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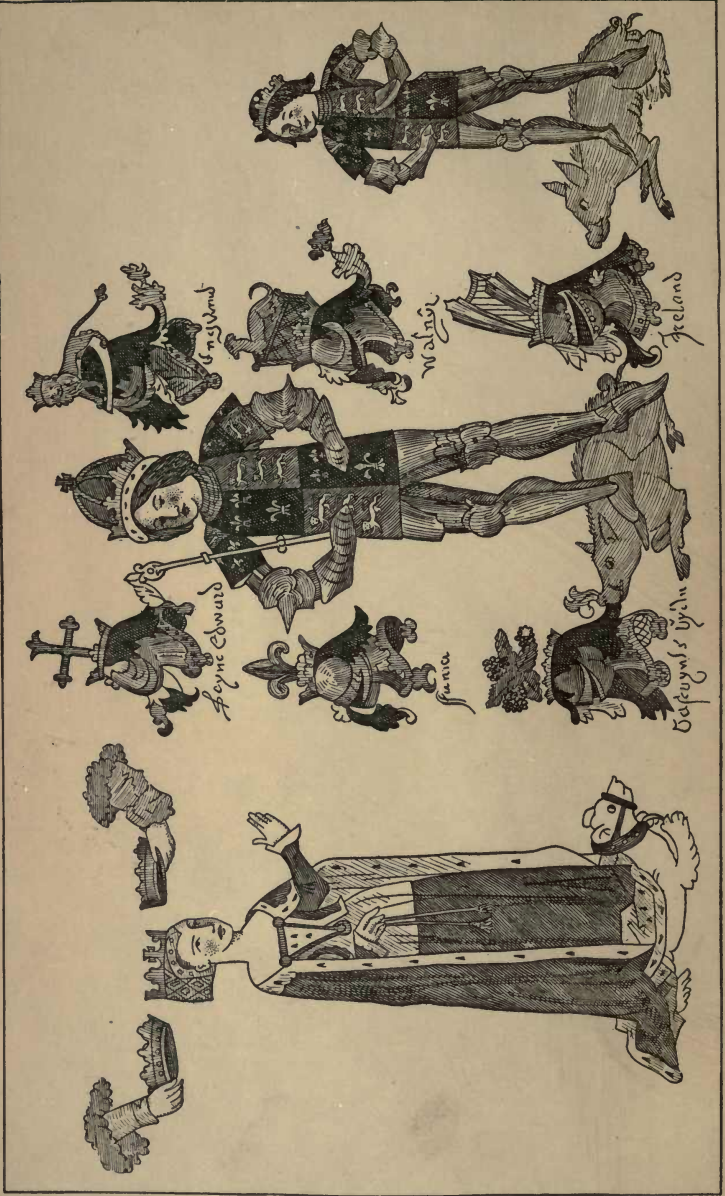
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VOLUME II.





FROM THE CONTEMPORARY "ROUS ROLL" IN THE HERALDS' COLLEGE.



ANNE NEVILLE,  
QUEEN OF KING RICHARD III.

KING RICHARD III.

EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES,  
THEIR SON.



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MEMOIRS

OF

# KING RICHARD THE THIRD

AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

G. B.  
Hist.  
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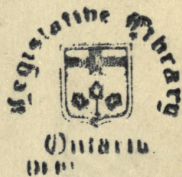
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A New Edition

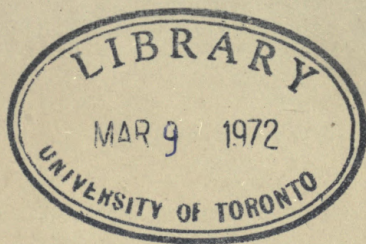
IN TWO VOLUMES—VOLUME II.



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Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby.



## MARGARET

COUNTESS OF RICHMOND AND DERBY.

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

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

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

Margaret Beaufort was only in her fourth year when she had the misfortune to lose her illustrious father. Having been accused of treason, and forbidden the court by his kinsman, King Henry VI., the duke is said to have been so deeply affected by the disgrace as to have put an end to his existence; "preferring thus to cut short his sorrow rather than pass a life of misery, labouring under so disgraceful a charge."\* A fine altar tomb, in the church of Wimborne Minster in Dorsetshire, still marks the spot where lie interred the remains of the broken-hearted warrior. It was piously erected, in after years, to the memory of her parent by his illustrious daughter.

In the fifteenth, and, indeed, as late as the seventeenth century, the guardianship of wealthy minors, and the wardship of their estates, furnished the sovereign with the means of enriching many a faithful follower, or perhaps undeserving favourite. Henry VI. accordingly conferred the wardship of his infant relative upon William de la Pole, Earl and afterwards Duke of Suffolk,† without, however, removing her from the protection of her mother. The widowed duchess took up her abode at Bletshoe, where for many years she continued to reside in great magnificence. The education of the

\* Croyl. Chron. Cont. p. 399.

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



great heiress, her daughter, is said to have been her principal care. Fortunately the child was gifted by nature with a capacity and sweetness of disposition which promised to yield valuable fruit. The gentle and learned Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was afterwards her father-confessor, has borne testimony to the tenacity of her memory, the readiness of her wit, and the comprehensiveness of her understanding.\* “Who her preceptors were,” says Ballard, “I know not.”† Whoever they may have been, she probably derived from them, not only that ardent piety which distinguished all her actions in after life, but that reverence for learning which induced her to found colleges, and that patronage of learned men which obtained for her the encomiums of Erasmus. Of her literary attainments, highly as they seem to have been thought of by her contemporaries, we know little more than that she was thoroughly mistress of the French language, and possessed a partial knowledge of the Latin. Later in life it was a matter of regret to her that her knowledge of Latin was so limited.‡ These facts are not only evidence that she appreciated learning, but,—in an age in which Sir Thomas More records it as an extraordinary accom-

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

† Ballard, *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, p. 17.

‡ Funeral Sermon, p. 7.

plishment in a female that she was able to read and write,—they prove that the attainments of Margaret Beaufort must have been far above the ordinary standard. Her skill in embroidery, which was then the ordinary business and amusement of ladies of high rank, has been especially commended. Several specimens of her art were long preserved at Bletshoe; indeed, not long since, one of them, a bed embroidered by her with the arms of her family, was still in the possession of their descendants.\* Whenever, during any of his progresses through his kingdom, James I. happened to visit Bletshoe, he never failed, we are told, to express a desire to be shown these interesting memorials of his illustrious ancestress.

Almost from her infancy, the vast wealth and possessions of the Lancastrian heiress led to the great barons coveting her hand for their heirs. While still only in her ninth year, we find Henry VI. proposing to bestow her in marriage upon his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, afterwards Earl of Richmond; while, at the same time, her guardian, the powerful favourite, William Duke of Suffolk, exerted all his influence to obtain her hand for his son and heir.† Doubtful which of her two suitors

\* Nichols' Royal Wills, p. 366.

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

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

Had the Duke of Suffolk lived, the probability seems to be that Margaret's vision would have been little regarded, and that his powerful influence with the queen would have induced the king to bestow the hand of his young kinswoman upon the heir of the De la Poles. Among the articles of impeachment preferred against the duke we find,—

\* Funeral Sermon, pp. 8-9; Lord Bacon's Life of Henry VII. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 438.



“Whereupon the same Duke of Suffolk, since the time of his arrest, hath do [caused] the said Margaret to be married to his said son.”\* No such marriage, however, manifestly ever took place; and accordingly, relieved from the importunities of his powerful favourite, King Henry caused the young heiress to be contracted in marriage to his half-brother, Edmund Tudor. It was doubtless in consequence of her extreme youth, that we find six years elapsing before their nuptials were formally solemnized, when, at the age of fourteen, Margaret Beaufort became the bride of Edmund Earl of Richmond, a bridegroom of twenty-five.

There are few passages in domestic history more remarkable, or more interesting, than the rise of the house of Tudor. The founder of the family, if he may be described by so dignified a title, was Owen, the son of one Meredith Tudor who is said to have been a brewer at Beaumaris, in the Isle of Anglesey. According to other accounts, the family was an ancient one, being descended from Theodore, a king of North Wales; the name Theodore having been corrupted into Tudor. Of Meredith Tudor, however, nothing more positive seems to be known than that he was the younger son of a younger son; that he never held any higher position in society than that of *scutifer*, or shield-bearer, to one of the bishops of Bangor; and that, having killed a

\* Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 15.

man while in the service of the bishop, he was compelled to fly to the mountains, where he joined the banner of Owen Glendower, then in open rebellion against Henry IV.

When, on the death of the great Glendower, in 1415, his brother-in-law, David Gam, "the one-eyed," came to terms with Henry V. and followed him to the battle of Agincourt, young Owen Tudor, the son of Meredith, was one of the gallant band of Welshmen which accompanied their chieftain to France. At the battle of Agincourt, when the Dukes of Brabant and Alençon made their furious charge on King Henry's position, the young Welshman is said to have performed such gallant service, that after the battle the king appointed him one of his esquires of the body. This honourable post he filled as long as Henry lived, and at his death was continued as an esquire of the body to the infant King Henry VI.

At the time when the victor of Agincourt breathed his last, his beautiful queen, Katherine, daughter of Charles VI. of France, was only in her twenty-second year. As Owen Tudor was one of the body-guard to her infant son, he was naturally often thrown into the presence of the queen. All writers seem to agree that he was eminently a "graceful and beautiful personage."\* His accomplishments

\* "Being but young in years, and thereby of less discretion to judge what was decent for her estate, she married one Owen Tudor, a gentle-

attracted the admiration of the young queen, who seems to have been especially captivated by the elegance and activity which he displayed in the dance. In due time she appointed him her clerk of the wardrobe, the duties of which office doubtless brought them into more frequent and closer contact. Her partiality for the graceful Welshman could not long escape observation. The high-born ladies of her court remonstrated with her on her unworthy passion, but to no purpose. Forgetting her ancient birth and exalted rank in her admiration for the plebeian soldier of fortune, the illustrious daughter of the house of Valois hesitated not to blend with the Welsh leek the rose of England and the lily of France.\* In secret they were married, and in secret, within the next few years, the beautiful queen-dowager made him the father of four children. Of these, the eldest, Edmund of Hadham, as he was styled from the place of his birth, became the husband of the great heiress Margaret Beaufort, and the father of Henry VII. Their second son, Jasper of Hatfield, was subsequently created Earl of Pembroke, and eventually Duke of Belford; the third son, Owen Tudor, became a

man of Wales, adorned with wonderful gifts of body and mind."—*Polydore Virgil*, p. 62, Camd. Soc. Ed. According to another old chronicler, he was "a goodly gentleman and a beautiful person, with goodly gifts both of nature and grace."—*Hall's Chronicle*, p. 185.

\* Granger's Biog. Hist. vol. i. p. 20.

monk; and their fourth child and only daughter, Katherine Tudor, died in infancy.

It seems to have been immediately after the birth of her youngest child, that the marriage of Katherine of Valois and Owen Tudor became known to the world. The princes of the blood were enraged at the indignity which had been offered to their house. Her children were taken from her and committed to the charge of Katherine de la Pole, abbess of Barking, daughter of Michael Earl of Suffolk, who fell at the side of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The queen herself sought refuge in the abbey of Bermondsey, adjoining Southwark, where she died shortly afterwards, broken-hearted and repentant. Owen Tudor also suffered much persecution. On one occasion we find him imprisoned in the dungeons of Wallingford Castle, and on two different occasions effecting his escape from Newgate.\* We next discover him skulking in the fastnesses of Wales, where he probably contrived to conceal himself till his stepson, Henry VI., came of age, when a small annuity was settled upon him out of the privy purse. More than twenty years afterwards, a further trifling boon was conferred upon him; the king, "out of consideration of the services of that *beloved squire*," Owen Tudor, appointing him keeper of his parks in Denbighshire. Henry, it may be ob-

\*Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 492.

served, seems on no occasion to have acknowledged him as his stepfather. On the breaking out of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, Owen Tudor naturally took part with the latter. His death was such as became the gallant esquire who, forty-six years previously, had fought by the side of Henry V. at Agincourt. At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, the old warrior refused to fly when others fled, and accordingly, having fallen into the hands of the Yorkists, his head was severed from his body in the market-place at Hereford.

The marriage between Margaret Beaufort and the Earl of Richmond took place in 1455. For some time after their union they appear to have resided in Pembroke Castle, then a possession of her brother-in-law, Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke. Their nuptial happiness, however, was destined to be of brief duration. In the course of the year after their marriage, the death of the young earl left Margaret a widow at the age of fifteen. The inscription on his tomb in the cathedral of St. David's was probably composed in after years by the accomplished lady who survived him: "Under this marble stone here enclosed, rest the bones of that noble lord, Edmund Earl of Richmond, father and brother to kings, who departed out of this world 1456, the third day of November. On whose soul Almighty Jesu have mercy." About three



months after her husband's death, the young countess gave birth, in Pembroke Castle, to the only child which she ever bore, Henry, afterwards King Henry VII.\* Many years afterwards we find her writing from the town of Calais to her son, dating her letter "this day of St. Anne, that I did bring into this world my good and gracious prince, king, and only beloved son." †

For nearly thirty years after the death of Edmund Tudor, the position of Margaret Beaufort was a difficult, and frequently a perilous one. In the age in which she lived, the sovereigns of England were in the habit of conferring the hands of wealthy widows and dowered virgins upon their favourites and friends, without much consideration for private feelings. So long, indeed, as her pious and amiable kinsman, Henry VI., sat on the throne, Margaret had little to apprehend from the tyranny of kings. But the fortunes of the house of York were gradually rising in the ascendant. Her uncle, Edward Duke of Somerset, the powerful head of her family, had recently fallen at the first battle of St. Albans; while, by the success of the Yorkists, her brother-in-law, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, was rendered as powerless as she was herself.

\* "Though afterward married to Henry, son to Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and thirdly to Thomas Earl of Derby, yet she never had any more children, as thinking it sufficient for her to have brought into this world one only, and such a son."—*Polydore Virgil*, p. 135.

† Howard's Collection of Letters, p. 157.

Threatening, however, as were the times, the Countess of Richmond was permitted to pass the first few years of her widowhood in retirement and tranquillity. Her favourite residence continued to be Pembroke Castle. Here she occupied her time in the strict discharge of her religious duties, in the performance of acts of charity, and in training up her only child to support with discretion and valour the important part which he was destined to play on the theatre of the world. Cold and selfish as was the nature of Henry VII., it was at least to his credit that, in after years, he never failed to pay a grateful tribute to the tender care with which his mother had watched over him in infancy, and her unceasing exertions to render him a pious Christian, an accomplished scholar, and a man of the world.

The character of Margaret of Lancaster, as sketched by her father-confessor, the Bishop of Rochester, is a beautiful and a remarkable one. A profound thinker, and deeply read in the literature of the age, she was at the same time unaffected, gentle, and easy of access to the humble, no less than to the great. Her nature was affectionate; she was singularly unsuspecting, and was never known to harbour a revengeful feeling. She united, with a winning affability, a dignity of demeanour and language which was strikingly impressive. She was kind and considerate to her

servants, bounteous and liberal to all. To the sick and needy she was always a friend. Above all things she hated avarice and covetousness. In a word, according to the bishop, every one who knew her loved her; every thing she did or said became her.\*

It appears to have been in the year 1459, about three years after the death of the Earl of Richmond, that the young widow conferred her hand on Sir Henry Stafford, son of Humphrey Duke of Buckingham. Like herself, he was lineally descended from King Edward III. Not long after this event, the signal successes obtained by the Yorkists, the flight of Queen Margaret into France, and the elevation of the young Duke of York to the throne by the title of Edward IV., threatened the fortunes, if not the lives, of the various members of the house of Lancaster. Margaret, indeed, was for a time exempted from proscription, being allowed to retain the lands which had descended to her from her father, John Duke of Somerset, as well as those which she held in dower as the widow of the Earl of Richmond. But, on the other hand, her son, though only four years old, was attainted, and his estates conferred by Edward IV. on his brother, the Duke of Clarence. The persevering hostility with which Jasper Tudor pursued the house of York involved the infant earl

\* Funeral Sermon, pp. 5-6, 8.

in his uncle's ruin. Jasper himself was deprived of all his possessions, including the town, castle, and lordship of Pembroke, which were conferred upon Sir William Herbert, a staunch supporter of the White Rose. Neither was the attainder of her beloved child the only misfortune which, at this period, befell the Countess of Richmond. By the orders of King Edward, she and her son were committed to the custody of Sir William Herbert; and accordingly, for some time to come, we find the illustrious widow residing as a state prisoner in the princely castle, over which she had hitherto been accustomed to rule as mistress.

Eight years passed away, and the young earl had entered into his thirteenth year, when further events occurred, which not only effected a revolution in the fortunes of the countess and her son, but also in those of the house of Herbert. An insurrection in Wales, fomented by the indefatigable Jasper Tudor, had been recently suppressed by Sir William Herbert. The result was, that Jasper, already stripped of his lands and seignories, was now deprived also of his earldom of Pembroke, which was conferred upon his victorious adversary. Subsequently, a formidable Lancastrian rising in the north of England reversed the fortunes of the two families. Thither the new Earl of Pembroke, and his brother Sir Richard Herbert, were advancing at the head of their Welsh retainers, when, in the

neighbourhood of Banbury, they were attacked by the Lancastrian forces under the command of Sir Henry Neville, and taken prisoners. Forthwith the gallant brothers were beheaded at Northampton.\* Margaret Beaufort, during her misfortunes, had experienced the kindest and most compassionate treatment from the Lady Herbert and her husband; and, accordingly, it now became her turn to sympathize with the widow of the generous warrior, who, though the fortune of war had transferred to him the possessions of her husband's brother, had nevertheless held her in the gentlest and most honourable captivity. Then, a year afterwards, ensued the triumphant return of the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence to England, the flight of Edward IV. to the Low Countries, and the temporary restoration of Henry VI. Then, once again, Margaret Beaufort presided as mistress in the hall of Pembroke Castle, and her beloved son was restored to his rights.

Among those who accompanied the "Kingmaker" to England was Jasper Tudor, who, hastening to

\* Lord Herbert was advanced to the earldom of Pembroke on the 27th of May 1468. Previously to his quitting Pembroke for the wars, we find him exacting a rather remarkable vow from his wife, that, in the event of his death, she would lead a life of celibacy. "And, wyfe, that ye remember your promise to me, to take the ordre of wydowhood, as ye may be the better master of your own, to performe my wylle, and to helpe my children, as I love and trust you," &c.—*Lord Pembroke's Last Will*, Sir E. Brydges' Peerage, vol. iii. p. 113. Lord Pembroke met with his defeat on the 26th of July 1469.

his castle of Pembroke, had the satisfaction of once more embracing his sister-in-law and his nephew. It was natural that the distinguished warrior should be anxious to introduce the youthful head of his house to his uncle and sovereign, King Henry VI. ; “and so,” says Polydore Virgil, “Jasper took the boy Henry from the wife of Lord Herbert, and brought him with himself, a little after, when he came to London unto King Henry.”\* The meek monarch not only smiled graciously on his nephew, but, impressed with a mournful foreboding of the misfortunes which impended over his own branch of the house of Lancaster, is said to have predicted to those around him that the boy would one day wear the crown.

Brief indeed proved to be the triumph of the house of Lancaster. Seven months only had passed away, when the landing of Edward IV. at Ravenspur, and his successes at Barnet and Tewkesbury, led to the re-committal of the unfortunate Henry to the Tower, and to Jasper Tudor becoming once more a fugitive. He made an attempt, indeed, to defend his castle of Pembroke against the Yorkists; but, finding himself closely besieged by Morgan ap Thomas, a powerful partisan of the house of York, he with great difficulty made his escape with his nephew to Tenby, from which port they were so fortunate as to obtain shipping to the French coast.

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 135, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*

Thus, for many eventful years to come, was the Countess of Richmond deprived of the society of her only and beloved child. Those years of separation appear to have been principally passed by her at a noble mansion which she erected at Collyweston, in Northamptonshire. Here we find her residing in comparative seclusion, employing her time, as heretofore, in the rigid discharge of her moral and religious duties, in performing acts of charity and benevolence, and in literary study and pursuits. "Her piety," says Bishop Fisher, "was so great that she would be at her devotions soon after five o'clock in the morning, and with the most ardent zeal went through all the religious offices appointed by the Church of Rome."\* In her youth she had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of medicine; and accordingly, later in life, she devoted a portion of every day to prescribing for and nursing the sick. She was often heard to remark that, could the Christian princes of Europe be prevailed upon to make war against their infidel enemy, the Turk, she would cheerfully follow the army as their laundress.†

It was probably at this period of her life that Margaret of Lancaster first imposed on herself those severe habits of penance and self-mortifica-

\* Ballard's Memoirs of Illustrious Ladies. p. 12; Funeral Sermon, p. 12.

† Funeral Sermon, p. 34.

tion which she never relaxed to the close of her existence. Among other propitiatory sufferings which she inflicted on herself, it was her custom, during certain days of the week, to wear shifts and girdles of hair next her body, so that, as she told her confessor, the Bishop of Rochester, her skin was often "pierced therewith."\* Not that Margaret was the gloomy ascetic which might have been supposed. After her son's accession to the throne, we find her playing her part, and apparently taking an interest, in the splendid entertainments and amusements of his court; while, of the worldly circle who witnessed her social cheerfulness, not one, perhaps, was aware of the secret penances which she imposed upon herself, or of the bodily torture which, probably at that very time, she was enduring.

In the year 1481, after an union of two-and-twenty years, death deprived the Countess of Richmond of her second husband, Sir Henry Stafford. In his will, he styles her "my beloved wife," and, with the exception of some trifling legacies, bequeaths her his entire fortune. Among the exceptional items which he wills away, are his "bay courser" to his brother, John Earl of Wiltshire; a "trapper and four new horse harness of velvet" to his son-in-law, the Earl of Richmond; and his "grizzled horse" to his receiver-general, Reginald Bray.†

\* Funeral Sermon. p. 11.

† Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 324.



It seems to have been somewhat more than a year after the death of Sir Henry Stafford, that the Countess of Richmond took for her third husband Thomas Lord Stanley, afterwards first Earl of Derby, the personal friend and favourite of Edward IV. Their union was probably simply one of convenience on both sides. Doubtless the vast possessions and princely rank of the Countess of Richmond had their weight in the eyes of Lord Stanley; while, on her part, Margaret had every inducement to ally herself with a powerful nobleman who, from his great influence at court, not only possessed the means of affording protection to herself, but, in the event of evil times arriving, might avert peril from her idolized son. Curiously enough, we find that the last years of their married life were passed, by mutual consent, in a state of celibacy. "Long time before that he died," says her father-confessor, "she obtained of him licence, and promised to live chaste, in the hands of the reverend father my Lord of London,\* which promise she renewed, after her husband's death, into my hands again."† The following is a copy of the vow which she took on the latter occasion. The original transcript is still preserved in the registers of St. John's College, Cambridge, of

\* Richard Fitzjames, Bishop of Rochester, translated to Chichester, in 1504, and to London in 1506. Beatson's Political Index.

† Funeral Sermon, p. 11.

which honoured seminary Margaret was the foundress:—\*

“ In the p’sence of my lorde god Jhu’ Christe and his blessed Mother, the gloriouse Virgin, sent Marye, and of all the hole companye of heven, and of you also, my gostly father, I Margarete Richmond, w<sup>t</sup> full purpos and good delyberac-on, ffor the well of my synfull sowle wyth all my hert promys frome hensforthe the chastite of my bodye. That is nev’ to use my bodye having actuall kno-lege of man after the com-on usage in Matrimonye. The which thing I had before purposed in my lorde my husband’s dayes, then being my gostly father the bisshoppe of Rochester aliter Richard fitziames. And nowe eftsince I fully conferme itt as far as in me lyeth, besechyng my lord god that he will this my poer wyll accept to the Remedye of my wretched lyffe and Releve of my synfull sowle And that he will gyve me his grace to p’forme the same. And also for my more merite and quyettesse of my sowle In dowtful thyngs p’tenyng to the same, I avowe to you, my lorde of Rochester, to whome I am and hath bene, sence the first tyme I see you admytted, verely determed (as to my cheffe trustye Counselloure) to owe myne obedyence In all

\* Preserved in a register known as the “Thin Red Book.” The copy was kindly furnished to the author by permission of the Fellows of St. John’s College.

thyngs conc'nyng the well and p'fite of my sowle.''\*

As the wife of the lord steward of the household, and of one of the king's principal advisers and friends, Margaret of Lancaster was necessarily compelled to forego her favourite habits of seclusion, and to reside with her lord in the vicinity of the court. For a brief interval only—in consequence of the death of Edward IV., and the imprisonment of her husband by Richard III.—was she enabled to escape from its heartlessness and fatigues. It suited the policy of Richard, on ascending the throne, not only to liberate Lord Stanley from the Tower, but to re-appoint him steward of the household; and consequently Margaret again became the

\* Unfortunately, there is no date affixed to this remarkable document. As Fitzjames, however, is spoken of as being then Bishop of London, it must have been made at least as late as 1506, when he was translated to that see, about two years after the death of Margaret's third husband, Lord Stanley. We have an instance of a similiar vow having been taken, about five years afterwards (13th July 1511), by Catherine of York, sixth daughter of King Edward IV., and widow of William Courtenay, Earl of Devon, who died on the 10th of the preceding month of May:—"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I, Catherine Courtneye, Countess of Devonshire, widow, and not wedded, nor unto any man assured, promise and make a vow to God, and to our Lady, and to all the company of heaven, in the presence of you, worshipful father in God, Richard Bishop of London, for to be chaste of my body, and truly and devoutly shall keep me chaste, for this time forward, as long as my life lasteth, after the rule of St. Paul. In nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti."—*Lansdowne MS.* From the Register of Fitzjames, Bishop of London: quoted in Sir H. Nicolas' *Privy Purse Expenses of Eliz. of York*, Pref. p. xxvii.

denizen of a court, and an unwilling participator in its pageants and pleasures. At the gorgeous coronation of the usurper, she supported the mantle of the queen. At the banquet, which took place the same evening, in the great hall at Westminster, she sat on the dais near the queen, on a seat of honour.

The project of uniting the rival houses of York and Lancaster, by the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with Henry Earl of Richmond, is said to have originated with Morton, Bishop of Ely. No sooner was it divulged to Margaret than it received her hearty approval. Since the year 1471, when death had carried off the unhappy Henry VI. and his no less ill-fated heir, Edward Prince of Wales, the Countess of Richmond had been regarded by the adherents of the Red Rose as the rightful possessor of the throne. So long, however, as Edward IV. lived,—so long, indeed, as his orphan sons were permitted to remain in the land of the living,—any attempt to assert the claims of the house of Lancaster would have been equally perilous and unwise. Even during the usurpation of Richard, and when his unpopularity was at its height, such an attempt, unless sanctioned and supported by the partisans of the house of York, would doubtless have proved a signal and disastrous failure. The influence and authority of the latter were still all-powerful in the land; while, on the other hand, of the

once formidable kinsmen and friends of the house of Lancaster, a very few only had escaped a tragical end, and these were attainted and in exile.

It was not therefore till Richard III. had removed his nephews from his path, not till the Princess Elizabeth had become the heiress of the house of York, that Margaret and her friends seem to have entertained any sanguine hopes of reinstating the line of John of Gaunt on the throne of England. Then it was that Margaret resolved to waive her own superior claims to the crown in favour of her son, and to use her utmost endeavours to accomplish his marriage with Elizabeth. Piously and energetically she set herself to work. As a Christian, she hoped to be the means of terminating that unholy contest, which for years had drenched the scaffold and the battle-field with blood; while, as a mother, no inducement could be more powerful, than the hope of recovering a beloved son from exile, and raising him to the throne on which his ancestors had sat in days of yore. "She being a wise woman," says Polydore Virgil, "after the slaughter of King Edward's children was known, began to hope well of her son's fortune; supposing that that deed would without doubt prove for the benefit of the commonwealth, if it might chance the blood of King Henry VI. and King Edward should be intermingled by affinity, and so two pernicious

factions, by conjoining of both houses, be utterly taken away.' '\*

These thoughts were not impossibly passing in the mind of the Countess of Richmond, when, in the summer of 1483, she accidentally encountered, on the road between Worcester and Bridgnorth, her cousin, Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. Descended, like herself, from King Edward III., Buckingham was also uncle by marriage to the Princess Elizabeth; his duchess, Katherine Woodville, being sister to the queen-dowager. Buckingham had recently parted with King Richard at Gloucester, and was now on his way to his castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the Bishop of Ely, Margaret's confidant in the affair of the projected marriage, was residing in honourable durance.

So fair a chance of inducing her powerful kinsman to forsake the cause of the usurper, and to unite with her in endeavouring to restore the fortunes of their house, was naturally turned to account by the Countess of Richmond. The arguments which she made use of to the duke produced, though not immediatly, the effect which she desired. So convinced did he become, as he told the Bishop of Ely, of the great advantage which would accrue to the commonwealth by a marriage between the Earl of Richmond and the Princess Elizabeth, that he resolved to hazard life and for-

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 195, Camd. Soc. Ed.

tune in the attempt to carry it into execution. Could the queen-dowager, he added, be induced to consent to it, he doubted not that the proud boar, whose tusks had gored so many innocent persons, would be brought to confusion, that peace would be restored to the distracted kingdom, and the rightful heir to the throne.

The queen-dowager and her beautiful daughter were at this time inmates of the sanctuary at Westminster, where they were closely watched by the spies, and guarded by the soldiers, of the usurper. To communicate with them was not only a most difficult task, but it required in an eminent degree, in whoever might undertake it, the united qualities of prudence, fidelity and courage. Fortunately, such an individual was forthcoming in the person of one Lewis, a Welsh priest and physician, whom, "because he was a grave man and of no small experience, Margaret was wont oftentimes to confer freely withal, and with him familiarly to lament her adversity."\* Fortunately, also, Lewis had formerly been consulted, "because he was a very learned physician," by the queen-dowager, who was consequently acquainted with his person and estimable qualities. In his double capacity of ecclesiastic and physician, he seems to have encountered little difficulty in gaining admission to the sanctuary. His mission met with eminent suc-

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 195, Camd. Soc. Ed.

cess. The queen-dowager, charmed with the prospect of her daughter being restored to her rights, entered warmly into the project. On the part of the young Earl of Richmond, it was stipulated that he should bind himself by the most solemn oath to marry the Princess Elizabeth so soon as he should arrive in England; while, on her part, the queen not only engaged to offer no obstacle to Henry sharing the throne with her daughter, but pledged herself to use her utmost endeavours to induce her friends and partisans to assist in carrying the project into effect. During the time the negotiation lasted, we find the Countess of Richmond "remaining at her husband's house in London."\*

The result of the consent of the queen-dowager to an alliance between the houses of York and Lancaster was the organization of that first and formidable conspiracy, which, at one time, threatened to be fatal to the usurpation of Richard III., but which eventually was unhappily terminated by the dispersion of the Duke of Buckingham's forces, and his own death on the scaffold at Salisbury. The tragical end of her kinsman, and the destruction of hopes which she had so fondly nourished, were doubtless bitterly felt by the Countess of Richmond. Moreover, the whole wrath of the usurper fell on the house of Lancaster. Her absent son and his uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, were

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 196, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*



attainted of high treason; she herself narrowly escaped a similar sentence. She was charged—and the charges against her were clearly not unfounded—with having sent money, “messages, writings, and tokens to the earl her son,” “desiring, procuring, and stirring” him up to invade the realm. Her princely birth, and the consideration due to so powerful a subject as Lord Stanley, in all probability saved her from the scaffold. In other respects she was treated with severity. She was deprived by parliament of all titles of honour, and declared to be incapable of inheriting any estate or dignity. Her possessions were conferred on Lord Stanley for life, with remainder to the crown after his death.\* Lastly, she was ordered to be kept in close confinement in one of the country residences of her lord, in order that henceforth she should be prevented from “sending any messenger either to her son or friends, or practising anything at all against the king.”†

Dispossessed of her titles and estates,—her principal partisans, moreover, having been either hurried to the block or driven into exile,—any woman, less pious and less high-spirited than Margaret Beaufort, would probably have yielded herself up to despair. On the contrary, the courage of this illustrious lady appears to have risen with

\* Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 250.

† Polydore Virgil, p. 204, Camd. Soc. Ed.

the occasion. Satisfied that the cause in which she had embarked was a holy one, and placing unbounded reliance in the justice of Heaven, we find her setting at defiance the vigilance and power of the implacable Richard, and engaging, at the earliest opportunity, in a new conspiracy against his throne. Her principal agents appear to have been her old and faithful servitor, Reginald Bray; her confessor, Christopher Urswicke; and her kinsman and devoted adherent, Hugh Conway.\* By means of these cautious, but fearless men, she was enabled to renew her secret communications with the principal partisans of the house of Lancaster; to obtain, and transmit, large sums of money to her son in Brittany; and, in a word, to bring to maturity that second and more successful enterprise, the details of which more properly belong to the story of the Earl of Richmond, whose eminent prudence and valour enabled him to triumph on the field of Bosworth.

The story of Margaret of Lancaster, after her son's accession to the throne, presents no remarkable features of interest. Strictly and sincerely

\* Hugh, afterwards Sir Hugh, Conway, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Courtenay, fifth Earl of Devonshire, by Margaret Beaufort, daughter of John first Earl of Somerset. His wife, therefore, and the Countess of Richmond were first cousins. Henry VII., on his accession to the throne, rewarded Conway with the mastership of the wardrobe, and, at the coronation of his consort, conferred on him the honour of knighthood. He was the ancestor of the first and last Earl of Conway, secretary of state in the reign of Charles II.

pious, and enjoying a thorough appreciation of literature, she would doubtless willingly have exchanged the pomp and heartlessness of a court for seclusion in one of her own princely mansions in the country. The youth of the queen, however, and her own position as mother of the reigning sovereign, compelled her to appear in public on great occasions of state, as well as to figure in the splendid entertainments of the period. Prosperity was borne by her with the same grace with which she had formerly endured adversity. The garment and girdle of haircloth which she wore next her skin interfered not with her cheerfulness. Her exalted position and the grandeur of royalty had no detrimental effect upon her domestic virtues.

Important as was the part which Margaret had formerly played in affairs of state, she ceased altogether, after her son's accession, to concern herself with them. As her son, she loved him with the tenderest devotion; as his subject, she behaved to him with deference and obedience. Henry, on his part, would seem to have fully appreciated, and, so far as his cold nature would permit, to have loved, his mother. In one of his letters to her, commencing, "Madam, my most entirely well-beloved lady and mother," he thus alludes to a request which she had preferred to him: "And, my dame, not only in this, but in all other things that I may know should be to your honour and

pleasure, and weal of your soul, I shall be as glad to please you as your heart can desire it; and I know well that I am as much bounden so to do as any creature living, for the great and singular motherly love and affection that it hath pleased you at all times to dear towards me. Wherefore, my own most loving mother, in my most hearty manner I thank you, beseeching you of your good continuance of the same." This letter was written on the 17th of July 1501, at the time when age was prematurely creeping over the Tudor monarch. "Madam," he concludes, "I have encumbered you now with my long writings, but methinks that I can do no less, considering that it is so seldom that I do write. Wherefore I beseech you to pardon me, for verily, Madam, my sight is nothing so perfect as it has been, and I know well it will impair daily; wherefore I trust that you will not be displeased though I write not so often with mine own hand, for, on my faith, I have been three days or I could make an end of this letter."\*

Margaret's letters to her son are of the same pleasing character, evincing how tenderly she loved him, and how cheerfully she paid him the reverence which was due to him as her sovereign lord. Such affectionate expressions as—"My dear heart,"† "My own sweet and most dear king,"‡ "My own

\* Ellis' Orig. Letters, First Series, vol. i. pp. 43, 44.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 47.

‡ Ibid. p. 46.

dearest and only desired joy in this world,"\* throw a charm over a correspondence which in other respects possesses no extraordinary interest. As regards the choice of language and style, Margaret's letters are much superior to those of her son.

To the young queen, her daughter-in-law, the example and advice of Margaret must have been of incalculable advantage. In private life, Margaret seems to have treated and loved her as a daughter, while, on all great occasions of state, she did homage to her, as became a subject. She tended and cheered Elizabeth during her several confinements, and figures conspicuously in the accounts of the various marriages and christenings of her grandchildren. When, in November 1487, the king made his triumphant entry into London, after his victory at Stoke, we find the queen and the king's mother witnessing the spectacle together from a window in St. Mary's Hospital, Bishopsgate Without.† Again, when, on the day preceding her coronation, Elizabeth proceeded by water from Greenwich to the Tower, the countess sat in the royal barge with her beautiful daughter-in-law.‡ When Henry kept the feast of Christmas, at the palace of Greenwich, in 1487, "the king sat at dinner on Christmas-day in the great chamber, and the queen and my lady the king's mother, with the

\* Howard's Coll. of Letters, vol. i. p. 155.

† Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 218.

‡ Ibid.

ladies, in the queen's chamber."\* At the splendid festival of the order of the Garter held at Windsor in 1488, we find the Countess of Richmond seated by the side of her royal daughter-in-law in the gorgeous chariot which conveyed them from the castle to St. George's Chapel.† The same year we find her enjoying the Christmas festivities with the king and queen at their palace of Richmond, in Surrey.‡ And again, when Henry kept his Easter at Hertford in 1489, we find her with her husband the Earl of Derby, and her old servitor Sir Reginald Bray, among the chosen guests.§ Twice the king and queen selected her to be the godmother of their children; and, lastly, when their second son, afterwards Henry VIII., was removed from the nursery to the school-room, it was to the venerable countess that they confided the important charge of superintending his education.

The countess, indeed, would seem to have taken an especial pleasure in superintending the education of the young. Very possibly she delighted in the society of youth. In the first year of her son's reign we discover the facts of her not only being intrusted with "the keeping and guiding" of the unmarried daughters of Edward IV., but also, "to her great charges," of the "young lords," the Duke of Buckingham and the Earls of Warwick

\* Leland's Collect, vol. iv. p. 234.

† Ibid. p. 239.

‡ Ibid. p. 245

§ Ibid. p. 246.

and Westmoreland.\* At a later period, when her grandson, Prince Henry, was under her charge, we find her associating with him under her roof her young kinsman, afterwards Sir John St. John, father of Oliver first Lord St. John of Bletshoe.†

As mother of the reigning sovereign, and also as the possessor of the ducal estates of the house of Beaufort, Margaret of Lancaster was invested with a power and influence far beyond that of any other female in England with the single exception of the queen. These advantages she exercised for the wisest and most beneficent purposes. A considerable portion of her wealth was expended in charities; her influence was employed in promoting the interests of religion and learning. The admirable example which she set by her own taste and judgment, is said to have had a highly beneficial effect in instilling into the high-born ladies of the land a relish for literature, and for such accomplishments as tend to define or dignify human nature.‡ The

\* Warrant from King Henry VII. to the treasurers and chamberlains of the Exchequer, Feb. 24, 1 Hen. VII., printed, from the original in the Roll's Office, in the "Critic" for 26th May 1860. As Mr. T. Duffus Hardy points out, this document entirely refutes the story which has been repeated by successive historians, from Hall and Bacon to Hume and Sharon Turner, that one of the first acts of Henry VII. after the battle of Bosworth was to consign the unfortunate Warwick, then a youth of fifteen, to the "ominous Tower of London."

† Inscription on his monument in Bletshoe Church, Bedfordshire, Lysons' *Magna Brit.* vol. i. p. 59.

‡ Halsted's *Mem. of Margaret Beaufort*, p. 170.

society in which she especially delighted was that of the pious and learned divines of the age. The erudite friend of Erasmus, Hugh Oldman, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, was one of her chaplains. A no less learned and pious man, John Fisher, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, was her father-confessor.\* Neither must it be forgotten that she patronized the celebrated Caxton, and that Wynken de Worde was her printer. There is extant a rare translation of "Waltere Hylton's Scala Perfectionis," which purports to be "enlisched and printed by command of Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, in Will Caxton's house, by Wynkyn de Worde, anno salutis 1484." At the end of the volume are the following verses:—

"This heavenly book, more precious than gold,  
Was late direct with great humility,  
For goodly pleasure thereon to behold  
Unto the right noble Margaret; as you see,  
The king's mother, of excellent bountie,

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\* Henry VII. thus writes to his mother, proposing to elevate her pious confessor to the bench of prelates:—"By the promotion of such a man, I know well it should encourage many others to live virtuously, and to take such ways as he doth, which should be a good example to many others hereafter. Howbeit, without your pleasure known, I will not move him, nor tempt him therein. And therefore I beseech you, that I may know your mind and pleasure in that behalf, which shall be followed as much as God will give me grace. I have, in my days, promoted many a man unadvisedly, and I would now make some recompense to promote some good and virtuous men, which I doubt not should best please God, who ever preserve you in good health and long life." From the Archives in St. John's College. Funeral Sermon, p. 41.



Henry the Seventh ; Jesu him preserve !  
This mighty princess hath commanded me  
To imprint this book, her grace for to deserve.\* \*

The extraordinary accomplishments, which distinguished the grandchildren and immediate descendants of Margaret Beaufort, had probably their foundation in the precepts and example set them by their illustrious progenitrix. From Bernard André, the preceptor of her grandson Arthur Prince of Wales, we learn at how early an age the young prince had mastered the literature of Greece and Rome. His brother, afterwards King Henry VIII., not only wrote and conversed in four languages besides his own,—namely, the French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin,—but was profoundly read as a theologian, and had also successfully cultivated several sciences, especially medicine, naval architecture, and music. Within the memory of man a *Te Deum* of his composition was still sung at Christ Church College, Oxford. Two of the great-grandchildren of Margaret Beaufort were possessed of attainments almost as remarkable. We have the evidence of the Italian scholar Jerome Cardan, who had several times conversed with King Edward VI., that the young king had studied no fewer than seven languages ; that he was a tolerable logician ; that he understood natural philosophy and music, and played on the lute. And yet Edward was no

\* Ballard's Memoirs of Learned Ladies, p. 17.

more than fifteen when he had mastered these acquirements, at which age he conversed with Cardan in Latin, with the same ease with which the philosopher spoke it himself. From Roger Ascham we learn that Queen Elizabeth was not only acquainted with the French, Spanish, Italian, and Latin languages, but, as he adds, writing from Windsor, "she readeth here more Greek every day than some prebendaries read Latin in one week." Neither were Margaret's descendants in the third generation less learned and accomplished. Mary Queen of Scots, at the age of fifteen, addressed the court of France, at the Louvre, in a Latin speech of her own composition. Of the three last sentences which Lady Jane Grey penned before going to her execution, one was written in Latin and another in Greek. The story related by Roger Ascham, of his surprising her, at Broadgate in Leicestershire, reading the *Phædo* of Plato in the original Greek while a gay hunting-party was going on in the park, is probably familiar to every reader. To find a parallel for the erudition which threw a redeeming grace over society in the days of the Tudors, we must go back to the twelfth century, when Abelard—a theologian, a grammarian, a philosopher, a poet, an astronomer, a musician, an orator, a mathematician—was the master of half a dozen languages, and played upon many musical instruments;—the days when Eloise, inspiring the

nuns of the Paraclete with ~~her~~ passionate love for learning, taught them not only to chant the offices of the Church of Rome in Hebrew, in Greek, and in Latin, but even to converse with her in these immortal languages of antiquity.

The charities of the Countess of Richmond were numerous and splendid. She founded and endowed a free grammar-school at Wimborne in Dorsetshire. In 1502 she instituted and endowed a perpetual public lectureship at the University of Cambridge, and another at Oxford. The same year she founded a chantry in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, appointing four chaplains to pray for her soul, the souls of her parents, and for all faithful souls. In 1503 she instituted a perpetual public preachership at Cambridge. Lastly, she raised those two noble foundations, Christ's and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, which were erected and endowed at her sole charge, and which still remain as monuments of her munificence and of the zeal for religion and learning which animated the soul of their foundress.

The last years of the life of Margaret of Lancaster appear to have been passed in comparative seclusion. She retained, indeed, a princely London residence, called Cold Harbour, in Upper Thames Street, formerly the residence of the Poultnes, the Hollands, and the Talbots.\* But

\* Stow's Survey of London, book ii. p. 206. In 1497 we find Margaret giving a splendid entertainment at the Cold Harbour to the

in the metropolis she probably resided but seldom. Her favourite places of abode seem to have been her patrimonial halls at Woking in Surrey, and at Torrington in Devonshire.†

In the month of February 1503, the Countess of Richmond had the misfortune to mourn the loss of her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth of York. The following year the death of the Earl of Derby left her, for the third time, a widow. A loss still more severely felt by her was probably that of her son, King Henry VII., who expired on the 22nd of April 1509. The reverence which he had shown for her virtues in his lifetime he perpetuated beyond the grave. His will, of which he leaves her one of the executors, styles her "Our dearest

nobles and prelates who accompanied Katherine of Arragon to England, previously to her marriage with Arthur Prince of Wales. The hall was hung with rich cloth of arras; and "in it a goodly cupboard [sideboard] made and erected, with a great plenty of plate, both silver and gilt; and they were set at the board, accompanied and coupled every of them, as well the men as the women, with his companion of England, to make them cheer and solace. They were also served after a right goodly manner, both of their victuals, dainties, and delicacies, and with diverse wines, abundant and plenteously." It seems that Lord Derby was residing at this time in a separate mansion, Derby House, near St. Paul's, now the Herald's College. *Antiquarian Repository*, vol. ii. p. 293.

† At the latter place, commiserating, it is said, the clergyman on account of the long distance which he had to walk from his home to the parish church, she presented him and his successors with the manor house and the lands adjoining it, which were at a very convenient distance from the sacred edifice.

and most entirely beloved mother, Margaret Countess of Richmond.”\*

As Margaret of Lancaster drew nearer her end, her devotions appear to have become more fervent, her charities more numerous, and the penances which she inflicted upon herself more excruciating than ever. She seems to have resorted to every expedient which might mortify the flesh in this world, and entitle her to kneel, with a humility imitative of His own, at the feet of the Redeemer into whose presence she expected shortly to be summoned. It may possibly have been the case that the “proud arrogance” which Shakspeare imputes to Margaret of Lancaster had been one of the failings of her youth, and that, as the vanities of this world passed away, it became the subject of unavailing regret.† But whatever may have been her negligences and ignorances when in the hey-day of life, they were repented, almost literally speaking, in sackcloth and ashes. Self-mortifica-

\* Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 35.

† “*Q. Eliz.* The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,  
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she’s your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stanley.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accused on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.”

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

tion could scarcely be carried to severer or more ascetic lengths. She maintained under her own roof twelve afflicted or indigent persons, whom she nursed in sickness and ministered to with her own hands. When any of them died, she inflicted on herself the pain of witnessing their death-agonies, and joined in the mournful procession which followed them to the grave. It was for the good of her soul, she said, to witness such scenes of mortality. It assisted to prepare her for her own dissolution.\*

Margaret Beaufort survived the accession of her grandson, King Henry VIII., scarcely more than three months. Her affliction for the loss of the son whom she had so tenderly loved, may not possibly have hastened her end. The last tie which united her to the world had apparently been snapped asunder; and, accordingly, as we learn from her confessor, the Bishop of Rochester, "her eyes were occupied in weepings and tears, sometimes of devotion, sometimes of penitence; her ears in hearing the word of God, and the divine service which daily was kept in her chapel; her tongue was occupied in prayer much part of the day; her legs and feet in visiting the altars, and other holy places; her hands in giving alms to the poor and needy, dressing them when they were sick, and ministering unto them meat and drink."

\* Funeral Sermon, p. 16.

The malady which carried her to the grave was unhappily an agonizing one. So acute, we are told, were her sufferings, and so piteous her cries, as to draw forth tears from the bystanders.\*

The death of the Countess of Richmond took place at Westminster on the 3rd of July 1509,† in the sixty-ninth year of her age. Her remains were interred in the adjoining abbey, in the magnificent chapel erected by her son. In that stately receptacle for the ashes of the illustrious dead, not the least interesting monument is the altar-tomb of black marble, the work of Peter Torrigiano, on which, in robes doubled with ermine, and the head encircled with a coronet, reclines the exquisite and lifelike effigy of Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, the descendant and the ancestress of kings.‡ Close to the spot, and investing it with additional interest, rest the remains, and rise the sumptuous monuments, of her great-granddaughter, the lion-hearted Queen Elizabeth, and her great-great-granddaughter, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots.

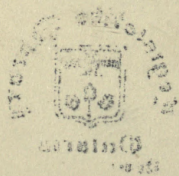
“The grave unites, where ev’n the great find rest,  
And blended lie the oppressor and the opprest.”

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\* Funeral Sermon, pp. 20, 21.

† Sandford, Gen. Hist. p. 329.

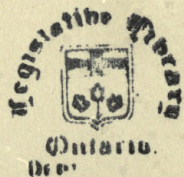
‡ Her epitaph, engraved on the tomb, was composed by Erasmus at the request of the Bishop of Rochester. Erasmus, we are told, received from the University of Cambridge, for his trouble, the sum of twenty shillings. Ballard’s Learned Ladies, p. 22.





Henry Earl of Richmond

AFTERWARDS KING HENRY VII.





## HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND,

AFTERWARDS KING HENRY VII.

**H**ENRY TUDOR, the only child of Edmund Earl of Richmond, by Margaret, daughter of John Duke of Somerset, was born in Pembroke Castle, South Wales, early in the year 1457.\* He was a posthumous child, having been born about three months after the death of his father. He was only four years old when the insurrection and defeat of his uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, at the battle of Mortimer's Cross, led to their attainder, and to the seizure of their possessions by King Edward IV.

It was shortly after the battle of Mortimer's Cross that Pembroke Castle was stormed and taken by William Lord Herbert of Chepstow, who, as a

\*On the authority of certain *post-mortem* inquisitions, *temp.* Henry VI. Bern. Andreas, Vita Hen. VII., Preface by James Gairdner, Esq., p. 23. On the other hand, we have the evidence of Henry's own mother that she brought him into the world on St. Anne's day, viz. 26th July [1456]. Howard's Collection of Letters, p. 157. The evidence adduced by Mr. Gairdner, in proof of Henry having been a posthumous child, is so convincing, that we can only account for the discrepancy by presuming that the transcriber of "Howard's Letters" mistook St. Anne's day for St. Agnes' day. If this be the case, it would fix the date of Henry's birth as the 21st of January 1457, which nearly agrees with an inquisition representing him to have been thirty-five weeks old and upwards on the 11th of October 1457.

reward for this and other services, was granted the castle and the town and lordship appertaining to it. In the castle was discovered the young Earl of Richmond, affectionately watched over by one Philip ap Hoell, "oure old servaunt and well-beloved *nurriour*," as we find him subsequently designated in a state document in the reign of Henry VII.\*

Henry, as we have already related, now became a hostage in the hands of the Herberts—a state prisoner in the forfeited halls of his uncle, Jasper Tudor. The child, however, had little reason to complain of his keepers. The Lady Herbert, a sister of Walter d'Evereux, Lord Ferrers de Chartley, treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration, bringing him up "in all kinds of civility, and well and honourably educating him."† As the Lady Herbert was the mother of four sons and six daughters, the captivity of the young earl, enlivened by the society of so many youthful companions, was in all probability not an irksome one.

Henry had been more than nine years under the charge of the Herberts, when the flight of Edward IV. into France enabled his uncle, Jasper Tudor, to return from exile, and to resume possession of his princely castle. On this occasion it was, that the latter carried with him his young nephew to court, for the purpose of introducing him to his uncle, King Henry VI. Then it was, too, while "wash-

\* Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 406.

† Hall's Chronicle, p. 287.

ing his hands at a great feast,"\* that King Henry is said to have prognosticated the future greatness of his youthful kinsman. "This is he," he exclaimed, "who shall quietly possess what we and our adversaries do now contend for."

"*K. Henry.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is that  
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

*Somerset.* My liege, it is young Henry Earl of Richmond.

*K. Henry.* Come hither, England's hope. If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

His head by nature framed to wear a crown;

His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords; for this is he

Must help you more than you are hurt by me."

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

It has been said—and there are many persons for whom the question has its interest—that Henry VI. placed his young kinsman as a scholar in that noble seminary which he had recently founded under the "stately brow" of Windsor Castle,—

"Where grateful Science still adores

Her Henry's holy shade."

Supposing it to be true that Henry VII. received any part of his education at Eton, the period of his scholarship must have been at this particular time, namely, between the middle of October 1470, when Henry VI. was restored to the throne, and the end of March the following year, when Edward IV. re-

\* Lord Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 638.

turned in triumph to his dominions. Sandford, indeed, distinctly states that, at that particular time, when the "meek usurper" pointed out his nephew to his courtiers as destined hereafter to wear the crown, the young earl was "a scholar in Eton College." Moreover, according to a modern historian and diligent inquirer, "after being presented to King Henry VI., he was placed as a scholar at Eton, a college founded by that pious monarch in his more prosperous days."\* The same writer also informs us that when Henry VI. made his famous prediction he "was attending a feast at his magnificent foundation of Eton, shortly after Henry of Richmond had been placed there;" adding that, on the subsequent advance of Edward IV. towards London, "Jasper Tudor felt the necessity of withdrawing the young earl, his nephew, from Eton, and sending him again, for greater security, to Wales."† These statements are so circumstantial, and at the same time so interesting, that it seems a pity to question their accuracy. Unfortunately, however, they appear to rest on no higher authority than a dry statement in the pages of the genealogist Sandford, whose history was not composed till more than two centuries after the events which he chronicles. "While he was a child," says Sandford, "and a scholar in *Eton College*, he was there, by King Henry VI., prophetically entitled

\* Halsted's *Life of Margaret Beaufort*, p. 76.

† *Ibid.* pp. 76, 78.

the decider of the then difference between that prince and King Edward IV." \* Sandford seems to quote the chronicler Hall as his authority, and as Hall was not only himself an Etonian, but appears to have been a scholar at Eton so early as when Henry VII. sat on the throne,† we naturally turn with curiosity to his pages. But if the reference to Sandford was unsatisfactory, still more disappointing is the reference to Hall; the passage pointed to by Sandford containing no more than the hackneyed story of the king's prediction of his nephew's greatness, without any mention of or allusion to Eton whatever.‡ Thus, not only fall to the ground the interesting details which we have given of Henry of Richmond's scholarship at Eton, but we are compelled to record our doubt whether, in fact, he was ever educated at Eton at all.

Immediately after the fatal battle of Tewkesbury had restored Edward IV. to his throne, we find Jasper Tudor hurrying back to Wales with the

\* Sandford's Gen. Hist. book vi. p. 463.

† This is presuming that Hall remained more than five years at Eton. Henry VII. died in 1509; Hall left Eton for King's College in 1514. *Registrum Regale*, p. 9, edit. 1784.

‡ His words are:—"Jasper Earl of Pembroke took this child, being his nephew, out of the custody of the Lady Herbert, and at his return he brought the child to *London* to King Henry VI., whom when the king had a good space by himself secretly beholden, and marked both his wit and his likely towardness, he said to such princes as were then with him, 'So surely this is he to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give room and place.'"—*Hall's Chronicle*, p. 287.

young earl, his nephew. Thither he was followed by one Roger Vaughan, a man "both strong of people and of friends," whom King Edward privately despatched to Pembroke, in hopes of entrapping and seizing the person of the indefatigable Jasper. Fortunately, however, his friends discovered the snare which was laid for him, and accordingly, having seized "the said Roger within the town, he cut off his head."\* But if Edward was desirous of getting Jasper Tudor into his power, still more anxious was he to obtain possession of the person of the young Earl of Richmond, who, by the recent death of Henry VI., and of his son, Edward Prince of Wales, was now the nearest male heir of the house of Lancaster. Accordingly, Edward no sooner ascertained that Jasper Tudor was preparing to defend himself at Pembroke, than he commissioned one Morgan Thomas to beleaguer the castle with an adequate force. Within the space of eight days, so completely, we are told, had the besieging party "envi-roned it with a ditch and a trench," that, but for a diversion made by David Thomas, a brother of Morgan, the two earls must have fallen into the hands of their foes. The faithful David performed a no less important act of kindness by conducting them in safety to Tenby, from whence they were

\* Polydore Virgil, pp. 154, 155, Camd. Soc. Ed.; Hall's Chronicle, p. 302.



fortunate enough, as we have already mentioned, to obtain shipping for France. Scarcely, however, had they time to congratulate themselves on their escape from their enemies, when fresh perils encountered them. A violent tempest drove them towards the shores of Brittany; with some difficulty they contrived to land at St. Malo. They were now in the power of Francis, the reigning Duke of Brittany, of whose good will towards them they had reason to be doubtful. He assured them, however, that they were welcome to reside in his dominions as long as, and in whatever part, they liked, solemnly promising them that he would suffer no wrong or injury to be inflicted on them by any person whatever.\* These promises, at the time when they were made, were probably sincere: how well they were kept we shall presently learn.

Thus, before he had completed his fifteenth year, did Henry of Richmond commence an exile which was destined to last for fourteen dreary and perilous years. When, long afterwards, Philip de Commines made the earl's acquaintance in Brittany, Henry told him that he had either been a prisoner or a fugitive since he was five years old.† To be banished from the happy and familiar scenes of his childhood, to be separated from a mother who so tenderly loved and had so devotedly

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 155, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*; *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 303.

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

watched over him, was doubtless a heavy blow to the young heir of the house of Lancaster. But the chroniclers inform us that his exile was embittered by a still softer feeling of regret. During the time that the Herberts had held him in pleasant constraint in Pembroke Castle, he had fixed his affections on the Lady Maud Herbert, the second daughter of the late Earl of Pembroke. For once, the course of love promised to run smoother than is usually the fate of youthful predilections. The earl had not only watched the attachment with complacency, but in his last will, dated shortly before he was beheaded after the battle of Banbury, had expressed a desire that the Lady Maud might become the wife of the Earl of Richmond.\* Having thus been encouraged to hope that the object of his affections would one day become his, doubtless his exile was rendered the more insupportable. That, at a later period, Henry, at least on one occasion, visited Wales in secret and disguise, little question seems to exist. Shall we, then, be considered too romantic, in presuming that the Lady Maud was the object of his wanderings? His perilous adventures in Wales are said to have been sung by more than one contemporary Welsh bard. "Many wild and beautiful compositions," we are told, "are yet extant, in which, under the

\* Dugdale's *Baronage*, vol. ii. p. 258; *Testamenta Vetusta*, vol. i. p. 305.

emblem of the eagle and the lion, according to the allegorical poetry of the age, his sojourn is described.”\* On one occasion his life seems to have been in imminent peril. “In the ancient castle of Tremostyn, in Flintshire,” says Pennant, “is a great room at the end of a long gallery, said by the tradition of the place to have been the lodging of Henry VII. when Earl of Richmond; for he resided secretly in Wales at the time he was supposed to have been at Bretagne. While Henry,” adds Pennant, “was thus lurking at Mostyn, a party of Richard’s forces arrived there on suspicion, and proceeded to search the castle. He was about to dine, but had just time to leap out of a back window and make his escape by means of a hole, which is to this day called the King’s Hole.”† The Lady Maud, it may be mentioned, subsequently became the wife of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, to whose supineness in the cause of Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth, Henry was mainly indebted for his victory. Nearly two centuries after her death, the body of the Lady Maud was discovered in “a fair coffin of stone,” in Beverley Minster. The corpse was covered with cloth

\* Halsted’s *Life of Margaret Beaufort*, pp. 147, 148.

† Sir Roger Mostyn, the lord of the castle, subsequently attended the young earl to the field of Bosworth. When the battle was over, Henry invited him to follow him to court. “No,” replied the sturdy Welshman, “I will dwell among mine own people.” Hutton’s *Battle of Bosworth*, Nichols’ ed. p. 134.

of gold, with slippers embroidered with silk upon the feet, "and therewith a wax lamp, a candle, and plate-candlestick."\*

Great was the annoyance and displeasure of Edward IV. when the intelligence reached him that not only had Jasper Tudor effected his escape into Brittany with his nephew, but that they had met with a kind and courteous welcome from Duke Francis. Agents were immediately despatched by him to the Court of Brittany, who, by promises of "great and sumptuous rewards," endeavoured to induce the duke to deliver up the persons of the exiled earls. An unworthy compromise was the result. Unwilling to incur the odium, which would have attached to his name had he complied with the demands of the English monarch, the duke replied that he had solemnly promised the earls his protection, and that his honour forbade his breaking his word. On the other hand, he guaranteed that the exiles should either be detained in close custody, or else that they should be so vigilantly watched as effectually to prevent their causing "displeasure or prejudice" to the English monarch. The duke kept his word; not indeed to the exiled earls, but to King Edward. The uncle and nephew were forthwith separated from one another; their English attendants were dismissed, and none

\* Dugdale, MS. Additions to his Baronage; Sir E. Brydges' Peerage, vol. ii. p. 301.

but native Bretons allowed to attend their persons.\*

Four years seem to have elapsed before any further attempt was made by Edward IV. to secure the person of his youthful rival. At the end of that time—judging that he was insecure on his throne so long as “one of the offsprings of the blood of King Henry VI. was yet living and in good health”†—he despatched to the court of Brittany Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells, from whose eloquence and talents he probably anticipated the most favourable results. Stillington, and the “ambassadors” who were associated with him, arrived at their destination, “well laden with no small store of gold,” prepared evidently to bribe or deceive, as they might judge most likely to advance the interests of their lord and master. They had even the impudence to assert to the Duke of Brittany, that the only object of King Edward in desiring the return of his young kinsman to England, was to unite him in marriage with his eldest daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, and thereby prevent future discords and give increasing security to his throne.‡

Accordingly—whether duped by these plausible pretences, whether tempted by English gold, or whether unwilling to give offence to so powerful a

\* Hall's Chronicle, pp. 304, 305.

† Ibid. p. 322.

‡ Ibid. p. 323.

monarch as Edward—Duke Francis was mean enough to break faith with the friendless, and to deliver up the heir of Lancaster into the hands of the ambassadors. St. Malo was fixed upon by the bishop and his colleagues as the place of their embarkation for England, and thither accordingly they carried their unfortunate prisoner. Never, heretofore, had the young earl been in such imminent peril. The consideration of the misfortunes which threatened him is said to have deeply affected his health. “The Earl of Richmond,” says Hall, “knowing that he was going toward his death, for very pensiveness and inward thought fell into a fervent and a sore ague.”\* Fortunately he had a friend in one John Chenlet,† a courtier of integrity and honour, and high in the esteem of his royal master. It had so happened that at the time when Duke Francis ratified his disreputable treaty with the English prelate, Chenlet was absent in the country. Intelligence, however, no sooner reached him of the arrest of the English earl, than he repaired to court, and presented himself before the duke. With great boldness and energy, he inveighed against the act of gross injustice which had been perpetrated in his absence. Should the Earl of Richmond, he said, set but one foot out of Brittany, death would inevitably be his fate. In

\* Hall, p. 325,

† Hall, in another place (p. 325), calls him John Cheynet.

that case what would the world say of the prince who had broken faith with "a most innocent young gentleman," and had delivered him into the hands of his persecutors? Surely it would brand his name with "slander and infamy" for ever.

Moved by these arguments, the duke forthwith despatched to St. Malo his chief treasurer, Peter Landois, exhorting him to use his utmost endeavours to regain possession of the person of the young earl. Finding the ambassadors still at St. Malo, "abiding the wind," Landois contrived to amuse them with some plausible pretence for his visit, while, in the mean time, his agents succeeded in obtaining access to the sick earl, to whom they privately communicated their good intentions, and eventually succeeded in removing him, "almost half dead," into a neighbouring sanctuary. Defrauded not only of their prisoner but of their gold, which they had expended in bribes to the courtiers of Duke Francis, Bishop Stillington and his colleagues were naturally in the highest degree indignant. The wily Breton, however, was prepared with his answers and arguments. He insisted, on the one hand, that the escape of the English earl was owing to their own negligence, while, on the other hand, he assured them, that so completely had the Duke of Brittany the interests of the English monarch at heart, that, at all events, the Earl of Richmond should be kept in durance as close,

and his person watched with as much vigilance, as before the arrival of the embassy at the court of Brittany. "And so," remarks the old chronicler, "the king of England, for his money, purchased the keeping of his enemy for three days, and no more."\*

From this period, Henry of Richmond appears to have principally resided in the castle of Vannes, a seaport town in Brittany, where, though narrowly watched and closely guarded by the soldiers of Duke Francis, he in other respects met with honourable entertainment. Another scene of his captivity was the castle of Elven, one of the towers of which is said to be still pointed out as containing the apartments in which he was lodged. Having continually in his imagination the terrible possibility of being delivered up to the merciless Edward, Henry now resolved, as the only means of defeating his malice, to qualify himself for the priesthood. For this purpose he caused himself to be instructed in the learned lore of the age, and especially in Latin, a language in which, in after years, he corresponded with Cardinal Adrian and others. He also made himself master of French, in which latter language, as Lord Bacon informs us, he had read "most books that were of any worth."†

Thus, not unprofitably, does Henry of Richmond appear to have passed his time till the year 1483,

\* Hall, p. 324.

† Lord Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 637.



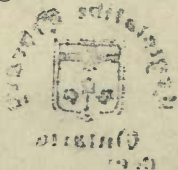
when the premature death of Edward IV. released the Duke of Brittany from his not very creditable engagements with the English court. Then followed the usurpation of Richard III., the murder of Edward V. and his brother the Duke of York, and the revival of the long-dormant hopes of the partisans of the house of Lancaster. As we have already intimated, the principal means by which the latter trusted to accomplish the ends which they had in view, was a marriage between the Earl of Richmond and the heiress of the house of York. The chief conspirators, if they may be so styled, were the Duke of Buckingham, the Bishop of Ely, the Countess of Richmond, and Sir Reginald Bray; the latter "a man most faithful and trusty, and the chief dealer in this conspiracy."\* No sooner were their plans properly matured, than secret emissaries were sent into Brittany to the exiled earl, who, as may be readily supposed, eagerly embraced the views of his friends, and in due time solemnly pledged his troth to the Princess Elizabeth. By means of the large sums of money with which they contrived to furnish him, added to some assistance which he received from the Duke of Brittany, he was enabled in little more than two months to muster an armed force consisting of five thousand men. In the mean time Buckingham sent him word that he intended to raise his standard on the 18th of October, and

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 196, Camd. Soc. Ed.

by that time Henry guaranteed to come to his assistance.

Accordingly, on the 12th of October, Henry set sail from St. Malo, with his troops embarked on board a fleet consisting of forty ships. He had hoped to fulfil the injunctions of his friends by landing at Plymouth on the 18th. Unfortunately, however, his ships were dispersed by a tempest, and when at length they arrived off the coast of Dorsetshire, he had the mortification to behold it lined with the troops of the enemy. Not long afterwards, intelligence reached him of the sad fate of Buckingham, as well as of the discomfiture and flight of his friends in every quarter. No choice, therefore, remained to him but to return to Brittany, whither accordingly he reluctantly steered his course.

On his arrival at Vannes, Henry had the satisfaction of finding there Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter; the Marquis of Dorset, son of the queen-dowager; her brother, Sir Edmund Woodville, and several other Englishmen of rank and influence, who had been fortunate enough to escape into Brittany on the failure of the late insurrection. It was probably to satisfy the queen's relations, that Henry consented to repeat in their presence his solemn protestations to marry their kinswoman. Accordingly, on Christmas-day, "all the English lords went with great solemnity to the chief church of the city,"



where, in the midst of them, Henry solemnly swore that, should he ever become possessed of the crown and dignity of England, he would take to wife the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the late King Edward IV. The lords present then swore fealty and did homage to him, as though he had been already a "crowned and anointed king;" at the same time promising and protesting that they would lose their lands, possessions, and lives, rather than suffer the tyrant Richard to reign over them and theirs.\* When the English parliament met at Westminster, on the 23rd of the following month, these gallant exiles were one and all attainted of high treason.†

Henry of Richmond had now rendered himself as much an object of fear and dislike to Richard III. as he had formerly been to Edward IV. Accordingly, certain confidential persons were despatched by Richard to the Duke of Brittany, who not only carried with them large sums of money for the purpose of bribing the Duke and his ministers, but were also empowered to guarantee to the former the lands and seigniories of the Earl of Richmond, and of the other attainted persons then in Brittany, provided he would forthwith cause

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 203, Camd. Soc. Ed.; Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. pp. 134, 136, 137.

† Grafton, vol. ii. p. 137.



them to be arrested and kept in close confinement. Duke Francis being at this time completely prostrated by a mental as well as bodily ailment, the management of his affairs was entirely confided to his treasurer, Landois, the son of a tailor. Richard's emissaries, therefore, addressed themselves to Landois, who listened greedily to their overtures. Thus the position of Henry again became perilous in the extreme. Fortunately, however, there were traitors about the person of King Richard, who secretly communicated to the Bishop of Ely, then in exile in Flanders, the nature of the negotiations which were pending at the court of Brittany. Thither, then, for the purpose of apprizing the earl of his danger, the bishop despatched Urswicke, a priest who had formerly been employed by the Countess of Richmond on similar secret missions. Urswicke found Henry at Vannes, closely watched by the agents of Landois. Fortunately, however, Duke Francis was by this time convalescent. Moreover, it so happened that he was residing near the borders of France, into which country Henry had obtained the permission of the French king, Charles VIII., to withdraw himself. In that direction, therefore, he despatched his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, and his other friends, giving out that the object of their journey was to congratulate the duke on his recovery, while in reality they had secret instructions to turn off the

road at a certain point, and to make the best of their way into France.\*

This initiatory attempt to elude the vigilance of Peter Landois and his agents proving successful, Henry intimated that he was about to visit a friend in the neighbourhood, and, attended only by five servants, rode unsuspected out of the town. Having proceeded four or five miles along the main road, he entered a wood, in which he exchanged dresses with one of his attendants. The rest of the journey to the borders was performed along lanes and byways; Henry riding behind his own servant, who acted the part of the master of the company. In this manner they entered France.

In the mean time, having completed his negotiation with the English envoys, Landois was on the point of issuing orders for the seizure of Henry's person, when his flight was discovered. Not a moment was lost in despatching a body of horsemen in pursuit of him. Their ride must have been an exciting one; the pursuers reaching the borders of Brittany only an hour after the earl had crossed them. Safe in the French territory, Henry rode on without further molestation to Angers, the capital of Anjou, where he had the satisfaction of rejoining the Earl of Pembroke and

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 206, Camd. Soc. Ed.; Grafton, vol. ii. p. 140.

his other friends.\* From hence he proceeded to the French court at Langeais on the Loire, where not only did he meet with a kind reception from Charles VIII., but that monarch subsequently carried him with him to Montargis, and afterwards to Paris. During his stay at Montargis, Henry had the great satisfaction of being joined by John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whose high rank, unimpeachable integrity, and great experience in military affairs, led him to be regarded as one of the most considerable of the partisans of the Red Rose. The earl had for some years been imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, in Picardy, from which place the governor, Sir James Blunt, had recently allowed him to escape. Blunt himself accompanied the earl to Montargis, and tendered his services to the Earl of Richmond. Henry was now afforded the means of keeping up, with much more facility than heretofore, his correspondence with his friends in England. Their letters urged him to prepare for a second invasion of England; the intelligence, which they sent him, became gradually more encouraging; the sums of money which they transmitted to him were considerable.

It may be mentioned that one of the confidential persons employed to carry on the secret correspondence between the two countries was one Hum-

\* Polydore Virgil, pp. 206, 207, *Camd. Soc. Ed.*; Grafton, vol. ii. pp. 140, 141.

phrey Brereton, who represents himself to have been an esquire, and a servant to Lord Stanley, the husband of the Countess of Richmond. To Brereton apparently is due the credit of having been the author of a very curious metrical narrative, entitled "The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy," a production which, though it doubtless contains a much greater amount of fiction than truth, is nevertheless rendered highly interesting from the insight which it affords us into the manners and customs of a past age, and, when borne out by the testimony of other writers, is not without historical value. Brereton's account of his mission to the exiled earl is one of the most graphic in his narrative. He was intrusted, it seems, with a considerable sum of money, which had been subscribed by Henry's friends in England, as well as with "a love-letter and a ring of gold," which the Princess Elizabeth—the "Lady Bessy" of the song—commanded him to deliver to her betrothed "beyond the sea."

"Without all doubt at Liverpool  
He took shipping upon the sea,  
With a swift wind and a liart  
He so sailed upon the sea."

It had been previously to Henry's flight from Vannes that Brereton was intrusted with his first mission. On landing in Brittany he describes himself as proceeding to a monastery, about seven

leagues from Rennes, where he discovered Henry sitting in an archery ground, in company with the lords who were sharers of his exile. On intimating to the porter of the monastery that he was unacquainted with the earl's person, the latter thus replies:—

“I shall thee tell, said the porter then;  
The Prince of England know shall ye;  
Lo where he sits at the butts certain,  
With other lords two or three.

He weareth a gown of velvet black,  
And it is cutted above the knee;  
With a long visage, and pale and black:  
Thereby know that prince may ye.”

Brereton approaches and kneels before the earl:—

“When Humphrey came before that prince,  
He falleth down upon his knee;  
He delivered the letters which Bessy sent,  
And so did he the merles three;

A rich ring with a stone,  
Thereof the prince glad was he;  
He took the ring of Humphrey then,  
And kissed the ring times three.”

To Brereton personally, Henry's manner is described as having been singularly cold and repulsive. With that extreme cautiousness, which he had acquired from long acquaintance with treachery and danger, he kept the poet waiting for three weeks before he could be induced to vouchsafe him an answer.



In the mean time Henry had stood in need of no extraordinary solicitations from his friends to induce him to hurry his preparations for a second descent on the shores of England. The news which he continued to receive from thence was sufficiently cheering. The popularity which Richard for a time had enjoyed was on the wane. Few of his nobles were sincerely attached to his cause. Those in whom he most confided, and on whom he had lavished the greatest favours, were among the number of his secret foes. The great difficulty with which Henry had to contend was the want of soldiers. Repeatedly he had applied to Charles VIII. to furnish him with levies; but though the French king secretly and sincerely wished him success, he had his reasons for denying him the aid he required. Fortunately for Henry, he had contrived to establish himself in the good graces of the king's sister, Anne de Valois, the celebrated Lady of Beaujeu, whose solicitations subsequently induced the king to furnish the English earl with a force of three thousand Normans, in addition to the loan of a considerable sum of money. The aid, however, thus reluctantly wrung from the French monarch, was scarcely so efficient as Henry would have wished. De Commines describes the French troops as the scum of the country.\* Nevertheless they served to swell the small force which Henry

\* Mémoires de Commines, tome ii. p. 246.

had been enabled to collect together, and subsequently did him good service on the field of Bosworth.

Having taken leave of his friends at the French court, Henry departed from Paris for Harfleur, where his small fleet had been directed to assemble at the mouth of the Seine. His hopes of success, as we have already pointed out, depended mainly upon the partisans of the house of York regarding him as the future husband of the Princess Elizabeth and her destined partner on the throne. Bitter indeed, then, must have been his disappointment when, on reaching Rouen, he received the startling, though false assurance, that the nuptials of Richard III. and the princess were on the eve of celebration. Mortified by the inconstancy of his betrothed, and feeling how important it was at such a time to secure a powerful connection by marriage, the earl is said to have despatched a faithful messenger into Wales, with proposals for the hand of the Lady Katherine Herbert, the youngest sister of the former object of his love, the Lady Maud, now Countess of Northumberland. In consequence, however, of some unaccountable accidents delaying the journey of his messenger, these proposals apparently were never delivered. The Lady Katherine subsequently became the wife of George Grey, Earl of Kent.

It was on the 31st of July 1485, that Henry of

Richmond set sail from Harfleur on his memorable expedition to invade England. On the 6th of August he disembarked his troops at Milford Haven, in South Wales, without having encountered the slightest opposition. "When he was come into the land," says a contemporary chronicler, "he incontinently kneeled down upon the earth, and, with meek countenance and pure devotion, began this psalm, *Indica me, Deus, et decerne causam meam*; the which when he had finished to the end, and kissed the ground meekly and reverently, he made the sign of the cross upon him, and commanded such as were about him, boldly, in the name of God and St. George, to set forward."\*

Marching through Wales by way of Haverfordwest, Cardigan, New Town, and Welshpool, Henry guided his troops, by rugged and indirect tracts,"† from Milford Haven to Shrewsbury. The Welsh flocked from all quarters to do honour to their countryman. Many of the influential landholders—and among them Sir Rice ap Thomas, who held a commission from King Richard to uphold his authority in those parts—rallied round the standard of the invader. The country-people freely supplied his troops with provisions. "Well-beloved friend," writes the Duke of Norfolk to John Paston, "I commend me to you, letting you to understand that the king's enemies be a-land. Wherefore," pro-

\* Fabyan's Chronicle, p. 672.

† Croyland Chronicle, p. 501.

ceeds the duke, "I pray ye that ye meet with me at Bury, for, by the grace of God, I purpose to lie at Bury as upon Tuesday night; and that ye bring with you such company of tall men as ye may goodly make at my cost and charge, besides that which ye have promised the king; and I pray you ordain them jackets of my livery, and I shall content you at your meeting with me."\*

Pursuing his march from Shrewsbury to Stafford, Henry was joined near Newport by Sir Gilbert Talbot, sheriff of Shropshire, who brought to his aid two thousand armed men, the retainers of his nephew, the young Earl of Shrewsbury, then a minor. On reaching Lichfield he passed the night in his camp without the walls of that town. The next morning he entered it in triumph. Between Lichfield and Tamworth, a distance of about seven miles, he was joined by Sir Walter Hungerford and Sir Thomas Bouchier; and on the following day

\* Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 156. It would appear, by this letter, that the different corps of which the royal army was composed wore the liveries of their respective lords or chiefs. The colour of the coats worn by Sir William Stanley's retainers at the battle of Bosworth was red.

"Sir William Stanley, that noble knight,  
Ten thousand red-coats that day had he."

*Song of the Lady Bessy.*

In the same contemporary poem we read of

"Sir John Savage' fifteen hundred white hoods,  
For they will fight and never flee."

by Sir John Savage, Sir Bryan Sandford, and Sir Simon Digby. During this part of his progress a rather remarkable incident occurred to Henry. His troops had quitted Lichfield for Tamworth, late in the evening of the 18th of August. At night the leaders of his army were apprized, to their consternation, that he was missing. According to the ordinary version of the story, with such intentness was Henry musing on the state of his affairs, that he not only contrived to separate himself from his army, but was left without any knowledge of its track. To have questioned the persons whom he met, or even to have asked the way to Tamworth, might have betrayed him to the enemy. At night he is said to have slept at a small village, the name of which he was ignorant of and afraid to inquire. Happily he escaped the scouts of King Richard, and the next morning rejoiced the hearts of his captains by riding safely into the camp at Tamworth. Such is the manner in which Henry's mysterious absence appears to have been accounted for at the time. It seems much more probable, however, that when he separated himself from his army it was for the purpose of keeping a secret appointment with one of the false and powerful friends of the usurper, of whom more than one was prepared, at the first safe opportunity, to desert his standard. Henry, indeed, almost intimated to his generals that such was the case. "He had stepped out of the road," he

said, "with design to converse with some gentlemen in his interest."\*

On the evening of the day on which he rejoined his camp (19th August), Henry, attended by a small escort, rode to Atherstone, about nine miles distant from Tamworth and about the same distance from the field of Bosworth. At Atherstone a clandestine interview had been preconcerted between him and two of Richard's most powerful subjects, Thomas Lord Stanley and his brother Sir William. Had Lord Stanley been at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations, he would probably long since have openly united his forces with those of his son-in-law. Richard, however, as we have already recorded, entertaining suspicions of his loyalty, had seized the person of his son, Lord Strange, whom he retained as an hostage for his father's fidelity. Thus, any open act of defection on the part of Lord Stanley might at any moment cost him the life of his son.

The memorable interview between Henry of Richmond and the Stanleys, is said to have taken place in a small close, called the Hall Close, about one hundred yards behind the "Three Tons," at Atherstone, a miserable hostelry in which Henry subsequently passed the night.†

\* Hutton's *Battle of Bosworth* p. 56.

† *Ibid.* pp. 57, 61, 62.

*Stanley.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richmond.* All comfort that the dark night can afford  
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law.

Tell me how fares our noble mother?

*Stanley.* I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good."

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

The details of the great battle of Bosworth have already been related in our memoir of Richard III. Having succeeded in despoiling his rival of his crown and of his life, Henry proceeded to Leicester, where he was solemnly proclaimed King of England by sound of trumpet, and where he rested for two days. He then advanced by easy stages towards London; the people everywhere receiving him with loud acclamations, and "with great joy clapping their hands, and shouting 'King Henry! King Henry!'"\* Although it was the policy of Henry to avoid exciting the jealousy of his new subjects by anything like the display of military triumph, he nevertheless entered the metropolis with the state befitting a king. At Shoreditch he was met by the lord-mayor and aldermen in their scarlet robes, and was conducted by them to St. Paul's Cathedral. Here he solemnly returned thanks for the great victory which Heaven had vouchsafed to him; at the same time offering up the three banners which had waved over him on the field of battle. The first, we are told, bore the

\* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 157.

image of St. George; the second that of a fiery dragon, the device of Cadwallader; and the third which was of yellow tartan, that of a dun cow. From St. Paul's, Henry proceeded to the neighbouring palace of the Bishop of London, where, in the same apartments in which his predecessor had knelt and sworn fealty to the unfortunate Edward V., he took up his residence till the day of his coronation. That important ceremony was performed, without any great magnificence, at Westminster, on the 30th of October 1485. The policy of Henry, apparently, was not to dazzle but to please. Accordingly, instead of lavishing vast sums on a single ceremonial which could last but a few hours, he regaled the citizens of London with a succession of plays, pastimes, and other diversions, which could scarcely fail to obtain favour for him in their eyes.\*

If the title of Richard III. to the throne had been a defective one, still more unsatisfactory was that of Henry VII. Of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the former, by lineal descent, had a prior claim to the crown. Of that illustrious house, no fewer than seven legitimate heirs were then living. They consisted of the Ladies Elizabeth, Cecily, Anne, Katherine, and Bridget Plantagenet, daughters of Edward IV.; and of Edward Earl of Warwick and his sister the Lady Margaret

\* Grafton, vol ii. p. 158; Fabyan, p. 673.



Plantagenet, the children of the late Duke of Clarence. But, presuming the claims of the house of Lancaster to have been equal, or even superior, to those of the house of York, the title of Henry Tudor to the crown, by right of inheritance, was altogether indefensible. That title was founded on his descent from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife and former mistress, Catherine Swynford. But John of Gaunt had left lawful issue by his first and second wives, the descendants from whom were to be found in the royal families of Castile, Portugal and Germany.\* It was true that those foreign princes preferred no pretensions to the throne of England, and consequently their dormant claims might be regarded as having been tacitly transferred to the head of the English branch of the house of Lancaster. But, on the other hand, the descent of the house of Beaufort from Edward III. was a corrupted one. An act of parliament, indeed, had legitimized the offspring of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swynford, but the patent contained an express exception which excluded them from succession to the throne.† Moreover, Henry himself was not the

\* From the first marriage of John of Gaunt with Blanche, the great heiress of Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, are descended, quartering the royal arms of England, the present sovereigns of Spain, Naples, and Saxony, the Emperors of the Brazils and of Austria, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, &c. Burke's Royal Families, vol. ii. p. v.

† The author is aware that in the original patent which legitimized

immediate heir to the throne resident in England, for his mother, the Countess of Richmond, was still living.

To Henry this imperfect title to the crown was a source of never-ceasing uneasiness. True it is that he could easily have prevailed on his subjects to recognize the pretensions of the heiress of the popular house of York, and have claimed the crown in right of being her consort. This was an alternative, however, from which he shrank with invincible repugnance. His aversion to the house of York was an inveterate one; and, moreover, his haughty spirit revolted from the notion of being indebted for his sceptre to his own wife.

Other unpalatable reflections also suggested themselves. Should Elizabeth die without bearing him children, her next sister would of course succeed to her rights. Again, should Elizabeth produce him offspring and happen to die before him, the partisans of the house of York would naturally regard the claims of his children as superior to his own, and, consequently, would either permit him to reign by mere sufferance, or perhaps rebel against his power.

the house of Beaufort, there is no reservation which precluded their succession to the throne; the words "*excepta dignitate regali*" having been inserted at a later date, apparently by Henry IV. *Excerpta Historica*, p. 153. Surely, however, the parliament which confirmed that patent could scarcely have contemplated the possibility of the descendants of Catherine Swynford ascending the throne, or if they did, that their procedure would be held as binding by posterity.

In the fifteenth century, a great "victorie in bataile" between two rival claimants to a throne was considered as no less indicating the will of Heaven, and decisive to which side the right belonged, than the result of a judicial trial by combat between two private individuals was regarded as a determinate test of innocence or guilt. Of this temper of the times Henry resolved to avail himself. Accordingly, partly on the pretext of a special and divine dispensation of Providence, as manifested by his late victory, partly on the plea of right of conquest, and partly on the formal recognition of his authority by parliament, he decided on founding his title to the throne. The plea of right by conquest would probably have been set forth more prominently by him, but that he dreaded the offence which it would have given, not only to his enemies, but to his friends. Even William the Norman had shrunk from basing his claim on the right of conquest till he had firmly established himself on the throne of the Saxon. How anxious Henry was to repudiate all notion that he derived any title to the crown through his consort,—how anxious to have it understood that it was to the sword, even more than to his claims by hereditary descent, that he was indebted for his sceptre,—is more than once discernible in his policy. We trace it in the fact of his causing his coronation to precede his marriage with the heiress of the Plantage-

nets; in the fact of his putting off her coronation from month to month, and almost from year to year; in the significant words which he addressed to parliament, asserting his title to be founded on the just right of inheritance, as well as the "sure judgment of God, who had given him the victory over his enemy in the field;" and, lastly, we read it in the words which he ordered to be recorded on his magnificent tomb in Westminster Abbey, in which is repeated the same remarkable conviction that he was indebted for his crown to the God of battles.\*

From the parliament, which met at Westminster on the 7th of November 1485, Henry received every concession which he could reasonably desire. The inheritance of the crown was declared to be entailed on the heirs of his body lawfully begotten. The claims of the house of York were not even adverted to. The name of the Princess Elizabeth was not even mentioned. Subsequently the Church of Rome was induced by Henry to give its sanction

\* The following remarkable passage occurs in Henry's last will, dated at Richmond in Surrey, the 31st of March 1509, three weeks before his death:—"Also we will that our executors cause to be made an image of a king representing our own person, the same to be of timber, covered and wrought with plate of fine gold, in manner of an armed man, and upon the same armour a coat-armour of our arms of England and France enamelled, with a sword and spurs accordingly; and the said image to kneel upon a table of silver and gilt, and holding betwixt his hands *the crown which it pleased God to give us with the victory of our enemy, at our first field.* Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. pp. 31-2.

to his claims. A papal bull was issued, which enumerated his several titles to the crown of England, and denounced excommunication on all persons whatsoever who might conspire to dethrone him or his successors.

Considering the cheerfulness with which the people of England had received Henry as their sovereign, it might have been imagined that he would have gladly availed himself of an early opportunity of gratifying their wishes and prejudices by making the Princess Elizabeth his wife. So little inclination, however, did he manifest to fulfil the solemn promises which he had made, that the delay provoked the interference of parliament. Accordingly, on the occasion of the Commons presenting him with the customary grant of tonnage and poundage for life, they accompanied it with a prayer that he would espouse the princess, "which marriage," they said, "they hoped God would bless with a progeny of the race of kings." This proceeding had evidently been preconcerted with the Upper House; since no sooner had the speaker, Sir Thomas Lovell, uttered the words, than the lords spiritual and temporal rose from their seats, and by bowing to the throne intimated their concurrence with the wishes of the Commons.\* However unpalatable to Henry may have been this display of partiality for the house of York, he care-

\* Rot. Parl. vol. vi. p. 278.

fully concealed his displeasure, and gracefully signified his willingness to gratify their wishes. His nuptials with Elizabeth were appointed to take place on the 18th of January following, on which day they were accordingly solemnized.

If Henry had shown unwillingness to lead his beautiful consort to the altar, he manifested no less disinclination to see her crowned. It was not till they had been married a year and a half, nor till she had given birth to an heir to the throne, that he was induced to give orders for the ceremony of her coronation. Nor even then, probably, would his consent have been wrung from him, but that the dissatisfaction of his subjects began to be too loudly expressed to be any longer disregarded with safety.

Whatever amount of interest is attached to the story of Henry VII., ceases from the day on which he exchanged a helmet for a crown. Reserved, suspicious, and unsociable, he seems to have been endowed with none of those amiable qualities which secure affection in private life, and which have rendered even indifferent kings popular. The two great objects of his existence were the accumulation of riches and the maintenance of his kingly power. His abilities were unquestionably of a high order, and as a sovereign he had his merits. Industry and vigour characterized his administration of public affairs. Several salutary laws were

passed during his reign. Though peace was one of the objects which he had nearest at heart, yet he shrank not from war when he regarded it as necessary. If he was cautious, it was not because he was timid; if he was severe, it was from policy, and not because he was cruel. His private life was unstained by sensuality. But with these remarks our commendations of King Henry must end. The good which resulted from his rule seems to be attributable rather to accidental or selfish causes, than to any abstract desire to render his subjects prosperous and happy. If he exalted the position of the middle classes, it was for the purpose of diminishing the power of the barons. If he humbled the barons, it was to invest himself with arbitrary authority. If he encouraged commerce, it was because it poured gold into his own coffers. Thus, if his reign chanced to be neither an unprosperous nor an inglorious one, it was not so much because he regarded the interests of his subjects, but because their interests happened to be identical with his own. The great stain on his private character was unquestionably his insatiable avarice. The great blessing derived from his accession was the termination which it put to the bloody and devastating wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

King Henry expired at his favourite palace of Richmond in Surrey, on the 22nd of April 1509, in

the fifty-third year of his age and the twenty-fourth of his reign. For some years past he had been subject to attacks of the gout, which had latterly affected his lungs, and eventually induced an incurable consumption. Henry had always been an attentive observer of his religious duties. He had not only founded several convents of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, but it had been his custom to cause collects to be repeated for him in different churches, and to send to persons eminent for their piety, soliciting the benefit of their prayers. These acts of devotion, however, seem to have failed in affording him peace at the last. Feeling his end approaching, he expressed the deepest contrition for his past offences. He forgave all offences against the State, with the exception of felony and murder. He discharged, from his private funds, all prisoners about London who were confined for debt under the amount of forty shillings; and, lastly, he enjoined his heir, by will, to make restitution of whatever sums of money his ministers or agents had unjustly wrung from his subjects.\*

The last hours of his existence were distinguished by the profoundest piety. The tears

\* "And we will also, if any person, of what degree soever he be, show by way of complaint to our executors any wrong to have been done to him by us, our commandment, occasion, or mean, or that we held any goods or lands which of right do appertain unto him, that every such complaint be speedily, tenderly, and effectually heard, &c. And in case, by such examination, it can be found that the complaint be made



which he shed evinced how deep was his repentance. Sometimes, we are told, he would continue weeping and sobbing for three-quarters of an hour. When the sacrament was brought to him, he advanced to meet it on his knees; and when the Cross, bearing the image of the Saviour, was held before him, he stretched forth his hands and embraced it, making reverent endeavours to lift up his head as it approached. The agonies of death lasted for twenty-seven hours. During this time he suffered the most excruciating tortures. His groans and supplications for relief and succour pierced the hearts of the bystanders. "O my blessed Jesus!" he was heard to exclaim, "O my Lord, deliver me! Deliver my soul from these deadly pangs, from this corruptible body! O deliver my soul from everlasting death!" At length the relief which he had so earnestly prayed for came to his aid; the first Tudor king of England ceased to exist.\*

King Henry was the father of three sons and four daughters. Arthur, his first-born, died in his sixteenth year; Henry succeeded him as eighth king

of a grounded cause in conscience, other than matter done by the course and order of our laws, or that our said executors, by their wisdoms and discretions, shall think that in conscience our soul ought to stand charged with the said matter and complaint, we will then that, as the case shall require, he and they be restored and recompensed by our said executors, &c."—*Testamenta Vetusta*, vol. i. pp. 27-8.

\* Harl. MS. quoted in S. Turner's *Middle Ages*, vol. iv. p. 101.

of England of that name; Edmund, his third son, died almost in infancy. Of his four daughters, two died young; Margaret, the eldest surviving one, became the wife of James IV. of Scotland; and Mary espoused Louis XII., King of France.

The Princess Elizabeth of York

AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF HENRY VII.



## THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK,

AFTERWARDS QUEEN OF HENRY VII.

**E**LIZABETH PLANTAGENET, the daughter, the sister, and the ancestress of kings, was the first-born child of King Edward IV. by his consort Elizabeth Woodville. She was born at the palace of Westminster on the 11th of February 1465.\*

The ceremony of baptizing the infant princess was performed with unusual magnificence in the neighbouring abbey. Her sponsors were her two grandmothers, the Duchesses of York and Bedford, and the "Kingmaker," Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.† King Edward had been assured by his physicians that the queen would infallibly present him with a male heir, and accordingly he had caused preparations to be made on a scale of extraordinary splendour, for the celebration of so joyful an event. Great, then, was his disappointment,

\* See Fabyan's Chronicle, p. 655; Hearne's Fragment, p. 295; Croyl. Chron. p. 457, where the date of Elizabeth's birth is fixed at a later period. We prefer, however, the date ascribed by Grafton (Chron. vol. ii. p. 9), as given in the text; borne out, as it is, by the inscription on her tomb in Westminster Abbey: "Obiit in Turre Londoniarum, die 11 Feb. anno Dom. 1502 [1503 N. S.] 37 annorum ætate functa." Stow's Survey, book vi. p. 27.

† Hearne's Fragment, p. 295.

and, probably, his anger, when the queen gave birth to a princess. Of his physicians, the one in whose skill and predictions the king placed the greatest confidence, was one Master Dominick, "by whose counsel this great provision was made for christening the said prince." Eager to be the first to announce the joyful intelligence to his royal master, the officious physician no sooner ascertained that the queen was in labour than he thrust himself amongst the crowd of peers and privy-councillors, which on such occasions anciently filled the ante-chambers of majesty. Possibly he had arranged a private communication with one of the royal nurses in attendance; for no sooner did the cry of a new-born infant reach his ears, than he "knocked, or called, secretly at the chamber-door," inquiring the sex of the child. Unluckily he was overheard by one of the ladies in waiting, whose reply must have been anything but gratifying to him. "Whatsoever," she said, "the queen's grace hath here within, sure it is that a fool standeth there without." Avoiding the presence of his royal master, the discomfited prophet hurried away, we are told, in the greatest confusion.\*

Elizabeth's infancy seems to have been principally passed at Sheen, in Surrey; in that beautiful palace the name of which her consort subsequently

\* Fabyan, p. 655.

changed to Richmond. The days which she spent at Sheen were probably the happiest of her existence. Even as an infant, she was doomed to witness and to share the sorrows and misfortunes of the haughty race from which she sprang. She must still have been a child in the arms of her nurse, when she beheld the reinterment of the headless remains of her grandsire, Richard Duke of York, in the churchyard of Fotheringay.\* Four years afterwards, when the rebellion raised by Warwick and Clarence compelled her mighty father to fly from his kingdom, we find her the companion of the queen, her mother, in the melancholy sanctuary at Westminster. King Edward, indeed, returned to London in triumph, and conveyed his wife and children to a more honourable place of refuge. But the danger was scarcely yet at an end. Rebellion was still rife in the county of Kent. Suddenly the piratical ships and rabble forces of the Bastard Falconbridge threatened London with pillage and ruin; and accordingly the terrified queen flew for protection with her offspring to the Tower. There, from the windows of that lofty central tower which still overlooks the Thames, the young princess might have beheld that furious onslaught, when, having carried the defences at the Southwark end of London Bridge, the Bastard and his forces, firing the houses on each

\* Sandford, Gen. Hist. p. 392.

side of the bridge as they passed, threatened the palatial fortress itself. But the citizens were true to the house of York. Cannon was brought to bear upon the advancing rebels, and, after burning several houses on the bridge, Falconbridge found himself compelled to retreat.\* A few weeks afterwards his severed head looked down on the scene of his treason and his valour.

Agreeably contrasted with the life of voluptuous indolence, which King Edward was in the habit of leading, was the affectionate interest which he took in the welfare of his offspring. Of all his children, Elizabeth seems to have been loved the most by him. A presentiment which he entertained that she was destined to succeed him on the throne was perhaps in a great degree the occasion of his preference. In a contemporary poem, from which we have already quoted,† we find the princess thus touchingly adverting to the superstition which had taken possession of his mind, and to the flattering partiality with which he had distinguished her.

“Oh! good father Stanley, listen now and hear,  
 Here is no more but you and I:  
 King Edward that was my father dear,  
 On whose estate God had mercy,  
 In Westminster as he did stand,  
 On a certain day in a study,  
 A book of reason he had in his hand,  
 And so sore his study he did apply,

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\* Croyland Chron. pp. 466-7; Fleetwood Chron. p. 36.

† “The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy.”



That his tender tears fell on the ground,  
 All men might see that stood him by :  
 There were both earls and lords of land,  
 But none of them durst speak but I ;  
 I came before my father the king,  
 And kneeled down upon my knee ;  
 I desired him lowly of his blessing,  
 And full soon he gave it to me :  
 And in his arms he did me thring,  
 And set me in a window so high,  
 And spake to me full sore weeping,—  
 These were the words he said to me :  
 ‘ Daughter, as thou wilt have my blessing,  
 Do as I shall council thee,  
 And to my words give good list’ning,  
 For one day they may pleasure thee.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 For shall never son of my body be gotten,  
 That shall be crowned after me,  
 But you shall be queen and wear the crown,  
 So doth express the propheeye!’ ”

One more scene, at court, occurs to us, in which Elizabeth figures as the favoured child of her magnificent father. When the lord of Grauthuse, governor of Holland, visited England in 1472, one, among the magnificent entertainments given him by the court, was in the apartments of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, in Windsor Castle. In a sumptuous chamber, hung with cloth of gold arras, the beautiful queen is described by a contemporary as sitting with her ladies “ playing at the *mardeaux*; some of her ladies and gentlewomen playing at closheys of ivory,\* and dancing, and some at divers

\* *Marteaux* was played with small balls of different colours, not unlike marbles. Closheys were a kind of ninepins.

other games; the which sight was full pleasant to them.”\* But the most pleasing sight must have been that of King Edward gratifying his almost infant daughter by leading her forth to dance with him in the midst of the glittering assemblage. On another occasion during the festivities, “when they had supped, my Lady Elizabeth, the king’s eldest daughter, danced with the Duke of Buckingham, and divers other ladies also.” †

Five years afterwards, we find the youthful Elizabeth present at the marriage of her brother, Richard Duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, heiress of John Duke of Norfolk—the espousals of a bridegroom in his sixth year to a bride of only three years old. The ceremony took place on the 15th of January 1478, in St. Stephen’s Chapel at Westminster, which was richly decorated for the occasion. In the procession walked her unfortunate brother, afterwards King Edward V., and her sisters the Ladies Mary and Cecily. The queen led the youthful bridegroom into the chapel. The Earl of Lincoln supported the infant bride on the right, and Earl Rivers on the left. King Edward IV. gave her away at the altar. After the ceremony, a banquet took place in St. Edward’s Chamber, at which the courtiers drained the wine-cup to

\* “Narrative of Louis of Bruges, Lord Grauthuse,” *Archæologia*, vol. xxvi. p. 277. 1836.

† *Ibid.* p. 279.



the happiness of the infant couple—a happiness which it was destined they should never experience.\* The bride died in childhood; the bridegroom shared the fate of his brother Edward, in the dungeon-rooms of the Tower of London.

“The bridegroom bore a royal crown  
Amid the shining hair,  
That like a golden veil fell down  
In tresses soft and fair.

The bearing of the noble child  
His princely lineage told;  
Beneath that brow so smooth and mild  
The blood of warriors rolled.

All coyly went the sweet babe-bride,  
Yet oft with simple grace  
She raised, soft-stepping by his side,  
Her dark eyes to his face.

And playfellows who loved her well  
Crowns of white roses bore,  
And lived in after years to tell  
The infant bridal o'er.” †

On more than one occasion, when it was the object of King Edward to secure or conciliate an enemy, we find him holding out promises or hopes of his daughter's hand in marriage, as a means for accomplishing his ends. Thus, in 1469, when Elizabeth was only in her fifth year, the king endeavoured to bring back the haughty Nevilles to

\* From a MS. in the College of Arms. Sandford's Gen. Hist. book v. pp. 415, 416.

† Verses by Mrs. Acton Tindal, quoted in Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life," pp. 257, 258.



their allegiance by proposing to unite his favourite child with George Neville, eldest son of the Marquis of Montagu. He even went so far as to confer on young Neville the dukedom of Bedford. Not long afterwards, however, the negotiation was broken off by Montagu openly joining his brother, the "King-maker," in rebellion, and the Duke of Bedford was stripped of his honours.

But, of all the matrimonial projects which Edward contemplated for his child, doubtless the most extraordinary were the proposals which he secretly made to Margaret of Anjou to unite her with the heir of Lancaster.\* His object, doubtless, was to break off the approaching marriage of young Edward with Warwick's youngest daughter. But, whatever may have been his motives, Margaret haughtily rejected the proposals of her arch-enemy. At a later period Edward is said to have offered his daughter's hand in marriage to her future consort, Henry VII., then an impoverished exile in Brittany.† If any such overtures were ever really made, Edward, it is to be feared, had no worthier motive in view than to lull him into a state of unsuspecting and insecurity, and by these means inveigle the youthful earl into his power.

But at length he who had so often sought to de-

\* "Manner and Guiding of the Earl of Warwick," Harl. MS. quoted in Ellis's *Orig. Letters*, vol. i. p. 134.

† Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 323; Bernard Andreas, pp. 37, 38.

ceive others was himself destined to be overreached and disappointed. When the formidable army which Edward carried over to France in 1475 compelled Louis XI. to come to terms with his brother monarch, one of the conditions which Edward exacted was a contract of marriage between the Dauphin Charles and the Princess Royal of England. Not only had he enthusiastically at heart this brilliant alliance for his child, but it was probably the only negotiation of the kind in which he behaved with undeviating sincerity and good faith. Moreover, not a suspicion seems to have entered his mind that the intentions of the French king were less honourable than his own. Splendid dresses, of the fashion worn at the court of France, were provided for her. She was taught to write, as well as to speak, the language of that country. At her father's court she was addressed by the title of Madame la Dauphine. Her dowry was agreed upon, and so certain and so near at hand appeared to be the ratification of the marriage treaty, that ambassadors were actually appointed to arrange the ceremonials which were to be observed on her journey to France. Thus far advanced was Edward's favourite project, when he received information from his ambassador, Lord Howard, that not only was the French king playing him false, but that Louis had entered into a secret treaty with Maximilian Duke of Burgundy

to unite the Dauphin with his daughter Margaret. So incensed was Edward at the affront put upon the blood-royal of England, that he prepared to avenge the indignity by a second invasion of France. The barons of England shared the exasperation of their sovereign. But, in the midst of his preparations for war, Edward was seized by the illness which hurried him to the tomb. Already a life of voluptuous enjoyments had undermined his once powerful constitution; rage and mortification are said to have accelerated his end.\*

No greater misfortune could have befallen the youthful Elizabeth, and her almost unprotected brothers and sisters, than the death of their powerful and dreaded father. Scarcely could the first tears which she shed for her beloved parent have been dried; scarcely could she have written to congratulate her gentle brother on his accession; when suddenly her uncle, Richard of Gloucester, presented himself, like her evil genius, on the scene, to darken and destroy the brilliant prospects of her girlhood. The story of Gloucester's usurpation has already been related in these pages. With all the stirring events connected with that memorable story, the fortunes and happiness of Elizabeth were intimately associated. When, in dread of Gloucester's ambition and violence, the widowed

\* Habington in Kennet, vol. i. pp. 477, 478; *Fœdera*, vol. xii. pp. 20, 90.

queen of Edward IV. was compelled to seek refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster, Elizabeth was her mother's companion in her hurried flight from the palace, and the sharer of her desolation. Within those dull monastic walls, under the shadow of the great abbey of Westminster, she passed the ten most melancholy months of her short but eventful existence. There she listened to the tragical story of the execution of her accomplished uncle Earl Rivers, and of her half-brother Sir Richard Grey. There she parted with bitter tears from her almost infant brother the Duke of York, when their distracted mother was induced to confide him to the tender mercies of his ambitious uncle. There she bore her part in a still more agonizing scene, when the dreadful tidings reached the sanctuary that her innocent brothers had been foully murdered in the dungeons of the Tower. Then it was that the widowed queen "was so suddenly amazed that she swooned and fell to the ground, and there lay in great agony, yet like to a dead corpse. And after she was revived and came to her memory again, she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful speeches filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tore and pulled in pieces, and, calling by name her sweet babes, accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary." Within those walls the young princess eagerly gave ear to the

secret project of uniting her to the young Earl of Richmond, and here she solemnly pledged her troth to the exile, with whom she was destined hereafter to share a throne. There the tidings were communicated to her that she and her sisters had been bastardized in full parliament, and that the condition of mere private gentlewomen was hereafter to be their lot. From the windows of her prison-house she must have looked down on the watchful sentinels who, day and night, surrounded the venerable sanctuary, to prevent her or her sisters being secretly carried away to some more hospitable land. From these windows, she might have beheld the gorgeous procession which followed her ruthless uncle to his coronation in the adjoining abbey. Once, and once only, perhaps, a gleam of comfort cheered the captivity of the royal ladies. The formidable rebellion fomented by their kinsman, the Duke of Buckingham, not only threatened to subvert the power of the usurper, but, had it been successful, would have elevated the young princess to a throne which, by the death of her brothers, had become her birthright. Unfortunately, however, the total failure of the insurrection, and the death of Buckingham on the scaffold at Salisbury, extinguished hopes which had scarcely been raised before it was their fate to be annihilated.

It was about the month of March 1484, that



Elizabeth "late calling herself Queen of England" was induced to quit her gloomy solitude in the sanctuary at Westminster, and to intrust herself and her daughters to the tender mercies of Richard of Gloucester. To the unhappy queen were allotted apartments in the palace of Westminster, together with an annual income sufficient to support her in her newly recognized position, as a gentlewoman of birth. Her daughters met with greater consideration, being "carried into the palace," we are told, "with solemn receiving," and there welcomed with "familiar and loving entertainment."\* The Princess Elizabeth, more especially, seems to have won the favour and regard of the usurper and his gentle consort. We find her not only joining in the "dancing and gaiety" which now began to enliven the court at Westminster, but also appearing in the ball-room and at the banquet in robes of "similar colour and shape" to those which were worn by the queen.† These halcyon days were destined to be of short duration. The court was apparently still celebrating the Christmas of 1484, when Queen Anne was seized with illness. The skill and efforts of her physicians proved unavailing, and on the 16th of March following she breathed her last at Westminster.

The rumours which prevailed among his subjects, that King Richard had not only become

\* Grafton, vol. ii. p. 143.

† Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 498.

enamoured of his beautiful niece, but was resolved to make her the sharer of his throne, have already been referred to in these pages. We have also hazarded an opinion that those rumours were not altogether without some foundation. Supposing, then, that Richard, "foolishly phantasizing and devilishly doting"\* on his niece, really entertained the project of marrying her, what, we are curious to know, were the feelings with which Elizabeth contemplated their projected nuptials? The old chroniclers agree that they were feelings of abhorrence. "But because all men," writes Grafton, "and the maiden herself most of all, detested and abhorred this unlawful, and in manner unnatural, copulation, he determined to prolong and defer the matter till he were in more quietness."† Hall, in like manner, assures us that the "demoiselle did not only disagree and repudiate that matrimony, but abhorred and detested greatly his abominable desire."‡ The evidence on the other side rests on the statement of the contemporary chronicler, Jean Molinet, historiographer to the house of Burgundy, and on a doubtful document quoted by the prejudiced historian Buck. According to Molinet, Richard not only won the affections of Elizabeth, but she yielded to his solicitations, and bore him a

\* Hall's Chronicle, p. 422. † Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 144.

‡ Hall's Chronicle, p. 422.

child.\* Buck, too, asserts that not only was Elizabeth far from having been averse to the prospect of becoming the wife of her own uncle, but that she even accepted with gratitude the offers of the man who had accomplished the ruin of her family, and whom she believed to have murdered her brothers. "When," says Buck, "the midst and last of February was past, the Lady Elizabeth, being more impatient and jealous of the success than every one knew or conceived, writes a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, intimating first, that he was the man in whom she most affied, in respect of that love her father had ever bore him. Then she congratulates his many courtesies, in continuance of which she desires him to be a mediator for her to the king, in behalf of the marriage propounded between them, who, as she wrote, was her only joy and maker in this world, and that she was his in heart and thought; withal insinuating that the better part of February was past, and that she feared the queen would never die. All these be her own words, written with her own hand; and this is the sum of her letter, which remains in the autograph, or original draft, under her own hand, in the magnificent cabinet of Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey."†

\* *Chroniques de Jean Molinet*, in *Buchon's Chron. Nat. Franc.* tome xlv. p. 403.

† *Buck's Life of Richard III.* in *Kennet*, vol. i. p. 568.

The amount of credit to be attached to this remarkable statement must of course depend upon circumstances. On the one hand, Buck is acknowledged to have been a highly prejudiced, and not always trustworthy, chronicler. Moreover, strict search has been made among the archives of the Howard family for the letter stated to have been written by the princess to the Duke of Norfolk, but without success. On the other hand, admitting Buck to be a faithless chronicler, and the disappearance of the letter to be a very suspicious circumstance, there is still the difficulty of believing that anyone could so grossly and impudently outstep his duty as a writer of history, as to interlard it with positive fiction. What conclusion, then, are we to draw from such defective evidence? Either Buck, we think, may have mistaken the handwriting of some other person for that of Elizabeth, or else, as has been ingeniously suggested, the person whom she expresses herself anxious to marry may have been Henry, and not Richard.\* But even supposing that Elizabeth really wrote the letter in question, there still remains the presumption, rendered not improbable by the dissimulation which characterized the age, that her object, and that of her friends who advised her, was to deceive and mystify Richard, for the purpose of averting

\* Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York; Memoir prefixed to, by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 52.

misfortune from, or bettering the condition of, herself and her mother and sisters. It may be argued that this was a perilous game to play with such a man as Richard, who, sooner or later, must discover the deception. It should be remembered, however, that release from her troubles promised to be near at hand. Many months must necessarily elapse before, in decent regard for the memory of the dead, the royal widower could lead his niece to the altar. Moreover, their near relationship entailed the tedious process of obtaining a dispensing licence from Rome before their nuptials could be solemnized. In the mean time, the secret preparations which were being made for the purpose of hurling the usurper from his throne, must have been well known to Elizabeth and her friends. Indeed, within little more than five months after the death of Queen Anne, Henry reigned in his stead.

According to the metrical narrative of Humphrey Brereton, a portion of those few eventful months was passed by the young princess at the London residence of her father's friend Lord Stanley:—

“She sojourned in the citie of London  
That time with the Earl of Derbye.”

Here, then, she had doubtless the advantage of profiting by the precepts and example of the pious and accomplished Margaret Countess of Richmond, who would naturally embrace with eagerness so favourable an opportunity of perfecting her future

daughter-in-law in the part which she was destined to play as a queen, a wife, and a mother. Elizabeth's next place of residence appears to have been the castle of Sheriff-Hutton in Yorkshire,\* in which princely fortress her young cousin, the Earl of Warwick, son of the ill-fated Clarence, was the sharer of her captivity. Doubtless Richard's object in removing his niece to this remote part of the country,—a district in which his authority was paramount,—was to prevent, in case of invasion, the advantage which his enemies would derive by obtaining possession of her person. At Sheriff-Hutton, then, we may presume her to have been residing till the eve of the great battle which so completely revolutionized her fortunes. Some reason, indeed, there is for the supposition that, at the last moment, the usurper sent for Elizabeth to his camp, and that she accompanied Lord Stanley to Leicester. Humphrey Brereton, for instance, intimates that not only was Elizabeth in the neighbourhood of Bosworth at the time when the two armies were engaged, but that she actually beheld the mutilated body of King Richard borne in discreditable triumph to its last resting-place at Leicester.

“They carried him naked unto Leicester,  
And bouckled his hair under his chin;

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\* Hall's Chronicle, p. 422.

Bessie met him with a merrie cheer.

These were the words she said to him :

'How likest the slaying of my brothers dear ?

(She spake these words to him alone ;)

Now are we wroken upon thee here—

Welcome, gentle uncle, home !”

Other accounts, however, worthy of credit, represent her as being kept in honourable durance at the castle of Sheriff-Hutton, whither Henry, after the battle, is said to have despatched Sir Robert Willoughby, with directions to escort her, with all convenient speed, to London.\* “The which lady,” writes Hall, “not long after, accompanied with a great number, as well of noble men as honourable matrons, was with good speed conveyed to London, and brought to her mother.” †

Henry is said to have been a cold husband. He certainly figures as a cold lover. Notwithstanding his solemn engagement to marry the loveliest and most amiable princess of her age, he not only discovered no impatience to consummate their nuptials, but, when rumours were more than whispered that he had rejected her for the hand of the heiress of Bretagne, afterwards the consort of Charles VIII. of France, he made no attempt to assure the princess of his constancy. These reports, according to Lord Bacon, “did much affect the poor Lady Elizabeth.” ‡ In every other respect, however, her

\* Lord Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 579.

† Hall's Chronicle, p. 422.

‡ Bacon in Kennet, vol. i. p. 580.

position, as well as that of her mother and sisters, was vastly improved. Her mother was restored by act of parliament to the title and dignity of a queen-dowager of England; the act which had pronounced the young princess and her sisters to be illegitimate was repealed; she found herself reinstated in a position befitting her illustrious birth, and, lastly, had the satisfaction of seeing the national partiality for the house of York affectionately centred in her person.

At length, as we have already recorded, the wishes of his subjects, and the interference of parliament, induced Henry to fix the day for his marriage with Elizabeth, and accordingly, on the 18th of January 1486, they were united at Westminster. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury; the court celebrating the auspicious event with considerable magnificence, and the people with bonfires, dancing, and other diversions.

Scarcely eight months had passed from the day of her marriage, when Elizabeth gave birth, in Winchester Castle, to an heir to the throne. The arrangements for her lying-in had been intrusted to her mother-in-law the Countess of Richmond, whose "ordinances," on this occasion, certainly, to modern ideas, appear somewhat fantastic. "Her highness' pleasure being understood as to what chamber she will be delivered in, the same



must be hanged with rich cloth of arras; sides, roof, windows and all, except one window, where it must be hanged so as she may have light when it pleaseth her." Previously to betaking herself to this uncomfortable apartment, the queen, it seems, bade a formal farewell to the lords and gentlemen of the royal household. "Two of the greatest estates shall lead her to her chamber, where they shall take their leave of her. Then all the ladies and gentlewomen to go in with her, and none to come into the great chamber but women, and women to be made all manner of officers, as butlers, panterers, sewers, &c.; and the officers shall bring them all needful things unto the great chamber door, and the women officers shall receive it there of them." Then follow full directions for the ceremonies to be observed at the christening of the future prince or princess. A duchess is to carry the infant to the church; "and, if it be a prince, an earl shall bear the train of the mantle, which must be of rich cloth of gold, with a long train furred throughout with ermine; but if it be a princess, then a countess shall bear the train." And the "cradle of estate" shall be covered with crimson cloth of gold; and at the head of the cradle shall be engraven the king's arms; and there shall be provided two counterpanes of scarlet, furred with ermine and bordered with velvet, cloth of gold or tissue; and also a bowl of silver and gilt, and

“two swaddle-bands, the one blue velvet, and the other blue cloth of gold.” “Furthermore it must be seen that the nurse’s meat and drink be assayed during the time that she giveth suck to the child, and that a physician do oversee her at every meal, which shall see that she giveth the child seasonable meat and drink.”\*

At length, on the 20th of September 1486, the queen was delivered of a son, on whom her consort conferred the name of Arthur. Believing, or pretending to believe, that he was descended from the renowned British prince of that name, Henry called to mind a prophecy, still popular among the Welsh and attributed by them both to Merlin and Taliesin, that the Britons would eventually recover their ancient dominion in England. In order, therefore, to gratify his Welsh partisans, Henry gave his first-born the name of Arthur; and, moreover, inasmuch as tradition assigned the erection of Winchester Castle to his illustrious ancestor, he selected it for the birthplace of his heir.

On the Sunday following his birth, the infant prince was baptized in the cathedral at Winchester with great ceremony. The sponsors were the child’s grandmother, the queen-dowager, and the Earls of Derby and Oxford, the two barons to whom

\* “Ordinances by Margaret Countess of Richmond and Derby, as to what preparation is to be made against the Deliverance of a Queen,” &c. Leland’s Collect, vol. iv. pp. 179—184.

Henry was principally indebted for his crown. The infant was borne to the cathedral in the arms of the queen's eldest sister, the Princess Cecily; the Marquis of Dorset supporting her on one side, and the Earl of Lincoln on the other. The train of the infant, which was of crimson cloth of gold furred with ermine, was borne by the Marchioness of Dorset, Sir John Cheney "supporting the middle." "Queen Elizabeth [Woodville], who was in the cathedral abiding the coming of the prince," gave a rich cup of gold, covered, which was borne by Sir Davy Owen. The Earl of Derby presented "a rich salt of gold, covered," which was carried by Sir Reginald Bray; and the Earl of Oxford a pair of gilt basins with a sayer, carried by Sir William Stoner.\* In gratitude for her safe deliverance from the perils of childbirth, the young queen founded a lady-chapel in Winchester Cathedral, in which were formerly to be seen her armorial bearings, surmounted by the words "In gloriam Dei."†

When at length Henry consented that his wife's coronation should take place, the ceremony was performed with great magnificence. On Friday, the 23rd of November 1487,—accompanied by her

\* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. pp. 204-207; Antiq. Repert. vol. i. pp. 355, 356.

† Sir H. Nicolas' Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, Memoir, p. lxix.

mother-in-law the Countess of Richmond, and a splendid retinue of peers and peeresses,—the young queen was conducted by water from Greenwich to the Tower of London; “there attending upon her the mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of the city, and diverse and many worshipful commoners, chosen out of every craft, in their liveries, in barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk, richly beaten with the arms and badges of their crafts.” Trumpets and clarions, and “other minstrelsies,” heralded her progress. On landing at the Tower, she was received by the king and the principal nobility and officers, who conducted her to the royal apartments. The “king’s highness,” we are told, “greeted her in a manner which was a very good sight, and right joyous and comfortable to behold.” The following day, “royally apparelled, and accompanied by my lady the king’s mother, and many other great estates, both lords and ladies,” Elizabeth went forth to her coronation at Westminster. Preceding the rich, open litter in which she sat, rode six baronesses, robed in crimson velvet, on grey palfreys, and, after them, her husband’s uncle, Jasper Tudor, now Duke of Bedford. The canopy over her head was supported by four knights of the Bath. Many of the houses, in the streets through which she passed, were hung with arras and tapestry, and others with cloth of gold, velvet or silk. Between the Tower and St. Paul’s

were arrayed the different companies of the city of London in their rich and showy liveries; and "in diverse parts of the city were ordained well-singing children, some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins, to sing sweet songs as her grace passed by." Thus, through the gay and crowded streets, attended by the noblest and fairest of the land, passed Elizabeth of York to her coronation. Her dress consisted of a kirtle of white cloth of gold: she also wore a mantle of the same costly material, furred with ermine. Her long fair hair streamed down her back, and on her head she wore a coronet of gold, glittering with precious stones. As she passed along, the populace greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations the young and beautiful mother, in whose infant were united the once rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster, and whose birth had arrested the tide of misery, bloodshed, and desolation which had so long devastated the land.\*

On the morning of the long looked-for day of her coronation, the 25th of November, Elizabeth stood in Westminster Hall in all the bloom and beauty of youth. On this occasion she was arrayed in a kirtle and mantle of purple velvet, furred with bands of ermine. Round her head she wore a circlet of gold, "garnished with pearls and precious stones." A gorgeous procession, consisting of

\* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. pp. 218—222.

knights and peers, bishops in their pontificals, mitred abbots, and heralds and pursuivants, attended her to the neighbouring abbey. The Earl of Arundel carried the staff with the dove; the Duke of Suffolk bore the sceptre, and the Duke of Bedford the crown. Courtenay, Bishop of Winchester, supported the queen on one side, and Alcock, Bishop of Ely, on the other. Her sister, the Princess Cecily, held up her train. In this array she entered the great western door of the abbey; and as her consort took no part in the ceremony, she became the sole object of attraction to the brilliant concourse of persons who had assembled to do her honour. The king, with his mother "and a goodly sight of ladies," stood on a stage covered with arras, erected between the altar and the pulpit, from which they could conveniently behold the ceremony.\*

At the subsequent banquet in Westminster Hall, the king and his mother were again present as private spectators; a latticed stage having been erected for them in front of one of the windows, on the left side of the hall. The queen was waited upon by Lord Fitzwalter, who "in his surcoat with tabard-sleeves, his hood about his neck, and his towel over all," served her with the several dishes, each of which was brought to him by a knight. "The Lady Katherine Grey and Mistress Ditton

\* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. pp. 222—225.

went under the table, and sat on each side the queen's feet;" the Countesses of Oxford and Rivers knelt on each side, and "at certain times held a kerchief before her grace." And after the feast "the queen departed with God's blessing, and to the rejoicing of many a true Englishman's heart."\*

In the month of April, the year following, we find the young queen playing a conspicuous part at one of those solemn festivals of the knights of the Garter, which were formerly held at Windsor in honour of the patron-saint of the order, St. George. The procession from the great quadrangle of the castle to St. George's Chapel must have presented a magnificent sight. The king and "his brethren of the Garter" rode on horseback, arrayed in the splendid robes of the order. In a chariot drawn by six horses sat the queen and her mother-in-law the Countess of Richmond, each of them also arrayed in the robes of the order of the Garter. The chariot was covered with cloth of gold; the furniture of the horses was of the same material. Then followed, seated on white palfreys, twenty-one ladies, arrayed in robes of crimson velvet, their saddles covered with cloth of gold, and the reins and housings of their horses ornamented with white roses, the cognizance of the house of York. Lastly, the queen's master of the horse, Sir Robert Cotton, led her "horse of estate," having on it a

\* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. pp. 225—228.

saddle of cloth of gold, and trappings of the same material hanging down to its knees.\*

The often-repeated assertion that Henry neglected, if he did not actually ill-treat, his beautiful wife, seems to rest entirely on the authority of Lord Bacon. "It is true," he writes, "that all his lifetime, whilst the Lady Elizabeth lived with him,—for she died before him,—he showed himself no very indulgent husband towards her, though she was beautiful, gentle, and fruitful. But his aversion towards the house of York was so predominant in him that it found place not only in his wars and councils, but in his chamber and bed."† Yet, without presuming to impugn the veracity of Lord Bacon as an historian, we may venture to question whether he wrote from sufficiently accurate information.‡ It has been argued, and with great justice, in favour of Henry, that his letters to his queen exhibit no want of conjugal affection; that, penurious as he was, he apparently never stinted her in her expenses; that on no single occasion does he seem to have given her the slightest cause for jealousy; and lastly, that when she died he appears to have deeply and sincerely bewailed her loss. There is still extant a valuable missal, for-

\* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 239.

† Bacon's Life of Henry VII. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 582.

‡ Lingard, vol. iv. p. 270; Sir H. Nicolas' Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, Memoir, p. lxxxii.



merly the property of a lady much esteemed by Henry and his queen, in which, in the handwriting of the king, is the following pleasing entry:—

“Madame I pray you Remembre me your lovyng maister,  
Henry R. ;

and below, in the handwriting of the queen:—

“Madam I pray you forget not me. Pray to God that I may  
have part of your prayers, Elysabeth y<sup>e</sup> Queene.”\*

The following account, by a contemporary, of the king and queen exchanging presents on New Year's day, is introduced rather as presenting a curious picture of court habits and customs, than as throwing any additional light on Henry's merits as a husband:—“On the day of the new year, when the king came to his foot-sheet, his usher of his chamber-door said to him, ‘Sire, here is a new-year's gift coming from the queen.’ Then the king replied, ‘Let him come in.’ Then the king's usher let the queen's usher come within the gate,† Henry VII. sitting at the foot of the bed in his dressing-gown; the officers of his bedchamber having turned the top sheet smoothly down to the foot of the bed when the royal personage rose. The queen, in the like manner, sat at her foot-sheet, and received the king's new-year's gift within the gate of her bed-railing. When this formal ex-

\* See Privy Purse Expenses, Memoir, p. xcvi.

† The gate of the rails which anciently surrounded the beds of royalty.

change of presents had taken place between the king and his consort, they received, seated in the same manner, the new-year's gifts of their nobles."\*

On the 29th of November 1489, Elizabeth was brought to bed at Westminster of her second child and eldest daughter, Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scotland, from whom has descended every sovereign who, from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the accession of Queen Victoria, has held the sceptre of these realms.

Previously, on the 1st of the month, we find the queen conducted in great state to the splendid but solitary apartment in which etiquette required that she should seclude herself till she had again become a mother. The furniture of that apartment,—the bed of many-coloured velvet, gorgeous with its stripes of gold and its garniture of red roses,—the rich arras, from which the human figure was carefully excluded lest it might affect the imagination of the royal invalid,—the altar covered with holy relics, and the sideboard, or, as it was anciently styled, cup-board,† replenished with gold plate,—have been minutely described by a contemporary. “On Allhallow's eve the queen took to her chamber at Westminster, greatly accompanied; that is to say, my lady the king's mother,

\* MS. of Henry VII.'s Norroy herald, quoted in Strickland's *Queens of England*, vol. ii. pp. 438, 439.

† Ellis's *Early English Poets*, vol. i. p. 268.

the Duchess of Norfolk, and many other; having before her the great part of the nobles of this realm present at the parliament. She was led by the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Derby. The reverend father in God, the Bishop of Exeter, said mass in his pontificals, and after, *Agnus Dei*. The Earls of Salisbury and Kent held the towels when the queen received the Host, and the torches were held by knights. And, after mass, accompanied as before, when she was come unto her great chamber, she stood under her cloth of estate. Then there was ordained a *voide* of spices and sweet wine. That done, my lord the queen's chamberlain, in very good words, desired, in the queen's name, the people there present to pray God to send her the good hour. And so she departed to her inner chamber, which was hanged and ceiled with rich cloth of blue arras, with fleurs-de-lis of gold." Then, the queen having entreated the lords to remember her in their prayers, the lord-chamberlain drew the curtain which separated her from the outer world, and "thenceforth no manner of officer came within the chamber, but only ladies and gentlewomen, after the old custom."\* The child was named Margaret, after the king's mother, who stood as sponsor to it at the baptismal fount, and who presented the royal infant with a silver casket gilt, filled with gold pieces.†

\* Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 249.

† Ibid. vol. iv. p. 254.

On the 28th of June 1491, the queen gave birth, at the palace of Greenwich, to her second son, Henry, afterwards King Henry VIII.; and on the 2nd of July, the following year, was born her second daughter, Elizabeth. The latter, who is stated to have been a very beautiful child, survived only to the 4th of September 1495, and was buried in the chapel of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey.

In the month of April 1492, Elizabeth had the misfortune to lose her mother, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, that unhappy princess who had survived direr misfortunes, and lived through more eventful and tragical times, than has often fallen to the lot of woman. From the circumstance of her will having been witnessed by the abbot of Bermondsey, it has been conjectured, and not without reason, that the last days of the deceased queen, like those of Katherine queen of Henry V., were passed in seclusion in that noble monastery. Agreeably with injunctions contained in her will, her body was buried at Windsor by the side of the warrior-king who, in the days of her obscurity, had wooed her in the solitary glades of Grafton, had raised her to a throne, and made her the ancestress of kings. Her funeral was performed "without pompous interring or costly expenses." The only lady who attended the corpse on its passage by water to Windsor was "Mistress Grace," a natural

daughter of King Edward. At the ceremony of interment, however, there were present three of the daughters of the late queen, the Ladies Anne, Katherine, and Bridget, besides other ladies of high rank.

The next interesting event in the life of Elizabeth of York was the birth of another daughter, Mary, afterwards Queen of France, which took place about the month of May 1498. On the 21st of February, the following year, she was delivered at Greenwich of her third and youngest son, Edmund. Elizabeth was now the mother of five interesting children, presenting a family group which the pen of Erasmus, and the picture by Mabuse at Hampton Court, have familiarized to our imaginations. Erasmus informs us, that Sir Thomas More once paid him a visit when he was guest of Lord Mountjoy,\* and led him to a neighbouring country-palace, probably Eltham, where, with the exception of Prince Arthur, the royal infants were residing. The princely children were assembled in the great hall, surrounded by the children of Lord Mountjoy's family. In the middle of the circle stood Prince Henry, then only nine years old, bearing in his open and courteous countenance a look of dignified royalty. On his right hand stood the Princess Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scotland, a

\* William Blount, fourth Baron Mountjoy, Master of the Mint in the reign of Henry VII. He died in 1535.

child eleven years of age. On the other side, engaged in her sports, was the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of France, a little one only four years old; while Edmund,\* an infant, was held in the arms of his nurse.†

In the month of November 1501, the court of King Henry was enlivened by the rejoicings consequent on the marriage of Arthur Prince of Wales with the Princess Katherine, daughter of Ferdinand King of Arragon. The event was celebrated on the 14th of that month with great magnificence.‡ These rejoicings were scarcely over when the betrothment of the Princess Margaret to King James IV. of Scotland occasioned no less splendid festivities. The ceremony was, in the first instance, privately performed, in the month of January 1502, in the chapel royal of Henry's favourite palace of Richmond, but was subsequently solemnized in a more public manner in St. Paul's Cathedral; the king, the queen, and all the royal family, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, being present.

Unhappily, the satisfaction which Henry and his queen must have enjoyed at having accomplished these brilliant alliances for their children, was destined to be of short duration. Less than five

\* Prince Edmund died at Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, about the month of April 1500.

† Butler's *Life of Erasmus*, p. 68.

‡ *Antiquarian Repertory*, vol. ii. p. 286, &c.

months had elapsed since his marriage with Katherine of Arragon, when Arthur Prince of Wales expired at Ludlow Castle, in the sixteenth year of his age.\* The king and queen, who were holding their court at Greenwich at the time, seem to have been completely prostrated by the greatness and suddenness of their affliction. The dismal intelligence was communicated to Henry by his father-confessor; his instructions being to break "this most sorrowful and heavy tidings" to his royal master as discreetly and gently as possible. Accordingly, as a contemporary writer informs us, "he, in the morning of the Tuesday following, somewhat before the time accustomed, knocked at the king's chamber-door, and when the king understood it was his confessor, he commanded to let him in. The confessor then commanded all those present to avoid, and, after due salutation, began to say, '*Si bona de manu Dei suscipimus, mala autem quare non sustineamus?*' and so showed his grace that his dearest son was departed to God. When his grace understood that sorrowful heavy tidings, he sent for the queen, saying that he and his queen would take the painful sorrows together." And the queen came to the "king her lord," and "with full great and constant comfortable words besought his grace that he would, first after God,

\* 2nd April 1502. He was buried in Worcester Cathedral. Sandford's Gen. Hist. book vi. p. 475.

remember the weal of his own noble person, the comfort of his realm, and of her. She then said that my lady, his mother, had never no more children but him only, and that God by His grace had ever preserved him, and brought him where that he was." God, she said, had left him yet a fair prince and two fair princesses. God was where he had ever been; and they were both young enough to render it a reasonable hope that he would bless them with other sons. "Then the king thanked her of her good comfort." Those natural emotions of grief, which Elizabeth found means to suppress so long as she remained with her husband, found vent so soon as she returned to the solitude of her own apartment. "After," we are told, "that she was departed and come to her own chamber, natural and motherly remembrance of that great loss smote her so sorrowful to the heart, that those who were about her were fain to send for the king to comfort her. Then his grace, of true, gentle, and faithful love, in good haste came and relieved her, and showed her how wise counsel she had given him before; and he, for his part, would thank God for his son, and would she should do in like wise."\*

Elizabeth survived the loss of her first-born scarcely more than ten months. On the 2nd of February 1503, the gentle queen was delivered, in

\* Leland's Collect. vol. v. pp. 373, 374; Antiq. Repert. vol. ii. p. 322.



the palace of the Tower, of a daughter, Katherine; and on the 11th of that month she expired. It was on the same day on which she completed her thirty-eighth year. Thus prematurely died this beautiful and amiable princess,—a princess whose virtues and charities deservedly induced her husband's subjects to hand down her name to posterity by the affectionate title of “the good Queen Elizabeth.” In the words of King Henry's poet-laureate and biographer, Bernard André, “she manifested from her infancy an admirable fear and devotion towards God; towards her parents, a singular reverence; towards her brothers and sisters, an unbounded attachment; and towards the poor and the ministers of religion, a wonderful respect and affection.”\* King Henry is said to have sincerely lamented her loss; “departing to a solitary place to pass his sorrows, and would no man should resort to him but such his grace had appointed.”† Possibly the penurious monarch could not have afforded more incontestable proof of his respect for the memory of his departed queen than by the extraordinary pomp and cost with which he caused her to be interred in Westminster Abbey.‡

Elizabeth's illustrious contemporary, Sir Thomas

\* Bern. And. Vita Hen. VII. p. 37.

† Antiquarian Repertory, vol. iv. p. 655.

‡ See Antiquarian Repertory, p. 654; Sandford's Gen. Hist. book vi. pp. 469—471; Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, p. xcvi.

More, composed an elegy on her death, an extract from which shall conclude our memoir of this charming princess. Sir Thomas introduces her as thus pathetically apostrophizing, from the tomb, those who in her lifetime had been nearest and dearest to her:—

“Adieu! mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord!  
 The faithful love that did us both combine  
 In marriage and peaceable concord,  
 Into your hands do I clean resign,  
 To be bestowed on your children and mine:  
 Erst were ye father; now must ye supply  
 The mother’s part also, for here I lie.

“Where are our castles now? where are our towers?  
 Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from me;  
 At Westminster, that costly work of yours,  
 Mine own dear lord now shall I never see.  
 Almighty God vouchsafe to grant that He  
 You and your children well may edify;  
 My palace builded is, for lo! now here I lie.

“Farewell, my daughter, Lady Margaret;  
 God wot full oft it grieved hath my mind  
 That ye should go where we might seldom meet;  
 Now am I gone, and have left you behind.  
 Oh mortal folk! but we be very blind:  
 What we least fear, full oft it is most nigh;  
 From you depart I first, for lo! now here I lie.

“Farewell, Madame, my lord’s worthy mother;  
 Comfort your son, and be of good cheer;  
 Take all at worth, for it will be no other.  
 Farewell, my daughter Katherine,\* late the phere  
 Unto Prince Arthur, late my child so dear:  
 It bodeth not for me to wail and cry;  
 Pray for my soul, for lo! now here I lie.

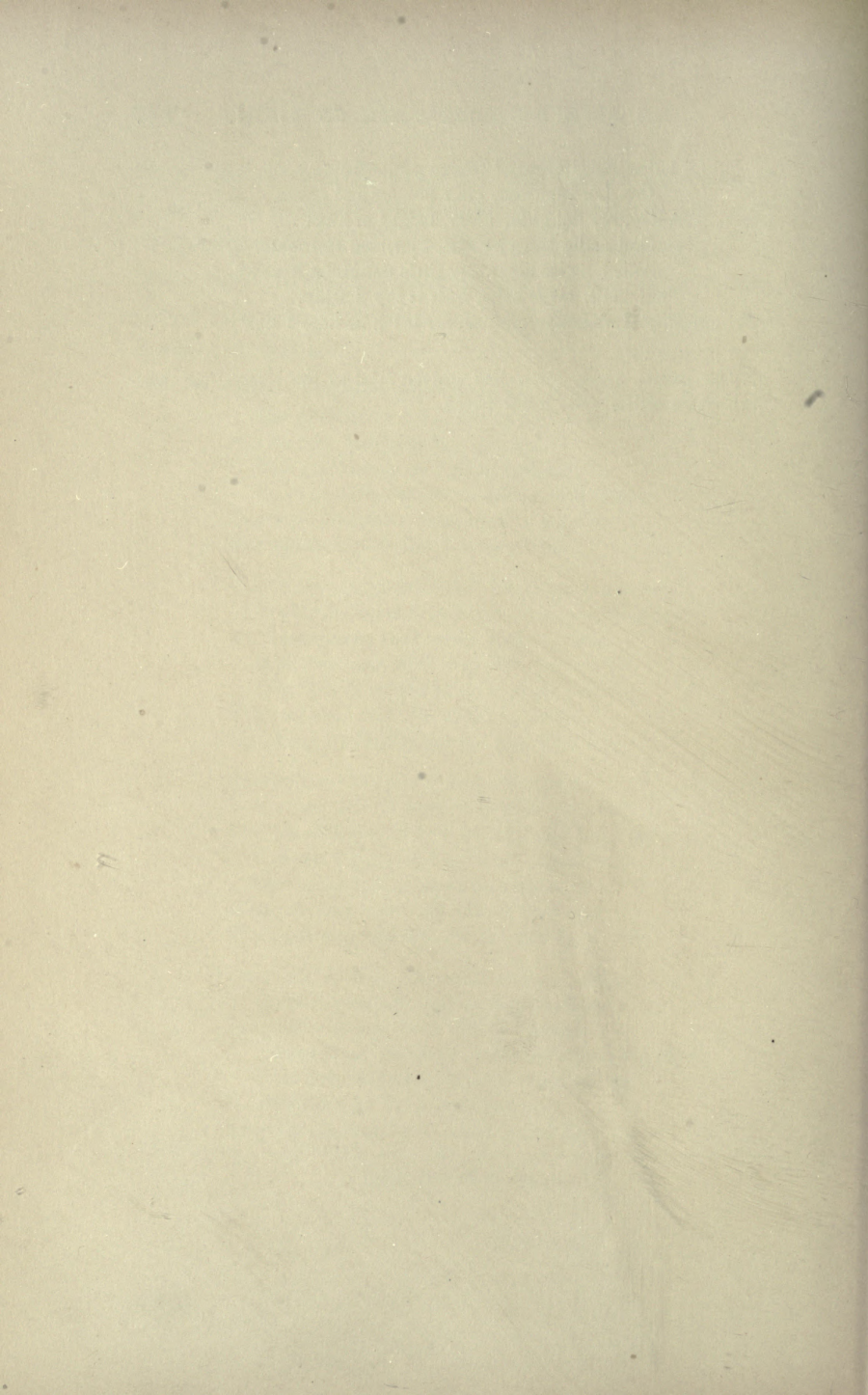
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\* Katherine of Arragon.

“ Adieu, Lord Henry! loving son, adieu!  
Our Lord increase your honour and estate.  
Adieu, my daughter Mary, bright of hue!  
God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate.  
Adieu, sweet heart, my little daughter Kate! \*  
That shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,  
Thy mother never know, for lo! now here I lie.”

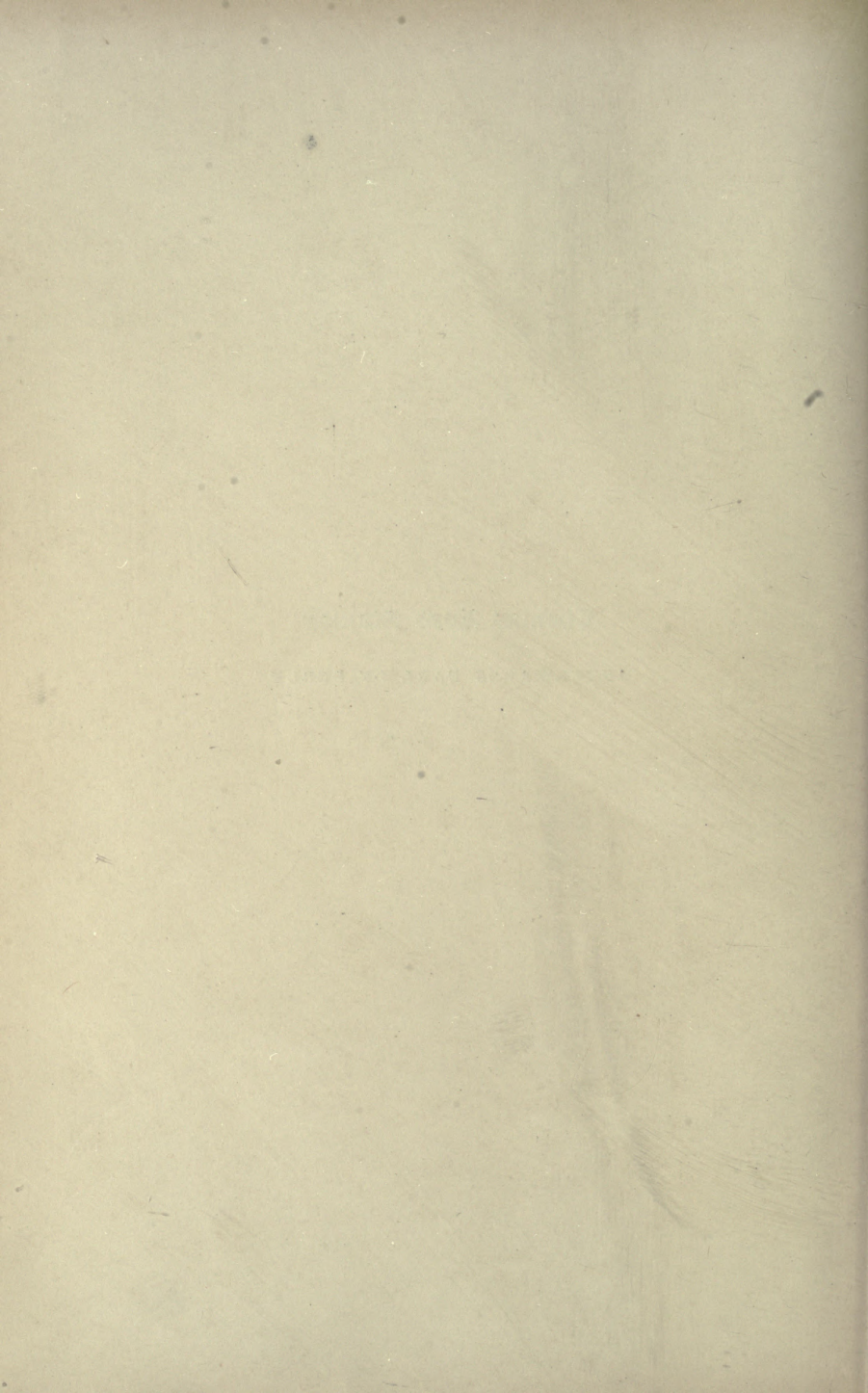
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\* The infant whose birth had proved fatal to the queen, and who survived its mother only a few weeks.



Thomas Lord Stanley

AFTERWARDS EARL OF DERBY



## THOMAS LORD STANLEY,

AFTERWARDS EARL OF DERBY.

NO Englishman, not even excepting the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, ever laid his sovereign under a greater obligation than did Thomas Lord Stanley, afterwards first Earl of Derby. If General Monk placed a crown upon the head of Charles II., Lord Stanley performed no less a service for Henry VII. In many respects the position of Monk in 1660 was not very dissimilar to that of Lord Stanley in 1485. The conduct of both required to be characterized, in an eminent degree, by sagacity, prudence, and reserve. In neither case, apparently, would success have been possible without the aid of dissimulation. In both cases, therefore, we find these distinguished statesmen carrying their points by consummate master-strokes of duplicity; and in both cases, we trust, impressed by the conscientious conviction that, if they were compelled to plot and intrigue, it was for the ultimate advantage of their country.

Of the private character of Lord Stanley very little appears to be known. Unless, however, he had been gifted with many estimable qualities, it seems impossible that, during as many as five

reigns,—including the most turbulent and the most eventful period of our history,—he should have enjoyed, as he did, the favour and confidence of four successive sovereigns. For three generations his family had been staunch adherents of the house of Lancaster. His grandfather, Sir John Stanley, had held the appointments of steward of the household to King Henry IV., and groom of the bed-chamber to King Henry V. His father, the first lord, had been lord-chamberlain to King Henry VI.

The first wife of Lord Stanley was the Lady Eleanor Neville, daughter of Richard Earl of Salisbury, and sister of the great Earl of Warwick. Thus closely allied to the powerful family of the Nevilles, it might have been expected that, when Warwick took up arms against King Edward IV., in 1470, Lord Stanley would have joined his fortunes with those of the “Kingmaker.” But, whether from motives of prudence, or because he disagreed with the Nevilles in their policy, he resisted the arguments which his kinsmen made use of to induce him to unite with them, and remained apparently a passive spectator of the stirring events which immediately followed. True, however, to the interests of King Henry, when Warwick waited on the persecuted monarch in the Tower, and thence, “with great pomp, brought him, apparelled in a long gown of blue velvet, through the high streets of London ” to St. Paul’s, Lord Stanley



was one of the barons who accompanied Warwick to the Tower, where they renewed their allegiance to him as their sovereign.\* The death of Henry VI., and of his only son, the Prince of Wales, left Lord Stanley a free agent. Accordingly, we find him attaching himself to Edward IV., who not only received him into favour, but conferred on him the high office of lord steward of his household. When, in June 1475, King Edward invaded France with the flower of his nobility, it was to the Lords Stanley and Howard, as notoriously enjoying the greatest influence with their sovereign, that the heralds, despatched by Louis XI. to the English camp with proposals of peace, were directed in the first instance to address themselves.† As a soldier, Lord Stanley's abilities were probably of no mean order. Seven years after the invasion of France, when Edward sent an army into Scotland under Richard Duke of Gloucester, it was to Lord Stanley that he intrusted the command of the right wing. It seems to have been shortly after his return to England, that he greatly increased his wealth and influence by taking for his second wife the illustrious Margaret Countess of Richmond.

The single fact of King Edward having appointed Lord Stanley one of the executors of his will ‡ is

\* Grafton's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 27.

† Mémoires de Commines, tome i. p. 350.

‡ Nichols' Royal Wills, p. 347.

sufficient to prove how entire was the confidence which he placed in his friendship and integrity. Moreover, when the great monarch lay on his death-bed, it was Lord Stanley, in conjunction with Lord Hastings, that he especially enjoined to watch over the interests and happiness of his orphan sons. At the magnificent obsequies of King Edward, in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, Lord Stanley attended as one of the principal mourners.

The fidelity and zeal, with which Stanley and Hastings were prepared to fulfil the last injunctions of their royal master, naturally drew down upon them the enmity of Richard of Gloucester. Accordingly, on the famous occasion of the arrest of Hastings in the council-chamber in the Tower, the guards who rushed in to seize him are said to have had secret orders to knock the lord steward on the head during the confusion. Certain it is that Stanley received a blow from a halberd, which, but for the fortunate circumstance of his contriving to drop under the council-table, would in all probability have cleft his skull; and, as it was, sent the blood flowing over his ears.\* Hastings was hurried off to the block, and Stanley to one of the prisons of the Tower. To have taken the life of the latter, and seized his possessions and

\* Sir T. More, Hist. of Richard III. p. 73. "Dominus de Stanley erat vulneratus, captus et incarceratus."—*Rossi Hist. Reg. Ang.* p. 216.

estates, one would have imagined to have been the policy of Gloucester. Not only, however, did Richard spare his life, and restore to him his liberty and lands, but he loaded him with honours greater than any he had hitherto enjoyed. The motives which induced so jealous and wary a prince, not only to set at large a formidable enemy, but to admit him at once into his confidence and favour, will probably never be satisfactorily explained. Certain only it seems to be, that Lord Stanley's release from the Tower, and his acquiescence in Richard's usurpation, were concurrent events.\* Lord Stanley's arrest had taken place only on the 13th of June (1483), and yet so soon as the 27th of that month, the day after that on which Richard mounted the throne, we find him, with the exception of the Duke of Buckingham, the only lay peer who witnessed the surrender of the great seal to the usurper, in the "high chamber

\* It has been said that the usurper was influenced by apprehension lest Stanley's youthful heir, Lord Strange, might take up arms to revenge the death of his father. But if Richard had any reason to dread the power of the Stanleys, it would rather seem to have been his policy to detain the father in prison as a security for the good conduct of the son, on the same principle as when, two years afterwards, he seized upon Lord Strange as a hostage for the loyalty of Lord Stanley. Whatever may have been the nature of the negotiation which was carried on between Richard and Lord Stanley while the latter was a prisoner, little doubt appears to exist that the price he paid for his liberation was a solemn engagement to forsake the cause of the sons of Edward IV., and to support the usurpation of their uncle. Polydore Virgil, p. 182, Camd. Soc. Ed.

next the chapel" in Baynard Castle.\* Shortly afterwards Richard re-established him in his former office of lord steward of the household, and, before the end of the year, conferred upon him the considerable appointment of high constable of England,† and honoured him with the order of the Garter.

Favoured as Lord Stanley was by Richard III., it may be doubted whether that sagacious monarch ever completely trusted him. We are assured, indeed, that, of all his subjects, there were none who caused him such constant anxiety as Lord Stanley, his brother Sir William, and Sir Gilbert Talbot.‡ Although he knew not their "inward mind," yet, it is said, "he trusted never one of them all."§ Of these persons, Lord Stanley was by far the most powerful, and, though perhaps the least suspected, was the most to be feared. His wealth and possessions were immense; his military experience was considerable; the number of armed retainers which he was able to lead into the field amounted almost to an army; and lastly, versed as King Richard was in the arts of dissimulation and intrigue, Lord Stanley was clearly his match.

\* Rymer, vol. xii. p. 189.

† 16th December 1483.

‡ Sir Gilbert Talbot's importance was principally derived from his having the wardship of his nephew, the young Earl of Shrewsbury, whose retainers he subsequently arrayed against Richard.

§ Polydore Virgil, p. 212, Camd. Soc. Ed.

If Richard really entertained any misgivings in regard to the fidelity of his new ally, it was probably previously to and during Buckingham's insurrections that they occasioned him the greatest disturbance. The defection of that powerful nobleman, whom he had so completely trusted, and on whom he had conferred so many favours, could scarcely have failed to make him suspicious of every other living person. But though Lord Stanley's consort, the Countess of Richmond, was proved to have been so deeply implicated in her kinsman's treason as to incur the attainder of parliament, no evidence exists of her husband having been cognizant of, and much less having abetted, her intrigues. Parliament, indeed, not only entirely exonerated him, but Richard, by allowing Lord Stanley to enjoy the vast possessions of his wife during his lifetime, evinced how entirely he concurred with the verdict. Richard, moreover, as a further reward for his loyalty, conferred upon him the castle and lordship of Humbolton, "late belonging to the great rebel and traitor Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham." This rather remarkable grant is dated Sarum, the 2nd of November 1483, the day on which Buckingham perished on the scaffold.\*

The motives which induced Lord Stanley to forsake his principles, and to make common cause with

\* Harl. MSS. No. 433, p. 120, quoted in Halsted's Richard III. vol. ii. p. 275.

the usurper, can only be surmised. It should be remembered, however, that, at the time when he violated his allegiance to Edward V., not only was the cause of the young king a hopeless one, but his own death, and the ruin of his family, would in all probability have been the consequence of his rejecting the overtures of Richard. Most probably, also, Richard had solemnly assured him, as he had assured Buckingham, that no harm should befall the sons of the late king.\* But when, a few months later, it had become an almost general conviction that the young princes had met with violent deaths, it was natural that Lord Stanley should share to the full the horror and indignation which it excited in the minds of his contemporaries. From that time, therefore, he may have formed the secret resolution of seizing the first favourable opportunity of hurling the usurper from his ill-gotten throne. True it is that he took no part in, and apparently gave no aid to, Buckingham's ill-fated insurrection. Suspicions of the real designs of that ambitious nobleman, or perhaps misgivings in regard to the adequacy of the duke's resources and means, very probably kept him inactive. But when the second invasion, projected by the Earl of Richmond, was notoriously countenanced by the King of France; when many of the usurper's most powerful friends were more than suspected of being

\* Hall, p. 387; Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 409.

traitors in their hearts, the probability seems to be that Stanley resolved, at the first safe opportunity, to throw off the mask. As to the secret share which he may have had in organizing the conspiracy, or the particular period at which he consented to become an accomplice, no information has reached us. Certain, however, it is, that during the first acts of the drama his conduct was shaped by the same prudence and reserve which enabled him to triumph in so remarkable a manner at its close.

Richard may, or may not, have received secret intimation of Stanley's designs. In the mind, however, of so jealous a monarch, the simple fact that Stanley was the father-in-law of the pretender to the throne, must have been sufficient to create alarm. Accordingly, when, on the eve of the Earl of Richmond's invasion, Stanley pleaded a strong desire "to visit his family and recreate his spirits," it was not only with evident reluctance that Richard was induced to comply with his request, but he intimated, doubtless in as little offensive a manner as possible, his intention of retaining Lord Strange as a hostage for his father's loyalty.\* This an-

\* Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 501 ; Polydore Virgil, Camd. Soc. Ed. p. 212. In justice to Richard, it must be admitted that he had other defensible grounds for detaining Lord Strange, and, indeed, would apparently have been justified had he sent him to the block. Young as he was, Strange was not only deeply implicated in the conspiracy to raise the Earl of Richmond to the throne, but had actually confessed his guilt, at the same time implicating his uncle, Sir William Stanley. Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 501.

nouncement must have been in the highest degree unpalatable to Lord Stanley. In the first place, it shackled his course of action; in the next, it kept him in constant trepidation for the safety of his son.

The high constable had apparently been absent only a few days at his estates in Lancashire, when the intelligence reached him that the Earl of Richmond had actually effected his landing on the coast of Wales. At the same time he received a summons from the king to attend him immediately at Nottingham. But not only, for obvious reasons, was delay of the utmost importance to Lord Stanley, but to have placed himself in Richard's power at such a crisis would, in all probability, have cost him his liberty, if not his life. Accordingly, he returned an answer to the king that he was suffering from the sweating sickness, and that it was out of his power at present to undertake the journey. In the mean time, pretending the utmost zeal for the king's interest, he proceeded to assemble and arm his retainers for the approaching conflict. Seven days before the battle of Bosworth we find them in quarters at Lichfield, which town they evacuated on the 15th of August, at the approach of the Earl of Richmond. As their numbers amounted to scarcely less than 5000 men,\* and as Sir William Stanley occupied the neighbouring

\* Polydore Virgil, p. 218, Camd. Soc. Ed.





town of Stafford with no fewer than 2000 of his retainers, it must have been tolerably evident to all men, that on whichever side the Stanleys might think proper to draw the sword, that side must prove victorious.

The day on which Lord Stanley placed himself at the head of his retainers has not been recorded. We only know that on the 19th of August, three days before the great battle was fought, he was at Atherstone, a few miles only distant from the small market-town of Bosworth. So wary and circumspect had his conduct been; so apprehensive was he lest his actions might compromise the life of his son, that, up to this late period, the Earl of Richmond appears to have been kept in the profoundest ignorance, and consequently in the most painful suspense, in regard to the intentions of his father-in-law. It was not until the evening of the 19th that Stanley had so far overcome his habitual caution as to consent to that famous interview with Henry of Richmond at Atherstone, which we have already recorded. There, advancing with his brother Sir William towards Richmond, and "taking one another by the hand and yielding mutual salutation," they entered into council "in what sort to *darraigne battayl* with King Richard, if the matter should come to strokes." Doubtless the fulfilment of Lord Stanley's part of the treaty was made contin-



gent on the safety of Lord Strange. A more painful mental struggle, than that between his feelings as a father and his anxiety to serve his friends, it would be difficult to imagine.

So vast a service as that which Lord Stanley performed for King Henry VII. on the field of Bosworth, could scarcely fail to be gratefully acknowledged by the Tudor monarch. Nevertheless the rewards which he received—if indeed rewards were desired or expected by him—seem scarcely to have been commensurate with the great obligation under which Henry lay to his stepfather. He advanced him, indeed, on the 27th of October 1485, to the earldom of Derby, and, on the 5th of March following, granted him the high office of constable of England for life.\* Such other honours, however, as were awarded to him seem to have been merely complimentary. For instance, at Henry's coronation, on the 30th of October 1485, we find him one of the commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Steward of England and carrying the mass before the king,† and, on the 7th of May 1503, holding, by the king's commission, a chapter of the order of the Garter at Windsor.‡ Henry, indeed, on one occasion, paid him as high a compliment as he could pay to a subject, by selecting

\*Collins' Peerage, by Sir E. Brydges, vol. iii. p. 60.

† Excerpta Hist. p. 380.

‡ Leland's Collect. vol. iv. p. 207.

him to be one of the godfathers of his first-born child, Arthur Prince of Wales. At the baptism of the royal infant, which took place in the cathedral at Winchester, the earl's gift, we are informed, was "a rich salt of gold," which was carried in procession by Sir Reginald Bray.

Attached as the earl had been to his late master Edward IV., the elevation of Elizabeth of York to the throne of her father could scarcely have failed to afford him the highest gratification. Accordingly, when, after a tardy recognition of her rights, Henry at length consented that her coronation should take place, we discover, as might naturally have been expected, her father's friend figuring conspicuously in the various ceremonials. In the magnificent progress which she made from the Tower to Westminster, the earl rode with the Duke of Bedford and the Earls of Oxford and Nottingham, immediately before the royal chariot. Again, at the coronation feast, "attired in a rich gown furred with sables, a marvellous rich chain of gold many folds about his neck," and "the trappur of his courser right curiously wrought with the needle," he was one of the great estates who entered and "rode about Westminster Hall on horseback."\* The earl was not only lord-constable of England, but on this occasion acted as one of the

\* Leland's Collect. pp. 220, 225-6.

commissioners for executing the office of high steward.\*

In the year 1495 Lord Derby suffered a severe family affliction by the tragical death of his brother in arms, as well as his brother in blood, Sir William Stanley. Sir William was accused, whether justly or not, of being implicated in Perkin Warbeck's rebellion, and fell by the axe of the executioner on Tower Hill. His greatest offence, it has been said, was some words which he had spoken in confidence to Sir Robert Clifford, that "if he were sure the young man was King Edward's son, he would never bear arms against him."† Lord Bacon more than hints that the vast wealth and magnificent estates of Sir William Stanley,—“for he was the richest subject for value in the kingdom,”—induced King Henry to sacrifice him to his avarice. According to Bacon, “there were found in his castle of Holt forty thousand marks in ready money and plate, besides jewels, household-stuff, stocks upon his grounds, and other personal estate, exceeding great; and for his revenue in land and fee, it was three thousand pounds a year of old rent, a great matter in those times.”‡ But that Henry, merely for so slight a misdemeanour, or on so flimsy a pretext, could have sent so powerful a subject to the

\* Collins' Peerage, by Sir E. Brydges, vol. iii. p. 61.

† Lord Bacon's Life of King Henry VII. in Kennet, vol. i. p. 611.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 610.

block, seems almost incredible. With the exception of Lord Stanley, Henry lay under greater obligations to Sir William than to any other living being; they were closely connected by family ties; and, lastly, such was the confidence which Henry placed in Sir William's loyalty, that he had selected him to fill the responsible post of lord-chamberlain, thus intrusting him with the care of his person, and placing his life constantly in his power. Unless, then, the guilt of Sir William Stanley had been established by the clearest possible evidence; unless it had been found absolutely necessary to send him to the block in order to strike terror into the partisans of the Flemish adventurer, is it credible that Henry would have so entirely disregarded every tie of gratitude and friendship?—is it credible that he could have withstood the entreaties of his father-in-law and the tears of his mother?—or, precarious as was his tenure of the crown, that he would have risked the vengeance of so powerful a subject as the Earl of Derby, by signing the death-warrant of a beloved brother? Moreover, even admitting that Henry was capable of committing so atrocious an act as that of sacrificing an innocent man for the sake of possessing his wealth, surely, in such a case, we should expect to find the earl displaying, if not open resentment, at least decent disapprobation, at the execution of his brother. In vain,

however, we search for the slightest sign of such disapproval. True it is that, after his brother's execution, the earl and his venerable countess retired for a time to the seclusion of their seat at Lathom. That the object of the earl, however, in quitting the court, was to brood over wrongs and meditate revenge, there seems not the slightest reason for conjecturing. On the contrary, we find him employed in preparing Lathom for the reception of Henry and his queen, who a few months afterwards became his guests. On this occasion great and expensive provision was made for the entertainment of the royal visitors. Lathom was beautified, and Knowsley enlarged. To prevent impediment or danger to the king and queen in their progress, the marshes were traversed by a new causeway, and a bridge was thrown over the Mersey.\*

The following somewhat remarkable incident is stated to have occurred during the visit of Henry to Lathom. Followed by his fool, or jester, Lord Derby one day conducted the king to the roof of the mansion, to enable him to enjoy a view of the surrounding country. The height at which they stood was precipitous; the spot unprotected by battlements. The jester had been affectionately at-

\* Seacome's Hist. of the House of Stanley, p. 43. Sir William Stanley was executed on the 16th of February 1495. Henry arrived at Knowsley on, or about, the 24th of June following. Ibid.

tached to the late Sir William Stanley, and probably laid his death at the door of Henry. Accordingly, glancing towards the latter, "*Tom,*" he muttered, in a hollow tone of voice, to his master, "*remember Will!*" The words were probably meant to reach no other ears but those of Lord Stanley. Unfortunately, however, they were overheard by the king, who, with an emotion he was unable to conceal, descended, with rather undignified speed, to safer ground.\*

The Earl of Derby is described as having been a liberal master, as well as a sociable and hospitable neighbour. One of his peculiarities is thus related by his grandson, Thomas Stanley, Bishop of Sodor and Man.† "I left behind me," writes the bishop, "a notable point, which I had not presently in my remembrance till an aged man, that sometime was servant unto this old first Earl Thomas, put it in my memory; which is, that when this noble earl was disposed to ride for his pleasure a-hunting or other progress, or to visit his friends or neighbours, whose house soever he went unto he sent his officers before, who made provision all at his cost, as though he had been at his own house. And at his departure the surpleesage was left to the use of the house where he had lodged. And this was his

\* Strickland, vol. i. p. 437.

† The bishop succeeded his father as second Baron Monteagle, in 1523, and died in 1560.

manner and order in all places, when and where he travelled, unless by chance he came unto some lord's house." \*

The precise time of the Earl of Derby's decease is not known. As his will, however, bears date the 28th July 1504, and the probate is dated the 9th of November following, the event must have occurred in the interval between those days. One of his numerous bequests was a cup of gold to his stepson King Henry. By his last will, he ordained that his remains should be interred in the north aisle of the church of the priory of Burscough, near Lathom, in Lancashire, where lay buried the bodies of his father and mother, and others of his ancestors. He also left instructions for the erection of a tomb, to bear his effigy and those of his two wives, whom he ordered to be prayed for and had in perpetual remembrance. †

An ancient poem, entitled "Thomas first Earl of Derby, a right true and most famous Chronicle," ‡ concludes with the following lines:—

"If might or money could have saved this man,  
Or love of his neighbours, he had not died then;  
But seeing death is to us so very natural,  
Pray we charitably for each other's fall;

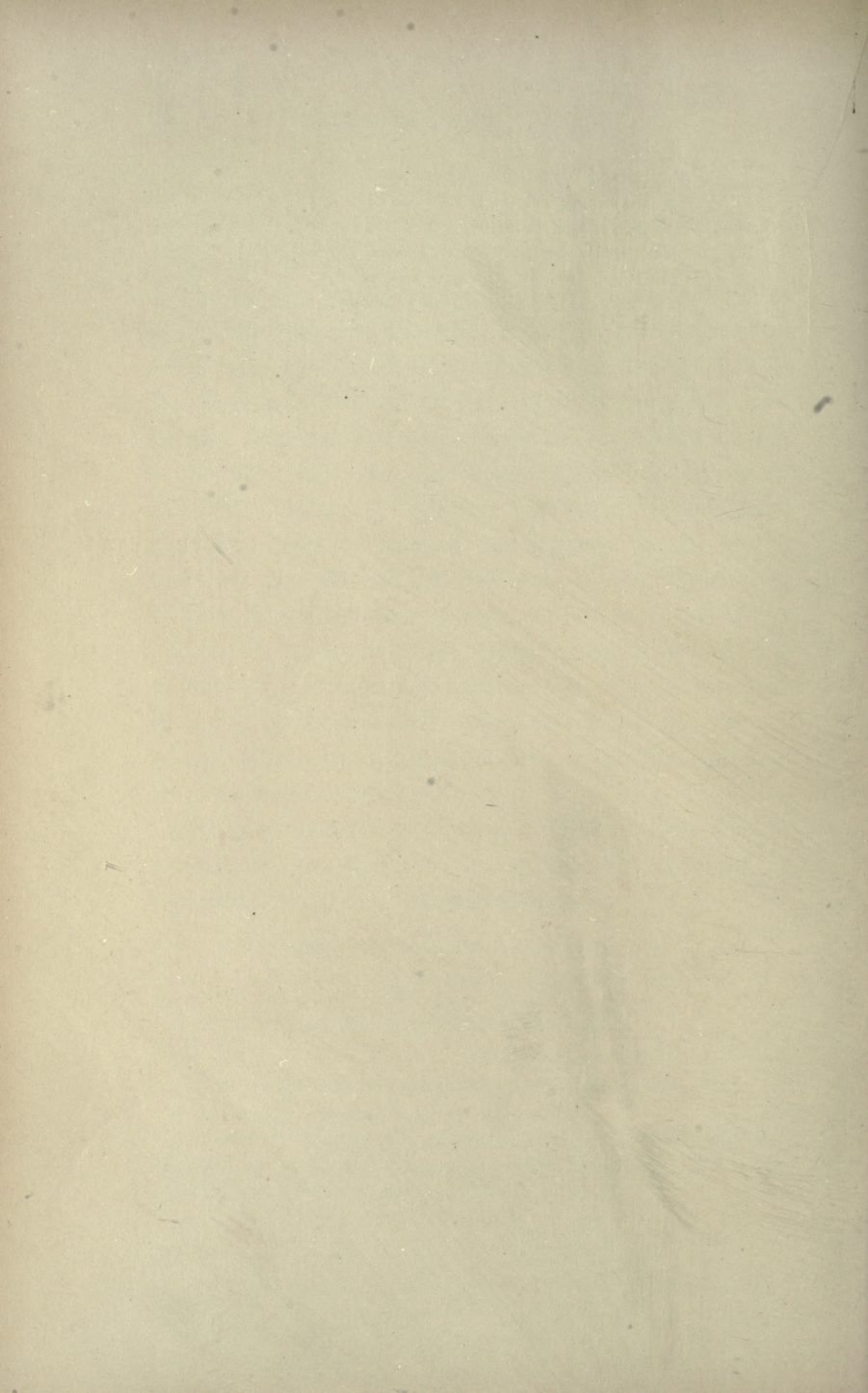
\* *Memoirs of the House of Stanley*, p. 187: Manchester, 1783.

† *Testamenta Vetusta*, vol. ii. pp. 458—460.

‡ Written in 1562, by Thomas Stanley, Bishop of Sodor and Man. *Memoirs of the House of Stanley*, p. 178: Manchester, 1783. *Seacombe's House of Stanley*, pp. 191, 202.

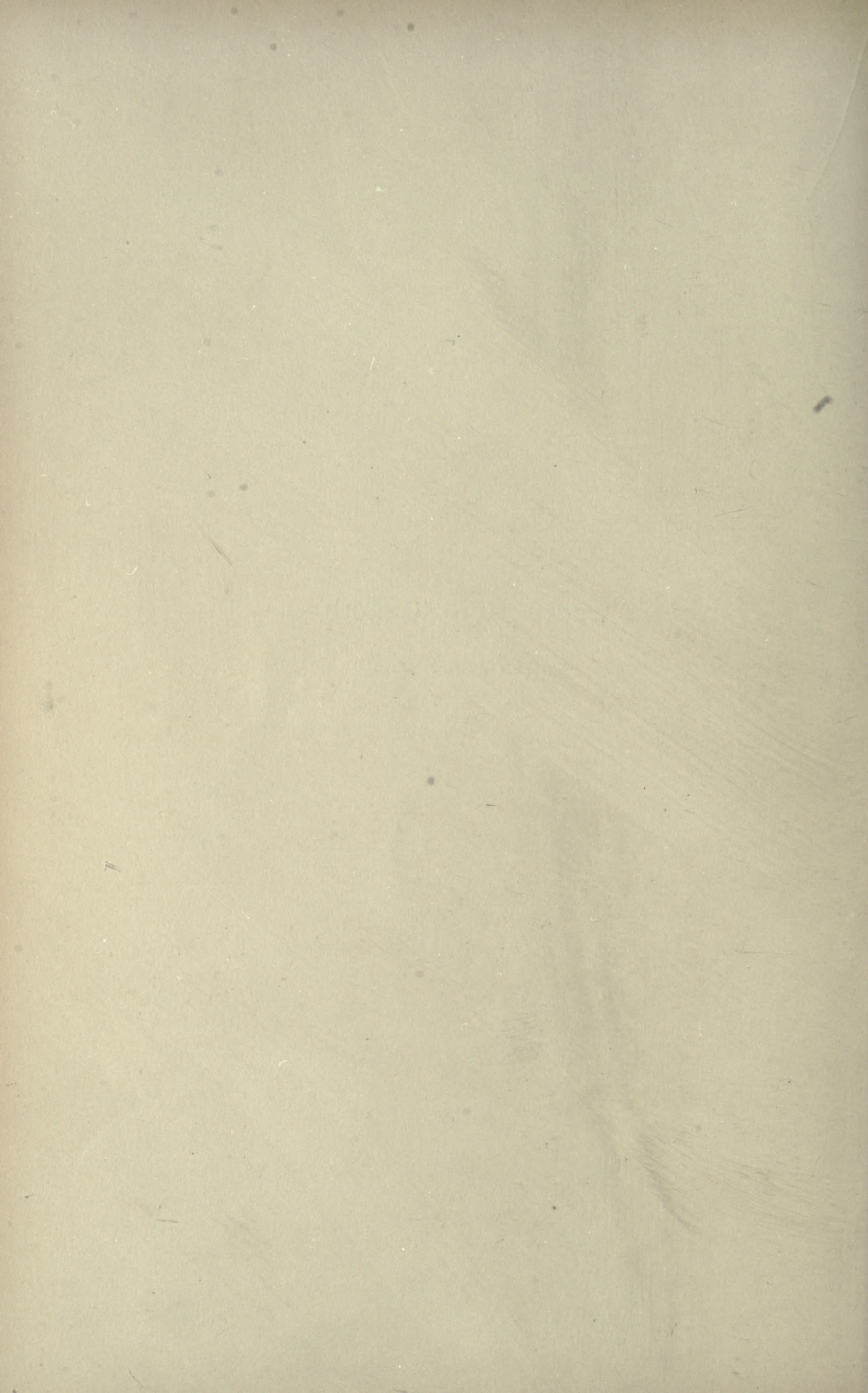


And especially for his soul let us pray,  
Of this honourable Earl Thomas Stanley ;  
Who in honour and love has ended his life,  
With truth ever in wedlock to God and his wife ;  
The love which he won with liberality,  
God keep so still unto all his posterity."



Henry Lord Clifford

"THE SHEPHERD LORD"



## HENRY LORD CLIFFORD,

“THE SHEPHERD LORD.”

WERE we called upon to illustrate by a single example the territorial power, the warlike qualities, and the fierce resentments which distinguished the barons of England during the middle ages, it would be difficult perhaps to select a more striking example than that of the Cliffords, Lords of Westmoreland, afterwards Earls of Cumberland. Possessed of princely castles and seignories, and producing heroes from generation to generation, the Cliffords were, in the north-west of England, what the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, were in the north-east. Even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., we find Henry, the first Earl of Cumberland, retaining no fewer than five hundred gentlemen in arms at his own cost.\*

The blood of the Cliffords was perhaps the most illustrious in England. John seventh Lord Clifford, by the marriage of his father with Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lord Ros of Hamlake, was fifth in descent from William the Lion, King of Scotland. The alliance of the Cliffords with the

\* Collectanea Cliffordiana, p. 21.

sovereigns of England was closer still. Descended from one common ancestor, Rollo first duke of Normandy, their blood again intermingled in the fifteenth century, in consequence of the marriage of John, the seventh lord, with the great-great-granddaughter of King Edward III.\* Henry, the "Shepherd Lord," was the seventh in descent from that monarch; he himself married a cousin of King Henry VII. Lastly, his grandson, Henry second Earl of Cumberland, married the Lady Eleanor Brandon, daughter and coheir of Charles Duke of Suffolk, niece to King Henry VIII., and daughter of a queen of France. Not only were the Cliffords closely allied in blood to the royal house of Plantagenet, but, at one time, their accession to the throne seemed far from being an unlikely event. When parliament authorized King Henry VIII. to settle the succession as he might think proper, he bequeathed the crown, in the first instance, to his children, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, and, in the event of their severally dying without leaving issue, which proved to be the case, to his eldest niece, Frances Marchioness of Dorset, and after her to Eleanor Countess of Cumberland.†

In the parish church of Skipton, in Yorkshire, round the stately tomb of George third Earl of Cumberland, may be seen the following shields, or

\* See Genealogical Table, *ante*, p. 9.

† Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. pp. 40-1.

coats of arms, the quarterings on which show how brilliant were the alliances contracted during many generations by the house of Clifford:—Clifford and Russell within the garter, with an earl's coronet above; Clifford between Brandon and Dacre; Clifford and Percy, with a coronet above; Veteripont and Buly; Veteripont and Ferrers; Veteripont and Fitz Peirs; Clifford and Veteripont; Clifford and Clare; Clifford and Veteripont, quarterly; Clifford and Beauchamp; Clifford and Ros; Clifford and Percy within the garter; Clifford and Dacre; Clifford and Bromflete (de Vesci); Clifford and St. John of Bletshoe; Clifford and Berkeley; and Clifford and Neville. "I much doubt," says Whitaker, "whether such an assemblage of noble bearings can be found on the tomb of any other Englishman."\*

The territorial possessions of the Cliffords corresponded with their illustrious birth. One of their most ancient strongholds was Clifford Castle, in Herefordshire, situated on a high cliff overhanging the river Wye. In the reign of Henry II. it was the property of Walter de Clifford, father of the celebrated Fair Rosamond. But the most princely, and apparently favourite, residence of the Cliffords during many generations, was Skipton Castle, situated in the deanery of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This interesting pile, with its great

\* Whitaker's History of Craven, p. 259, ed. 1812.

hall, its buttery-hatches, and ancient dungeon, still stands in a fair state of preservation. It was conferred, with its numerous townships and important forest and manorial rights, upon Robert first Lord Clifford, by King Edward II. The northern part of the castle stands on a perpendicular rock, within a short distance of the river Aire. In the glen beneath were the pleasure-grounds of the Cliffords, which, with their fish-ponds, curious walks, fantastically-shaped flower-beds, and commanding view of the castle, must have been formerly a picturesque and beautiful spot.\*

In the north of England the Cliffords were possessed of other seigniories, scarcely less princely than that of Skipton. By the marriage of Roger de Clifford, father of the first Lord Clifford, with Isabella, the great heiress of the De Veteriponts or De Viponts, they became lords of the barony of Westmoreland, including the seigniories and castles of Brougham and Appleby. Brougham Castle, a "strong, beautiful, and extensive" structure, situated on the banks of the Eimot, or Yeoman, appears to have been a favoured abode of the Cliffords. It was repaired and beautified by Roger de Clifford, who caused to be engraved in stone over the inner gate, "*This made Roger;*" and here, more than three centuries afterwards, his descendant, Henry

\* Ibid. p. 337; Gent's History of Rippon ("Journey into Yorkshire"), p. 43.



second Earl of Cumberland, and his high-born countess, severally breathed their last. Appleby Castle, too, rich with the armorial bearings of the Cliffords and Viponts, with its "Cæsar's Tower," its "Baron's Chamber," and "Knight's Chamber," was an appanage worthy of an ancient and powerful race. Beautifully situated on a high cliff, with the river Eden running beneath it, the castle still stands an interesting relic of the past. Here the great heiress Isabella de Vipont sat, after the death of her lord, as sheriff in her hall with the judges; and here, after the lapse of nearly four centuries, expired her high-spirited descendant, Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery. Lastly, let us record as an inheritance of the Cliffords, the hall and estates of Lonsborough, in Yorkshire, which came into their possession by the marriage of John seventh Lord Clifford with Margaret, daughter and sole heir of Henry de Bromflete, Baron de Vesci.\*

\* Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, presents perhaps the only existing remains of the London residence of an English baron in the middle ages. The ancient mansion was the gift of Edward II. to Robert Clifford, whose widow, Isabel, daughter of Maurice Lord Berkeley, let it to the students of the law, since which time apparently it has continued to be an inn of Chancery. Stow, book iii. p. 262; Pearce's Inns of Court, p. 260. The arms of the house of Clifford,—*Checky Or and Azure of fesse Gules within a bordure of the third, charged with a Bezanet*,—continue to be the arms of the society, and may still be seen decorating the interesting old hall. In the eighth year of Edward IV., we find the old mansion designated,—“Messuag. cum gardino adiacen' vocat' Clifford's Inne, in vico vocat' Fleet Streete London', nuper Johannis Domini Clifford.”—*Cal. Rot. Pat.* p. 314, m. xii.

For many generations the chiefs of the house of Clifford figure as distinguished warriors. The majority of them met with violent deaths. Roger, a renowned soldier in the wars of Henry III. and of Edward I., was killed in a skirmish with the Welsh in the Isle of Anglesey, on St. Leonard's day, 1283. His son, Robert first Lord Clifford, a favourite and companion in arms of Edward I., was slain at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. Roger, the second lord, having taken up arms with Thomas Earl of Lancaster, for the purpose of crushing the power of the Spencers, the unworthy favourites of Edward II., was overthrown by the king's forces at Boroughbridge, and perished on the scaffold at York in 1327. Robert, third lord, who was also engaged in Lancaster's insurrection, served in the wars with the Scots, and died in 1340. Robert, the fourth lord, fought by the side of Edward the Black Prince at the memorable battles of Cressy and Poitiers. Roger, the fifth lord, styled "one of the wisest and gallantest of the Cliffords," also served in the wars in France and Scotland, in the reign of Edward III. Thomas sixth Lord Clifford, one of the most chivalrous knights of his time, overcame, in a memorable passage of arms, the famous French knight, "le Sire de Burjisande," and, at the age of thirty, was killed in battle at Spruce in Germany. John, the seventh lord, a knight of the Garter, carried with him to the French wars three

knights, forty-seven esquires, and one hundred and fifty archers. He fought under the banner of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, attended him at the sieges of Harfleur and Cherbourg, and was eventually slain, at the age of thirty-three, at the siege of Meaux in France.

We have now to speak of two of the most famous of the Cliffords, father and son, whose names have been familiarized to us by the genius of Shakespeare. Their portraits may still be seen in that ancient and most interesting picture by John Van Eyck, "the Family of Thomas Lord Clifford," preserved at the beautiful villa of their descendant, the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick. Thomas eighth Lord Clifford, described as "a chief commander in France," was grandson, on his mother's side, to the celebrated Harry Hotspur. One of his most notable exploits was the capture of the town of Pontoise, near Paris, which he accomplished in the year 1438 by a daring and ingenious stratagem. The English had lain for some time before the town, with little prospect of reducing it, when a heavy fall of snow suggested to Lord Clifford the means of effecting its capture. Arraying himself and his followers with white tunics over their armour, he concealed them during the night close to the walls of the town, which at daybreak he surprised and carried by storm.\* Important as was

\* Harleian MS. 6177.

this service, it was equalled two years afterwards, when Lord Clifford valiantly defended the town of Pontoise against the armies of France, headed by Charles VII. in person.

Though nearly allied by blood to the house of York, Lord Clifford, on the breaking out of the civil wars, took part with his unfortunate sovereign, Henry VI., and became one of the most formidable of the partisans of the house of Lancaster. He was slain at the battle of St. Albans, on the 22nd of May 1455, at the age of forty. According to Shakspeare, the renown of the "deadly-handed Clifford" induced the Earl of Warwick, the "Kingmaker," to seek a personal combat with him in the course of the battle; but fate decided that he should receive his death-blow from the hands of Richard Duke of York.

*Warwick.* Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,  
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,  
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,  
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!  
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland!  
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms."

*King Henry VI. Part II. Act v. Sc. 2.*

Lord Clifford was probably a personal favourite with Henry VI., since that unfortunate monarch in his will, dated 12th March 1447-8, pays him the compliment of nominating him to be one of his feoffees.\*

\* Testamenta Vetusta, vol. i. p. 23.

John, the next and ninth Lord Clifford,—the “black-faced Clifford,” as he was designated,—was only nineteen years of age at the time when his father perished at St. Albans. Thirsting to revenge the fate of his sire, we find him pursuing the house of York with an animosity which, even in that ferocious age, rendered him terrible and famous. At the battle of Wakefield, young as he was, he is said to have caused such fearful slaughter, that it obtained for him the name of “the Butcher.”\* It was towards the close of that eventful day that Lord Clifford is said to have perpetrated that memorable act of cruelty, the murder of the young Earl of Rutland, which for centuries

\* The word “butcher,” as applied to Lord Clifford, may not have been intended altogether in the offensive sense implied by the Yorkist chroniclers. In the middle ages it would seem to have been indiscriminately applied to more than one fierce and relentless warrior. The second Duke de Guise was styled the “butcher” because he never spared the life of a Huguenot, and Oliver Clisson because he sacrificed every Englishman that fell into his hands. Such at least is the explanation which Luigi Allemano gave to Francis I., when the following passage, in which Dante makes Hugh Capet style himself the son of a “butcher,” gave such offence to his royal descendant:—

“Io fui radice della mala pianta,  
 Che la terra Christiana tutta aduggia,  
 Sì che buon frutto rado se ne schianta.  
 . . . . .  
 Figliuol fui d'un beccaio di Parigi.”

*Il Purgatorio, Canto xx.*

“I was a Paris butcher's son ; the root  
 Of that vile plant whose noxious branches shoot  
 O'er Christian lands ; rare bearer of fair fruit.”

has excited indignation and tears. The old chroniclers delight to expatiate on the ferocity of the deed; Shakspeare has related it in undying verse. "Whilst this battle," says the chronicler Hall, "was in fighting, a priest, called Sir Robert Aspoll, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, second son to the Duke of York,—scarce of the age of twelve years, a fair gentleman and a maiden-like person,—perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field by the Lord Clifford's band toward the town; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed and taken, and, by reason of his apparel, demanded who he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his chaplain, 'for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.' With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him and said, 'By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin;' and with that word stuck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said.'"

\* Hall's Chronicle, p. 251.

Notwithstanding the appearance of truth which is stamped on this remarkable passage, and also the fact that, for nearly four centuries, it has been perpetuated by the poet, the historian, and the painter, it contains a point, which, if proved to be unsupported by facts, all its pathos and importance falls to the ground. What, then, we would inquire, was the real age of Rutland when he fell by the hand of the "black-faced Clifford"? Was he, in fact, the "maiden-like," interesting child, such as he is described by the old chroniclers; or, on the other hand, was he not of such a matured age as to render it far more probable that he fell in equal and honourable combat, or in flight? The reader will judge for himself. He was born on the 17th of May 1443, and the battle of Wakefield was fought on the 30th of December 1460. Rutland, then, instead of being of the age of seven or twelve, was rather more than seventeen years and seven months old when he fell. A faithful contemporary chronicler speaks of him, in the preceding month of October, as having "arrived at the years of discretion," and therefore as having been called upon to swear fealty to Henry VI., and to recognize his authority.\* There seems even to be reason for believing that, fifteen months previously to the battle of Wakefield, Rutland had fought at the battle of Bloreheath. Certain it appears to be that when the

\* Croyland Chron. Cont. p. 455.

defeat of his friends on that occasion compelled the Duke of York to fly for safety to Ireland, the young earl was the companion of his father's flight.\* It should be borne in mind that in those days of extermination, when sons rapidly succeeded to the titles and grasped the swords of their sires, it was no uncommon circumstance for youths of Rutland's age not only to play their part on the field of battle, but to be intrusted with the important military commands. Edward IV. had not completed his nineteenth year when he won the sanguinary battle of Towton; his brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester, was only in his nineteenth year when he commanded the "vanward" at the battle of Barnet.† Edward Prince of Wales was only in his eighteenth year when he headed the army of his father King Henry VI., at the battle of Tewkesbury; and, lastly, Edward the Black Prince was only sixteen years of age when he won his knightly spurs on the memorable field of Cressy.‡

\* Leland's Collect. vol. ii. p. 497.

† Edward of York, afterwards Edward IV., was born at Rouen, 28th April 1442. Edmund of York, Earl of Rutland, was born at Rouen, 17th of May 1443; Richard, afterwards King Richard III., was born at Fotheringay, 2nd of October, 1452. William of Wyrcester, Lib. Nig. Scac. vol. ii. pp. 462, 477; Sandford, book v. p. 374. The battle of Wakefield was fought on the 30th December 1460; the battle of Towton on the 29th of March 1461; the battle of Barnet on the 14th April 1471, and the battle of Tewkesbury on the 4th of May in that year.

‡ According to another faithful contemporary chronicler, "After the battle, Lord Clifford slew the Earl of Rutland, the son of the



According to the old chroniclers, the assassination of young Rutland was not the only atrocity committed by Lord Clifford at the battle of Wakefield. "This cruel Clifford and deadly blood-supper," writes Hall, "not content with this homicide or child-killing, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great spite and much derision, saying, 'Madam, your war is done; here is your king's ransom;' at which present was much joy and great rejoicing."\* That the head of the Duke of York was cut off, and subsequently fixed on the gates of York, there can be little question,—

"Off with his head, and set it on York gates;  
So York may overlook the town of York."

*King Henry VI. Part. III. Act. i. Sc. 4.*

but that Lord Clifford exulted over and desecrated

Duke of York, *as he was flying across the bridge at Wakefield.*" The same writer adds that the dead bodies of York, Rutland, and others of note who fell in the battle, were decapitated, and their heads affixed to various parts of York. William of Wyrcester's Annals, Lib. Niger Scac. vol. ii. p. 85. Surely, if Rutland had been of so tender an age as Hall and Grafton describe him to have been, the Lancastrians would never have disgraced and injured their cause by publicly exhibiting the gory head of an innocent child in the manner described. Still less likely does it seem to be that during the battle the child should have been stationed in so perilous a position as that which is inferred by the later chroniclers.

\* Hall's Chronicle, p. 251.

the remains of the illustrious dead, in the manner described by the old chroniclers, seems to us to be as improbable as that he should have committed the dastardly act of assassination which they so confidently lay to his charge.

Lord Clifford fought at the second battle of St. Albans, on the 17th of February 1461. It was in his tent, after the Lancastrians had won the victory, that the unfortunate Henry VI. once more embraced his consort Margaret of Anjou, and their beloved child.

Lord Clifford is usually represented as having been slain at the battle of Towton. He fell, however, in a hard-fought conflict which preceded that sanguinary engagement by a few hours. Between the two rival armies of York and Lancaster lay the pass of Ferrybridge over the Aire, the same river which we have mentioned as flowing by Skipton, the princely castle of the Cliffords,—

“ Witness Aire’s unhappy water,  
Where the ruthless Clifford fell.”

SOUTHEY.

The pass was at this time held by the forces of King Edward, under the command of Lord Fitzwalter. To obtain possession of it was of the utmost importance to the Lancastrians; the attempt to carry it was intrusted to Lord Clifford. The enterprise was successfully and brilliantly conducted. Before the Yorkists had received the slightest intima-

tion of the approach of a foe, Lord Clifford, at the head of a chosen band of horsemen, had thrown himself amongst them, and made himself master of the pass. No quarter was given by the assailants; Lord Fitzwalter, and the Bastard of Salisbury, brother to the Earl of Warwick, were among the slain. Before many hours, however, had passed, the fortune of war was reversed. Ascertaining that King Edward had transported the vanguard of his army across the Aire at Castleford, three miles higher up the river than Ferrybridge, Lord Clifford was withdrawing his gallant band, for the purpose of rejoining the main body of the Lancastrians, when he unexpectedly found himself surrounded by an overwhelming force. The hero of Wakefield and St. Albans resolved either to fight his way through the ranks of the enemy, or perish in the attempt. Accordingly he fought, we are told, to the admiration, and “even to the envy, of those who overcame him;”<sup>\*</sup> but his valour was all in vain. A headless arrow, discharged from behind a hedge, struck him in the throat, and the fierce Clifford fell to rise no more. His death took place on Palm Sunday, the 29th of March 1461, at the age of twenty-six. The scene of his heroism was a spot called Dittingale, situated in a small valley between Towton and Scarthingwell.† A small

<sup>\*</sup> Habington in Kennet, vol. i. p. 432.

† Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, pp. 249, 250.

chapel on the banks of the Aire formerly marked the spot where lay the remains of John Lord Clifford, as well as those of his cousin, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who perished later in the day upon Towton Field.\*

For nearly a quarter of a century from this time, the name of Clifford remained an attainted one; their castles and seigniories passed into the hands of strangers and foes. The barony of Westmoreland was conferred by Edward IV. upon his brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester; the castle and manor of Skipton he bestowed, in the first instance, upon Sir William Stanley.†

But though, for a while, the star of the Cliffords had set, it was not for ever. The late lord, by his young wife Margaret, daughter and sole heiress of Henry de Bromflete, Baron de Vesci, had left two infant sons, Henry and Richard, of whom the former lived to succeed to the honours of his valiant father. Immediately after the battle of Towton, the children were attainted by parliament,‡

\* Lord Clifford's remains are supposed to have been thrown into a pit with a promiscuous heap of the slain. Dr. Whitaker, however, suggests that they may have possibly been removed from the spot and reinterred at Bolton. *Hist. of Craven*, p. 250, note.

† Richard would seem to have been dissatisfied with obtaining only a portion of the possessions of the Cliffords, since, in the fifteenth year of Edward IV., we find that monarch transferring to his "dear brother" the castle and domain of Skipton, which lordly appanage he retained to his death on Bosworth Field. Whitaker, p. 250.

‡ 1 Edward IV.

and the strictest search made for their persons. Happily, their maternal grandfather, the old Lord de Vesci, was still living. In his youth, he had fought under the glorious banner of Henry V. in the wars in France and Normandy; and though his valour had remained unrewarded, there is evidence of his having been treated with respectful consideration, both by Henry VI. and Edward IV.; both of those monarchs, in token of his eminent services and advanced age, having granted him a special exemption from attending parliament.\* He was powerless, indeed, to avert the temporary ruin which overtook the house of Clifford. Fortunately, however, his seat of Lonsborough afforded a home to his widowed daughter, and the wild district, by which it was surrounded, a place of concealment for his grandchildren. Accordingly, driven from the stately halls of Skipton and Appleby, of which she had ceased to be the mistress, thither, as soon as the dreadful fate of her lord was communicated to her, flew the young widow with her hunted children.

“Oh! it was a time forlorn,  
When the fatherless was born.  
Give her wings that she may fly,  
Or she sees her infant die!  
Swords that are with slaughter wild  
Hunt the mother and the child.

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\* 3 Henry VI. and 1 Edward IV. Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 234.

Who will take them from the light?—  
 Yonder is a man in sight—  
 Yonder is a house—but where?  
 No, they must not enter there.  
 To the caves, and to the brooks,  
 To the clouds of heaven she looks;  
 She is speechless, but her eyes  
 Pray in ghostly agonies.  
 Blissful Mary, Mother mild,  
 Maid and Mother undefiled,  
 Save a mother and her child!"

WORDSWORTH.—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

The peril to which the young mother was exposed, as described in these beautiful lines, may possibly not be exaggerated. Happily there were true and brave hearts at Lonsborough; and accordingly, with their aid, she found the means of transporting her youngest boy into the Netherlands, while the eldest she committed to the care of a shepherd and his wife, of whom the latter had formerly been an attendant on the child's nurse. Thus, wearing the garb and associating with the children of shepherds, did the tenth Lord Clifford pass many of the first years of his eventful life; submitting unrepiningly, we are told, to the decrees of Providence, and cheerfully looking forward to brighter times.

"Now who is he that bounds with joy  
 On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy?  
 No thoughts has he but thoughts that pass  
 Light as the wind along the grass.  
 Can this be he who hither came  
 In secret, like a smothered flame?"

O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
 For shelter, and a poor man's bread?  
 God loves the child; and God hath willed  
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,—  
 The lady's words when forced away,  
 The last she to her babe did say:  
 'My own, my own, thy fellow-guest  
 I may not be; but rest thee, rest,  
 For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

It would be difficult to point out a story in real life more romantic than that of the "shepherd-lord," or, as he is occasionally designated, "the good Lord Clifford."\* According to an interesting MS. account drawn up by his illustrious descendant, Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, "This Henry Lord Clifford was one of the examples of the varieties of fortune in this world; for though he was born the eldest son of a great nobleman, yet presently after his father's death, when himself was about seven years old, † he was, by the care and love of an industri-

\* "In him the savage virtue of the race,  
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:  
 Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place  
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;  
 The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;  
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
 The 'good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

† In another part of the MS. it is intimated that he was probably about six or seven years of age. If it be the case, however, that his father was only twenty-six years old when he fell at Towton, the

ous mother, put into the habit of a shepherd's boy, to conceal his birth and parentage; for had he been known to have been his father's son and heir, he would either have been put in prison, or banished, or put to death, so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being such a desperate commander against the house of York, which then reigned. So, in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lonsborough, where his mother lived then for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth till he was about fourteen, about which time his mother's father, Henry Bromflete Lord Vesey, deceased.

“And, a little after his death, it came to be murmured at court that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined. But her answers were that she had given directions to send them both beyond seas to be bred there, which equivocation of hers did the better pass, because, presently, after her husband's death, she sent both her sons away to the sea-side, the younger of which, called Richard, was indeed transported over the seas into the Low Countries to be bred there, where he died not long after. So his elder brother, Henry Lord Clifford, was secretly conveyed back to Lonsborough again, and com-

probability seems to be that his heir was of still tenderer years than is represented in either statement.



mitted to the hands of shepherds, as aforesaid, which shepherd's wives had formerly been servants in the family, as attending the nurse which gave him suck, which made him, being a child, more willing to submit to that mean condition, where they infused into him the belief that he must either be content to live in that manner, or be utterly undone.''\*

The boy had scarcely returned to the care of the faithful shepherds, when, in consequence of further rumours having reached the court that the heir of the Cliffords was still living, it became expedient to remove him from Lonsborough. Happily, the Lady Clifford had in the mean time given her hand to Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, of Threlkland in Cumberland, the lord of a wild and romantic district, which promised a security to the orphan which Lonsborough no longer afforded.

“See, beyond that hamlet small,  
The ruined towers of Threlkeld Hall,  
Lurking in a double shade,  
By trees and lingering twilight made!  
There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,  
Sir Launcelot gave a safe retreat  
To noble Clifford; from annoy  
Concealed the persecuted boy,  
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed  
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's reed  
Among this multitude of hills,  
Craggs, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills.”

WORDSWORTH.—*The Waggoner*, Canto iv.

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\* Harleian MS. 6177.

To Threlkeld, then, the "sorrowful mother" removed the faithful shepherd and his wife, and with them her persecuted boy. Even this wild and remote region, however, did not always afford him security. The last of the Cliffords, we are told, was "kept as a shepherd, sometimes at Threlkeld amongst his father-in-law's kindred, and sometimes upon the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for those shepherds who had the custody of him, where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly."\*

"The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,  
 And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,  
 And quit the flowers that summer brings  
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;  
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
 Give Sir Launcelot Threlkeld praise!  
 Hear it, good man, old in days!  
 Thou tree of covert and of nest  
 For this young bird, that is distress;  
 Among the branches safe he lay,  
 And he was free to sport and play  
 When falcons were abroad for prey."

WORDSWORTH.—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

It was not till after he had undergone a perilous seclusion of twenty-four years, that the signal triumph obtained by Henry of Richmond on the field of Bosworth enabled Lord Clifford to emerge from

\* Harleian MS. 6177. Threlkeld lies on the high road between Keswick and Penrith, at the foot of the mountain of Saddleback.

obscurity, and to take his place among the magnates of the land. The part which he subsequently played during the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., if not a distinguished, was at least a useful and an honourable one. Restored by parliament in blood and honour, he took a pleasure in improving his estates, and in repairing his noble castles in the north, which had fallen into decay while in the possession of strangers. As a peer of the realm in parliament, to which we find him summoned from the first to the twelfth year of Henry VII., he is reported to have "behaved himself wisely and nobly;"\* and lastly, when his sovereign required his military services, he followed the example of his warlike ancestors, and marshalled the youth of Westmoreland and Craven to the field. He was intrusted with a military command in the year 1495; and, twenty years afterwards, was one of the principal leaders at the celebrated battle of Flodden—

"Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield."

*Marmion*, Canto vi.

According to the account drawn up by his descendant, the Countess of Pembroke, "This Henry Lord Clifford did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy and the contemplation of the course of the stars, which it is likely he was seasoned in during the time of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden Tower,

\* Harleian MS. 6177.

which is now much decayed, and there he lived much, which it is thought he did the rather because in that place he had furnished himself with materials and instruments for that study. He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the court or to London but when he was called there to sit in them as a peer of the realm, in which parliament, it is reported, he behaved himself wisely and nobly, and like a good Englishman."\* Barden Tower, in Yorkshire, the favourite retreat of the "shepherd-lord" from the pomps and vanities of the world, still remains, an interesting memento of his romantic fortunes. "He retired," says Dr. Whitaker, "to the solitudes of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion."† According to Dugdale, the vicinity of Barden Tower to the Priory of Bolton, the canons of which house were well versed in astronomy, was the reason why Lord Clifford selected it to be his principal residence.‡

"Most happy in the shy recess  
Of Bardon's lowly quietness;  
And choice of studious friends had he  
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;

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\* Harl. MS. 6177.

† Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, p. 252.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, vol. i. p. 343.

Who, standing on this old church tower,  
 In many a calm propitious hour,  
 Perused with him the starry sky ;  
 Or, in their cells, with him did pry  
 For other lore, by keen desire  
 Urged to close toil with chemic fire."

WORDSWORTH.—*White Doe of Rylstone*, Canto i.

Lord Clifford, by the prudent management of his large estates, "grew to be a very rich man." His wealth, indeed, would seem to have excited the cupidity of his kinsman King Henry VII., since, about the year 1506, we find him subjected to the annoyance of being forced to produce evidence of the validity of his titles to his lands, a citation, however, to which he appears to have most satisfactorily responded.\*

But a far heavier distress, occasioned by the wild libertinism of his eldest son Henry, afterwards first Earl of Cumberland, saddened the closing years of the "shepherd-lord." There is extant a very curious letter addressed by Lord Clifford to a member of the king's privy council, in which he pathetically laments his son's misconduct. "I doubt not," he says, "but you remember when I was afore you,

\* "About the twenty-first year of King Henry VII., he, the said Lord Clifford, was in some disgrace with the said king, so the said king caused him to bring into the public court all his evidences to show by what right he held all his lands in Westmoreland and the sheriffrick of that county, as appears by some records, which pleadings and records did much help forward to the manifestation of the title and right of the Lady Anne Clifford, now Countess Dowager of Pembroke, to the said lands and sheriffrick."—*Harl. MS.* 6177.

with other of the king's highness's council; and there I showed unto you the ungodly and ungoodly disposition of my son Henry Clifford, in such wise as it was abominable to hear it; not only disobeying and despiting my commands, and threatening my servants, saying that if aught came to me, he should utterly destroy all, as appeareth more likely in striking with his own hand my poor servant Henry Popley, in peril of death, which so lieth and is like to die. But also [he] spoiled my houses and feloniously stole away my proper goods, which was of great substance, only of malice and for maintaining his inordinate pride and riot, as more especially did appear when he departed out of the court and came into the country, apparelled himself and his horse in cloth of gold and goldsmith's work, more like a duke than a poor baron's son as he is. And, moreover, I showed unto you, at that time, his daily studying how he might utterly destroy me his poor father, as well by slanders shameful and dangerous as by daily otherwise vexing and inquieting my mind, to the shortening of my poor life."

The future earl and knight of the Garter is described elsewhere as turning outlaw, assembling a band of dissolute followers, and rendering himself the terror of the north. "Moreover," writes his father, "he in his country maketh debate between gentlemen, and troubleth divers houses of religion

to bring from them their tithes, shamefully beating their tenants and servants in such wise as some whole towns are fain to keep the churches both night and day, and dare not come at their own houses.”\* The heir of the Cliffords subsequently quit his irregular mode of life, but whether his father had the satisfaction of surviving to witness his son’s reformation has been questioned. As the son, however, was twice married, and, by his second wife, Lady Margaret Percy, became a father before he had attained the age of twenty-four, the probability seems to be that he was weaned at an early age from his abandoned courses.†

It has been said, that, in order to prevent the important secret of his birth from transpiring, the education of the “shepherd-lord” was purposely neglected, and that he could barely write his name.‡ The fact, however, of his having been intrusted with an important military command, as well as the deep interest which he took in the study of astrology, seems to contradict the assertion. In further presumption that he was not the illiterate

\* Whitaker’s Hist. of Craven, p. 255; Sir E. Brydges’ Peerage, vol. vi. p. 521.

† The first wife was Margaret, daughter of George fourth Earl of Shrewsbury. His second wife was daughter of Henry fifth Earl of Northumberland, by Eleanor, daughter of Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset; being thus lineally descended from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Sir E. Brydges’ Peerage, vol. vi. p. 521.

‡ Harl. MS. 6177.

person whom he is sometimes represented to have been, may be mentioned his having presented the priory of Bolton with "A Treatise of Natural Philosophy," in old French. From some verses, written by Henry second Earl of Cumberland, previously to his marriage to the Lady Eleanor Brandon, niece of Henry VIII., it would seem that, at the dissolution of the priory of Bolton, the treatise in question again came into the possession of the Cliffords.\*

Henry Lord Clifford was twice married. His first wife was Anne, only daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletshoe, knight, and cousin-german to King Henry VII. The chronicler of the Clifford family describes her as a lady of "singular virtue, goodness, and piety."† In the reign of Charles I. some tapestry hangings worked by her hands, displaying the arms of Clifford and St. John, were still to be seen on the walls of Skipton Castle.‡ By this lady, Lord Clifford was the father of Henry first Earl of Cumberland, of Sir Thomas Clifford, governor of Berwick Castle, and of Edward Clifford, who died young. Lady Clifford also bore him four daughters. The second wife of the "shepherd-lord" was Florence, daughter of Henry Pudsay, of an ancient family in the deanery of Craven, and widow of Sir Thomas Talbot, knight, of Bashall,

\* Whitaker, p. 253, note.

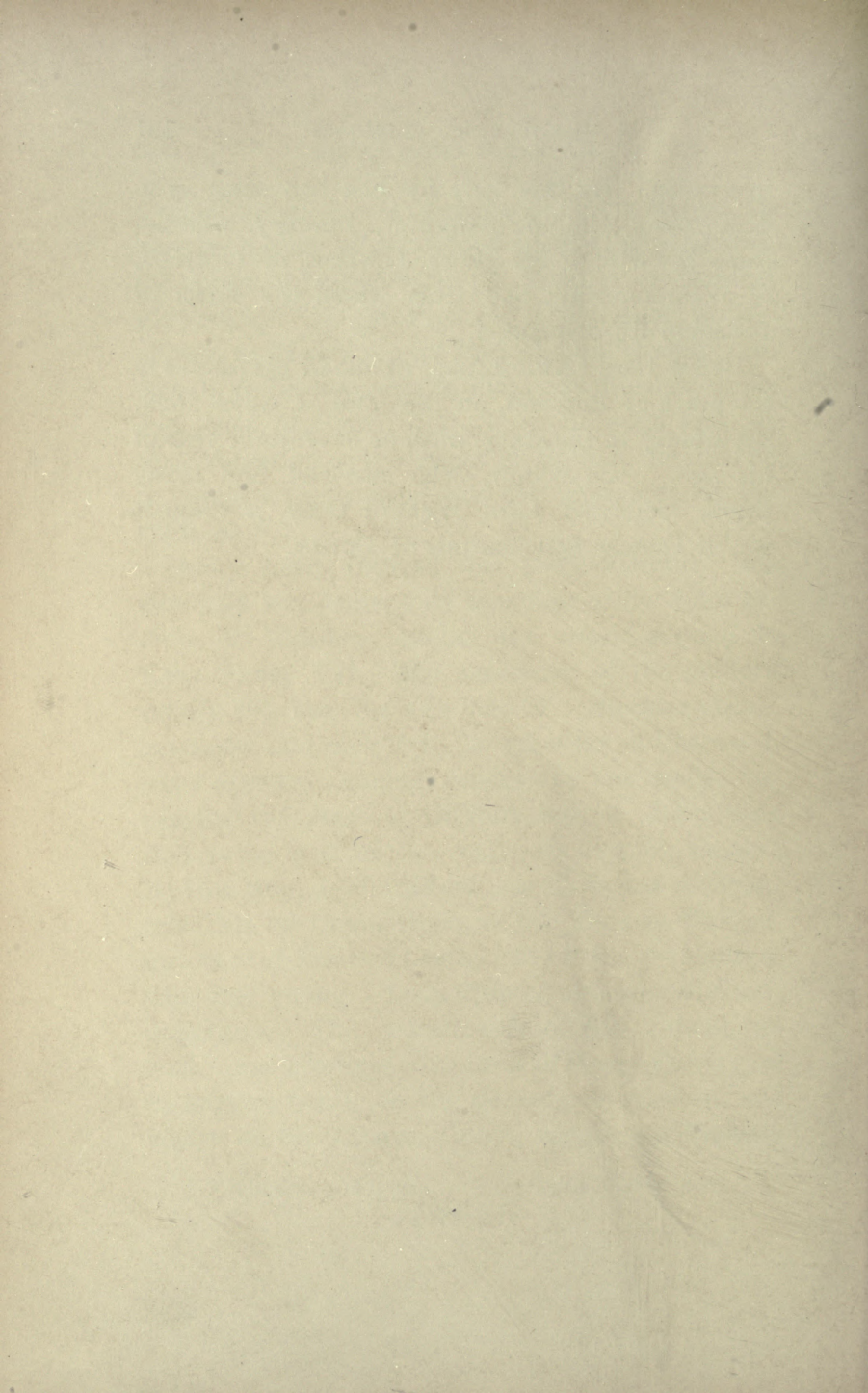
† Collect. Clifford, p. 36.

‡ Ibid. p. 37.



in Craven. By this lady he had two sons, who died young, and one daughter, Dorothy, who became the wife of Sir Hugh Lowther, of Lowther, in Westmoreland, and from whom the Earls of Lonsdale are descended.

Henry Lord Clifford died, at one of his castles in the north of England, on the 23rd of April 1523, apparently in the sixty-ninth or seventieth year of his age. His widow, who survived him many years, remarried Lord Richard Grey, a younger son of Thomas first Marquis of Dorset.



The Last War of the Roses

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Cardinal* BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

*The Earl of Richmond, afterwards King* HENRY *the Seventh.*

THOMAS *Lord* STANLEY, *afterwards Earl of Derby.*

MASTER HENRY, *afterwards Lord Clifford.*

*Sir* REGINALD BRAY.

*Sir* SIMON DIGBY.

*Sir* ROBERT BRAKENBURY.

MARTIN TRAFFORD.

HUGH BARTRAM.

*Father* FRANCIS.

HUBERT.

MARK GIZELEY, *Castellain of Skipton Castle.*

*The Princess* ELIZABETH *of York.*

MARGARET, *Countess of Richmond.*

ANNE ST. JOHN.

RUTH BARTRAM.

ALICE BARTRAM.

*Heralds, Guards, Scribes, Courtiers, Attendants, &c.*

THE LAST WAR OF THE ROSES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Threlkeld, at the foot of the mountain of Saddle-back. A garden in front of a cottage. HUGH BARTRAM and RUTH BARTRAM seated.*

*Hugh.* How fair the sun sets on yon craggy height!

Thus ever, ere he sinks to rest, he throws  
A parting smile upon the shepherd's roof.

*Ruth.* Twelve years, twelve happy years, we  
have dwelt here, Hugh.

*Hugh.* And twice twelve years thy fond and  
faithful heart,—

Still fresh, old wife, as when I wooed thee first,  
Has linked itself to mine. Yon honeysuckle  
Twines not more closely round its bridal elm,  
Than once thou clung'st to me up life's rough road,  
Nor cling'st less firmly now 'tis rough no more.  
I would, dear Ruth! that our remaining years  
May glide as calmly as the last away.

*Ruth.* Thy words sound sadly.

*Hugh.* I was thinking dame,  
Of Master Henry and our pretty Alice.

*Ruth.* And what of them, that thou should'st  
look so grave?

*Hugh.* I fear she loves him

*Ruth.* Well, I fear she does ;  
But love will never kill her ; she's as light  
Of spirit as of step.

*Hugh.* 'Twas natural—  
Brought up together from their infancy,  
That love should grow between them. But dost  
think  
There has been courtship 'twixt him and the maid?

*Ruth.* Well! Master Trafford thinks so.

*Hugh.* Master Trafford!  
Who's Master Trafford that, where'er he skulks,  
His sayings should be laws? I never loved  
That Master Trafford.

*Ruth.* Yet her Grace both loves  
And trusts him ; and he's Master Henry's friend.

*Hugh.* He says he is!—For me, I hate such  
wolves  
Prowling about my sheep-walks. But now, tell  
me!—

For when the sport is love, I have ever found  
Women the keenest trackers—dost thyself  
Believe that Master Henry loves our girl?

*Ruth.* How can I reason otherwise? Of late  
He has grown sad and wan,—strays forth alone—  
Neglects his food—sighs oft and heavily:—

Nay more! he wears some love-pledge next his  
heart,

Which ever, when he thinks he's unobserved,  
He'll fix his eyes on till their lids grow moist.  
This should be love, or very near akin to it;  
And whom but Alice has he seen to love?  
Besides, Hugh, Master Trafford—

*Hugh.*

Bah! a truce  
With Master Trafford;—and now mark me, dame!  
The master will not wed her. True it is,  
His heart is warm and generous; but he's proud,—  
Too proud to mate him with the shepherd's child.

*Ruth.* Proud? Master Henry proud?—believe it  
not.

*Hugh.* The poor, when poverty's their only  
crime,

Are always proud. Men oftener pride themselves  
On gifts they have not than on gifts they have;  
Thus is he prouder of his lost estate  
Than if he swayed his father's heritage,  
And lorded it o'er Skipton's princely towers.  
Dame! I've a dreadful thought.—Could I believe  
He'd tamper with the virtue of our child,—  
Nay,—dare approach her with unholy wish,  
I'd—

*Ruth.* What?—betray him to his enemies?—  
My own, my noble foster-child? Nay, Hugh!  
Thou could'st not harbour such a ruthless thought.

*Hugh.* Dame! thou art right; yet, if a father's  
wrath

E'er nerved a father's arm,—young, lusty, brave,  
And noble though he be, and I infirm  
And old,—I'd lay the spoiler at my feet,  
Nor waste one pang though he arose no more.

*Ruth.* Nay, Hugh, thou wrong'st him! since the  
fearful day

My Lord was slain at Towton, he has been  
Our joy, our hope, our comfort. If he loves  
Our child, 'tis with a love as chaste as ours;  
Believe me, Hugh, it is.

*Hugh.* Believe *me*, dame!

Unequal love is seldom holy love,  
And therefore seldom augurs happiness.  
Well, well! I will absolve him from this wrong;  
But coronets are not for us, old dame,  
And therefore that she wed an honest man  
Is all Hugh Bartram wishes for his child.

*Ruth.* See, Hugh, who comes!

*Hugh.* Talk of the foul one, dame!

*Enter* MARTIN TRAFFORD *and* HUBERT.

*Traf.* Heaven guard ye both, my worthy friends!  
—but where

Can Master Henry be? I half suspect  
Your pretty Alice makes a willing slave  
Of my old playmate. Never lovelier eve  
Sped youth and beauty to their trysting place.



Well! ye've a friend's best wishes that their loves  
Prove pure and constant as your own.

*Hugh.* [Aside.] I fear  
Thou art an oil-tongued hypocrite, and yet  
Men say thou'rt honest. [Aloud.] Much we thank  
thee, sir!

Although unweeting of our cause for joy.  
But, see! here comes your friend.

*Enter CLIFFORD and ALICE BARTRAM.*

*Traf.* Well, Master Henry!  
How fares it with thee and blithe Mistress Alice?  
Love's a sweet pastime, if the wooing's honest  
That plants such roses on a maiden's cheek.

*Alice.* Honest!—I marvel much what honesty  
And thou can have in common. As for wooing,  
Were it my sorrow to be wooed by *thee*,  
Methinks the roses which thou carpest at  
Would fade more fast than if the canker nipped  
them.

*Ruth.* Hush! Alice, thou forgettest the respect  
That's due to Master Trafford.

*Hugh.* [Aside.] Nay, for me,  
I like the spirit of the girl.

*Traf.* Well, well!—  
I will retract, fair mistress mine! and own  
'Twas not the wooing, but the mountain-breeze,  
That lent such blooming colour to thy cheeks.

*Alice.* The mountain-breeze is sometimes bitter,  
sir!

But ne'er so cutting as a slanderer's tongue.

*Clif.* Nay, Alice! rate him not; he means no harm.

*Alice.* [*To Trafford.*] Well! if I'm free of  
speech, I'm frank of heart;

Wherefore for quiet's sake I'll pardon thee,  
So here's my hand.

*Traf.* And a most fair one.

*Alice.* Silence!

I hold thy praise still cheaper than thy taunts.

*Clif.* Hush, Alice! and now tell us, Martin  
Trafford!—

What news from Skipton, and how fares her  
Grace!

*Traf.* Her Grace is well in health, but sorely  
chafed

In spirit.

*Clif.* No mishap, I trust, has crossed her.

*Traf.* Mishap, forsooth?—What!—know ye  
not, her son,

My lord of Richmond, has set foot in Wales,  
And leads a rebel army 'gainst the King?

*Clif.* [*Aside.*] Can it be so?—Then Heaven at  
last has heard

The prayer I have breathed since childhood.

[*Aside to Trafford.*] Mark me, Trafford!  
This night I must to Skipton, and from thence  
Speed to Earl Richmond's camp. I fain would bear

A part in this great struggle. Hint it not  
To Bartram nor his wife;—I fear 'twould grieve  
them.

*Traf.* And Mistress Alice too?

*Clif.* Is this a time  
For idle jesting?—Shame upon thee, Trafford!  
[*To Bartram.*] Father! thou heard'st what Master  
Trafford said?

*Hugh.* I did; and fain I would be young again  
To strike a blow for Lancaster.

*Clif.* Now, Trafford!  
Tell us where lie the rival armaments;  
What barons, knights, and gallant gentlemen,  
Have spread their banners at young Richmond's  
call?

*Traf.* The King is on his march from Notting-  
ham,  
Eager to battle with the Earl, whose force,  
Half armed, ill disciplined, is feebly matched  
Against the veteran legions of the crown.

*Clif.* But of our English chivalry have none  
Proclaimed themselves the friends of Lancaster?

*Traf.* Yes!—the Earl's uncle, Jasper Earl of  
Pembroke,  
And John de Vere, the stout old Earl of Oxford,  
Embarked with him at Harfleur; and, since then,  
Sir Gilbert Talbot and his beardless ward,  
Earl Shrewsbury, have led to the Red Rose  
The vassals of their house.

*Clif.* And are these all?

*Traf.* Not quite. Sir William Brandon, Sir John Savage,  
Sir Walter Hungerford, Sir Thomas Bouchier,  
Have also armed for Lancaster.

*Clif.* I fear,  
Suspense weighs heavy on her Grace.

*Traf.* Alas!  
It wrings her heart to see her lord array  
Her vassals, to support the man she loathes  
Against the son she doats on.

*Clif.* Then thou thinkest  
Lord Stanley will be steadfast for the King?

*Traf.* So high in royal favour—canst thou  
doubt it?

*Clif.* Yet to do battle in a tyrant's cause,  
'Gainst his own wife and step-son, seems an act  
A noble mind should shrink from.

[*To Ruth.*] Dearest mother!—  
For mother thou hast ever been to me,—  
I fain would speak apart with thee. [*Takes her  
aside.*]

*Traf.* [*Aside to HUBERT.*] Now, Hubert!—  
Now is the time or never.

*Hub.* Master Trafford,  
I dare not do this deed.

*Traf.* Thou dar'st not, Hubert?—  
Lives there the man who dares to say—he dare not?  
I tell thee!—that I saw them lip to lip,

With such delight in their enamoured eyes,  
The sight had changed thy nature to a fiend's.  
Thou art not a coward, Hubert?

*Hub.* No, by heaven!—

Wrong shall be met by wrong;—I'll do thy bidding.

*Traf.* Quick then, brave Hubert, quick!

[HUBERT enters the Cottage unperceived.]

*Clif.* [To RUTH.] Nay, urge me not!

I must at once to Skipton.

*Ruth.* Much I fear

Thou hankerest for these wicked wars. Dear son,  
I pray thee—go not,—leave us not!

*Clif.* Thou knowest

How much I owe the lady Margaret;  
And therefore, in her hour of need, 'twere meet  
I offer my poor service to her Grace.  
Thou would'st not love me did I otherwise.

*Ruth.* Yes, go!—it is thy duty; yet I feel  
A sinking of the heart as if some ill  
Boded our happy home.

*Clif.* Nay, weep not, mother!

And thou too, Alice, dry those foolish tears.  
I'll not be long a truant. And now leave me  
Awhile with Master Trafford; I'll within  
Anon, and wish you all a kind farewell.

[*Exeunt* HUGH, RUTH, and ALICE.]

Trafford! what mean these banterings which imply  
I look on Alice with a trifler's love?

*Traf.* I did but hint what others plainly speak.

*Clif.* Why utter what thou knowest to be false?  
Lives there not one, pure, noble, beautiful,  
As dear to me as life—almost as Heaven?  
Thou know'st there is; then why this ribaldry?

*Traf.* Did man ne'er court two maidens at one  
time?

'Tis clear that Alice loves thee, and thou'rt not  
The first man who has wooed a high-born maid,  
Yet chased a lowlier one for pastime's sake.  
Why! when the country dulls, 'tis ever thus  
Your courtier whiles his idle hours away.

*Clif.* Shame on thee, Martin Trafford! Can'st  
thou think

I'd plant dishonour on the hearths of those  
Who have loved and sheltered me from infancy?  
I owe thee much, yet wilt thou cancel all  
If e'er again thou dost impute to me  
Such base and cruel wrong.—For shame, I say!

*Traf.* Bethink thee!—I accused thee not. I did  
But glance at the ill courses of the world,  
And pleased I am that, like myself, thou scorn'st  
them.

I did not merit this rebuff from thee.

We'll meet again at Skipton, when I trust

Thou'lt do thy friend more justice. [*Exit.*]

*Clif.* I was wrong;

But why did he so gall me?—I must now

To bid a tenderer and more sad farewell. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Grove near Threlkeld.*TRAFFORD *solus.*

*Traf.* He loves the Lady Anne!—but loves her  
not

With the wild passion which her peerless charms  
Have kindled in my own tempestuous heart.  
Loves her?—By all the saints, could I but claim  
The privilege to kiss away one tear  
From the long lashes of her violet eyes,  
Or raise one blush upon her delicate cheek,  
I would not change it for the diadem  
That ere to-morrow may be won or lost!  
He loves her!—And she loved him till that hour  
I fed her credulous ears with the belief  
That she was slighted for a meaner flame,  
This village May-queen Alice. 'Twas a lie—  
A damned lie—but love's itself a lie;  
At least I have ever found it so. Confound him!  
He has crossed my path as man ne'er crossed it yet;  
But I have crushed him. Would that I could  
glean

This secret of his birth! 'Tis evident  
There's death in the divulgement; and he dies  
If living he thus thwarts me. But here comes  
The knave who should resolve this mystery.

*Enter* HUBERT.

Hast brought the papers, Hubert?—By thy look  
I see thou hast;—quick, quick! and give me them.

*Hub.* Nay, Master Trafford! something whispers  
me

I am doing wrong,—perchance a deadly wrong.

*Traf.* Wrong? 'tis no theft, man.—Why! in  
half an hour

Thou shalt replace the papers whence they came,  
And no one be the wiser.

*Hub.* Save my conscience,  
Which were the worst accuser.

*Traf.* Nonsense, man!  
Hand me the papers and I'll give thee gold—  
Gold thrice the weight thy brawny arms can bear,  
Then treble it again.

*Hub.* I need not wealth;  
I would not sell my soul for mines of gold.

*Traf.* Then! to revenge thee on the pitiful  
wretch  
Who has so wronged thee,—has so wronged us  
both,

Give me the papers, and, I swear to thee,  
This night he shall depart from hence,—for  
weeks,—

For months,—nay, p'rhaps for ever. Thou alone  
With Alice, she will soon forget his wiles.

Hugh Bartram smiles upon thy suit,—thou'rt  
young,—



Of winning presence—hast the means to wed  
with,—

Alice is Bartram's heir. Besides, bethink thee!  
How sweet 'twill be, around the blazing hearth,  
To sit with Alice and her prattling babes!

But if—

*Hub.* Nay, Master Trafford! tempt me not.

*Traf.* But if, I say! thou pausest, ponder  
well!—

She's virtuous now, but will she long be chaste  
If tried and tempted further? Think of this!  
Picture her, Hubert, as the castaway  
Of Master Henry's love!—a tainted thing  
For scorn to point its finger at!—*then* tell me!  
Wilt leave so fair a floweret to be crushed  
When thou hast power to save her?

[*Hubert hesitates.*]

Come, quick, quick!

Give me the papers!

*Hub.* [*Giving them.*] Take them! If there's  
wrong,

The devil and thou art guilty, and not I.

*Traf.* [*Reading.*] What have we here?—mys-  
terious references

To one of noble birth—from peril snatched  
In infancy, and nursed 'midst glen and fell,—  
Allusions to ancestral virtue, valour,—  
To lands escheated,—titles forfeited;  
Yet, curse it! not a name nor particle

Of clue to solve the riddle. Ha! what's this?  
 A signet?—I should know this cognizance,  
 A dragon peering from a castle wall,  
 The same that's fashioned upon every porch  
 And battlement of Skipton. Can it be  
 This rustic upstart is indeed the whelp  
 Of that grim lord who fell on Towton field,  
 The black-faced Clifford?—Yes! it must be he.  
 Great Edward searched for him and found him  
                   not;  
 King Richard tracked him, but he clutched him  
                   not.

But *I* have tracked him, Hubert? *I* shall clutch  
                   him.

Why, man! thou dost not smile,—thou look'st  
                   distraught!

Know then! this secret, carried to the court,  
 Were worth an earldom, and will make his life  
 As worthless as his title-deeds. But hark!—  
 Whose voice was that?

*Ruth.* [*Within.*]           Oh, Alice! we are robbed,  
 Most foully robbed.

*Hub.*                   Robbed, said she, Master Trafford?  
 And I the thief,—Heaven help me!

*Traf.*                           Hush! good Hubert;  
 I see it all!—Ere he departs from hence  
 This shepherd-lordling would possess himself  
 Of these same writings.                   [*Conceals them.*]

They'll be safe with *me*;

*Me* they'll suspect not; but if found on *thee*,  
 Good Hubert! they might hang thee for a thief,  
 For which I should be sorry. Come, quick, quick!  
 Let us away!

*Hub.* Fool! fool that I have been! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CLIFFORD *and* RUTH BARTRAM.

*Clif.* Nay! fret not, mother! Should Earl Rich-  
 mond hurl  
 King Richard from his ill-got throne, my loss  
 Will matter little, since my name and birth  
 Are clearly proved already.

*Ruth.* Should he fail,  
 What then?

*Clif.* I can but seek a foreign shore  
 Where tyrant's rage can reach me not, but where  
 There will be none to love the shepherd-lord  
 As thou hast loved him, mother. But dost see?  
 Trafford but now is leading forth his horse.  
 Who knows but his quick fancy may suggest  
 Some means to track the plunderer? Come, come!  
 Thou tak'st this grief too heavily to heart.  
 Follow me, mother!—Ho! there, Martin Trafford.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Derwentwater Lake. St. Herbert's Isle in the  
Distance. Moonlight.*

CLIFFORD *solus.*

*Clif.* How beautiful ye are! ye countless stars!  
Ye marvel of all ages and all climes!  
Though from my shepherd-life no lore I'd learned  
But what I have read in your illumined tome,  
Not worthless has my serfdom been. But, lo!  
The holy father at my signalling  
Launches his shallop from St. Herbert's Isle,  
His oars responding to the vesper hymn.

*Monks' voices are heard chanting.*

Ave Maria!

Dei Matrem Te laudamus:

Sis in nobis Te oramus;

Et in Te nos maneamus;

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria!

Tu somnum das cubanti;

Das conjugem amanti;

Matremque das infanti;

Ave Maria;

Ave Maria!  
 In horâ hâc soporum;  
 Memor esto Tu servorum;  
 Miserere Tu dolorum;  
 Ave Maria!

*In the mean time, Father FRANCIS rows from the  
 island and lands.*

*F. Fran.* Welcome, my son! thrice welcome!  
 May the peace  
 Of Heaven rest with thee! Old age, dear boy,  
 Breeds sickly fancies, and our passing-bell  
 Tolls oftener than its wont was. But thou, too,  
 Art changed,—what ails thee? Since the day I  
 shrived  
 Thy dying sire at Towton;—since the hour  
 I snatched thee from thy frantic mother's arms,  
 And to the friendly mist and the wild fell  
 Bore thee, frail trembler, from that hell-hound,  
 man,  
 Thou hast told me all thy sorrows. Can it be,  
 The Lady Anne still frowns upon thy suit?

*Clif.* Father, alas! she does. Had Heaven  
 thought fit  
 That I should woo her with the power and pomp  
 With which my sires rode wooing, I had deemed  
 It was my lands, and not myself, she loved.  
 But when she loved me, for she loved me once,  
 'Twas to the seeming peasant that she gave

Tears for my vows and blushes for my sighs.  
 Yet now!—when I address her as her peer,  
 She shuns me,—scorns me.

*F. Fran.* Hast thou questioned her  
 Touching her maiden waywardness?

*Clif.* I have:  
 Proudly, I own, for I had cause for pride,  
 Since too much love had been my only crime.

*F. Fran.* What then?

*Clif.* With more of scorn than I had deemed  
 Could ruffle such angelic gentleness,  
 She bade me probe the bane in mine own heart,  
 Nor dare intrude the worthless theme again.  
 But graver cause it is that leads me hither.  
 Thou may'st remember, father! the sad hour,  
 When, yielding to a mother's tears, I vowed  
 That, save thy blessing and consent should cheer,  
 The orphan on his way, I ne'er would quit  
 These peaceful valleys for the perilous world.

*F. Fran.* Thou didst: what then?

*Clif.* Father! the hour has come.  
 Thou must release me from that pledge.

*F. Fran.* Whence springs  
 This wild resolve? Thou dost not,—canst not mean  
 To leave me, Henry? I am near my end,  
 And fondly hoped, at Heaven's appointed time,  
 To lay my head upon thy breast and die,  
 As died thy father upon mine. Nay, nay!

Thou wilt not leave me? I have none to love  
On this side heaven but thee, dear boy.

*Clif.*

Alas!

Father, it must be so.

*F. Fran.*

Nay! fly not hence

Where peace and virtue dwell. The world has  
naught

To give thee in exchange for innocence.

Cross with me rather to my lonely isle,

And, with the balmy morn and the blithe lark,

Thou shalt away to Skiddaw's heathy side,

Starting the blackcock on his glorious flight

Down the fair glens which are his heritage.

*Clif.* Nay, Father, urge me not! Young  
Lancaster

Is marching 'gainst the foulest, bloodiest king

Who ever stole a sceptre. Then, shall I—

The last descendant of a line whose chiefs

From sire to son have died a warrior's death—

Forsake the cause for which my fathers fell?

My grandsire at St. Albans bit the dust:

My sire lies low on Towton's gory field:

Thinkst thou they'd rest in quiet if their heir

Skulked 'neath a shepherd's roof, nor dealt one  
blow

In cause of God, his birthright, and his king?

*F. Fran.* Yet! think what perils compass thee  
around!

Think of thy mother's tears and of the love  
I have ever borne thee!

*Clif.* Can a mother's tears  
Wash out a son's dishonour? As for peril,  
I risk no more than Pembroke, Shrewsbury, Ox-  
ford,  
And other nobles in Earl Richmond's ranks.

*F. Fran.* No more than they?—Bethink thee of  
the blood  
Thy sire poured forth at Wakefield! Deemest thou  
That Gloucester could forgive the son of him  
Who slew his father, York, and that fair boy,  
Young, gentle, pleading Rutland? Oh, my son!  
Bethink thee of the ruthless men who hold  
Thy lands and lordships! the fell king himself  
Swaying thy barony of Westmoreland,  
And Skipton's stately towers. Should he chance  
To track the first-born of the black-faced Clifford,  
The vilest weed that rots on yon bright lake  
Might weigh against thy life and heritage.

*Clif.* What! if false friend or paltry pilferer  
Had filched the vouchers of my birth, and blabbed  
My tale to all the world?

*F. Fran.* Ev'n then, my son,  
Bethink thee!—When thy sires went forth to fight,  
They led the flower of Craven to the field!  
From Staincliffe, Addingham, and Litton Dale,  
From Linton, Horton Fells, and Pendle Hill,



From Longstroth, Penigent, and Wharlèdale,  
Poured forth the loving vassals of thy house!\*

But, thou!—untutored in the wiles of war;  
Unpractised in the use of sword and lance;  
Of what avail will be thy single arm?

*Clif.* Nay, Father! thou thyself a soldier once,  
And, as men say, a doughty one, hast oft  
Explained to me the battle-fields whereon  
Thou foughtest by my dreaded father's side;  
Shown me the use of column, line, and square,  
Of trenches, palisades, and counterscarps.  
I am young—I am strong of limb—I am stout of  
heart—

I am used to toil—I sleep on beds as hard  
As the stone vaults in which my sires recline;  
And, for my skill in weapons, sword and lance,  
Much Master Trafford taught me in the days  
We spent together by her Grace's will.

*F. Fran.* Yes! she foresaw and reared thee for  
this hour.

I yield, my son! Yet, hear me, ere we part!  
Go forth! but wear the breastplate of the soul!  
Equip thee from the armoury of Heaven!  
Let faith and piety thy henchmen be,  
And chastity thy handmaid! In the camp  
Blush not to own thy God! The soldier's trade  
Is in itself an honourable one,  
Wer't not that scoffers, gamesters, rufflers, fops,

\* See note at the end of the Drama.

Would make it otherwise. Regard the world  
 And the world's pleasures as thy deadliest foes!  
 Be slow to anger! lend thine ear to all;  
 Thy confidence to few! Speak ill of none!  
 Respect the faith of others; guard thine own!  
 Seek rather to be loved than to be feared!  
 And now go forth and conquer! All I have—  
 The pray'rs and blessings of a weak old man  
 Who served thy father, and who loves his son,  
 I freely, fondly give thee. [*Embraces him.*] Fare  
 thee well!

*Clif.* Farewell, my best, my earliest friend!—  
 Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*The Princess ELIZABETH, MARGARET, Countess of  
 RICHMOND, ANNE ST. JOHN, and female  
 Attendants.*

*Count.* This long suspense grows terrible.

*Anne.* Dear Aunt!

So saint-like as thou art, so strong in faith,  
 So perfected by penance—sore indeed  
 Must be the grief that racks thee so.

*Count.* Sweet Anne!

Go to my lord, who loves thy seraph face,

And tell him his poor beadswoman entreats  
Five minutes of his time. [Exit ANNE.

[To the Attendants.] Fair maidens, leave me!  
Should my lord deign to visit me, 'twere meet  
I should confer with him alone. [Exit Attendants.

And thou,  
Dear Princess, go and pray for us! Black clouds  
Are brooding o'er thy kingly house and mine,  
And Heaven alone can succour us.

P. Eliz. 'Tis hard  
To see thee thus distraught.

Count. Yet harder still  
To find myself a suppliant to this lord,  
Whom, when we wedded, I so fondly hoped  
To fashion to my will, and by his means  
Rebuild the fortunes of my house? But, lo!  
Here comes my jailor and my lord. Farewell!

P. Eliz. Farewell! Nay, kiss me, mother-mine!  
and see  
Thou bear'st thee bravely with thy lord.

[Exit P. ELIZABETH.

Count. Sweet Christ!  
Should Margaret of Lancaster, this day,  
Incensed by her hereditary wrongs,  
Outstep the meekness Thy example taught,  
Forgive her for her sorrows' sake! Alas!  
My haughty humour, it may be, has lost  
My noble boy a diadem.

*Enter Lord STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Methinks

Thy message, Margaret, was a lowly one.

*Count.* My lord! I am thy prisoner and thy wife;  
The last a name, yet both realities,  
And therefore claiming due respect from me.

*Stan.* Nay, Margaret! not *my* prisoner, but the  
king's.

*Count.* The king's! Thou mean'st that robber of  
men's lands

And lives, thou call'st thy sovereign. But enough

Of sneers and angry tauntings! Good my lord!

Two rival hosts are in the field: the peer

Quakes for his head, the peasant for his home;

Yet I, the representative of kings,

And heroes statelier than a race of kings,

I,—with life, lands, and freedom, all at stake,

Am left as weetless as the meanest hind

Of all that passes in the court and camp.

Ev'n while I speak, my lost, my only one,

May bleed untended on the battle-field,

Or else be pent in the dark dungeon-vaults

Of the fierce king thou servest.

*Stan.*

Calm thyself!

When the last tidings left the rebel camp,

Thy son, Earl Richmond, was unscathed and free.

*Count.* Then there is hope for him,—for Lancas-  
ter!

Oh! tell me all thou canst! Thy liege himself,  
 Black though he be, would grant me the poor boon;  
 For I am powerless now to work him harm,  
 And my soul's agony is hard to bear.

*Stan.* Last night, Earl Richmond lay encamped  
 without

The walls of Lichfield, whereunto the king  
 Was marching with twelve thousand men-at-arms  
 To give him battle. Scarcely thirty leagues  
 May now divide them.

*Count.* Ah! so near? My lord!

What numbers lead'st thou to the rendezvous?

*Stan.* By the last roll from Atherstone, five thou-  
 sand.

*Count.* And these, when joined to the usurper's  
 host,

Thou deem'st will render him invincible?

*Stan.* Armed with such kingly puissance, few can  
 doubt it.

*Count.* Yet victory sides not always with the  
 strong.

There is a God, to whom revenge belongs,  
 Who battles for the cause of innocence.

*Stan.* Thou saidst the same when princely Buck-  
 ingham

Upraised the standard of revolt. That day,  
 Bright swords leapt flashing round their chief: brave  
 men

Cheered for St. George and Lancaster. And yet

The elements, without the aid of man,  
Wrecked hopes as high as thine. The mountain-  
rains,  
Concentred in an avalanche of floods,  
And leagued with the ungovernable winds,  
Wrenched the tall pine-tree from its giddy height,  
And, freighted by the homestead and the herd,  
Roared down from wild Plinlimmon to the plain,  
Driving the Severn foaming to the sea.  
Then Panic took the lead of that pale host :  
Then fled those sacred battalions to their homes ;  
And that proud head that might have graced a  
crown,  
Whose lordly bearing mocked the painter's skill,  
Now fester's upon Salisbury's battlements.  
*Count.* Invoking vengeance on his murderers.  
But, oh, my Lord ! the priceless hours speed on.  
I will not deem that in thy secret heart  
Thou favourest this foul, disloyal king,  
The murderer of those sleeping innocents,  
Whom, as thyself hast told me, thou hast seen  
Climbing, and prattling on King Edward's knees,  
While their soft sire would press thy hands in his,  
And, with his infants' weakness in his eyes,  
Adjure thee, when the vault should close o'er him,  
To shield his orphans with a soldier's might,  
And prove the father of the fatherless.  
And thou didst promise what great Edward craved :  
Was it not so, Lord Stanley ?

*Stan.* Urge me not!

Thy tears may grieve, but cannot alter me.

*Count.* Yet! ere too late, bethink thee!—The fair  
name

Bequeathed thee by thy forefathers,—the oath  
Thou swor'st to thy dead master,—the State's  
weal,—

The weal of unborn millions,—Heaven itself,—  
Cite thee to sweep a tyrant from the earth,  
Or share the doom that waits him. Oh, remember!  
Poor Edmund Tudor was thy friend: he died  
Holding thy hand, and murmuring thy name:  
His orphan is thy stepson; wilt thou send  
His darling to the headsman?—Shall he die?—  
Die in his prime?—my beautiful, my own?  
No, no, my Lord! Behold! upon my knees  
Thus fling I pride and anger to the winds,  
And claim thy mercy, pity. [*Kneels.*] Pause, oh,  
pause!

Pause, ere thou leagu'st thee with this murderous  
king!

Pause, ere thou perillest thy soul's repose,  
Here and hereafter!

*Stan.* Prythee, urge me not!

I act but in accordance with the oath

We swore to him at Westminster: ay, *we!*—

The day we knelt at the Confessor's shrine;

That day when Margaret of Lancaster

Stooped from her pride of ancestry to grace

The coronation of the man she loathed,  
Nay! bore Anne Neville's ermine in the show.

*Count.* Ah!—dar'st thou taunt me with that  
hour of shame? [*Rising.*]

And have I wept, prayed, knelt to thee in vain?  
Now! by the spirit of great John of Gaunt,  
I would not brook this insolence from kings!—  
When leav'st thou Skipton for the camp?

*Stan.* Ev'n now

My vassals wait for me at Atherstone.

*Count.* This is sheer subterfuge: I ask of thee  
When go'st thou forth to combat 'gainst my child?

*Stan.* To-night!

*Count.* Then I shall live to see the day  
When the chaste banner of thy race will flaunt  
Beside the ravished standard of St. George!

*Stan.* Margaret, thou wrong'st me! As I live,  
thou wrong'st me!

*Count.* Shame on thee, Lord of Lathom! By  
thine acts,  
Not by thy words, I judge thee.

[*Enter an Attendant.*]

*Att.* Good my lord!  
A breathless herald from the king entreats.  
Immediate audience.

*Stan.* Bid him wait! anon  
He shall have speech with me. [*Exit Attendant.*]  
Proud Margaret!



I wield not woman's weapons, taunts and sneers;  
 Nor would I bandy bitter speech with thee.  
 I fence with times when secrecy is strength  
 And silence empire. To my God alone  
 I answer for my acts. Enough of this!  
 Much peril compasses a soldier's life,  
 Wherefore, as this farewell may be our last,  
 I fain would part in Christian peace with thee,  
 Forgiving and forgiven: shall it be so?

*Count.* Far rather would I we had never met!  
 Go! traitor to thy God and to thy King!  
 If I award thee not a mother's curse,  
 'Tis that I'm mute at the behest of One  
 Thou hast renounced, I fear, since infancy.

*Stan.* Whom speak'st thou of?

*Count.* That Holy Power who yet  
 Will vindicate the right.

*Stan* Thou know'st me not;  
 May'st never know me, Margaret. If we've erred  
 From want of mutual charity, I ask,  
 Was I the only sinner? Was it well  
 To treat me as thy dupe? the which thou didst  
 Till, to thy sore discomfiture, thou found'st  
 That England's suz'rainty was mine to give  
 Or take from him who wields it? Was it well  
 To hold thyself so high above thy lord  
 His meanest serfs looked down on him? And yet  
 I do forgive thee, as I have pardoned all  
 In this my hour of peril. Well I know

How holy are thy ways; and yet at times  
Thy pride doth so o'ertop thy piety,  
'Twould match the fault by which the angels fell.  
If griefs like thine have failed to humble thee,  
'Tis not from Prelates nor Lords Cardinal  
Thou'lt learn how beautiful is lowliness.  
I should but anger thee by further speech;  
Therefore,—for ever it may be,—farewell!

[*Exit Lord STANLEY.*

*Count.* Farewell?—oh, monstrous mockery! yet,  
farewell!

God of my fathers! am I wed to one  
Who goes to battle for a murderer? [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*An Apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*The Princess ELIZABETH and ANNE ST. JOHN.*

*Anne.* A heavy head-gear is a monarch's crown.

*P. Eliz.* Yet, lighter than the miniver that furs  
The purple of a queen, are the false love  
And the lip-loyalty men vow to her.  
Dear Anne! I am the heiress to a throne,  
Yet rather than inherit that proud state  
I would I were a happy peasant-girl,  
Such as I've seen, with water-lilies crowned,  
Dancing and singing round the Maypole tree,  
Where flew my childhood in the summer-halls  
Of the great Edwards, my progenitors!  
I too was happy then. Dear Sheen!\* ev'n now  
I see thy living landscape 'neath my feet  
Calm as the sleep of infancy. The song  
Of nature's vocalists;—the blossomed thorns  
Fragrant with Nature's frankincense;—afar,  
The cattle wading in the clear smooth stream  
And mirrored on its surface;—the red glow  
Of sunset;—the white smoke, and the old church

\* Now Richmond in Surrey. See note at the end of the Drama.

Half hid by the rich foliage of the grove;—  
 These are thy charms, fair Sheen! while, fairer  
 still,

Winding through bowery meads its silvery way,  
 The river, wafting many a graceful bark,  
 Glides bright and peaceful as a lovely dream,  
 Rend'ring thy lawns a paradise. I would  
 I were thy humblest denizen!

*Anne.*

Nay, nay!

Despond not, lady; peasants have their griefs  
 As well as princes.

*P. Eliz.*

Well, then, gentle one!

I would I were the daughter of a knight,  
 An artless being, loving and beloved,  
 As thou art, Anne! but I shall never love,  
 And none will ever love me.

*Anne.*

Say not so,

Sweet Princess! Peerless as thou art in grace  
 And loveliness, that man were cold indeed  
 Who would not live and die for thee.

*P. Eliz.*

Alas!

So cold is he who is my destiny.  
 Dear girl! I have a secret for thine ear,  
 A maiden's secret,—I am free no more.

*Anne.* What meanest thou?

*P. Eliz.*

In peril and in stealth

Elizabeth of York engaged her troth  
 To one, both young and valiant, but whose heart  
 Is cold and loveless as an anchorite's.

*Anne.* In peril and in stealth?—As soon, methinks,

I should expect the glorious stars to stoop,  
And mingle with the common fires of earth,  
As thou, the daughter of so haught a line,  
Descend to such mean wooing.

*P. Eliz.*

Nay! thou wrong'st me.

My mother, though a simple gentlewoman,  
Matched with a king, and, by my father's soul,  
I will not mate beneath her! He I wed  
Must rank with sceptred monarchs, and in sight  
Of men and saints espouse me. The queen-bee  
Weds not on earth, but, on her nuptial morn,  
Followed afar by her dun body-guard,  
Mounts with her spouse to the blue heaven, and  
makes  
The sun itself her bridal lamp.

*Anne.*

And yet,

Why fling to one who'll toss it back to thee  
A pearl so priceless as thy virgin love?

*P. Eliz.* The daughters of a sceptred line are born  
The children of their country, and must wed  
Not for their own but for their country's weal.

*Anne.* Dear Princess! without boldness may I  
crave

His name whom thou hast linked thy fortunes with?

*P. Eliz.* What would'st thou say if 'twere thy  
cousin, Richmond?

*Anne.* Henry of Richmond?—All the Saints of  
heaven

Preserve and shield ye both! But has he pledged  
His troth to thee, as thou to him?

*P. Eliz.*

He has:

At Vannes, before the high altar, 'midst the band  
Of noble exiles who partook his fortunes,  
He swore by the true cross his troth to me.

*Anne.* But thou, so sentinelled by curious eyes,  
How found'st thou means to pledge thine own?

*P. Eliz.*

One night,

As I was standing at the lattice bars  
Of my stone chamber in the Sanctuary  
At Westminster, and shedding bitter tears  
For those who had shared with me, but shared no  
more,

Its solitude, there came upon my ear  
The distant chaunt of the retreating monks,  
Mellowed to such soft cadence as it streamed  
From vaulted transept and from fretted aisle,  
Ne'er angels guided with more soothing strains  
An infant's soul to heaven. A sweet calm  
Stole o'er my heart. The moon was on her throne,  
And all her courtier stars were out that night,  
Silvering the palace of the Saxon Saint,  
The ivied porch and the steeled sentinel,  
And the broad Thames that flowed by them. All  
heaven

And earth were lulled, save, ever and anon,

Crossing the mirrored glory of the moon  
That played in rippling gold athwart the stream,  
Glided the noiseless flower-boat. More near,  
Before me in its shadowy grandeur loomed  
The black funereal Abbey, in whose vaults  
Lay the once sceptred ashes of the kings  
Who were my ancestors. My thoughts, dear Anne,  
Were in their tombs with them, when, stealthily,  
One, muffled in a priest's habiliments,  
Yet with a soldier's aspect 'neath his cowl,  
Entered my cell and knelt to me.

*Anne.*

Thou mean'st

Sir Reginald?

*P. Eliz.* I do: he came, he said,  
At his life's risk, to speak to me of things,  
Which, next my hopes of heaven, concerned my  
weal,  
And whereon hung the welfare of these realms.  
Therewith he spake of the State's sufferings,  
The murders, rapines, spoliations, frauds,  
That sprang from the unnatural dissents  
'Twixt York and Lancaster. He then denounced  
The usurpation of my uncle, Gloucester;  
But God and vengeance were at work, he said:  
A faithful band of nobles, statesmen, knights,  
Headed by one, young, comely, brave, discreet,  
Had sworn to raise me to my father's throne.  
Then spake he of thy cousin, Anne, as one  
Who from his boyhood had aspired to blend

The rival Roses in my bridal wreath,  
 To make a love-knot of our fathers' feuds,  
 And, with the aid of God and his own sword,  
 To end for ever the unholy wars  
 Our sires' ambition had entailed on us.  
 I was so friendless, hopeless, spiritless,  
 And he I spake with looked so true and kind,  
 I almost loved him for his mission's sake.  
 Not that he urged me to too rash resolve;  
 For bidding me implore the grace of Heaven  
 He left me to my solitude. That night  
 I prayed and sobbed myself to sleep, and when  
 The morning sunbeams cheered my prison-room,  
 There was such sweet consolement in my thoughts  
 Thou scarce wilt marvel when I tell thee, Anne,  
 That, when my brave ambassador returned,  
 I signed my sceptre and myself away.

*Anne.* Lady! a heavy stake forsooth thou hast  
 Depending on the hazard of these times.

*P. Eliz.* Far heavier than thou reckest of. There's  
*one*

Who seeks to work me such a cruel wrong,  
 That, should the blessed saints abandon me,  
 I am lost indeed.

*Anne.* Whom speak'st thou of?

*P. Eliz.* The king.

*Anne.* The king?

*P. Eliz.* Hush! hush! these very walls  
 have ears,



And maidens' secrets should be sacred things.  
Yet list to me! This most incestuous king,  
Despite our close affinity of blood,  
Would wed with me;—ay! sweetheart, wed with  
me,—

His own most wretched niece, in hopes to found  
A dynasty as foul as Lucifer's.

*Anne.* The saints preserve thee! 'twere too terrible.

But has he breathed to thee his dire intent?

*P. Eliz.* The tomb had scarcely claimed the broken  
heart

Of my poor cousin, his most gentle queen,  
When in his mourning weeds, which were a shame  
And mockery of his widowhood, he sought me  
Here in this very chamber. At his beck  
My trembling handmaids left me, and I stood  
Facing my brothers' murderer,—him who killed  
Poor Edward for his envied diadem,  
And, not contented with one innocent life,  
Slew in his sleep the gentlest, loveliest child  
That ever murmured the sweet name of sister;  
Who, more than to his mother, clung to me;  
Who wept his last tear on my cheek, and when  
They tore him from us,—ere the closing door  
For ever parted us, looked back on me  
His last sad smile, as if to comfort me,  
Before he passed to heaven. Why! ev'n the  
fiends

Had shrunk from injuring such sinless babes,  
Lest the whole angel host should arm for them.

*Anne.* And thou didst tax the tyrant with his  
crimes?

*P. Eliz.* No, Anne! I dared not.—As the dove  
might feel

In the hawk's talons, with the hawk's bright eye  
Fixed mercilessly on her, so I felt,  
And speech forsook me in my mortal dread.

*Anne.* What passed then 'twixt thee and the  
caitiff-king?

*P. Eliz.* At first he spake in parables; but soon,  
By the quick passionate pleading of his voice,  
And an unholy lustre in his eyes,  
His true and terrible meaning flashed on me.  
He would have wound his arm, his withered arm,  
Around me; but Heaven gave me speech and  
strength,

And by a cry of desperate agony  
I brought my startled handmaids to my side.  
They saw not,—what I saw,—the glance of hate  
That changed as quickly to a devilish smile.  
Fair maids, he said, were easily unnerved;  
A spider or a mouse had frightened me.  
And thus, in seeming mirth, he went his way.

*Anne.* And has he sought thee since?

*P. Eliz.* No!—all the saints  
Of Heaven be praised!—he has not; yet he writes  
As if our nuptials were ordained by fate,

And my refusal or consent were naught.  
 But let us hence! the thought of this grim king  
 Congeals my very life-blood; and withal  
 The lady Margaret waits for us; come, Anne!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Grove near Skipton Castle.*

*Enter Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY and TRAFFORD.*

*Brak.* Trafford, well met!

*Traf.* Thou hast just left my lord?

*Brak.* I have.

*Traf.* What answer sends he to the king?

*Brak.* It sounded smoothly; "Tell his Grace,"  
 he said,

"I am so beholden to my rightful liege,  
 I'll head my vassals ere he breaks his fast."

*Traf.* Lurked there no cozenage, think'st thou, in  
 his words?

Which liege designed he?—Richmond or the King?

*Brak.* Richmond, perchance, but he'll be staunch  
 enough.

*Traf.* Why think'st thou so?

*Brak.* Because the King has seized  
 The being whom he loves the most on earth,  
 His young, fair boy, Lord Strange; and should  
 thy lord

Swerve one iota from his loyalty,  
 The King will hang his darling, as he'd hang  
 A yelping cur that broke his midnight slumber.

*Traf.* Knows my lord this?

*Brak.* Yes, by the King's command  
 I've warned him of the peril; 'twas for this  
 I journeyed here.

*Traf.* How bore he the hard threat?

*Brak.* Methought I marked a quivering of the lip,  
 And a convulsive clenching of his hand;  
 Yet, maybe, I misread him. Mark me, Trafford!  
 This high-born lord, despite his pleasant speech  
 And easy courtesy, hides iron nerves,  
 And hatches deep conspiracies which yet  
 May shake King Richard's sovereignty; nay, more,  
 So wary and astute his nature is,  
 I doubt if he'd intrust, in these wild times,  
 His thoughts to his own shadow. Watch him well!  
 Watch him, I say, and watch more closely still  
 The lady Margaret! Thou dost not think  
 She shares the secrets of her lord?

*Traf.* Egad!

She gleans as little of her lord's intents  
 As knows an unborn infant of its sire's.  
 But, tell me!—you received my last despatch  
 Touching my lady's treason?

*Brak.* Yes, my friend,  
 And laid it, as you wished, before the king.

*Traf.* 'Tis evidence no more?—'tis burnt—destroyed?

*Brak.* Undoubtedly.

*Traf.* Thou swear'st it is?

*Brak.* I swear it.

*Traf.* 'Tis well; now tell me further!—does the king

Ere deign to speak of my poor services?

*Brak.* It was but yesterday he mentioned thee, And pleasantly enough withal.

*Traf.* What said he?

*Brak.* He said, forsooth, thou wert a clever rogue, And in good time he would reward thy zeal.

*Traf.* A rogue?—he called me rogue?—damnation, man!

What meant he?

*Brak.* Surely, if thou play'st the spy, And turn'st informer 'gainst the princely dame Who reared thee, roofs thee, loves to see thee decked

In purple and fine linen, 'twere in jest Were men to dub thee honest.

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] He speaks true; I am a rogue, yet was not always one,— At least not quite a villain, till I nursed This fatal passion.

[*Aloud.*] Hear me, Brakenbury! Most men have wherewithal to win them brides; At worst they have honest parentage; but I,—

Because no shaveling joined my mother's hand  
 With his who foully wronged her, am a mark  
 For my proud kinsmen, my own flesh and blood,  
 To curl their lips and shrug their shoulders at.  
 But, by St. Paul, I will be quits with them!  
 The time may come, believe me, Brakenbury!  
 When the spurned base-born castaway shall win  
 The daintiest daughter of their line. That day,  
 I'll brand a bar on their escutcheonry,  
 That shall repay them back my mother's wrongs,  
 The whilst I glut my love and my revenge.  
 Meanwhile, I bide my time!

[*Enter Lord STANLEY unperceived.*]

*Stan.* [Aside.] *He bides his time!*  
 What means the varlet? But, whate'er his gist,  
 I must not play the eavesdropper. [*Exit STANLEY.*]

*Brak.* Methinks,  
 Thou art a bold conspirator to stake  
 Thine all against such odds; yet, as I live,  
 Thy stars look fair to back thee. But farewell!  
 I've a long ride before me, and the king  
 Frowns somewhat grimly, when his servants loiter.  
 [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

*Traf.* My mother!—hadst thou lived, thou  
 might'st have weaned  
 Thy son from a dark lot. When I recall  
 Thy soft blue eyes, and the big tears they shed  
 Over my graceless boyhood, there are times

It so afflicts me that I wrung thy heart,  
 That, wert thou still upon this earth, methinks  
 I'd tread this silken finery in the dust,  
 Hurl back upon the world the world's contempt,  
 And, rich in thy affection, share thy home,  
 And eat with thee the bread of bitterness.

*Clif.* [*Within.*] Trafford!—what ho there!

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] Curses on that voice!

And yet, slight fool, I thank thee! thou hast  
 roused

Thy rival from a maudlin reverie  
 That might have changed his destiny. Fool, fool!  
 Shall I recant, repent me, and become  
 A driv'ling penitent, confess to priests  
 And number aves upon beads? Nay, more!  
 Shall Martin Trafford let the man he loathes  
 Wed with the maid he dotes on? Hell itself  
 Has no worse torment than that thought! By  
 Heaven!

If hate, ambition, love, or subtlety,  
 E'er won a woman 'gainst her will, I'll win her  
 Though all the fiends opposed me. Men may  
 thwart,

May crush—but they shall fail to wring from me  
 This passion and fixed purpose of my life.

*Clif.* [*Within.*] Trafford!—what ho there!

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] Every curse attend

Upon thy noisy clamouring! [*Aloud.*] What ho  
 there!—

What ho!—dear friend; I've sought thee every-  
where. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.

*Apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*Countess of RICHMOND and ANNE ST. JOHN.*

*Count.* Dear Anne, how changed thou hast  
seemed of late! 'tis true,

We all have cause for sadness, but thou'rt young,  
And youth should smile on sorrow. Can it be  
Thy shepherd-lover has proved false? Nay, sweet-  
heart!

Blush not; nor look so gravely; if he has,  
I'll never more believe there's truth in man.

*Anne.* Oh, name him not, dear lady! If I  
blushed,

'Twas that I ever loved him.

*Count.* And thou still  
Dost love him, Anne; for mere indifference  
Ne'er wore so wan an aspect.

*Anne.* Nay, believe me!  
He is no more to me than Martin Trafford,  
Or any other gallant thou might'st name.

*Enter TRAFFORD, unperceived.*

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] No more to her than Martin Traf-  
ford, said she?

Yet Martin Trafford may prove more to thee



Than thou suspectest, proud one. [*Comes forward.*]

Noble lady!

I bear this packet from Sir Launcelot,  
Who sends with it his reverent love and duty.

*Count.* How fares the brave old knight?

*Traf.* Right well in health;  
And fain, but for his years, would break once more  
A lance in cause of Lancaster.

*Count.* How fare, too,  
My humble friends, good Bartram and his wife,  
And Master Henry?

*Traf.* They are stout and well.  
As for my friend, he will be here anon;  
At least he *said* he would, to prove his zeal  
By offering his poor service to your grace.

*Count.* He *said* he would? what mean'st thou?

Well I know

Not ev'n thyself, much as thou lov'st me, Trafford,  
Would speed more promptly to my aid.

*Traf.* I know  
My friend's devotion to your grace; yet love  
May steal a march on duty.

*Count.* Speak more plain,  
And tell me what thou hintest at.

*Traf.* Unless  
The village gossips wrong him, he's enslaved  
By Bartram's pretty daughter, and her tears  
May ev'n outweigh his duty to your Grace.

[*ANNE starts.*]

*Count.* [*Aside to Anne.*] Nay, Anne, believe it not!

I no more doubt

His loyalty in love, sweet, than thine own.

[*To Trafford.*] We'll not detain thee, Trafford; thou  
hast rid

Both far and fast, and must need food and quiet.

[*Exit* TRAFFORD.]

*Anne.* Dear Aunt!

*Count.* Well, Anne?

*Anne.* He will be here anon.

*Count.* Who, dearest?

*Anne.* Clifford;—prythee tax him not  
With chilled or changed affections. I am sad,  
Most sad, yet not for worlds I'd have him think  
Thou wert my intercessor for his love:  
Promise thou wilt not.

*Count.* Well, I promise thee.

But, see—he comes!

*Enter* CLIFFORD.

*Clif.* [*Aside.*] How pale and sad she looks!  
What can have changed her thus?

*Anne.* Dear aunt, I'll leave thee;  
Doubtless thou hast much to say to Master Henry,  
Were best imparted to his private ear.

*Clif.* If I intrude on thee, forgive me, lady!

[*Exit* ANNE.]

*Count.* Accept my thanks, my heartfelt thanks,  
dear friend,  
For this prompt proof of thy regard.

*Clif.*

Dear lady!

I do no more than honour, gratitude,  
 Alike demand of me. This night I speed  
 To offer service to the Earl, thy son :  
 Thy blessing and my father's sword are all  
 I came to sue thee for.

*Count.*

There spake the blood  
 Of Clifford and Plantagenet; and yet  
 How gladly would I thou hadst studied more  
 In that great University, the world,  
 Whose chiefest study is to know ourselves,  
 Its next to know mankind. But thou art young  
 And pure in heart, and such th' Almighty loves;  
 For such the Angels arm themselves.

*Enter an Attendant.**Att.*

Sir Reginald

Entreats a private audience with your Grace.

[*Exit Attendant.*

*Count.* Sir Reginald arrived! and from the camp  
 With tidings of my son! Dear friend, excuse me!  
 I am a mother, and a mother's fears  
 Make eager questioners: at present leave me.  
 Yet, stay! the weapon thou so valuest  
 Hangs where thou weetest. Take it! 'tis thine  
 own:

Take it!—and wear it in the holiest cause  
 Which soldier ever fought or woman prayed for.

*Clif.* That sad memorial of my sire's renown

Should teach his son to triumph or to die.  
For this and all thy goodness angels bless thee!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*An Apartment in Skipton Castle.*

TRAFFORD *and* ANNE ST. JOHN.

*Traf.* I fear my words have angered thee?

*Anne.*

Nay, nay!

I sought to learn the worst. If I let fall  
Some foolish tears, impute them not to aught  
But maiden pride, since one I favoured so  
Could fling me from him like a flower whose bloom  
Rude hands have left to perish. But I feel  
Quite cheerful now,—quite cheerful.

*Traf.*

Nay! by Heaven,

Thou weepest still! and with thine eloquent grief  
Blends a persuasive loveliness might rouse  
Armed hosts to win a world for thee. Right well  
I know my friend, and strange indeed it were  
If he should still prefer a village-wench  
To thee, the high-born and the beautiful.  
Believe me!—when I tell him of these tears  
He'll not be long a truant from thy side.

*Anne.* Nay! Martin Trafford, tell him not I wept!  
I do implore thee, tell him not I wept!  
Think'st thou I'm sunk so low as to have grown

The object of his pity? Dost thou deem  
That, like his hawk, I can be whistled back  
Whene'er it pleases him? Oh! Martin Trafford,  
He must have changed indeed since thou, his  
friend,

Canst plead no better in thy friend's defence.

*Traf.* Yet still thou lov'st him?

*Anne.*

Love him?—oh, no no!

Approached he now, and, kneeling at my feet,  
Presented me a queenly diadem,  
I'd spurn the glittering bauble, and still more  
The perjured heart that proffered it. But fain  
I'd learn who told thee I returned his love.

*Traf.* Nay, nay! it matters little; and withal  
My answer might offend thee.

*Anne.*

For the sake

Of happier days that may be ours no more,  
Our infant friendship, and our mutual home,  
I do implore thee,—answer me!

*Traf.*

Alas!

I must confess it was my friend who told me.

[*Aside.*] She knows not how I fooled him of his  
secret.

*Anne.* Ah!—has he grown so mean as to betray  
My maiden weakness?

*Traf.*

Nay! it needs must be

That thou shouldst scorn him thus. I loved him  
well,

And fain had screened his baseness; but the sight

Of gentleness so wronged, and charms so spurned,  
 Stirs such resentment in me, that henceforth  
 I'll hold him as my enemy. Oh! fool!  
 To fling away such bliss! If but one tear,  
 Of all thou hast shed for him, might fall for me,  
 I had given worlds had I but worlds to give.

*Anne.* Nay, Martin Trafford! mock me not, I  
 pray,

With such unmeaning compliments,

*Traf.*

[*Aside.*] 'Tis said

A maid forsaken is a maid half won;

If so, my suit speeds bravely.

[*Aloud*] Hear me, lady!—

Hear me,—I pray thee! for I worshipped thee  
 When others did but love thee. While my friend,—  
 For friend he was,—seemed heart and soul thine  
 own,

I quelled within me life's most cruel grief,  
 Love that hope never smiles upon. But now,  
 That thou art free, as he is false as hell,  
 Despite myself my thoughts force utterance.—  
 Lady, I love thee! passionately love thee!  
 Oh, give me hope!—hope distant as thou wilt,  
 Still, let me hope! Bethink thee! o'er these halls  
 Fate broods, like a charged thunder-cloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*] That blast  
 Summons to judgment,—it may be, to death,—  
 The saintly dame who reared us both. Ere morn,  
 Thou may'st be homeless, portionless: thy friends

Arraigned,—attainted ;—in thine hour of need,  
When towers the headsman and when gleams the  
axe,

Whom wilt thou have to trust to? Trust in me!  
I have a heart to dare, a hand to strike ;  
I have friends at Richard's court ; oh, trust in me !  
Oh ! bid me be thy champion, guardian, friend,  
And I will win for thee a brighter name  
Than that my rival scorns to share with thee !  
Nay ! lady, frown not ! for ne'er devotee  
Knelt to a virgin-saint with lowlier zeal  
Than now I kneel to thee, thou peerless one !  
On whose dear accents hangs my future fate  
For evil or for good. [*Kneels.*]

*Anne.* Unhand me, sir !—

*Traf.* Nay, hear me !—

*Anne.* Rise, sir, instantly ! what mean  
These empty ravings ?—Thou presum'st too far  
Upon my easy nature, Master Trafford,

*Traf.* Ravings !—If gazing upon eyes more bright  
Than those the angels sinned for,—if the sound  
Of accents sweeter than the vows they poured  
To earth's enamoured daughters, could provoke  
Man's soul to frenzy, then, indeed, I rave ;  
I can no longer quell this burning flame,  
Nor govern thoughts that are ungovernable.

[*Rises and approaches her.*]

*Anne.* Stand off !—I do command thee, Master  
Trafford !

Thou dost forget my station and thine own.  
 Were my proud aunt to trow thine insolence  
 This night might be the last that Skipton's towers  
 Would roof the frenzy of her baseborn page.

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] Ah! dares she taunt me with my  
 tainted birth?

Then will I win, and sacrifice to hate,  
 If not her love, yet her who scorns me so.  
 But I must keep this folly from her Grace.

[*Aloud.*] Lady! 'tis true;—I've sinned,—I am  
 mad indeed;

Yet, deem it my misfortune, not my crime,  
 That I so loved thee, and so boldly spake  
 That which I felt so wildly. Pity me!  
 And, oh! forgive him who was once thy friend,  
 Albeit an humble one, and one who ne'er  
 By word or deed provoked thee till this hour.

*Anne.* Ev'n as thou actest will I act by thee;  
 But, at thy peril, let me hear no more  
 Of this presumptuous courtship! [*Exit.*

*Traf.* Still I'll win her!

By all the saints, I'll win her! By my means  
 Lord Stanley crushed,—her kindred in the Tower;  
 I'll to the King, who owns I've served him well,  
 And claim this proud one's hand as my reward.

'Twere hard indeed if he refuse the boon. [*Exit.*



## SCENE V.

*The great hall in Skipton Castle.*

*Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Cardinal BOURCHIER, Lord STANLEY, and other Lords; a Serjeant at Arms, Scribes, Attendants, Crier, &c. The Cardinal and the Lords take their seats on raised chairs on the dais.*

*Card.* Call into court, in the king's name, her  
grace

Dame Margaret of Lancaster, late styled  
Countess of Richmond!

*Crier.* Come into the court

Dame Margaret of Lancaster! late styled  
Countess of Richmond!

*Enter the Countess of RICHMOND, the Princess ELIZABETH, ANNE ST. JOHN, and Female Attendants.*

*Count.* May I crave, my lords,

What chance thus graces my poor prison-house  
With this illustrious presence?

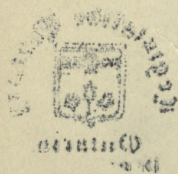
*Card.* Haughty dame!

The King and the High Court of Parliament  
Having adjudged thee guilty of grave crimes  
And misdemeanours, to the prejudice  
And peril of the State, our warrant runs  
To urge thee to confession of thy guilt,  
That, softened by thy penitence, his grace  
May bate the rigorous verdict of the law.

*Count.* Lord Cardinal! and ye, lords temporal!  
Singly, with courtesy I greet ye all,  
Bidding ye friendly welcome to these towers.  
But!—for your perjured liege, usurping Gloucester,  
And for his proffered clemency!—bear back  
These words from Margaret of Lancaster!  
Tell him!—ay! in his teeth, and on his throne,—  
She loathes his crimes, she challenges his power,  
And, being guiltless, has no guilt to plead.

*Card.* Bear not thy words rude record to thy  
guilt?  
Doth not thy son, the false-styled Earl of Richmond,  
March with a rabble army through the land?—  
Nay! many deem 'tis for his mother's sake,  
As vaunted heiress to old John of Gaunt,  
He aims to ease King Richard of his crown.

*Count.* Lord Cardinal!—by all the Saints thou  
wrong'st me!  
Bear witness! all ye angel-host of heaven!  
That, not for worlds, for me or for my line  
One trembling sinner ere his time should crouch  
Unshriven at God's awful judgment-bar!  
As Heaven's my guide! I nurse no selfish thought  
To aggrandise myself. My gallant boy,  
As plighted to this peerless maid of York,  
Whose solemn troth he holds, as she holds his,  
Would I encircle with the diadem:



Thus would I blend the Red Rose with the White ;  
 Thus end these ruthless and inhuman feuds ;  
 Give peace to the distracted commonwealth ;  
 Spread learning and religion through these isles,  
 And earn the blessings of a grateful realm.  
 Is *this* ambition, my Lord Cardinal ?

*Card.* Madam ! we came to sentence, not to try  
 thee.

Wherefore, my lords ! resolving how her heart  
 Is numbed by arrogance and obduracy,  
 Proceed we to our sentence !

Margaret Beaufort !

Thy peers have found thee guilty of misdeeds  
 Whose penalty is death. 'Tis shown, by proofs  
 As clear as gospel truths, that privily  
 Thou hast conspired against the State ; suborned  
 The king's liege subjects ; sent beyond the seas  
 Moneys and writings to thine outcast son,  
 Falsely and impiously provoking him  
 To wage rebellious war against thy liege,  
 His peace and sov'reignty. For these high crimes  
 The law deprives thee of thy dignities,  
 Thy titles, rank, endowments. Thy domains,—  
 Thy castles, fiefs, and seignories,—the king  
 Cedes, for his life-time, to thy lord ; withal  
 At his demise to lapse to the king's grace  
 And the king's heirs for ever. For thy life,—  
 Thy forfeit life—in deference to thy near,  
 Though tainted, kinship to his royal house,



And as a guerdon for the services  
Thy lord has rendered to the State, his highness  
Doth mercifully spare it.

*Count.* Namest thou  
Gloucester and mercy in one breath, my lord?  
Great Heaven! what mercy owe I to your liege?  
Doth he not rob me of my ancestral lands?  
Rob me of all that smoothed the life he spares,  
The life he would,—but dare not take?

*Stan.* What say'st thou?  
He dare not, Margaret?

*Count.* No, my lords, he dare not!  
He dare not be the first Plantagenet  
To smear the scaffold with a woman's blood:  
And, for the crimes ye charge me with! I tell ye,—  
Could innocence and guilt change seats this day,  
Then I should be your judge, and not ye mine.  
For thee, Lord Cardinal!—I ask of thee  
How many oaths of fealty thou hast broke?  
How many rival dynasties thou'st served?  
How many murdered monarchs thou hast crowned  
How many hapless heirs to England's crown  
Thine arms have cradled at the font? Go to!  
So well I know thy pliant loyalty,  
That, were the times less rude, and thou as blithe  
As when, of yore, at injured Margaret's court  
A mitre first became thy boyish brow,  
I'd wage my coif against thy cardinal's hat  
That, ere another moon revolve, thou'lt shift

King Richard's crown to Henry Tudor's brow,  
And bless his bridals with great Edward's child.

*Card.* Madam!—

*Count.* Nay, hear me, my Lord Cardinal!  
I charge thee!—and I charge ye all, my lords,  
With a most foul betrayal of a cause  
Ye knew was sacred in the eyes of Heaven!  
I charge ye!—that, of yore King Henry's friends,  
Ev'n ere they wrapped him in his gory shroud  
Ye leagued ye with his murderers! ay, leagued ye  
With those accursed parricides who slew  
Young Edward upon Tewkesbury's fatal field!  
Nay, more!—Ingrate apostates that ye are!  
I charge ye! that anon King Edward's friends  
And minions of his splendour,—in the hour  
When stood the death-dew on his stately brow,  
Before the lifted crucifix ye swore  
To guard his orphans and his realm from wrong!  
Brave Hastings took with ye, and kept that oath,  
And thereby fell the axe upon the neck  
Of the most gallant, finished gentleman  
That e'er was idolized in court or camp.  
But *ye!*—how high in power and place ye are!  
Thou, Thomas Bouchier! art Lord Cardinal;  
Thou, Thomas Stanley! Steward of the House-  
hold,  
Knight of the Garter and High Constable;  
No niggard recompense, I trow, my lords,  
For treason to the living and the dead.

Oh! shame on ye, false lords! foul shame on ye!  
 To succour beauty in distress, to dry  
 The tears of weeping innocence, methought  
 The pleasing office of our holy church;  
 The glory of our Norman chivalry;  
 But ye!—unknightly as ye are, would wed  
 To infamy and incest the fair maid  
 Whose sire showered rank and wealth on ye;—  
       would deck

The shuddering victim for the nuptial couch,  
 And lay her by her brothers' murderer!  
 Why!—my lord Cardinal! the vilest wretch  
 Who panders for the passions of your sex,  
 And thrives upon the frailty of her own,  
 Foul as her commerce is, would scorn a wrong  
 So loathsome and so cruel!

*Stan.*

Margaret!

Thy words are libels on the church, no less  
 Than treason to the king. Conceivest thou  
 We'll yield our judgment at thy woman's beck?

*Count.* Yield at *my* beck! And what am I to  
       thee

But the unloved, unsociable dame  
 Thou weddedst for her lands, as I chose thee  
 For the dear-bought protection of thy sword?  
 Save that my blood was royal as his own,  
 Perchance King Edward, at some Paphian feast,  
 Had flung me to a rake-hell, fool, or fop;  
 And therefore was I fain to wed with thee;

For when Lord Stanley took the hand I gave,  
 At least, methought, I pledged my troth to one  
 Who had some respect for honour and his God.  
 Yield at *my* beck! nay! but thou didst at hers  
 The crafty Nevilles planted in thy path,  
 When Warwick staked his sister's sickly charms,  
 The lord of Lathom fell an easy prey.

*Stan.* Now!—by our cold unconsummated loves!  
 By the unnatural vow which thou didst take  
 That banished me for ever from thy bed,  
 I brand thy language as most scandalous!  
 Woman!—thou railest at the dead! Away!  
 She whom thou tauntest is a saint in heaven.

*Count.* My taunt was at the living, not the dead.  
 Farewell, my lords! I leave ye in the hope  
 Reflection may improve your courtesy,  
 And prayer remove the hardness of your hearts.  
[*Exit.*

*Card.* Break up the court! Should this imperious  
 dame  
 Provoke her death-doom by her treasonous words,  
 Her blood be on her head and not on ours.

[*The Court rises. The Cardinal takes  
 the hand of the Princess ELIZABETH,  
 whom he leads from the hall.*

*Card.* [*Aside to P. Eliz.*] Maiden, our churlish  
 kinswoman, I ween,  
 Would stir thee to mislike of the king's suit?

*P. Eliz.* Mislike, my lord?—thou wrong'st her!—  
ere she named

His name to me, I loathed him.

*Card.* Ah!—what say'st thou?—

*P. Eliz.* That rather would I the envenomed  
snake

Should writhe around my limbs, and dart at me  
His forked and hissing tongue, than I'd endure  
These monstrous bridals with my uncle, Gloucester!

*Card.* Hush!—To thy chamber, where anon I'll  
seek thee! [*Exeunt omnes.*



ACT III.

SCENE I.

*An Apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*The Countess and Sir REGINALD BRAY, meeting.*

*Bray.* Peace to these halls and all who dwell  
herein!

*Count.* Thrice welcome! In adversity alone  
We learn the priceless value of a friend.  
Thrice welcome then art thou, whose loyal heart  
Has casketed for more than twenty years  
The griefs of Margaret of Lancaster!  
But, say, what news?—what hope?

*Bray.* Not willingly  
I'd crush the hopes which have so long diffused  
Their starlight o'er thy stormy widowhood.

*Count.* Speak, I beseech thee, briefly to the point!

*Bray.* Alas! then,—should Lord Stanley join the  
king;  
Nay, more, unless he battles in our cause,  
I fear that Lancaster is lost for ever.

*Count.* I feared as much; yet can it be that  
Heaven  
Will delegate to one weak, wavering man  
A power so absolute for good or ill?

*Bray.* Not ev'n great Warwick was more powerful  
 To make or unmake kings, than is thy lord  
 The arbiter of England in this hour.  
 Nay, all men marvel at his subtlety,  
 Which, veiling his intents from either side,  
 Makes both his wistful suppliants.

*Count.*

Alas!

Fool that I've been in my presumptuous pride  
 Of book-lore, such as dreaming pedants vaunt,  
 To hold myself a match for one so versed  
 In the world's craft and knaveries! Great Heaven!  
 Have mercy on a mother's agony!

*Bray.* Lady! by years of penance, tears and  
 prayer,  
 Thou hast steeled thy soul with fortitude; yet still  
 I have that to say which may o'er-agitate  
 A heart too racked already.

*Count.*

Ah! my son?—

*Bray.* Is safe, and fondly greets thee.

*Count.*

Heaven be praised!

Against all other griefs I'm adamant.  
 Say on!

*Bray.* What soldier, on a battle-eve,  
 But feels unbidden memories gush forth  
 Of home, and home's pure ties; and the sweet  
 smile  
 Of some loved mother, sister, wife, or child,  
 Whose lips have prayed, whose tears have flowed  
 for him?

Such holy thoughts send yearnings to the heart,  
 And moisture to the eyes. So yearns my lord,  
 Who, ere he arms him for the fight, would fain  
 Receive a mother's blessing at thy feet,  
 And weep a son's farewell within thine arms.

*Count.* I guess thy meaning; he'll be here anon?  
 Is it not so?

*Bray.* It is.

*Count.* Yet how evade  
 Our watchful warders? will he peril all  
 For one sad interview?

*Bray.* Nay, fear not, lady!  
 Lord Stanley is a generous foe, who spurns  
 Domestic spies, and 'gainst all other risks  
 I have provided. Ere an hour has passed,  
 Along the secret passages that wind  
 From the church-turret to the Baron's chamber,  
 I'll lead my lord unquestioned to thine arms.

*Count.* Now has one half my prayers been heard  
 by Heaven!

Now shall I listen to his voice again,  
 And fold him in these longing arms once more!  
 But, lo! already gather at the porch  
 The men-at-arms who journey with my lord.  
 Once more I must confront him! then, farewell  
 Till Heaven conduct thee to the Baron's chamber.

*Bray.* Farewell! and Heaven award thee a suc-  
 cess  
 Worthy the mission it employs thee on! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*An apartment in Skipton Castle.*

*Lord STANLEY seated, with two portraits before him.*

*Stan.* Blest be the skill that gives us back the  
dead!  
Beautiful Eleanor! my own dead bride!  
How different wert thou from this moody dame,  
Who scorns the unlettered soldier, and accords  
No merit but to scholars and to priests!  
While thou, sweet saint! wert all in all to me;  
Proud of thy warrior-lord, as I of thee.  
Why didst thou leave me, Eleanor? It seems  
But yesterday we strayed through Lathom's  
bowers,  
When parting the dark hair from thy pale brow,  
And gazing on thy calm and upturned face,  
I worshipped at the altar of thine eyes,  
And surfeited my soul with loveliness.  
What! though the scoffer's calumny were true  
That Warwick triumphed through his sister's  
eyes;  
Still, in thy young affections was no guile,  
Nor was it counterfeited tenderness,  
Nor lessons from designing kinsmen learned,  
Which gave such sweet persuasion to thy lips;  
But love for thy great brother, and thy wish

To blend my lot with his, as his with mine;  
 'Twas this endued with witchery thy words,  
 And made me weaker than I might have been.

[ *Writes.*

So ends my letter to the king!—Alas!  
 This double dealing, this lip-loyalty,  
 Are wormwood to an honourable mind.  
 Would that by holier means I could preserve  
 The life of my poor boy! If I have erred  
 'Tis from the depths of a fond father's love,  
 And Heaven in mercy pardon me! But, see!  
 Here comes, unless, I rate him wrongfully,  
 As thorough, smooth-tongued, double-faced a  
     knave

As ever dabbled in conspiracies.  
 And yet, though served by such false followers,  
 My wife is angered that I keep from her  
 A secret, whose unravelment might steep  
 Tower Hill in blood as princely as her own.

*Enter* TRAFFORD.

Pray speed thy business, Master Trafford! time,—  
 E'en moments—now are precious.

*Traf.* Good my lord!  
 I need not vaunt my attachment to thy house,  
 Whose honoured walls so long have sheltered me?

*Stan.* I know that to thy lady's partial love  
 Thou art much beholden. Then repay her,  
     Trafford,

With that true service she so well deserves,  
And I shall be thy debtor, not thou mine.

*Traf.* 'Tis of my gracious lady I would speak.—  
If one thou lov'st, my lord, intent on death,  
Were rushing tow'rds a frightful precipice,  
Would'st thou not hasten to prevent the deed?

*Stan.* How canst thou doubt it, Sir?

*Traf.* Alas, my lord!  
Tow'rds such a precipice now speeds her Grace.  
Her zeal for the lost cause of Lancaster  
Again, I fear, has lured her into plots  
Which, if untangled by unfriendly hands,  
May send her to the scaffold.

*Stan.* As a spy?  
Or as a traitor, sirrah! art thou here  
With such suspicious proof of thy regard?

*Traf.* By Heaven! as neither.—To thy face, my  
lord,  
I tell thee! though it banish me thy halls,  
That had my equal, or my foe, thus spoke,  
Either my life-blood should have stained his sword,  
Or, by St. Paul! that taunt had been his last.

*Stan.* [*Aside.*] Beshrew the swaggering upstart!—  
yet perchance  
I've wronged him.

*Traf.* Had I stooped to perpetrate  
The cruel ill which thou imput'st to me,  
Long since thy mansions had been desolate;  
But I was silent for my lady's sake

Till silence grew a crime. From my first youth  
 I have eat thy bread, and warmed me at thy hearth;  
 I ask thee, then!—if chance disclosed to me  
 A traitor prowling in thine inmost halls,  
 How would'st thou rate my gratitude, my lord,  
 Kept I the treason secret?

*Stan.*

In these days

Men *bide their time*:—so runs the phrase, me-  
 thinks:

For 'tis not of my coining. If thou art honest  
 I pray thee, bear with me! If false, forsooth  
 Thou dost but ape thy betters. [*Aside.*] Now,  
 confound him!

He bears my gaze right calmly.

*Traf.*

Well, my lord!

This morn, as I was strolling by the Aire,  
 Screened by the sedges on its tortuous banks,  
 Three horsemen, two of them of knightly mien,  
 Rode rapidly in sight; their jaded steeds  
 Foaming from over-speed. Sir Reginald Bray,  
 My lady's trusty servitor, was one,  
 Who, parting rev'rently from the other knight,  
 Straightway proceeded to the warder's lodge,  
 And frankly sought admission to her Grace.

*Stan.* Ah!—but proceed!—

*Traf.*

Meanwhile, the other knight  
 Dismounted with the knave who seemed his guide.  
 'Twas plain the varlet knew his bus'ness well,  
 For, choosing the most lone and covert paths,

He led the stranger to the church, the which  
 They entered stealthily. Anon the knave  
 Returned alone. I watched him out of sight,  
 Then entered too. Just then upon my ear  
 There fell the quick sharp clinking of a spring,  
 And then the sound as of a heavy slab  
 Suddenly falling o'er a hollow space.  
 I searched; but he I sought for was not there;  
 The tombs of the dead Cliffords frowned on me,  
 But midst the lifeless I alone had life.

*Stan.* 'Tis strange,—'tis passing strange,—and  
 shall be looked to,  
 As shall thy friendly zeal. Now prythee speed  
 Unto my castellain, and say I need  
 His instant presence. [*Exit* TRAFFORD.] Yes! it  
 must be *he!*

What motive, save a son's impatient love,  
 Could tempt a soldier on a battle-eve  
 To play the skulker in a lady's bower?

*Enter* Castellain.

List to me, Master Gizeley!—with all speed  
 Post half a dozen archers by the porch  
 Of the old church, and should knave, squire, or  
 knight,  
 Unknown to thee by name, essay to pass,  
 Arrest him!—without force, if possible,  
 And with all courtesy. The fewer words  
 Ye interchange the better: bring him here



Quickly and silently. [*Exit Castellain.*] I have  
here, methinks,

A plan of the old pile, its dungeons, vaults,  
Its hiding-cells and secret passages.

[*Takes a plan from an escritoire and examines it.*

Here is the Eagle Tower,—and here the court  
Beneath me, with its immemorial yew  
Coeval with the Conqueror. Ah!—what's this  
That, from the Baron's chamber to the church,  
Winds round from tower to tower? Ha! ha! I  
have them.

Now to confront the plotters!—my good sword!—

[*Takes it up.*

Nay it were best I should go weaponless.

[*Lays down his sword and exit.*

### SCENE III.

*Apartments in Skipton Castle.*

*The Earl of RICHMOND and the Countess of RICHMOND; the Earl entering from a concealed passage and glancing cautiously round him.*

*Count.* [*Embracing him.*] Oh! blessed moment,  
to embrace thee thus,

So loved, and lost so long! Thou little knowest  
How I have missed thee through the long dull  
years

That came and went, and yet thou camest not.

And thou hast sometimes thought of me, dear son?  
I know thou hast. The world and the world's ways

Are rocks on which youth's best affections split,  
 But thou hast been so loved, so mourned,—so long  
 My hope, my pride, my all,—I'll not believe  
 Thou couldst forget thy mother.

*Rich.* If I did,  
 Or ever to my dying hour forget  
 Thy long-enduring and most perfect love,  
 Then Heaven forget thy son! But why these tears?  
 Nay, nay, dear mother! if thou weepest thus  
 I too shall play the woman, and just now  
 I have need of all my fortitude.

*Count.* My tears  
 Are tears of joy and gratitude. The blest  
 Assurance that I press thy hand in mine,  
 Thus kiss thy brow, thus fold thee in my arms,  
 Half makes amends for the slow gloomy years  
 That I have prayed for thee and wept for thee.

*Rich.* Mother, dear mother! [*Supports her.*]

*Count.* Nay, I need no help;  
 The foolish fit has left me. Let me look  
 Upon thy face!—'tis a fair volume writ  
 In royal characters, in which command  
 And firmness read right legibly. Men say  
 Thou art wise and temperate,—and thou fearest  
 God?

Say that thou dost, dear Henry!—why! methinks  
 'Twould break my heart wert thou estranged from  
 Him.

*Rich.* Had I neglected Him in court or camp,

Would He have blessed us with this priceless hour?  
 My mother, my own mother! if some seeds  
 Of piety and truth have taken root  
 Within me, and repaid thy tender care,  
 They sprang from the rich harvest of thy love,  
 To whom I owe life, virtue, knowledge,—all  
 That makes man valiant, happy, honourable.

*Count.* Nay! let us speak of *thee*, dear son! thou  
 seem'st

Of graver aspect and of slighter frame  
 Than in my dreams I have pictured thee. Thou too  
 Hast drained the cup of sorrow?

*Rich.* And long years  
 Have changed thee also, mother mine.

*Count.* Nay, Henry!  
 I am not so old,—so very old. That day,  
 When on thy cofined father's face I gazed  
 My last, and quailed to find myself alone  
 In the vast halls which were my heritage,  
 I had seen but fifteen summers. Fourteen more  
 They left thee with me, and then fourteen more  
 I spent in pray'r and penance for this hour.

*Rich.* And Heaven has heard thy pray'rs.

*Count.* It hath, my son;  
 Yet would that thou wert still the joyous child  
 That played and prattled round me in our own  
 Old home at happy Pembroke.

*Rich.* Would I were,  
 So thou wert with me! I was then as free

And fearless as the eaglets, that I watched  
 Wending their flight above our battlements;  
 Soaring like man's high hopes, to melt, like them,  
 First into specks, then into nothingness.

*Count.* Nay! speak not thus despondingly! Ambition,

That aims no higher than base selfish ends,  
 Such as dominion, wealth, vain-glory, pomp,  
 Is worse than nothingness. But when its proud  
 And glorious object is to mitigate  
 The amount of human misery, and exalt  
 Freedom and virtue over chains and crime,  
 'Tis then the noblest enterprise for which  
 Heaven ever armed its champions. But time  
 speeds.

*Rich.* It does; and ere we part, as part we must,  
 I'd fain, my mother, on my knees receive  
 Thy farewell blessing [*kneels*]. With thy holy  
 prayers,

And Heaven to guide me, I may die the death,  
 But shall not dread the despot.

*Count.* Heavenly Father!  
 Bless Thou, oh, bless my child! In the dread hour  
 When fall the mighty, and when each man's sword  
 Is raised against his enemy, be Thou  
 The champion of my loved one! Grant him faith,  
 Strength, valour! and, if not in vain I have drained  
 The cup of anguish to the dregs,—if aught  
 I have found of favour in Thy sight, by years,—

Long years,—of fastings, scourgings, tears, and  
prayers,

Then be Thou gracious to thine handmaiden,  
And send him back unscathed unto these arms!  
Now am I calmer, Henry: fare thee well!—  
Yet, stay awhile;—give me thy hands!—

*[She joins them in the attitude of prayer.*

There, there!—

Again thou lookest like the meek, fair child,  
Who lisped his earliest pray'r to me. Pray thus  
When last thou prayest on the battle-eve!  
It will remind thee of a mother's love,—  
Perchance her last sad words to thee. But hark!—  
What noise was that?—Away!—quick, quick!—  
Away!—

Strange steps ascend the stairs. *[Conceals him.*

*Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*Bray.* *[Hurriedly.]* Compose thyself!  
My lord approaches.

*[Exit BRAY.*

*Enter Lord STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Margaret! what mean  
Thy pallid aspect and thy tottering limbs?  
Shall I reply for thee? Within these halls,—  
Ay! in this very chamber, lies concealed  
A rebel to the king. In the king's name  
Thy lord demands the traitor.



Knock thrice!—and one will answer to thy beck,  
Whom, of all living men, I had wished thy friend;  
But fate ordains it otherwise. Farewell!—  
Farewell, my lord!—And yet, before we part,  
I fain would hear one gentle word from thee,  
That said—we part in kindness. If, of late  
I have been waspish and rude-speeched to thee,  
I beg of thee to pardon me.

*Stan.*

Most freely;

We all have need of pardon. Margaret!—  
My noble Margaret!—At times I have felt  
That, had we mated in less selfish times,  
And when our hearts were younger, we had known  
And loved each other better. Need I say  
I fain would part with thee, as thou with me,  
In Christian kindness? Fare thee well!—Per-  
chance,  
To-morrow's fight may be my last: if so,  
I would that sometimes thou should'st think of  
this,  
Our first,—our last endearment. [*Kisses her.*]

Fare thee well!

To those, who love as thou dost, well I know  
How dreadful is suspense, and therefore, Margaret,  
I'd fain, but must not now, impart to thee  
Much that thou yearn'st to know; yet this, at  
least,

I say, to cheer thee when thou'rt oversad,—  
Margaret, *I bide my time*:—Once more, farewell!

*Count.* Farewell! and all the angel host protect thee!  
[*Exit.*]

*Stan.* Now! to confront my stepson and my foe!  
Poor Edmund Tudor! for thy sake, my friend,  
I fain would save thy son. (*Knocks three times.*)

*Enter the Earl of RICHMOND.*

*Rich.* Ah!—who art thou  
Who stoopest to entrap a friendless man?

*Stan.* For me!—I am the master of these halls,  
Thomas Lord Stanley. I would fain eschew  
Vain recognitions in these perilous times,  
Else with more right I might demand of thee,  
Who art thou, who, like a midnight thief, hast  
crept

Into my inmost chambers; but enough!  
I came not here to bandy angry words,  
And must command like self-control from thee.

*Rich.* Command? — what mean'st thou by that  
haughty word?

*Stan.* To-day 'tis mine,—it may be yours to-  
morrow,—  
To use the language of authority;  
Wherefore I said command. Bethink thee, sir!  
The slightest word or sign of mine would fill  
This chamber with armed men. The dungeon keep  
Is not far off, and, if aright I guess  
Thy name, King Richard were well satisfied  
To pay in golden angels for thy head.



Thou hast forgotten I'm High Constable,  
Sworn counsellor and liegeman to the King.

*Rich.* If thou provok'st me more, I may forget  
I am thy prisoner.

*Stan.* Nay! speak less loud.  
My faithful castellain is well apprized  
That Skipton harbours an unbidden guest;  
And as his only fault is over-zeal,  
'Twere just as well he overhear thee not.

*Rich.* I know, my lord, my life is in thy hands;  
Then either do thy worst, or cease to taunt  
A baffled foe.

*Stan.* Go to!—I did but seek  
To try thy spirit. Wise men, ere they stake  
Their lives and fortunes in another's cause,  
Would fain essay the mettle of their friends;  
And therefore, seeing that the penalty  
Of harb'ring the King's enemies is death,  
Thou must not murmur if I sought to test  
Thy spirit, ere I risked my head for thee.

*Rich.* My lord! I cannot blame thee: if my words  
Have angered thee, I pray thee pardon them.

*Stan.* Nay! I'm not angry; thou art much too  
like  
A loved companion whom I lost in youth,  
That I should long be wroth with thee.

*Rich.* My lord!  
Thy words are words of kindness; then what need  
Of this ambiguous language? Were it not

Far better to discard misgiving thoughts,  
 And, trusting to each other's knightly faith,  
 Transplant our secrets to each other's breasts?

*Stan.* Not yet: now list to me! To-morrow night  
 Meet me at Atherstone; thou see'st this ring;  
 Fear not to trust him who will bring it thee;  
 He will contrive our meeting.

*Rich.* Why not now  
 Explain thy purpose?

*Stan.* Nay, it cannot be.  
 Farewell!—yet stay!—thou must not quit these  
 halls

The way thou camest. Tell my lady-wife  
 The garden-wicket by the Eagle Tower  
 Shall be unlocked; she will devise the rest.  
 Her aching heart, I fear, but ill endures  
 This long suspense; once more, then, fare thee  
 well!

*Rich.* Farewell, until we meet at Atherstone!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The Garden below Skipton Castle.*

TRAFFORD, *solus.*

*Traf.* I'd stake my hopes of knighthood to re-  
 solve

The name of this same gallant who has made  
 My lady's eyes so moist, and stirred my lord  
 To play the rebel,—a false move for which

I thank him, as King Richard will thank me  
When I report the perfidy.

At dusk

I meet the stranger by the Eagle Tower,  
And guide him to the river, where, no doubt,  
My crafty friend, Sir Reginald, has secured  
Fresh horses for their midnight ride. Suppose,  
then,

This gallant and the rebel-earl are one?—  
'Tis scarcely credible, and yet, perchance,  
'Twill so betide;—what then?—He needs must  
tread

The chamber of the Lady Anne, from whence  
The steps descend upon the terrace-walk;  
What then, again?—he's near allied to her;  
Therefore, in common courtesy, must bide  
To greet his gentle cousin. 'Twas well thought of,  
And promises more mischief than I've hatched  
Since Sunday se'nnight; but, behold! here comes  
My love-sick rival.

*Enter CLIFFORD.*

Welcome, Master Henry!

How fares it with thee? Sorely grieved I am  
To see thee so downhearted. Hast thou met  
The Lady Anne since thy arrival here,  
For she alone, I ween, could move thee thus?

*Clif.* Trafford! I have; and with such scornful-  
ness

She greeted me, my soul is wrung with anguish,

*Traf.* Then still thou fanciest,—nay, start not,  
man,

Before my words have left my lips!—that love  
Has played thee false, and cursed thee with a rival?

*Clif.* Trafford! I never thought so, till thyself  
Surmised the damned doubt.

*Traf.* Then there is none  
Whom thou suspectest?

*Clif.* None, by Heaven!—Dost thou  
Presume to doubt her?

*Traf.* Nay, nay! 'tis her scorn  
Has jaundiced thy perception.

*Clif.* Why then look  
A language which belies thy words?

*Traf.* Hast heard  
That, pleading sudden ailment as the cause,  
The Lady Anne has kept her bower since noon?

*Clif.* I have:—I learned it from her tirewoman,  
Whom now I crossed by accident.

*Traf.* 'Tis strange.

*Clif.* Great Heaven! what's strange?

*Traf.* Nay, fear not for her health;  
Her ailment is not mortal. One word more;—  
This morn, when thou departedst from her Grace,  
Was there a gallant with her?—one of fair  
And winning presence?

*Clif.* There was none with her  
Except Sir Reginald; who should there be?

*Traf.* Except Sir Reginald?

*Clif.* Why echoest thou

My simple words? Had peer or knight arrived,  
The sentry's challenge and the warder's horn  
Had heralded his coming. My Lord Stanley  
Has left no guests at Skipton. Whence then  
sprang

This phantom visitor?

*Traf.* It matters not:

Enough!—I have earthed the intruder.

*Clif.* And he's here

Without her Grace's ken,—or canst thou mean  
She harbours him unworthily?

*Traf.* Nay, nay!

Had I presumed to hint a dame so grave,  
So holy, so decorous, ripe in years,  
Could entertain a secret paramour,  
Fool were too fair a name for me. Believe me!  
There's daintier game at Skipton. Canst thou name  
No lovelier, likelier lady?

*Clif.* Martin Trafford!

Thou dar'st not mean the Lady Anne! By Heaven!  
Had other than my friend ev'n looked that hint  
I had called him liar in his teeth.

*Traf.* I sought

To root a hopeless passion from thy breast,  
And thou retortest with insulting words.

Is this a friend's fit treatment of a friend?

Till thou'rt thyself again I'll leave thee. [*Going.*]

*Clif.* Stay!  
I pray thee, stay! I know thou meanest well,  
Although thou speakest tortures.

*Traf.* Ay! and stir  
Thy waspish wrath again.

*Clif.* Nay, bear with me!  
I will be calm; hate should be ever calm.

*Traf.* Then listen!—Should I give thee ample  
proofs  
That in the very chamber of thy love,  
Lurks the spruce errant knight I told thee of,  
Wilt thou not thank me for untramm'ling thee  
From this unworthy thraldom?

*Clif.* Saidst thou proofs?—  
They lied who used that word to thee.

*Traf.* Well, well!  
Meet me at dusk beneath the Eagle tower,  
And thou thyself shalt witness to their truth.

*Clif.* And why not now convince me, Martin  
Trafford?  
Doubt is so dreadful I would learn the worst,  
Ev'n though thy words sent arrows through my  
heart.

*Traf.* Nay, nay! it is impossible. Remember!  
'Tis but an hour's uncertainty;—farewell! [*Going.*]

*Clif.* Wherein, ye guardian saints! have I so  
sinned  
That I should merit this great misery? [*Exit.*]

*Traf.* Hate should be calm, he said ; and he said well.

Hate should present the lull before the storm,  
Stifled, but charged for bursting. Such is mine !  
Such, for my purpose, will I make this dullard's !  
[*Exit.*

## SCENE V.

*The Hall in Skipton Castle.*

CLIFFORD, *solus.*

*Clif.* This, then, my murdered father ! was thy sword,  
Grim with the blood of Rutland and of York !  
Fear not thy son will shame it.

Let me look,  
Albeit my last, upon this bannered hall  
Where frown the pictured heroes of my race  
Amidst the trophies which their valour won.  
Ye great and glorious men of a past age !  
How am I fallen from your high estate !  
Not one of you but rode to fame or death,  
Followed by squires and knights, and loyal bands  
Of steeled and plumed retainers ; yet your heir  
Rides forth alone and bannerless. Alas !  
My vassals know me not ; my very name  
Passed from me with my childhood ; ev'n the dogs,  
Whose fathers fawned on and were fed by mine,  
Snarl at their vagrant chief. But ye ! ye lords  
Of a lost heritage ! why look ye down,

So fierce and so reproachful, on the last  
 Of your long ancestry? is mine the fault  
 If on the bloody battle-field ye sleep  
 Shroudless and tombless? Ye at least achieved  
 The fame of heroes,—happier in your deaths  
 Than I, your living offspring. When ye died,  
 Fair cheeks were blanched, and brave and faithful  
                   hearts

Mourned for their warrior-lords; but if *I* fall,  
 No eye will shed one tear for me. Yet, Anne!  
 How often, when I've pictured the sad hour  
 That fate might tear me from thee, have I deemed  
 A parting tear might fall upon my breast  
 Dropped from thine angel-eyes, and, if I fell,  
 That thou would'st mourn me as my sires were  
                   mourned!

But I unman myself; enough of this!  
 No wonder that yon bearded chiefs look down  
 With stern displeasure on their recreant heir.

*Enter ANNE ST. JOHN.*

The Lady Anne?—[*To Anne.*] My presence here, I  
                   fear,

May savour of intrusiveness, and yet  
 Believe me, Lady! accident alone  
 Has thrown my unwelcome shadow 'cross thy path.

*Anne.* These are cold words to pass 'twixt thee  
                   and me.

What if I sought *thee*, Henry?



*Clif.*

May I crave,—

So scornful as this very morn thou wert,—  
 What moves thee, Lady, so to honour me?

*Anne.* Because—thou wert my playmate, brother,  
 friend,

In happy childhood. Thou hast done me wrong;  
 Didst pledge thy troth to me, yet break that troth,  
 Making me scorn'd of others and myself.

Yet I forgive thee, Henry! for the sake  
 Of our young love, and the remembered time,  
 When, side by side, and hand in hand, we strayed  
 Along the greenwood and the rivulet,  
 Deeming each copse a paradise, that roofed  
 The primrose and the blue-bell. Thou go'st forth  
 To battle with the ruthless; and if death  
 Should be thy lot, and the red earth thy grave,  
 'Twould rack me to my dying hour to think  
 I had let thee part from the old hall, nor spake  
 One kind,—one last “God speed thee.” But thou  
 stand'st

With haughty aspect and with folded arms,  
 As if 'twere I who had wronged thee, not thou me.

*Clif.* Now! by that Heaven who reads thy heart  
 and mine!

And by this sword my dying father grasped!  
 I swear I never wronged thee!

*Anne.*

Say'st thou so?—

Then we are friends, dear trusting friends, again?

Oh, tell me that we are!—Thou answerest not!

[*Takes his hand.*

Canst feel no tear fall on thy hand?—Canst hear  
No heart throb louder than thine own?—What!—  
cold

And unrelenting still?

*Clif.*

Nay, nay!—not cold:

Far rather than endure this frantic hour  
I'd lay my sorrows in thy lap and die,  
Drinking those silvery syllables that melt  
Like music from a viewless harp o'er which  
The night-breeze sighs its requiem.—Lady!—

*Anne.*

Nay!—

Call me not *lady!* Call me, as of yore,  
Thy joy, thine own, thy loved one! and, anon,  
When the last echo of thy horse's hoofs  
Shall leave these chambers comfortless, my tears  
Shall flow less wildly for that blest farewell.  
Alas!—wherein have I offended thee?  
Why drops thy hand thus listless from my own?

*Clif.* Because the henbane's roots are round my  
heart;

Because I know not woman and her wiles;  
Because yon frowning forefathers of mine  
Look down and bid me shun thee.—Maiden, hear  
me!

Have we not watched on many a gusty night  
Black vapours struggling with the virgin moon,  
Like fiends enraged with Heaven?—her bright orb

Awhile imprisoned in their foul embrace;  
 Anon to wend again her glorious way,  
 Steeping the world in loveliness?

*Anne.*

Alas!

Thou speak'st in parables. I pray thee, solve  
 them!

*Clif.* Know, then! the moon is thy fair fame: the  
 mists

Are doubts that cloud its brightness.

*Anne.*

Not of yore

Thus churlishly thou spak'st on the fair nights  
 We watched the moon together.—Shame on thee!  
 Had angels told me half an hour ago  
 Such heartless words could pass Lord Clifford's lips,  
 I had not believed them.

*Clif.*

Half an hour, say'st thou?

'Tis a brief space; and yet one brief half-hour  
 May wither a whole life. In half an hour  
 Either I prove thee chaste as Heaven, and hate  
 These lips that have so slandered thee,—

*Anne.*

Or else?—

*Clif.* We have met to meet no more.

[*Exit* CLIFFORD.]

*Anne.*

Gone!—has he gone—

Without one gentle word, one parting look?—  
 Oh, cruel, cruel Clifford!—My fair fame  
 Aspersed, my love repulsed, my tears despised,  
 By Clifford too! I should be wroth with him,—  
 Should hate him, fly from him; but he may die,

And then——O dreadful thought! O heavy hour!—  
So woe-begone, so crushed, so lone, I am,  
My heart will burst from very wretchedness.

*Enter the Princess ELIZABETH.*

*P. Eliz.* Weep not, dear Anne! All will be well  
again,  
With thee if not with me: nay, prythee weep not!

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* Madam! a knight, in the King's name,  
entreats  
Instant and private speech with thee.

*P. Eliz.* Admit him!  
I have no choice but to receive the knave.

[*Exit Attendant.*

[*To ANNE.*] Sweetheart, cheer up! I'll seek thee  
presently,  
And learn what causes these fresh tears of thine.

[*Exit ANNE.*

*Enter Sir SIMON DIGBY.*

[*Aside.*] Ah! the stout knight my father loved so  
well?

[*Aloud.*] If I mistake not, thou'rt Sir Simon Digby,  
Who, side by side with my great father, charged  
At Somerset's doomed throat at Tewkesbury.  
Alack-a-day! truth must have flown the earth  
When such as thou prove false.

*Digby.* By the gilt spurs  
Thy sire begirt me with on Barnet field!  
By these grey hairs, oft perilled in his cause!  
I merit not this scorn from thee!

*P. Eliz.* Away!  
Thou wear'st the livery of perjured Gloucester,  
Who slew my brother and usurps his crown,  
Yet dar'st to say thou'rt honest! Get thee hence!  
King Edward's daughter has her sire's disdain  
For renegades and time-servers.

*Digby.* By Heaven!  
These are harsh words to greet a soldier's ear.  
Lady!—

*P. Eliz.* Nay, tell thine errand, Sir, and leave  
me!  
I fain would be alone again.

*Digby.* Alas, then!  
The King entreats your Highness to accept  
My humble escort, and this night depart  
For Leicester, where he tarries for your Grace.

*P. Eliz.* What warrant hast thou for this rude  
behest?

*Digby.* His Grace's signet-ring and this fair scroll  
Writ by his royal hand: his Highness adds,  
That for the due observance of your state,  
The Lady Margaret of Lancaster  
Will journey in your Grace's train to Leicester;  
At least, he so entreats of her.

*P. Eliz.* Alas!  
 Entreaty and command, in these wild days,  
 Bear but the same rude meaning. Leave me, Sir!  
 Your liege shall be obeyed.

*Digby.* [*Aside.*] She little deems  
 What perils I would risk for her. [*Exit.*]

*P. Eliz.* Assuredly  
 I must obey; yet, strange to say, I quail not.  
 'Tis true, I shall be nearer my grim uncle,  
 Yet better be environed with armed hosts  
 Than caged in these lone halls. And now, adieu,  
 Ye gloomy towers of Skipton! and Heaven grant  
 That, save I visit you as England's queen,  
 I ne'er may cross your dismal courts again! [*Exit.*]

## SCENE VI.

*A Terrace below Skipton Castle.*

TRAFFORD *and* HUBERT.

*Traf.* Hubert, thou lov'st thy mistress? From  
 thy birth,  
 Her grace has ever favoured thee.

*Hub.* I owe her  
 More than I e'er can pay her.

*Traf.* And thou loathest  
 This Master Henry?

*Hub.* Little cause I have  
 To love him, Master Trafford.

*Traf.* Shall I show thee  
How thou may'st serve thy mistress, and the while  
For ever rid us of this pestilent upstart?

*Hub.* Say on, good Master Trafford!

*Traf.* Should it chance  
That hate and treachery dogged the steps of one  
Her Grace holds precious as her soul,—a knight  
She shelters from his enemies, methinks  
Thou'dst strike a blow to save him.

*Hub.* I should like  
Such gallant service.

*Traf.* Listen then! Anon,  
A knight her grace so cherishes steals forth  
From Skipton; but there lives a cut-throat knave  
Would track him to his doom.

*Hub.* What! Master Henry?  
Beshrew th' ungrateful and perfidious villain!  
Would I might cross him!

*Traf.* And thou shalt, good Hubert.  
Her Grace so loves this knight, that if he fell  
I fear 'twould be her death-stroke. Mark me,  
then!

Hide thee anon behind the Eagle Tower,  
And, should'st thou hear fierce words and clashing  
steel,  
Spring forth and strike!—Thou know'st thy man,  
brave Hubert.

*Hub.* He shall not balk me, Master Trafford.

*Traf.* Stay!  
 I have left my rapier in my sleeping room :  
 I pray thee fetch it. Keep it for awhile ;  
 I need it not as yet. Dost mark me, Hubert?—  
 I need it not *just now*. Should blood be shed,  
 And thou, a serf, be questioned how it chanced  
 Thou carriedst steel, thou'lt answer thou wert  
     speeding  
 On Master Trafford's errand for his sword :  
 Thus will it seem sheer accident, friend Hubert,  
 Thou wert so bravely furnished.

*Hub.* I'll at once  
 To do thy bidding. Let the wretch but lift  
 His finger 'gainst the man her highness loves,  
 And, trust me ! I'll be quits with him.

[*Exit* HUBERT.]

*Traf.* Poor fool !  
 Yet thus is man the prey of man, no less  
 Than slave to his own passions.  
     So far well !  
 Now for the stranger !—Should he chance to  
     prove  
 The rebel earl, he yet may win the day ;  
 And, therefore, to forestall his gratitude,  
 I'll make it seem, or own myself a dullard,  
 As if he owed his life to me by means  
 Of Hubert's interference. But already  
 From latticed window and from embrasure  
 The Castle lights are flashing. A strange chill



And death-like gloom creep o'er me. The wan  
 moon  
 Rises in muffled beauty, as a bride,  
 Sickly and woe-begone, might stagger forth  
 Beneath a troop of funeral plumes. The wind  
 Chafes with a dirge-like, melancholy moan ;  
 While, grim as hell-kites round the necromancer,  
 The demon bats dart past me. But here comes  
 My other prey !

*Enter* CLIFFORD.

Thou art punctual, Master Henry.  
 'Tis well ; as I've a mission from her Grace  
 Pregnant with life or death :—or else,—

*Clif.* What would'st thou ?

*Traf.* Confront the gallant who still loiters here,  
 As wooer or as spy.

*Clif.* Quick ! what of him ?

*Traf.* Mark me !—anon he will descend yon steps,  
 And, as a loyal servant of her Grace,  
 'Twere right that I should question him.

*Clif.* Go to !

Leave that to me who have the better right :  
 At least I had so yesterday.—Great Heaven !  
 Why ! 'tis the chamber of the Lady Anne  
 Thy finger points at with such icy scorn !  
 Now ! by my soul I'll dash him to the earth  
 Who dares to desecrate so pure a shrine !

*Traf.* Nay, cross him not! I pray thee cross him not!

Thou wilt but breed disturbance; and besides  
Thou art unarmed.

*Clif.* And art not thou unarmed?

*Traf.* 'Tis true; I had forgotten it: but, hush!  
Draw nearer, Master Henry! See'st thou nought  
Shading the light athwart yon lattice blind?

*Clif.* I do,—I do:—unless my sight's bewitched,  
I mark the yielding figure of a maid,  
And, bending over her caressingly,  
The shape of one who seems her paramour.

*Traf.* 'Tis he! I would that I might tarry here.  
Thy angry humour makes me fear for thee.

*Clif.* Fear not for me, who fear not for myself.

*Traf.* Yet cross him not! I warn thee not to  
cross him!

'Twere worse than madness.

*Clif.* I am mad already.

*Traf.* Nay, take a friend's advice: and now,  
farewell!

I must speed hence to hinder worse mishaps.

[*Exit* TRAFFORD.]

*Clif.* Not cross him?—May confusion seize on  
him!

He takes her hand;—he draws her to his side;—  
He plants his impious lips upon her cheek.

Oh, agony!—but, see, he comes! Not cross him?  
I'll cross him to his death.

*Enter the Earl of RICHMOND.*

Who art *thou* who stealest  
Thus thief-like from a maiden's bower?

*Rich.* [*Aside.*] What means  
This senseless interruption? [*Aloud.*] Good my  
friend,

We have no quarrel: stand aside, I charge thee,  
And let me pass.

*Clif.* We have no quarrel, say'st thou?  
Then for our pastime's sake I'll find us one;  
Who art thou?

*Rich.* To be crossed and bearded thus  
By a base clown!—Sirrah! thine insolence  
Deserves a whipping at the porter's lodge;  
Stand back!

*Clif.* Now! tell me quickly who thou art,  
Or, by the light of Heav'n!—

*Rich.* Stand back! I say!

*Clif.* Ay! draw thy foil, and with my quarter-  
staff,  
I'll hurl it piece-meal to the castle ditch.

*Rich.* What monstrous folly's this? I wage no  
war  
With serfs and vassals. If a friend thou art  
To the great lady of these halls, thou'lt seek  
To speed me on my way, not thwart me thus.

*Clif.* Now will I shame thy craven soul to arms!

Thou call'dst me vassal, and therein thou lied'st:  
 My sires were noble when thine own were serfs,  
 And forth, from these their towers, thou passest  
 not.

*Rich.* Beshrew thee and thy stale nobility!  
 And yet thy language gives thy garb the lie;  
 Who art thou, then, who dar'st obstruct me thus?

*Clif.* The time has passed I cared for secrecy.  
 Behold me! baffled skulker that thou art!  
 Henry Lord Clifford, lord of Westmoreland  
 The rightful seignior of these halls.

*Rich.* Ye Saints!  
 Can Clifford live?—the heir of that fierce house  
 Which made ev'n Warwick tremble? Bear with me,  
 Right noble Clifford! Of all men on earth  
 'Twere most unnatural that thou and I  
 Should meet or part in bitterness.

*Clif.* Avaunt!  
 Thou shall not fool me with thy cozening words.  
 I am so distempered by a hideous grief,  
 Thy very look breeds tortures in my soul.

*Rich.* Nay, hear me! for the love of Heaven, hear  
 me!  
 Our sires were fellow-soldiers, kinsmen, friends:  
 Of yore, on many a fiery battle-field,  
 Thy fathers charged with mine, and fell for mine;  
 And, therefore, with no churlish courtesy

Will I return thy confidence.—Thine ear!—

[ *Whispers* CLIFFORD.

Now, is it meet that we should wrangle more?

*Clif.* My lord! my liege! I was unmannerly  
To arraign thee as I did: and yet, by Heaven!  
When I remind me how thy lips assayed  
A cheek which to my fancy was as chaste  
As virgin snow,—

*Rich.* Why! thou wert wroth with me:  
I read thy thoughts: thou didst imagine me  
Some gay beleaguerer of ladies' hearts,  
Some graceless trifler prowling after sweets  
In meads that are another's. But thou wrong'st me:  
I did but claim, in common courtesy,  
The pleasant privilege of relationship  
To leave a kiss on a fair cousin's cheek;  
And, by my troth, it is a passing fair one!

*Clif.* May all good angels bless thee for those  
words!

My liege, my sov'reign liege! for such I hold thee,  
Thou see'st before thee an attainted man,  
His lands distrained, his honours forfeited,  
And strangers rampant in his fathers' halls.  
My grandsires fought and conquered in their time:  
They died the death of heroes: I alone,  
The last of a long ancestry, in vain  
Have fretted for the chance and circumstance  
Which made them glorious; yet my prayers are  
heard

If, as a soldier, thou wilt lay thy sword  
 Upon a soldier's son, and say to him,  
 "Come forth with me and earn a warrior's fame,  
 Or hew thyself a soldier's sepulchre." [*Kneels.*

*Rich.* There spake the spirit of thy forefathers.  
 Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me! [*CLIFFORD rises.*]

Men say

Lord Stanley's steeds are matchless for their speed.  
 Provide thee then the fleetest! And anon  
 Meet me beneath yon agonizing group  
 Of poplar-trees, that, scourged by the fierce gust,  
 Bow down, like spirits in eternal bale,  
 Their silvery crests to the disdainful moon.

*Clif.* Yet fain I'd say, farewell!—

*Rich.* Is this a time  
 For lovers' partings? Speed thee! and when next  
 Thou standest on this homestead of thy sires,  
 I tell thee! that, from yonder battlements,  
 The crimson banner of thy house shall wave  
 Its ancient welcome to its long-lost lord.  
 Fetch but thy father's sword; with all besides,  
 That should equip a knightly gentleman,  
 My henchmen shall provide thee at the camp.  
 But where's my appointed guide?

*Enter TRAFFORD, unperceived.*

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] I much mislike  
 This new, unnatural friendship. By my troth,

Should they compare surmises and suspects  
I am lost forever. [*Aside to CLIFFORD.*] Hearken,  
Master Henry!

It seems we are playing at cross purposes :  
We were mistaken in this gentleman.

*Clif.* [*Aside to TRAFFORD.*] Rather, methinks,  
thou hast played the traitor, Trafford.  
By Heaven! I half suspect thee.

*Traf.* [*Aside to CLIFFORD.*] And, by Heaven!  
I'll brook not such rude words from living man!  
I am here upon an errand from her Grace,  
To guide this stranger to the poplar-grove :  
What would'st thou more?

*Clif.* [*Aside to TRAFFORD.*] Thy life—if thou  
hadst wronged him.

*Traf.* [*Aside to CLIFFORD.*] Away, slight brag-  
gart! At a fitting season  
Thou shalt arraign me when and where thou  
wilt.

[*To RICHMOND.*] Sir Knight, I bide thy bidding.

*Rich.* Lead the way, sir!  
Speed thee, brave Clifford, speed thee!

*Clif.* Doubt it not;  
Thou shalt not long expect me.

[*Exit CLIFFORD.*]

*Traf.* [Aside.] Clifford, said he?  
Then have I guessed his cursed name aright.  
Clifford, I loathe thee! and may crush thee still.  
[*Exeunt* RICHMOND and TRAFFORD.]



## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Interior of a tent near Bosworth.*

*Lord STANLEY, solus.*

*Stan.* The time draws near I must to Atherstone.

[*Enter the Princess ELIZABETH and Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*Sir Reg.* Here, lady, we must part.—My Lord, the Princess. [Exit *Sir R. BRAY.*

*Stan.* [*Aside.*] This is a favour which I looked not for.

*P. Eliz.* My Lord! thou wert the friend of my dread sire :

He loved thee well and in his dying hour,  
While those he prized knelt sobbing round his  
couch,

His ebbing breath bequeathed me to thy care,  
And charged thee with the wardship of his child.

*Stan.* That solemn passage in his life and mine  
Is not forgotten, Lady. Thy great sire  
Imposed that sacred trust in me; what would'st  
thou?

*P. Eliz.* What would I not?—hope, safety, freedom, friends :

These things the hind enjoys, but values not ;  
While I, the foremost maiden of the land,  
Am doomed to weep away a life of care,  
Unloved, enthralled, dishonoured, desolate.

*Stan.* Nay ! not dishonoured, Lady.

*P. Eliz.*

I repeat—

Dishonoured,—basely, cruelly dishonoured !  
My Lord ! thou art of the council to the King,  
And know'st full well his pitiless intent  
To force me to his arms. Is it no dishonour  
To be subjected to the unholy suit  
And monstrous dalliance of the man I loathe ?

*Stan.* Ah ! has he dared renew his ruthless suit ?

*P. Eliz.* Dared?—How I thank thee for that welcome word !

May Heaven shower all its blessings on thy head !  
Vouchsafe thee fame, wealth, honours, happiness !  
Make thy life's autumn sunny as its spring !  
And lastly grant thee, at its tranquil close,  
Age without sickness, death without a pang !  
Oh, good my Lord ! I deemed not that this earth  
Was fraught with such dire wretchedness, as when  
My dreams recall him in his wooing mood,  
His husky voice, his bright and basilisk eyes,  
His touch,—each, all,—so terrible !

*Stan.*

Alas !

So softly nurtured, and so fondly loved

As late thou wert by the most gallant King  
 Who ever led the brave or wooed the fair,  
 Thy tears half cheat me of my manliness.

*P. Eliz.* Then thou wilt arm for me?—I know thou wilt :

I mark a tell-tale moisture in thine eyes,—  
 Nay, dash it not away, it shames thee not,  
 Which, more than volumes, tells me that thou wilt.

*Stan.* Sweet Princess! I am young no more; yet still

I own the majesty of loveliness  
 Which makes men saints, knaves, heroes, what it wills,

Omnipotent for evil or for good :  
 Then how can I behold the peerless child  
 Of the great King who made me what I am  
 Thus bowed by grief, thus lovely in her tears,  
 Nor feel as man should ever feel for woman?  
 Thou art fair, and therefore should I arm for thee ;  
 Thou art sad, and therefore do I weep with thee ;  
 Thou art young, and therefore would I trust in thee ;

My Queen,—and therefore do I kneel to thee.

[*Kneels.*

Thus place I life and fortune in thy hands ;  
 For, glanced King Richard on these bended knees,  
 A feather dropping from a moulting bird  
 Were of more value than Lord Stanley's life. [*Rises.*

I'd dare for thee whatever man should dare  
For woman, but alas!—I am powerless.

*P. Eliz.* Thou art powerless, my Lord?—what  
meanest thou?

Methought I had heard my mighty father say  
Of all his fiery barons there was none  
Could marshal to the field so brave a host  
As hailed the Lord of Lathom for their chief.  
To see Lord Stanley charging at the head  
Of the renowned retainers of his house  
Might well alarm, he said, a weak king's fears,  
And rouse a stout king's envy. Oh, my lord!  
Not long ere he departed hence, my sire,  
The while his mother's weakness filled his eyes,  
Thus linked thy name with mine.—Fierce foes, he  
said,

Were leagued against his house and heritage,  
And though I was the daughter of a king  
So feared and envied as he then appeared,  
Yet, when death's mightier hand should lay him  
low,

Ill times might fall upon his darling-one.  
Therewith, my lord! he spake of thee as one  
Who loved him for himself, not for the lands  
And gold his bounty had enriched thee with,  
And who, for thy dead friend and master's sake,  
Had sworn to be the guardian of his child.  
My lord!—he loved thee as kings seldom love:  
He built that splendid edifice, thy fortunes:

He dièd, Lord Stanley! with thy hand in his,  
 And dying pressed it with a tenderer grasp,  
 Because thine oath had comforted his end.—  
 Now, then! I ask thee,—wilt thou arm for me?  
 Thou pausest:—oh, my father! is this man  
 The friend thou lov'dst so tenderly?

*Stan.* Nay! hear me  
 Ere thou arraignest me!

*P. Eliz.* 'Tis Heaven, my lord!  
 Not I, arraigns thee.

*Stan.* Then, by Heaven! I swear  
 I crave no braver chance than that my axe  
 This moment thundered on the tyrant's casque,  
 Or flew my falchion at his throat: but fate  
 Ordains it otherwise.

*P. Eliz.* Away, false lord!  
 It stirs my choler that thou tremblest not  
 Lest the wronged spirit of my sire should rise  
 And tax thee with thy foul ingratitude.

*Stan.* Yet, maiden, hear me!—Hear me, ere we  
 part!  
 Thou may'st remember a fair child, in whom  
 I centred all the fondness of a heart  
 That knew no other sympathies? Alas!  
 The king has seized him, and with dev'lish threats  
 Sworn by St. Michael and th' Archangel Host,  
 His life shall answer for his father's acts.  
 Poor George! the headsman is his chamber-fellow,  
 And ever, when he wakes in the grim dawn,

Upon his morning-toilet gleams the axe,  
A terrible memento of his sire.

*P. Eliz.* My lord?—

*Stan.* Nay, urge me not! There's one above  
Who, should I doom to death our mutual boy  
O'er whom she hovers in her silvery sheen,  
Would seek me in my widowed dreams no more;  
Perchance denounce me at the throne of Heaven.

*P. Eliz.* Then all is lost! Elizabeth of York  
Has now no friend but Heaven.

*Stan.* Yet Heaven ere now  
Has shaped a happy issue out of ills  
Ev'n dark as thine. Dear princess, trust in God!  
And, next to God, trust to thy father's friend,  
Who yet may succour,—nay, who yet may save  
thee!

Mourn not as those who sorrow without hope;  
And now, farewell!—Sir Reginald, what ho, there!

*Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*Stan.* Take back, Sir Reginald, thy precious  
charge!  
Good night!—good night, sweet maid! May sooth-  
ing dreams  
And brighter hopes, to-morrow, smile on thee!

[STANLEY *retires.*

*Sir Reg.* He spake of comfort, lady?

*P. Eliz.* But gave none;  
He bade me hope, but I am sick of hope:

'Tis but a false and cozening name for doubt,  
And doubt is dreadful as reality.

*Re-enter Lord STANLEY.*

*Stan.* [*Aside.*] Poor child! her father's spirit  
pleads for her.

[*Aloud.*] Sir Reginald!

*Sir Reg.* My lord!

*Stan.* [*Aside to BRAY.*] This maiden's grief  
Has half unmanned me. Should her tears flow on,  
Tell her,—*I bide my time.*

*Sir. Reg.* My lord!

*Stan.* No more, sir!

Albeit I falter at a maiden's tears,  
I brook not man's rude questionings.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

*A retired spot near Atherstone.*

*The Earl of RICHMOND, Lord STANLEY, CLIFFORD,  
and Sir SIMON DIGBY.*

*Stan.* This, then, I promise!—that, whate'er  
betide,  
I will not arm against thee.

*Rich.* Should Lord Strange

Find means to escape—what then?

*Stan.* I battle for thee.

*Rich.* But should the tyrant slay him?

*Stan.*

Then I fight

For vengeance and my own sake.

*Rich.*

Is there nought

Will stir thee to join instant cause with us?

*Stan.* While my boy's life depends upon my acts  
There's nought. Couldst thou have seen his  
mother's eyes,

Thou hadst not asked me to forsake her child.

*Rich.* Yet Brutus, when his country was in peril,  
Preferred the Roman's to the father's part,  
And doomed his sons to die before his face.

*Stan.* Those sons were traitors to the noblest  
cause

That Roman ever struggled for; but mine  
Has done no wrong that he should die the death.

*Rich.* Then! rather than thou'lt risk his single  
life,

Thou wilt imperil as sublime a cause  
As that for which the Roman slew his sons?

*Stan.* My lord! I have a home, a happy home,  
Rich with ancestral memories; a home  
Where dwelt the founders of my line, and where  
After their well-earned honours they sleep sound.  
I have vassals too, whose fathers fought for mine,  
Who love my wassail-bowl and buttery-hatch,  
And who,—should my espousal of thy cause  
Consign them to an alien vassalage,  
Would sadly miss me their indulgent lord.



All these have their hereditary claims ;  
 Yet lands, rank, life, were my brave boy but safe,  
 Right freely—gladly—would I risk for thee.

*Rich.* Believest thou, fell tyrant though he be,  
 That Gloucester would destroy a beardless youth,  
 Not for his own, but for his father's fault?

*Stan.* My lord ! thou little knowest him : 'tis  
 true

He is not cruel from the innate delight  
 Which gloats o'er human anguish ; yet but cross  
 His treacherous path, and safer 'twere to beard  
 The tigress roaring for her stolen whelps,  
 Or tamper with the basking crocodile,  
 Than bide the goring of the boar of Gloucester.  
 And now, my lord of Richmond ! let us speak  
 Of other matters.—I've thy sacred pledge  
 That, should the God of Battles bless thy cause,  
 Thou'lt ratify the oath, which late thou swor'st  
 At Vannes and Paris, that King Edward's child  
 Shall share her father's throne with thee.

*Rich.* I swear it !  
 And yet ; my lord ! 'tis hard to give our hands  
 Where the heart cannot follow.

*Stan.* Then thou lov'st  
 Another?

*Rich.* Once I did ; but she I loved  
 Has mated with my rival.

*Stan.* Much I fear  
 Thy thoughts still harp upon the Lady Maud,

Lord Herbert's blue-eyed daughter: but I trust  
Ye have forsworn each other.

*Rich.* For her sake  
Most piously I trust so. I am not wont  
To rove from flower to flower, from sweet to sweet.  
Breathing light wishes into ladies' ears:  
Yet youth's first love-dream hath so sweet a spell;  
Its longings, aspirations, tremblings, hopes,  
Stamp such undying memories on the brain,  
That, should I thrust vile Gloucester from his  
throne,  
'Twere quite as well my Lord Northumberland  
Should keep his lovely countess from my court.

*Stan.* Northumberland at Henry Tudor's court?  
Impossible! The silver lion waves  
Beside the royal banner, as myself  
Beheld at sunset.

*Rich.* True; most true, my lord;  
Yet, trust me! when the trumpet sounds the  
charge,  
Nor he, nor his, will couch a single lance  
To aid their worthless master.

*Stan.* Then there's hope  
For my brave boy!

*Rich.* How so?

*Stan.* Northumberland  
Is charged with his safe keeping; and if false  
To Richard must wish well to Lancaster.

Could I but find a herald to the earl!—  
But who would risk such peril?

*Clif.* Good my lord!

Great Harry Hotspur was my forefather,  
Wherefore I'm kinsman to Northumberland.  
I trust then, as my first essay in arms,  
This venture may be mine.

*Stan.* My noble Clifford!

Deeply I thank thee; but, in war, success  
Depends on stratagem as much as valour:  
And therefore, as the craft is new to thee,  
I should but sacrifice thy precious life,  
And place my son's in sadder jeopardy.

*Clif.* My lord?—

*Stan.* Nay! urge me not; it must not be.

Digby!

*Digby.* My lord?

*Stan.* I know thou lovest me.

*Digby.* Therefore I'll be thy herald to the earl.

*Stan.* I knew thou wouldst: 'twas wrong in me to  
hint,

Not bide the gen'rous offer. Yet bethink thee!  
Should Gloucester find thee prying in his camp,  
He'll hang thee, my brave friend, before he sups.

*Digby.* I dread him not. It was but yesterday  
I left his service,—somewhat scurvily  
I grant; yet thereby there's no fence nor ditch,  
No parapet, nor breastwork in his camp  
But I'm familiar with.

*Stan.*                               Thou art resolved?

*Digby.* I am.

*Stan.*               Then follow me!   Dear friends, good  
          night!

A kind farewell to all: pray Heav'n we meet  
This hour to-morrow with less anxious hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Neighbourhood of Bosworth Field. Tents. Moon-  
light. TRAFFORD solus.*

*Traf.* This is her tent! I marvel if in sleep  
She's lovely as my dreams have pictured her?  
Methinks I see her with her hazel hair  
Wandering in glossy tendrils o'er a breast,  
White as the snow-flakes, when they fall from  
          heav'n  
Like down from seraph's pinions; her soft cheeks  
Fringed by the silken lashes of her eyes,  
And vermeiled by a bloom as delicate  
As the pink lining of the ocean-shell.  
I dare not pray, or I would pray for her.  
There is an angel-mission in her eyes,  
An angel's sweetness in her voice, which plead,  
More ably than her Grace's homilies,  
That good exists on earth and joy in heaven.  
But ah!—Heaven's spirits seem abroad this night  
Of perfect loveliness:—what! stirring still?—

The princess and the Lady Anne?—'Twere well  
I watch their midnight vigils.

*Enter the Princess ELIZABETH and ANNE ST. JOHN.*  
*TRAFFORD conceals himself and observes them.*

*P. Eliz.* Dearest Anne!  
I cannot sleep.

*Anne.* Nor I, sweet princess! Thoughts  
Of death and carnage, and the clank of arms,  
Have so distraught my spirits, that in vain  
I have sighed and prayed for slumber.

*P. Eliz.* Let us hope  
This heavenly night may calm our restive thoughts.  
Nay! cheer up, Anne: slight cause, methinks, thou  
hast  
For heaviness of heart, since, by my troth,  
I almost envy thee thy shepherd-lord,  
Who strove so bravely with ill times, and who,  
If right I judge him, in to-morrow's fight  
Will emulate the valour of his sires,  
And claim my friend's fair hand for his reward.

*Anne.* Lady! I have told thee that he loves me  
not;  
Nay, that he loves another.

*P. Eliz.* Nay, nay, Anne!  
Lord Clifford loves thee as true knight should love,  
And should he die the death,—

*Anne.* Die!—Clifford die?—

*P. Eliz.* There, say no more! That look of agony  
More eloquently proves than words could do  
How tenderly thou lovest him. Now mark me!—  
Mistrust this Trafford: little doubt I have,  
That to promote his own presumptuous suit  
He planned this feud between thee and thy love.

*Anne.* Trafford?—my earliest friend?—No, lady,  
no!

He could not, would not, wrong me thus.

*P. Eliz.*

Alas!

Thou little knowest the world's villanies.  
Thou wert not born the heiress to a throne  
As I was, gentle one; thou never saw'st  
Peers, courtiers, statesmen, fawning at thy feet,  
Love on their lips, but falsehood in their hearts:  
Yet such was my estate while fortune smiled,  
Whose earliest lesson was to lie with grace  
And seem the thing I was not:—such is Trafford!

*Traf.* [*Aside.*] May furies pluck out that glib  
tongue! 'Tis well

Her Grace o'erhears her not arraign me thus.

*Enter the Countess of RICHMOND.*

*Count.* What! wakeful, fair ones, like myself?  
Your speech  
Seems somewhat grave, too. May I share your  
secrets?

*P. Eliz.* We were conversing—

*Anne.* [*Aside to P. ELIZ.*] Hush! sweet princess, hush!

Her Grace so loves and favours Master Trafford,  
Thou'lt sting her to the quick.

*P. Eliz.* [*Aside to ANNE.*] Nay, Anne! for once I must deny thee. [*To the Countess.*] Dearest mother mine!

Our speech was of Lord Clifford's altered love,  
The which I did impute to the mean arts  
Of one your Grace loves far beyond his worth.

*Count.* Thou startlest me! whom meanest thou?

*P. Eliz.* I mean  
Your Grace's wily secretary, Trafford,  
Who dared aspire to wed this high-born maid,  
The while he stopped to vilify his friend.

*Count.* They were false tale-bearers who told thee so.

Anne! tell me that she wrongs him, foully wrongs him!

Nay! he's within, and shall himself refute  
The cruel calumny; what ho there, Trafford!

*Enter TRAFFORD from the Countess's Tent.*

Dear friend! I've been advised that, in despite  
Of my fond care of thee from infancy,  
Thou hast been guilty of so grave a breach  
Of every social compact, as to seek  
This noble maiden for thy wife. I know

It is a lie, an arrant lie; yet fain  
I would thy lips should scornfully refute  
The imputation of so base a wrong.

[TRAFFORD *hesitates*.

Ah!—Martin Trafford, dost thou pause?—Ye  
saints!

Can I have warmed a viper at my hearth  
These long, long years?—Say, I command thee,  
sir!—

Art thou the Judas men deem thou art?

*Traf.* Lady, alas!—I am.—

*Count.* And who art thou  
Who dar'st affect thy liege's kinswoman,  
And aim'st to match with princes?

*Traf.* Who am I?—

The bastard scion of thy royal house;  
A villain if thou wilt:—yet, lady, hear me!—  
Is mine the fault that I am flesh and blood?  
Is mine the fault that, in my earliest years,  
My only playmate was the loveliest child  
Whose sunny looks e'er matched the smiles of  
Heaven?

Who called me brother, told me all her griefs,  
And wept at mine? If love grew with my growth  
Till love became idolatry, I ask—

Was I to blame, or nature, or thyself  
Who flung'st the sweet temptation in my path?  
Was mine the fault that thou instill'dst in me  
High hopes and aspirations which themselves



Are nature's true nobility? Nay, more!  
 If base my birth is the blame mine or his  
 Who liked to listen to my infant talk,  
 And loved me while my mother's face was fair,  
 But flung me from him when she charmed no more?  
 'Tis true—the child of accident and shame  
 Dared breathe his love; and therein was my crime:  
 Yet thereby sought I not the rank nor wealth  
 Which the plumed perfumed darlings of the world  
 Alone are taught to wed for. When *I* spake  
 'Twas when the idol of my soul was girt  
 By peril and by threatened penury;  
 Nor then had I spoken but my heart was full,  
 So full that, torrent-like, love burst the bounds  
 Of prudence and of duty! I was wrong;  
 Yet, when my soul forced language to my lips,  
 'Twas nature syllabled the frantic words,  
 Not thy spurned baseborn kinsman.

*Count.*

Thou art right;

The temper and the tempted both have erred.  
 Great as thy fault has been, I too was wrong;  
 Wrong that I reared thee to too high a state,  
 And wrong in tempting thee beyond thy strength.  
 At present leave me! at more fitting time  
 Thou shalt have private speech with me.

*P. Eliz.*

Stay, sirrah!

I too have words to say to thee which yet  
 May force less haughty language from thy lips.  
 I charge thee!—that to speed thine own bold suit

Thou didst perfidiously insinuate  
 Distrusts between this maid and her betrothed;  
 Falsely and foully representing him  
 A traitor to his word and to his love.

*Traf.* Lady! thou wrong'st me, cruelly thou  
 wrong'st me.

The Lady Anne can vouch that from the lips  
 Of others, not from mine, she first conceived  
 Suspicions of my friend's unworthiness.  
 With tears she bade me tell her if I'd heard  
 The rumours of his falseness: could I lie,  
 And say I had not? I could do no more  
 Than frame excuses for an absent friend,  
 Which that I did the Lady Anne will show thee.

*Count.* Was it so, Anne?

*Anne.* In sooth it was, dear aunt.

*P. Eliz.* 'Tis not for me to judge thee, sir!  
 Enough!

If I have done thee wrong,—which yet I question,  
 Elizabeth of York shall be the first  
 To see full justice dealt thee.

*Traf.* Justice dealt me!

Alas! prejudged, dishonoured by thy words,—  
 [*To the Countess.*] By thine too, noble lady! from  
 this hour

Thy halls must cease to shelter me. 'Twere well  
 I perish in to-morrow's fight: if not,  
 My sword shall win me service in some land  
 Where justice sides with innocence. Farewell!

For all thy goodness to the orphan-youth  
 May Heav'n for ever bless thee!      [*Kneels and  
 kisses her hand.*]      Should I meet,—  
 As soon I trust I may,—a soldier's death,  
 My last pray'r shall be offered for thy weal,  
 The last word which I breathe shall be thy name.      [*Rises.*]

*Count.* I pray thee, leave me! for my heart is  
 full,—

Too full for further speech. Let us within,  
 Fair ones! and pray that sleep may strengthen us  
 To brook the terrors of the approaching morn.

[*Exeunt Countess, P. ELIZABETH and ANNE.*]

*Traf.* Can Hubert have betrayed me?—Can the  
 fox

Have slipped at last into the cunning pit  
 Himself contrived for others? Oh! fool, fool!  
 To plunge beyond my depth into a stream  
 Which, tranquil though it seemed, I should have  
 known  
 Concealed the treacherous whirlpool! Yet, come  
 death,—

Come infamy,—I'll stand at bay and beard  
 The yelping hell-hounds; they may guess my guilt,  
 But, curse them! let them prove it? What then  
 rives me

With this tormenting augury of ill?  
 Why!—that my rival lives, and still may wed  
 The Lady Anne. Damnation! how I wish

He stood within the length of this good sword,  
 That I might end his courtship or my own!  
 Oh, Anne! sole starlight of my darkened lot!  
 Lost Pleiad in my soul's lone firmament!  
 Better to die, than, loving, live to lose thee.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*Lord STANLEY'S Camp near BOSWORTH.*

*Interior of a Tent. Lord STANLEY rising from  
 his knees.*

*Stan.* Now have I made my peace with God and  
 man :

Now should my soul be reconciled to death :  
 Yet cheerless feel I as the sluggish mist  
 That wraps yon sleeping host. The watch-fires fade  
 And flicker like false hopes, the wills o' the wisp  
 Of the benighted heart. How calm the scene!  
 Yet o'er the camp death hovers, like a storm  
 Awhile imprisoned in the stifling air,  
 To burst anon in flames and thunder-peals.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

Hark! how the trumpet startles into life  
 Thousands whose slumbers shall be yet more sound  
 Ere the sun warms their graves for them! But  
 where  
 Can Digby be?—who comes?—

*Enter Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY.*

*Brak.* The king, my lord!  
Enjoins thee with all speed to head thy troops,  
And join his standard.

*Stan.* Should I disobey—  
What then? He ever threatens when he's crossed?

*Brak.* His highness added with a fearful oath,  
“Tell my Lord Stanley, if he hesitates  
I'll hang Lord Strange upon a gallows tree  
So high, that every sutler in my camp  
Shall see him dancing to the mocking breeze.”

*Stan.* Commend me to his majesty, Sir Robert;  
And, mark me!—tell him I have other sons,  
And cannot wait on him just now.

*Brak.* My lord!  
Bethink thee how thy words will anger him!

*Stan.* Thou hast my answer, sir! I pray thee,  
leave me;

I fain would be alone. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Oh, Digby, Digby!

What evil fortune can detain thee thus?  
But who comes now?—Sir Reginald?—Beshrew  
These bootless interruptions!

*Enter Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*Bray.* Good my lord!  
The tyrant leads an army to the field,  
So brave in numbers and in discipline,

It puts Earl Richmond's scanty force to shame;  
Wherefore he prays thee, for the love of Heaven,  
To join him with all speed, or ruin waits him.

*Stan.* Tell him I'll be with him at supper-time!

*Bray.* My lord! is this thine answer to the earl?

*Stan.* It is, sir! I would be alone; I need  
No counsel or I'd crave it.

*Bray.* By my troth,  
These are harsh words to a tried friend!

*Stan.* Forgive me!  
'Tis not my nature to be petulant;  
But life has trials that might ruffle saints.  
Enough! till I'm assured Lord Strange is safe.  
I have no fairer message for the earl.

*Bray.* Then all I fear is lost; farewell, my lord!  
[*Exit Sir REGINALD BRAY.*]

*Stan.* Oh! that the leaden hours would creep less  
slow,  
And make my soul acquainted with the worst!  
My first-born and my first beloved! e'en now  
The block may pillow thy young head. But, ah!  
Here comes my friend.

*Enter Sir SIMON DIGBY.*

A thousand welcomes, Digby!  
What tidings from Northumberland?

*Digby.* Cheer up!  
I have seen a gibbet on which no one hangs,

And heard of threats which none, I trust, will heed.

*Stan.* Say on, my friend!

*Digby.* Know then! an hour ago,  
The tyrant ordered that Lord Strange should die:  
But, on the pleading of the Duke of Norfolk,  
Who reasoned that thou still might'st meditate  
Some sudden emprise for the king's behoof,  
He suffered execution to be stayed.  
Meanwhile Northumberland, with whom I spake,  
Has promised when the king, as is his wont,  
Shall charge into the fiercest of the fight,  
To aid thy son's escape.

*Stan.* Yet how, my friend!  
Shall I receive full surety that he 's safe,  
In time to serve Earl Richmond?

*Bray.* When thou see'st  
A horseman gallop up yon gentle hill  
Waving a crimson pennon, be assured  
Lord Strange is saved from the usurper's gripe.

*Stan.* Bravely thou hast done thine errand; now  
to arms!

Yet stay! my lady-wife is bowed by grief;  
Therefore I'd have thee seek her, and, so far  
As prudence will permit, recount to her  
What thou hast heard and seen. Her princely  
rank

Demands it: nay, 'tis not impossible  
Ere night she'll be the mother of thy king.

*Digby.* Farewell! and may we meet again, my  
lord,  
On this side paradise!

*Stan.*

Farewell, dear friend!

[*Exit* DIGBY.]

Oh! save my son, Great Author of all good!  
And thou, my Eleanor, my sainted one,  
Pray for our first-born at the throne of Heaven!

[*Exit.*]



A C T V.

SCENE I.

*Neighbourhood of Bosworth. Tents. The Count-  
ess of RICHMOND, Sir SIMON DIGBY and Sir  
REGINALD BRAY.*

*Count.* As welcome as repentant souls to heaven!  
Welcome as summer to the birds and flowers!  
As tears are to the wretched, and as rain  
To the parched earth, are thy refreshing words  
And the bright hopes thou raisest. Thy brave feat  
May change an empire's destinies.

*Digby.* Nay, lady!  
I did but serve a friend.

*Count.* Yet never friend  
Was served more gallantly. Didst learn by chance  
How the usurper bears himself?

*Digby.* Men say  
His every act displays the skilful chief  
And dauntless warrior. Sportive, yet severe  
Almost to savagery, himself last night  
Relieved the sentinels; one wearied wretch  
Lay sleeping at his post; the tyrant drew  
His sword, and plunged it in the slumberer's heart,  
Muttering, as calmly he resumed his rounds,  
"I found him sleeping and I've left him so."

*Bray.* And yet 'tis said that, in the dead of night,  
Accusing thoughts, that will not be appeased,  
Press like a brooding nightmare on his soul.

*Digby.* Yes! oftentimes he starts in his unrest,  
Raving of murdered Henry, Edward, Clarence,  
Whose spectral shapes he sees, or seems to see,  
Glide in their bloody grave-gear by his couch,  
Pale, coroneted shadows, unaneled  
And unavenged, who, as they slowly melt  
Into the sable silence of the night,  
With aspects of unutterable grief  
Beckon their murderer to follow them.

*Count.* Thus conscience ever mutinies 'gainst  
crime!

True! there's a dread hereafter which must dawn  
On each unwilling straggler to the grave;  
Yet, irrespective of that world to come,  
There reigns a retributive power in this,  
A heaven or a hell in each man's breast.  
For crime is its own Nemesis, and vice  
A suicide that immolates itself;  
Since thereby come remorse, disease, despair,  
The wasted body, the distempered mind,  
The startled slumber and the waking dread;  
With other ministers of punishment  
That scourge us on our journey to the tomb.  
But virtue lifts a crown to her own brow:  
Albeit 'tis an iron diadem,  
'Tis studded with the choicest pearls of heaven;

With thoughts, that are not of this transient earth,  
With hope, that is the sunshine of the soul,  
And faith, that is the soul of perfectness.

*Bray.* Thou dost remind me of a day long past,  
When, sailing midst the sunny Cyclades  
Clad with the date, the citron, and the vine,  
I watched a pirate vessel on her course.  
Her crew were speeding from a hideous deed :  
Blood was still red upon their hands ; and still  
Rang shrieks of murdered wretches in their ears ;  
Yet the light laugh came wafted from her deck,  
As the fair bark flew merrily along,  
Flinging the sparkling waters from her prow,  
And racing with the softest gales of heaven.  
But, God was on their wake though man was not !  
Anon, the winds, like childhood tired with sport,  
Slept on the sea's smooth breast which gently  
heaved

Fanned by their infant breathing. Then I marked  
An alien cloud that spread its gradual pall,  
Ev'n as a fiend might stretch his sable wings,  
Above the ruthless harlot of the deep,  
Till night usurped the lurid universe.  
Then suddenly a rushing wind was heard ;  
And, louder still, the thunder crash of heaven.  
Therewith a mighty lightning-flash lit up  
The wrath of the roused ocean and its realm  
Of far and foaming waters ; and I saw  
The ship, that had so revelled in her guilt,

The plaything of the giant elements ;  
Now hurled above the wildest of the waves,  
And now, in the black trough of the rent sea,  
Mocked by the careless seamew which sailed past  
Screaming her death-dirge. Thus awhile she  
reeled

Or wrestled in her helpless agony ;  
Then, freighted with her demon-crew, whose  
shrieks

Were drowned by the mad tempest which yelled  
back

Their victims' curses in their ears, she plunged  
Into the billowy hell which gaped for her,  
Ingulphed for ever by the avenging deep.  
It was an awful and a perilous hour ;  
Yet gloriously the glad sun rose again,  
Chasing the mists from the blue heaven. And thus  
This day may the veiled sun of Lancaster  
Rise paramount and radiant o'er this realm !

*Digby.* And ev'n as fate o'ertook that ruthless  
crew,

Doth vengeance lower above the head of Gloucester.

*Bray.* Amen ! That he is doomed I question not ;  
Yet still there doth pertain to this dire king  
An adamantine fortitude, a grim  
Delight in danger, and a rooted hate  
Of all who thwart him in his devilish ways,  
Which, ev'n in death, will make him terrible.

*Count.* Thou deem'st, then, he will die, as he has  
lived,  
Undaunted, unrepenting?

*Bray.* Doubt it not!  
He is not one to rail at death, nor vent  
His fears in execrations. He'll depart,  
And make no sign. Despair may rive his soul;  
The big cold drops may stand upon his brow;  
Yet, with a mute unconquerable will,  
He'll shroud his thoughts from all except his God,  
And the foul fiends that wait for him. But, lo!  
The sun already streaks the east with gold;  
Wherefore, dear lady! thou should'st seek thy tent,  
And we our several posts.

*Count.* [*To Digby.*] Farewell, Sir Knight!  
And Heaven reward thee in its own good time!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*An elevated spot near Bosworth.*

*The Princess ELIZABETH, the Countess of RICH-  
MOND, and ANNE ST. JOHN.*

*Count.* How racking is suspense when all our  
hopes  
Hang trembling in the doubtful scales of fate,  
Poised against death and ruin! Long ago  
I could have stood upon yon eminence,

And gazed unflinching on the dreadful pomp  
 And panoply beneath. But where is now  
 My vaunted fortitude?—Too late we learn  
 How certainly the insolence of youth  
 Is punished by the impotence of age.

*Anne.* Dear Aunt! I am young; I trust in  
 Heaven's decrees:

I'll place me on the summit of yon mount,  
 And glean what passes in the plain.

*P. Eliz.*

Stay, Anne!

*My* father was a soldier and a king,  
 And danger is my birthright.

[*Ascends the mount.*]

[*Sounds of Drums and Trumpets.*]

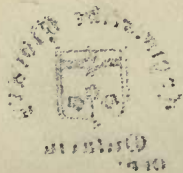
*Count.*

Quick! what seest thou?—

*P. Eliz.* A sight for kings to look upon!—the  
 march

To glory or to death of earth's fierce sons;  
 War in her naked majesty. How grand  
 The measured trample of the steel-clad host!  
 The streaming banners and the waving plumes!  
 The flashing bucklers and the glittering helms!  
 The bristling spears, the neighing cavalry!  
 Oh! would I were a man, to bear my part  
 In yon brave revelry! On! on they march,  
 Archers in front and billmen in the rear,  
 And, in the midst, a terrible array  
 Of bombards, morrice-pikes, and arquebuses.

*Count.* Of whose battalions speakest thou?



*P. Eliz.* Of Gloucester's ;  
 Earl Richmond's have the sun upon their backs,  
 Are further westward and less bravely clad,  
 And therefore less distinct.

*Count.* Canst thou behold  
 Him whom we both should tremble for?

*P. Eliz.* I mark  
 The glittering cognizance of Lancaster,  
 And, borne o'er one who seems in high command,  
 The fiery dragon of Cadwallader.

*Count.* 'Tis he!—Great God of battles! shield my  
 child!  
 Now strive if tow'rds the east thou canst descry  
 The dread usurper.

*P. Eliz.* On a gentle height  
 I mark a troop of warriors gaily plumed  
 And gorgeously caparisoned. Amidst  
 The dazzling throng, upon a milk-white steed  
 That paws the ground and arches his proud neck  
 As if he bore a conqueror,—sits one  
 In arms of damasked gold, around his casque  
 Wearing a kingly diadem. About him  
 Are streamers blazoned with the silver boar  
 Of Gloucester, and, waved high above his plumes,  
 The gorgeous banner of St. George.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

*Count.* Hark! hark!—  
 That blast seemed rife with horror.



*P. Eliz.* Lady! mount!  
 And view the stately pageantry! More near  
 Advance the rival legions. Front to front,  
 They buckle on their helmets—they couch their  
 spears—

They draw their arrows to the head. And now,  
 Their shafts in iron showers o'ercast the light;  
 And now, again, the rays of the fierce sun  
 Flare upon brand and buckler. Mount, oh!  
 mount!

They meet!—they close!—sword flashes against  
 sword;

Lance crosses lance, and the rude battle-axe  
 Thunders on casque and cuirass. Far and near,  
 Bannered and beautiful, the tide of war  
 Rolls fiercely to and fro; advancing now,  
 And now receding; the heart-stirring drums,  
 The thrilling trumpet-blast, the neighing steeds,  
 The clanging armour, and the deafening cheers,  
 Rousing each soul to frenzy.

*Count.* In the strength  
 Of thine hereditary fearlessness  
 Thou heedest not the grisly slain whose souls  
 Are fluttering tow'rd eternity. Seek, rather,  
 The rider whom I named to thee!

*P. Eliz.* Ev'n now  
 A horseman gallops to the rear; a score  
 Of arrows whizzing past his helm. On! on  
 He goads his panting steed:—he gains the height,



And, glancing round him with defiant air,  
Waves high a crimson pennon o'er his head.

*Count.* [*Falling on her knees.*] Sweet God of love!

I thank thee! [*To P. Eliz.*] Look again!  
Lord Stanley should be stirring.

*P. Eliz.* And he is!

Upsoars the eagle-banner of his house!  
Upstart the bold retainers of thy lord!  
They brace their casques:—their glittering swords  
they wave;

And, rushing forward, shout, or seem to shout,  
'A Stanley to the rescue!'

*Count.* And the king?—

*P. Eliz.* Ponders some desperate feat. With  
lifted lance,

And air and gestures of a king, he speaks  
Words that seem strangely eloquent. His knights  
Raise high their falchions, and with loud acclaim  
Extol the orator. They form!—they charge!—  
The flower of English chivalry! on! on  
They spur their coursers tow'ards—

*Count.* My son?

*P. Eliz.* They do!—

Felling whole ranks at once. With furious speed,  
Foremost and fiercest, sweeps the warrior king;  
Goading his foaming charger o'er the dead  
And mowing down the living.

*Count.* And my son

Goes forth to meet him?

*P. Eliz.*                                      No, he bides the brunt;  
 While, inch by inch, grim Gloucester gains on  
     him,  
 Unhorsing squire and knight. So close they are  
 Scarce twenty paces part them. Onward pants  
 The fiercest of his lineage; fast and sure  
 Flashes his dreaded falchion: nearer still  
 He hews his way, and with unearthly might  
 Fells one of giant stature.—By the mass!  
 One last wild effort more, and he has reached  
 The banner of thy house!—Ay! down it falls!  
 Its bearer's helmet cloven to his skull.—  
 I can endure no more.

*Count.*                                      Yet, hark! I hear  
 Loud sounds of triumph. Look again! perchance  
 They are friends who shout.

*P. Eliz.*                                      They are. From north and south  
 Rush on the vassals of thy lord. Their ranks  
 Hem in the doomed usurper. In the midst  
 Of the red fray I mark him. One by one  
 His knights fall lifeless by his side; yet still,  
 Unhorsed, unhelmed, he battles on his feet,  
 Sword, lance and axe all aimed at him.—But lo!  
 Fainter and feebler drops that stalwart arm!  
 O'erpowered by numbers,—wounded,—bleeding,—  
     falls  
 The master-piece of warriors! spurned already,  
 And trampled on, as common dirt, by men  
 He held as cheap as dirt.

*Count.* May all the saints  
Plead for his fleeting soul!

*P. Eliz.* Amen. And yet  
Slight mercy showed he to my brothers' souls;  
To Clarence, Rivers, and brave Buckingham.  
When valiant deeds shall sanctify foul crimes,  
Then will his soul be safe, but not till then.

*Count.* Yet mercy is Heav'n's attribute. But  
now

Look round! and say how fares it with the foe.

*P. Eliz.* One half is flying from the field: the rest  
Salute the conqueror. High above his host,  
Girt with an hundred banners, and the pomp  
Of nodding plumes and blazoned bucklers, stands  
Thy son and my liege lord. Upon a lance,  
Uplifted o'er his head, thy lord exalts  
The royal diadem. O, mount and look!

[*Countess and ANNE ascend.*

Lo! it descends,—it glitters on his brow.  
Ten thousand swords leap sheathless to the sun;  
Ten thousand warriors shout with one accord,  
'Long live King Henry!'

*Count.* Blessed is the sight;  
And blessed be the Power that fought for us!  
Well is it writ that those who sow the wind  
Shall reap the whirlwind.

*P. Eliz.* Let us hence! I see  
A goodly troop of horsemen seeking us,  
Lord Clifford at their head. Yes,—Anne! he lives:

Come, sweetheart, come! we should not be the last  
To greet the victors of this glorious fight. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

*Interior of King RICHARD'S Tent at Bosworth.*

*King HENRY, Lord STANLEY, Sir SIMON DIGBY  
and Sir REGINALD BRAY.*

*K. Henry.* Thou'rt satisfied, Sir Knight?

*Bray.* I am, my liege;  
This Trafford was the traitor, and none else.

*K. Henry.* [*To Stanley.*] My lord! thou hast  
known him from his infancy,  
What sayest thou?

*Stan.* I never loved the knave;  
Yet one, who yesterday so stoutly won  
His knighthood by brave deeds, could scarce, I  
ween,  
Be guilty of such baseness.

*TRAFFORD enters and kneels to HENRY.*

*K. Henry.* Rise, Sir Knight!  
Knowing thy shrewdness, we have sent for thee  
Touching a weighty matter which concerns  
Our royal mother's weal. In this, the tent  
Of the late despot, writings have been seized  
Attesting that for months her acts and those  
Of my Lord Stanley, now my Lord of Derby,

Were, by some household spy who ate their bread,  
 Most trait'rously revealed to our arch-foe ;  
 Whereby her sacred head, and our own hopes  
 Of winning the dominion of this realm,  
 Were placed in grievous peril. Canst thou guess  
 Who wrought this fiendish treason ?

*Traf.* [*Looking askant at Sir R. BRAY.*] Heaven  
 forbid

That Martin Trafford should so wrong a friend  
 As ev'n to guess him guilty !

*K. Henry.* What award  
 Deem'st thou such baseness merits ?

*Traf.* Good my liege !  
 Death were too merciful a penalty.

*Stan.* [*Aside to DIGBY.*] What say'st thou ?—  
 He bears well, I trow, the brunt  
 Of the king's questioning.

*Digby.* [*Aside to STANLEY.*] He doth, my lord ;  
 For still his compact with the Evil One  
 Abides the hour of cancelling.

*K. Henry.* Sir Knight !  
 These are the writings.—Scan them well !—per-  
 chance  
 Thy wit may recognise the characters.

[*TRAFFORD examines them.*]

*Traf.* My liege ! I know them not ;—and yet, me-  
 thinks,  
 They bear a close resemblance in their shape

To certain writings of Sir Reginald  
Her grace from time to time has shown to me.

*Bray.* Before thy coming, Sir! his grace observed  
This foul attempt to work me ill; but, thanks  
To my long-proved attachment to his house,  
My liege absolves me of this damning sin.

*Traf.* And am not I absolved?—for, by my troth!  
I see black looks arraign me?—O my liege!  
Let me not slink through life a branded wretch,  
More cursed, more black, than Cain!

*K. Henry.* We must confess,  
We find slight cause to brand thee with this guilt.

*Traf.* Then, if my king absolves me, who besides  
Dare tax me with this crime?—Sir Reginald!  
I mark a coward sneer upon thy lip,  
And therefore to thy teeth once more I say,—  
Who dare accuse me?

*Enter* CLIFFORD.

*Clif.* I dare, Martin Trafford!  
I charge thee with ingratitude so base,  
With perjuries and crimes so damnable,  
That ev'n the fiends will point to thee as one  
Whose sins were fouler than their own! All this,  
False traitor! at a fitting place and hour,  
I'll make so glaring to thine utter shame,  
That men will rather huddle with the wretch  
On whom the plague-spots fester, than they'll mate  
With thee, thou blotch on chivalry and truth!

*K. Henry.* This is a grave impeachment, Master  
Trafford :

What answer hast thou to Lord Clifford's charge?

*Traf.* My fittest answer is my gage ; which thus—

[*To CLIFFORD.*]

Thou braggart forger of malicious lies !  
I fling in deadly challenge at thy feet ;  
Defying thee, with brand or battle-axe,  
To verify thy words, or own thyself  
A false and recreant knight.

*Clif.*

Thus, too, I hurl

My gage at thee, right worthless though thou art !  
Defying thee, thy body against mine,  
To mortal combat.

*K. Henry.*

Good my Lord of Derby !

As Lord High Constable, and President  
Of the High Court of Chivalry, we ask thee,—  
Is it meet that we consent they arbitrate  
This cause by wage of battle?

*Stan.*

My liege lord !

'Tis entered on the statutes that a knight,  
Accused of unproved treason, may demand  
To try his suit by combat.

*K. Henry.*

Be it so !

We grant the battle. We ourselves, Sir Knights,  
Will name the time and place for your encounter ;  
And grace it with our presence. [*To TRAFFORD.*]

As for thee, Sir !

Till thou hast wiped away the stain which rests

On thy new knighthood, we would fain dispense  
With further service at thy hands.

[*Exit* TRAFFORD.]

Brave Clifford!

Thou'rt of our kin and lineage; and our house  
Is bounden by so many ties to thine,  
That all our hopes and pray'rs must needs be with  
thee;

But, knowing how the hazards of thy youth  
Have circumscribed thy scholarship in arms,  
We tremble for the issue.

*Clif.*

Nay!—I am steeled

In armour brighter than the mail of kings;  
The panoply of innocence. My faith  
In Heaven, and in the goodness of my cause,  
So nerves me, that I'd cross a score of Traffords,  
Though hell itself equipped them for the fray.

*K. Henry.* Certes! ev'n yesterday thy battle-axe  
Did me stout service when the tyrant's lance  
Was pointing to my gorget. Fare thee well!  
May Heaven and all good angels guard thy weal!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

*A Village Fête. View of Skipton Castle.*

HUGH BARTRAM, RUTH, ALICE, HUBERT, Peasants  
*dancing.*

*Hugh.* Fill up your tankards to the brim, my  
friends!



Three cheers! [*Peasants cheer.*] Three more! Long  
may Lord Clifford live  
To enjoy his rightful, long-lost heritage!

## SONG.

Three cheers for our chieftains!  
Three cheers for the day  
That gives back to Skipton  
Their time-honoured sway!  
Our lost lord's discovered,  
His rights are restored,  
And Threlkeld's young peasant  
Is Westmoreland's lord.

Where sat at the banquet  
The chiefs of his race,  
Where they led off the galliard,  
Or headed the chase,  
Once more the blithe minstrel  
In hall shall appear,  
And their horn from the greenwood  
Shall startle the deer.

Through Brough'm's ivied turrets  
The wind moans, where soon  
The owl shall no longer  
Lament to the moon;

For bright lamps shall sparkle,  
 And bright eyes shall shine,  
 While whirl the light dancers,  
 And flows the red wine.

In Lonsb'rough's lone chambers,  
 Her widowhood o'er,  
 The lady of Bromflete  
 Sits weeping no more :  
 Her lost son's recovered,  
 His rights are restored ;  
 The shepherd of Threlkeld  
 Is Westmoreland's lord.

*Enter King HENRY and Lord CLIFFORD on horse-  
 back. Courtiers, Attendants, &c.*

*Clif.* [*Dismounting.*] Heaven bless thee, dearest  
 mother! and thee too,  
 Sweet Alice! [*Embracing them.*] Bless thee, too,  
 my noble Hugh!

I would not miss this grasp of thy true hand  
 To gain a score of coronets. [*To Henry.*] My  
 liege!

This is the faithful pair of whom I spake—[*Pre-  
 sents them to Henry.*]

Who, at the hazard of their lives, preserved  
 The persecuted boy.

*K. Henry.* [*To Hugh and Ruth.*] Not oft the  
 tale

Of humble worth finds listeners at a court,  
 But yours has reached your sovereign. Such re-  
 wards

As earthly kings can give were nought to you  
 Whose meed is stored in heaven; yet demand  
 The choicest gems in Henry Tudor's crown,  
 And freely will he grant ye them.

*Clif.* [*Remounting.*] Farewell!

Friends of my tranquil boyhood! Ere I play  
 The chieftain in the hall to-night, I trust  
 To drain a loving tankard to your healths,  
 And trip once more with Alice on the green.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, CLIFFORD,  
 Courtiers, &c.*]

*Ruth.* Dear Hugh! I feel that I could weep out-  
 right

For very joy. Dost see how gallantly  
 He reins his noble steed, and with what grace  
 He rides beside the king? And then, how kind  
 To greet us with such friendly welcoming!

*Hugh.* Almost too kind by half; for, by my  
 troth!

I feel a tingling in my fingers still,  
 So heartily he grasped them.

*Ruth.* Then, how good

To call me mother!—

*Hugh.* Ay! and kiss thee, dame,  
 In sight of king and courtier!

*Ruth.* Yes, how kind!  
How good of him! My tears are gathering fast;  
I cannot check them.

*Hugh.* And our pretty Alice  
Missed not her share of kisses.

*Alice.* Nay, dear father!  
He did but kiss my hand;—but look who comes?

*Enter Father FRANCIS.*

*Ruth.* Good Father Francis here? The kind old  
man!  
See how the children run to him!

*F. Fran.* Heaven's peace  
Dwell with ye all, dear friends! I little deemed  
These feeble limbs would carry me again  
So far from my lone isle. For years I have prayed  
That Heaven would spare me to embrace once  
more,  
On the familiar threshold of his sires,  
The son of my dead master. But I fear  
I have come to shrive him in his dying hour!

*Alice.* Father! what meanest thou?

*F. Fran.* Alas! my friends,  
The gauntlet has been flung, the lie exchanged,  
'Twixt Master Trafford and my lord. This day  
They join in mortal combat.

*Ruth.* Oh, Hugh, Hugh!  
This is too sad—too terrible!

*Hugh.* Whence sprang  
This cruel feud betwixt two friends?

*F. Fran.* My lord  
Has charged this Martin Trafford with foul acts  
Of treason to the king, and fouler wrong  
Done to himself, wherein he did belie  
The lady of his love, and furthermore,  
Suborned some wretch,—who yet may hang for it,—  
To filch the vouchers of his birth. [HUBERT *starts.*

*Alice.* Why, Hubert!  
Thou quakest like yon poplar leaves: what ails  
thee  
That thus thy colour mounts and flies?—Come  
hither!—  
And thou, too, father, come with us!

[ALICE *takes* HUBERT *and* FATHER FRANCIS *aside.*

Oh, Hubert!  
'Twas *thou* who didst this wrong? Deny it not!  
'Tis written in thy hang-dog look.—See, father!  
See, how his eyeballs glare at me!

*F. Fran.* My son!  
Confess thy crime; nor carry to thy grave  
A canker ever gnawing at thy heart,  
That hideous canker, conscience! Even yet  
A full revelation of thy guilt may stay  
This most unequal combat.

*Hub.* Alice!—father!—  
'Tis true I did this wrong: but not for gold:—

No! not for gold. When I so sinned, my brain  
 Was crazed by hate and jealousy. Oh, Alice!  
 This Martin Trafford swore that thou wert false,  
 And Master Henry wooed thee to thy shame.

*F. Fran.* I see it all; thou hast done wrong—foul  
 wrong,  
 But fouler wrong was wrought on thee. My son!  
 Thou must at once to Skipton, and unmask  
 The devilish dealings of this subtle Trafford  
 Ev'n to the king and council.

*Alice.* Tarry not:  
 They will not hang thee, man!

*Hub.* And if they did,  
 Better the rope were round my neck, than bear  
 The hell that writhes within me.

*Alice.* Quick then, Hubert!  
 And thou [*To HUGH.*] dear father, come with us.  
 I trust,  
 With God's good blessing, we may yet preserve  
 The noble Clifford.

*Hugh.* Alice, art thou mad?

*F. Fran.* Nay question not the maid, but fly with  
 her!

'Tis no fool's errand which she leads thee on.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENE V.

*An Apartment in Skipton Castle.*

ANNE ST. JOHN *discovered in a swoon.* *Princess ELIZABETH attending her.* CLIFFORD *in armour.*

*Clif.* Anne! my beloved! speak to me!—Alas!  
She hears me not, she heeds me not; she sleeps  
The sleep that recks not lover, friend, nor foe;  
How death-like, yet how beautiful! [*Trumpet sounds*] Again

That trumpet cites me to the lists. Farewell,  
Gentlest and dearest! Could thy shrouded eyes  
Look up, and greet me through the pleading tears,  
That trickle down thine alabaster cheek,  
Like dewdrops from the plumage of the swan,  
They would not chide me for this chaste, first kiss,  
Hallowed by such sad parting. [*Kisses her.*] Fare  
thee well!

[*To P. ELIZ.*] Farewell, too, royal maiden! Should  
I fall,

I pray thee, minister a sister's care  
To this fair, fragile floweret! Should I live,  
A Clifford's sword, life, heritage, are thine,  
To prove how deep my gratitude.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

*P. Eliz.*

Farewell!

And love and victory wreath thy sword, Sir Knight!

[*Exit CLIFFORD.*]

*Anne.* [*Recovering.*] Methought he knelt beside  
me!—Has he gone?—  
Gone to his death?—He wept to see me weep;—  
He loves me;—I will seek, kneel, pray to him;—  
Ay! grovel at his feet,—but I'll prevent  
This foul unnatural butchery! [*Going.*]

*P. Eliz.* Stay, Anne!  
On this—the untarnished hearth of a proud race—  
Bethink'st thou that the Clifford's destined bride  
Should blast the Cliffords' honour? His fierce  
sires,  
Who charged at Poitiers and at Agincourt,  
Sprang not from such scared mothers.

*Anne.* Thou art right:  
Their frowns would haunt my slumbers.

*P. Eliz.* Come then, Anne!  
Come to the lists! Nay, shudder not, poor  
child!

The king expects thee: and withal, what knight,  
Knowing the lady of his love o'erlooks  
His cause with pray'r and weeping, but must feel  
His arm thrice nerved for victory?

*Anne.* Should he fall?—  
Oh, Lady! should he fall?

*P. Eliz.* He will not fall;  
By angels sentinelled and those dear eyes,—  
His cause so righteous and his wrongs so deep,—  
So true a Christian, and so brave a knight.—



I had almost said—he *shall* not! Come, Anne, come!

[*Exit Princess ELIZABETH, leading ANNE ST. JOHN.*]

## SCENE VI.

*Open space in front of Skipton Castle. Lists. A throne for the King, and latticed Gallery for Ladies.*

*Lord STANLEY, and Heralds within the Lists. Enter in procession King HENRY, Princess ELIZABETH, Countess of RICHMOND, ANNE ST. JOHN, Courtiers, Heralds, &c.*

*K. Henry.* Is all set forth by ancient precedent,  
Accordant with the rules of chivalry?

*Stan.* It is, my liege.

*K. Henry.* Then let the trumpets sound  
To summon the accuser and the accused.

*After a Flourish of Trumpets, CLIFFORD enters on horseback and rides up to the Barriers.*

*Stan.* What mounted knight art thou, who, cased  
in steel,  
Demandest entrance to these royal lists?

*Clif.* I am Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland;  
Prepared to do my *dévoir* with my axe  
Against Sir Martin Trafford, whom I hold,

And here pronounce, a false, disloyal knight,  
A traitor to his king, this realm, and me.

*Stan.* Sir Knight! lift up thy vizor! and give  
proof

Thou art the true appellant in this suit.

[CLIFFORD *raises his vizor.*

Swear that thy cause is holy, just, and true!

Swear that no aid thou hast from witches' craft!

From herb, nor stone, nor from the wizard's lore,

By which thou look'st for victory!

*Clif.*

I swear it!

*Stan.* Then enter! and the saints defend the  
right!

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

*First Herald.* Sir Martin Trafford! come and prove  
thyself

A valiant knight and loyal gentleman,

'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,

Appellant in this cause!

TRAFFORD *enters on horseback and advances to  
the Barriers.*

*Stan.* Sir Knight! who art thou,  
Who, mounted and with casque and cuirass dight,  
Seek'st entrance to these lists?

*Traf.*

I am Martin Trafford,

A true and loyal knight, come here to do

My *dévoir* with my falchion, lance or axe,

'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,

Whom to his face I style a perjured knight,  
And dastard utterer of spiteful lies!

*Stan.* Uplift thy vizor! [TRAFFORD *raises it.*  
It is well, Sir Knight!

Now, swear no help thou hast from sorcerer's art,  
Nor look'st for victory by other means  
Than God and thy own chivalry!

*Traf.* I swear it!

*Stan.* Then enter! and the Saints uphold the  
right!

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*

*First Herald.* Our sovereign lord, the king, hereby  
ordains

That none,—whate'er his rank, estate, degree,—  
On pain of death shall dare approach these lists  
To abet or aid the combatants.

*Second Herald.* Behold!

Ye lieges all, brave knights and princely dames!  
Henry Lord Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,  
Intent to do his dévoir with his axe  
Against Sir Martin Trafford, whom he styles  
A false and recreant knight.

*First Herald.* Ye lieges all!

Behold Sir Martin Trafford! who maintains,  
'Gainst Henry Clifford, Lord of Westmoreland,  
His cause is just, and dares him to the fray.

*K. Henry.* Sir Knights! address yourselves for  
aid to Heaven!

Then do your dévoirs well and valiantly!  
Sound trumpets!—Forward to the battle!

[*They fight with battle-axes. TRAFFORD is wounded; staggers and falls.*

*Stan.*

Hold!—

The king throws down his warder. Good my liege!  
The vanquished knight, I trow, is hurt to death.

*K. Henry.* Unclasp his vizor! give him breathing room!

[*Sir REGINALD BRAY is beckoned away by an Attendant. TRAFFORD feebly raises himself and fixes his gaze on CLIFFORD.*

*Traf.* Ah!—vanquished?—and by thee!—The fiends themselves

Will work me no worse torture!

*Clif.*

Martin Trafford!

Yield thee my prisoner, and confess thy guilt!

That, for the sake of ancient fellowship,

I sue the king to spare thy forfeit life.

*Traf.* Fool!—All the kings of earth were powerless

To add five minutes to my waning hours:

Nor, if they could,—came the vile meed from thee,—

Would I accept it, though with years of life.

*Clif.* Then! for the sake of thine immortal soul,  
Confess and pray Heaven's mercy.

*Traf.*

What!—confess—

To *thee*—I loathe with such undying hate,

That, glared around me hell's most damned imps,  
 Fretting to whirl me to its dreadest depths,  
 I'd care not,—so my gripe were round thy throat,  
 And that I dragged thee down with me.

*Re-enter Sir R. BRAY, followed by Father  
 FRANCIS, HUBERT, and the BARTRAMS.*

*Bray.* My liege!  
 Behold a conscience-stricken wretch—withal  
 Abashed by this great presence!—who avows  
 That he was wrought on by this wounded knight  
 To steal the vouchers of Lord Clifford's birth;  
 The which he has made good upon his oath.

*Traf. [Aside.]* Ah! Hubert false?—Then death  
 is death indeed!—

My mother! oh, my mother! it was well  
 Thou diedst before this hour!

*K. Henry.* [To Hubert.] Confessest thou  
 This wrong, false knave?

*Hub.* Alas! my liege, I do.

*K. Henry.* Then we adjudge this vanquished com-  
 batant,—

Thus cast by Heaven's high doom, no less convict  
 By dint of human evidence.

*F. Fran. [To Trafford.]* My son!  
 Bethink thee of eternity! for here  
 Thine hours are numbered. Hast thou nought to  
 say  
 May smooth thy soul's dark passage hence?

*Traf.* To thee  
Nothing!—Yet somewhat to yon quaking thief  
Whose lips would lie away men's fame.—Come  
hither!

[*Feels for his dagger.*] Come nearer, Hubert! My  
voice fails.—I am weak.—

[HUBERT *hesitates.*

Damnation! Stand not thus with staring eyes  
And chattering teeth!—Thou'lt fear the hangman  
yet

More than thou fearest me. Come here, I say!  
Thou wilt not come?—Then hear me!—May my  
curse,

And this, my parting look of quenchless hate,  
Haunt thy scared nights, and agonize thy days  
With pangs as fierce as I now feel!

And ye!

Who feast your eyes upon my dying throes,  
I hate ye all!—save one—whose seraph face  
I fain would look upon once more.—Alas!  
I see her not!—a film steals o'er my eyes;—  
An icy chill creeps through my veins!—Can this—  
Be death? 'Tis strange,—'tis terrible!—To die!—  
To sink so young into the damp, dark grave!—  
No heart to mourn, no eye to weep for me!  
My mother!—do I see thee?—clasp thee?—No!—  
Even *thou* avoidest,—fliest me!—Oh! save me!  
Save me, my mother!—save me!—Ye foul fiends!  
Stand back!—Avaunt, I say!

*K. Henry.* This is no sight  
For ladies' eyes to gaze on. Bear him hence!  
His words and looks are fearful.

[*Attendants lift up* TRAFFORD.]

*Traf.* Do ye dread  
A dying man?—Where's Clifford?—Art *thou* he?—  
Methinks thou art?—Hark, Clifford!—To the last  
I do abhor thee!—scorn thee!—spit at thee!

[*Exit* TRAFFORD, borne by *Attendants*.]

*K. Henry.* Behold the wrath of retributive  
Heaven!

But meet it is that we attune our minds  
To gentler thoughts and feelings.

My Lord Clifford!

Amidst the peerless bevy of fair dames  
Who trembled for thy safety, one I marked,  
The silent agony of whose clasped hands  
And stifled tears, too eloquently told  
How tenderly she loves thee. Take her, Clifford!  
We give thee our sweet cousin; and may Heaven  
Accord thee such abundant happiness,  
As we ourselves forsooth anticipate  
With this fair Maid of York.

[*Takes P.* ELIZABETH *by the hand*.]

For yonder knave—  
Who has so wronged thee!—guards! away with him  
To instant execution! [*Guards seize* HUBERT.]

*Clif.* Good my liege!  
Right humbly do I crave thy clemency

For this misguided peasant. He has erred :  
 Yet once I knew him virtuous, kind, and brave ;  
 And, weeting by what wiles he was beset,  
 I pray thee pardon him ! Here's one, I trust,

[*Points to ALICE.*

Who'll be his surety, should his life be spared,  
 That he'll transgress no longer.

*K. Henry.*

Be it so !

If thou canst pardon him, 'tis not for us  
 To shut the hand of mercy.

*Clif.*

Take then ! Hubert,  
 The life thy guilt has forfeited ! Ev'n yet,  
 By prayer and shrift, thou may'st achieve for thee  
 That choicest blessing Heaven ordains for man,  
 A woman's changeless love.

*K. Henry.*

And now, dear friends !

Praise be to Him who has reserved for us  
 To heal the maladies of this sick realm ;  
 To dry the widow's and the orphan's tears ;  
 And blend for ever York and Lancaster !  
 Henceforth the glory of our reign shall be  
 To sheath the sword, disuse the armourer's craft ;  
 To change the trumpet for the lover's lute ;  
 The war-horse for the lady's ambling steed ;  
 To turn dank marshes into orchard meads,  
 And tangled thickets into garden-bowers.

[*Curtain falls.*



## NOTES TO THE DRAMA.

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### I.

Page 205.

“From Staincliffe, Horton Fells, and Litton Dale,” &c.

THE roll of names, as given in the text, of the principal places from which the retainers of the Cliffords anciently flocked to the standard of their lords, is taken from the old metrical history of Flodden Field, in which the manors of the “shepherd-lord” are thus enumerated:—

“From Penigent to Pendle Hill,  
From Linton to Long Addingham,  
And all that Craven coasts did till,  
They with the lusty Clifford came;  
All Staincliffe hundred went with him,  
With striplings strong from Wharledale,  
And all that Hauton hills did climb,  
With Longstroth eke and Litton Dale,  
Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,  
Well brown'd with sounding bows upbend;  
All such as Horton fells had fed  
On Clifford's banner did attend.”

*Whitaker's Hist. of Craven, p. 254.*

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### II.

Page 215.

“Dear Sheen! ev'n now  
I see thy living landscape 'neath my feet,” &c.

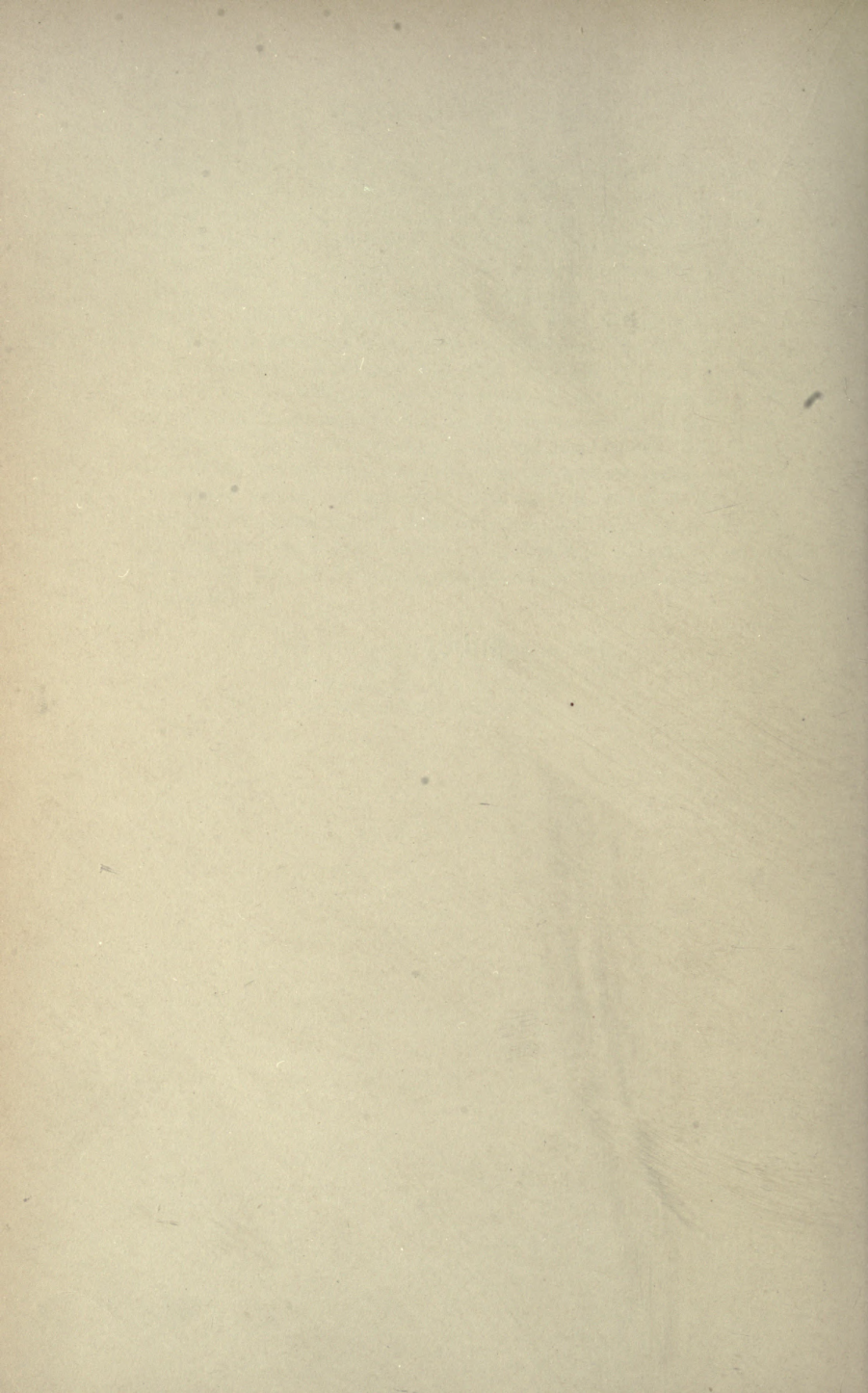
Previously to the commencement of the sixteenth century, *Shène*, or *Sheen*,—signifying shining or beautiful—was the ancient name of the

palace of Richmond, in Surrey. The latter name was substituted by Henry VII., in compliment, apparently, to the title which he had borne before he exchanged an earl's coronet for a kingly diadem. "In this year [16 Henry VII.], the 21st of December," writes Fabyan, "in the night was an hideous thunder; and, this year, was the name of the king's palace of Shene changed, and called after that day Rychemont." *Fabyan's Chronicles*, p. 687. The lines in the text, in which the Princess Elizabeth is supposed to apostrophize the beautiful prospect visible from Richmond Hill, were composed by the author some years since, and formerly figured anonymously as an inscription in the terrace-walk in Richmond Park, overlooking the valley of the Thames. The possibility of its occurring to an occasional reader that he has somewhere met with the lines before, though without exactly recollecting where, induces the author to point out this otherwise very unimportant circumstance. To those who are well acquainted with the locality, the "old church," referred to in the text, is intended, not for Richmond, but for Petersham church, which lies embowered in the valley below.

Hic nimium dilecta, jaces, pia nata, fidelis  
 Uxor, amans mater, junctaque morte soror.  
 Hic, ubi cara tuis, aliis aliena, fuisti,  
 Te celebrare licet, te meminisse juvat.

J. H. J.

**Inder**



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