relief, but he appears to have made no attempt to gather his scattered children about him, and before 1538 he was in difficulties again, and anxious to resign his comptrollership into the King's hands for a lump sum. While visiting England for the purpose of furthering this scheme in April, 1538, he acted as chief mourner at the funeral of his aunt, Elizabeth Howard, Countess of Wiltshire, mother of Ann Boleyn.[1] A letter of his to Cromwell survives, asking the latter's interest with the King to the end that he might be well compensated for "the redelivery of his office in Calais." His staff consisted of seven clerks, and he was obliged to keep four horses and a groom. Another letter, dated April 2nd, 1538, and addressed to the Deputy-Governor of Calais, Lord Lisle (John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland) is in lighter vein.

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[1] The male heirs of the Culpeppers of Oxenhoath were the Culpeppers of Preston Hall, Aylesford, descended from William of Preston, uncle of Lady William Howard. Sir William Culpepper of Preston was created a baronet in 1627, but the title expired with his great-grandson.

[2] Berry (*Hampshire Genealogies*) calls her "dau. and co-heir of Thomas *Troyne*." By her, Sir William Uvedale was grandfather of another Sir William, Treasurer of the King's Privy Purse to James II., whose granddaughter and co-heir, Elizabeth Uvedale, conveyed Wickham to her husband, Edward Howard, second Earl of Carlisle (see later). By Lord Edmund Howard, Dorothy Troyes or Troyne appears to have had no children.

> "Mr. Hussey and I," he writes, "were to-day at St. James's at 7 in the morning, as we be every day, or at the Court, desiring our despatch. I would be glad to have it, as it is no little pains to me to be a suitor. . . . When I am despatched, you will be allowed to come over."

He goes on to recommend himself to the Council of Calais—

> "and to as many as be shrewde ladies in the towne, and to as meny as hathe wyffes that nevyr wylbe wyllyng to dyspleace ther husbonds; and to the resydue I pas not upon but at your pleasure. I pray God this message do not commit you to seke them out, lest you shall find so fewe of the sort, and for that I were lothe to put youe to eny suche paynes. I beseech you to make Master Rookwode your depute in that behalff, and Mr. Thomas Fowler, for they be men of gret knowlydge in such arttys, and they knowe where to fynd them, but, I trust not in there own howssys."[2]

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[1] The date of this lady's death, usually given as December 14th, 1512, was April 3rd, 1538. She was buried in the Howard Chapel, Lambeth, on April 7th.

[2] Holograph, in Record Office.

Lord Edmund eventually obtained his suit with the King, and his recall was fixed for Lady Day, 1538. His death probably occurred at his residence near Southampton, and there is no known record of his funeral.

While this brother of Norfolk had been leading an inglorious and wasteful life, another brother (or rather half-brother)—the Lord William Howard—was steadily climbing the ladder of political success, and though at first credited by his enemies with but scant intelligence, had succeeded in proving himself a diplomatist of rare merit. More will be said presently of Lord William Howard in the chapter devoted to himself, his still more famous son, and their descendants, the Howards of Effingham. Suffice it that, entering upon his career of envoy in 1531, as ambassador to the Court of James V. of Scotland, he ingratiated himself with the King, and proved extremely useful to England, so that he was repeatedly sent upon similar missions to Scotland and France, and between 1537 and 1547 was employed upon the difficult and very delicate task of finding a consort for his royal master among the royal ladies of Europe.

With the opening of the new Parliament, on April 28th, 1539, the fruits of Norfolk's strategical retirement from public life became apparent. Knowing that the King, like the proverbial ass of Buridan, hesitated between the old and the new religion, and that any overt attempt to attract him to either might have the most disastrous results, the Duke had sagely decided to leave theological disputations to the clerics, so that when the time came, Henry could turn to him as to one without bias.

This was exactly what occurred. Finding that the religious situation became only the more confused the longer Cranmer and the other Bishops attempted to regulate it, the King summoned Norfolk to his side, and listened eagerly to his counselling. The events which followed, leading up as they did to what the Catholics regarded as a signal victory for the old faith, were evidently planned by the Duke, with Henry's sanction and approval.

At the meeting of Parliament the Lord Chancellor announced to the House of Lords the King's earnest desire for state uniformity in religious matters, and urged them "to choose a committee from among themselves, who might draw up certain articles of faith, and communicate them afterwards to Parliament." This was a trap for the unwary Protestant clerics, and Norfolk took care that the committee chosen—namely, Cranmer, Cromwell, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Durham, Carlisle, Worcester, Bath and Wells, Bangor, and Ely—should be one of such diverse opinions that an agreement between its members was well-nigh impossible. As had been anticipated, the eight Bishops and the "Vicar General of the Church" (a Church which, admittedly, had no real existence) failed to come to any conclusion. This was Norfolk's opportunity. Rising in his place, he moved that "since there was no hopes of having any report from the Committee, the articles of faith intended to be established should be reduced to six; and a new committee be appointed to draw up an act with regard to them. As this peer was understood to speak the sense of the King, his motion was immediately complied with."[1] Norfolk presided over the deliberations of the Committee; and after a brief prorogation of Parliament, the "Bill of the Six Articles," stigmatised by the Protestants as the "Bloody Bill," was introduced, passed both Houses with little or no opposition, and received the royal assent. With the exception of Papal supremacy, all the important doctrines of the old religion were solemnly legalised, and those who denied them were declared to be heretics, and liable to the most terrible penalties.

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[1] Hume.

The "Six Articles" thus promulgated as the foundation of the Church of England were as follows: (1) Transubstantiation; (2) the communion in one kind for laymen; (3) celibacy among the clergy; (4) the perpetual obligation of all vows of chastity; (5) the utility of private masses and masses for the dead; and (6) the necessity of auricular confession.

Death and attainder were the punishments threatened against those who denied the real presence; and this, says Hume, "admitted not the privilege of abjuring; an unheard of severity, unknown to the Inquisition itself." Sinners against the other articles were menaced with imprisonment and forfeiture of goods, followed even by death in cases of peculiar obstinacy. The Catholics were scarcely affected by this law; while, on the other hand, it effectually set at naught all the labours of the Protestant party. Latimer and Shaxton had the courage to resign their bishoprics, and were committed to prison; but Cranmer went ostentatiously to confession, and dismissed his unfortunate wife, a niece of Oriander of Nuremberg.[1] Seeing that he could do nothing to avert this crushing blow, Cromwell accepted the Act with what cheerfulness he could assume; but he revenged himself upon the Catholics a few weeks later by impeaching several of their leading spirits, under pretence of a plot with Rome. Norfolk he could not touch, but he secured the condemnation of many of the noblest blood, including the Marquess of Exeter, the aged Countess of Salisbury, and other relatives and friends of Cardinal Pole. No proof of guilt was advanced against the Countess, save a banner embroidered with the "Five Wounds of Christ,"[1] which Cromwell displayed in the House of Peers, and which, he affirmed, had been found in her house at Cowdray.[2] She was attainted, as was Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, while Sir Adrian Fortescue and Sir Thomas Dingley were executed, apparently for no other reasons than that they were Catholics, and friends of the Countess of Salisbury. This lady, a Plantagenet of the blood royal, was reprieved for the time being, only to suffer death a year later under circumstances of great horror.

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[1] Herbert, in *Kennet*, p. 219.

In the King's negotiations for a consort to succeed Jane Seymour, Norfolk again pursued that policy of inactivity which had proved so successful in the matter of the state religion. Although his half-brother, Lord William Howard, was one of Henry's special envoys to the various European Courts in search of suitable princesses, and, as such, probably kept the Duke well informed of the progress of his mission, the head of the house of Howard took no share in the responsibility of finding a wife for his master, preferring, as before, to wait patiently, and perhaps to profit by the mistakes of those who did. Here again he acted with amazing shrewdness, as we shall presently discover. After the Duchess of Milan, the Duchess of Longueville, and the latter's two sisters had all been passed over, Ann of Cleves was chosen Queen-consort elect, to the great joy of Cromwell and the Protestant party.

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[1] The symbol of the Pilgrimage of Grace.

[2] Rymer, xiv. p. 652.

Now Norfolk, if indeed he had not actually seen Ann of Cleves during some of his continental missions, had excellent opportunities of acquiring information concerning the person and character of this Lutheran princess; and it is probable that he laughed in his sleeve when the lot fell to her. Whatever his feelings, however, he headed the splendid cavalcade which met the Queen on Rainham Down, outside Rochester, on December 31st, 1539–40. With him rode his sons, the Earl of Surrey and Lord Thomas Howard, his nephew of the half-blood, Sir Francis Bryan (whose gorgeous costume surpassed that of any of the gallants present), his grand-nephew, Thomas Fiennes, Lord Dacre of the South, the last-named's brother-in-law, John Mantell (soon to suffer with Dacre for a madcap freak),[1] the Lord Mountjoy,[2] and many other peers, knights, and gentlemen. By these Ann of Cleves was conducted into Rochester and lodged in the episcopal palace, where Henry's famous surprise visit to her and the dramatic disillusionment of the royal bridegroom occurred. Whether or not Norfolk was aware of Ann's unattractive appearance before she set foot in England, it is certain that both he and his colleague, Gardiner, lost no time in turning to the advantage of the Catholic party the unfortunate princess's failure to capture the King's fancy, and the utter discomfiture of Cromwell and those who had brought about the match. As yet, however, there was no talk of a divorce, and the name of

[1] See later, p. 294.

[2] Charles Blount, fifth Baron Mountjoy (*d.* 1545).

Katherine Howard had not occurred to her uncle as that of a possible supplanter of Queen Ann. Before these things came to pass, Norfolk was despatched upon an important mission to the Court of France.

The ten years' truce which had been concluded between Francis I. and the Emperor, and the visit of Charles to Paris, where he was received by his sometime captive with the greatest magnificence, naturally occasioned much uneasiness and jealousy at the English Court. Henry resolved upon sending his shrewdest diplomatist to France, with the idea of detaching Francis from the new and dangerous alliance which he had contracted, and the person chosen for this extremely difficult and delicate mission was the Duke of Norfolk. Early in February, 1540, Norfolk, then at Kenninghall, received the King's instructions for his special embassy. The Bishop of London (Bonner) was actual ambassador to the French Court, but his repulsive nature caused him to be greatly disliked there, a fact of which Henry was soon to be made aware through the agency of Norfolk. The Duke's instructions were very copious, and he was recommended, among other things, to make a strong point of the Emperor's ambitious designs, quoting the arrogant reply which he had recently made to Henry's ambassador in the Netherlands, Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder. The incident connected with this reply, to which more than one allusion will be made in the ensuing pages, was briefly as follows:—Wyatt, having by Henry's orders demanded the surrender of James Griffith (otherwise "Brampton" or "Brancetor"), a notable Welsh rebel who had fled to the Low Countries, ventured to tax the Emperor with ingratitude towards England.

With the cold anger peculiar to his nature, Charles replied :—

> "It is too much to use that term of ingrate to me. . . . I take it that I cannot be to him (Henry) ungrateful. The inferior may be ingrate to the greater, and the term is scant sufferable between like; but, peradventure, because the language is not your natural tongue, you may mistake the term."[1]

The inference was, of course, that Charles held the King of England to be his inferior, and probably the King of France as well. Norfolk was to impress upon Francis that Henry retained for him "a most parfite and assured love, zele and frendeship," and to remonstrate with him for his recent elaborate hospitality towards the Emperor. Above all, he was to report everything that the French monarch said, as well as any news of importance which he might learn at the Court. Norfolk lost no time in obeying his orders. Having crossed to Calais (where his brother Edmund was at the time serving as auditor), he met Bonner at Abbeville, and, after a short delay, hurried on to Dourlens, where he had a long interview with Francis, and another with the King's sister, Marguerite de Valois. His first report to the King was written partly at Dourlens and partly at Abbeville, and despatched from the latter town on February 17th. It is an interesting epistle, not only because of the light which it throws on ambassadorial methods of the day, but also for the reason that Norfolk reveals in it a great deal of his own character. The letter is as follows :—

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[1] Modernised from Harleian MSS., 282, leaf 113. The letter reporting the occurrence was dated Bruxelles, February 3rd, 1540; so that the insult was a very recent one.

"Maye it please your Majestie to be advertysed, that Sundaye at none I cam to Abbeville, and incontynent upon myn arryvall sent Hammes, the Poursuyvant to the Conestable,[1] to advertyse the King of myn arryvall ther, and to knowe his pleasur when He wolde have me cum to Him, He being cum to this towne the night before; and the rest of the daye I spent with redeng of myn instructions with my Lorde of London, and lerneng of him of newes and fashions of this Courte. In the morneng aboutes three of the clocke Hammes returned, and brought me worde that the King wolde have me cum to Him hether yesterdaye, and that He, being determyned to have departed hence the same daye, wolde remayne here unto my cummyng. And aboutes a myle without this towne met with me Loys Mons^{r} de Nevers,[2] and Mons^{r} de Humyeres,[3] and brought me to my lodgeng, which was hanged with tapiserye, and the Cardenall of Loreynes bedde set uppe for me; and the Conestable had appointed a gentleman ther and others, to see me fournished of all thinges necessarye. Mons^{r} de Humyeres being myndded to ryde to the Kyng, who was ryden fourth with the Quene and Ladyes to hunte within the toyle, a mile and an half hence, I desired him to make my most humble recommendations to His Majeste, and to beseche Him that, forasmuch as I had matyers of secrecye to declare to Him on Your Hieghnes behalf, and that I dyd not here well, and also that I dyd not so perfectly understande nor speake the language, but that peradventure I shulde be enforced som time to desyer His Grace to reherce his wordes agayne, and He in lykewise to will me to doo the same, that it might please Him that I might speke with Him in such place that others shulde not here what I sayde, and that I might have the Busshopp of London present with me at the declareng of my chardge. And he sayde he wolde shewe my desires unto the King, and so departed, and returned to me agayne, being at supper; which was sent redy dressed to my lodgeng by the Conestable, without whom nothing is doon here. Mons^{r} de Humyeres shewed unto me that, assone as the King had supped, he wolde come and fet me; and as concerning my Lorde of London, he sayde he thought the King for my sake wolde be content he shulde be present; but as he that bare his very trewe service to Your Majeste and herty good will unto me, he wolde advise me to declare my chardge alone, thother not being acceptable, and that he thought I shulde spede the bettre, if he wer not present, sayeng further, 'I wolde he had never cum hether.'

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[1] Anne de Montmorenci, Grand Constable of France.

[2] Louis de Cleves, Comte de Névers, brother of the Duc de Névers.

[3] Jean Brinon, Sieur de Vilaines d'Humières, was then President of Normandy.

"Syr, hether cam unto me before supper, Castillon,[1] somtyme Ambassadour with Your Majeste, sheweng himself merveloux affectyonate unto Your Hieghnes, and amonges other thinges wished I had been here two monethes past, swering by the herte of God, my Lord of London had doon more good to thEmperours affayres here then himself and all his agentes here; and yet he doubted not but this my cummeng, being so very acceptable to the King here, shulde amende many thinges. Syr, notwithstanding the ill will I perceyve unyversally is here borne unto my sayde Lorde, yet on my fayth to your Hieghnes, I do not perceyve but that he hath and dooth trewely and wisely serve You, and dooth lyve here of an hye and costely sorte, being a trewe honest man to Your Majestye. After I had supped, returned to me Mons^{r} de Humyeres and sayde the Kyng was set at supper, and when He had supped I sholde have warneng to goo to Him; and in the meane tyme he and I talked famylyerly together, and as wisely as I coulde. I serched to knowe of him, what hope they wer in to have Millan; and he sayde they had as faire promesses as coulde be, and that at the goyng of the Conestable and Cardenall of Loreine in to Flandres to thEmperour (which shalbe at the cummeng thither of the King of Romaynes), they shulde knowe the treweth, sayeng:—'If we have it not, we shall not be long freendes.' . . . Amonges other communications, and speking of Mons^{r} dOrleans, I asked him if he shulde have thEmperour's daughter; and he sware he knewe no suche thing, askeng me, with a laugheng countenaunce, if my Lady Marye wer maryed or affyaunced to Duke Phillipp;[1] and I sayde 'asshuredly naye'; and then he fell in merveilloux praiseng of her, so that I conject^r^ed by his fashions that he wolde the saide Mons^r^ dOrleans might have her. . . . And with this cam one to cause him bring me to the King. Whom I founde in a great chambre, alowe by the grounde.

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[1] Gaspard de Coligny, Sieur de Chastillon.

"And after my reverence doon, and making Your Hieghnes most hertye recommendations to Him, He went in to his bed chambre, and with Him the Dolphin, Mons^r^ dOrleans, the Cardenall of Lorein, the Conestable, Villandry,[2] and one verlet of chambre; and takeng me a parte, asked me very affectuosly, how Your Majestye dyd; wherat I made such answer as dyd apperteyne; and aftre that, at good lencthe declared a greate parte of myn instructions, and asmuch as your pleasur was I shulde do for the first; useng my wordes as well as I coulde to inculke in his herte the greate love and affection Your Hieghnes doth bere unto Him, not leveng undeclared theffectes of my chardge. And when I spake of the great trust Your Majestye had of lyke love borne unto Him, He toke that worde out of my mouthe, sayeng, 'My Lorde of Norfolke, I do asshure you my good brother dooth love Me no bettre than I do Him, which I have ever shewed and shall doo with effecte'; with many moo good wordes, which I noticed to be spoken of such a sorte, that I thought they wer not dissembled. Also, when I touched the point of thEmperours wordes unto Wyot[3] concerneng the partycyons of his domynions, and useng theffectes of the wordes of my instructyons concerneng that poynte, markeng his countenaunce, I dyd perceyve He altered something his gesture, lokeng mervellously ernestly upon me; which, when I perceved, I layed on good loode, sayeng, He might well perceyve thEmperours intent dyd holly extende to sette suspicion betwene Him and his most assured freendes; sayeng further, 'Syr, I knowe not what cace Ye stande in with thEmperour of Millan, but I beleve at lencth Ye shall perceyve He shall fyrst goo aboutes to wyn frendes from You, or at the lest to put them asmuch as shalbe in his powre to doo, in suspicion of You, and so with delayes, accordeng to his olde fashions, dryve of the tyme, till He may establishe his thinges, and then fynde som occasion of excuse, and so keepe Millan as long as he may'; with many moo wordes to long to moleste Your Hieghnes in readeng them. And, aftre that I had fynished my reaportes, He sayde, 'My Lorde of Norfolke, woll ye that I shall answer articulerly your sayengs, or else shortely to shewe you my mynde concerning thosse matyers ye have declared unto Me?' I sayde, 'As it shall stande with Your Maiestyes pleasure.' 'Well,' quod he, 'fyrst, the love betwene my good brother and Me is so shurely fyxed in booth our hartes, that it is not separable, as shalbe seen by experience on my behalf. And asto Millan, surely I have as good wordes, as I can wishe. But I assure you and do and woll trust, as I shall see cause; not so fully beleveng all that is sayde to Me, that I thinke Me asshured therof, as more largely at our nexte meteng I shal shewe you, and not fayle to make you partycypante of all that I knowne concerneng that cause. And as to thEmperours wordes concerneng ingratitude, I requyre you to put the wordes in French, to thentent that I may yeve my good Brother such advise in answereng therunto, as I wolde He shulde doo unto Me in lyke cace; and shurely I will yeve Him such advise, as I will fyrmelye sticke unto.' And shurely, Syr, by his countenaunce I dyd conjecte He was not content with thEmperours wordes; and also shure Your Majeste may be, that I dyd not only laye unto Him, that He and all Kinges had cause with the hawteyre fashions of thEmperours wordes and ambition, but also wisely in tyme to provyde to withstand the same; whiche I thowght wer more easye to be doon, if His Majeste, with his freendes, wolde doo for youre parte; noot omytteng talledge his povertye and the great personages that with ease might be knytt together to brydell his hye appetites.

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[1] Duke Philip of Bavaria, Count Palatine of the Rhine.

[2] Breton de Villandri, Superintendent of Finances (*d.* 1542).

[3] Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet (*d.* 1542), then ambassador to the Emperor's Court.

"Aftre these communications, He departed from me, and went to a coberde, and called to Him the Conestable, wher of likeloiode He declared unto Him what I had sayed; for my Lord of London, standeng by, when I was talkeng merely with the Dolphin, the Duke of Orleans, and Cardenall of Loreyne, marked their countenaunce and herde parte of ther wordes, wherby he thought the Conestable dyd shewe himself to marveylle of som wordes that I had spoken afore to the Kyng. And aftre He had a good season talked with the Conestable, He came unto me, and fyrst sayde that forasmuch as He wolde goo this daye to Serkay,[1] and on Wednesday to Hedin, wher, He sayde I had made skante lodgeng (meaneng by the burneng of the same);[2] He wolde not fayle to be at Abbevylle, Frydaye nexte, or Saturdaye at the furthest; remitteng to myn arbitter to remayne at Urlaunce,[3] or to come hether before; and so my choise was to come hether. And thus, Syr, aftre very much plesant communication of Your Majeste, and of the Quene, and of the ladyes here in this Courte, I toke my leave, and returned to my lodgeng, being conveyed thither by Mons^r de Humyeres. And of truth I was gladde to be rydde thence, feareng I shulde have been desired to have delyvered in French the wordes thEmperour spake concerneng ingratitude, and that the same might have been sent to thEmperour by the Conestable, before the French King had declared unto me what advise and counsell He wolde yeve Your Hieghnes to make answere to thEmperour concerneng that mattyer.

"Fynally, Syr, I cannot to much praise the interteynement here aftre the manour of Fraunce; most humblye beseching Your Majestye to pardon my prolixitye in wryteng the circumstances conteyned in this letter. Wryten the moste parte hereof this day at dOrlans, and the rest here at Abbeville, this 17th of Februarye at midnight.

"(Signed) Yo^r most humble s'vaunt and subiect

"T. NORFOLK."[4]

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[1] Serque.

[2] Norfolk had sacked and burned Hedin in 1523.

[3] Dourlens.

[4] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. viii. p. 254.

This missive was sent off by the hands of "Francisco," otherwise Sir Francisco Bernardo, a secret agent of Venice, who had no objection to being also in English pay. Next morning Norfolk enjoyed the rare privilege of a prolonged conversation with the cleverest woman of her time, Ann Boleyn's old mistress, "*la reine spirituelle*," Marguerite. No mention is, naturally, made to Henry of poor Ann, but we may be sure that the Queen of Navarre asked some questions regarding her, if it were only to learn how the little Elizabeth progressed. Norfolk thus details the interview:—

"Plesith it Your Majeste to be advertised, that this mornyng I sent to the Qwene of Navare, desyryng to speke with Her before my departure fro dOrlaunse; and so, when She was retourned fro the Kyng to her oune lodgyng, (being every mornyng at his arysing) She sent for me; and after I had made Your Highnes most herty recommendacions, She toke me a part, and talked with me a gode houre; fyndyng Her the most frank and wise woman that ever I spake with. And as nere as I can remember, I shall, as brevely as I can, touche theffectes bothe of her sayinges and myn.

"Furst I said that forasmoche as I knowe She cowde never fynd in her hert to love thEmperour, kepyng the Kyngdome of Navare fro Her, I wold be bold to declare my mynd unto Her: and so shewde Her of the article consernyng the disclosyng of the particions of thEmperours domynions, and after of his highe wordes conserning Ingratytude, to the furst She answered that I myght be sewer who had disclosed it; meanyng by it the Conestable. To thoder she said, 'What doth He meane? Woll He have none egall? Woll he be God?'—with many mo very wise wordes; shewyng Her selff to be his utter enemy in her hert, and in like wise to the Conestable; saying further that She loved Your Majeste so intierly, that She wold yeve me the best counsell She cowde, wich was, to make, as Your Highnes had, a great trust in the Conestable; for She said, if I dyd other wyse, I shuld not prevayle, but mar all, for it wold not as yet avavle to stryve agaynst hym; advysyng me, if I spake with the Chaunseler,[1] to speke faire unto hym, for he had moche credight with the Kyng, and was very glorious, and easy to be won with faire wordes, and not moche affectionate to thEmperour.

"Also She said, that above all others, if I wold have any thing of importaunce wroght, I most serche how to wyn Madame dEstampes,[2] who myght do more with the King then all the rest; saying further, 'My brother is of this sort, that a thyng being fixed in his hed is halff impossible to be plucked out, and the personys lyvyng that may best impres a thyng in his hed agaynst the Constables mynd is Madam dEstampes, and the Cardinall of Lorrayne.' I answered to Her, that I thoght it was a strange thyng for me to serche any thyng at suche a woman his hande. 'My Lord of Norfolk' quod She, 'I yeve you to do none other then of late I was enforced to do My selff, for the Constable had impressed in the Kynges hed agaynst Me, that I was fayne to seke help at her hande; and therfore, my Lord, forbere not you to do the same.' . . .

"Fynally, Sir, She desired me to wright to Your Majeste to kepe these her sayinges to me most secret, and to advyse you to be well ware of the Kynges Imbassitour[3] there, for he was all the Constables, and dyd advertise hym of all that he herde; assewryng Your Grace that She doth thinke it is no tyme to speke any thyng agaynst the Constable as yet. Most humble besechyng Your Highnes that right fewe be made pryre of the intelligence I have with her, nor of Her wordes; not dowtyng, at her commyng hither, wich I think shalbe on Saturday at the furthest, I shall know how the Kyng doth take my wordes yesterday, and also asmoche of other newes a She shall know.

"She also said to me that this mornyng past, when She came fro the Kyng, She shewde Hym She wold speke with me accordyng to my desire, and He said, 'I pray you recommende Me to my Lord of Norfolk with all my hert, and shew hym that sewerly I love the Kyng my gode brother as well as He doth Me.' Wheronto She answrd 'Sir, I trust Ye woll make Me no liar.' 'No' quod he, 'by the faith of a jantleman, I say as I thynk with all my hert.' And with these wordes, I departed fro Her. . . .

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[1] Guillaume Poyet, Chancellor of France (1538–42); died, after his disgrace and imprisonment, 1548.

[2] Anne de Pisseleu, Duchesse d'Estampes (1508–86), the celebrated mistress of Francis I.

[3] Charles de Marillac, the then Bishop of Vannes.

"For Goddes sake, Sir, revoke the Busshop hens, assone as ye may; for he [is] merveleously hated here, and shall never be able in this plase to You gode service, thogh sewerly I think he hath gode will.[1] Busshops be no mete men for Imbassitours here, for the Busshop of Wynchester[2] is litle better favored here, than thoder. And thus the Holy Trynete haue Your Majeste in most asswered tuicion. Fro Abevile, the 17 day of February at 12 at nyght.

"Your most humble subject and servant

"T. NORFOLK.

"Sir, I feare the Chaunseler shall not be here for he is taryed at Amyas.[3]"[4]

Francis was gone exactly ten days, during which time he doubtless took council with the Constable de Montmorenci and his other advisers regarding the propositions and suggestions made to him by his "dear brother of England." Increased years, and the lesson which he had once undergone in his Spanish captivity, made the once reckless monarch cautious and unwilling to endanger the security which was necessary to his happiness. So that, after all Norfolk's hard work, and after the many shrewd hints supplied to him by the Queen of Navarre, the negotiations ended in nothing, and Francis positively declined to quarrel with the Emperor on Henry's account. The Duke, waiting anxiously at Abbeville, was once more summoned to Dourlens on February 27th. He was now accompanied by Bonner and by Sir John Wallop (who afterwards carried the report to Henry); but on reaching the King's apartments it was contrived that the Bishop of London should be left in the outer chamber, lest the King's dislike of him might spoil all. Norfolk and Wallop saw Francis in his bedroom, where he learned that the royal decision was adverse: "The Kyng here hath playnle shewde to me He woll in no wyse brek with thEmperour, onless He do not observe suche promessis as He hath made to Hym." Our ambassador hinted that further arguments might serve to alter his majesty's mind; but Francis told him that his mind was made up, and that it was useless to tarry in France longer, "notwithstandyng that ther lacked none offers" to remain a little longer on the Duke's part. It had been his intention to speak of Henry's willingness to renounce a portion of the yearly pension paid to him by France in return for services rendered; but seeing the mood Francis was in, he now judged it wiser not to introduce this delicate subject.

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[1] Bonner was actually recalled, and sent as ambassador to the more congenial Court of the Emperor a month later.

[2] Gardiner.

[3] Amiens.

[4] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. viii. pp. 258-60. On the same day Norfolk wrote to Cromwell stating his opinion that Francis did not intend war, and mentioning the Queen of Navarre's suggestion that the King should "send sum plesant mesage to the Dolphin and his brother, in offryng horses, or other plesures." He also says that, in his opinion, Francis would not live long. The King actually died seven years later.

Thus defeated for the time being, Norfolk showed himself a true strategist by preparing the way, even when retreating, for a more successful attack in the future. His letter closes thus: "Also, Sir, I have had this day a gode tyme with the Qwene of Navare, and Madam dEstampes, both to gyders, and I have so handled them, that I trust some gode effect shall come theroff." As a result of his efforts in this direction a friendship sprang up between Henry and Queen Marguerite, and a constant correspondence was maintained with that lady, who betrayed the secrets of her brother and her brother's ministers without the slightest compunction. The Constable and other friends of Catholic ascendancy in France, however, thought that they had administered a crushing blow to English diplomacy. Wotton, from his embassy at Cleves, reported as much to Cromwell, adding that the failure of Norfolk's mission was a common topic of conversation thereabouts. "They have . . . shewed me," he wrote, "that whenne a greate manne yn France askidde of the Constable how my Lord of Norfolke lyked his answer, the said Constable (as it wer yn derision) made an answer sounding to this effecte,—'They cannot tell what to make of it!'"[1]

But although the Duke's mission had proved a failure, there was never a time when he stood higher in Henry's regard. This, no doubt, was largely due to his loyal services in Yorkshire and to the ability with which he had carried the Bill of the Six Articles through Parliament; but the fact that he had nothing to do with bringing Ann of Cleves to England, and was indeed the avowed opponent of those responsible for that match, now proved his strongest claim to the King's regard. A goodly share of confiscated Church property found its way into his hands during the winter of 1539-40, among the other estates granted to him being the rich abbey of Thetford (founded by Roger Bigod for the Cluniac monks in 1104), the priory of Castle Acre, and the priory of the Friars Minors at Norwich. Norfolk justified himself to the Catholics for his acceptance of plundered religious houses and their

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[1] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*

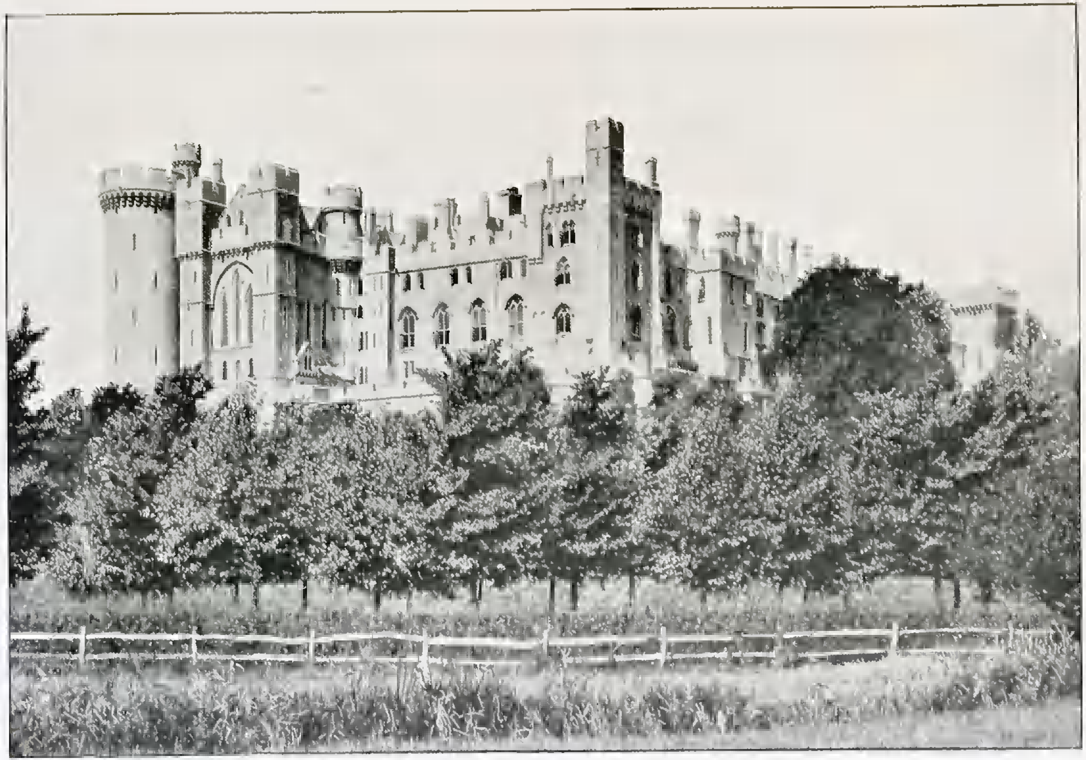

Photo by E. T. W. Dennis & Sons, Ltd., Scarborough

ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE EAST. (Present day.)

manors on the grounds that to refuse such gifts would be to bring down upon himself the royal wrath without in any way benefiting the banished monks; for, as he argued, there were shoals of covetous Puritans who would eagerly take what he declined and use these revenues to the utmost prejudice of the old faith, whereas in his hands Church property would at least be under Catholic control, and might thus be indirectly employed for the good of its original tenants. As evidence of his good faith, he proposed to endow, with the funds of Thetford Abbey, an ecclesiastical college and to place this institution in the charge of the deprived clerics; but this project was opposed so fiercely by the Vicar-General (Cromwell), as an insidious scheme to revive and re-endow the ancient abbey, that Henry vetoed it at once.[1] Granting that the old foundation of Roger Bigod must pass into lay ownership, it certainly seemed most appropriate that the heir of the Earls of Norfolk, so many of whom lay buried in the abbey cloisters, should be its new possessor.[2] Similarly, the priory of Castle Acre, also a Cluniac house, had long been associated with the Warennes, Mowbrays, and Howards, and Norfolk was already in possession of the neighbouring castle. For many of his friends among the regular clergy of East Anglia the Duke was able to make excellent terms.

Thomas Manning, *alias* Sudbury, Abbot of Butley, for instance (to whom Norfolk and the young Earl of Surrey had paid a formal visit in 1529[3]), was granted the manor of Monks' Kirby, in Warwickshire, and permitted by the King to bear the title of Bishop of Ipswich,[1] while the deprived Abbot of Wymondham was pensioned and presented to the vicarage of that parish,[2] and numbers of the banished monks and nuns were placed in the households of the Duke himself, the Duchess[3] at Redbourne, the Dowager Duchess at Lambeth and Horsham St. Faith's, the Earl of Surrey, and Lord William Howard. Throughout East Anglia the Catholic families generally followed their leader's example, accepting confiscated Church property whenever it was offered to them, and doing what they could to relieve the homeless religious, many of whom, having refused all pensions from the King, were in a state of absolute destitution. The good faith of some who pretended to hold Church lands in a species of trust may be called into question, but there can be no doubt but that the great majority honestly administered these new revenues in a fashion as disinterested as the better sort of Irish Protestants did the Catholic estates entrusted to their care under the Penal Laws. Foxe admits this, but characteristically ascribes the honesty of the Howards, Bedingfields, Jerninghams, and others to mere superstition, claiming that they feared a supernatural judgment as the penalty of converting Church revenues to their own uses.

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[1] Martin, *History of Thetford.*

[2] Norfolk was granted Thetford Abbey, with all its lands, to be held of the King *in capite* at a yearly rent of £59 5*s.* 1*d.*

[3] See *ante.*

Norfolk's period of retirement at Kenninghall had abundantly served his turn, and after his reappearance at Court he never again voluntarily abandoned his place in the theatre of state affairs. Coming back recruited in mental and bodily strength, and possessing a powerful advantage over his rival Cromwell, he lost no time in bringing his struggle with that statesman and his Puritan followers to an issue. Wolsey he had overcome after a long and perilous conflict, and he now girded up his loins for a death-grapple with Wolsey's successor.

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[1] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] We find this lady complaining to Cromwell, 1539–40, of some of the clerics sent her by her husband, and attempting to get rid of them. The charge against one such person was that a book on juggling had been found in his apartment (*Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*).

VI

Queen Katharine Howard

We come now to that woeful series of events which raised Katharine Howard to the throne of England, only to drag her thence, after a few months of false security, to a shameful death upon the scaffold.

The openly expressed aversion of Henry VIII. for his fourth consort, Ann of Cleves, and the consequent disgrace of Cromwell, who had brought about that sordid comedy of a marriage, gave to the Catholic party the first great opportunity which had fallen to their share since Aske and Darcy were cozened into submission at Pontefract. When plotting for the restoration of the old religion was afoot, we may feel certain that two men at least were in the thick of the business—the Duke of Norfolk and the Bishop of Winchester. Norfolk, with his curious Plantagenet mixture of ruggedness and subtlety, and Gardiner, hawk-faced and keen of brain, had waited long, their fingers upon the pulse of English Catholicism. Both had steadfastly decried appeals to force—we have seen how relentlessly the Duke stamped out the Pilgrimage of Grace: but both were prepared to use every political means at their disposal towards the re-establishment of papal authority in matters spiritual. It did not need their cunning to discern the probability that, before many months, a new Queen would take the place of the poor discarded Anne of Cleves. Cromwell had committed an irretrievable error; he should not have the choosing of another sultana for the royal bed. Under the circumstances, it was plain to the Catholic chiefs, that if a suitable lady of their own faith could be found, she might win Henry back to what they considered the true fold. There was no time to look abroad for princesses; and, moreover, Gardiner was fiercely, insularly opposed to foreign political alliances, and set his face then, as he did later in the case of Philip of Spain, against a foreign match. The consort that they sought must be of good British birth, young, beautiful, and so situated as to be above the faintest breath of suspicion touching her past life. In her case there must have been no frivolous training at the French Court, such as had proved fatal to Anne Boleyn. Some maiden bred up in strict seclusion under the care of an aged and discreet kinswoman—country-bred if possible, lest her head might have been turned by town gallants or town gewgaws,—could a paragon of this description be found, Gardiner and the Duke believed that she might lead Henry VIII. whithersoever she willed. Nor were they far wrong, as subsequent events proved. The terrible mistake that they made was in taking it for granted that a country miss, bred far from courts, and with only women and servants for her associates, must necessarily be innocent.

The choice of Norfolk and Winchester fell upon the former's niece, Katharine Howard, whose good looks and supposed Spartan upbringing seemed to fit her peculiarly for the perilous rank of Queen-consort. Cromwell and Cranmer had used Ann Boleyn to forward the Reformation; our later intriguers perceived a certain grim humour in undoing Ann's work through the medium of Ann's more beautiful cousin, and thus defeating the Reformers with their own weapons. So the plot was laid; and a courier rode hotspur into East Anglia to bid the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk come instantly to London, bringing with her the pretty hazel-eyed hoyden who had been her ward from childhood.

Mistress Katharine Howard was one of the daughters of that Lord Edmund Howard whom we have seen valorously leading the right wing at Flodden, and afterwards suffering all the privations of poverty, until the King's tardy generosity gave him the modest post of comptroller at Calais.[1] Katharine's early days were spent either at Oxenhoath, with her mother's elder sister, Margaret Culpepper, who had married Thomas Cotton,[2] or with her other aunt, Elizabeth, wife of Henry Barham, at Teston,[1] near Maidstone. Oxenhoath House, an ancient brick structure, still stands among its woods, overlooking the Weald of Kent, and the mansion of the Barhams lay in the adjoining parish. At the very time that Katharine was residing in one or other of these houses the neighbourhood rang with tales of her cousin, Mistress Ann Boleyn, who dwelt in secluded splendour at Hever Castle, only a few miles away, and there received romantic visits from the amorous King Henry. But perhaps the Cottons and Barhams, who were strict Catholics at that time, chose to keep the scandalous story from the ears of their niece. Certainly Ann Boleyn's warning fate seemed to have made little impression upon Katharine Howard when it came to the latter's turn to be wooed by Henry.

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[1] With regard to the descendants of Lord Edmund Howard, there is some curious evidence in Manning's *History of Surrey* (vol. iii. p. 497 *et seq.*) by which it would appear as though three of the ladies invariably described as his daughters—viz. Margaret, Isabel, and Jocosa, or Joyce—were in reality his step-daughters, children of Lady Edmund by her first husband, Ralph Leigh. The evidence consists of some testamentary dispositions by Sir John Leigh, elder brother of Ralph, in which these ladies are apparently alluded to under the surname of Leigh. Lord Edmund's daughter Margaret was married, in 1530, to Sir Thomas Arundell; but if the above evidence be accepted as conclusive, she was Margaret *Leigh*, not *Howard*. In a subsequent settlement by Sir John Leigh, junior (nephew of the other), provision is made for an alternative bequest to *Matthew and Charles Arundell*, who were undoubtedly sons of Sir Thomas (vol. iii., additions and corrections, cxlviii.). In her marriage settlement, however, the wife of Sir Thomas Arundell is mentioned as Margaret *Howard;* and her seal, on a deed signed by her in 1560, undoubtedly shows the Howard arms (see *Catholic Families of England*, by J. J. Howard: "Arundell of Wardour"). In view of this fact, and of the acknowledged parentage of Sir Thomas Arundell's wife through so long a period, such evidence cannot possibly be accepted as carrying a contrary proof; it is, however, worthy of note.

[2] He was paternally one of the Cottons of Landeswade, Co. Cambridge, and ancestor of the Cottons of Hadlow, Kent. His son and heir, Sir Thos. Cotton, sold Oxenhoath to John Choune, *temp.* Eliz.

She probably went to live with the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk at the latter's dower-house of Horsham St. Faith's, four miles north of Norwich, about the beginning of 1531. The old duchess was her step-grandmother (if such a term can be used to describe the connection), but she was also a blood relative, having been born a Tilney, cousin of the second Duke of Norfolk's first wife.[2] At St. Faith's (then, as now, a quiet little village), she lived a rigid, almost a conventual life, dressing in the nun-like costume of the preceding reign, wearing a hair shirt, and playing the lady abbess to a houseful of women and young girls, mostly of mean birth. Almost a fanatic in religion, she sternly closed her doors in the face of the naughty world, and while practising all the outward observances of Catholicism, blindly neglected the education

[1] Afterwards Barham Court.

[2] See Genealogical Table III.

and morals of her servants. As might be expected from such a character, she became the dupe of many rogues, male and female. Her bailiffs robbed her, and her women, while professing piety and devotion to her interests, were secretly of the vilest behaviour, so that the old manor-house at Horsham acquired a very bad reputation in that part of Norfolk. It was to such an establishment that Katharine Howard was brought at the age of nine; it was among such poisonous surroundings that she grew to womanhood. The base associates with whom she was forced to mix, the ignorance in which she was reared, and the old Duchess's blindness and lack of sympathy—these are the best excuses which can be offered for Katharine's frailty.

Horsham was not a large mansion, and the women who waited upon the Duchess slept, all together, in a common apartment. Instead of having a chamber of her own, as became her station, Katharine was placed among these vicious servants, who, from very wantonness, appear to have done everything in their power to pervert her innocence. The punishment for all breaches of discipline among the maids was a whipping; and the whipping once administered, things were allowed to go on as before. Katharine was treated very little better than her guardian's women. She was punished for chattering in chapel and the like; but no attempt was made to raise her above the surrounding influences, or, indeed, to teach her anything useful. There is good reason to believe that, even when she became Queen, she was unable to read or write; certainly not a scrap of paper bearing her autograph is known to exist, and whenever she wished to write she employed an amanuensis. On the other hand, the Duchess permitted her to be taught the virginals, and the person to whom this office was entrusted was one Henry Mannock, a loutish youth, attached in some manner to the household, and probably a relative of the Mannock family settled at Giffords Hall,[1] near the Duke of Norfolk's estate of Tendring. Katharine was only thirteen at this time, but her charms had developed early, and Mannock either fell in love with her, or else pretended to do so. At first Katharine's bedfellow, a maid named Isabel, carried love-tokens between the pair, but eventually one Dorothy Barwyke of Horsham village became the intermediary. This person betrayed the affair to Mary Lassells, the Duchess's tirewoman—of whom we shall hear all too much presently—and Mannock having bragged openly of his courtship, Katharine, incited thereto by Lassells, sought him out and reproached him with imperilling her good repute. He replied with protestations of love, and swore that his passion for her had so moved him that he "wist not what he said." An ignorant child, in her fourteenth year, this was the first swain with whom she had come in contact. She believed him, and they were reconciled; but although Mannock was more than once admitted to the Horsham dormitory by the treacherous maids, there is no proof that he succeeded in seducing Katharine. This was reserved for another and more determined lover.

Certain peculations which had come to light among her farm-servants induced the Dowager Duchess to make a journey to London for the purpose of consulting her stepson, the Duke, and her own son, Lord William Howard. The fine old mansion of the Norfolks at Lambeth was hers for life, and thither accordingly she repaired, borne in a horse-litter, beside which rode her beautiful niece, the latter's hazel eyes opening very admirably, we may be sure, at the sights and sounds of London. They had not been many hours installed in the Lambeth mansion when the Duke of Norfolk came to pay his respects to his stepmother and hear her tale of stolen corn and other pilferings. It was the first time that Norfolk had seen his niece since her infancy, and he may well have been struck by the beauty which, all unknown to him, had grown up in the retirement of Horsham. But the impression produced upon the Duke was as nothing to that experienced by one of his attendant gentlemen, Francis Dereham by name, a far-off relative of the Howards and Tylneys. Dereham became passionately enamoured of the little brown-haired romp with the laughing eyes, who was evidently so innocent of the world's ways, and yet so eager for admiration. It was not long before a secret understanding existed between them, helped by the infamous Mary Lassells, and winked at by the Duchess's housekeeper, Joan Ackworth.

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[1] The heir of the family, Sir Francis Mannock, was created a baronet in 1627, and the title became extinct in 1787. Henry Mannock, although usually represented as a mere menial, was probably the younger son of George Mannock of Giffords (*d.* 1541) by his wife, Katharine Waldegrave.

The Dowager herself innocently aided the intrigue by making her handsome young kinsman free of the house; and presently, wishing to be constantly near Katharine, he was permitted to leave the Duke of Norfolk's service and enrol himself in that of the Dowager. He owned a little property in Norfolk, and was accordingly able to tickle Katharine's vanity by gifts of silks and satins. At first there was some vague notion that these things were to be paid for later on, when Katharine should inherit part of her guardian's wealth, but this pretence did not last, and Katharine presently found herself accepting presents from Dereham as from an affianced lover. Henry Mannock was completely forsaken in favour of the new admirer.

On New Year's Day, 1537, Katharine and Dereham exchanged love-tokens. He gave her one of the artificial flowers then so fashionable at Court—a heartsease wrought in silk—and she presented him with the band and sleeves for a shirt. About this period he proposed that they should call each other "husband" and "wife," and as she entered no objection, they were to all intents and purposes betrothed. But the woman Lassells was not satisfied to let matters rest at this stage. By her connivance Dereham was admitted into the room where Katharine slept with others of the maids. It was an easy matter for Lassells to purloin the keys of this apartment while the old Duchess was at her orisons, and for months Dereham was admitted almost nightly. He brought with him wine, fruit, and sweetmeats, with which the women regaled themselves, while he toyed with his lady-love. Custom rendered them bold, and not satisfied with meeting under cover of darkness, they began to make love openly by daylight. On one of these occasions, while Dereham was romping with Katharine in the Dowager's anterooms, the latter, startled from her prayers by the noise, entered suddenly, drove the swain forth with many reproaches, and soundly boxed the ears of Joan Ackworth, the housekeeper, for permitting "such wanton chambering." As for Katharine, she paid the penalty of her indiscretion in a severe whipping; but the punishment was of scant effect, for within a week Dereham had made his peace with the Duchess and resumed his relations with Katharine. The latter was chastised again after this for familiarities with her kinsman, but yet the Dowager was far from suspecting the real truth. At last a treacherous or conscientious waiting-maid revealed all. Dereham gave Katharine a sum of money to keep for him and fled to Ireland. Mary Lassells and others who had aided him to seduce Katharine were dismissed with smarting shoulders, and the Duchess carried her ward back to Horsham St. Faith's, there to do penance for her sins. Doubtless it never entered the pious dame's head that she herself was largely responsible for what had happened.

Katharine's affection for Dereham survived his departure for some time. With the help of Joan Ackworth (who wrote her letters), she contrived to correspond with him secretly; but when her amanuensis married a Yorkshire gentleman named Bulmer and went to live north of Humber, this communication ceased, and she gradually allowed herself to look favourably upon her distant relative, Thomas Culpepper of Bedgbury, to whom, at this period, the Duchess seems to have wished to betroth her. It was a long distance from quiet Horsham to the wild Irish coast, upon which Dereham was reported to be engaged in piracy, and young Culpepper was one of the handsomest and most promising gallants at Court; so that Katharine was easily persuaded to pluck the former's silken heartsease from her bosom and wear the latter's *gage d'amour* instead. It was while this new courtship was progressing rapidly under the approving eyes of the Duchess, and while Katharine and Thomas were strolling hand-in-hand through the deep lanes of Horsham, that

Norfolk's messenger arrived, summoning his niece to London.

Once more the Duchess and her household took possession of Old Norfolk House at Lambeth, but Katharine Howard was now become a vastly more important personage than she had been during her former stay within those walls. Whispers had spread abroad of the lofty fortune which awaited her. Poor Thomas Culpepper was dismissed without ceremony; the future queen must have no Norris or Smeaton to compromise her. Gardiner came to inspect her with critical eyes, and departed convinced that they "had found the mayde of golde" at last. A great banquet was prepared at Winchester House, at which Katharine appeared under her guardian's wing. The King, fresh from Cromwell's reproaches and the tears of Anne of Cleves, drank from a loving cup presented by the new beauty, and lost his heart to her forthwith. Before noon of the next day he crossed the river in a state barge from Whitehall, ostensibly to visit the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, but really to catch another glimpse of Katharine. After that Gardiner and Norfolk could afford to stand aside, and permit events to take their course. The feelings with which Katharine really regarded Henry cannot be ascertained. If they were adverse, she had been carefully schooled to conceal them; but it is quite possible that they were not adverse, for a crown is a notable temptation, and Henry had a compelling way with women. At all events, the King's sentiments were not left in doubt. Day after day he came by barge to Lambeth from Greenwich, or Whitehall, or Hampton Court; and even visited the house by moonlight "in a littell boat," having previously sent thither a goodly supper and his own musicians.

Katharine, however, never saw him save in the presence of her guardian, the Dowager Duchess, or in that of the latter's daughter, the Countess of Bridgewater,[1] who had lately taken up her abode at Norfolk House. This discreet conduct sprang in no degree from her own modesty (the frivolous Tilney blood tingled in her veins as freely as it had done in those of her cousin, Ann Boleyn), nor yet from the good sense of the Duchess; but rather from the precautionary measures taken by Norfolk, who advised her that continued coyness was the sure road to Henry's lasting favour.

The diplomatic Duke had counselled his other niece to the same effect, but Ann's French training and over-eager English relatives combined to render her deaf to his wisdom. In Katharine he believed that he had an absolutely virgin subject for his schemes—a maid who had been reared under the most pious auspices, and whose brothers were largely dependent upon him and accordingly subservient to his will. At the house in Lambeth he was certainly paramount; Katharine obeyed his counsels implicitly, and the old Duchess, who dreaded her domineering step-son, carried out his orders to the letter. So it came to pass that there was no wooing in alcoves when the King came to court his new sweetheart, and not infrequently Norfolk himself shared in those romantic midnight junketings, appearing as if by accident in the bosom of his family, playing the joyous companion with infinite tact, and, while never intruding his presence, never relaxing for an instant his own or his agents' watchfulness. After every visit to Lambeth, Henry went homeward more and more enamoured of the artless country damsel; and at his elbow in the barge, we may be sure, there was always Norfolk, a complaisant confidant when the dark eyes of winsome Katharine were topics of discussion.

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[1] She was, like her unfortunate niece, born Katharine Howard, and had married, firstly, Sir Rhys ap-Griffith, and secondly, Henry Daubeny, first Earl of Bridgewater. By her first husband she was mother of several children, from whom certain Welsh families of distinction, including that of the Earls of Carberry, claimed descent. By the Earl of Bridgewater she left no descendants.

Once more the Duke deemed that he was playing the game faultlessly; and so, in truth, he was, to the best of his knowledge and his skill. But then, as throughout his long life, it was his fate to expend all his talent and cunning upon games foolishly begun and ruined in the beginning by other hands. His keen foresight, his masterly handling of present chances, were again and again brought to utter failure by an inability to reckon thoroughly with the possibilities arising from the past. He relied upon the vigilance of his nun-like step-mother; nor did he dream that the hazel eyes at Lambeth had smiled heretofore upon loutish, lute-playing Mannock, or upon his cousin and former servitor, Francis Dereham. So he moved as fearlessly as he would in a campaign against the Scots, when his rear was well protected and his line of supplies secure; and, indeed, his fond anticipation of triumph, through Katharine, for the Catholic party at Court, already inspired the leaders of the opposite faction with a corresponding sense of impending defeat. Cromwell, Cranmer, and their following found themselves hopelessly outmatched. From his palace windows at Lambeth my lord of Canterbury saw the lights and heard the nightly music which told of the royal courtship in Norfolk House; and learning that Mistress Katharine was sage as well as seductive, betook himself into retirement at Croydon, there to abide events and prepare himself, if necessary, for a new stretching of his elastic conscience. Cromwell, having vainly scoured the courts of Europe for some willing princess, more attractive than poor placid Ann of Cleves, had abandoned these efforts, and sullenly awaited the end. Nor was the end long in coming, for the newly made Earl of Essex at least.

About the beginning of June, Henry appointed Katharine Howard to the post of maid of honour, nominally in attendance upon Ann of Cleves. This new evidence of good feeling and generosity on his part had fortunately little effect upon the Queen, whose "happy insensibility of temper"[1] enabled her to welcome her destined successor with equanimity. It is probable that Katharine did not actually reside at Court, but continued in the company of her guardian and the Ladies Bridgewater and Rochford at Norfolk House. But the King saw her daily, and there were pleasant progresses upon the Thames to Hampton Court or Greenwich, during which Katharine already found herself treated with the respect due to a royal consort. Henry showered presents upon her, beside which the poor silken favours of Francis Dereham must have seemed paltry indeed; and she that had rejoiced in artificial flowers, and the like, was now able to deck her pretty person with diamond necklaces, girdles of golden filigree set with roses of rubies and pearls, and similar splendid tokens of princely affection, some of which, under other forms, had adorned the altars of the suppressed monasteries. At first Ann of Cleves accompanied these river merry-makings; but presently her presence grew irksome, and she was permitted to remain in seclusion at Richmond, while Katharine queened it in her stead. Many great ladies, especially those attached to the Catholic party, were glad to pay court to Mistress Howard, or rather to "the Lady Katharine," as she was now called. The Princess Mary, the Lady Katharine Douglas, the Marchioness of Dorset, and the Countess of Rutland were among her satellites, and encouraged her in enmity to Cromwell, who, she was informed, alone stood in the way of her happy union with the King. Norfolk also urged her to use her influence towards the destruction of the Lord Privy Seal, just as formerly he had made Ann Boleyn an instrument against Wolsey; and whether Katharine really understood what she was doing or not, there can be no doubt but that she exerted herself to the utmost to carry out these promptings. The result was that Norfolk had the vindictive satisfaction of arresting his enemy at the Council-board upon the charge of high treason, and conveying him to the Tower.

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[1] Hume.

This event is announced by the French ambassador, Marillac, in a letter to the Constable de Montmorency,[1] as follows:—

"The ruin and destruction of one of the parties has come to pass. That of Cromwell seemed some days ago to be the stronger, owing to the Dean of the Chapel Royal[2] having been arrested; but now it is almost entirely destroyed by the sudden arrest of its chief, not one of his former friends or adherents remaining, save perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury, who dares no longer to open his mouth in his defence, and the Lord Admiral of England,[3] who for a long time has learned the art of sailing with every wind. These two could do nothing against such adversaries in the Council as the Duke of Norfolk, and the others . . . so that Cromwell's disgrace became an accomplished fact. Indeed his fall and his imprisonment are things so wonderful and so unexpected that they have taken everyone by surprise."

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[1] A translation of this letter, one of those betrayed by a German agent in Marillac service to Chapuys, the Emperor's ambassador, is printed among the Spanish State Papers, *temp.* Hen. VIII., and bears date June 11th, 1540.

[2] Richard Sampson, the Catholic Dean of the Chapel Royal at Windsor.

[3] William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton.

The prisoner was conveyed by barge from Whitehall stairs to the Tower, and on June 13th following Norfolk impeached him of high treason before the House of Peers.

The very day before the impeachment, Katharine Howard received a warning which, had she been aught but what she was—a hare-brained coquette, with no thought but of present delights—might well have given her pause, and forced her to reflect that danger could not be overcome by the mere turning of her heedless back upon it, and that her very eminence might be the means of awakening the slumbering past, and making her, great as she was, the victim of all those who knew the secrets of her girlhood, and were base enough to trade upon the knowledge. Her former companion, Joan Bulmer, who had been her principal go-between in the Dereham affair, had suffered dismissal therefor, and was now the wife of a Yorkshire gentleman, heard through a neighbour, Sir George Seaford, of Katharine's brilliant success at Court, and the likelihood of her becoming Queen-Consort of England. No doubt Mistress Bulmer was abundantly tired of Yorkshire, and the sight of endless Catholic corpses rotting from the trees. Here was a chance to abandon that desolate land for the pleasures of London, perhaps of the Court itself! The Lady Katharine would not be likely to forget an old friend, especially one who could mar her dazzling prospects with an indiscreet word. Accordingly, on June 12th, while Cromwell's bill of attainder was being made ready for presentation, Joan Bulmer wrote to Katharine in terms of mock servility, every line of which was an insidious threat. She desired renewed employment about the person of the beloved mistress whom she had formerly served so well; and the letter (still preserved in the Public Record Office) concludes with the pregnant words, "I knowe the Queen of Britain will not forget her *secretary*." The allusion was palpably to the fact that Joan had written for Katharine the love-letters sent to Francis Dereham, and was therefore privy to the most intimate secrets of the pair.

Had the future "Queen of Britain" shown this threatening missive to Norfolk, or even to the Dowager Duchess, her fate might have been widely different. As it was, she concealed its purport from all, and weakly invited Joan Bulmer to London, thereby encouraging the advances of a whole horde of dangerous persons acquainted with her past follies at Lambeth or Horsham. Perhaps she believed that the strength of Henry's love for her was sufficient to secure her pardon, in case of discovery; perhaps she fatuously imagined that, by dint of bribery, she could close, and keep closed, the mouths of all those who knew or suspected the truth; perhaps her childish vanity, founded upon inexperience and fostered by flattery, induced her to dare death itself rather than forego the diadem which lay within her grasp, or suffer the sneers of those who were now her humble servitors. Whatever may have been her motives, she failed to speak out while such speaking might yet have saved her; and as the story of her good fortune spread abroad, and familiar but unwelcome visitants from the past began to flock about her, she found as many as she could place and favour, closed her eyes to dangerous possibilities, and made the most of the fleeting hour. Henry was now resolved to endure no longer the fetters which bound him to Ann of Cleves. Cranmer came urbanely forth from his retirement, and the clerical convocation solemnly pronounced the union null and void, upon the ground of a pretended precontract between Ann and the Duke of Lorraine. On July 28th following—the very day of Cromwell's execution on Tower Hill—the nuptials of Henry and Katharine Howard were privately celebrated, probably in the chapel of the old palace of Oatlands, Gardiner officiating at the ceremony. The marriage was publicly announced at a splendid gathering in Hampton Court on August 8th, when the new Queen received the homage of her Court, gorgeously attired, and bearing upon her sleeve, worked in pearls and silver, the device, "*No other will but his!*"

Katharine's household included the King's niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas, and his daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Richmond, besides the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countesses of Sussex and Rutland, the Ladies Edgecumbe and Baynton (the latter being the Queen's sister, Isabel), and the wife of Lord William Howard. There was also the Viscountess Rochford, whom Henry, apparently without any thought of the evil part which she had played in the tragedy of Ann Boleyn, permitted to become one of the ladies of the bedchamber. Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald (Surrey's "Fair Geraldine") was one of the maids of honour. Among her attendant gentlemen, Katharine took care that at least two of her surviving three brothers found place. Of the elder of these, Henry Howard, we know little. Indeed, many old works on the Peerage (no doubt following family information intention-ally supplied) set him down as already dead at this period; and the *Memorials* of his namesake of Corby allege that he "*probably died very young*." But Henry Howard lived to be appointed a gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, after his sister became Queen-Consort, for Marillac, the French ambassador, wrote to his master, in November, 1541, that "the Lord Henry Howard, the Queen's brother," holding the position described, had "been exiled from Court, without being told the cause or reason of it."[1] Nay more, Henry Howard was actually married; for among those arrested for misprision of treason after Katharine's fall was "Ann Howard, wife of Mr. Henry Howard of Lambeth, the Queen's brother,"[2] which Ann had been one of Katharine's bedchamber women. What eventually became of this pair, or whether they left any children, is at present unknown, nor can we penetrate the reasons why Henry Howard's marriage and career at Court should have been suppressed by Lilly, Mr. Howard of Corby, and other chroniclers in the confidence of the heads of the family.

All great houses have their secrets; and there is something strangely suspicious about the received accounts of Katharine Howard's brothers, all of whom are said to have died without issue. It is by no means improbable that the Howards, Earls of Wicklow, or some other line of Howards whose ancestry is now in doubt, may spring from Henry Howard of Lambeth and his wife Ann. The second of Katharine's brothers, Sir Charles Howard, a gay and good-looking young spark (destined before long to flutter the susceptible heart of the Lady

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[1] *State Papers*, *Foreign* (Spanish Series), 1541.

[2] *Letters and Papers*, *Henry VIII.*

Margaret Douglas, as his uncle, Lord Thomas, had done before him), was appointed one of the Queen's gentlemen; and on March 20th, 1540–1, was granted the priory of Hurley in Berkshire, with the manors of Hurley and Easthampstead, and the fishing rights in the Thames thereby.[1] The third brother, George Howard, does not seem to have received any court appointment at this time; but he alone of the three became prosperous after his sister's disgrace, and we shall hear of him again as a soldier of some renown, and Master Armourer to Queen Elizabeth.

The courtesy title of "Lord" or "Lady" was apparently allowed by Henry VIII. to the brothers or sisters of his new Queen. Marillac speaks of Henry Howard in this fashion, and Isabel Baynton, although the wife of a private gentleman, is repeatedly alluded to in the *State Papers* as "the Lady Isabel" or "Lady Baynton." Her husband, Edward Baynton, was of Wiltshire extraction, and being chosen by Katharine as steward of her household, curried favour so industriously with the King, that after his sister-in-law's disgrace, he was practically appointed her gaoler. The minor posts about her the young Queen endeavoured to fill with those who had been her ill-chosen friends and companions in the past, and whom she now hoped to enrol with her in a conspiracy of silence, the binding motive being mutual interest. Joan Bulmer's mouth was stopped with a tirewoman's appointment, as was that of Alice Wilks, or Rastall, also a sometime servant of the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. Even Henry Mannock, with whom she had played at sweethearts when at Horsham, was introduced

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[1] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.* (Grants).

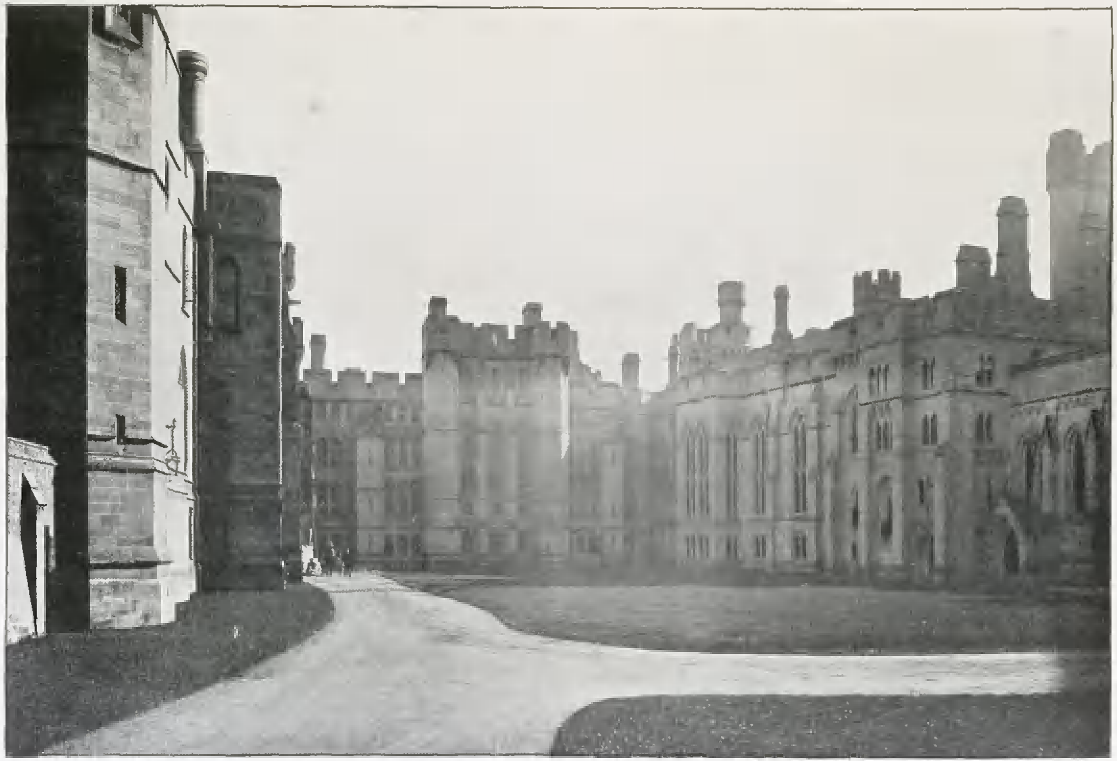

Photo by J. White & Son, Littlehampton

THE COURTYARD, ARUNDEL CASTLE. (Present day.)

at Court in some capacity, perhaps as one of the royal musicians. But try as she might, Katharine soon found that she could not reach all her old associates. Mary Lassells, for instance (who probably knew more concerning the Queen's connection with Dereham than any other, save the couple themselves), had disappeared after her dismissal by the old Duchess; and as she did not now come forward like the rest, Katharine deemed her dead. Dereham also she probably imagined to have quitted this life, knowing that he had embarked upon a career of the utmost peril, and having received no word of him for years. But both Dereham and Mary Lassells were alive; the one a "pirate" (part slave-dealer, part smuggler, between Ireland and the Mediterranean coasts), the other a nurse, garrulous and full of dangerous reminiscences, attached to a family in Sussex.

That there was, from the first, a good deal of loose talk abroad concerning the Queen is proved by the fact that, before her honeymoon was over, the Privy Council was called upon to deal with certain persons in Windsor who had spoken of her unbefittingly. The precise nature of this malicious gossip is unknown; but its originator was found to be a priest, who was arrested on August 28th, with several others, and sharply examined. Whatever charges against Katharine they made, the Council evidently looked upon them as absurd and unsupported by evidence, for all the prisoners were soon afterwards released with a sharp reprimand. That they were not more severely punished they owed, no doubt, to the clerical character of the principal culprit. Possibly the Council decided not to break in upon Henry's marital happiness with any intelligence of this affair; at all events, the matter was never again brought up. The King's felicity in his new consort none could doubt, and even those who knew him best began to believe that, at last, "the lion had been tamed by a gentill ladyes hande."

Marillac and Chapuys, the ambassadors of France and the Empire respectively, bear testimony to the almost doting affection with which Katharine was regarded by her lord. This regard, too, increased rather than diminished during the months succeeding their marriage, a fact which surprised some of the bitterer members of the Protestant faction, who remembered how soon Henry's love for Ann Boleyn had cooled. But then Katharine began her married life with no such burden as did her cousin; and, moreover, she did not pose as the champion of either of the warring creeds, but received Cranmer and Gardiner with equal graciousness, a fact which surprised the latter prelate, and eventually caused a coolness between the Queen and her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk. Her policy was not to meddle in theological affairs at all, but to accept without question the religious views of the King; and the Court Catholics, who had builded much upon her influence, were grievously disappointed when no immediate diminution in the persecution of their co-religionists followed upon her elevation to the royal bed. Indeed, Protestants and Catholics who denied the King's supremacy were sent to their deaths in about equal numbers, and the month which succeeded Katharine's nuptials witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of "three heretics and three Romanists" riding side by side, on the same hurdles, to the place of execution.[1]

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[1] Sanders (*De Schism. Angl.*), quoted by Hume. The Protestants were Barnes, Gerrard, and Jerome; the Catholics, Abel, Fetherstone, and Powell.

Neither side thanked the Queen for her impartiality, the one accusing her of disloyalty, the other of indifference to religion; and the only person who showed himself gratified by her conduct was the King. Who can say but that she had guessed the possibility of his being mentally deranged upon the subject of religion, and instinctively proceeded to the natural treatment of such mania—that of humouring the sufferer, and insensibly winning him to the consideration of less perilous matters? Be this as it may, the persecutions did certainly diminish as Katharine's influence over Henry grew stronger, and they had practically ceased during the summer and autumn preceding her disgrace. After that terrible blow, the King relapsed into his old courses, if possible, with added fury.

After the public announcement of their marriage, Henry and Katharine remained for a fortnight at Windsor, feasting and making merry. Thence, on August 24th, they set forth upon a brief progress, journeying by way of Reading, Ewelme, and Oxford, to Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. It was during this time that the episode of the Windsor priest and his defamatory remarks concerning the Queen occurred; but the matter had been concluded before the royal pair returned to Windsor, on October 22nd. Christmas was spent at Hampton Court; and there, on New Year's Day, the extraordinary spectacle was presented of the recently divorced Queen, Ann of Cleves, coming in the character of a subject to pay her respects to the woman who had succeeded her upon the throne. Ann, who resided at Richmond, was escorted for part of the distance by Lord William Howard, whom she encountered upon the way; and it is evident from the account given by Chapuys to the Queen of Hungary that Norfolk's brother felt somewhat awkward under the circumstances, "but could not avoid giving the Lady Ann his company." The visit was clearly expected, for

> "at the door of the quarters prepared for her, the Lady Ann was received by the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess Dartford,[1] and certain other ladies, who after conducting her to the rooms destined for her lodging, took her to the Queen's apartments. There she had to wait a while, until the Chancellor (Audley) and the Earl of Succiz[2] had fully instructed the Queen as to the manner in which she was to receive and treat her visitor. Having entered the room, the Lady Ann approached the Queen, with as much reverence and punctilious ceremony as if she herself were the most insignificant damsel about Court, all the time addressing the Queen on her knees, notwithstanding the prayers and entreaties of the latter, who received her most kindly and sympathetically, showing her great favour and courtesy.
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> "At this time, the King entered the room, and after making a very low bow to the Lady Ann, embraced her and kissed her, upon which he and his Queen sat down to supper in their usual places, whilst the visitor was made to occupy a seat at the bottom of the table, all the time keeping as good a mien and countenance, and looking as unconcerned as if there had been nothing between them. After supper, all three conversed for a time in the most gracious manner, and when the King retired to his own apartments, the Queen and the Lady Ann first danced together, and then separately, each with a partner chosen from the King's gentlemen. Next day the three dined together; there was again conversation, amusement and mirth, and on the King retiring to his apartments, as on the previous night, the Queen and the Lady Ann danced together. Whilst thus engaged the King sent to his Queen, by one of his confidential agents, a present consisting of a ring and two small dogs, which present she passed over to the Lady Ann,—whether by the King's wish, or her own, I cannot

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[1] *i.e.* "D'Hertford"—Lady Hertford.

[2] Sussex. This was Norfolk's brother-in-law and Katharine's uncle by marriage, Henry Radcliffe, second Earl of Sussex, K.G.

say, though most likely, as is generally believed, in her own name, since the King has separately presented the Lady Ann with an annual rent of one thousand ducats. After dinner on the next day, the Lady Ann retired to her apartments, and two hours afterwards she mounted her horse to return to Richmond."[1]

In March, Queen Katharine made her first state visit to London, and an evidence of her goodness of heart, as well as of her influence over the King, is shown in her successful intercession for the imprisoned poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt. The journey was made by water from Hampton Court to Greenwich, and is described by Chapuys:—

"The King lately took his Queen to Greenwich, and as it was the first time since the marriage that she had to pass through London, the people of this city honoured her with a most splendid reception. The Tower saluted her with salvoes of artillery. From this triumphal progress, the Queen took courage to beg and entreat the King for the release of Master Huyet,[2] a prisoner in the said Tower, which petition the King granted."[3]

Conditions were attached by Henry to Wyatt's liberation, however, one of which was that he must resume cohabitation with his wife, from whom he had been separated for fifteen years.

Katharine had succeeded in completely winning the regard of the sombre Princess Mary, the fact that she was a Catholic having, no doubt, a great influence upon the daughter of Katharine of Aragon. On May 17th, Chapuys reports that "the King and Queen went a week ago to visit the Prince (Edward) at the request of the Princess Mary, but chiefly at the intercession of the Queen herself. Upon that occasion, the King granted the Princess full permission to reside at Court, and the Queen has countenanced this with a good grace." For Elizabeth, however, Katharine could not as yet win recognition from Henry; but even in this she eventually succeeded, and obtained leave for her cousin and step-daughter to visit Court at regular intervals.

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[1] *State Papers, Foreign* (Spanish series); Chapuys to the Queen of Hungary, from London, January 4th, 1540–1.

[2] Wyatt. Surrey may have had a hand in this, as Sir Thomas was his friend and brother poet.

[3] *State Papers, Foreign* (Spanish series); Chapuys to the Emperor, March 27th, 1541.

The stream of Court favour, which had flowed steadily for months in the direction of the Queen's kindred, was tragically interrupted by the deaths of two of Norfolk's grandnephews, Lord Dacre of the South and Mr. John Mantell, in June, 1541. This extraordinary episode has never been satisfactorily explained, and there was undoubtedly something more behind it than the King's anger at the accidental killing of a park-ranger in a Sussex poaching affray, which was made the pretext for bringing two of the most gallant young fellows in England to the hangman's noose. It is true that Henry, like his daughter Elizabeth in after years, had a tigerish trick of inflicting cruel humiliations upon his favourites, by way of reminding them that their prosperity depended solely upon his will; but even this fact does not supply an adequate reason for the vindictive persecution of Lord Dacre, Mantell, and the others who went to the scaffold with them for a rash deed committed in the heat of passion, and of which none of them was actually proved guilty. Thomas Fiennes, ninth Lord Dacre of the South, was a grandson of the Duke of Norfolk's half-sister, Ann Bourchier, Lady Dacre, and consequently a grand-nephew of the Duke, and of Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart. We have seen him riding in the splendid cavalcade which went to meet Ann of Cleves in 1539, and he was a distinguished figure in the jousts which followed that Queen's nuptials. Only twenty-three years of age, and possessed of broad estates in Sussex and the North, he was married to a Nevill, daughter of Lord Abergavenny. His sister Ann was the wife of John Mantell, eldest son and heir of Sir Walter Mantell of Heyford, Co. Northants, and the heir of an old family, already connected with the Howards.

Mantell, according to the German ambassador, Chapuys, was "the handsomest and best bred man in England"[1] —high praise coming from one usually supercilious enough concerning English breeding and good looks—and besides holding a post at Court,[2] enjoyed, even in his father's lifetime, "an income of over 12,000 ducats a year . . . was only twenty-five years old, and married to a niece of the Duke of Norfolk."[3] Both Dacre and Mantell were Catholics, but their religious proclivities were scarcely active enough to excite the royal enmity, while so many older and more important personages openly followed the old faith. As far as one can learn from the *State Papers*, the whole affair originated in a hunting feud between Lord Dacre and his neighbour, Mr. Nicholas Pelham of Laughton, in Sussex. Pelham (afterwards a knight, and ancestor of the Earl of Chichester[4]) seems to have quarrelled with young Dacre over that fruitful subject of contention, hunting rights, which the latter claimed to exercise over certain parts of Sussex. Accordingly on April 20th, 1540, Dacre proceeded to organise a Chevy Chase upon a small scale, and invaded the domains of Nick Pelham with horn and hound. He had gathered at his splendid seat of Hurstmonceaux a party of choice spirits as boyishly reckless as himself, including his brother-in-law, John Mantell, John Cheyne (son of the Treasurer of the Royal Household), John Frowdys of London, a collector of the Customs, George Roydon of Peckham, in Kent, Thomas Isley of Sundridge, John Goldewell and John Shelley, gentlemen, and Richard Middleton, Henry Fitz-Herbert of Ringmer, and others, yeomen. Armed with "nets called bukstalles, and other engines," and accompanied by a pack of hounds, they set forth from Hurstmonceaux, crossed the Cuckmere, and successfully raided the park of Laughton, some nine miles away.

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[1] Chapuys to the Queen of Hungary, July 2nd, 1541 (*Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*).

[2] He was a gentleman pensioner.

[3] Chapuys (*Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, July 2nd.).

[4] Sir Nicholas Pelham of Laughton, M.P., who died in 1550, was son of Sir William Pelham, by a daughter of Sir Richard Carew of Beddington.

Pelham appealed to the King, and for several months the two factions indulged in constant encounters and reprisals. Finally, on April 30th, 1541, Dacre planned a second hunting in his enemy's preserves; but in the meantime, Pelham had strengthened his force of rangers and gamekeepers, and the chase at Laughton was closely guarded. The accounts of what occurred are vague and contradictory, but it would appear that Lord Dacre divided his forces into two parties. At a place called Pikehay, one of these was encountered by Nick Pelham's men, and a hand-to-hand fight took place, in the course of which a man named John Busbryge was mortally wounded, some say by the hand of Dacre himself, but this is extremely doubtful. Straight to Court posted Master Pelham, where his own influence and that of his kinsfolk, the Sackvilles[1] and Carews, was exercised to procure Dacre's arrest and punishment.

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[1] His wife was a Sackville.

According to Froude, Henry VIII. at once took an active part in the affair, and himself ordered the prosecution of Dacre and Mantell, who were seized, with their companions, and carried to London. Froude, however, fails to indicate why such extraordinary severity was shown in the subsequent proceedings. Similar cases of manslaughter during hunting affrays were common at the time, the usual punishments for such offences being fines and imprisonment. Dacre and the other culprits were, on June 27th, tried in the Court of King's Bench, the Lord Chancellor, Audley, presiding as Lord High Steward of England in the case of Dacre. At first a plea of "not guilty" was entered, but Camden asserts that Dacre was eventually "overpersuaded by the Courtiers, who gaped after his estate, to confess the fact," as a means of protecting his friends and followers;[1] and that he never for a moment imagined that the penalty for murder would be inflicted upon them. Mantell, who had no share whatever in the killing of Busbryge, and who was probably one of the other party, which did not accompany Dacre to Pikehay on the fatal day, similarly changed his original plea to one of "guilty." Both were capitally convicted and sentenced to death, as were John Frowdys and George Roydon and Cheyne.

Chapuys informed the Queen of Hungary that the sentence occasioned "great pity," and that the judges wept when they pronounced it, afterwards going in a body to ask Dacre's pardon from the King.[2] This was sternly refused in the cases of all save Cheyne, who, although a noted ruffler, escaped scot free. "The thing which astonished most was that, the same day Lord Dacre was hung, another young man, son of the Treasurer of the Royal Household, who was one of those present at the old man's death, was freely pardoned, though he had already been tried for some like misdemeanour."[1] On the afternoon of June 29th, 1541, Dacre was executed at Tyburn "from the most ignominious gibbet, and for greater shame dragged through the streets to the place of execution."

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[1] Camden, *ap.* Kennet, ii. 580.

[2] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, July 2nd, 1541.

John Mantell, "handsomest and best-bred man in England," bade farewell to all his fine prospects on the morning of the same day, when he was carried with Frowdys and Roydon to a spot on the old Kent road, just out of the Borough, and there hanged between his two companions.

A few days before the execution of her cousins, Queen Katharine Howard had set forth with Henry on a progress to the North, undertaken by Norfolk's urgent advice with the object of soothing the discontented Catholics, and fulfilling towards them some of the promises, made after the Pilgrimage of Grace, of a direct personal investigation. This promised visit had been postponed from time to time, from various causes. At first Cromwell and his party, fearing the results which might follow, had successfully intrigued against it; subsequently Henry's domestic affairs hampered the project. Irritation among the Northerners grew apace, as year after year went by and the King failed to keep his word; nor were matters improved when Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, a man antagonistic to them both in race and religion, was sent to govern on the thither side of Trent. Hertford's provocative methods led to a new insurrection of the Yorkshiremen, headed by Sir John Nevill, which was stamped out without ruth, but which had the effect of showing the King plainly that he must trust no longer to lieutenants if he would win back the loyalty of this sturdy people, part Viking, part Celtic, whom neither guile nor force could thoroughly subdue, and whose adherence to his cause was absolutely essential if he hoped to protect England against the King of Scots.

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[1] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, July 2nd, 1541.

The progress was leisurely in the extreme, each night being passed at the residence of some great personage, lay or cleric; while the cavalcade halted for an entire week at the royal palace of Grafton, in Northamptonshire, where the days were given up to hunting and hawking, the evenings to elaborate banquets, followed by masques and other pleasurings. Most of the gallants, and many ladies of the Court, attended the King and Queen, the control of the expedition being in the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, with Sir Anthony Browne as his lieutenant. Katharine had for personal attendants the Lady Margaret Douglas, the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Rocheford, and the Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald, besides other dames of lesser degree. Norfolk appears to have handed over the control of the progress to Sir Anthony Browne at Grafton, and himself proceeded to Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, where he caused proclamation to be made, far and wide, of the King's coming.

The people responded loyally enough, and in a manner which sovereigns, and especially Tudor sovereigns, found difficult to resist. Contributions of money rained into the royal coffers, every borough, village, or hamlet in the disaffected counties contributing its portion,[1] and every person suspected of direct or indirect connection with the Pilgrimage of Grace or the insurrections of Bigod and Nevill being required to pay heavily for the privilege of reckoning himself among the King's liegemen. At Bawtrey the King was met by Sir Robert Bowes, with two hundred Catholic gentlemen and two thousand yeomen and men-at-arms, who welcomed him into the West Riding, and presented him with money and gifts to the value of over £1,000.

Queen Katharine's first night in Yorkshire was spent at Doncaster, where, seven years before, her uncle, Norfolk, had awaited, none too confidently, the attack of the Catholic host. Next day the aged Archbishop of York[2] and several hundred priests did homage to their monarch; and the progress reached the despoiled and desecrated capital of the North—a town of gloom and poverty, which even the abundant alms distributed by Katharine from her privy purse, and the banquets and other costly entertainments given (Heaven knows how!) in the King's honour, could not dispel. It cannot be doubted, however, that the great Catholic families were happily impressed by the apparent devotion with which Henry and his beautiful Queen attended Mass twice daily in the minster, the celebrant upon these occasions being Archbishop Lee himself, whose name had figured with those of Darcy, Aske, and Constable among the leaders of the Pilgrimage of Grace. It were strange if they did not build high hopes for the restoration of the ancient faith upon circumstances such as these, combined as they were with the King's undisguised delight in his young wife, and her influence over him in all his moods—an influence abundantly proved by the open and material sympathy which she lavished upon the expelled monks and nuns, and the parish clergy deprived of their benefices, which poor folk thronged every northern town through which they passed. Henry afterwards made Yorkshire and the North generally pay dearly for the graciousness which he now displayed; but for the time he was probably sincere enough, and the heads of the great Catholic houses took him at his word, so that goodwill between King and subject was once more re-established north of the Humber. This fact compensated Henry for the disappointment (somewhat exaggerated by historians of Scottish extraction, like Burnet and Hume) occasioned by the refusal of his nephew, James V., to venture his person and opinions upon a visit to York.

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[1] The towns of Lincoln and Boston gave £500, and the other places proportionately.

[2] Lee. The Primate and his clergy presented Henry with a purse of £600.

But the whole story of this progress—this "Pilgrimage of Peace," which was intended to, and did, for a time, close the wounds caused by that other luckless Pilgrimage—calls for vastly more space than can be spared to it in this narrative. From York the King and Queen turned southward to Pontefract: Henry (as we are told) glorying in the richness of the country through which they passed; the Queen, joyous and contented, as indeed was her natural state, exchanging merry confidences with Lady Rocheford, and watching with amusement the courtly, but somewhat cumbrous, gallantries of Sir Anthony Browne. This worthy veteran, catching the amorous infection from the King, had fallen deeply in love with the little Irish maid of honour, Elizabeth Fitz-Gerald, whose sea-blue eyes and ruddy hair had already charmed Surrey into song. As we already know,[1] Sir Anthony was destined to win his "Fair Geraldine" two years later; but for the time being he wooed her, half in jest, half in earnest, to the no small entertainment of Katharine and her ladies. Alas for Katharine Howard!—butterfly Queen, careless child of the moment. Even as she laughed and whispered in the ear of her captive King, the ghosts of the past, that she thought exorcised for all time, were swiftly rising around her.

On that very day (the 27th of August) that she rode gaily over Ferrybrigg towards Pontefract, word had already reached Cranmer of a great secret, which might blast the reputation of the Queen, and perhaps compass the destruction of the entire race of Howard. And Cranmer, while he dictated a fawning letter to the King, was already pondering how best to bring home this secret to Katharine without imperilling his own head. That the secret concerned the sin of a child of fourteen, who had since lived a blameless life, affected the Primate not a whit: it was the sin of one whom he deemed his enemy and the enemy of his religion; and if he could make it public with safety to himself, he determined to do so. The facts regarding his discovery are briefly these: Mary Lassells, Katharine's former servant, when she heard of the splendid change in the fortunes of her young mistress, made no attempt to prey upon the Queen's fears as the other harpies had done. Perhaps she treasured some affection for the pretty child whom she had tended, or for the noble house that she had served so long;[2] perhaps she repented her part in betraying Katharine to Dereham, and was determined not to profit further by that crime.

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[1] See vol. ii. chap. i.

[2] Before entering the service of the old Duchess of Norfolk she had been nurse to the children of Lady William Howard.

However it may have been, she held her peace, and would doubtless have continued silent, but for the fact that, in her case, the discretion of middle-age was not proof against the surviving effects of youthful folly. In the bad old days at Lambeth she had confided, servant fashion, some of the wretched story of Katharine to one John Lassells, her brother, then a shiftless hanger-on of the Howards. This man had a long memory, and when all tongues were wagging with gossip concerning the newly made Queen, it occurred to him that he might bring the scandal which he had heard five years before to a good market. He was shrewd enough to know that the most which he could hope for from Katharine herself was some petty post, his tenure of which might cease with the life of the King. He had, moreover, a hearty fear of the Duke of Norfolk, and feared lest, in applying to Katharine, he might be putting himself in the power of that crafty lord, who, for all he could tell, was privy to the Queen's secrets, and prepared to keep them intact at the cost of many such worthless lives as his. The natural alternative was to bring his budget to one or other of the Protestant leaders; and after due consideration he wisely selected Cranmer as the most likely person to deal in merchandise of this description.

By what backstairs influence he obtained an audience with the Primate is unknown; but he did so eventually, and with the result that he found himself a close prisoner, probably in Lambeth Palace, while certain tried officers of the ecclesiastical courts were sent into Sussex to apprehend Mary Lassells upon some pretext or other, and bring her, in all secrecy, to London.[1]

Meanwhile, Cranmer, shirking as usual the full burden of responsibility, had called the Lord Chancellor, Audley, into consultation, and from this point onward, the laying of the mine which was to blow Katharine Howard's palace of happiness into fragments, was chiefly directed by that keen, cruel brain. John Lassells was told that to his story, once sped, he must stick stoutly; did he withdraw a word, he should be handed over to the King, as the wanton slanderer of that King's beloved consort. Clearly his sole hope lay in standing by his assertions to the last, and in using his utmost endeavour to gain his sister's corroboration. The methods employed to force Mary Lassells into a confession are unknown. If Cranmer were really the humane and merciful dignitary his admirers believe him to have been, he had in his associate, Audley, a person endowed with no such scruples, as many a poor wight could testify.[2] But it probably needed little or no torture to draw the truth out of the woman; and my lords of Canterbury and Walden found themselves, ere long, in possession of the full tale of Katharine Howard's shame, together with the names of a number of witnesses who might be induced, or compelled, to corroborate most of that to which Mary Lassells had sworn. Then, indeed, there was a flocking of the ravens. Hertford, coming in no good temper from the North, where he had seen much of his work undone, mainly through Katharine's agency, was cheered exceedingly by the evil news. There were summoned also to this secret gathering such men as Russell and Ralph Sadleir, devoted Protestants both (the former from interest, the latter from honest conviction); but such was the care taken to select only men to be trusted, that, even in that venal age, not a hint of what was afoot leaked out to the other members of the council until the moment for action had arrived. Great difficulty was experienced in finding one of the cabal possessed of sufficient fortitude to be the bearer of the terrible story to the King, for all knew his furious temper, as well as his passionate love for Katharine. None volunteered to undertake the dangerous mission, but it was eventually agreed upon by all, save the Archbishop, that the first discoverer of the "treason" (as it was termed), Cranmer, himself relying for protection upon the dignity of his ecclesiastical office, should be the person to disclose what they knew to Henry.

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[1] The old superstition that "blood-money" brings only ill-luck to the informer is curiously borne out in the case of John Lassells. For his services in betraying Katharine, the Protestant leaders procured him a post in the royal household, where he became a favourite of the "sixth Queen," Katharine Parr. Thinking himself secure in the sunshine of royal favour, he ventured to take a prominent part in theological questions, and was one of those said to have acted as the Queen's go-betweens with the unfortunate Calvinist, Ann Ascue. At all events he was an associate of the latter, and publicly denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, for which he was condemned with Ascue and two others to the stake, and accordingly suffered that horrible death at Smithfield in 1546, having enjoyed the fruits of his betrayal of Katharine Howard but four years (*vide* Foxe's *Martyrs*, vol. ii.).

[2] Audley was almost as great a master-torturer as Wriothesley, and one of his nicknames in Essex was "Tom Thumbikins."

At this Cranmer vigorously demurred, and for a time it seemed as though the cowardice of those who held the secret would effectually prevent its being made known. At last, however, the Archbishop, while he still positively refused to face the King's wrath by a direct avowal, was persuaded to draw up a documentary account of Mary Lassells's evidence, and, the names of the other councillors having been appended, to seek an opportunity of placing it in Henry's hands. They decided to postpone matters until the return of the Court to Hampton, and, meanwhile, to exhaust every means at their command in collecting further proof of Katharine's premarital misdeeds, not forgetting to investigate thoroughly her conduct since marriage.

It was fated that, on the selfsame 27th of August which witnessed the discovery of Mary Lassells's secret by Cranmer, the other of the two persons whom Katharine most dreaded in the world should elect to reappear in her life. As she entered the gloomy courtyard of Pontefract Castle—scene of so many tragedies of the past—there waited among the gentlemen assembled to greet the royal party an individual no less dangerous than her seducer, Francis Dereham. Ireland was relatively as far from the English Court in those days as South Africa is to-day, and plying his trade of smuggler-pirate, he was long in learning that the betrayed and deserted Katharine had been raised to the dignity of Queen-Consort. In his subsequent evidence he maintained that his return was solely prompted by love for the woman whom he regarded as his wife; and certainly he deserves some credence, inasmuch as he manfully took the blame of Katharine's early fall upon his own shoulders, and stoutly refused to bear false witness against her in spite of the cruel tortures which Audley inflicted upon him. But if his original motives in venturing back to England were his irrepressible passion for Katharine, and his horror at finding her wedded to another, it seems strange that he should tamely submit to take service in the royal household; and certainly this course was a most perilous one, both for himself and for the lady towards whom he professed such extravagant love. In the eyes of the King, Dereham was but one more of the Queen's cousins, come to push his fortunes at Court; and when Katharine, resorting as usual to her device of attaching to herself all dangerous sharers in the secrets of the past, requested a post for her old sweetheart, Henry readily appointed him one of the ushers of the Queen's chamber.[1] There is not the slightest proof that any fresh familiarities took place between the usher and his mistress; in fact, all the evidence goes to show that Katharine had completely shaken off Dereham's influence over her, and that their relations after his return were perfectly honourable. Yet the mere presence of the man at Court was folly of the worst kind, and the time came when he may have wished himself one of his own slaves, carried in chains to Barbary, rather than a servant of the Queen.

If Katharine were circumspect in her treatment of the returned Dereham, however, such was far from being the case as regarded another young man, who had now begun to cut a figure at Court. This was Thomas Colepepper the younger of Bedgbury, whom Miss Strickland (with the kindly intention, no doubt, of explaining what was, at best, reprehensible indiscretion on the part of the Queen) describes as Katharine's first cousin and youthful playmate. It is to be doubted, however, whether the latter ever met Thomas Colepepper until he appeared at Court as one of the King's gentlemen. His fine presence, ready wit, and musical skill made him a prime favourite with Henry, who presented him with several manors (some of them the confiscated possessions of John Mantell), together with the stewardship and bailiffry of Tonbridge. It will probably never be known how far Katharine committed herself with this springald. He himself withstood the tortures as courageously as Dereham, and steadfastly denied that he had ever been guilty of adultery with the Queen, asserting that it was with her friend, Lady Rochford, that he was in love, and not with Katharine. Some colour is given to this story by the fact that Lady Rochford was certainly present on the fateful occasion when Colepepper was closeted in the Queen's chambers. This event (which was the only piece of tangible evidence which was produced in proof of Katharine's adultery) occurred at Lincoln on the return journey of the royal party from the North. Henry and Katharine were lodged in the huge episcopal palace; and on the evening after their arrival the King was engaged until a late hour with the Bishop of Lincoln (Longland), who was his confessor. While His Majesty was thus employed in penitential exercises, Thomas Colepepper visited the private apartments of the Queen, and there spent "several hours" in the company of Katharine and Lady Rochford, no other person being present. As Colepepper was not admitted until eleven p.m., he cannot have left the Queen's rooms until the small hours of the morning, and at his departure his hostess presented him with a gold chain and a cap of embroidered silk.

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[1] This was Dereham's real office, although Miss Strickland and others call him Katharine's secretary.

No attempt was made upon the part of Colepepper or the Queen to deny the facts of this visit: indeed, it is a strong point in favour of the accused pair that little or no attempt at secrecy was made, and that the entrance and exit of the young Kentish squire were witnessed by more than one person. But the pretence that Colepepper merely came to pay court to Lady Rochford scarcely holds water. The latter was a widow, and there was no reason why she should be wooed in this romantic fashion; moreover, she must have been considerably older than Thomas Colepepper. It seems likely that Miss Strickland takes the true view of the case, and that this midnight entertainment was but a thoughtless caprice of the child-Queen, whose silly head had been turned by the flatteries which greeted her upon every side, and who yielded to the temptation of entertaining her fascinating relative without the irksome formalities of Court etiquette. Lady Rochford was old enough, and (as the betrayer of Ann Boleyn) well enough acquainted with the terrible risk attendant upon such proceedings, to save Katharine from yielding to her foolish impulse; but apparently Lady Rochford chose to condone, if not indeed to encourage, the mischievous folly, and was thus once more instrumental in wrecking the King's domestic happiness, and bringing another of his consorts to Tower Hill. For the time being, although the fact that Thomas Colepepper had been privately entertained by the Queen was known to many at Court, nobody cared, or dared, to report it to Henry.

While Katharine was amusing herself thus recklessly, a love-affair had sprung up between her brother, Charles Howard, and the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of the King. Lady Margaret, it will be remembered, had some years before been contracted or married to Lord Thomas Howard (she herself distinctly refers to him as her "dear husbande"), who died while suffering imprisonment in the Tower. She now bestowed her riper affections[1] upon the nephew of Lord Thomas, and a marriage was secretly arranged between them, the Queen, as might have been expected, helping to foster an alliance so promising for her own kindred. But jealous ears overheard what was afoot, and the news was carried to Henry by some person anxious to make profit out of that monarch's known prejudice against the marriage of one who stood so awkwardly near to the throne as the Lady Margaret. In spite of Katharine's tearful entreaties, Charles Howard was summarily banished from Court, and only escaped the Tower by a flight abroad; while Margaret Douglas was sent back to Syon House in deep disgrace. She remained there until the fall of Katharine Howard a few months later, when she was removed to make room for the Queen. Sir Ralph Sadleir, writing to Cranmer at that time, says:—

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[1] She was as yet but twenty-six, having been born at Harbottle in 1515.

> "His Magestes plasure is, also, that tomorrowe . . . ye shall call a parte unto you my Lady Margaret Douglas; and fyrst declare unto her, how indiscretely she hath demeaned her self towardes the Kinges Majeste, first with the Lord Thomas, and secondely with Charles Howard; in which parles ye shall, by discression, charge her with overmoche lightnes, and fynally give her advyse to *beware the thirde tyme*, and hollie applie herself to please the Kynges Majeste."[1]

She was married in 1544 to Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, and by him became the mother of Darnley, and ancestor of the present royal family. As for Charles Howard, he prudently remained in France and Holland until this trouble, and the far more serious one involving his sister, had alike blown over. In 1543 he emerged from his obscurity, and took part in a tournament between the French and English outside Terouenne. Wallop, writing to the Council, describes how he sent Charles Howard,

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[1] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*, November, 1541.

Peter Carew, and others to tilt against the French, when "by the reaport of those that did behold them, as well strangers as others, they dyd runne well, and made very fair courses. As for Mr. Howard, at his furst course, (he) brake his staff in the myddes of the Frenchemans curayse, gallierdly." Next year Charles returned to England, and joined the army which was about to invade Scotland under Edward Seymour, now Earl of Hertford. As the Duke of Norfolk had quarrelled with Katharine Howard's brothers, since the disgrace and death of that Queen, Hertford was all the more ready to befriend the young men, and he gave both Charles Howard and his younger brother, George, posts of command. After the capture and pillage of Edinburgh, Charles Howard received the honour of knighthood at Hertford's hands on May 11th,[1] and he afterwards took part in the destruction of Haddington and Dunbar. His subsequent career is unknown, but he is stated by Lilly, Howard of Corby, and other authorities to have been killed in France, while yet unmarried. No date is assigned, however, and as the same authorities would have us believe that Queen Katharine's eldest brother, Henry, died young and unmarried, whereas the contrary was the case, we must accept the statement as to the fate of Charles with a reservation.

The northern progress was now at an end, and the royal party returned to Windsor; while in London, Cranmer and the rest of the Queen's enemies held a final meeting and prepared the details of the dread disclosure which it had fallen to the Primate's lot to make. On October 30th, Henry and Katharine journeyed from Windsor to Hampton Court, with the intention of keeping the Feast of All Saints in the stately palace which had sheltered them during the early days of their married life. Next morning they both heard Mass in the chapel and, together with the Princess Mary and many of the Court, partook of the Blessed Sacrament. Having communicated, the King remained for some considerable time in meditation, and then, apparently without warning to any of his attendants, began, in a loud voice which could be heard throughout the chapel, to return thanks to God for the domestic happiness which had at length fallen to his lot. The recorded words which he uttered were as follows: "I render thanks to Thee, oh Lord! that after so many strange accidents that have befallen my marriages, Thou hast been pleased to give me a wife so entirely conformed to my inclinations, as her I now have." Then, turning to the Bishop of Lincoln, his confessor, he commanded him to prepare a public thanksgiving to the same effect, which was to be read at Mass on the following day, and subsequently published throughout the kingdom.

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[1] Metcalfe's *Book of Knights*.

The thanksgiving was destined never to be read. During the afternoon of All Saints' Day, Cranmer arrived at Hampton Court, bringing with him the fatal document which was to part Henry and Katharine on this side of the grave. The council within the Council had resolved that further delay might baulk them of their vengeance altogether; for rumours were abroad that the King's fervent declaration had been caused by news of his consort's pregnancy. Mary Lassells and her brother were still closely pent in Lambeth Palace; the secret had been religiously kept; and the leaders of the Catholic party were so far from any suspicion of danger to the Queen that only the night before Norfolk had been entertaining the French ambassador, and discussing with him, in somewhat supercilious fashion, the proposed marriage between the Princess Mary and the Duc d'Orleans. The Duke's letter to Henry, describing his conversation with Marillac, and dated from Exeter Place on "Allhalow Evyn,"[1] conveys the impression of a man well satisfied with himself and affairs in general. The writer even ventures to offer advice unasked on a matter of grave international importance, a liberty, perhaps, permissible in one who was now, for the third time, the King's uncle by marriage. Fate ironically willed it that this epistle should arrive at Hampton Court on the same day as did the secret communication borne by Cranmer.

The Archbishop found no opportunity of presenting this latter until the morning of November 2nd. While the King was on his way to Mass in the chapel, accompanied by Sir Anthony Browne and Secretary Wriothesley, Cranmer approached and asked for a brief audience. Then, kneeling down, he placed the information against the Queen in Henry's hands, imploring him to read it at once, and in the utmost privacy. "The absence of Katharine from her accustomed place in the royal closet," says Miss Strickland, "afforded the Archbishop the better opportunity of striking this decisive blow."[2] Perceiving, no doubt, from Cranmer's agitation, that the papers handed to him were of the utmost importance, Henry proceeded to read them at once. All accounts of the scene that followed agree in stating that his first impulse was to treat the information as false, and to denounce its accusations against the Queen as calumnies invented for her destruction. The character of the names signed to the document, however, and the precise nature of the evidence offered, convinced him, on a second reading, that this was no matter for light dismissal. According to his own statement, "he so tenderly loved the woman, and had received such a constant opinion of her honesty, that he supposed it rather to be a forged matter than the truth, and yet, the information having been once made, he could not be satisfied till the certainty thereof were known, but he would not in any wise, that in the inquisition any spark of scandal should arise against the Queen." Accordingly he pleaded pressing business of state as an excuse for not joining the Queen at Mass, and having withdrawn to his own apartments, set about getting at the truth of the matter. His first step was to send the Lord Privy Seal (Russell) to London to question John and Mary Lassells on all points of their story. Russell was in the secret, and could therefore be trusted to keep it as he had done hitherto. His mission resulted in both the informers reaffirming in the most solemn manner what they had said, John Lassells declaring that "he would rather die in the declaration of the truth, since it so nearly touched the King, than live with the concealment of the same."

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[1] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. pp. 688–9.

[2] *Lives of the Queens of England.*

Before Russell was well on his way to Lambeth, however, Henry had, through his own inquiries, received striking corroboration of Mary Lassells's story, in the discovery that the two men accused by her of carnal intercourse with Katharine—Francis Dereham and Henry Mannock—were actually members of the Queen's household. Dereham's reputed exploits as a pirate on the Irish coast supplied an excuse for his immediate arrest; Mannock remained for the time being under surveillance. Miss

Strickland summarises Dereham's preliminary examination as follows:—

> "Henry's wrathful jealousy having been powerfully excited by a report that the old Duchess of Norfolk should have had the folly to say, when in the Queen's chamber, to a certain gentlewoman, 'There' (pointing to Dereham), 'this is he who fled away into Ireland for the Queen's sake,' caused him to be examined very sharply as to the nature of his connection with the Queen. Dereham boldly acknowledged 'that a promise of marriage had been exchanged between himself and the Queen many years previous to her union with the King. That he was accustomed to call her wife, and she had often called him husband, before witnesses; that they had exchanged gifts and love-tokens frequently in those days; and he had given her money whenever he had it. He solemnly denied that the slightest familiarity had ever taken place between them since Katharine's marriage with the King.' This was the substance of his first statements, freely given, nor could the extremity of torture wring from him anything of further import against the Queen; neither is there the slightest evidence tending to convict her of having renewed her criminal intimacy with him. On the contrary, it would appear by the bitter scorn of her expressions, when compelled to name him, that he had become the object of her greatest aversion after she had seen the folly of her early infatuation, and felt the blight his selfish passion had been the means of casting on her morning bloom of life."

When the results of the first day's investigation into Katharine's guilt were brought to the King by such of his Council as were then at Windsor, he "bent his heade, as one stricken by a greate grief," and, after seeming to struggle with himself for a time, finally abandoned restraint and wept bitterly before them all. Next morning, shortly after daybreak, he departed from Hampton Court and, not trusting himself to see Katharine again, took up his abode at Oatlands. The Queen, although no formal message of any kind had been sent to her, must have guessed from the arrest of Dereham, and the absence of the King from her apartments, that the sins of her childhood had found her out at last. The fear became a certainty when Mannock's arrest followed that of Dereham; and when morning brought, not a forgiving husband, but, in his place, an order confining her to her rooms, she remembered Ann Boleyn's fate, and a frenzy of terror took possession of her being.

> "According to the historical traditions of Hampton Court, the wretched Katharine called incessantly on the name of her royal husband, and made more than one desperate attempt to see him. The first time was at the hour when she knew he would be at Mass in the chapel, and although she had been ordered to confine herself to her own chamber, she was not so strictly kept but she watched her opportunity to rush into the private gallery leading from her bedroom to the queen's entrance to the royal closet in the chapel, with the declared intention of throwing herself at his feet and imploring his mercy, or claiming his protection. When she was stopped and carried back, she struggled violently, and her screams were heard by every one in the chapel. On another occasion, she escaped from her chamber through the low door in the alcove at the bed's head, into the back stairs' lobby, and though instantly pursued, she reached the foot of the private stair, called 'the maid of honours' stair,' before she was overtaken and brought back."[1]

During the afternoon of the same day several members of the Council were sent to declare to her the charges which had been made against her fair fame. Among the names of those who took part in this painful ceremony, one is at first sight startled to encounter that of the Duke of Norfolk.

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[1] Strickland, *Lives of the English Queens.* There is a well-known tradition to the effect that the ghost of Katharine Howard haunts the private gallery leading to the chapel of Hampton Court, and that her shrieks are heard in the grey dawn of every succeeding third of November.

Certainly, if Norfolk's enemies had hoped to involve him in the downfall of his niece, disappointment was their portion. That he was taken completely by surprise, there is no denying; and he must have felt the blow sorely, if only because of the stain upon his family honour and the sudden shattering of many cherished ambitions. But to the world he wore the front of a Brutus, for in affecting a loyal superiority to the ties of kindred lay his best chance, not only of escaping all blame for Katharine's errors, but even of raising himself in Henry's regard, and thereby profiting even by defeat. Norfolk's craft showed him the mask that he should wear; the old soldier in his nature taught him how to wear it with stoic courage. When the detailed charges had been read to the Queen, she made earnest protestation that since her marriage she had been an absolutely faithful wife, and that the events alluded to in Mary Lassells's statement, if they had any ground of truth at all (for as yet she did not admit their truth), were due to her childish ignorance and the evil companions by whom she formerly was surrounded.

No sooner had the Council gone than she "fell into fits so violent, that her life and reason were that night supposed to be in danger." When this was reported to the King he sent Cranmer to her in the morning[1] with a deceitful assurance that "if she would acknowledge her transgressions, the King, although her life had been forfeited by the law, had determined to extend unto her his most gracious mercy."[1]

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[1] November 4th.

Cranmer thus reports his first day's experience with Katharine and the effect which the lying promise of the King had upon her:—

"It may please Your Majestie to understande that at my repaire unto the Quenes Grace, I fownde her in such lamentation and hevnyes as I never sawe no creature, so that it wolde have pityed any mannes harte in the worlde to have looked opon her; and in that vehemente rage she contynued (as they informed me, which be about her) from my departure from her, unto my retourne agayne; and than I founde her, as I do suppose, farr intered towarde a fransy, which I fered bifore my departure from her at my first beinge with her: and surely, if Your Graces comforte had not come in tyme, she cowde have contynued no longe tyme in that condition, without a fransy, which nevertheles I do yet moch suspecte to folowe herafter. And as for my message frome Your Majestie Unto her, I was purposed to entre communication in this wise; first, to exaggerate the grevousnes of her demerites; than, to declare unto her the Justice of Your Graces lawes, and what she ought to suffre by the same; and last of al, to signefie unto her your most gracious mercy: but when I sawe in what condition she was, I was feyne to turne my purpose, and to begynne at the last parte first, to comfort her by Your Graces benignitie and mercie; for elles the recital of Your Graces lawes, with the aggravation of her offenses, myght, peradventure, have dryven her unto som dawngerous extasy, and elles into a veray fransy, so that the wordes of comforte commynge last, myght, peradventure, have come to late. And after I had declared Your Graces mercy, extended unto her, she helde up her handes, and gave most humble thankes unto Your Majestie, who had shewed unto her more grace and mercie than she herselfe thought mete to sue for, or cowde have hoped of; and than, for a tyme, she beganne to be more temperate

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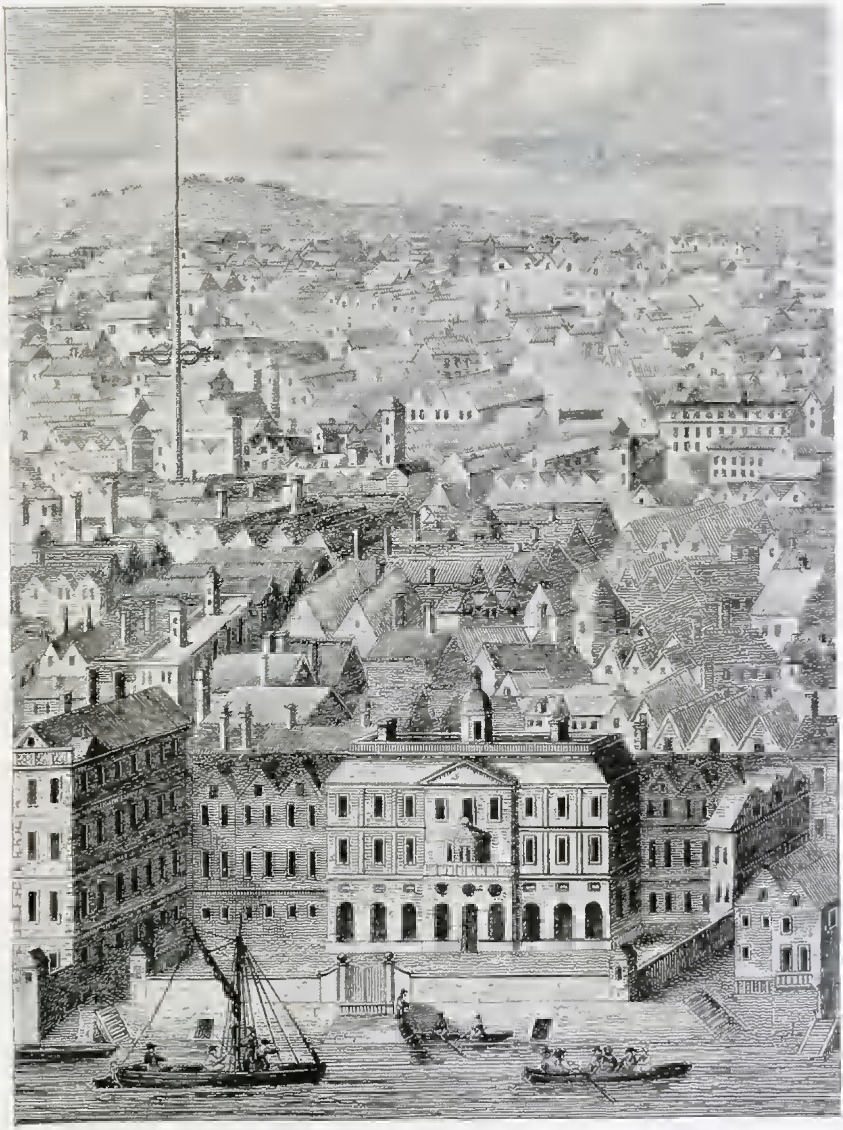
[1] Strickland.



From an engraving in the British Museum

OLD ARUNDEL HOUSE, 1700

With a view over the Strand towards Hampstead, showing the maypole opposite Drury Lane. Arundel House was for generations the town mansion of the Howards, Earls of Arundel and Dukes of Norfolk.

and quiete, savynge that she stil sobbed and wepte; but after a litle pawsynge, she sodenly fel into a new rage, moch worse than she was bifore. Now I do use her thus; whan I do see her in any such extreme braydes, I do travel with her to know the cause; and so I dyd at that tyme.

"I tolde her, there was som new fantasy come into her heade, which I desiered her to open unto me; and after a certen tyme, whan she had recovered her selfe, that she myght speke, she cryed and said, 'Alas, my Lorde, that I am alyve, the feare of death greved me not so moch bifore, as doth now the remembrance of the Kynges goodnes, for whan I remembre how gratious and lovynge a Prince I had, I can not but sorowe; but this soden mercie, and more than I cowde have loked for, shewed unto me, so unworthy, at this tyme, maketh myn offenses to appere bifore myn eyes moch more haynous than they dyd bifore; and the more that I considre the gretnes of his mercy, the more I do sorowe in my harte, that I sholde so mysordre my selfe agaynst His Majestie.' And for any thynge that I cowde say unto her, she contynued in a grete pange a longe while; but after that she beganne sonthynge to remytt her rage and come to her self, she was metely wel, untyl nyght, and I had very good communication with her, and, as I thought, had brought her unto a grete quyetnes.

"Nevertheles, at nyght, about six of the clocke, she fel into an other like pange, but not so outragious as the first was; and that was, as she shewed me, for the remembrance of the tyme; for about that tyme, as she said, Maister Hennege[1] was wont to brynge her knowlege of Your Grace. And bicause I lacke tyme to wryte al thynges unto Your Majestie, I have referred other thynges to be opened by the mouth of the berer, Sir John Dudlay;[2] savynge that I have sent, herewith inclosed, al that I can get of her, concerynge any communication of matrimony with Derame, which al though it be not so moch as I thought, yet I suppose, surely, it is sufficiente to prove a contracte, with carnal copulation folowinge; although she thynke it be no contracte, as in dede the wordes alone be not, if carnal copulation had not folowed therof. The cause that Maister Baynton[1] sent unto Your Majestie, was partely for the declaration of her astate, and partely bicause, after my departure from her, she beganne to excuse, and to tempre those thynges which she had spoke unto me, and sett her hande therto; as, at my commynge unto Your Majestie, I shal more fully declare by mouth; for she sayth, that Derame dyd unto her, was of his importune forcement, and, in a manner violence, rather than of her fre consent and wil.

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[1] Thomas Heneage, gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Burke's *Peerage* asserts that he was knighted at the installation of Edward, Prince of Wales; but in the *State Papers* he is always "Master Hennege" at this period. From his nephew and heir descends Lord Heneage of Hainton.

[2] The future Duke of Northumberland.

"The Almyghty God have Your Majestie in his preservation and governance. From

"Your Graces most bounden
"Chaplen,
"T. CANTUARIEN."[2]

The King had meanwhile removed from Oatlands to London, whence the Council sent to Cranmer, Wriothesley, and others at Hampton Court, a minute letter of instructions concerning the dismissal of most of the Queen's servants, her own removal to Syon House, and the penitential garb, etc., which were to be allotted to her there. Her half-sister, Lady Baynton, and the latter's husband, whom she had loaded with favours, were among the first to turn against her; and Baynton showed himself so energetic in spying upon his benefactress, that the King decided to make him her gaoler.[3] Far different was the behaviour of Katharine's other brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Arundell, afterwards of Wardour, who withdrew from Court, and refused to take any part in persecuting the Queen. This letter, however, has another interest, for it reveals the change of policy which had been decided on by the Council. Those who had formerly endeavoured to establish a precontract between Katharine and Dereham had now "come to the resolution of proceeding against the Queen on the awful charge of adultery, and finding it impossible to convict her of that crime with Dereham, they determined to fix it on some other person. But so circumspect had been the deportment of Katharine since her marriage, that the only man to whom she had ever manifested the slightest degree of condescension was her first cousin, Thomas Culpepper."[1] The facts concerning Colepepper's introduction into the Queen's apartments at Lincoln by Lady Rochford have already been given. It was in the following vein that the Council conveyed its wishes:—

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[1] Katharine's brother-in-law, Edward Baynton, who cannot, according to this, have been knighted until after Katharine's fall.

[2] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. pp. 689–91.

[3] The Bayntons made one fortune out of Katharine Howard's triumphs and a second out of her misery. From being a petty county family, they rose between 1540 and 1563 to the position of great landholders and knights of the shire. One branch continued at Bromham, another (that of Rowden) received

"The Kings Majesty, having considered your letters, and noted the contents of the same, hath willed us to signify unto you, that, persevering in your diligence to attain knowledge of the truth, by all waies and means, as you have hitherto, by your wisdomes well begunn, you further proceede to the execution of the Kings Majesties pleasure, as before hath been signified unto you; foreseeing alwayes that you take not from the Queen her privy keyes, till you have done all the rest; willing us, further more, to advertise you the resolution taken here, sithens your departing, touching the order of the Queens house, her removing from thence, and the repairing of other, now in her house and service, to their houses and friends.

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a baronetcy *temp.* James I. It is satisfactory to know that honours so basely founded are now extinct, whereas the house of Arundell of Wardour, which did not seek to profit by the unfortunate Katharine's downfall, continues to flourish to this day.

[1] Strickland.

"First the Kings pleasure is, that the Queen, with convenient diligence, remove to the house of Syon, there to remain till the matter be further ordred, in the state of a Queen, furnished moderately, as her life and conditions hath deserved; that is to say, with the furniture of three chambers, hanged with mean stuff, without any cloth of astate; of which three, one shall serve for M^r Baynton and thothers, to dine in, and thother two, to serve for her use, and with a mean numbre of servants, according to a book which wee send unto you herewith; the proportion whereof to, augmented or diminished, the Kings Highnes reserveth to your discretions, who, His Majesty thinketh, will not exceede a necessary furniture.

"The Kinges Hignes pleasure is, that the Queen have, at her selection, four gentlewomen and two chamberers; foreseing alwayes that my Lady Baynton bee one, whose husband, the Kings pleasure is, should attend uppon the Queen, to have the rule and government of the whole house; and with him the Almoner[1] to be also associate. Besides which . . . the number of the rest, before specified, besides those that bee at her choice, to be appointed by your discretions, saving of such as bee namely ordred to depart; wherein the Kings pleasure is, you should depart uppon next Munday cumming, before which day none to remove. And the Kings pleasure is my Lady Marie be condued to my Lord Princes house by Sir John Dudley, with a convenient number of the Queens servants; and my Lady Margrete Duglas to be conducẽed to Keningall, my Lord of Norfolkes house in Norfolke; in whose company shall also goe my Lady of Richemond, if my Lord her father, and she, be so contented. . . .

"And where the Kings Highnes, weighing deeply all circumstances of the matter, hath by mature consideration, determined that tomorrow my Lord Chancellour, assembling His Majesties Counsellours of all sorts, spirituall and temperall, with the Judges and learned men of his Counsell, should declare unto them the abominable demeanour of the Queen, without calling Deram, as was before thought good, and without speaking or mentioning any precontract, which might serve for her defence, but only to open and make manifest the Kings Highnes just cause of indignation and displeasure, so as the world may know and see that, which is hitherto done, to have a just ground and foundation. Considering no man would think reasonable that the Kings Highnes, although His Majesty doth not yet take the degree of her estate utterly from her, should entertain her so tenderly in the high degree and astate of a Queen, who, for her demerites, is so unworthy the same; the Kings Majesty willeth, that who amongs you know not onely the whole matter, but also how it was first detected, by whom, and by what meanes it cam to the Kings Majesties knowledge, with the whole of the Kings Majesties sorrowfull behaviour, and carefull proceeding in it, should, uppon Sunday next comming, assemble all the ladies, gentlewomen, and gentlemen, being now in that household, to declare unto them the whole process of the matter; foreseeing alwayes, that you make not mention of any precontracte; but, omitting that, to sett forth such matter as might engreave and confound theire misdemeanour, and as truth doth indeed truly beare, declare and set forth the Kings Majesties goodnes, most unworthy to be troubled with any such mischance.

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[1] Nicholas Heath, Bishop of Rochester, was King's Almoner.

"And as touching the Queens departing from that house and removing to Syon, shall bee upon Monday next comming, or further delayed, as by advertisements from you, of that shall succeede there, shall bee thought convenient; foreseeing alwayes, that, according to that is before written, the ladies and others appointed to depart keep their day of departure uppon Munday; and such onely to remain at Hampton Court, to abide the Queens removing, as . . . shall be attendant at Syon; doing you, M^r^ Controullour to understand that M^r^ Weldon,[1] Master of the Household, hath been here spoken unto . . . to make provision of wine, beer, and other necessaries at Syon for that purpose. Thus Almighty God send you heartily well to fare. At the Kings Palace of Westminster, the 11th of November, at night.

"Your loving Friends,
"*T. Norffolk.* *W. Southampton.* *Charlys Soffolke.*
"*J. Russell.* *Antone Browne.* *Antony Wyngfeld.*
"*Rafe Sadleyr.*"[2]

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[1] Afterwards Sir Anthony Weldon.

[2] *S.P.*, Hen. VIII., vol. i. p. 691 *et seq.*

On the following day (November 12th) Sir Ralph Sadleir, clerk to the Council, sent a second letter and postscript to Cranmer and Wriothesley, further impressing upon them that, all attempts having failed to prove adultery between Katharine and Dereham, every effort should be made to trap the Queen into a confession of post-marital guilt with the other prisoner, Colepepper. The King, having in spite of his promises foredoomed Katharine to death, was clearly determined to prove himself a cuckold, which could not be done if the precontract with Dereham were admitted. Sadleir wrote as follows:—

"It may like you tunderstonde; that, after the dispeche of the last letters from the hole Counsaile here, uppon the arryvall of my Lorde Admyrall[1] and Mr. Browne, the Kynges Majeste, perceyving that the Quene hathe ben examyned of the matier now com forth concerning Culpeper, though she hathe not, as appereth by her confession, so fully declared the circumstances of such communycations as were betwixt her and Culpeper, at their sondry metynges, as His Majeste wolde have you, ones agayne, assaye and taste, to gett of her, if she be in suche frame and tempre of her wyttes as ye thinke ye may well ynough presse her, without tomoch troubling or inquyeting her, so as might, in any case, be daungerous unto her, hathe resolved, that in case ye shall thinke her to be in suche state of helth as she may well remove to Syon on Mondaye, that then she shall so do, according to suche order and appoyntement as was before signefied unto you; and that fyndyng her, tomorrowe in good frane, ye shall declare the same unto her, so as she may prepare herself therefore ayenst the next day accordinglie.

"Herewith ye shall receyve the mynute of the lettre conceyved by you, M^{r} Secretary, to th'Ambassadours; which, as my Lordes here do say, is the very tale, in effecte that my Lorde Chauncellor did this day declare in the Sterre Chamber; *omything and leving*

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[1] John, Lord Russell.

out asmoche as in any wise toucheth the precontracte. He also redde dyvers of the depositions of suche persons as have ben examyned, aswell men as women, alwaies pretermyttyng asmoche as touched the contracte; and, in the ende of his tale, he added that there was an apparence of greter abhomynacion in her, *whyche he lefte so in a clowde, as it shoulde seeme doubtful to the herers,* whether all were com out or not; which order, in the tale to be told therto tomorrowe, the Kinges Majeste wolde have you to folowe, without mencyoning any thing of Colpeper, or the precontracte; and as to the reading there of any of the depositions, it is not thought nedefull."

It is then that the passage, already alluded to, occurs, in which Cranmer is instructed to reprove the Lady Margaret Douglas for her successive love affairs with Lord Thomas and Charles Howard, and to warn her against offending "a third time." Sadleir goes on to say that "M^r Semour" has been sent to Hampton Court, to make an inventory of the Queen's valuables, and to bring "all the Jewelles and all other things" of the kind with him to London, except a few articles which the prisoner was to wear while in Syon House.

"To the Queenes Grace ye must appoynte six Frenche hoodes, with th'appurtenances, with edges of goldsmythes worke (so there be no stone or perle in the same); and likewise as many paire of sleves, six gownes, and six kyrtelles of satin damask and velvet, and suche things as belong to the same, except alwayes stone and perle."

The clerk added a postscript of his own, "all my Lordes here of the Consaile being gonn, som to bad, som one way, and som a nother," urging Cranmer and Wriothesley to obey the instructions sent to the latter, and concluding, "At the Courte, this Saterday, at eleven a clocke at night, with the rude hande of him that is at commaundement.—R. Sadleyr."[1]

The leaders of the Protestant party had by this time recovered from their surprise at the adroit manner in which Norfolk had upset their plans for involving him in Katharine's disgrace, and even increasing his favour with the King by the zealous manner in which he denounced the misdeeds of his niece and her guardian, the old Duchess. Chapuys reported to the Emperor of Germany an alleged speech in which "the Duke of Norfolk had declared (God knows why) that he wished the Queen to be burnt alive";[2] but it is clear from the context that the ambassador doubted that such words had been really uttered. However, there was no doubt as to the fact that the Duke had saved himself and his immediate family from ruin, and successfully convinced the King that he had been no party to the deception practised upon him. Hertford, Audley, and the others found his unlooked-for presence at the Council very irksome; and pressure was accordingly brought to bear upon the King to persuade him that so near a relative of Katharine should not sit in judgment upon her. Early in November Chapuys informed the Queen of Hungary that Norfolk had retired "to his house in the country" at a hint from the King. But it did not suit the Duke to be long absent at Kenninghall, while his enemies were in control at Court.

> "Scarcely had he been there three days, when one of his men died of the plague, and not daring for that reason to go to Greenwich where the Court now is, he has come to London, and has already spent five days surrounded by his friends. I have no

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[1] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*

[2] *Foreign State Papers, Spanish,* 19th November, 1541.

doubt that on this occasion the ambassador of France and he must have had frequent communication."

Norfolk had for some time past been negotiating with Marillac for a marriage between the Princess Mary and the Duke of Orleans, and Chapuys imagined him still wholly wrapped up in that affair, bemoaning the remissness shown by the Spanish spy who lived in Marillac's house, and was accustomed to transmit thence copies of all important documents and accounts of those who came and went. As soon as he might do so with propriety, Norfolk again presented himself at Council; and, on November 13th, Chapuys and the other representatives of foreign states were enlightened as to the true condition of affairs, when a public announcement of Katharine's guilt was also made at Westminster.

At intervals during this time Dereham and Thomas Colepepper were examined by members of the Council; at first in the ordinary manner, and afterwards with the aid of the rack. They bore the torments inflicted upon them without flinching; Dereham denying that any criminal intimacy had taken place between Katharine and himself since his return to England, and boldly declaring that the King, and not he, was the adulterer, since Katharine had been solemnly contracted to him since her fourteenth year. Colepepper was equally firm, although he was subjected to more prolonged tortures, in the hope of wringing from him a confession. The examinations took place in the dungeons of the Tower in the presence of Hertford, Wriothesley, Sir Anthony Browne, Sir William Kingston (Lieutenant of the Tower), and Borlase, the King's surgeon. When every species of ingenious cruelty had been exhausted upon the mangled bodies of the unfortunate young men without weakening their resolution in any way, Wriothesley, at the King's command, offered them their lives on condition that they would betray Katharine. Even this bribe failed; and Dereham, seducer and pirate as he had been, vied with the heroic Colepepper in scorning every assault upon his honour. The King's emissaries abandoned the attempt to overcome such dauntless courage, and left the two young men to linger in agony, while other means were sought to furbish up a case against Katharine.

Then came Norfolk with news of a trunkful of papers which Dereham had left in the house of the old Duchess at Lambeth, when he fled to Ireland years before. The Duke, having brought this information, was commissioned to examine the trunk; but before he could do so his step-mother, learning of what had occurred and fearing lest something might be discovered endangering her own pious head, had taken the foolish step of opening the trunk, with the aid of one Pawson, her yeoman of the kitchen, and destroying the greater part of the contents. It was afterwards stated by Pawson and others of the Lambeth domestics that all that was found consisted of a few bundles of harmless papers, a few ballads, and books of music for the lute; and it is certainly hard to understand how any belongings of Dereham abandoned at Lambeth in 1535 could have affected the conduct of Katharine after 1540—unless, indeed, the trunk was left at Lambeth after Dereham's return to Court, which seems improbable. Still, it was extremely unwise of the old Duchess to tamper with the papers, and the mistake, committed under the influence of unreasoning terror, had

GENE

HOWARD DESCENTS FROM

Alan Fitz-Flaald;
gr. lands in Salop and Norf.
temp. Hen. I.; *d.* 1114.

William de Albini=
Butler to Hen. I.

serious results for herself, her children, and servants. Wholesale orders for arrest were signed, and Norfolk's step-mother, her daughter, the Countess of Bridgewater, her daughter-in-law, Lady William Howard, and several relatives and members of the household at Lambeth speedily found themselves in prison or under restraint. Among the latter were Katharine Tilney,[1] Madeleyne Tilney, "widdowe,"[2] Alice Restcoolde, "gentlewoman," Margaret Benet, wife to John Benet,[3] gentleman, and Edward Waldegrave, Robert Davenport, and William Asheby, gentlemen. To these were added some of the Queen's train, such as her sister-in-law, Ann Howard, "wife to her eldest brother, Henry Howard, esquire, of Lambeth," and our old acquaintance, Joan Bulmer, "wife to Anthony Bulmer, esquire." Henry Howard himself does not appear to have been implicated, although a few weeks before, while the scandal was still young, Marillac had notified the King of France that "the Lord Henry Howard, the Queen's brother, a gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, had been exiled from Court, without being told the cause or reason of it."[4]

Lord William Howard was absent in France, but his secretary was arrested, and at once "declared that his master, and the ladies (*i.e.* the Duchess and Lady William) were well informed of the Queen's conduct";[5] and on the strength of this unsupported statement Howard was hastily recalled and placed under arrest. His subsequent examination elicited nothing—probably he had nothing to tell; and Wriothesley wrote to Sadleir that "the Lorde William stode as stiff as his mother, and made himself most clere from all kinds of mistrust or suspition." To which the baffled hunter after incriminating evidence added, "I did not moche like his facion!"

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[1] Daughter of Sir Philip Tilney, knight, of Shelley, Co. Suffolk (*d.* 1534), by his third marriage (to Elizabeth Jeffrey) and niece of the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk.

[2] She was probably widow of either Philip or Edward Tilney, sons of Sir Philip Tilney.

[3] Dereham's grandmother, wife of Thomas Dereham of Crimplesham, Norfolk, was a Margaret Benet.

[4] *State Papers, Foreign, Henry VIII.*, November, 1542.

[5] *Ibid., Spanish, Henry VIII.;* Chapuys to the Emperor, December, 1542.

As for the Duchess, repeated cross-questioning failed to make her confess to a knowledge of Katharine's guilt either before or after marriage, although the aged lady was actually threatened with torture by Wriothesley, and the cruel fate of the Countess of Salisbury was held before her as a warning. The examinations of Lady Bridgewater and the other women were equally unproductive; indeed, the only new evidence of the slightest interest was that of Robert Davenport, who testified to the old Duchess having once remarked in the Queen's apartments, pointing to Dereham as she spoke, "This is he that came in to Irelande for the Queen's sake." Nevertheless, the Dowager Duchess, Lord and Lady William Howard, the Countess of Bridgewater, and Ann Howard were, on December 14th, committed to the Tower, while the humbler prisoners were lodged in the Fleet. The number of Norfolk's kindred thus in peril of their lives gave the Duke's enemies an opportunity of once more removing him from Court, and he was compelled, by the King's command, to withdraw to Kenninghall, in spite of the plague (real or imaginary). Chapuys tells the Emperor that it was the desire of the Protestant faction "to have him away from the Privy Council, now that business touching his own family must be discussed therein." The well-founded distrust which the Duke entertained of Hertford, Cranmer, and Audley is abundantly shown by a letter which he wrote to the King immediately on his arrival at Kenninghall, and in which he disassociates himself entirely from the Dowager Duchess and his other imprisoned relatives. It is a thoroughly selfish letter, for Norfolk was fighting for his own hand alone; but its fulsome appeals to the King and callous denunciations of the Duke's own flesh and blood carried their point. While the writer was not immediately recalled to Court, he succeeded in retaining the royal favour through the whole of this perilous time, and after the death of Katharine Howard at once resumed his interrupted office of principal negotiator with France. The letter runs as follows:—

"Most noble and gracious Soverayne Lord:—Yesterday came to my knowledge that myn ungracious mother in lawe, myn unhappy brothir, and his wiff, with my lewde suster of Brydgwater, wer committed to the towre; wich by long experience, knowyng your accustomed equetie and justice, used to all your subjectes, am sewer is not done, but for som ther fals and traytorus procedynges agaynst your Royall Majestie. Wich, revolvyng in my mynd, with also the most abbomynable dedes done by 2 of my niesys agaynst your Highnes, hath broght me in to the grettest perplexite that ever poure wretche was in; fearyng that Your Majestie, havyng so oftene, and by so many of my kyn, bene thus falsly and traytorously handled, myght not only conseyve a displesure in your hert agaynst me, and all other of that kyn, but also, in maner, abhorre to here speke of any of the same. Wherfor, most gracious Soverayne Lord, prostrate at your fete, most humble I beseche your Majeste to call to your remembrance, that a gret part of this mater is come to light by my declaracion to Your Majeste, accordyng to my bounden dutie, off the wordes spoken to me by my mother-in-lawe, when your Highnes sent me to Lambithe to serche Derhams coffers; without the wiche I thynke she had not be further examyned, nor consequently her ungracious childerne, wich my trew proceedynges towards Your Majeste consydered, and also the small love my two fals, traytorous neesys,[1] and my mother in lawe have borne unto me, doth put me in som hope that your Highnes woll not conseyve any displsure in your most jantle hert agaynst me; that God knoweth never dyd thynk thought wich myght be to your discontentation.

"Wherfor, eftsongs prostrate at your royall fete, most humble I beseche your Majeste, that, by suche as it may please you to commande, I may be advertised playnle, how your Highnes doth way your favours towardes me; assewryng your Highnes that onles I may knowe your Majeste to contynew my gode and gracious Lorde, as ye wer before their offensys committed, I shall never desire to lyve in this worlde any longer, but shortly to fynishe this transitory lyff; as God knoweth, who send your Majeste the accomplishmentes of your most noble hartes desires.

"Scribled at Kenynghale Lodge, the 15th day of Desember, with the hand of

"Your most humble Servant
"and Subject
"NORFFOLK."[2]

Katharine Howard was removed to her allotted "two chambers hanged with meane stuff" at Syon on November 18th, there to remain for nearly three months under the constant surveillance of Baynton, who, according to the instructions received by him from the Council, lived in a room opening out of the Queen's apartment. At the same time, Nemesis overtook Lady Rochford, and she was lodged in the Beauchamp Tower. It was confidently hoped that this miserable woman would betray Katharine, as she had done Ann Boleyn, though from different motives. The records are suspiciously silent as to what means were employed to extract from her particulars regarding Colepepper's midnight visit to the Queen; but when we reflect upon the readiness of Wriothesley and the others to bring torture to bear upon their victims, and at the same time take into account the importance of a declaration on the part of this chosen *confidante* of Katharine, the only person present with Colepepper and the latter at the memorable meeting in Lincoln Palace, we cannot but believe that Lady Rochford was subjected to the torments of the rack. If such were the case, little further explanation need be sought of the fact that, a few days after her incarceration, she became a raving lunatic, and that she was still insane when the headsman's axe put an end to her wretched life.

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[1] Katharine Howard and Ann Boleyn, who had both grown weary of the Duke's prudent counsels, and broken with him, in the days of their greatness.

[2] *Letters and Papers, Henry VIII.*

On December 1st, Dereham and Colepepper were brought to trial for high treason in the Guildhall, the nominal judge being the Lord Mayor, who sat, however, between Lord Chancellor Audley and the Duke of Suffolk. Never before in the history of English legal procedure had persons been arraigned for such a crime before a like tribunal; and the sequel showed that the whole was but a scheme devised by Audley and the Council for avoiding awkward precedents, and securing the condemnation of the prisoners without the production of any conclusive evidence against them.

All that was done at this mockery of justice was to rehearse the story of Katharine's seduction by Dereham, and to bring forward unsupported allegations of intimacy between Colepepper and the Queen since her marriage. The Lord Mayor then declared both prisoners guilty, and sentenced Dereham to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and Colepepper to be beheaded. But even yet the sufferings of these unhappy beings were not destined to end. Henry ordered them to be respited—"not in mercy, but that they should be subjected to fresh examinations by torture."[1] This was done in the renewed hope of wringing from them some slight admission upon which to hang the case against the Queen. But East Anglian soldier of fortune, and Kentish gallant remained unconquered, through day after day of hellish suffering, and the only sign of weakness was given by Dereham, who prayed that he might be spared further agony, since the allegations as to his connection with the Queen after her marriage had been abandoned. Eventually the sentences against them were carried out, and their heads placed side by side on London Bridge. Some weeks after the conviction of Dereham and Colepepper (on December 21st–22nd), the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Bridgewater, Lord William Howard and his wife, Ann Howard, Robert Davenport, and seven more, were convicted of misprision of treason, in having known of the Queen's frailties and failed to reveal them to the King. They were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment and the forfeiture of all their goods. The Duchess, however, secured a speedy pardon, probably because she had revealed to Wriothesley the hiding-place of some £800 of her money. She was released from the Tower on May 5th, 1542; and Lord William Howard and his wife also secured their liberty, although the manor of Tottenham, recently granted to them, was confiscated under the bill of attainder passed against them in February. It is believed that most of the other prisoners received the King's pardon in due course.

Parliament having met on January 6th, 1542, the confessions of Katharine and Dereham, with such evidence as tended to show impropriety of conduct on the Queen's part, were laid before both houses. Henry had solemnly promised, through Cranmer, to spare Katharine's life; but a means was found whereby she could be put to death without the royal hypocrite breaking the letter of his vow.

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[1] Strickland.

> "The two houses . . . made an address to the King: they entreated him not to be vexed with this untoward accident, to which all men were subject; but to consider the frailty of human nature, and the mutability of human affairs; and from these views to derive a subject of consolation: they desired leave to pass a bill of attainder against the Queen and her accomplices; *and they begged him to give his consent to this bill, not in person, which would renew his vexation, and might endanger his health; but by commissioners appointed for the purpose.*"[1]

In other words, Henry was to evade the dishonour of being branded liar and perjurer by permitting his obedient Parliament and Commissions to carry out the vengeance upon Katharine in his stead. The King received this piece of cynical sophistry most graciously, and the bill of attainder was passed without delay, Lady Rochford and those already sentenced at the Guildhall in December being included in its terms. Katharine (who had borne her imprisonment with remarkable courage, so that Chapuys commented in astonished terms upon the gay front which she presented to the world) was, on February 10th, carried by water from Syon to the Tower. According to the German Ambassador, she was not removed without "some difficulty and resistance. . . . The Lord Privy Seal (Fitzwilliam), with a number of privy councillors and a large retinue of servants went first, in a large oared barge: then came a small covered boat, with the Queen and four ladies of her suite, besides four sailors to man the boat.

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[1] Hume, *History of England*, iv. 168.

There followed the Duke of Suffolk in a big and well-manned barge, with plenty of armed men inside. On their arrival at the Tower stairs, the Lord Privy Seal and the Duke of Suffolk landed first; then the Queen herself dressed in black velvet, with the same honours and ceremonies as if she were still reigning."[1] Katharine was lodged in what was known as the Old Palace in the Tower, a collection of irregular buildings, with courts and gardens, situated in the south-west corner of the fortress. Before the Duke of Suffolk left her, she requested him to bear a "message to the House of Lords, requesting the intercession of the peers with his majesty, not for her own life, but that he would be graciously pleased to have compassion on her brothers, that they might not suffer for her faults; lastly she besought his majesty that it would please him to bestow some of her clothes on those maid-servants who had been with her from the time of her marriage, since she had now nothing else left to recompense them as they deserved."[2]

On February 11th the solemn farce was gone through by which Henry nominated a commission; and the commissioners assented in the King's name to the bill of attainder, which condemned Katharine and Lady Rochford to death. Word was conveyed to Katharine by the King's confessor, Bishop Longland, that no hope remained, and she must prepare for death. She confessed to Longland, and afterwards addressed him in the following words, which, says Miss Strickland, were afterwards delivered by him to a noble young lord of her name and near alliance (clearly the Earl of Surrey):—

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[1] *State Papers, Spanish*; Chapuys to the Emperor, February 26th, 1541.

[2] Strickland.

"As to the act, my reverend lord, for which I stand condemned, God and his holy angels I take to witness that I die guiltless. What other sins and follies of youth I have committed, I will not excuse; but am assured that for them God has brought this punishment upon me, and will, in his mercy, remit them, for which, I pray you, pray with me unto his Son, my Saviour, Christ."

After Longland's departure, the condemned Queen gave an exhibition of firmness extraordinary in any woman, and more particularly in one so young. The brutal scenes which had taken place at the execution of the old Countess of Salisbury had made a deep impression upon Katharine, and she resolved to accustom herself beforehand to the grim apparatus of the scaffold, so that no untoward nervousness on her own or the headsman's part should cause a similar scandal. Accordingly she begged Sir William Kingston that the block should be brought to her apartments, and, after some demur, this was done. "The block being brought in, she herself tried it, and placed her head on it by way of experiment."[1]

At seven o'clock on the morning of February 13th, the Queen was brought to the place of execution on Tower Green, near the church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. "All the Privy Councillors, save the Duke of Suffolk, who was indisposed, and he of Norfolk (absent at Kenninghall), were at the Tower, accompanied by various lords and gentlemen, including the Earl of Surrey, cousin of the Queen." Surrey has been blamed for attending on this occasion; but the accusation of subserviency to the King, which is supposed to have been his motive, seems singularly inappropriate to one of his independent and generous character, and it is far more probable that he was present in the hope of cheering the last moments of his unfortunate cousin by the sight of a familiar and sympathetic face. The scaffold upon which Katharine died was the same whereon the life of her cousin and predecessor, Ann Boleyn, had been sacrificed to the ferocious vengeance of the King. Like Ann, Queen Katharine died with a modest courage worthy of her lineage, but amazing when shown by one whose life had been one of frivolous pleasures, and who was yet barely in the twentieth year of her age. She ascended the steps of the scaffold firmly, and after a short prayer bared her neck to the headsman's axe. A cloak was hurriedly thrown over the lifeless body, after which the insane Lady Rochford, despite her piteous appeals for mercy, endured the same fate to which, years before, she had doomed her husband and his sister. Scant ceremony was bestowed upon the two corpses, which were interred, apparently without funeral obsequies of any sort, in the church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula.

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[1] *State Papers, Spanish;* Chapuys to the Emperor, February 26th.

END OF VOL. I.

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