AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

VOL. II

(1485 – 1660)

By the Same Author

THE MAKING OF WESTERN EUROPE.
Being an attempt to trace the fortunes of THE CHILDREN OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.
Volume I. The Dark Ages, 300—1000 A.D.

Death of Mr Fletcher:
2nd May, 1934, at the age of

AN INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM HENRY VII TO THE RESTORATION

1485 — 1660

BY C. R. L. FLETCHER

SOMETIME FELLOW OF ALL SOULS AND MAGDALEN COLLEGES, OXFORD

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EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO A. F. POLLARD

MY DEAR POLLARD,—

Dedications are said to be wholly out of keeping with the 'spirit of the age'; but they are not more so than is the dedicator of this volume. I take the liberty of putting my preface in the form of a letter to you, for two reasons: first, because it was only your advice and sympathy which gave me courage to tackle such a difficult period as the Sixteenth Century; and secondly, because it is your own monographs on Henry VIII., Somerset and Cranmer that have made the most critical years in English History at last intelligible to English readers. I am not likely to forget an evening which we spent together, in the course of which you, out of the stores of your memory, dictated to me for nearly an hour a list of the authorities which I ought to consult. I diligently took the list down from your dictation, and afterwards (less diligently) read about one-quarter of the said authorities. To this initial kindness, and to that of frequent response to my applications for help, you have now added the final service of revising the manuscript of the Tudor portion of the volume, and of putting your *imprimatur* to it.

Next to you my thanks are due to our Regius Pro-

fessor at Oxford, whose knowledge of Seventeenth-Century history has never been equalled, unless by that of our lost master, S. R. Gardiner. Professor Firth has been good enough to perform, for the portion of the volume dealing with the Stuarts, the same kind office which you performed for that dealing with the Tudors. To you, to him and to Professor Lodge of Edinburgh, who has revised the whole, I owe thanks for innumerable valuable suggestions. Mr. Moreton-Macdonald of Largie and Mr. Hilliard, Fellow of Balliol College, have both proved themselves expert and trenchant critics of my somewhat crabbed, tortuous, and elliptic English. The story of the *Heldenzeit* of England is worthy to be told in the majestic periods of Raleigh or Clarendon; but, you see, it has fallen to a weaker hand, which is the product of a less classical, less learned, and less virile age.

With the exception of the ordinary books which every student consults, my sources of information for this part of my work have not been many. I have used the volumes of the State Papers in the Record Office which deal with the reign of Edward VI., and some of those dealing with Mary and Elizabeth; also Bishop Poynet's 'Treatise of Politique Power'; several of the Chronicles of the Sixteenth Century, printed in the Camden Series—to wit, Machyn's Diary, Wriothesley's Chronicle, the Grey Friars' Chronicle, and the 'Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary'; the 'Literary Remains of Edward VI.' (Roxburghe); the 'Troubles connected with the Prayer-Book' (Camden); Dasent's 'Acts of the Privy Council'; Law's 'History of Hampton Court'; Mr. Leach's 'English Schools at the Reformation.' For social history I have made great use of the Right Hon. D. H. Madden's 'Diary of Master William Silence'; of

the Verney Papers, the Lives of the Norths, Mr. Hamilton's 'Quarter Sessions from Elizabeth to Anne,' and the Sussex Archæological Collections. I have supplemented the latter by a few extracts from the minute-books of the Sussex quarter sessions in the Seventeenth Century, which were placed at my disposal by the kindness of Mr. F. Merrifield, Clerk of the Peace for the County of Sussex.

I ought perhaps to repeat, from the preface to my first volume, a caution concerning the 'Manor of Tubney.' That happy spot exists only in the spirit, although the incidents that spiritually took place there are all founded on fact or on reasonable inference from known facts. Most of the persons who appear in its story were real Sussex characters. In order to conceal its geographical situation, I have, like Mahbub Ali, muddied the wells of inquiry with the stick of precaution. I do not think Tubney will re-appear in my third volume.

You, who write for men, and I, who write for boys, and all other students of history are to-day in mourning for the loss of Frederick William Maitland. I think I have often told you how all my real interest in serious History dates from a chance visit many years ago to his lecture-room at Cambridge. His main researches lay in fields outside the subject of this volume, but in the 'Cambridge Modern History' there is a chapter by him on the Anglican Settlement and the Scottish Reformation, which is not only one of the soundest, but also one of the most brilliant pieces of writing in the whole range of English historical literature. His loss seems to us for the moment irreparable; yet among the younger workers in our subject there may be some who are learning to tread in his footsteps. I know no one who is able to present to the world the results of

research with a force and vivacity at all comparable to his, unless it be yourself. That, in spite of your continuous labours at teaching, you may soon find time to give us something fresh on Sixteenth-Century England (perhaps that 'History of Tudor Parliaments, their *Werden und Werken*'), is the earnest hope of all your readers, and especially, my dear Pollard,

of your most grateful friend,

C. R. L. FLETCHER.

OXFORD, *New Year's Day*, 1907.

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INTRODUCTORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND

1485—1660

CHAPTER I

KING HENRY VII

THE hundred and eighteen years from the battle of Bosworth to the death of Elizabeth form an astonishing contrast to the period which preceded them. I complained towards the close of my last volume that the Fifteenth Century was rather dull and that the authorities were scanty. In the Sixteenth we are confronted by a whole wilderness of authorities, which seldom agree on their story. So in the place of dullness will come difficulty of reconciling opinions, which conflict upon the most serious of all grounds—the religious. To some extent the conflict has been continued to our own day; for the view we take of the men and events of the Reformation is bound to be coloured by our own religious views, just as the view we take of the later conflict between Crown and Parliament is bound to be coloured by our own political views. One set of historians will tell you that Henry VIII. was a high-minded patriot, who only carried out what all the enlightened Englishmen of his day

demanded ; another will regard him as a savage monster, who terrorized a nation into abject compliance with his selfish will. It is the character of transition from mediævalism to the modern world which makes the Sixteenth Century so hard to describe. The duty of attempting to understand it is all the more binding. It is possible (though not advisable) to regard the story of the Middle Ages as a sort of fairy tale, or a series of pageants ; but it is impossible not to take the Sixteenth Century very seriously. For it was the workshop of modern ideas—or rather a sort of cauldron, into which were cast all the thoughts of a number of very great men upon religion, politics and social life ; the cauldron boiled and bubbled, and sometimes, even in England, boiled over in fierce spurts of rebellion. The fire that heated it was kindled by the torch of the Ancient World. Wild ideas upon religion and government were put forward (you can find some very wild ones sanctioned in Greek history and literature) ; and the honest, stupid majority of mankind was apt to be confused by them. Happily for England, the mass of her citizens was more honest or more stupid than their Continental neighbours ; and so England came through the stormy period with her old ideals rather altered than shattered, and her laws and habits still reposing in the main upon old precedents.

Yet 'John Bull' must have had very uneasy qualms at times on the subject of his ancient liberties, trial by jury, parliamentary powers and the like. One idea, however, he had got firmly rooted in his mind before the death of Henry VII.—namely, that he would have no more 'Wars of the Roses,' and that the best way of making perfectly sure of this was to exalt the power of the Crown, and let the other factors in the State—Church,

Parliament, and Law Courts—go somewhat to the wall. Thus it came about that the Tudors, with a weak title, with no serious armed force at their disposal, with all the old checks against despotism still nominally in existence, came not only to rule England pretty much as they pleased, but even to force the great mass of their subjects into conformity with their own remarkable and changeable religious views. Order was the great need of the country, and the Crown alone could be trusted to keep it; and if the king told you that the interests of order demanded the overthrow of the Pope—well, you remembered how you had always hated him and his pardoners, summoners, apparitors and exactions generally; then, if the queen told you that England would never know peace until she was reunited to Papal Christendom—well, you know you hated those greedy, ignorant iconoclasts who had stripped the lead from your parish church, shot at your parish image of the Virgin with crossbows, and made a mock of the most sacred ceremonies of the faith: king or queen for the time being was likely to know best. Anyhow, the Crown kept peace at home, engaged little in costly foreign wars, was prudent enough to tax you very lightly, and your riches grew steadily.

The Tudors, then, were exceptionally favoured by the temper of the mass of men with whom they had to deal. They were favoured even more by their own masterful characters and high intellectual powers. All were men and women of great brain-power, carefully cultivated (with the doubtful exception of Henry VII.) by the best possible education; they were scholars, linguists and musicians of refined artistic tastes; three of them at least were masters of political science and statecraft;

and all but one seem to have been almost entirely devoid of moral scruples. Poor Mary with the ugly name is the least dishonest of the family.

We must further grasp the fact that the rapid spread of education among the upper and middle classes brought to the service of the Crown a set of ministers and officials trained in the same intellectual atmosphere as the kings and entirely dependent on them; men who effaced themselves to do the royal pleasure and who would stick at nothing to fulfil it—the very names of most of them must be sought for in obscure state papers in the Record Office. Who now remembers Urswick or Bray, Sadler, Pace, or Randolph? Even to contemporaries Wolsey and Cromwell alone of them loomed large. The king for the time being overshadowed ministers in the eyes of ordinary men, as he overshadowed judges, bishops, and Parliaments; he was 'the State.' Machiavelli discusses the question whether the prudence of the prince is the result of good counsellors or good counsellors the result of the prudence of the prince. He unhesitatingly decides for the latter view; and, if we agree with him, we shall have to admit that the Tudors as a race were very prudent princes.

Finally, the Tudors were favoured by luck. The great contest between France and Spain and Germany was to occupy most of the century—Germany and France themselves torn the while by religious dissensions. If England could keep out of this (judiciously fomenting it when no one was looking) she would be growing stronger unperceived; and at last, when Spain appeared to be winning in that strife, people were surprised to find that England was strong enough to clutch the King of Spain by the beard and give him an awkward shake. If only

Elizabeth had had the courage of her people's opinions, she might have toppled the Spanish colossus over altogether.

I shall now ask you to remember only one or two preliminaries as to the conditions of the Europe of 1485–1603; and one is that in nearly all the Western countries the sovereigns were consolidating their power in the same way as the Tudors were in England. Mediæval institutions, many of which were in favour of liberty as well as of disorder—*e.g.* great nobles with hereditary jurisdictions, Parliaments, 'Estates,' and the like—were being deliberately overthrown, or else reduced to shadows; small states on the borders of the great monarchies were in danger of absorption. The result was that the personal characters of kings and their mutual relations became of first-rate importance; and it is for this reason that the reports of ambassadors, especially those of the highly intelligent ambassadors kept by Spain and the republic of Venice in every European court, are so valuable as materials for history.

Another point is that the revival of Greek learning led men, even in countries which had little to say to the Reformation, to question the truth of the doctrines of the Roman Church; and this in itself would have been merely productive of good. But that Church had for ages declared that doctrine and morality were inseparable, and must stand or fall together. Even the Reformers were so much under the influence of tradition that they very often merely substituted for the Roman a set of doctrines of their own, and declared morality to be inseparable from them. And when doctrine crumbled at the assault of reason, morality was very apt to crumble too. Taken as a whole, then, it was not a moral age.

Lastly, it was an age of 'eye-openers,' if one may use such an expression. The rapid multiplication of schools and colleges and printed books left each generation with a different outlook on life from the one before it. The discovery of a direct sea-route to the East, the discovery of America and the revolution in prices which followed the importation of gold and silver from its mines, came as a series of shocks. Sudden realizations of great fortunes and sudden losses excite and stimulate the intelligence of mankind, if they are bad for its morality. At the end of the century anything seemed possible to an adventurous spirit. Look at Millais' noble picture of the 'Boyhood of Raleigh'; the child lies on the short down turf, listening to the extravagant tales of the swarthy sailor with gold earrings, and gazing over the waves to the West :—

> There was a murmur in their restless beat,
> That flung strange shells and corals at his feet.

And Raleigh grew into a man to whom, in the end, the possible seemed to have very few limits. Again, however, a caution; one must beware of thinking that the new ideas revolutionized men's minds all at once. Only a very few, like Sir Thomas More or Raleigh, would grasp their meaning as a whole. We now look back on a 'century' as a definite period, and see, dimly enough, great movements in operation within it, and great changes wrought during it; but we are apt to forget that a century contains a hundred years, and that three generations of men come to maturity in it. A year, too, is a long period of time, and to most men, even in the age of discoveries, seed-time and harvest, the chances of flood, fire or drought must have been infinitely more important

than the discovery of printing or of America. This is a truism, but one needs to be reminded of such truisms sometimes.

In King Henry VII.'s reign these new ideas and movements hardly show themselves above the surface. No one is aware that the reign is closing one (dull) and opening another (great) epoch; certainly the King himself doesn't seem to be aware of it. He was twenty-nine years old when he won Bosworth, and he had lived a hard life (since 1471 in exile). The popular conception of him is, I suppose, as a King of mysterious prudence and great avarice. We all know two or three stories about him: how he went to dine with Lord Oxford, who had turned out a magnificent show of retainers to do honour to his sovereign, and immediately fined him 15,000 marks for having more 'gentlemen in livery' than the law allowed; how his Chancellor Morton instructed the tax-collectors 'that a man who lives in splendour must be rich, therefore fleece him; one who lives penuriously must have lots to spare, therefore fleece him.' Neither of these stories is unlikely to be true. But it pleased the great Francis Bacon, philosopher and statesman, to solace the first months of his leisure, after being dismissed from the Chancellorship, to write, a hundred and twelve years after Henry's death, a little book called the 'History of the Reign of King Henry VII.,' and to dedicate the same to the 'Most Illustrious and Most Excellent Prince Charles.' The book is a treatise on kingcraft, and Henry is called one of the 'Tres Magi' of the age: his wisdom, and, above all, his secrecy and his thrift, are commended as models for future kings; and it is to be feared that the Most Illustrious Prince Charles, who never could keep a shilling or a secret, profited little by the lesson. But my point is that these

two stories,[1] and many others about Henry VII., come straight from Bacon, and are not found in any earlier authority; and that most writers have uncritically copied Bacon and taken his character of Henry on trust.

That Henry was 'a prince sad, serious, and full of secret thoughts and observations,' that he trusted no man very much, that he employed spies both at home and abroad on quite a novel scale, that he cared little for pleasure but was 'wholly given to his affairs,' we may well believe. In person he was quite unlike his burly son, who no doubt inherited the good looks of his maternal grandfather, Edward IV. When he died, in his fifty-third year, emaciated, furrowed, bald, and toothless, it was after years of patient toil at the business of state. He had a high sense of the dignity of the Crown, and of the necessity of imposing on the vulgar by profusion in pageants, and by reserved state in private life. Yet his account-book shows his real tastes to have been simple and frugal; only on music and musicians was there any lavish outlay. But his love for fine architecture is shown in the chapel of his sepulture at Westminster (begun in 1503), and in St. George's at Windsor. For a Tudor, he was fairly merciful and somewhat ostentatiously devout, but neither mercy nor piety was ever allowed to interfere with his interests. The son of a very learned mother, though not specially learned himself (he seems to have spoken and written only in English, French, and Latin), he was at pains to provide the most elaborately learned education for his children. That he had enlightened notions about English commerce I hope to show presently,

[1] It is only fair to say that in one of Erasmus' letters a story somewhat similar to that of 'Morton's fork,' is told, but the hero of it is Bishop Fox.

but he too often allowed temporary political motives to interfere with his following of them up. I like to notice that he left by will £2,000 to improve the highways and bridges in Kent and Berkshire, and that he contributed from his private purse to the discoveries of John Cabot in North-Western America. We may regard him, then, as a careful steward of the national revenue, which he regarded (as, indeed, the law regarded it) as his own; a careful 'husband' to his people, with whom he never cared to be popular; and yet somewhat of a huckster and somewhat of a tyrant,—a man who repels us more by absolute want of any moral grandeur than by any active vices.

Four main points in the details of his reign will chiefly concern us: struggles with Yorkist pretenders; the foundation of a new system of foreign policy; the legal and extra-legal foundation of the Tudor 'absolutism'; and the development of English commerce and industry.

1. When the new King entered London after Bosworth he was really only a fortunate pretender who had won a battle; he was obliged to manufacture a title to the throne, and for this he seems to have relied on a sort of mixture of the old Lancastrian claim (which, as Parliament had legitimated his Beaufort ancestors, was undoubtedly his) and of the 'judgment of God in the field.' We must remember that the original Lancastrian claim had rested on the exclusion of females, and of succession through females; and Henry deliberately excluded his own mother, Margaret Beaufort, who would probably have been an excellent queen. In reality he must have known that people saw in him the man who had solemnly sworn to marry Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and the real heiress of Edward III., and

so to unite the houses of Lancaster and York. But all the Tudors ignored this ground of title. The so-called 'Tudor Rose' is an horticultural fiction; all bore on their coat the red rose of Lancaster. Henry, however, craftily got his Parliament (no doubt carefully packed) to entail the Crown on himself and the heirs of his body without any mention of the proposed marriage, which did not take place till January, 1486. Now let us see who could dispute his title—from whom danger was to be feared:—

(1) The Princess Elizabeth herself was the best heir of Edward III.

(2) Failing her, Edward IV.'s second daughter Katharine, afterwards married to Sir William Courtenay; she became the mother of the Marquis of Exeter.

(3) The son of George, Duke of Clarence, known as Edward, Earl of Warwick, now fifteen years of age.

(4) Margaret, the sister of the said Earl of Warwick, afterwards Lady Salisbury and mother of Cardinal Pole.

(5) The five sons of Edward IV.'s sister Elizabeth, who had married one of the Suffolk De la Poles. Three of these were dangerous: John, Earl of Lincoln, who was of age and had been recognized as heir by Richard III.; Edmund, Earl of Suffolk; and Richard.

(6) Edward Stafford, third Duke of Buckingham, descended from Thomas of Gloucester, the youngest son of Edward III.

(7) Most dangerous of all, though not as a claimant, was another sister of Edward IV., the widowed Duchess Margaret of Burgundy, now living at Bruges; she pulled all the strings of all the insurrections till her death in 1503.

The House of York had, besides, devoted partisans in the north and in Ireland—especially the families of Fitzgerald, Ferrers, Stafford, Lovel, and Howard. In

the eyes of these people there was no conceivable reason why the Wars of the Roses should come to an end, unless in their favour.

King Henry, however, from the first set about meeting his difficulties in a businesslike manner; he shut up the young Earl of Warwick in the Tower, and he tried to conciliate the other Yorkist leaders, soon completely winning over some of them—*e.g.* the Howards, and Lords Zouch and Ferrers. But with two or three exceptions he kept great nobles away from his Council, which he formed at first and always of bishops and professional civil servants; and among these Sir Reginald Bray, John Morton, Archbishop and Chancellor till his death in 1500, and Richard Fox, Bishop of Winchester, stand easily first. When necessary the King was very apt to be found in person on a battle-field to crush his enemies, but in general he preferred to catch them one by one in craftily spread nets.

Rancorous as Duchess Margaret was, she had some poverty of imagination, for the best scheme she could devise was to dress up two successive pretenders, whose real names were Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, to resemble either the young Earl of Warwick or one of the sons of Edward IV. (who might be supposed to have escaped from the murder in the Tower). One need not remember the wearisome details of their respective plots. The interest lies in the fact that both insurrections found favour in Ireland, that both really originated in Flanders, and that the Yorkists do not seem to have made up their minds whether it should be the Earl of Warwick or some other Plantagenet who should be crowned when the pretender had upset the King's Government. Simnel's men fought best, but were annihilated at Stoke (near Newark) in 1487, and the Earl of Lincoln was slain. Warbeck's,

however, was the more serious insurrection, for, off and on, he was a bugbear for seven years, 1492–9. Some people say that he did not know who he was; some ingenious doubters have even tried to make out that he really was Edward IV.'s second son. But, as the shifts and turns of Henry's foreign policy caused him to be from time to time on bad terms with one or other of his neighbours, this pretender was successively received at the courts of the French King, the German Emperor, the Duke of Burgundy and, worse still, in Scotland. There the chivalrous James IV. evidently believed in him, and gave him a noble wife of royal lineage. Henry's diplomacy was usually equal to making Perkin shift his asylum pretty frequently—*e.g.* he would buy his expulsion from the Netherlands with some remission of duties on Flemish merchants visiting England. Do not sneer at our huckster King for it; it was better than blazing out in wrath and sending ten thousand English archers to die of ague in the swamps of the Scheldt, as a less politic monarch might have done. A great war was just what Henry knew he could not afford; when he thought for a moment of a serious invasion of Scotland, and got Parliament, contrary to his wont, to vote him a stiff tax to support it, an insurrection was at once provoked in Cornwall, and, under leaders somewhat of the Jack Cade type, rolled heavily up to London, where it was defeated at Blackheath (1497). After knocking at various doors, with and without foreign support, Perkin was captured in Hampshire and sent to the Tower in 1497. He then read a public confession of his imposture, which, of course, Henry's enemies said that the King had forged; and by that time people began to see that this Government, unlike its predecessors, was in the habit of triumphing

over insurrections. From every such triumph Henry and his dynasty emerged stronger; and perhaps Warbeck might have been spared had he not contrived to intrigue even in the Tower with the real Warwick, a movement which brought them both to the block. Simnel had been 'made a scullion in the King's kitchen'; and once, with a rare touch of Tudor humour, Henry invited some Irish lords (long since reconciled) to dine, and bade Simnel serve them, 'but they wished the great devil had taken him before ever they had seen his face,' and did not appreciate the wine he poured out for them.

The only other serious dynastic danger came from Edmund, Earl of Suffolk, who, after being kindly treated by Henry till 1499, seems to have picked a quarrel and fled to the Continent. There he pursued a course very similar to Warbeck's, and was favoured or scouted by the various European courts according as Henry's weight in the diplomatic balance rose or fell. At last, in 1506, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who, just because he couldn't afford to quarrel too openly with England, was on the whole the most persistent of Henry's enemies, being accidentally wrecked on the English coast, sold poor Edmund to Henry, who shut him up in the Tower; and Henry VIII. only let him out in order to chop off his head. Richard, the last of the De la Pole brothers, lived in exile all his life and died in the French service, 1525. Meanwhile King Henry begat two sons, Arthur and Henry, and two daughters, Margaret and Mary. These children very early appeared to him as valuable assets to be invested in the diplomatic-matrimonial market.

2. We come, therefore, to consider Henry VII. as the founder of a new system of foreign policy. To understand this we must take a glance at his rivals in the

tortuous game, at the objects for which he strove and the measure of success which he obtained. As for the means employed by him, in common with his contemporaries, they were incessant embassies (a good ambassador should always be something of a spy), secret and open bribes, matrimonial proposals, and commercial treaties. Every one of the players loaded his dice and kept cards up his sleeve, swore on the gospels, and omitted to keep his oath. The wonder is that any one ever expected any one else to believe him: I suppose that, as Machiavelli says, "men are so obedient to their present necessities" that "a crafty man will always find his account in craft." Henry's diplomacy was not more conspicuously false than that of his contemporaries—probably less so than that of the greatest of them, Ferdinand of Arragon.

Now the leading players in the game were (i) this Ferdinand (died 1516) and his wife, Isabella of Castille (died 1504), now sovereigns of a united Spain, a 'new' country elated with the final victory over the Moors (1492); (ii) the German Hapsburg family, represented by Maximilian (Emperor 1493; died 1519), and by Max's son Philip, Duke of Burgundy in right of his mother, and so sovereign of all the Netherlands; he was married in 1495 to Ferdinand's daughter Joan, heiress of all Spain; and (iii) the successive kings of France, Charles VIII. (died 1498) and Louis XII. (died 1515). When Henry VII. came to the throne England had not much more consideration, in comparison with these mighty powers, than Portugal or Milan or Switzerland; when he died one might almost say that she held the balance of Europe in her hands. Turning to Henry's objects, we may define them to be (1) the maintenance of Calais; (2) the open door into Flanders for English wool and into

other countries for English cloth (now really manufactured upon a serious scale); (3) the final overthrow of the 'auld alliance' between Scotland and France, and the attraction of Scotland into the orbit of England; and (4), as I have said above, the preservation of his dynasty from Yorkist pretenders. This is a simple, businesslike and national programme, and the third article in it, which he pursued with the greatest steadiness, gives him a high place among English statesmen.

Now look:—all these four objects he did attain; and only his son's folly upset the success of the third. It seemed to Henry distinctly inadvisable to lean too permanently towards any one of the great powers; but if he leant towards any one more than another it was to the 'new' power of Spain. In the first place, Spain could bring more pressure to bear upon Philip of Burgundy than any other power, for was not Philip, in right of his wife, heir of Castille? In the second place, Henry probably had the *flair* to discern that Spain was the coming country. The result was the marriage of Prince Arthur (*ætat.* 15) to the Lady Katharine of Spain (*ætat.* 18) in 1501, and, when Arthur died in 1502, the proposal to re-marry her to Arthur's brother Henry. A papal dispensation was obtained for the unhallowable union; but, whether the scruple to carry it out came from Spain or from England, Katharine remained a betrothed widow till Prince Henry became king in 1509. The greatest value of the Spanish alliance was perhaps manifested when Pedro de Ayala, Ferdinand's ambassador in Scotland, negotiated and forced through the marriage of Margaret Tudor with King James IV. Though for many years to come this led to little more than diplomatic intercourse between England and Scotland, it was a master-stroke

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against France; and in the end, exactly a hundred years after Margaret had crossed the border, her descendant James, 'sixth and first,' recrossed it as King of Great Britain. A more elaborately planned scheme for the marriage of the youngest child, Mary, to Prince Charles (the son of Philip and Joan, and so heir of Burgundy, Spain and Austria, and afterwards to be Emperor) came to nothing in the end, although it was supposed to be a binding contract when Henry VII. died; but it shows the position and estimation attained by England at the time. To have accomplished all this, and accomplished it with only one little war—and that a mere demonstration against France in 1492, with practically no bloodshed and a good commercial treaty to close it—was surely a great performance. Perhaps, indeed, of all the great powers the French kings caused Henry least trouble, and that was because France was whole-heartedly engaged in a series of attempts on Italy, which were of little profit to herself but much to her rivals.

3. It is when we come to consider the domestic foundations of the Tudor absolutism that we find King Henry at his best and at his worst. It is perhaps a tenable view that his exile in France had led him to a contempt for English precedents; the very observant Spaniard Ayala writes in 1498, "the King would like to govern England in the French fashion, but he cannot do it." Once, however, Henry got an obedient Parliament to pass an Act allowing him, in accordance with the French practice, to indict his subjects for misdemeanours without the intervention of a grand jury; much of the extortion of the later years of his reign was the consequence of this Act, which Henry VIII., who courted popularity, at once repealed.

As to the obedience of the House of Commons, there was nothing new in that. We have seen it constantly packed since the later years of Henry VI. We have no records of debates in Henry VII.'s Houses, and the existing parliamentary rolls are very scanty. There were but seven Parliaments in twenty-four years, and six of these are in the first half of the reign. There is only one (1504) after the death of Morton, who may, therefore, perhaps be credited with ideas of government somewhat less 'absolute' than those of his master; of that Parliament of 1504 one of Henry's worst financial agents, Dudley, was made Speaker.

But how Henry tamed the barons, and left them almost ready to sink into the courtiers of his son's reign is less easy to see. It is a common but erroneous view that the civil wars had actually diminished the number of the temporal peers; the average of forty is fairly constant from the reign of Henry V. to the date of the new creations by Henry VIII.: it was, in fact, a mere accident that gave the very small number of twenty-nine at Henry VII.'s coronation, several peers being abroad, or minors or under attainders afterwards reversed. Henry added but three members to the House of Lords, and his distrust of 'great men' was certainly not without justification. Yet we must bear in mind that the game of Lancaster *v.* York had been played by a very few families—at least on the great scale; and it was these families who suffered, generation after generation, until by 1509 they were practically rooted out; while the lesser peers, seeing the game up and their leaders gone, would be content with peace in which to enjoy their riches. Three great measures intended to depress turbulent barons are owed to Henry VII.: the

Statute of Liveries, passed in 1485, forbidding the maintenance of armed retainers in 'livery'; the Act of 1495, that no one can be indicted for treason for adhering to the king actually on the throne (this would go far to extinguish hereditary partisan politics in those peers who were not of royal blood); and above all the jurisdiction given to the Committee of the Council known as the 'Court of Star Chamber' (1487). This court set itself at once to bring to justice the 'over mighty subjects' who kept liveried retainers, who bribed or intimidated judge, jury or sheriff, who incited to riots or unlawful assemblies. It ignored, if not at once yet before many years were over, the strict rules of Common Law—*e.g.* it fined heavily jurors who allowed themselves to be intimidated into finding a verdict contrary to the evidence (whereas you know that it is a sacred privilege of the British juryman to ignore evidence altogether), it put a defendant on his oath, it accepted evidence in writing or from witnesses not put on their oaths, it authorized the use of torture to extract evidence, and it generally proceeded in a most high-handed and tyrannical way. But it was essentially, in Tudor times at least, 'the poor man's court'; it protected the weak against the strong, often doing gross injustice to the latter. It brought considerable sums by way of fines into the King's exchequer.[1]

[1] Later on these fines of 'ten thousand pounds' and the like, of which we read, were usually remitted, or became merely ways of taking security for a man's good behaviour. It is difficult to separate the jurisdiction of this Court from that exercised by 'the Council' as a whole, which was greatly extended in Tudor times: ordinary men evidently preferred to bring their cases before the Council, whose justice was swift, simple and cheap, rather than before the Courts of Common Law, whose justice was dear, cumbrous and slow.

There is no doubt that Henry grasped, as William the Conqueror had grasped, the enormous importance of being a rich king—he had seen the ruin of his house to be mainly due to the poverty of the Crown; but there is also no doubt that he exceeded the bounds of modesty in the matter of avarice, when he allowed his agents Empson and Dudley to arrest on trifling pretexts any of his subjects who happened to be particularly rich, and to levy enormous fines for trifling or technical offences. Among other people two Lord Mayors of London were simply squeezed dry by this process. "The less blood he drew the more he took of treasure;" says Bacon; and by the end of his reign his revenue must have approached a quarter of a million sterling. Remember, too, that the purchasing power of money, on the very eve of the discovery of the American mines, was actually rising rather than falling, for gold and silver coins were getting scarce, though enormous quantities of the metals were withdrawn from circulation in the shape of plate in churches and private houses. Little of this wealth of Henry was derived from parliamentary taxation—five comparatively small votes of 'tenths-and-fifteenths' are all that are recorded for the reign; his forced loans also he mostly repaid. But 'benevolences' were frequent and fell wholly on the rich. The great estates of the two rival houses, now wholly in the hands of the King, were for once economically administered, and these, with a sedulous nursing of the customs (£42,000 at the end of his reign), made Henry the richest sovereign of Christendom. He certainly left an enormous treasure to his successor, although Bacon's estimate (£1,800,000) may be somewhat exaggerated.

4. Perhaps the thing for which Henry has received

the greatest praise is his enlightened patronage of English commerce and industry; but let us be quite sure of our ground before we put him on a level with those great pioneers, Edward I. and Edward III. I think that Henry VII. had the right ideas upon the subject, but that he allowed them continually to be thrust aside by temporary moves in foreign politics. He concluded two great commercial treaties for free trade with the Netherlands (1496 and 1506); and he really held in his hand the winning card in the shape of English wool: but, as he was always trying to over-reach his neighbour Philip on minor points of policy, he was too often ready, as a mere move in the diplomatic game, to suspend these treaties.

Again, he was the first to discern, dimly enough perhaps, that the carrying trade of England ought to be in English hands—the first to be seriously jealous that this was usurped in Northern Europe by the Germans and in the Mediterranean by the Venetians; and he put the principle of the later 'Navigation Acts' in force as regards France, and thereby largely increased our merchant navy. Further, he *began* to invade the privileges both of Germans and Venetians, opened a new window to the Baltic by a commercial treaty with Denmark, and to the Mediterranean by a similar agreement with Florence; but he was ready to draw back, and peddle over the matter, either for hard cash or for some opportunity of over-reaching one of his neighbours.

One could hardly expect that Henry would come to a decision on the other burning commercial question of the day, whether England was to continue mainly an exporter of raw wool or to develop into a cloth manufacturer. Yet that question was presented to him, and

in a fairly plain form; and a very great reformer would probably have drawn a scheme for the prohibition, within a fixed number of years, of the export of raw wool altogether; and so would have secured the transference of the cloth manufactory of the world from the Netherlands to his own kingdom. I say the question was presented to him—and in this way. The comparatively new company of 'Merchants Adventurers,' chartered by Henry IV., lived largely by the export of cloth woven on the looms of East Anglia, where, you remember, the manufacture had been started by Edward III.; it was, moreover, allowed by its charter to trade to any port of any friendly country. But it was in constant opposition to the much older corporation of the 'Merchants of the Staple,' which traded only to Calais and to one port in the Low Countries (generally now Antwerp), and which only exported raw wool and other raw produce. These two companies had a lawsuit in 1505, and thereby the Merchant Adventurers won freedom to trade in any article; but Henry, instead of backing up this ruling of the judges, which would have enormously stimulated English manufactures and English maritime adventure, tried to keep the balance between the two companies, and confirmed the old limited privileges to each of them. And one sees clearly that he did this in fear of losing the heavy annual duty paid by the Staplers, some 33 per cent. of the whole English customs. This went to maintain the fortifications of Calais, which city, said a Venetian in 1500, "is as strongly guarded from the French as the castle of Rhodes is from the Turks."

Finally, half-heartedness marks Henry's dealings with another great opportunity. Long before Columbus put out over Palos bar Englishmen were gazing into

the dark Atlantic and wondering if there were anything but herrings beyond Scilly. From 1477 onwards the merchants of Bristol were in quest of the mysterious 'island of Brazil'; and it was under the direct patronage of Henry that in 1497 John Cabot discovered Labrador. His voyage was followed by several others, also under government patronage, till 1502. Henry's account-book contains the munificent payment of £10 to 'him that found the New Isle.' Some Bristol merchants in 1502 also received a small payment for a similar voyage of discovery, from which they brought back with them 'three men, the which was clothed in beasts' skins, and ate raw flesh, and were in their demeanour as beasts.' But though Labrador was many miles from the new Spanish colony of Hispaniola, Ferdinand did not like the idea of English ships in the Atlantic, and Henry probably thought more of diplomacy than of discovery. Besides, the 'New Isle' showed little symptom of producing gold.

Yet, if we admit that neither as man, as king, nor as statesman can Henry VII. be put in the first class, we are driven, after a survey of his reign, to the conclusion that he and the England of 1485–1509 were admirably suited to each other; whether by luck or skill, he bound up the wounds of his country, gave her peace, order, and strong government, and left her immensely respected by foreign powers. Call him half-hearted compromiser, call him huckster and miser, even call him something of a tyrant (a mild form of the breed), yet it must be admitted that, as Bishop Stubbs said, "for one greater or better king there are in European history fifty smaller or worse."

CHAPTER II

THE YOUTH OF KING HENRY VIII

HAVE you seen the captaincy of the school pass suddenly from a sober, shy, unpopular boy, who has earned the position by hard work in the lower forms, but who is absolutely devoid of attractive personal qualities, to one who is already captain of the eleven and the handsomest, cleverest and most popular boy in the school? The little fourth-form boys shout for joy, and the athletes and scholars alike welcome the golden age. But the result is not always good either for the school or for the moral character of the new captain. I do not mean to indicate that the reign of Henry VIII. was bad for England, or even that something of what happened in it was not more or less inevitable; still less would I be thought to describe the period as a 'failure,' or to belittle the character of the terrible King. But the Henry of 1540 was a different man altogether from the Henry of 1509.

The first part of his reign—*i.e.* to 1527—must, I think, be pronounced a complete failure; the second part a most dreadful success. The years 1509 to 1527 are full of futile splendours, tournaments, masques, revels of every kind; full of ineffectual championship of the tottering Papacy, of still more ineffectual assertion of 'our ancient

rights in France.' There is a ridiculous candidature for the Empire, and a perfectly hollow pretence of 'holding the balance' between France and Spain, both of which countries laughed at England and bled it of its wealth; and in such futilities the treasure of Henry VII. was rapidly squandered. Perhaps worst of all, the statesmanlike attitude of that monarch towards Scotland was wantonly abandoned. All this time the character of the King remained an unknown quantity; but, as he left business to his ministers and mainly to a very well-hated Cardinal called Wolsey (who hardly summoned Parliament at all, and, when he did, only browbeat it and found that it almost refused to grant supplies), the opinion of the nation was probably by no means favourable to the King or his Government.

But these were fateful years. Long before 1525 the Lutheran reformation was in full blast in Germany; the 'new learning,' though not as yet affecting the mass of Englishmen, had gained a solid footing in both of our universities and at court. England stood at the parting of the ways. Was she to accept the new light which was bound to dawn on religion from a more scientific study of the Scriptures? Well, she would ask herself first whether the acceptance of it could be made to fall in with any of her deep-rooted and ever-growing prejudices against the abuses of the Roman priesthood; whether those who presented it to her could appeal to her national self-consciousness, to her spirit of insular independence; whether it would involve any risk to her great material prosperity and to the positively sinful appetite of her middle classes for more and more wealth. Was any one prepared to lead the way? By the year 1525 people had ceased to hope for very much leadership

from King Henry, and no other leader was even above the horizon.

But suddenly, at some date between that year and 1529, the King wakes up. He desires, perhaps not wholly for immoral reasons, the Pope to grant him a wholly immoral divorce from his wife. The Pope, who has no moral scruples in the matter, is in a political position which makes it impossible for him to grant the King's request. The British Lion gives an awful roar, and says he will teach the kings of Europe what a feeble thing the Papacy is. The nation is astonished, but delighted; it hates the occasion (the divorce), but it welcomes the result, always with the qualification that the result doesn't interrupt the wool trade with Flanders. Henry boldly asserts and proves to his people that Flanders is much more economically dependent on England than England is on Flanders. And so in seven years, 1529–36, the whole tottering edifice of the foreign Church in England is danced down; and before Henry's death his people are singing, in a litany in the vulgar tongue, "From the bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities, Good Lord, deliver us."

From the moment of this discovery of his union with his people the less said about the King's moral character the better. He became a monster of egotism and cruelty, who shocks us the more from the fact that he had the names of God and conscience for ever on his lips. He combined in his own person the odious attributes of popular despot and anointed demagogue; and he found or made his people *participem criminum*.

It is proverbially hard to 'draw an indictment against a whole nation,' but it is at least a tenable view that the moral character of the nation as a whole was never lower than in the reign of Henry VIII. It is true that the

degradation to which the Papacy had sunk between 1485 and 1529 is not to be described in temperate language; and it is true that one might judge by 'results.' One might, in fact, argue thus:—'the breach with Rome, the rejection of superstitious usages in the Church, the transference of the priesthood from the position of mediators between God and man into the position of interpreters of God to man, were all good things, and we need not inquire too closely how they were won. Henry VIII. was a fat, bad man, whose tyranny turned out all for the good of England and of Protestantism.' But I hold that to do this would be to abdicate the functions of the historian, who ought to judge the men and events of the past on their merits. And what we have to explain is the astonishing indifference of the nation not only to the religious traditions, but also to the secular memories of its past history; and the only answer appears to be that the pursuit of material wealth, the 'making-haste to be rich' in the dawn of the great era of competition in commerce absorbed the whole faculties of the people. Even so we are left wondering at the callousness of the nation that could remain devotedly loyal to Henry VIII. to the end of his life. With the solitary exception of the rising in the north (always a world apart) in 1536, there is not the faintest trace of popular disapproval of the confiscations or of the savage executions of the later years of the reign. While Europe thrilled with horror at the deaths of Fisher and More and of the martyred monks and abbots, England went to see the executions, and growled that 'most likely the traitors were plotting with rascally foreign priests.'

About the loyalty there is no shadow of doubt. It will not serve any one's turn to talk about 'packed Par-

liaments' forced by royal tyranny to do things of which they disapproved. There are in Henry's reign fewer traces than usual of government influence over parliamentary elections. Parliaments (which met constantly from 1529–47) were by no means servile; they threw out and altered many measures on which the King had set his heart. Nor was Henry to them in the least a 'tyrant'; he was constantly present in both Houses, listened to the debates, and explained his policy with his own mouth. Nor can we properly say that he was a tyrant to the nation at large. Tyrants do not train their people to the constant use of arms, nor constantly appeal to their loyalty. Tyrannies are based on force; but the force at Henry VIII.'s disposal was a hundred yeomen of the Guard, such as you see now walking about at the Tower of London. When a serious insurrection did once break out in two northern counties, Henry was obliged to diplomatize and to lie till the forces of the loyal counties could be gathered for its repression.

But if the moral character of King and nation are worse than doubtful, the same cannot be said of the intellectual abilities of Henry. The development of his mind, based on a very extensive and thorough education, and on wide and deep reading which he kept up all his life, seems after 1529 to have gone *pari passu* with that of his fierce and selfish will. No man ever was more free of prejudice, more lacking in reverence for everything but himself; no king was ever more secret in council, yet none more ready to listen to sound advice, even when it opposed his wishes or even when he rewarded the giver of it by the block; none was ever more industrious or more self-reliant. If the possible seemed at last to him to have few limits, he always knew when he had reached those limits,

and drew back in time to escape a fall. Most people who try to ride upon a whirlwind and direct a storm come ultimately to share the fate of Icarus; but Henry, who had untied the bags, found the winds obedient to him to the end of his life.

He was born in the year 1491, and so was almost eighteen years of age when he became King. His father had kept him strictly to his books, especially to the study of theology, which remained his favourite subject all his life. The universal testimony of his contemporaries declares him to have been of great personal beauty and of charming manners; but a visit to the Tudor Room in the National Portrait Gallery induces the reflection that no early Tudor ever got his portrait properly painted. Henry VIII. had a noble forehead, it is true, but his eyes appear as mere slits, and his thin cruel mouth (inherited no doubt from Edward IV.) is badly set off by his huge jowl.

The proposed marriage with his brother's widow Katharine, for which a papal dispensation had arrived in 1504, had been deferred when Henry VII. discovered that he was in no great need of the Spanish alliance, and, indeed, the lawfulness of it was never quite unquestioned. But in 1509 Henry appears to have felt no scruples, and within a month of his accession the marriage took place. For some years the King and Queen seem to have been the best of friends. A full-bodied 'bluff' hospitality, endless masques and tournaments and great extravagances in dress and horses, seem to have characterized their court at Greenwich and at Richmond. Without believing that the Duke of Buckingham actually once 'put on his back' £15,000 in gold, jewels, and other flunkeyisms, we may guess that the few remaining families of the old

nobility hit themselves pretty hard in their attempt to live up to the standard of extravagance set at Greenwich, and later at Hampton Court and Whitehall. The only trace of intelligent royal activity that we can see is Henry's real interest in all naval matters, and in the science of artillery. Learning, however, there always was, and largely through Italian influences; Henry conversed freely in Italian and Latin as well as in French. Sir Thomas More, who had been in disgrace under Henry VII., was a leader of the Bar, and was often at court in intimate conversation with the King. Henry's old tutor, Skelton, a really considerable poet and satirist, set the tone of those courtiers who were jealous of Wolsey. The 'court' had little political influence either now or at any time in Henry's reign. The Privy Council, wherein lay the real Government, was composed at first of Henry VII.'s old bishop-statesmen, among whom were Archbishop Warham and Fox of Winchester. The only two laymen of serious influence were Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, soon to be Duke of Norfolk, and Charles Brandon, soon to be Duke of Suffolk.

Into the fearful tangle of cheating called by courtesy 'foreign affairs' Henry's Council, rather than himself, immediately plunged. Old Ferdinand was at death-grips with old Louis XII., and old Maximilian was hovering about to see what he could pick up between them. Henry was young and innocent if his ministers were not, and Ferdinand seems to have thought he could 'run' his new son-in-law in the Spanish interest; and, in fact, he inveigled him into what he called a 'Holy League,' ostensibly for the defence of the Pope, but really in order to grab more territory for Spain. This brought Henry to his first rupture with France, which rupture inevitably

led to the far more serious breach with his brother-in-law of Scotland. The older ministers disapproved, but it is in connexion with this foolish policy that we now hear the name of Thomas Wolsey.

The sort of deadlift which was made not many years ago to glorify Wolsey as the greatest of European statesmen is one of the most curious phenomena in the history of history. Wolsey was a Suffolk man of comparatively humble origin, who had been employed upon diplomatic missions by Henry VII. and been rewarded with the deanery of Lincoln. It can, I think, only have been by playing upon the young and inexperienced ambition of his master that Wolsey gradually came to replace Fox as the leader in council; he brought to his task a mind which combined immense grasp of detail with the vaguest and loftiest views of the power and riches of the Crown of England. "'I and my King' are going to reform the Church (when I am Pope); we are going to establish ourselves as a sort of international tribunal of arbitration; Solomon in all his glory was nothing to what we shall be." The industry with which Wolsey set about attempting to realize these fine dreams is undoubted; and he must also be allowed the credit of courtesy, except when his feelings were specially ruffled, of some zeal for learning (witness his noble foundation of Christchurch, Oxford, to found which he suppressed forty-two religious houses), and of consistent humanity towards heretics, none of whom suffered death during his period of power. But when we have said that we have said about all the good of him that is possible; and all his fine schemes reduce themselves at bottom to two—(1) the desire to stave off the threatened lay attack on church property, and (2) his own aggrandizement and riches. In the latter of these objects he

succeeded admirably, for he came to possess, at one time or another, the cardinal's hat, the archbishopric of York (which he never visited till a few days before his death), the bishoprics of Lincoln, Bath and Wells, Durham, and Winchester, the abbey of St. Albans (the richest benefice in England), the archbishopric of Tournai from 1513–18; and, when that city was in the latter year ceded back to France, he made it a condition of the treaty that the French King should give him a pension of 12,000 livres as compensation for the loss of it. He also enjoyed a pension of 18,000 livres from the Emperor and two Spanish bishoprics. In 1516 he became Chancellor; in 1518 he was made Legate for life, and all power of the realm, spiritual and temporal, was in his hands. Only the Papacy he could never get; both the Emperor and the French King falsely promised him their support at the two successive elections of 1521 and 1523, but in reality the Papacy was in the gift of the sovereign that ruled Italy, and to a tool of his it was pretty sure to go. No wonder, however, that all these rich preferments enabled Wolsey to found a great college and to build Hampton Court and York Place (afterwards Whitehall); and, if Henry looked on and allowed the Cardinal to browbeat Parliaments, to sit beside himself and Katharine at dinner, while the proudest nobles of England held basins for him to wash his hands in, it was probably not without a growing feeling that at some indefinite date he might simply abolish this Cardinal and confiscate all his accumulated riches for the benefit of the Crown.

But to return to details. In obedience to Ferdinand Henry went to war with France, and sent in 1512 an expedition to Guienne, which ended in disaster and disgrace. Ferdinand at once slipped out of the alliance and allowed

Henry to pay the bill. Wolsey made vast preparations for 1513, and talked about our 'ancient and undoubted rights' in the crown of France. Henry went in person to the Continent, won a battle at Therouenne, and took the city of Tournai, both of which events might long ago have been forgotten but for their connexion with Flodden. James IV. of Scotland, in receiving the Princess Margaret in 1503, had expressly stipulated that he did not look upon the marriage as in any way breaking up the ancient league between Scotland and France; and even Henry VII. had admitted that only a long peace and good commercial intercourse with England could ever effect that end. James' reign had been undoubtedly prosperous; his little navy was famous, and his towns were growing; none of his hungry nobles had any particular temptation to play traitor. But the breach between England and France at once altered the case. Piracy on the high seas preceded the open rupture, to the certainty of which Henry (or Wolsey) showed himself culpably blind. James prepared for the natural invasion of England, and Katharine, who had been left as regent when Henry went abroad, despatched against him the Earl of Surrey with a large levy of the northern counties. No accurate record of numbers is forthcoming, but the Scottish army was undoubtedly the larger, and, in fact, the whole strength of Scotland was got together from Highland, Lowland, and Island.

It is where the Cheviots begin to slope in a series of flat-topped ridges towards the eastern sea that James, who had crossed the Tweed, taken Norham Castle and advanced a few miles to the southward, took post on September 8th, 1513. But in so doing he allowed himself to be outmanœuvred by Surrey, who by rapid and

concealed marches threw his army, starving though it was, between the Tweed and the Scots. Scouting was a thing quite beyond King James, or he might have annihilated Surrey as his army was crossing the little River Till. Even so, had James remained in his first position on Flodden Edge, a hill now covered by thick woods, it is probable that Surrey must have either attacked him at great disadvantage or retreated for want of provisions, of which James had plenty. James, however, was no strategist, and deliberately abandoned his first position for the lower one of Branxton Edge (between 'Encampment Farm' and 'Blinkbonny Farm'). The battle began late in the afternoon of the 9th with an artillery duel, in which the English completely got the better. All the evening and far into the darkness the strife raged desperately; and the final defeat of the Scots seems to have been owing to the fact that Surrey threw all his troops into one line and so outflanked his enemy, the English right under Sir Edward Stanley breaking the Scottish left and at last getting round to the rear of the Scottish centre.

One does not attempt to describe a battle which Sir Walter Scott has described once for all in words which will live as long as

Tradition, legend, tune and song.

It was not till the next morning that Surrey realized how complete his victory had been, and realized also that his own army was so shattered that all attempts to follow up his success would be hopeless. King James had fallen among the last of the iron ring of spearmen that had made the final stand, and with him fell almost the whole adult Scottish nobility. In the history of the lesser kingdom

the memory of such a glorious defeat is cherished almost as affectionately as that of the victory of Bannockburn. For the moment its only effect was to renew for two generations the border wars, to which the prudence of Henry VII. had put a temporary stop. The young King James V. was but a year old, and, under one incapable or treacherous regent after another, he slowly grew to man's estate, to become more convinced year by year that on his clergy alone could he rely for patriotic guidance, and that the price to be paid for that must be the rejection of all reform of the Church and the hand-fasting of the old alliance with France.

Henry, finding himself deserted by Ferdinand, was obliged, in spite of these successes, to conclude in 1514 a peace with France and to cement it by giving his youngest sister Mary as a bride to old Louis XII. Wolsey represented this treaty as a triumph of diplomacy; but what was the result of the whole business? Practically nothing except the irreparable breach with Scotland and the dissipation of the hoard of Henry VII. King Louis died three months after his marriage, and young Francis I. (a sort of French Henry VIII. in his external and showy qualities, but without a spark of that man's intellect or force of will) hurled the whole strength of his chivalrous baronage into the vain Italian scheme again and won the Duchy of Milan by the battle of Marignano (1515). The widowed Mary Tudor at once married Henry's friend, the Duke of Suffolk. Ferdinand at last died at the beginning of 1516, but his place was taken by his grandson Charles, who was also grandson of Maximilian and as cold and almost as false a schemer as Ferdinand himself. Finally old Maximilian died in 1519, and Charles and Francis at once became rival candidates

for the Imperial crown. Wolsey entered his horse for the same race, no doubt mainly with the idea that he might get support at the next papal election, either from Charles or Francis, as the price of his withdrawal from the contest. To suppose that either he or Henry seriously contemplated success is to underrate their intelligence entirely. The election of the candidate who held German traditions from his ancestors, and who had solid possession of Austria, the Netherlands, and Naples, whose influence was predominant in Italy, who could defend Western Europe from the Turks and who had Spanish riches to bribe with, was a foregone conclusion. Wolsey's prating about being 'arbiter of Europe' did in fact only mean that he was using English gold to bribe European monarchs for objects quite un-English.

Charles, then, was elected Emperor in 1519, and in the following year came the celebrated interview between Henry and Francis called 'the Field of the Cloth of Gold,' preceded, a few days before, by a less ostentatious yet more practical visit of Charles to Henry at Dover; both these seem to have been part of Wolsey's scheme for exhibiting his diplomatic abilities. Even Wolsey, however, must have known that a breach with Charles in order to please Francis was utterly out of the question; Katharine and the Flemish wool trade alike forbade it. To involve England deliberately in a new war with France in order to please Charles was almost as mad a scheme; and yet in 1521 this was what Wolsey did.

This war (1522–23) was even more useless than that of 1513. Two futile raids into Artois and Picardy produced the natural Scots counter-raid, which Lord Dacre was obliged to buy off on somewhat humiliating terms. The French, meanwhile, were again turned out of Milan, and

all Italy was at the young Emperor's feet. Two papal elections came and went (1521 and 1523), and on neither occasion had Wolsey the shadow of a chance of election. The new Pope, Clement VII., had a momentary kick left in him, and invited Francis to try his luck once more. Francis entered Italy, received a crushing defeat at Pavia and was taken prisoner. Then Charles' vengeance turned on the Pope, and the temporal head of Christendom let loose on the spiritual head an army of Spanish and German soldiers, who in 1527 sacked the city of Rome for fourteen days on end with a fury unseen since the time of the Vandals. Worse than all this, the English Parliament had very decidedly shown its teeth at Wolsey, and had refused to grant him anything approaching the enormous sums he demanded for the war. In the next year the threatening attitude of London compelled the abandonment of a forced loan. Peace with France was the only alternative, and, as Francis was entirely at the mercy of Charles, peace was not hard to make. Wolsey, however, in his desire to represent this peace as another triumph of his own diplomacy, considered that it might well be cemented by some matrimonial alliance between the two countries.

But the Cardinal had now to reckon with a new factor. We stand at the fateful year 1527. Henry had beyond doubt once been fond of Katharine, and (for a sixteenth-century king) had been fairly faithful to her. So far as we know he had but one illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond, born 1519. Yet this marriage with a brother's widow had always disquieted some tender consciences, and when all Katharine's offspring, except the Princess Mary (born 1516), died in infancy, Henry began to find his own conscience growing 'tender.'

If the worse half of his nature saw in this a chance of getting rid of his now old and somewhat gloomy wife, the better half of it grew seriously anxious about the succession question. Was Mary a satisfactory heir? Even apart from her sex, foreign princes, to whom she was from time to time suggested as a bride, seemed to think there were doubts of her legitimacy. Besides, to marry Mary to a foreigner would perhaps subject the kingdom; to marry her to an Englishman might revive the dynastic quarrels at home. But, if Mary were barred, the next heir of Henry VII. was the King of Scots; and the bones of the victors of Flodden and of the defeated of Bannockburn would rise from their graves against such a king. Though the last Duke of Buckingham was dead (beheaded for 'imagining treason' in 1521) and the De la Poles were extinct, there were still the Courtenays and Poles, respectively descended from Edward IV. and from his brother, George Clarence. Even the succession of the bastard Richmond was more than once contemplated; and, at a later stage of the proceedings, Pope Clement proved conclusively that moral scruples had nothing to do with his attitude, as he proposed to give a dispensation to Mary to marry this eligible half-brother!

Now, I think that, though the less we talk about moral scruples on Henry's part the better, we must allow that it was not in any large degree Henry's passion for the celebrated Anne Boleyn that started in his mind the idea of divorcing Katharine. Anne, a niece of the Duke of Norfolk and otherwise of quite reputable descent,[1]

[1] Mr. Pollard, in his admirable monograph on Henry VIII., points out that all Henry's wives were descended from King Edward I. by various lines.

had been his mistress before he married her; her sister Mary had been his mistress even earlier, and the final steps in the divorce in 1533 were only taken in order that Anne's child should be born in wedlock and so be a possible heir to the throne. But Anne obtained, between 1527 and 1533, more influence over Henry than any other woman ever did obtain, and she undoubtedly used it to hasten the breach both with Wolsey and with Rome. She was, strange to say, neither beautiful, intellectual nor virtuous; in fact, she was a horrid female, and Henry's warmest admirer, Mr. Froude, is obliged to confess that his hero liked horrid females.

Before we attempt to trace the sequence of events which followed the disquieting of Henry's 'conscience,' we must take a look round at the state of religion in England in the first half of the reign. The necessity of some reform of the Church, and especially of the monasteries, had been patent for many years. Archbishop Morton had held a great visitation, and a very unsatisfactory state of things had been thereby disclosed, especially in the smaller religious houses; the decline in numbers of monks and nuns was very great, while both collegiate foundations and 'chantries'—that is, endowments by which sums of money were bequeathed to a church in order that masses might be said for ever for the donor's soul—had grown enormously; and the 'chantry-' or 'mass-priests' were a rather disreputable set of men. Both Fox and Wolsey were most anxious to deal with this and kindred evils, and Henry VIII. energetically backed them up. Champion of the Papacy as he had been in his early years, he had been no champion of the privileges of the clergy at home. 'Benefit of clergy' (which since Edward III.'s time had been

interpreted to mean that any one who could read was a 'clerk' and so could not be hanged) had been much cut down in 1512; the privileges of sanctuary had been restrained; the loud complaints of the laity against the vexatious 'summoners' of the church courts had been favourably heard.

'Heresy,' however, was still far away. But in 1517 an obscure German monk had openly attacked the papal doctrine of indulgences, and three years later he had publicly burned a papal bull and declared the Pope to be Antichrist. His name was Luther, and I take his deed to have been the bravest thing done since Christianity had become the official religion of the Western world. Luther, in fact, made to that world two appeals against the papal power, the Platonic appeal to reason and the Teutonic appeal to the spirit of nationality. Now in no section of the Western Church had the spirit of nationality fought so hard with so little success against the Papacy as in England. In spite of William the Conqueror's assertions of independence, the defeat of Henry II. at the hands of the martyred Becket remained the greatest event in English church history. The Edwardian Statutes of Provisors and Premunire, and even the long hostility to the 'French' Popes in the fourteenth century, had availed little against the tradition of Becket. The Papacy remained master of the situation. One great Englishman, Wyclif, had dared to question both the doctrine and discipline of the mediæval Church, but he had almost entirely failed to leave his mark upon the educated laity, and had entirely failed to shake the temporal position of the Pope. Of the persistent survival of Lollard doctrines, especially in London, in Buckinghamshire and even in the University of

Oxford, there can be no sort of doubt; in Henry VII.'s reign there are several well-attested martyrdoms and a great number of recantations and 'faggot-bearings.' But the victims seem to have been usually persons of humble station, whether in orders or not. And so, to overturn the mediæval system of church discipline in England, there was need of a very strong man very fiercely roused. Given, however, the man and the occasion, the nation was ready to back him up.

On the other side of the Reformation movement, the Platonic appeal to reason, the nation as a whole did not feel so keenly; apart from our innate conservatism we were essentially an unlearned, and at this time a merely money-making people. Yet there, too—

> Through creeks and inlets making
> Came silent flooding in the main.

It is pleasant to me, a member of All Souls and Magdalen Colleges, to be able to record that the first pioneer of Greek learning in Oxford was William Selling, Fellow of All Souls; and that of his pupils and successors, Grocyn, Colet, Lily, Linacre, all were members of my own two foundations. All these great men belonged to the reign of Henry VII. or to the early years of Henry VIII., and all died before the least whisper of the divorce question had been heard. Only two of them, Colet, the son of a Lord Mayor and Dean of St. Paul's, and Linacre, tutor to Prince Arthur and afterwards to Princess Mary, belonged to the great world; but, either in that world or during his brief undergraduate career, they had met and made their own the greatest of all their band, Thomas More; and to the aid of that band of pioneers, knit together, as such men are apt to be, by the tenderest friendship, came also

the great Dutch scholar Erasmus, who spent at various times considerable periods in England. "When I can earn any money," said Erasmus, "first I shall buy Greek books and then some clothes." Fox and Warham patronized them all, and Fox founded in his new College of Corpus Christi the first Greek 'Readership' in England, 1517. Seven years before, Colet had founded at St. Paul's the first great public school of the New Learning, and had made Lily the first 'high master.' Lily's Latin Grammar is really the foundation of King Edward VI.'s Latin Primer, out of which ten generations of English boys afterwards learned their 'rudiments.' Nor was Cambridge far behind. The good Lady Margaret Beaufort, grandmother of Henry VIII., had founded there, at the instigation of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, two colleges (Christ's, 1506, and St. John's,[1] 1514) and the Professorship of Divinity, which Fisher (1503) and Erasmus (1511–14) adorned. With the study of Greek came the study of Classical as opposed to Ecclesiastical Latin, of Cicero in the place of Duns Scotus; and with the study of both Greek and Latin the study of the Scriptures in the original instead of in the fifth-century Latin version known as the Vulgate. To put the proper grammatical construction on the words of the writers of the New Testament, instead of taking each isolated text and twisting it into some allegorical meaning—that was the task of the pioneers of the New Learning. All this, of course, raised no little storm in the Universities. 'Greek was the language of heresy,' said Colet's foes. "Do you really know," wrote an indignant Warden of New College (one is glad to think he afterwards died in gaol) to Wolsey, "that you have given studentships at

[1] Lady Margaret died before St. John's was completed.

Christchurch to men who go about teaching Greek? Pray let them be dismissed." Alas! history repeats itself; and now, four centuries after Colet's lectures on the Epistles of St. Paul (1497–98), the outcry against Greek, as a worn-out and unnecessary burden to education, is again being raised by ignorant and interested bigots with only too fatal effect. Even of more importance than Colet's lectures, as an instrument in the scientific study of the Scriptures, was Erasmus's 'Paraphrase of the New Testament,' which was the parent of Tyndale's Bible, and so the grandparent of the magnificent Authorized Version of 1539.[1]

Now it could not be but that some connexion would grow, some contact of spirit with spirit be established, after the year 1520, between the Oxford and Cambridge students and the German reformers of the Lutheran school. Colet and his band were, after all, seekers after truth by one line, Luther by a slightly different line. Coverdale, Tyndale, Barnes, and Latimer (the three last subsequently martyrs) were all pupils of Erasmus, and seem to have held as early as 1521 secret meetings at Cambridge to read Lutheran tracts. At Oxford there existed all through the next decade a little knot of early Protestants, who called themselves 'brothers of the common life' and held secret meetings for the reading of scripture; they were hunted out and sent to gaol, whenever the zealous Warden of New College and his kind could lay hands on them. Wolsey, however, was averse to burning human bodies, and contented himself with two great

[1] Bishop Westcott, in his 'History of the English Bible,' has successfully vindicated the claims of Tyndale's Bible to be the groundwork of our present text, in which only very slight alterations have been made since 1539.

holocausts of Lutheran books in 1521 and 1527. Even Colet was accused of heresy by the Bishop of London, but his patron Warham indignantly quashed the case. Yet, perhaps, of all the leaders of the New Learning, Colet came nearest to the position of later Protestantism; he would never have recanted (as Erasmus admitted that he would have done), and he seems to have been averse to compromise and indifferent to tradition. More was too much of a philosopher to feel comfortable in any attack on ancient privileges and traditions; he had, moreover, a peculiarly ascetic and mediæval side to his mind—*e.g.* he believed in the duty of burning heretics, though it is probably not true that he sent any to the stake during his chancellorship.

The attitude of the King towards the movement was characteristic; I should define him as a very irreligious theologian. On the one side he was an ardent patron of learning and welcomed all novelties up to a certain point. His charter to the University of Oxford in 1523 put the city at the mercy of the Chancellor and scholars, and the Mayor was thereafter obliged to take an oath to maintain the privileges and customs of the University—a godly practice unfortunately little attended to of late years. Henry applauded Colet in the face of the whole court when Colet preached openly against the war of 1513 as unrighteous. More was one of his dearest friends, so far as such a king could have friends. In a later day he delighted in the rugged eloquence and fearless logic of Latimer, whose English sermons are full of racy humour and originality not unlike that of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' But Henry thought Luther a blasphemous heresiarch, wrote in 1521 a most learned and royal book to prove him so and sent a beautifully bound copy of it to Pope Leo X.,

who thereon conferred on him the title of 'Defender of the Faith.' Henry was fully determined to defend, and later, even to define the faith; all the external symbols and ceremonies of which (probably as part of the fabric of law and order) were dear to him. Moreover, when the breach with Rome came, he was most anxious not to seem to be cutting himself off from the 'brotherhood of Christian princes.' If at any time during the movement he showed mercy to heretics or negotiated with Lutheran princes in Germany, it was only in order to be able to use them as tools, either against his own clergy or against the Emperor.

From the first serious proposals for the divorce in 1527 it began to dawn upon Henry's courtiers that the King was a changed man. He pursued his object with a relentless egotism that contrasted painfully with the dignified resistance of Katharine, and with the pitiful shifts of the harassed Pope and of Cardinal Wolsey. Wolsey was ready for any number of divorces, but only in the very last resort was he ready to swallow Anne Boleyn as Queen; 'all my glories in that one woman I have lost for ever' is quite true. But the enemies of Wolsey (and they were all but all the nation) were ready to use Anne as a tool; indeed, they were ready for any tool tnat would upset the minister who had ridden England for fourteen years.

If Henry could at the last moment be persuaded to marry a French princess instead of Anne, all might yet come right, thought the Cardinal. So he strained every nerve to get the Pope to consent to the divorce. The poor Pope was quite ready to give Henry a licence to have two wives at once, but Henry professed much too lofty a righteousness for this simple expedient; whatever happened he intended that there should be no doubts

as to the legitimacy of the heirs he hoped to leave. Not only Wolsey, but all the King's numerous agents at Rome told Clement how dangerous the lion would become if he were roused:—'he will abolish you, and cast in the lot of England with Luther; he has only got to say the word and the whole nation will follow him in a regular Pope-hunt, which will end in the confiscation of all clerical property.' But poor Clement was fast in the clutches of Charles, the nephew of Katharine; and the utmost that he would do was to join an Italian Cardinal (Campeggio) in a legatine commission with Wolsey, to try the question of the validity of the marriage of Katharine and Henry; but, in doing so, he gave Campeggio secret orders to avoid pronouncing a sentence. The Cardinal arrived in England in 1528 and began to hold his court in the spring of the next year; after a few formalities the Pope revoked the case to Rome, and cited Henry and Katharine to plead there. This was the death-blow to Wolsey and, as it proved, to the papal power in England. In the month of October, 1529, the great minister was stripped of all his offices and preferments except the archbishopric of York; was indicted in the Court of King's Bench under a 'premunire'—*i.e.* for having acted as Papal Legate, an office conferred upon him, at the King's express request, eleven years before; and was attainted in the House of Lords, though the Commons threw out the Bill. Being now merely an archbishop, Wolsey thought he might as well visit his see, which he had never yet done, and while he was at York he was arrested for high treason on November 4th. While journeying slowly back to the Tower he died of a broken heart at Leicester Abbey.

Then, in his utmost danger, the King of England

turned to his people. I say in the utmost danger both at home and abroad. Up till now he was known only as an extravagant and extortionate monarch, who had left all his business to a hated foreign-hearted minister; who was trying to divorce a wife highly respected by the nation, in order to marry a concubine who was utterly detested by it; who in order to gratify this wish was going to risk a war with the Emperor, on whose good will the wool trade, the very life of commercial England, depended; who had only called one Parliament in the last fifteen years, and that one which had been sullen and fruitless. Charles and Francis had made their peace in the summer, and England was thus without even a nominal ally. But the Italian priest had cited a King of England to plead at the Roman tribunal; and that King held in his hands a mighty bribe for the English laity. He had but to say 'go' and the attack on the abuses and immunities of the clergy would begin at once. He said it.

CHAPTER III

THE MANHOOD OF KING HENRY VIII

THE 'Long Parliament of the Reformation' (1529–36) consisted of 45 lay peers, 19 bishops, and 29 abbots, and of 256 knights and burgesses. There were no doubt some attempts to influence the elections to the Lower House, but they were singularly unsuccessful; and there is absolutely no truth in the statement that intimidation was used by the King or his ministers to that House during the sittings. It has been asserted that the Statutes passed in this Parliament were drafted by the King's own secretaries (even as they are now by the King's ministers); if so, they were as profoundly modified in the debates as a modern government Bill is in a modern Parliament. Even those who think that the whole Reformation was both a blunder and a crime must admit that the Henrician part of it was thoroughly to the taste of the House of Commons. The only Statute not wholly pleasing to the House, that of 'Uses,'[1] was thrown out time after time and only passed in the last session. Moreover, we should be in error if we imagined that the Parliament was busied wholly in effecting the breach with Rome. It took, in its stride, as a society of businesslike Englishmen were then apt to

[1] *Vid infra*, p. 55.

do, a vast number of matters: finance, the navy, poor relief and above all commerce, most of the Statutes on which emanated from the Lower House. It is when we come to examine the attitude of the House of Lords that we are puzzled. Almost to a man the bishops were against the Crown; but a large number of bishoprics fell vacant in the early years of this Parliament, and were at once filled by government nominees. The abbots appear to have been pliant; the freely spoken hints of dissolution would naturally lead them to keep quiet tongues. Of the lay peers, possibly one-half would have held back if they had dared, but the influence of the peers as a political body was at its nadir. One may say, then, that the Commons welcomed the changes, the Lords submitted to them, but, in submitting, by no means consented; in fact, their adhesion was only afterwards secured by the distribution of the lands of the dissolved monasteries among the more prominent members of their order, as well as by new creations on a scale more considerable than any since the accession of the House of Lancaster.

Sir Thomas More succeeded Wolsey as Lord Chancellor, Norfolk, Anne Boleyn's uncle, became Treasurer, Lord Wiltshire, her father, took the Privy Seal, and all the offices of State were rapidly transferred to lay hands. It is usual to speak of Thomas Cromwell as the great 'manager' of this Parliament, but his influence doesn't really become important till 1533. In the first session (November–December, 1529) the attack on the clergy was mild in comparison with what was to come; Bills were passed only against pluralities, non-residence, abuses of the right of sanctuary and excessive fees for burials. In 1530, while the King, by the advice of his

new acquaintance Thomas Cranmer, was taking the opinions of the Universities of Europe on the question of his divorce, there was no session of Parliament held.

But in 1531 Henry suddenly declared the whole clergy of England to lie under a 'premunire,' for having accepted Wolsey as Legate. This was punishing the clergy for the King's own act; and no more cruel measure of injustice could be imagined; but it had two objects—one to show Convocation how entirely it lay at his mercy, and the other to sell that mercy for a round sum of over £100,000, provided the clergy would declare him, the royal robber, to be their 'Supreme Head as far as the law of Christ allows.' In trembling silence they accepted the shameful bargain. But it is quite obvious that it was anything but displeasing to the House of Commons, which in the next session put another weapon into Henry's hands in the shape of a Bill suspending (not yet abolishing) the payment of 'annates' to the Pope; this would obviously enable the King to put the screw on Clement if he continued obstinate in the divorce question. At the same time the House presented to the Crown a long bill of grievances against the clergy, mentioning expressly the 'harshness' of the spiritual courts towards laymen, the expense of proving wills in those courts, and the citation of unlearned men for heresy without lay indictment, which was a manifest violation of the heresy Statute of Henry V.'s reign. In the same session Henry got Convocation to declare that it had no power to legislate even for the clergy without royal consent, and to agree to a reform of the existing Canon Law. The House of Lords rejected both these measures, but it was the last effort of the clerical party.

More, seeing how things were going, surrendered the

Great Seal in that same year, 1532, and his place was taken by Sir Thomas Audley. Archbishop Warham died in August, and his place was at once taken by Cranmer, for whose consecration our 'Holy Father the Pope' sent over the requisite bulls. To Cranmer more than to any one person we owe the present shape of our Bible and our Prayer Book; and, if his will was too pliant, and if his courage once faltered, his nature was one of the gentlest and kindest that ever played a leading part in English politics. Of mercy in that most unmerciful age he was perpetually the champion, but unfortunately he was not a strong champion even of the causes he had most at heart.

All 1532 Clement was still wavering, and Henry was dangling the £100,000 worth of annates before his nose. Suddenly, in the early spring of 1533, both Houses passed the 'Act of Appeals,' forbidding any appeals to Rome whatever; the Archbishop's court thereon became the final Court of Appeal. The Bill was brought in just about the time of the King's secret marriage with Anne. Cranmer held a court and in twelve days pronounced the divorce from Katharine; he then held an inquiry and pronounced for the validity of Henry's marriage with Anne. The show of legality which veiled the essential injustice of such proceedings may or may not have blinded contemporaries; it cannot blind us.

We now begin to hear seriously of Thomas Cromwell. He was then about forty-eight years of age, and of humble birth; he had been soldier, clerk, lawyer and merchant, and finally steward of Wolsey's household; he had been in Italy and had probably read Machiavelli's 'Prince'—a manual of which the motto is, 'no scruples and self-reliance at all risks.' No doubt he was the

agent of all Henry's most violent and unscrupulous acts, but it would be belittling the King's intellect to call him the counsellor of them. All along the King probably treated him like the mean hound he really was; 'he beknaveth him once or twice a week and knocketh him about the pate.' But all Cromwell's efforts and all Henry's now great popularity failed to obtain from the London mob a single cheer for Queen Anne when she was crowned on June 1st. The hatred of high and low for the Boleyns was open and honest. No contemporary would have exclaimed, when the Princess Elizabeth was born on September 9th, 1533,—

> This royal infant (Heaven still move about her!),
> Though in her cradle, yet now promises
> Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings.

One would like to think that all the other lovely words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Cranmer, as he bends over the cradle of 'Good Queen Bess,' were true; but they were not. The Pope, however, was fated to spoil his own cause. The excommunication of Henry, which immediately followed, more than wiped out in the eyes of his people the stain of the Boleyn connexion; and the treason which the few brave hearts of the deserted Queen's party at once began to plot only helped to identify the King's cause, evil though it was, with that of the nation. The strings of this treason were pulled by the Emperor's ambassador, Eustace Chapuys; and in it were involved Katharine and her daughter Mary, old Bishop Fisher of Rochester, Reginald Pole (the grandson of Clarence), the young Marquis of Exeter (a Courtenay), and several of the Northern peers, especially Lord Darcy. Charles was implored to send money and troops from

Germany or Spain. The 'nation of shopkeepers' had but one fear, 'will this hurt the wool trade?'

The saving points in a dangerous situation were (1) that Charles was a Fleming by birth and at heart, and that the Flemings were even more dependent on the supply of wool from England than England on the demand for wool from Flanders; (2) that Charles, a cold diplomat, was more afraid of a combination of England and France than zealous for his aunt. 'Could not James V.,' he suggested, 'do the job? couldn't an insurrection be raised in Ireland? Upset, excommunicate, assassinate this English monster by all means, my friends, but don't ask me to appear in the matter'; (3) that, utterly powerless as Henry would be against a general insurrection, his opponents couldn't combine. Were they to rise for Mary? for Mary married to a noble or to a foreigner? for James? for a Courtenay? for a Pole? Like William the Great before him, Henry *divisit et imperavit.*

On being excommunicated Henry at once appealed to a General Council, and it was the subsequent persecutor Bonner who carried the appeal to the Pope. By 1534 opposition was practically at an end both in Parliament and Convocation, and Henry danced down what remained of the papal house of cards; there was a fresh Act of Appeals, vesting the final appeal from the church courts in certain delegates of the Privy Council; a fresh Annates Bill, transferring that useful £100,000 to the Crown. The Bill that Convocation has no legislative power passed both Houses. 'Peter's pence' were abolished. A Commission was ordered to reform the Canon Law; it drew up a code, which, however, was never authorized. Finally the Act of Succession settled

the crown on the heirs of Henry and Anne; and all this was run through in three months. To the last of these Acts was annexed the iniquitous and fatal oath-clause, and commissioners were sent round to tender to whomsoever they pleased the double oath, not only that you would uphold the succession of Anne's children, but that you believed the marriage with Katharine had always been invalid. We can only conclude that the Government deliberately intended to use this weapon to destroy its opponents. Obviously many might be content to swear to the former half of it who could not swallow the latter half. In the autumn session the title of 'Supreme Head of the Church' was given to Henry by the famous Act of Supremacy; and by another Act every one who denied that title was declared to be a traitor. Henceforth bishops were to be nominated by a royal mandate to the chapters of the cathedrals, even as Henry II. had intended them to be before Becket's death.

Cromwell was not the minister to let these weapons rust in his master's hands, and the year 1535 is marked by the beginning of a long series of horrible martyrdoms to the two Acts of Succession and Supremacy; abbots went to the scaffold by the dozen, monks by the score: Fisher and More were the two most distinguished victims. If this exceptional vindictiveness and cruelty is to be attributed to the 'villein blood' of Cromwell, the indifference to the character of the persons struck down must be attributed to the intoxication of pride which grew in Henry when he found how compliant his adversaries had become. Here we may indeed let loose our anger against both the King and the man; for the very completeness of his triumph should have showed him how little he needed to cement it with blood. He

might have dissolved the monasteries amid the same thundering applause which greeted the abolition of the Pope; he might have got the Houses so to frame his Succession Acts as to leave a loophole for 'conscientious objectors' to rally to them with time and in silence. Had he done so, the story of his reign would have gone down to posterity painted in very different colours. But together with much that was noble, the Tudor nature combined not merely great callousness, but an actual dash of the tiger that rather likes blood.

One can hardly wonder at the execution of Fisher, except on the score of his age and learning and of his long devotion to the King's grandmother and father, for he was undoubtedly 'adhering to the King's enemies' when he plotted for an Imperial invasion. But More, the friend of Henry's earlier years—the man whose life was as saintly as his loyalty was undoubted, who was willing to take the substantial part of the oath, though not to swear that the Pope had no power to grant the original dispensation for Katharine's marriage! But the innocent monks of the Charterhouse, who had actually taken the oath once! But the abbots, Glastonbury, Reading, Colchester, and a dozen more, who had all taken the oaths of succession and supremacy and had actually surrendered their monasteries or were prepared to do so! And on the news of the death of his deserted Katharine, Henry praised God and danced at a ball!

The session of 1536, the last of the 'Long' Parliament, is marked by two great Acts, the 'Statute of Uses' and that for the dissolution of the smaller monasteries. The importance of the former, if my readers will pardon a little legal digression (which may even prove refreshing after so much bloodshed), lay in the fact that titles

to landed property were often difficult to trace. The Common Law recognized but one heir to my estate, my own eldest son. The Chancellor, however, in his 'Equity Court,' enabled me to evade this; for I could leave the manor of Tubney to my eldest son John 'to the use of'—*i.e.* in trust for—my sons William and Richard; and so John, who remained the *legal* owner and ought to pay to the King the feudal dues and services arising out of the manor, had to hand over the rents and profits to William and Richard, and the Chancellor could enforce him to do so. Poor John would then, not unnaturally, plead that he could not pay his legal dues to the King; and apparently there was no machinery by which he could recover the value of them from his rich brothers. The King was ultimately a great loser by this device; and younger sons and the Court of Chancery were the great gainers. Henry, as good a lawyer as he was theologian, got a Bill introduced in 1529 to put an end to this; but the Commons three times threw it out, and only passed it in the last session out of gratitude to the King. The Bill provided that no such 'uses' should be created in future, and vested the legal ownership of the land, and therewith the feudal burdens, in the persons who were actually enjoying the use of it. This produced great inconvenience and counted for something in the coming insurrection, which some wits have called a 'younger sons' crusade.' Four years later the King got through Parliament an amending Act called the 'Statute of Wills,' which allowed a man to leave all his property held on other than military tenure, and one-third of his property held on military tenure, to whomsoever he would. The Chancery lawyers, after gnashing their teeth at the consequent loss of business

for some twenty-one years, contrived in 1557 to evade the Statute against uses by an ingenious rigmarole, no doubt a little more expensive for their clients than the old plan; and 'estates held in trust' are, of course, quite well known to-day. But it doesn't hurt the King any more, because the feudal dues and the military tenure were all swept away in the first year of Charles II.'s restoration, and so you may now leave all your land, provided it is not 'entailed,'[1] as freely as you will.

The importance of this question was, however, chiefly prospective; the business of the monasteries was immediate. The land held by monastic corporations in England has been calculated at one-fifteenth of the cultivable area of the country, distributed between some 600 houses of monks and nuns, containing perhaps 8,000 'professed religious' persons—*i.e.* persons who had taken the full monastic vow. One may perhaps multiply this number by ten in order to include all the persons who directly or indirectly depended for their livelihood on the monastic system—say 80,000 persons in all; and this in a population far short of four millions. The amount of wealth expressible in money is much more difficult to calculate. But even if we include the 2,300 chantries and the 110 hospitals, which shared the fate of the monasteries either before or just after the end of the reign, it is still difficult to believe that the total value of the clerical spoil could have reached fifteen millions (present value of money), as it is sometimes stated to have done; at the same time, four millions is probably too modest an estimate. It might perhaps at

[1] I use the old word because my readers are accustomed to it in vol. I.; but, for legal accuracy, it would be necessary to add the words 'or settled, under the Act of 1882.'

the present day build half a dozen battleships or four 'Dreadnoughts.' It is obvious that in the hands of the monks it was producing far too little. The monks were not easy landlords, nor popular landlords; far from it. They were financially in a very bad condition, and quite unfit to enter the lists in the race for wealth which had begun since the great development of wool-growing; many convents were, in fact, bankrupt. Before we condemn the confiscation we must allow some weight to the strong Tudor idea that every man ought to be made to work, that the law should see that he did work or should get him flogged; and there were no doubt many sturdy beggars hanging on to monastic charity. We must allow even more weight to the fact that the monasteries were the strongholds of the old learning against the new, of ignorance against light, of false miracles and superstitions without end; and even more, they were strongholds of the old papal tradition; they were a part of the 'foreign garrison of the Pope.' Their acquiescence in the recent changes had been won either by terror or with grudging. It would be almost impossible to adapt them to the new state of things, as the largest and best of them were exempt from the authority of the bishops. But, while allowing all due weight to these arguments, it is tolerably clear that the lust for spoil was at the root of the matter. Henry's finances were the worst thing about his reign, and his need and greed for money were stupendous.

The way had been paved for the dissolution by a rapid visitation of the monasteries, got up by Cromwell in the previous year. It was conducted by three violent, arrogant ruffians, whose commission undoubtedly was designed to 'get up a case' against the monks. Their actual

report is not extant, but many of their letters are, and they are not good to read. They profess to find a state of moral corruption in which one resolutely refuses to believe. No doubt there were great evils, both moral and industrial, especially in the smaller houses. No doubt the monastic vow pressed heavily upon many people who had taken it in an hour of *pique* and were glad to be relieved of it. No doubt the ascetic enthusiasm of the twelfth century was all but spent. But the main crime committed by the dear, fat, lazy old monks was that they were possessed of broad lands which they hopelessly mismanaged, and of immense quantities of gold and silver plate. Nowadays a Royal Commission, when it dissolves an ancient corporation, diverts its revenues to some purpose demanded by the 'spirit of the age.' It usually commits an error in so doing, because the spirit of the age chiefly makes itself heard by ignorant or interested mouths.[1] Cromwell was a walking Royal Commission, and perhaps a corrupt one; but to some extent the (interested, if not ignorant) spirit of that age saw its demands fulfilled, when the monastic lands were granted away to the new families which had grown up at the court of the Tudors. As grasping and as selfish as the 'new' Norman landowners of 1066, the Russells, Cavendishes, Seymours, Greys, Dudleys, Cecils, Herberts, FitzWilliams, were yet going to make these new possessions pay; to make the lands and wealth, that had long lain idle, contribute to the power and plenty of English life. Even 'Stump, a rich clothier,' who bought Malmesbury Abbey and filled it with looms, was a more useful member of the

[1] *e.g.*, as of those who now seek to turn our Universities into technical schools.

community than his predecessor the abbot. But when we contemplate the ruins of Tintern or Fountains, when we read of the lead stripped from the seven-hundred-year-old roofs of Osney and Glastonbury, it is not easy for us to think calmly of the spoilers.

The Act of 1536 vested in the Crown the property of all religious houses whose income was less than £200 a year (say £2,500 of modern money), and scattered their inmates among the larger monasteries. Cromwell, now the 'King's vicegerent in all matters ecclesiastical,' imposed upon these such a strict rule of asceticism that few could live up to it. Constant visits were made by his bloodhounds to see that they did so; and, driven from pillar to post by every species of bullying, the rulers of the greater monasteries soon found themselves at their wits' end. Many of the abbots were only too ready to surrender their property and houses to the Crown (1536–39).

Meanwhile, Henry had tired of his horrid Queen, especially as she brought him no son; she was accused of incest and adultery, and beheaded in May, 1536. It is impossible to arrive at the truth, but the ladies of the court were notoriously wicked, and it is unlikely that a jury of twenty-six peers, presided over by Anne's uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, would have condemned her without strong evidence. Not a word of regret was expressed for her fall, and a few days afterwards Henry married Jane Seymour, the daughter of a Wiltshire knight, of whose character practically nothing is known. A new Parliament called in the same year settled the Crown on the issue of Jane. The Seymour family was even then believed to be inclining towards the Lutheran heresy, and it is possible that it was this new connexion which

led the King into something more than coquetry with the German Lutheran princes. The mere rumour of such a thing was enough to set the North of England, already deeply discontented, in a blaze; and Henry was face to face with the one insurrection of his reign.

The North, more backward, more loyal to ancient tradition and very thinly peopled, probably suffered more than the South from the dissolution of the monasteries; these had been centres of hospitality and had given what employment there was. The dispossessed monks appeared as the fomenters of the rising. This broke out first in Lincolnshire, whose inhabitants Henry thereon stigmatized in an energetic proclamation, as, 'the rude commons of one shire, and that the most brute and beastly in the whole realm'; but it soon spread, in a far worse shape, into Yorkshire, where it found leaders in Lords Darcy and Hussey, and above all in an able young lawyer called Robert Aske. Their banner, with the five wounds of Christ emblazoned on it, earned for the revolt the name of the 'Pilgrimage of Grace.' The leaders demanded the repeal of the Statute of Uses, the restoration of the monasteries, the repression of heresy (Cranmer and Latimer, now Bishop of Worcester, were mentioned by name as heretics) and the removal of the 'villein blood'—*i.e.* Cromwell, Rich and Co.—from the King's Council. Their weakness lay in the fact that they had no alternative candidate for the Crown, and so were obliged to profess loyalty to Henry, although no doubt the sympathies of the Courtenays and the Poles were with them, and these families would have profited by their victory; in fact, Reginald Pole, now an exile in Italy, who had fiercely attacked his cousin Henry in a most vituperative work, was sent by the Pope to

Flanders to keep in touch with the insurgents. What made the rebellion serious was the fact that it took Norfolk, to whose care Henry committed its suppression, some weeks to collect an armed force from the South sufficiently strong to be sure of victory; and so the King was obliged to temporize and to receive graciously a deputation of the rebels with Aske at their head. Giving always fair words, Henry completely won over Aske, and promised redress of all the grievances; but, while Aske was detained in London all the early winter of 1536, the rebel army was kept on foot on the borders of Yorkshire, and in December, with cries that they were being betrayed by Aske and the 'gentlemen,' they proceeded to acts of violence. Meanwhile, Norfolk had been steadily gathering force, and in January, 1537, he crushed the rebels with perfect ease. A series of bloody reprisals followed, which a better man than Henry might well have spared.

But the King had learned the lesson; he saw that it would not do to coquet too much with Lutheranism, and probably resolved that, as soon as Cromwell had finished off his monastic job, he would be an excellent sacrifice to the interests which had been offended. The royal position was immensely strengthened by the birth of Prince Edward in October, 1537, though Queen Jane died a few days afterwards. Henry may have been fond of Jane; he actually wore mourning for her and remained a widower for two years. But he took care to let the ladies of Europe know that he was again in the market, and one of them, a widowed young Duchess of Milan, is reported to have said, 'Yes—if I had two necks.' The birth of Edward no doubt stimulated ideas of treason in the minds of the Courtenays and Poles; before that event they,

as Plantagenets, might have had some ultimate chance of succession to the Crown.

Francis, Charles and the Pope (Paul III.) now being at comparative peace, it seemed a good opportunity to the latter to prepare in 1538 a bull of deposition, and to call upon all Christian princes, especially upon James V., to execute it. 'Yes, yes,' said the Emperor, 'James V. by all means—any one but myself.' At the last moment the bull was withheld, but Henry rightly guessed that that was not the fault of Reginald Pole, who had now worked himself up to a pitch of anti-English (and perfectly impotent) fury, and was endeavouring to sow strife in England by every conceivable means. The axe immediately avenged Reginald's treason upon all members of his family within Henry's reach—to wit, his brother Lord Montague and his cousin the Marquis of Exeter. Even his aged mother, Margaret, Lady Salisbury, was sent to the Tower. Henry took his people, with a murderous fullness, into his confidence on the matter, and carefully explained his reasons in Parliament; and Parliament cheerfully responded with an Act giving to his 'Proclamations' the force of law for the remainder of his life (1539). Meanwhile, in serious apprehension of an Imperial invasion (1538–40), he trained the nation to arms and bade it keep its powder dry. The south and east coasts were made to bristle with castles, some of them built with abbey stones—Gravesend, Tilbury, Deal, Sandown, Calshot, Sandsfoot (Portland), Hurst, Cowes, Southsea, Queenborough, Pendennis, Camber; most of them simple round low towers full of artillery: even women and children might be seen digging with a will at the fortifications of Harwich. At a great review held in 1539 the 'trained-bands' of

London 'turned out 15,000 strong'; but one hesitates to accept such a figure when one can hardly conceive the population of the city to have exceeded 90,000. Still, the men took five hours to march past the King, and the numbers evidently impressed the Imperial ambassador and others whom it was desirable to impress.

All the rest of the reign the plunder of the Church went on. The shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury was pulled down, his bones were scattered to the winds as those of a traitor, and cartloads of gold and silver rolled away from the cathedral to the court. All wonder-working images and relics of saints shared the same fate. Holocausts of such things were made all over the country, and sometimes were used to burn popish martyrs alive with. Such savage measures can have done no good to the temper of the nation: if anywhere they provoked enthusiasm, it could only be that of a few extreme fanatics; in the main they only proved that in place of one religious bigotry another may easily be established, and they fostered a spirit of irreverence and contempt for the past which led to many of the excesses of Edward VI.'s reign. No Act of Parliament dissolved the greater monasteries, because none was needed; but, after the Pilgrimage of Grace, the Crown lawyers invented the iniquitous doctrine that, if an abbot either surrendered his monastery or was attainted for treason, the property of the corporation was forfeited. In such a state of things pressure easily produced surrenders: where pressure failed, attainders were ready; and, by an Act of May, 1539, the property of all the houses 'surrendered, superseded or dissolved' was vested in the Crown. The chantries followed in 1545, and the religious hospitals; the Universities, the great public

schools, even the lands of the bishops were in grave danger.

But, to Henry's credit, he drew the line at the disestablishment of learning. When his courtiers presumed upon his greed to press the matter, he himself examined some college accounts and decisively pronounced in favour of 'men who could produce so much learning from so little rent.' Even the infamous monastic visitors of 1536, who at Oxford had scattered the works of the schoolmen to the winds and 'put Duns Scotus in Bocardo' (the prison), established Greek and Latin lectures in every college. The splendid royal foundation of Trinity College, Cambridge, dates from 1546. The year 1540 had already seen the establishment at both Universities of the Regius Professorships in Divinity, Civil Law, Physic, Hebrew and Greek. By the end of the reign the victory of Greek was complete; Sir John Cheke, tutor of Edward VI., was the first really successful teacher of it at Cambridge. Elyot's 'Book of the Governor,' which reflects the later views of Sir Thomas More, as 'Utopia' reflects his earlier, is practically Plato's theory of education in English; and Roger Ascham's 'School-master,' the universal manual of education for two centuries following, though not published till 1570, was probably written late in Henry's reign. Bishop Latimer would fain have gone further than the King, and would have retained the two largest monasteries in each diocese as centres of education. Obviously an even more natural use to which to apply the revenues of the greater monasteries would have been the creation of new bishoprics on a large scale. The dioceses of England were always ridiculously inadequate to her spiritual needs, and the statesmen-bishops of the

last five centuries had constantly been obliged to get their episcopal work done by suffragans, of whom there was a large number, though it is not on record that these rejoiced, as their successors rejoice, in being addressed as 'My lord.' Henry, however, could only part with sufficient spoil to carve out six new dioceses—Westminster, Chester, Oxford, Gloucester, Peterborough and Bristol; in these cases a large dissolved monastery simply became a see, and in one of them (Oxford) the last abbot became the first bishop.

The new faith, if new it could be said to be, had in 1536 been defined in a series of 'Ten Articles,' which retained only three sacraments as necessary, and expressed doubts as to purgatory, private masses and ceremonies generally. An English version of the Bible (Coverdale's) was published in 1536, and two years later appeared the first fully 'authorized' version prepared by John Rogers and Cranmer on the basis of Tyndale's translation. In 1539 this was ordered to be kept in every parish church in the land for all men to read, the expense of purchase, ten shillings a copy, being apparently borne by the parish priest. But the Ten Articles were, after all, not an authoritative confession of faith so much as a means of instructing people what the faith ought to be. They took their stand upon Scripture, the three creeds and the Acts of the first four General Councils; and a further explanation of them was set forth in the following year, 1537, in the 'Institution of a Christian Man,' usually known as the 'Bishops' Book.'

But when the Lutheran party, growing from very small beginnings into something like a factor in the State, sought to impel the King in the direction of a real religious union with those North German princes who had accepted the

doctrines of Luther, it soon found out its mistake. The sacrament of the mass in its most Roman form was to Henry the keystone of the faith; and he would listen to no compromise on this subject. The rising tide of controversy warned him that in the Ten Articles Cranmer had gone too far. The Parliament of the year 1539 showed clearly that the nation at last wished to put on the drag; it passed the Statute of the 'Six Articles,' the work of Bishop Gardiner of Winchester, which reaffirmed all the old doctrines of the Catholic faith except that of papal supremacy. In them Cromwell read his fall as certain, and made one desperate effort to get female influence on his side by providing his master with a new Queen from North Germany. Accordingly, Henry was married in January, 1540, to the eminently respectable lady Anne of Cleves, who could speak no language but German and was only moderately fair to look upon. Either she was too respectable for his depraved taste, or he repented of the political alliance as soon as it was formed, for he utterly refused to live with her as his wife, though it is only fair to add that he and she seem afterwards to have lived as good neighbours. At least once Anne visited him at Hampton Court; and there is no truth whatever in the received story of his rudeness to her.

In his disappointment Henry dropped the North German alliance, and, as the Emperor showed at the time no disposition to trouble him, he threw Cromwell to the wolves with savage glee, and compelled two of the reforming bishops, Shaxton and Latimer, to resign their sees. Not a voice but Cranmer's was raised for Cromwell when he was attainted and beheaded; and Cranmer ended by going with the stream of reaction. In

accordance with that reaction the few married clergy, including the Archbishop, were forced to put away their wives. Henry made their course easier by putting away his own; Anne, happy to escape with her one neck, was divorced by a vote of Convocation upon some frivolous allegation of a 'pre-contract,' and Henry at once married a second niece of the Duke of Norfolk, Katharine Howard. The Emperor was delighted at the change: Henry was his 'good brother' again, and all fear of invasion passed away.

And so we enter the last period of the reign. King and Pope in one, Henry seemed to be making himself almost a God. He 'defined the faith' in 1543 by a fresh explanation of the Six Articles, called the 'Erudition of a Christian Man,' usually known as the 'King's Book'; and indeed, the King was the principal author of it. The English Litany of 1544 and the Primer of 1545 are the direct forerunners of the first Prayer Book of Edward VI.; and both were in regular use before Henry's death. Even the Six Articles were not allowed to be taken as a warrant for a wholesale persecution. Some twenty-eight Protestants altogether suffered death; but if any servant of Henry was involved in a charge of heresy, the King knew how to protect him. There was one Sir George Blagge, whom Henry called 'his pig.' The Chancellor issued a warrant for his arrest; the King instantly interfered, and when Sir George ran to thank his master, "Ah, my pig," said Henry, "are you here safe again?" "Yes, Sire; and if your Majesty had not been better than your bishops, your pig had been roasted ere this time." For good or ill the awful royal will was supreme. Under the 'whip with the six strings,' as the Protestants called the Six Articles, you might occasionally

enjoy in Smithfield the spectacle of men being burned at the stake for denying transubstantiation, while a few yards away others were being hanged and quartered for denying the royal supremacy. A faint murmur of discontent in the North was the signal for old Lady Salisbury to go to the block. Queen Katharine Howard might have escaped, if her morals had been as unimpeachable as her orthodoxy and her allegiance; but they were not, and she too went on the same road in 1541. Ireland, a desperate drain on the resources of the Crown for the last three centuries, was pacified in 1542 by a tardy but consummate measure of statesmanship,[1] which could only have emanated from the King himself; and in 1534 Henry seemed about to realize the ideal of his great ancestor Edward I., by making himself King of Scots and Emperor within the seas of Britain.

We cannot, however, understand Henry aright until we examine the one case in which his blunders were almost greater than his crimes—the case of Scotland. To realize this we must go back to the date of Flodden. The first regent for young James V. had been his mother Margaret, Henry's elder sister; she married in 1514 the Earl of Angus, of the house of Douglas. Henry expected to manage Scotland through her influence; but she was as wicked as she was foolish, quarrelled with and threw off husband after husband, and gave her brother many excellent opportunities of lecturing her on the laxity of her morals. During James' minority a Duke of Albany and an Earl of Arran alternately wielded power in Scotland, and the French and English alliances were tossed to and fro between them. In 1528 James, from whom the King in Scott's 'Lady

[1] *Vid. infra*, p. 214.

of the Lake' is drawn, took after a fashion the reins of government; he was popular, shrewd and immoral, but at first excessively unstable in his political views. He could not be expected to forget that he might one day be heir to the English Crown, yet he could hope for no peaceable succession to it. His nobles hated him and intrigued with Henry against him; and on them he occasionally took sharp and unexpected vengeance—*e.g.* on the Douglas family. But he managed to keep on good terms with England until 1534, when Henry deliberately offered him the hand of his cousin Mary on condition that he would join England in throwing off the papal yoke, to which the said Mary was devotedly attached. James, on the whole wisely, decided that this offer was a mere trap, and from this date began Henry's nine-year-long efforts to kidnap his nephew, in order to force him either to do homage, to marry Mary, or to cede his kingdom. The Scottish clergy were quite as corrupt and as lax in their morals as the English, but they had always been the truly nationalist party, and had clung to the French as against the English alliance. Sporadic appearances of early Protestantism were punished by them, as they were in other Catholic countries, with the stake. The first martyr, Patrick Hamilton, was burned in 1528; and, after some hesitation, James threw in his lot with the persecutors. At the head of these stood the two Beatons, James and David, successively Archbishops of St. Andrews, men of no saintly life and no deep religious convictions, but cool schemers and nationalists to the backbone. By their advice James married a French royal princess, Magdalen, in 1537, and on her death in the same year took as his second wife the heroic Mary of Guise, of a heroic and politic line, that of the Dukes of Lorraine.

Henry kept, of course, an ambassador at the court of James, usually Sir Ralph Sadler, who managed to bribe large numbers of the Scots nobles; but David Beaton, until his death, proved more than a match for them all. In 1541 began a series of fierce border raids, which really only ended with the battle of Pinkie in the first year of Edward VI. In 1542 one of the worst of these raids produced the dreadful disaster of Solway Moss, the news of which killed the young King of Scots at the age of twenty-nine. He left a week-old infant, Mary, to the guardianship of Mary of Guise and David Beaton, now a Cardinal of the Roman Church.

It may well be supposed that at this date the Scots nobles looked on with envy at the spoliation of the Church by which their southern cousins had enriched themselves, and that they would be glad to enjoy the same in their own country; moreover, the last ten years had seen, in spite of occasional persecution, a very vigorous growth of Protestantism in the towns of Scotland. The defeat and disgrace of Solway might operate to some extent to produce, in the greedy nobles and the earnest reformers alike, a sense of weariness at the incessant English wars, and a regretful look backwards at the two decades before Flodden, when peace and the English alliance had been secured; if the nascent Protestant feeling should blend with the cry for peace, that fierce spirit of patriotism which had been evoked by Edward I.'s tyranny would at once show signs of abatement. Had Henry played his cards with anything like his usual dexterity and statesmanship he might have fostered this feeling and secured a new marriage connexion between the heirs of the two thrones. But it seems that the mere mention of Scotland called out all his worst passions;

and, after Solway Moss, he had the colossal impertinence to claim the crown of Robert Bruce for his own head. It was vain for him, after this, to propose a marriage between the heirs; if the Scots for a moment wavered and even agreed to treat on this basis, they soon came to their right minds again, and the only result was another fiery outburst of nationalism, of which the leader could only be the Cardinal-Archbishop of St. Andrews.

Francis of France at once promised Beaton his support, and Henry found himself again in the wretched position of 1513, between the two fires of France and Scotland. True, the power of England had grown enormously during the intervening thirty years, while the power of Scotland had declined. But when, in his rage and fury, Henry ordered his brother-in-law, Lord Hertford (the future Protector Somerset), to spare neither age nor sex in his raid on the Lothians of 1544, it naturally availed nothing towards the subjugation of Scotland. Hertford sacked Edinburgh and Leith and carried out his horrid instructions to the letter, but the Scottish victory of Ancrum Moor in the next year sufficiently avenged this raid, and the only weapon left to the English King was the dagger of the assassin. This he did not spare to use; in 1546 David Beaton was murdered by a band of fierce Protestants in his own castle of St. Andrews, and the Queen-Mother was left without a real statesman to counsel her. After Henry's death, Somerset, as Protector, continued his policy, coupling it with the renewed demand for the marriage of the two children; but then followed up his demand with a large army, which inflicted on the Scots the terrible defeat of Pinkie. After that, the only thing for the patriots to do with

their baby Queen was to send her to France to be married to a French prince, and to be brought up in the traditions of the 'auld alliance.' Her brave mother, Mary of Guise, remained behind, the lonely champion of a failing cause. Old Catholic Scotland was near its end, but the end could hardly be said to have come while that champion lived. The future, after another century of black intrigue on the part of the nobles, of fierce and unlovely fanaticism on the part of the preachers of the Gospel, was undoubtedly in the hands of the latter. Perhaps they fairly earned their power; but at what a price!

This, however, is anticipating. Henry might be foiled in Scotland; he was able to inflict a serious loss upon France. In 1544 the old Duke of Suffolk fell upon the city of Boulogne by land and sea and effected its capture. Henry hoped to turn it into a second Calais, although the day for that sort of thing had gone by. France answered by preparing a powerful fleet, which actually succeeded in entering the Solent and throwing a few troops into the Isle of Wight. But Henry went down to Portsmouth in person and saw Lord Lisle, his Admiral, sail out with the English navy to chase the intruders. Lisle hung on their skirts and fought a rearguard action with them off Shoreham; it was not a distinguished victory, but it was enough, and, when peace was made with France in 1546, England retained Boulogne for eight years, after which France was to be allowed to redeem it for money if she could.

In 1543 Henry had married his last wife, a gentle, learned woman called Katharine Parr. If she had any influence on him she used it rather in the interests of the Seymours, and so of Protestantism; but she was mainly busy with acting as a nurse, for the King suffered

agonies of pain with a fistula in his leg. The end was near at hand, and the last act of this eminently national-hearted monster was to send his aged and too faithful servant Norfolk to the Tower, and Norfolk's son, Surrey, to the block. Surrey, though a considerable poet, was a vapouring foolish fellow, who was no doubt intriguing for power against the contingency of the King's death; but Norfolk seems to have been guiltless of everything except of not denouncing his son. He, too, was to have been executed on January 28th, 1547, but during the previous night the King died. Cranmer arrived too late to hear the dying man speak, but he was able to feel an affectionate pressure of his hand.

. . . . . .

> And either Henry there,
> The murdered Saint and the majestic Lord
> That broke the bonds of Rome.

Contrast between two men could hardly be greater. Only in their love for learning do the Sixth and the Eighth Henries draw near to each other; but the impression that each made on the English nation was and is indelible. Even Mary, daughter of the discarded Katharine, looking back after the degradation of her brother's reign, was obliged to speak in her proclamations of 'our late Royal Father of glorious memory.' To the Raleighs and the Drakes of Elizabeth's time, for whom Henry VIII., by his incessant and watchful care for the navy, had opened the paths of the great waters, and who lived to see the intellectual, spiritual and material fruits of the breach with Rome, he was always 'good King Henry.' To the reflective statesmen of after years he was the King who first, and with might, directed the efforts of the nation to merely insular and attainable ends. To the political

economists of the later sixteenth and seventeenth centuries he was the King whose laws and whose diplomacy were directed to make England rich and powerful by the development of her native resources; who set all men to work and repressed idleness and beggary. To the constitutionalist who worships parliamentary government, Henry ought to be the dearest of all kings, for it was he who truly taught the House of Commons its power and its place in the nation; who told that House, in no mere spirit of flattery or cajolery, that he 'would be as tender of the least of their privileges as of his own prerogative royal.' Could we imagine a dialogue on that subject in the Elysian fields between his burly shade and that of his refined and melancholy successor who died by the axe, we might in fancy hear Charles reproach Henry with having forged the instrument which, a century later, overturned the throne; but we can imagine the scorn with which the elder King would turn upon the younger, and ask him, 'What hast thou done with the counter-instruments of prerogative and royal majesty which I also forged? When didst thou feel the pulse of thy people? Was I led by priests and bishops? Was I the slave of any of my numerous queens? Did I let my valets search my pockets at night for the memoranda of my most secret councils and then betray them to my enemies? Avaunt, ahimula, vagula, blandula!'

"Or when we would enlarge ourselves, let it be that way we can, and to which eternal Providence hath destined us, which is by the sea": these words are put by the oldest historian of the reign into the mouth of an early councillor of Henry VIII., who is supposed to be pleading against the French war of 1512; and, indeed, these words are the key-note of the sixteenth century.

To turn from vague 'rides through France' to the development of the natural heritage of an island realm was now the aim of the nation; and it was thoroughly grasped by the first great sailor King. As for military history, there is none in his reign; his land wars, with the exception of the campaign of Flodden, are a poor business, and in his thirty-eight years he was hardly at war as many months. The whole nation was, indeed, trained to the use of arms, and stringent Acts were passed to secure constant practice in archery, but always with the idea of merely defensive warfare. Directly warfare became offensive it became evident that the English army was an ineffective weapon. Cavalry there was virtually none, except a small force of borderers mounted on thirteen-hand ponies, and these could only be used away from the border when the Scots were quiet. The yeoman, down even to the fifteenth century, had more or less been following his 'natural lord,' or at least the territorial magnate of his county, to battle: the yeoman of the sixteenth century might be impressed to serve in France, or Scotland, or Ireland, under a paid captain, to whom he owned no feudal or territorial tie; but he hated his job, and as often as not mutinied in the camp.

But the fisherman or the merchant-sailor, when impressed on board the royal navy, was of another temper; he was on his natural element. Under Henry the Navy became a department of State, and the Lord High Admiral the second person in the kingdom. The King himself was a first-class pilot, and often steered his own yacht, though, being fond of fine clothes and liking to show off his big calves, he was apt to wear breeches of cloth of gold, which must have got spoiled by the

tar. He gave enormous sums towards the deepening of the channels of all our navigable estuaries, especially those of Plymouth, Portsmouth and Bristol. He founded the royal arsenals at Deptford and Woolwich. He refounded the lost rope-making industries of Bridport, Lyme, Charmouth and other Dorset towns; he encouraged by every possible means the growth of flax and hemp for this purpose. Above all, he chartered the Thames pilots and founded the Trinity House as the centre of all the science and art of the coastwise trade and defence of England. One is tempted to wonder what he would have thought of our modern system, which allows pilots of any nation to bring ships into English harbours, and to learn the secrets of the shoals and banks which nature has placed to be our secret and irremovable defences. In naval gunnery Henry from his earliest years displayed the greatest interest; the first English gun foundry dates from 1520. He was the actual inventor of the mortar or short bombard, and of shells filled with explosives. Of the pride of his heart, the 'Henri Grâce à Dieu' or 'Great Harry,' laid down in 1515, you may still see a model in Greenwich Palace; she is really like a floating castle, of which the 'stern-castle' is the keep. Her fore and stern castles have battlements along them, and each ends with a little 'saddle-turret' of pepper-box shape. She carries four masts, each made in one piece,[1] and a yard and square sail on her bowsprit; on all her masts she has heavy tops which can be filled with archers. The things that strike one as weak about her are her very small rudder and her want of beam; and if the 'Mary Rose' (capsized at Portsmouth with loss

[1] Jointed masts were not introduced before the reign of Elizabeth.

of all hands, 1545) was like her in this respect, one may guess that the fate of that vessel was a lesson to our constructors to build ships of greater beam. The 'Great Harry' carried some fifty large and some two hundred small guns, and a crew of seven hundred men all told. There is no doubt that Henry employed Italian and perhaps Spanish shipwrights; and, before the end of the reign—*e.g.* in the fighting off the Isle of Wight in 1544—we had swift pinnaces worked both by sails and oars, which entirely outpaced the French galleys. As early as 1512 the King had in his navy fifteen sail of one kind and another; when he died there were seventy, of which thirty might rank as 'ships of the line.' Besides the King, the Howards were great and hereditary sailors; two sons of the victor of Flodden were successively Lords High Admirals, and next to them in fame came Fitz-William and Lisle. In view of the isolation and dangers of England during the last half of the reign, we may feel sure that not one of these naval precautions was wasted.

Before Henry's death we thoroughly penetrated to the furthest east of the Mediterranean, our exports to the Levant consisting almost wholly of home-made woollen goods: both the North-east and the North-west Passages were projected by English sailors with the hope of tapping the spice trade at its source; the Gold Coast trade was opened up in 1530 by the first adventurers of the Devon family of Hawkins; and everywhere English sailors were refusing to be bound by the papal decision of 1494, which had divided the oceans of the Western and Eastern worlds as *maria clausa* between Spaniards and Portuguese.

For the development of foreign trade Henry may be considered, if not the inventor, yet the most perfect ex-

ponent of what came in later times to be called the 'mercantile system.' We shall search Tudor literature in vain for any complete exposition of this new political economy, if one may so call it; for the truth is that the actual generation in which great economic changes are taking place is never able to realise the meaning of them. Indeed, we may search a good deal of modern literature almost equally fruitlessly; hardly any two writers give the same statistics or arrive at the same conclusions as to the actual events, much less as to their causes and effects. But if we may judge by the Acts passed during the reign, and by the results as worked out during the following century, we may suppose the King and the leaders of his Council and his Parliaments to have had some grip of the following principles:

1. The end of all laws and all policy is not the comfort of the mass of the people, but the efficiency of the nation.

2. For this purpose the shipping industry is all-important, the agricultural industry is all but all-important.

3. All other industries are important; but all, even the woollen, are of subsidiary importance to these two.

4. The Government is more likely than any private individual to know what is best for the nation as a whole.

So, as fishermen make the best sailors and ploughmen make the best soldiers, Henry will encourage by laws—laws which admittedly raise the prices of commodities—the fishing industries and corn-growing:—'no Englishman shall bring goods into England or take goods out of England except in English ships'; 'every man shall eat fish in Lent'—not with any religious motive, but an obvious economic one. The King will restrain wool-growing where it threatens to eat up tillage (here he

failed, but never faltered in his design): 'no man shall keep more than two thousand sheep'; 'no man shall pull down farms or lay out his arable lands in permanent pasture'; 'beggars who won't work shall be adjudged as slaves to any one who offers them agricultural employment.' Strong hands and oak ships, and raw materials, and money for the sake of national power—these are the objects of the innumerable Statutes of the Tudors in their heroic struggle to produce national efficiency.

To much of this the spirit of the age was opposed. The 'new men,' and especially the grantees of the abbey lands, were making haste to be rich, without regard to national efficiency. The old agricultural tenants had to go, Statutes notwithstanding; the execution of the Statutes was largely in the hands of the justices of the peace, many of whom were more interested in growing rich than in national efficiency; and the lands did get laid down in pasture. The King's eye was tolerably wide in its range, but it could not see everywhere. Wages, however much Statutes might fix them, were coming to depend on prices rather than prices upon wages; profits were now based on competition rather than on custom. The old 'order' was giving way to the new 'progress.' No longer were men content to stand at the head of their own rank wherein they were born, as ploughmen, freeholders, merchants, gentlemen, barons; every one who thought at all was striving to get a foot in the rank above his own, and for this purpose money was all-necessary. Hence the intelligent part of the nation was often in a sort of combination to defeat the Statutes by which the King strove to keep each rank at its highest efficiency.

Some excuses for this struggle of cross-purposes may be

found first in the general rise of prices which after 1520 affected Europe in an increasing ratio. The cost of living was rising everywhere, owing to the influx of gold and silver from Spanish America. It was impossible for wages to keep pace with the rapid rise in prices, and the result was constantly recurring misery among the lower classes, which the Government did its heroic best to remedy. Secondly, there had been a great displacement of shipping since commerce had become an oceanic rather than a mere coastwise business. The decay of the Cinque Ports was rapid—Bristol, Plymouth and all the Devon and Dorset ports were taking their place; Newcastle, Yarmouth and Hull were coming to control the North Sea trade; above all, London was rising to an altogether disproportionate wealth and importance—it probably doubled its population between 1530 and 1580. In manufactures a corresponding displacement of industries was taking place; Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, Halifax and Wakefield were taking the place of the small East-country towns, which, under the presidency of Norwich, had hitherto controlled the woollen manufacture. Vainly the old craft-gilds and the Drapers' Company of London cried out against innovations in the craft introduced by the new men, against violation of their apprenticeship laws, against establishment of trades in towns which had no gilds, against underselling of gild-brethren. The Government, which hated to see 'hands' out of work, and failed to realize that this displacement of industries would in the long run make for instead of against national efficiency, tried to back up the gilds by innumerable Statutes, regulating where and how cloth was to be woven; it was led on from this to deal most sharply with the

vagrancy question, and after that with the 'problem of pauperism'—whipping, the stocks and slavery were to await the able-bodied beggar; several Statutes ordered provision to be made for the poor who were past work, and in some cases even licences to beg were granted to such people. But not till long after Henry VIII.'s reign, and perhaps not yet, has any successful scheme been devised for treating the able-bodied poor man who cannot find work.

The great sheep-farmers were often great clothiers as well, and gave out raw wool for cottagers to spin and weave at home; by the end of the century cottages in which there was no spinning wheel were the exception, and this of itself did much to mitigate the suffering caused by the diminution of the demand for agricultural hands. This diminution has, in fact, been much exaggerated. No doubt a great deal of land was laid down in permanent pasture, and so 'enclosed.' Now 'enclosure' meant either the actual appropriation by greedy lords of manors of the whole or part of the 'waste' or common; or it meant a rearrangement of the manorial map, by which, instead of the old system of half-acre strips intermixed with each other, the lord got a solid block of demesne all coterminous, and each descendant of Higg and Troll and Wamba equally got his coterminous block. In both cases it is clear that the small freeholders and copyholders were very much at the lords' mercy. True, the Statutes were in their favour, but the lawyers who interpreted the Statutes were in favour of the lords, and legal claims cost much money to make good. Actual eviction under force of law was not possible—since the reign of Edward IV. even copyholders were protected against this; but jobbing, bribing and bullying them out of their holdings was only too

possible. We can imagine a practical peer, who had been heavily fined by Henry VII. for keeping too many liveried retainers on his land, saying, 'Very well, then, since it no longer pays to grow men, and is even dangerous to do so, I will grow sheep and get rid of the men.' As early as 1517 there was a Royal Commission on the subject, and another in 1549. Both reported strongly against the system of enclosing, except where adequate provision was made for the displaced tenants; but both were failures, for the lords were masters of the situation. But my point is that the enclosures were by no means always for the sake of pasturage; often they were done in order to start a better and more scientific system of tillage. That this was the case is proved by the fact that the price of corn did not go up even so fast as that of wool or other commodities. Something like one-third of the open fields in the South and East of England was enclosed between 1450 and 1600, and two-thirds remained to be done in the next great enclosure period, 1760–1840. Henry was able before his death to encourage export of corn in years in which there had been a good harvest, and we do not read of import on any serious scale.

But, steadily as the Government strove to grapple with these and kindred problems, the rise in prices continued to baffle it more and more. In the reckless extravagance of his early years Henry had raised up trouble for his later years. His Parliaments never much liked granting him money. True, it became the practice in his reign to make, on the few occasions on which a 'tenth and fifteenth' were granted, an additional grant called a subsidy, which was intended to represent a fixed proportion of each man's income; but the nation simply wouldn't pay. In 1513 a poll tax produced less than one-third of

its estimate, and a subsidy less than one-third. The celebrated grant of £800,000 wrung by Wolsey out of the grudging Parliament of 1522 was spread over four years of payment, and not half of it could ever be collected. For twelve years from that time no lay subsidy was granted at all; and only three more were granted during the rest of the reign, usually at the rate of about £80,000 each. In spite of the growth of the customs to something like £50,000 a year, the kings were in constant straits for money, and at last were driven to the dreadful expedient of debasing the coinage. Full blame must rest on the King who began to do so, and that was Henry VIII. His two successors continued on the same evil path; and by the end of Mary's reign the silver penny was equal to but one-seventh of its old value. Elizabeth's supreme merit was her economy and financial honesty; she recalled in 1560 all the alloyed coinage, but it cost her forty years of stinginess to undo the results of her father's original mistake.

In conclusion, criticize Henry as you will and compare him with whom you will, he stands out on the canvas as a mighty national fact, which, aided by very ordinary ministers, accomplished a very great work, economic, naval and political. A lesser man would, in making the breach with Rome, have transferred to the Archbishop of Canterbury or to Convocation the disciplinary and spiritual powers of which the Pope was deprived; would have kept the Church as a sort of co-ordinate power inside the State. In the seventeenth century Archbishop Laud strove for this position; and thereby not only wrecked the Church, but pulled down the State on the top of it. Henry deliberately preferred the seemingly illogical position that the Church is a department of the State, and that

King and Parliament will govern it better than it can govern itself. The modern idea of 'free Church in free State' was, of course, wholly beyond him, as it was wholly beyond any of his contemporaries or his successors for more than a century. The early Christian Church had preached that it was the duty of the State to enforce uniformity, and therefore to persecute heretics. Henry had no desire to shirk any of his duties; he burned twenty-eight heretics during his reign, and ninety-nine hundredths of his subjects regarded it as his duty to burn them. That he did it after partially encouraging them blackens no doubt his moral character; but in the eyes of contemporaries it was the encouragement and not the burning in which he erred.

CHAPTER IV

KING EDWARD VI

EDWARD VI. was nine years old when he began to reign, and he reigned six years and six months in what he fondly imagined to be a new Jerusalem. We dare not—for it is not for us to judge—say that he did that which was good or that which was evil in the sight of the Lord; but, as for his doings in the sight of man, with the means we now have of judging, it is difficult to continue to look upon him as the young Josiah raised up by Heaven to extirpate the worship of idols. To a few contemporary enthusiasts, such as Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, he may have appeared in this light; and to ardent Protestant partisans of later centuries his name has always been dear. The most charitable view that I am able to take of him is that his extremely precocious intellect was developed at the expense both of his heart and his body. One is told that traces of Tudor self-will were manifest in him, but, with the exception of one famous scene in the last month of his life, there is little confirmation of this. Rather he appears as a shadowy figure whose strings are pulled and who is made to speak with authority by some person who has got hold of the substance of power. Once, but once only, I find him taking part in open-air sports—in May, 1551, he and sixteen 'gentlemen of his chamber' were matched at Greenwich against seventeen

other gentlemen at tilting at the ring and other sports; the King 'ran a course' at the ring, and his side was very badly beaten. From the year 1550 he kept a remarkable and voluminous diary, in which he noted down the events of the time with the complexion which the adviser of the moment wished him to give them. The cold-bloodedness of this diary is quite extraordinary. Influence Edward may have had; but, during his last three years at least, he was in the hands of the most subtle and false politician of the sixteenth century—the Duke of Northumberland. He seems always to have been excessively weak in the lungs, suffering from a continual cough and perhaps from some hereditary tendency to dropsy; it was an age of weird diseases, about which we know very little.

Of one thing we may be tolerably sure concerning Edward—his ambition to be the protagonist in the European Reformation. He desired to carry religious change to its furthest possible limit, and his death mercifully prevented John Knox from being a sort of bishop in England. How the monuments of our religious antiquity would have fared under that godly leader the melancholy example of Scotland can teach us. It would, however, be a great mistake to look upon these six and a half years as being all one period, during which religious change went on with increasing velocity. There is, in fact, a marked break at the fall in October, 1549, of the Protector Somerset.

This remarkable man, Edward Seymour, was Queen Jane's brother; he had been successively created Lord Beauchamp and Earl of Hertford, and was just going to create himself Duke of Somerset. Though an ardent Protestant and a leader in the ignoble race for church

spoil (he pulled down the cloisters of St. Paul's to build his town house—Somerset House, it is still called), he seems to have been entirely ahead of his age in his desire for toleration and mercy towards those who disagreed with him. He was no great statesman—certainly no statesman at all in foreign affairs; and he committed the usual English blunder of attempting to coerce the Scots. He was impatient of counsel and hot-headed; perhaps he was not even above the tendency of the demagogue to appeal to the 'People.' But his ideas were on a very big scale, and he was entirely dominated by them—a virtue fatal to his own success. For instance, his heart was set upon mitigating the hardships of the poor—hardships which, owing to the fall in the value of money and the falling off in the demand for hands, were now growing real indeed, and which have been with us, off and on, ever since. He was also set on mitigating the severity of the treason laws, and on entirely abolishing religious persecution.

A truly strange product of the reign of Henry VIII.! But one who, unfortunately, stood alone; Cranmer no doubt shared his zeal for mercy, yet even Cranmer condemned to the stake two heretics who denied the divinity of Our Lord. Somerset climbed, as we shall presently see, to supreme power in the State; he tried without tact or moderation to carry out his fine ideas; he could not conciliate the selfish intriguers who surrounded him, and, indeed, he made little effort to do so. He probably lost the affections of the young King by keeping him too much under his own eye; dreading, not without reason, the influence of the corrupt courtiers upon him. Edward very early complains, through one of his servants, that 'he is not left

half a quarter of an hour alone.' The upshot was that almost the whole Council combined against Somerset, and, in the autumn of 1549, the power, though not the name, of Protector passed to John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, Earl of Warwick and soon Duke of Northumberland.

This subtle ruffian, whom a contemporary likens to Alcibiades, was the son of Henry VII.'s old extortioner Dudley, and the father of Elizabeth's rather disreputable favourite Leicester. As a brave sailor he had repulsed the French in 1545, and had otherwise distinguished himself in the few wars of Henry's reign. He knew how to conceal his designs and to bide his time; and his designs ultimately came very near the Crown itself. When he overthrew Somerset he might either have headed a Catholic reaction, or bidded for the support of the extreme Reformers. He chose the latter course, and the result was that, while under Somerset religious change is moderate and mainly the logical outcome of King Henry's Acts, under Northumberland it is violent and contemptuous. Foreign influences are brought to bear on it: Germans and Poles are promoted to English benefices; bodyguards of foreign mercenaries are imported, for which even a foreign name ('gendarmery,' 'gens d'armes') has to be invented. The savage treason laws of Henry VIII. are revived and even made more atrocious; and the 'poor commons,' who attempt to break down enclosures, are hanged and quartered by the dozen. The reaction which placed Mary on the throne, with shouts of joy even from the most Protestant parts of England, was no sign of a desire to return to the Papal Church, but of mere English hatred for the intolerable tyranny of a gang of grasping revolutionaries.

And now we may attempt to trace the history of Edward's reign in more detail. Two successive Acts of Parliament had given Henry VIII. the power of disposing of the Crown by will. 'Dreadfully unconstitutional?' yes, but the only possible road out of the inextricable tangle which Henry's successive marriages had created, and perhaps the best means of preventing the Crown from falling to a foreign prince. The will named in succession Edward and his heirs, Mary and her heirs, Elizabeth and her heirs; and, failing all these, the children of Henry's younger sister, Mary, Duchess of Suffolk. The succession of these last seemed a most unlikely contingency. Unfertile as the Tudors were, it was against all the laws of chance that Edward, Mary and Elizabeth would all die without heirs. But you will see that, when this comes to pass, the heir, not of Mary Suffolk, but of Margaret, Henry's elder sister, will succeed in the person of James of Scotland: James Stuart inherited the English Crown in the teeth of an Act of Parliament, and perhaps it is not surprising that he and his son thought very small beer of Acts of Parliament.[1]

Further, by the last will of Henry, drawn up a month before his death, a Council had been created, to govern during Edward's minority, consisting of sixteen executors, of whom the Earl of Hertford was only one. But, since the fall of the Howards, this Earl had been Henry's most trusted adviser, and so would naturally have the chief voice in his nephew's Council. Be that as it may, on

[1] One might apply the same argument as regards the contempt which the Stuarts felt for Common Law also; for the Common Law forbade an alien to inherit an acre of English land, let alone the crown of England.

January 31st, three days after Henry's death, the said Earl became Protector of the kingdom, apparently with full consent of the majority of the executors. The Protectorate was to last till the King was eighteen, and the Protector at once proceeded to make himself Duke of Somerset, and to reward the rest of the Council with more church lands and peerages. He chose a fresh Privy Council at his own pleasure, from which he soon excluded the ex-Chancellor Wriothesley, who most strongly represented the Catholic element. Thus Somerset was virtually king until his fall in 1549.

It was an exceedingly awkward crisis in European politics for a man who was to prove himself no statesman. Charles V., at the height of his power, believed himself to be on the eve of crushing German Protestantism. His son Philip, for whom universal monarchy seemed to be in store, was now twenty-one. Cardinal Pole was urging Charles to strike a blow at England for the Princess Mary, and to strike at once. Mary, now thirty-one, was hardening into a prematurely aged woman, brooding over her mother's wrongs and her own. True, we had just concluded a peace with France, but how long was it likely to endure in view of the passionate determination of the English Government to get hold of Scotland, and in view of the fact that the new King of France, Henry II., was a far more keen-sighted politician than his father Francis? The futile acquisition of Boulogne had not only imposed a fresh drain upon our falling revenue, but would be certain to prevent the permanence of any Anglo-French alliance. The coinage was already fearfully debased, and prices all over Europe were nearly double what they had been in 1520. Wages were stationary, or even falling; the

'ancient yeomanry of England' was pitifully decayed; and the shift in the territorial balance, from the old aristocracy and the Church to the new commercial landowners, was accompanied by a decay in all morality, public and private.

Somerset was never able to do much to ameliorate the condition of the coinage; but his first Parliament, called in November, 1547, proceeded to wipe out all the iniquitous treason laws of the late reign, and to enact that two witnesses are necessary to prove any treason. Except that it was still to be treason to attack the Royal Supremacy over the Church, the crime was once more confined within the limits of the Act of 25 Edward III. The few persons who suffered death under Somerset were nearly all false coiners: nothing is more startling, in the contemporary London chronicles, than the small number of public executions they record at this time; whereas under Henry VIII., Northumberland and Mary, hardly a day passed without some show of the kind. Further, the same Parliament repealed the Act of the Six Articles and the heresy laws of Henry IV. and V. This left only a very doubtful 'Common Law' power of putting heretics to death, under which only two suffered in the whole reign, and these both after Somerset's fall. The 'Journals of the House of Commons,' a precious monument of English history, begin with this Parliament, and the debates seem to have been remarkably free; even matters of foreign policy were regularly submitted to the Houses.

Of ecclesiastics, Cranmer alone seems to have had real influence, although Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, a 'Catholic without the Pope,' was an intimate friend of the Protector. Of laymen, reliance could be placed mainly on the late King's secretary, Sir William Paget,

afterwards Lord Paget, and to a lesser extent on Sir Anthony Browne, ancestor of the tragic [1] house of Cowdray. The working bees of the Council, men like Wootton, Mason, Petre, were mainly employed in diplomacy, and would serve all governments. Two young men of distinction were among Somerset's warmest friends, Sir Thomas Smith and William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley. But the new peers, with Warwick at their head, the Marquises of Northampton, Dorset and Winchester, the Earls of Bedford, Pembroke and Southampton,[2] would be steadily intriguing against the Protector even at his own council-board. There is good evidence of the intelligence and activity of nearly all these men, but to the really important question of the time, the religious movement, all were more or less indifferent; and we find several of them turning Catholic under Mary, and Protestant under Elizabeth, with great equanimity.

Somerset's religious views probably went some way beyond those of Cranmer. We know that he corresponded with the 'Geneva Pope,' John Calvin, whose grim theology was to mould all later generations of Protestantism, and even to leave a strong mark upon the 'Articles' of the English Church. But in so far as the essence of Calvinism is an intolerance as fierce as

[1] In fulfilment of a curse uttered by evicted monks, his last descendant was drowned in the Rhine on the day on which Cowdray House was burned to a ruin.

[2] I have gone on the principle of giving to these people and to peers generally the titles by which they are best known, and so not, in all cases, the titles they bore at any particular point in the narrative—*e.g.* the 'Dorset' here mentioned became Duke of Suffolk, and was the father of Lady Jane Grey, and on p. 112 I am obliged to call him 'Suffolk.'

that of Popery, and a claim to rule consciences independently of all human laws, Somerset was certainly no Calvinist. The complete control of the bishops by the common sense of a lay Parliament was the firmest article in his political creed; and, in an age of warring opinions, such a control was the only possible safeguard for moderation. In Parliament he permitted free discussion of religious changes, and no doubt many of the bishops voted against them, though, if so, they were invariably quite out-voted. His first step had been to send round, in the early summer of 1547, a mixed commission of clergymen and laymen to hold a visitation of each diocese, with a view to suppressing superstition and image worship. Though most of the visitors were distinctly reformers, they were one and all men of learning, ability and good standing, and very different from the bloodhounds of Cromwell who had 'visited' the monasteries. They sat for several weeks in each cathedral city and made regular orders for the holding of divine service; and their injunctions became the basis of those of Queen Elizabeth in 1559. But one deplores that they ordered the white-washing of church walls and the destruction of painted glass and costly shrines; even Edward the Confessor's shrine at Westminster was destroyed, and had to be rebuilt under Mary.

The administration to the laity of the communion in both kinds was voted in the first Parliament; the Act for dissolving the chantries, which had lapsed through the late King's death, was re-enacted. Cranmer protested against it, owing to his wish to retain the endowments for educational purposes. The 'chantry-priests' had often been schoolmasters; and, though some few of their foundations were spared and became 'King Edward VI.'s

Grammar Schools,' the enormous majority were swept into the net of the Crown, which rapidly alienated them to 'deserving' noblemen and privy councillors. In the second session of the same Parliament (1548–9) the marriage of priests was licensed; and the 'Book of Common Prayer,' drawn up by a Committee of Convocation in the autumn of 1548, was made, by the 'Act of Uniformity,' the sole lawful service book.

That book, after all, remains, with the English Bible, the greatest legacy of the sixteenth century. No words can express the value of it to the after generations of Englishmen. Our noble language, though not yet grammatically perfect, was at the height of its splendour in the matter of diction and phrase; it had absorbed enough, but not too much, of the classical vocabulary of the Renaissance, and had shed all inconvenient or harsh archaisms. The book is based, in the main, upon that Latin version of the Roman mass-book and breviary which is called the 'Use' of Sarum (Salisbury), and which dates from the eleventh century. In order to abolish superstitions, such as the invocation of saints and the doctrine of transubstantiation, many of the prayers had to be greatly altered—*e.g.* twenty-five of the collects had to be re-written, and the unsurpassed beauty of the language of most of these points decisively to one master-hand at work. Tradition does not err in making the compilation of the Prayer Book substantially the work of Thomas Cranmer. If any one else's hand can be traced at all it is that of Nicholas Ridley, successively Bishop of Rochester and London. All attempts to add to or alter the Prayer Book since Cranmer's death have been complete failures; and it is a disparagement rather to our present language than to our present bishops to say that these

cannot compose prayers worth praying. As regards doctrine, the Prayer Book of 1549 is very little in advance of the Catholic doctrine of 1539–47; the real presence (though without transubstantiation), prayers for the dead and auricular confession to the priest are retained. The change that made itself most felt was the great curtailment of the number of holy days; but there was obviously little compulsion in the matter. On 'Corpus Christi Day,' one of the most splendid and popular festivals of the old Church, 'some kept holiday and some kept none,' says a disgusted old Grey Friar.

The mere fact, however, that the Act of Uniformity made the mass in Latin illegal was bound to bear hardly on honest Romanists. Henry VIII. would have taken a 'shortest way' with such 'dissenters.' Somerset allowed Princess Mary to use the mass in her own house, but, after enduring for two years the steady opposition of Bishop Bonner of London, who sat and voted in the Lords down to the autumn of 1549, he was obliged to commit him to prison. Gardiner, after a brief imprisonment in 1547 for resisting the Royal Visitation, was sent in the middle of 1548 to the Tower, from which he was only released by Mary's accession. But neither the bishoprics of London nor Winchester were given away till after Somerset's fall. To Cardinal Pole, who had been attainted by Henry VIII., the Protector offered a free pardon if he would return and conform. One is tempted to smile at the idea that he actually expected the three most bloodthirsty persecutors of the next reign to become Protestants by persuasion and reason.

The stock instance of tyranny adduced against Somerset is the execution of his own brother; but, if you bear the sword of justice, and your own brother is a thorough-

paced villain, who is scheming, for his own private ends, to make spoil and havoc of the kingdom, there is some justification for your severity. Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, was loaded with favours both before and after Henry's death. He became Lord High Admiral in 1547, and from the very first began to intrigue against his brother. He married the widowed Queen Katharine with indecent haste after Henry's death; he got into his hand two potential heiresses to the Crown, Princess Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, the granddaughter of Mary, Duchess of Suffolk; he was suspected of poisoning Katharine in order to marry Elizabeth, with whom he started a violent flirtation (she was fifteen); he entered into a corrupt bargain with a mint-master named Sharington to issue false coinage, and another corrupt bargain with a famous gang of pirates at Scilly; he even turned pirate himself, a somewhat singular trade for an English admiral; he threatened 'by God's precious soul' (which seems to have been his usual expletive) that he would make the next Parliament the blackest Parliament that ever was in England; finally, he began to arm himself in his own castle, like any fifteenth-century Neville, and to collect large bands of armed retainers with the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Government. Perhaps what Somerset felt most was Thomas's deliberate attempt to pervert the young King's mind by lending him money, and by keeping up a private correspondence with him through his menial servants. For several months the Protector, as these malpractices became successively known to him, wrote letters of remonstrance to his brother, promising him always that he would weigh carefully any evidence he could bring in his favour. All was in vain; and in March, 1549, Thomas was attainted of high treason

and sent to the block. Probably no one cried for him except Princess Elizabeth; he was a handsome man and her 'first love,' and she always liked handsome men So far as we can judge, no more perfectly justifiable execution took place in the sixteenth century; yet the taint of fratricide could not fail to cling to the memory of the Protector, and it no doubt gave a handle to his foes, who by this time were not a few in number.

The real cause of Somerset's fall is, however, something different, and something very strange in a sixteenth-century ruler: his excessive and loudly expressed sympathy with the hardships of the poor. The process of enclosure was going on more rapidly than ever, and, as always, was followed by wholesale evictions, whether with or without legal warrant; also by rent-raising on a colossal scale on tenants who were not evicted. Not only in the country was this the case, but even in London 'speculators in house property' bought up whole streets and raised exorbitant rents from them (did any of my readers ever see horrid little slums in modern London called 'So-and-so's *rents*'?): proclamations and Acts of Parliament were alike powerless to check the evil. Cranmer, Latimer and John Hales, ardently patronized by the Protector, took up, in sermons and in pamphlets, the cause of the poor, and in May, 1548, a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the grievance, and to ask why Henry VIII.'s Statutes against turning arable lands into pasture had been violated. The Commissioners, of whom Hales was the chief, met a dogged resistance in every county which they visited: the juries which they summoned dared not to present the truth against their rich neighbours; men ran one furrow across a pasture field and called it 'arable,'

and so on. As little availed Somerset's quite unconstitutional creation at his own house in London of a 'Court of Requests,' at which he sat in person to hear the complaints of poor suitors. Such a court had no real legal sanction, and the hostility of the lawyers to it was at once manifested.[1] Somerset had ignored the deep-seated reverence of the upper and middle classes for law and property. The net result of his whole attitude was seen in the rising of the commons all over England (most dangerously in Devonshire and Norfolk) in the summer of 1549. It was easy for his enemies, even for his friends, even for the prudent and tolerant Paget, who more than once addressed to him appeals to be more politic, to point to the Protector as the encourager of rebellion.

The west-country movement, upon which it is just possible that some friends of the Princess Mary looked not unfavourably, had been from the first captured by the priests. The rebels demanded the restoration of the 'Six Articles,' of Cardinal Pole to a place in the King's Council, and of the Latin mass; the Cornishmen quaintly adding that they understood no English, and that the new service-book was 'but like a Christmas game.' But the *fons et origo* of the business appears to have been an agrarian movement against enclosures; hardly a single man of rank was in it, and it was no doubt fanned by the same influences as those which produced the more serious outbreak in Norfolk a few weeks later. Both these rebellions introduce us for the first time to the number of 'vagrom' men—'runabouts,' they are called by Somerset's secretary, Sir Thomas Smith—who made a profession of stirring up discontent from county to county.

[1] A 'Court of Requests' was a recognised branch of the jurisdiction of the Privy Council.

Somerset no doubt erred in not taking the field in person against the rebellion; he could have enforced leniency better at the head of troops than by sitting in London and issuing general pardons to all who would lay down their arms. Nevertheless, his proclamation, dated July 8th, 1549, is a very remarkable document, and a great contrast to Henry VIII.'s brutal address to the Lincolnshire rebels; he answers one by one all the demands, and shows the mistakes upon which they are grounded. But he made a still greater mistake in allowing Warwick, whose hostility to himself he could hardly fail to expect, to undertake the task of putting down the Norfolk rioters. There, one Robert Ket of Wymondham had proclaimed a 'commonwealth'—*i.e.* a redistribution of property, not a republic—and had actually proceeded to allot the property of the gentlemen of the eastern counties among his followers. No personal violence was used, but occasional priests were caught and made to preach at the 'Oak of Reformation' in favour of Ket's proceedings—among others Matthew Parker, the future Archbishop of Canterbury. Ket took Norwich city, and Warwick had to lay a regular siege to it. Meanwhile the western rebels were with difficulty got under. By the month of September order was restored in both places; and martial law, in defiance of the government proclamation, was in full swing, with very numerous executions.

In this restoration of order Somerset had no hand, and even moderate men were obliged to admit that as a ruler he was a failure. Nothing contributed more completely to this conviction than his disastrous foreign policy. If in domestic administration he was two centuries ahead of his age, abroad he merely

continued in a very weak manner to follow the course of Henry VIII. In spite of his ardent Protestantism, he made no attempt to help the German Protestants in their struggle with Charles V. In spite of his zeal for peace he managed fatally to quarrel with Henry of France over the boundaries of the county of Boulogne, and hostilities of a sort preceded for nearly a year the open war of August, 1549. The fact is that his whole policy was dominated by his determination to effect the union of Scotland and England at all costs. If the Scots would not agree to marry their young Queen to his young King he would make them do so, and his King should be called 'King of Great Britain.' He knew the way into Scotland, and also into the pockets of the Scottish nobles better than most men; and his victory of Pinkie[1] (September, 1547) was no doubt a very complete one. Sword and torch in one hand and English Bible (to spread the Word of God among the poor blind Papists who were fighting for their country) in the other, he burnt Leith, unaccountably spared Edinburgh, seized and fortified Haddington, Home, Roxburgh, and a whole row of lesser places; and, wherever he went, he confiscated church lands and offered them as a bribe to any one who would betray Scotland. The nobles pocketed his bribes, but they pocketed French gold also, and, when French help at last came at the end of the year, showed that they preferred to rely upon it. As soon as the French came the English hold on Scotland slipped away as rapidly as ever, and by October, 1548, the little Queen was safe on French soil and was betrothed to the Dauphin. In impotent anger Somerset began to assert the title of Edward VI. as King of Scotland. All

[1] *Vid. supra*, p. 71.

1548–9 he was trying to recruit both horse and foot in North Germany; and an interesting letter from one of his recruiting agents there shows us an ancestor of our present royal family (the Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg) making an excellent bargain to sell his subjects as mercenaries to England—always with the proviso that the King of France did not offer him a higher price for them, as he often did.

Unfortunately for Somerset, the year 1549 was the year of his worst domestic trouble, and Scotland could afford to laugh at his empty threats. Once more, but for the last time, the fatuity of an English statesman had identified the dying Catholic Church with the national honour, the rising tide of Protestantism with rank treason. France, however, had hesitated long before declaring war, and might perhaps have been bought off by a timely surrender of Boulogne; as it was, before the end of the year she had penetrated that county in every direction and stormed the outworks of the city.

The movement against the Protector in the English Council is difficult to trace, but it was undoubtedly engineered by Warwick during his own absence in Norfolk. The other agents were Northampton, Southampton, Winchester, Pembroke, Dorset and Arundel—a combination of men of old and new opinions. Whatever delusive hopes Warwick may have held out to the Catholics, it is clear that his obvious cue was to push on the spoliation of the Church, and therefore to forward the Reformation at an increasing pace. At the beginning of October Somerset was with the young King at Hampton Court, when he became aware of the plots against him. He at once appealed, in an ill-judged proclamation, to the 'poor commons of England' to rise on his behalf, and hurried the young King (who had a very bad cold)

suddenly to Windsor on the night of October 6th. Edward did not like Windsor, and complained that there were no galleries or gardens for him to walk in. London was hostile—at least, the great merchants were, though papers in Somerset's favour were scattered about the streets, emanating from the uninfluential classes; but conservatives would dislike his plunder of St. Paul's, and the 'hot gospellers,' who were very strong in London, regarded him as a timid reformer. No real hope of raising the 'poor commons' could be entertained. Paget and Cecil, who had stuck to their patron almost to the end, deserted him, and he allowed himself to be arrested and sent to the Tower on October 14th. 'Arbitrary use of power,' 'sowing of dissensions between gentlemen and commoners,' and failure of foreign policy—there was enough truth in these charges to justify a change of ministry, but not an accusation of treason. Would the new Government do better?

The new Government—that is to say, Warwick—speedily proved that it was going to do very much worse. Its policy may be summed up in one word, 'scramble.' All the remaining church plate, bells, etc., on which hands could be laid, were seized; the remaining chantry lands were distributed to courtiers, instead of being used to found schools or sold to provide soldiers. All Moderates and Catholics were swept off the list of the Privy Council; the remaining Catholic bishops, Day of Chichester, Voysey of Exeter, Heath of Worcester, were deprived of their sees; the venerable Tunstall of Durham was deprived and imprisoned, and the lands of his see were destined to enrich Warwick's future dukedom of Northumberland. Bonner's see of London was given to Ridley, Gardiner's see of Winchester to Poynet, Gloucester and Worcester

to Hooper. Ridley had to lament to Cecil how fearfully, during the vacancy of the see, the King's officers had despoiled his property. Cranmer looked on helplessly at his own loss of influence, and allowed Ridley to prepare a revision of the Prayer Book, which wiped out the doctrine of the real presence, prayers for the dead and confession. This was published in 1552 and known as the 'Second Prayer Book of Edward VI.' From the very first the Prayer Book of 1549 had been attacked by Hooper as too full of superstitious usages, and Hooper had imbibed his doctrine—that the Sacrament is merely a commemorative act—during an exile at Strasburg and Zurich; when he was consecrated bishop he protested against the legal dress and ceremonies with great energy: one may say that in him the spirit of Nonconformity was already born.

It was in these disastrous years, too, that the 'hot gospellers' from the Continent poured into England in great crowds; our ambassador at Brussels complains that 'malicious people say that England is the harbour for all infidelity.' Martin Bucer, who knew not a word of English, was made a divinity professor at Cambridge, and was pleased to give his approval of the new Prayer Book, which had to be translated into Latin for his perusal; Paul Fagius and the Italian Peter Martyr also got university chairs. A congregation of French-speaking Walloons was established in Canterbury Cathedral, whose descendants still continue, in spite of Puseyite efforts to dislodge them, to worship in the Black Prince's Chantry, off the crypt; a similar congregation was established in the melancholy ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. John a' Lasco, a Polish refugee, was appointed superintendent of the foreign congregations in London. Calvin, from his

pontifical throne at Geneva, directed this motley crew of foreigners, bullied Cranmer, and sought to impose his views on the English Church. In Convocation a Confession of Faith, leaning strongly to Calvinism and known as the 'Forty-two Articles,' was drawn up; but it never received the assent of Parliament, and was issued on the strength of a proclamation of the Privy Council. Mary had been deprived of her mass immediately on Warwick's accession to power, and only a sudden reverse of fortune, which overtook Charles V. in 1552, averted the long-threatened invasion on her behalf.

As for foreign policy, Warwick had none except to grovel to France. He gave up the struggle both with her and Scotland, surrendered Boulogne and all the Scots fortresses which were left, reduced the garrison of Calais, neglected its fortifications and made a disgraceful peace with Henry II., to whose daughter Elizabeth he betrothed his young sovereign, in spite of his zeal for the Protestant faith. The Enclosure Commission was dissolved, and its leading member, Hales, had to take refuge abroad; a tax on sheep, which Somerset had got through Parliament, was repealed, and it was made a felony for twelve or more persons to meet with the object of raising wages, abating prices or pulling down enclosures. At the end of the year it was made treason to attempt the life of, or to coerce any member of the Privy Council.

Yet it was not till nearly two years after the first arrest of Somerset that the new ruler was really able to show his hand. Certain articles of accusation against the late Protector, some definite, some indefinite, were presented in Parliament in December, 1549; and, on

his making a somewhat tame submission and acknowledging a guilt he could hardly have felt, he was released from the Tower in February, 1550. Much of his property had been given away during his imprisonment, but much was restored to him. In April he was readmitted to the Council, and an apparent reconciliation all round took place; this was probably owing to the influence of Paget and Arundel. But the concord was quite hollow. As Warwick's Government went from bad to worse, it was impossible for such a man as Somerset not to seek to overthrow it, even if mere righteous ambition did not prompt him to try to regain his influence over Edward. He was known to entertain a wish to restore to Mary the use of the mass, and to get Gardiner liberated from the Tower. Warwick had his spies everywhere, and Somerset was notoriously unguarded in his language; whether he had done more than talk is difficult for us to discover. But, in October, 1551, Warwick bribed Grey, Herbert and Paulet with steps in the peerage, made himself Duke of Northumberland and that rising young man William Cecil a knight, imprisoned Paget and re-arrested the ex-Protector; charging him with a conspiracy, dating from the previous April, to raise the commons and to murder or imprison the Privy Council. Parliament, wherein Somerset would undoubtedly have found many friends, was prorogued, and the King, who was fourteen, declared to be of age to sign state documents. Evidence of the conspiracy was procured from disreputable persons by the use of torture, and carefully packed grand juries returned true bills against the Duke. Paget and Arundel, who were said to be implicated in the conspiracy, were never brought to trial. On December 1st Somerset

was tried by twenty-six out of the forty-seven temporal peers, carefully selected from the ranks of his enemies, and even they were only able to find him guilty of felony. He was beheaded on Tower Hill on January 22nd, 1552. The callousness of the young King, who calmly entered in his diary, "The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning," is as astounding as it is horrible. But the nation was of a different temper: at the scaffold men crowded to dip their handkerchiefs in Somerset's blood as in that of a martyr.

Before the end of Northumberland's rule the coinage, which Somerset had begun to restore, was so far debased that a nominal shilling only contained three pennyworth of pure silver, and the result was widespread and appalling misery. The carcase of a sheep was fetching ten shillings! Great economic crises as well as great religious changes are apt to tend to the disintegration of society. Increase of irreligion accompanied the nominal purification of doctrine. Latimer's often-quoted sermons show us how men mocked at holy things, and gave the benefices in their gift to illiterates, to serving men, to huntsmen. Even Princess Elizabeth is not above writing to beg the parsonage of Hartptree for her yeoman of the robes. 'Ass-heads,' 'doddipots,' 'lack-latins' are some of the mildest contemporary names for the curates of the period. Many even of the extreme Puritans began to distrust the Government and to look longingly towards Germany as a refuge. Even Hooper, who had likened Northumberland to Joshua, complains of the misery of the poor and implores Cecil to "take a bold stomach to speak herein for a redress, that the goods of every shire be not wrested thus into a few men's hands." Meanwhile the schools were

empty; the Universities were silent and decaying; young men mocked at the old, children at their parents. Cranmer's heart was breaking under it all. What must his feelings have been, when he learned that Northumberland wished to make 'Mr. Knocks' [1] Bishop of Rochester, "to be a whet-stone to quicken him [Cranmer], of which he hath need"? Under such a government the painful apprenticeship of William Cecil was served; entries in his private journal prove how much he loathed his masters.

As the young King's health manifestly began—say from January, 1553—to decline, it became obvious to Northumberland that his own death, and that a violent one, would speedily follow Edward's. No praise can be too high for the sturdy attitude that the unlovely Mary maintained throughout the reign. As long as Somerset was in power she was left in peace and frequently visited her brother. The Protector's wife was her friend, 'her gossip,' 'her good Nan'; and many of the Princess's letters are addressed to her—simple, kind and unaffected epistles, in great contrast to the obscure, inflated and pedantic writings of Elizabeth. When Mary begs for favours it is always for some old servant of her mother's, never for herself. That she and the Howard family, her most constant friends, watched the course of affairs closely, is obvious; but she was also in correspondence with the Emperor, with a view of ultimately marrying either himself or his son Philip, as a preliminary to the restoration of the Catholic faith in England. It seems to me probable that, if Edward had not died when he did, some stroke from the Spanish side would not

[1] John Knox, the Apostle of Calvinism in Scotland, came to England in 1549, and was made a chaplain to Edward in 1551.

have been long delayed. Spain and its legends were, in fact, the curse of Mary's life ; she was never an Englishwoman. We must remember that, though recognized as heiress presumptive by King Henry's will, she had for many previous years been described, even in legal Acts, as 'the Lady Mary the King's natural daughter,' and had been assigned precedence after her sister Elizabeth. When she was required to conform to the Prayer Book she boldly replied that she did not recognize the authority of the Council to make religious changes during Edward's minority. Warwick had summoned her before the Council in the spring of 1551, and committed the officers of her household to prison for hearing mass. All through that year she opposed a dogged resistance, occasionally showing spurts of temper, and telling the upstart councillors what she thought of them in their persons and their ancestry. By the spring of 1553 Northumberland gave up the attempt to coerce her, and it is probable that by that time he had other thoughts in his head.

That godly man 'Mr. Knocks' (who, to do him justice, spurned at proffered bishoprics and called Northumberland 'Achitophel') was for making short work with all opposition to the spread of pure Calvinism, and proposed the execution of Gardiner, Bonner and Tunstall. This would no doubt have cut away some of the ablest of Mary's supporters, but it would have done nothing to remedy the bankruptcy and corruption by which the Government was beset. The new Parliament of March, 1553, was carefully packed, and new boroughs in Cornwall were created to return Government nominees. With enormous difficulty a subsidy was wrung from it, and it was then at once dissolved. Edward's last public appearance was at its dissolution in March. He then

retired to Greenwich to linger out three months of life-in-death.

Whether he saw through Northumberland or not (and there is some evidence that the state of his finances was troubling his precocious mind), he appeared to be entirely in his hands, and to regard him as a father. But the intense unpopularity of the minister was patent to every one else; few ministers have been so well hated. The King of France and the Emperor, who had been for some time engaged in one of their ordinary wars, were drawing towards peace; perhaps because each was profoundly interested in the question of the English succession. And that is why we get the best information on the crisis of the year 1553 from the French and Imperial ambassadors, the latter of whom bore the extremely appropriate name of Renard. In estimating the certain danger to England from the Spanish interest, which would triumph with Mary, we must not forget that an even greater danger threatened if France could sweep aside all other claimants, and set on the English throne Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, Dauphiness and future Queen of France. For, if both Mary Tudor and Elizabeth were out of the way, Mary Stuart's was the best title by descent.

The whole common sense of the nation was set on maintaining the will of Henry VIII., and Northumberland outwardly professed the same desire. It was, perhaps, not till the month of May that his own mind was made up, for it was then that he married his fourth son, Lord Guilford Dudley, aged seventeen, to Lady Jane Grey, the representative of the Suffolk line, aged sixteen. For some time he had been steadily collecting troops in the neighbourhood of London, and weaving a net to

secure possession of Mary's person in case she should try to escape to the Continent on Edward's death. We don't know the exact date on which Edward was approached on the matter; but, some time in June, he was induced to make two 'devises' of the succession, both of which excluded his two sisters. The first limited the Crown to possible heirs male of the Suffolk family; the second (no such heirs being in existence as yet) to Lady Jane Grey and her heirs male—in other words, to the wife of Northumberland's son. Chief Justice Montague, who was summoned to attend Council on June 11th, has left us a description of the scene in which Edward himself unfolded his plan, to which he commanded assent. Montague hesitated long, but ultimately, by threats and force, the consent of the judges and of all the Council was obtained. Edward, in the intervals of spitting up his lungs piecemeal, showed imperious passions against those who wished to refuse their signatures to the 'letters patent' which he made the judges draw up. Cecil, when he saw what was coming, had shammed sick; but his friend Audley, who was a student of medicine, was too much for him, and recommended two remedies:—(1) a sow-pig of nine days old, flayed and quartered, and stewed with peppermint, fennel, liverwort, turnip, celery, nine dates, raisins and other spices; after distillation Cecil was recommended to set the mess in the sun for nine days, and then to drink nine spoonfuls of it at intervals: (2) a hedgehog, quartered and distilled with a quart of red wine, a pint of rosewater, a quart of sugar, cinnamon and raisins, one date and twelve turnips. And Northumberland was so peremptory, that Cecil's sickness had to vanish, with or without distilled sucking-pigs and hedgehogs, and he signed

with the rest, although he afterwards tried to prove to Mary that he had not done so. Last in point of time of the twenty-three bishops and peers, Thomas Cranmer signed his name on June 21st. He held out long, expostulated with the King and with all, and yielded at last only to the entreaty of the dying boy—his godson, whom he had loved so dearly. The political indifferents, like Winchester, Northampton, Paget and Pembroke, were ready to sign anything. When all of these within a month disavowed their signatures, and hastened to assure Mary that they had no intention of putting the letters patent in force, Cranmer, though he submitted to Mary, avowed to her that he had signed unfeignedly and without dissimulation.

Still Edward lingered on, and, if Northumberland thought that Mary was ignorant of his plot, he was very much mistaken. Any one of the peers was ready to betray it, and the honour of having done so is generally attributed to Arundel; besides, Charles V.'s ambassador had good spies, and kept the Princess fully informed of all that passed at Greenwich. She was at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire, when secret news was brought her that Edward had died on the evening of July 6th. She took horse at once and rode a hundred miles northward to a stronghold of the Howards in Norfolk.

Edward's death was kept secret in London for three days; then, on July 10th, amid a sullen, silent people, Jane was proclaimed queen. Ten days later, and amid the same people drunk with joy, Mary was proclaimed by the same heralds. Naturally enough, few documents remain to attest the flurry and excitement of those days; men had little time for writing. There is no direct evidence of Jane being proclaimed anywhere except in London,

though there is indirect evidence that she was proclaimed at Lynn and at Berwick. It is probable, indeed, that most provincial mayors found it wiser to proclaim neither queen. There is, however, a very interesting 'Chronicle of Queen Jane and Queen Mary,' written by a nameless official of the Treasury, who was actually living in the Tower during those days; and we have also the defence of his own conduct—a somewhat lame one—which Cecil afterwards presented to Mary.

Jane had known nothing of the plot, and was the most astonished person in her dominions when on the 9th she was sent for to Sion House and told she was the Queen. She was as remarkably precocious in point of learning as Edward, and, as far as we can judge by her letters, of a very noble character. On the night of the 10th Jane was at the Tower after her proclamation, when a letter arrived from Mary indicating that she had long known of the plot against her, and commanding the lords of the Council to return to their allegiance and proclaim her queen.

The letter ended with a *Quos ego*—which was no empty threat. The whole of England was rising for Mary; the very men sent to arrest her, the fleet sent to prevent her escape, had gone over to her side. The lords looked at one another in blank silence; but Northumberland, who had never been known to lack courage and who expected French help, resolved to take the field against her in person, though he must have known that by so doing he left the Council to intrigue against him behind his back. Suffolk was left in charge of his daughter and the Tower, and Northumberland set off accompanied by Grey and Northampton, with about six hundred men. As soon as he was gone Arundel suggested that the air of the

Tower was 'unfavourable to free discussion,' and, though Suffolk prevented one attempt of Winchester and Pembroke to slip out, they soon managed to do so. Paget, Arundel and Cecil pulled the strings, and on the 20th Pembroke threw off the mask and proclaimed Mary in London. The Council then wrote a letter to Northumberland bidding him lay down his arms. Deserted by all, he had already anticipated them by proclaiming Mary at Cambridge on the 19th. Arundel arrested him the next day, and all the Dudleys upon whom he could lay hands. Suffolk and the nine-days Queen remained prisoners at the Tower, and the reign of Mary had begun —the reign of Mary, which opened with the burning of the 'Great Harry' and closed with the loss of Calais.

CHAPTER V

QUEEN MARY

AND now, what sort of queen was this woman of thirty-seven, whose accession was welcomed with such outbursts of passionate delight, likely to make? As for her looks, the portrait of her by Sir Antonio More shows a prim little woman of pallid complexion, but with the high, broad forehead of the Tudor race; she was hard-featured, shapeless and prematurely grey. Dropsy carried her off at the age of forty-two, and dropsy is a disease of slow growth; as early as 1550 she writes of having seldom escaped the attacks of her disease in the autumn for several years past. She had a 'gruff voice like a man's,' and, in her last years at least, an exceedingly sharp temper, though she never seems to have attained the same perfect mastery of the art of scolding as her sister Elizabeth. She was devoted to music, and spoke Latin, French and Spanish excellently; but I gather that she knew little Greek, from the fact that when the Imperial ambassador once presented her with a Thucydides, 'to teach her what kind of punishments ought to be inflicted on rebels,' it was in the form of a French translation. Her will was more of the obstinate Spanish type, which did not know when to give way, than of the haughty but politic Tudor type, which did; she could not feel her people's pulse. Worse than this,

like her brother Edward, she was a religious fanatic; it has been well said that Edward and Mary were partisans; Henry and Elizabeth were 'the State.'

From the very first Queen Mary seems to have determined to extirpate the entire work of the Reformation, and to reduce all things to the conditions of 1529; if this should necessitate the extirpation of the Reformers, so much the worse for them. Less naturally cruel than her father, she was far more vindictive, and her vindictiveness was concentrated on the leaders of the Reformation. The blame for the martyrdom of the rank and file of the Protestants must also rest upon her, for she not only held the mediæval idea that the extirpation of heresy and heretics was a duty, but she came to believe the new (Spanish) idea that it was a sacrifice pleasing to God. Her passionate desire for the absolution of the realm and for complete reunion with Rome sprang from the same cause, a zeal for the welfare of the souls of her subjects. Thus, she alone of the Tudors threw back to an earlier age, and refused to see how far the world had advanced under the influence of the New Learning. It is among the most cruel ironies of fortune that the Papacy, for the sake of which she incurred such a frightful load of hatred, deserted her at the last, and that almost her latest act was to prohibit the introduction into England of the bulls of a Pope who, for political reasons, was a red-hot anti-Spaniard. The Spanish connexion and the Spanish marriage was at once the darling ideal and the curse of her life:

> Your people hate you as your husband hates you:

at what date she realized the full meaning of this we can only guess; but her heart was evidently broken a full

year before her death. Encompassed even among her courtiers and dependants by a network of treachery, which was pardonable only because her cruelty was so great, she came to be utterly weary of her surroundings and to hate her native country. But when all possible excuses have been made for Mary, she stands at the bar and is convicted; for what she did she did with her eyes open. She wielded the full power of the Tudor sceptre; she ascended the throne at a most favourable moment; she was learned, well read and accomplished, and had no reason for being blind to the progress of the world and to the temper of her people.

While the reign of Edward is complex and difficult for us to grasp, that of Mary is simple; its course can be followed and its lessons applied by any reader of ordinary intelligence. But to contemporaries it must have been a puzzle indeed. When Mary entered London on August 3rd, 1553, and Elizabeth rode in the gorgeous cavalcade beside her, very few persons would have prophesied the unpleasant turn which affairs were soon to take. Most people expected a restoration of the conditions of the last six years of Henry VIII. without his tyranny, perhaps with the first Prayer Book, or at most the mass in English. Among the prisoners whom with gracious words the Queen released from the Tower were not only Gardiner, burning with the spirit of religious revenge, but her 'good Nan,' the widowed Duchess of Somerset, the old Duke of Norfolk, head of a family which was not less ardently patriotic for being Catholic, and young Edward Courtenay, the last male scion of the White Rose of York, to whom the Queen at once gave the earldom of Devon. Mary must marry an Englishman, and what Englishman so appropriate as this royal

imp? Elizabeth should marry an Englishman too—an Arundel of the great house of Fitz-Alan for choice—so spoke the *vox populi*. Gardiner might be made Archbishop, in place of Cranmer, and Chancellor; he would probably burn a few extreme Anabaptists, but no one would complain of that. The hot gospellers might go back and make Germany and Switzerland as uncomfortable as they had made England. The defences of Calais could be put once more on a satisfactory footing, and Lord William Howard as High Admiral might be trusted to make the English flag respected at sea. Neither Charles V. nor Henry II. could dare to impugn such a settlement of a friendly kingdom.

Alas! Renard the fox—Simon Renard, ambassador of the Emperor—was at Mary's elbow, and Renard and Pole were the only councillors she trusted during her reign. Renard, who cared little for the Pope and less for religion, did in fact at first advise a show of moderation, in order to win England fully for the Spanish cause. Pole, on the other hand, from his Italian monastery, cared nothing for the Spanish cause except as a means to the re-establishment of the old Church; 'away with politic moderation; the souls of Englishmen were perishing for want of his Holiness' blessing,' that was Pole's cry. So well did Charles V. understand this that, although he could not object to the Pope nominating Pole as Legate for England, he took good care to detain him in Flanders till the autumn of 1554, by which time the yoke of Spain had been safely riveted on the necks of the English Council. To marry the Prince of Spain, with or without the consent of her Council, was Mary's resolve from the moment of her accession.

Within the first week all the bishops deprived and

imprisoned by Northumberland were restored to their sees, and all the Protestant bishops were ejected or imprisoned. Cranmer's last public act was to read the Prayer Book service over the body of Edward VI. in Westminster Abbey; but the Queen would not attend, and Gardiner at the same hour sang a Latin requiem-mass at the Tower, which very nearly provoked a riot. London, fiercely loyal, was largely Protestant also. Not long after this a cat, dressed in full priest's robes, was hung on a gallows in Cheapside, and then amid roars of laughter held up before a Catholic preacher at Paul's Cross. The children of the very citizens who afterwards defended Mary so valiantly against Wyatt's rebellion greeted the Spanish ambassadors who came to propose the marriage with Philip with volleys of snowballs.

Northumberland, after a fair trial, was sent to the block in August, 1553; under abject fear of death he turned Catholic and professed that his whole life had been a sham. Gardiner at first would gladly have saved both Latimer and Cranmer, and made a strong effort to induce them to escape to the Continent, whither a great many of the 'hot gospellers,' including all the leading foreigners, had gone; but neither of the two showed the slightest inclination to fly; Cranmer, in fact, answered by a public letter openly defending the communion against the mass. He was at once committed to the Tower, where Latimer took up his 'old lodgings' about the same time; Ridley had been imprisoned even before Mary reached London. But the first proclamation on religion had simply been to the effect that only those service-books in use at Henry VIII.'s death were to be read in churches. Mary's coronation was celebrated with great splendour

on October 1st. In the second carriage rode Princess Elizabeth, and (with her back to the horses) that accommodating lady, Anne of Cleves, now living at Hever Castle in the enjoyment of a snug annuity of £4,000. Anne visited the court in state the next year; she died in 1557, and a requiem-mass for her Protestant soul was sung in Westminster Abbey.

It could not be long before the temper of the Queen became known to the members of her Council, who, it must be remembered, were mostly members of Northumberland's old Council. From them the knowledge would spread to the peerage and to the bulk of the gentry. In all of these, it is sad to say, the greatest fear that was inspired was by the (quite probable) prospect that the Queen would take away from them the confiscated church lands. That she would re-enact the Statutes for burning Protestants was terrible, but not so terrible to them as the land question. The feeling, therefore, gradually grew, in what was, after all, the 'parliamentary class,' that there must either be a revolution or a compromise. The nation would have to swallow the Pope, possibly even to swallow the Spanish marriage, if the gentlemen were to keep their abbey lands.

Gradually there appeared two parties in the Council, those of Gardiner and Paget; and Renard's letters show us better than anything else the tug and rug between them. Gardiner, who had been made Chancellor, was all for Courtenay as King-Consort, and, though willing in the last resort to acknowledge the Pope, dreaded and distrusted Pole as an 'Inglese Italianato,' which is supposed to be a synonym for 'diavolo incarnato.' Paget, on the other hand, whose religious views were of the loosest, though Renard called him the most pestilent

heretic in the kingdom, fixed his eyes on the chess-board of European politics and was in favour of the Spanish marriage, under certain stringent conditions securing the independence of England. The marriage would cement our old alliance and trade with Flanders; it would open a door to the Spanish Indies for our hardy sailors. Above all, Paget dreaded and distrusted France; the marriage was, he thought, a necessity as a set-off to the marriage of Mary Stuart with the Dauphin. Paget, however, was slightly behind the times; we must remember that England and Spain had drifted apart since 1529, and that since that time Spain had identified herself with the new and fiery spirit of the Papacy, which was setting its house in order for the spiritual reconquest of the world. Spain had, moreover, since 1529 been dominant in Italy and the New World, and, wherever she had put her foot, all local liberties had been extinguished and horrible cruelties exercised. The once free Low Countries were at this very moment being fiercely purged both of liberty and heresy by Charles V. As early as November, 1553, Sir John Mason reports from Brussels that 'our young men in Antwerp (English merchants to wit) are talking most wildly against the Spanish marriage.' At the same time King Henry II. told Wootton at Paris that it would be impossible for England and France to remain at peace if this wedding came off.

Distracted by the factions in her Council the poor Queen leaned ever more and more on Renard. Small need was there for him to whisper 'Philip, Philip,' in her ears all day, and to show her the picture of that lovely young man (already once a widower), with his yellow head and yellow beard. But Renard had more to do than his; he had also to insinuate the idea that the Emperor would

never allow his precious Philip to visit England while a possible rival lived—in the person of Elizabeth, or Jane Grey, or even Courtenay. Elizabeth's danger, great at all times, was in fact infinitely greater before Mary's marriage than after it. Mary must often have felt that it would not take much to make Courtenay elope with Elizabeth and raise the flag of revolt in the west of England. Happily for her, Courtenay, who had spent thirteen years of his life in the Tower, was making up for his long imprisonment in a whirl of low gaiety.

In such a condition of affairs Mary's first Parliament met, October 5th, 1553. No serious attempt to influence the elections had been made, but a sixteenth-century Parliament was always apt to reflect the complexion of an established government. This assembly at once showed its temper by voting that under no circumstances should the holders of church lands be disturbed in their new possessions. It then repealed the savage and unconstitutional treason Act of Northumberland's government; passed an Act declaring the Queen legitimate; another for the restoration of the mass in Latin, though without penalties for nonconformity, and another for the celibacy of the clergy. Encouraged by this testimony to the temper of her people, Mary solemnly promised Renard to marry Philip, and sent Cranmer, Jane Grey and her husband to a swift trial for high treason, whereat all three were condemned to death. But then, to her astonishment, Parliament petitioned her to marry one of her own subjects. She rated it fiercely for the proposal, and rated Gardiner for having encouraged it. She overbore all opposition, ordered her Council to draw up the marriage treaty and on December 2nd dissolved Parliament in anger.

The treaty was a very specific one and the liberties of England were carefully safeguarded. Philip was to have the title of king only as long as Mary lived, though his name was to come first in all Acts of State (hence an Act of Parliament of 1555 is '2 and 3 P. and M.'); Mary, on the other hand, was to bear all Philip's titles. Philip's son by his first wife was to inherit Spain, the Italian provinces and America, but the Netherlands were to go to the issue of Philip and Mary, and to be annexed for ever to the Crown of England. Philip was to have no voice in the administration of the revenues, army or navy of England, and no foreigner was to hold any office under the Crown; England was not to be obliged to go to war with France on behalf of Spain. Many of these clauses closely resemble those of a later Act of Settlement drawn up when the dismal prospect of the Hanoverian Succession loomed over England in 1700.

In spite of these precautions the Council protested and haggled over every detail of the job. The nation looked on in sullen discontent, which, early in the new year, burst into flame. Several of Northumberland's old partisans took refuge on French corsairs, and swore to cut off Philip on the high seas. Three great centres of what is known as 'Wyatt's Revolt' were active in January, 1554. The Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane, escaped from the Tower, flew to the midlands and tried to raise his tenants there; Mary evidently expected him to proclaim his daughter again. Sir Peter Carew hurried off to raise the West. Northampton, Grey and Throckmorton were all in the plot; but the soul of the whole was Sir Thomas Wyatt, a Kentish squire, who raised Kent in real style. The worst point in the conspiracy (which, in fact, led to its failure) was

that it was patronized by the French, for too obvious political reasons. The probable intention of Wyatt was to place Elizabeth and Courtenay on the throne; how much Elizabeth knew is doubtful. Wyatt on the scaffold said she knew nothing; but Courtenay certainly knew, and as certainly betrayed his knowledge to Gardiner. Nevertheless, Courtenay had to go back to the Tower, and from that fortress to Fotheringay Castle; and the consequence was that Gardiner was obliged to withdraw his opposition to the Spanish marriage.

Alone of the Council Gardiner and Paget displayed loyalty; and it was really the city of London which saved the situation. Wyatt rolled up the Dover–London road in great strength, and the first squad of royalists sent to fight him went over to his side; but the Queen, with only a few attendants, hurried in person to the Guildhall, and made a fierce and clever speech to the citizens, in which she promised to refer the question of her marriage to Parliament. A large army of defenders was levied on the spot and entrusted to Lord William Howard. When Wyatt reached Southwark, galled by the guns from the Tower, he found the drawbridge, which then hung in the middle of London Bridge, raised; he had to march as far west as Kingston before he could cross, his men deserting him at every step. It was only a very few wet and draggled Kentishmen who, on February 6th, fought their way past Whitehall up to the city gates. There at Ludgate they yielded.

The Queen, who had been rudely shaken, showed no mercy. Jane Grey, with her father and her husband, preceded Wyatt to the block. Elizabeth went to the Tower, and every one expected her immediate death. All Mary's promises of referring the marriage ques-

tion to Parliament were forgotten, and the marriage was, in fact, the direct result of the movement against it. Yet Renard was by no means at ease; he recommended the Emperor to give large presents and pensions to the leading members of the English Council, and not to forget the chief ladies of the bedchamber, for whom 'rings or such small gear will do.' Paget supplied him with a regular list of the most bribable people, though Renard distrusted Paget above all men, and dreaded the 'fickle and inconstant English people, whose temper is always most dangerous in the heats of summer,' and hoped that Philip would come before then. Gardiner, thought Renard, was not so much to be feared, though he was hot-headed in the affairs of religion; but he was so much hated that the ambassador feared that the hatred of him would recoil on the Queen. All was chaos and confusion at court through March, April and May; "by God! sir," wrote Paget, at the end of April, "I am at my wits' end if his Highness come not shortly."

Meanwhile the second Parliament met on April 2nd. Up till now Mary, who was still legally 'Supreme Head of the Church,' had acted as such, in spite of the passionate remonstrances of Pole, who wrote to her constantly on the wickedness of the title. She, indeed, loathed it as much as he did. From the opening of the second Parliament, therefore, the title was tacitly dropped; and the last exercise of the power was in a vigorous set of injunctions to the bishops, in March '54, to eject all married clergy and to put in force all canon laws which were not actually contrary to Statute. The Bill for the marriage passed quickly and easily, but no persuasion or threats could induce the Houses to alter the succession

as laid down by Henry's will. Bills passed the Lower House re-enacting the Statute for burning heretics, but Paget and Arundel succeeded in throwing them out in the Lords; and Mary again dissolved her Parliament in anger at the end of a month.

It had shown its teeth on one point; Princess Elizabeth had to be released from the Tower, from which she retired to semi-captivity at Woodstock. A splendid English embassy was sent over to fetch the Prince from Spain, and reported that, as he was wont to be very sick at sea, he would probably wish to land at the first English port within reach; nevertheless, they would do all that in them lay to bring him to Southampton. Lord William Howard, it appears, held the Spanish fleet in great contempt; 'mere mussel-shells,' he called their ships, which is curious in view of the reputation for great size which they possessed in 1588. Renard displayed great anxiety that the Prince should do all he could to conciliate Englishmen 'by his accustomed courtesy'—a polite way of begging him to lay aside his accustomed haughtiness and discourtesy.

At last, in July, Philip, with a shirt of mail under his doublet and a tame cook in his train for fear of poison, reached Southampton; and on the 25th—the day of St. James, his patron saint—was wedded to Mary by Gardiner in Winchester Cathedral. The Winchester scholars did not miss the opportunity of the wedding, and vomited fearful elegiacs at the bride and bridegroom, *e.g.*—

> Deest puer, at dabitur, Christo donante, Mariam
> Qui vocitet matrem teque Philippe patrem.

(I hope my readers, even in the fourth form, do not

wish me to continue the copy.) The first impression Philip made upon the English nobles was evidently a good one, although they were only able to converse with him in Latin; he was at this time twenty-seven years of age, and, though in person more like a Fleming, he was in manner and temper a thorough Spaniard, grave, reserved and proud, yet capable of showing affability when policy demanded it. In political matters, though less able, he was as patient and subtle a schemer as his father, and far more fanatically devoted to Catholicism; he was a true Spanish patriot, without scruple and without mercy, and he has reaped his reward, for to this day he is the historic idol of the Spanish people. The English alliance meant a great deal to him, for it meant the casting of the weight of England into the Austro-Spanish scale against France; apart from this the mere marriage meant nothing to him, and, when it became evident that he could hope for no heir from Mary, he took little pains to conceal his indifference to her. As the sovereigns entered London there were pageants of the usual kind, which made the most of the fact that Philip was descended from John of Gaunt: but it is evident that they were not particularly spontaneous; every one who was asked 'to do something on a grand scale' pleaded poverty.

Mary's third Parliament met in November, 1554, after a circular letter to the sheriffs had enjoined the choosing of 'none but good Catholics.' The King and Queen determined to force through the reconciliation with Rome; while the Queen and Gardiner were equally determined to force through the Statute for persecution. Pole was at last allowed to land in state as Legate, and Londoners gaped at such a barge and such silver crosses

and pillars as had not been since Wolsey's time. On November 29th, the two Houses of Parliament grovelled at the Legate's feet in Westminster Hall, and were solemnly absolved of the guilt of heresy. But they rose from their knees only to go and pass a most stringent Act that the possession of all property, lands, plate, benefices, tithes, formerly annexed to religious foundations, should rest in the hands of the present possessors and their heirs for ever. The whole thing was in fact a treaty or compromise, and a dispensation had, with enormous difficulty, been procured at Rome to make the arrangement, which Pope, Legate and Queen hated with equal hatred. The Statute went on to say that any one attempting to molest or implead any holder of church lands was at once to be liable to the penalties of 'premunire.'

A sordid bargain indeed, yet one which we could look back upon with more satisfaction had not the noble Lords withdrawn their opposition to the Statutes against heresy, which were at last re-enacted, after a gallant fight by Paget, on December 15th, 1554. The Act put it into the hands of each bishop to purge his diocese of heresy, although no bishop could arrest a heretic without a warrant from a sheriff or justice of the peace. An episcopal visitation was to take place in each diocese before Easter; and Bishop Bonner, of London, has obtained unenviable notoriety as a persecutor because he began to carry out the law at once. Rogers, one of the original translators of the Bible, and the fierce Puritan Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, were the first victims, rapidly followed by Rowland Taylor, Sanders and Bradford. But so great was the indignation expressed by the inhabitants of the towns

in which these five men were burned, that Philip found it necessary to bid for popularity by pretending to be averse to persecution; he may, indeed, have seen, as Renard saw, that it would destroy the very object for which he had come to England.

During the first nineteen months of Mary's reign not a single person had suffered death for religion's sake; during the remaining forty-five months two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burned alive for it. Probably many more would have suffered but for the unwillingness of the lay authorities to issue the necessary warrants for arrest. Enough, however, suffered to make a return of Popery for ever impossible in England. The Reformation had been dragged in the dirt by Northumberland and his crew; it was associated with grasping greed, social disorder and infidelity. The ἀρισταῖα of the Marian martyrs purged it once and for all in the fire. They did, indeed, to use Latimer's last noble words, light a candle that could never again be put out in England. The really remarkable fact about the martyrs is the exceedingly humble social position of the large majority of them; about two hundred and thirty belonged to the labouring classes.

The geographical area of the persecution was curiously limited. It has been cleverly pointed out that all the towns in which it really raged were upon one or other of the great roads leading to the ports of embarkation on the east or south-east coasts, London and Canterbury having by far the largest number of victims. Something may no doubt be allowed for the temper of Bonner and Pole, who respectively presided over these dioceses; but outside East Anglia, Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Middlesex only forty-four persons suffered; and,

of these, seven were burnt in Oxfordshire, seven in Staffordshire and ten in Gloucestershire. North of the Humber only two persons suffered (at York); in Wales, three; in Cheshire, Derbyshire, Devonshire (this last so soon to be the stronghold of Elizabethan Protestantism), but one each; of Wycliff's old strongholds, Leicestershire supplied only two victims and Worcestershire none. These figures cannot be entirely without significance, and the lesson which we should draw from them is that absolute denial of the real presence was a plant of entirely foreign growth, and flourished only where there was close intercourse with the new Continental churches. Any adherent of the sacramental doctrine of the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. was completely safe: "is there or is there not anything taken and received in the Holy Sacrament besides bread and wine?"—that was the test question which the episcopal tribunals put to the majority of the martyrs. Thus it is not true to say that men were burned for denying the supremacy of the Pope.

We cannot, of course, acquit Gardiner of being a persecutor. It was he, more than any one, who had forced the Bill through Parliament; yet, though he lived for nine months more and sat on the first commission to try heretics, no heretics were burned in his diocese of Winchester. Bonner was a vulgar, blustering fellow, but he seems always to have done his utmost to persuade heretics to recant, and to have accepted almost anything as a recantation. All the bishops, in fact, were constantly receiving 'whips' from the court urging them to greater activity; it is with the court that the blame must rest, and in this matter the court was the Queen and Cardinal Pole, themselves urged on by bloody

minded Spanish friars among whom they chose their confessors. The French ambassador Noailles writes to Henry II. in 1556 that "the Queen lives in two great extremes of anger and suspicion, and in a continued madness of disappointment, not being able to enjoy the presence of her husband or the love of her people, and she is also in great fear of losing her life through the treachery of some of her domestics." Knox's 'Faithful Admonition to the Professors of God's Faith in England,' hurled from the safety of his refuge in France against the Spanish marriage as early as July, 1554, had undoubtedly stimulated Mary's zeal for persecution, if it needed stimulating. But, above all, as the hope of an heir vanished from the unfortunate Queen's mind, she came to imagine herself to be undeserving of the favour of Heaven because she did not burn enough heretics.

It is not my intention to regale my readers with stories of torture and agony, nor, where one and all suffered death so nobly and unflinchingly, to single out special tales of heroism. If Ridley met his judges with keen polemic argument, and Latimer with flashes of his quaint humour, their deaths (October 16th, 1555) are only remarkable for the high positions which they had held. Cranmer had been removed to Oxford, together with the two last-named, as early as April, 1554, when it was decided to punish him rather as a heretic than as a traitor; he had already been condemned to death in the latter capacity. They were at first confined to Bocardo Prison, which stood over the north gate of the city, but Ridley and Latimer were soon removed to private houses. A sham theological disputation was held in St. Mary's Church shortly after their arrival, but they were not really allowed to speak, and were at

once excommunicated. In fact, in other cases where such disputations had been allowed, as in those of the martyrs Rowland Taylor, Philpot and Rogers, the learning of the Reformers in the history of the primitive Church generally proved too much for their adversaries. The long respite in prison which was granted to Cranmer was, in fact, granted with the sinister design of working on his tender spirit to make him recant. A solemn disputation was again held with him on September 12th, but he wisely treated it as a trial, and refused to recognize the authority of the Pope's delegate to try him. He was allowed to witness the deaths of Latimer and Ridley from the roof of his prison, and the warrant for his own death was delayed till February 24th, 1556.

Even then a month was allowed to elapse, during which he was taken to the Deanery at Christchurch and caressed and flattered in every possible way. Every false promise was held out to him if only he would recant—alas! with the desired result. He signed several successive recantations, and it was only when it was told him that these would be of inestimable benefit to him in the next world, but none in this, that he made up his mind to play the man. On March 21st, in St. Mary's Church, the ex-Primate of England was required to read aloud his recantation. To the utter astonishment of his judges, to the joy of the whole Protestant world then and thenceafter, he recanted his recantation, and declared that it had been made from fear of death, "to save my life if it might be . . . . and, as for the Pope, I utterly refuse him as Christ's enemy and Antichrist with all his false doctrine"; the hand with which he had signed the evil document should be burned the first. When he came to the stake he held it in the flames before they reached

the rest of his body. His death came quickly; did Pole not shudder when he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury on the very next day? Cranmer had under fear of death denied Christ once, and has been called a coward for it by a certain set of modern English churchmen; but a greater than Cranmer had denied his Master thrice—according to Catholic tradition four times.[1] The actual place of the burning of the three great Oxford martyrs is in Broad Street, nearly opposite the gate of Balliol College. It is strange that they had to wait until the worst architectural decade of the nineteenth century for a 'martyr's memorial'; stranger still that it should have been placed in a site some distance away from that of their suffering; not so strange, considering the average level of English education, that the ordinary Oxford citizen believes the memorial to have some connexion with a hairdresser called Martyr, whose shop is or was in the immediate vicinity.

Twice during the year 1555 the papal throne had been vacant; and twice Cardinal Pole, like Wolsey before him, had been put off with discreet promises. The second of these elections resulted in the elevation of a Neapolitan of the great house of Caraffa, sworn foe to Spain and all its works; Paul IV. threw himself heart and soul into the arms of France. All that pitiful year poor Mary clung to the idea that the dropsy, which was eating her life away, was pregnancy; her court was full of midwives, rockers and decorated cradles, but the baby never came. Once—May 2nd—an actual report reached Flanders that it had come and was a prince,

[1] The allusion is to the beautiful legend of 'Domine, quo vadis?'

and old Charles V., beside himself with joy, sent for Mason at 4 a.m. to learn particulars; but Mason had no confirmation of the news from his court, and was sceptical. When it became evident that the hope was delusive, Philip was prudent enough to insist on the complete liberation of Elizabeth, who was unwillingly received at court by her sister, and then allowed to retire to her own home of Ashridge, in Hertfordshire, where she studied and practised those careful principles of economy, of which (except in the matter of frocks) she was to give such a fine example on the throne. The complete pardon of Courtenay was more Mary's own doing; he was sent off to travel and improve his mind 'in Catholic and friendly countries,' in compliance with which order he went off to Venice—then and for long after the Monte Carlo of the period—and died there.

Philip soon began to feel that there was no need for him to stay longer in England: his father was going to

> Cast crowns for rosaries away,
> An empire for a cell;

and Philip, already King of Naples, was going to take up the burden of Spain, the Netherlands, Milan and the Indies. He was likely enough to have trouble with them all except his native Spain. He deliberately lied to Mary when he promised to return in a few weeks. On August 28th he bade her farewell, and his letters soon ceased to speak of returning. It is, however, quite a mistake to think that he took no more interest in English politics. The Council did nothing serious without consulting him, and we have a long series of minutes of theirs, translated into Latin for his benefit, with his annotations on them, also in Latin, which prove his industry and his passion for detail.

The Queen was distracted with grief at his going and glutted her passions with heretic blood; and it was then that Ridley and Latimer were burned. "You have lost the hearts of twenty thousand that were rank Papists a year ago," is the comment of a contemporary in a letter to Bonner. The fourth Parliament of the reign was summoned on October 21st, 1555, and Gardiner roused himself from his death-bed to preside in it. Philip was almost at open war with the new Pope, who, from the moment of his accession, declared that he would never consent to the permanent alienation of the lands of the English Church. Mary utterly agreed with this view, and took steps to unload the already bankrupt English treasury and her own conscience by the re-endowment of the monks and abbey of Westminster.

Gardiner died on November 13th. The Queen had not a single honest English councillor whom she could trust. Yet her Parliament voted her a subsidy, and she at once proposed to strip herself further by the restoration to Rome of the whole vast treasure of the 'annates and firstfruits' of benefices, something not less than a tenth of her whole revenue. This sacrifice Parliament refused to sanction, and a compromise was effected, still much to the prejudice of the Crown, by which lay holders of what had once been benefices—*e.g.* the abbeys and chantries—were to retain the annates for themselves, while clerical holders were to pay them to the Archbishop, who was to apply them to the payment of pensions of ex-monks. Parliament was dissolved on December 9th; beyond the Act above mentioned it had refused every proposal of the Crown. The last consolation left to Mary was to refound monasteries, by incurring debts at twelve and fourteen per cent. interest to foreign Jews. Besides Westminster,

Greenwich, Shene and Sion again received colonies of monks and nuns.

Conspiracy after conspiracy shook Mary's throne during her last three years; now it was the remnants of the Dudley family, now the Carews, now Sir Anthony Kingston. Once Wootton reported from Paris, without sending names, that there was something very serious afoot in which some of the greatest men of the kingdom were involved. From the summer of 1556 a regular system of piracy was organized by English refugees from French harbours against Spanish vessels; and all the conspiracies were tainted by their reliance on French help. The ministers occasionally pounced on an agent or two and did not spare the rack, which seldom failed to extract some information, true or false. Peers were involved, but Mary does not seem to have dared to strike at them. Even Lord William Howard, loyalest of the loyal, told Noailles that he couldn't stand the tyranny and the burnings much longer; he resigned his office of admiral before the end of the reign, and was succeeded by Clinton. Elizabeth's life or liberty were, according to Howard, once more in great danger.

France had, indeed, concluded early in '56 a five-years' truce with Philip, but had no intention of keeping it. No more had Philip; but, if he was to win any startling success, it could only be by involving England in the war, which by his marriage treaty he was pledged not to do. If Henry had been able to restrain his ally the Pope, he might have won the last trick in the game; but the fierce Neapolitan patriot would not be restrained, and declared that Philip had forfeited the kingdom of Naples, to which Philip quietly answered by sending the Duke of Alva with 12,000 veterans into the papal states. Alva,

with protestations of fervent Catholic piety, was constrained to remind His Holiness that providence was sometimes on the side of the big battalions, and that the year 1527 had seen an unlucky example of the fact. France was not quick enough to anticipate Alva's action. The Pope had to give way and acknowledge Philip as King of Naples. France, however, was preparing a counter-stroke—nothing less than an attack on Calais by *coup-de-main*. Wootton's letters show us that religious hatred had even gone so far as to promote within the city of Calais conspiracies to surrender it to the French; as early as October, 1556, he was in grave alarm on the subject. The outworks of the city, Guisnes, Ham, Sangatte, were but ill provisioned and garrisoned, and it seems to have been only owing to Philip's watchful care that these evils were for the time remedied and the disaster averted for one year. But a systematic refortification by earthworks was the only thing that could really have saved the city from the new siege artillery in which France was so much ahead of her neighbours.

France could, however, hardly complain if Philip looked on her designs on Italy and Calais as a violation of the truce, or even if the English Council held that the latter design absolved England from its pledge of neutrality; and so in March, 1557, Henry threw over the truce and sent an army under the command of the Duke of Guise to help Paul. Philip even paid a three-months' visit to England (March to July) and implored the English Council to declare war. His pleadings would have been in vain but for a mad descent of Thomas Stafford, one of the refugees from France, on the Yorkshire coast. The Catholic North was ill chosen for this purpose; Stafford was himself a descendant

of Edward III. (through the dukes of Buckingham), and the proclamations he put forth about 'ridding England of foreign tyrants' had an unpleasant fifteenth-century ring about them. After holding Scarborough Castle for a few days, Stafford was overwhelmed by loyalist levies, disarmed and executed. The English Council, knowing that France had abetted the enterprise, could not choose but declare war, empty as the treasury was. The Pope, who regarded the quarrel as his own, took the meanest revenge possible by cancelling Pole's legation, and that on the cruel—nay, infamous—ground that Pole was suspected of heresy! A sovereign who poses as the champion of the Pope at home is often unfortunate enough to quarrel with him abroad; and then the Pope does not care what weapons he uses. Thus it was now with Philip and Mary; thus a hundred and thirty years later with Louis XIV. and his ally James II.

The war opened with a startling Spanish success won by Philip's general, the Duke of Savoy, who made a sudden raid into Picardy, when the French were expecting him in Lorraine, and won, by sheer weight of numbers, the bloody battle of St. Quentin, August 10th—the last great victory of Spanish over French arms in history. Equal good fortune attended the Spaniards in Italy, for Guise's army melted away with fever, and the Pope was again on his knees before Alva. Charles V., in his monastic retreat, daily expected to hear that his son was dictating a peace within the walls of Paris. But Philip was not the man for that; he cantoned his troops along the line of the Somme, and the French gradually came up in force and glared at them across the river, until both armies went into winter quarters. Ten thousand Englishmen

had been shipped across to Flanders for the campaign, but arrived at the front a day too late for the battle of St. Quentin.

The war was by no means over, and in deep secrecy Guise began maturing his plan of the year before, for a dash upon Calais. There could be no question of a long siege: it was bombardment, storm or nothing. Guise knew the weakness of the defences, and couldn't wait till England should be roused to send reinforcements. Lord Grey was in Guisnes with about 1,000 men—too few to hold the extensive works. Lord Wentworth, in the city itself, had perhaps 500. The defences of both rested on a system of dykes and sluices, by which the marshes could be flooded so that the only dry-foot advance would be by causeway roads. Spanish troops were as near as Gravelines, though not in sufficient force to repel a large French army. Provisions were very short behind the walls. Passionate appeals to England were sent by Grey and Wentworth in the latter half of December. Soon, as French ships gathered round the harbour, it became difficult to get letters through. Mary turned a deaf ear; and, when a sharp frost set in on the 22nd, both commanders knew that they were in imminent peril. The actual investment began on the first day of 1558. The first attack was beaten off from the outwork of 'Newnham Bridge,' but Sangatte fell on the 2nd; nothing could stand against the heavy guns, which simply made powder of the old walls. Calais was in ruins by January 6th, and Wentworth was obliged to surrender, though some Spanish troops had made a valiant attempt to break through to his aid. Guisnes still held out, and, when too late, the Queen made a despairing effort to collect men and ships to relieve it; but from the 10th to the 14th a fierce gale prevented

anything from crossing. The bombardment of Guisnes began on the 13th, and in a week it too was in ruins—gallantly defended to the last. To both fortresses Guise granted honourable terms, and Grey could not refuse to accept them.

The humiliation to England was terrible, although the ultimate gain from the loss was to be immense. On the very day of the fall of Guisnes Mary met her last Parliament with some show of Tudor spirit, and, representing the danger of a French invasion, asked for an enormous subsidy. The Houses granted less than half what she asked, and she had to go on borrowing money from Flemish Jews at increasing rates of interest. An Act was, however, passed known as the 'Mustering Statute,' which was to prove of great value in the ensuing reign. It was really a re-enactment of the old Assize of Arms of Henry II., adapted to changed conditions, and may be said to some extent to legalize impressement for the militia. Every one between the ages of sixteen and sixty was liable to serve under penalty of death for refusal, and every one was to keep arms suitable to his condition—*i.e.* his wealth in real and personal property. A 'Lord Lieutenant' was to command the musters of each county, and to hold monthly drills or 'weapon-showings.' The nation for the moment responded but feebly. Stunned by the loss of Calais, it was even more stunned by the tyranny of the court and the priests. The fleet, it is true, kept the sea, and in August, 1558, attempted a raid on Brest: but otherwise the year is void of historical interest; only the holocausts of martyrs went on.

The war between France and Spain was dragging to its close, and with it was closing an epoch of history. Charles V. died in September; Mary was dying, Pole was

dying; an armistice was agreed on in the same month and a conference opened, at which Wootton represented England. Philip at first bravely stuck out for the restitution of Calais. Little as he cared for Mary, he was statesman enough to see that the alliance of England might still mean much to him; for the national hatred he cared little, being accustomed to override such matters by his big battalions. Nothing seemed more natural to him than that he should quietly take Elizabeth as his third wife, and continue the foreign policy of the last five years till France should be humbled; for that, too, seemed to him only a question of time. Time, he used to say, was his best ally.

He therefore sent his confidant Feria to his dying wife, to insist that she should recognize her sister as her heir, and Mary meekly bowed her head. From the deathbed Feria hastened to Elizabeth, who was staying at the Admiral's house. She received him graciously and gave him supper; but, as for any promises of alliance with Philip, or any gratitude for Philip's protection of her—which she certainly owed him—she refused to make any admissions. She told the envoy that it was the people of England who had saved her; "indeed," writes he, "there is not a heretic or a traitor in the country who has not started as if from the grave to welcome her with expressions of the greatest pleasure." Her friends are the young, the spirited, the adventurers; "but her councillors will be the prudent men, the Pagets, Woottons, Cecils, Masons." In these words one can read the death-knell of the foreign influences and the priestly influences which had sucked the life-blood of the country for the last five years. Merry England was come again in the person of this young woman of twenty-five, vain of her great mop of red-gold hair,

gorgeous in dress, loving a handsome man—'a man who could hunt and fight and ride,' as she said;

> Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line,
> Her lion port, her awe commanding face,
> Attempered sweet to virgin grace;

yet trained in the subtle school of adversity and danger, where she had learnt that to deceive her enemies was one of the first essentials of statecraft in perilous times.

From her interview with Feria Elizabeth rode to Hatfield to await the end. Cecil was fully possessed of all her instructions and would take the necessary steps for her proclamation. The dying Legate sent a short letter to her, almost seeming to beseech her pardon; the dying Queen could not write, but sent a pathetic message begging that her debts might be paid and her old servants provided for. Mary died while the Holy Sacrament was being celebrated at her bedside, November 17th, and Pole followed her to the grave a few hours after.

CHAPTER VI

QUEEN ELIZABETH FEELING HER WAY

If we are to understand history rightly, we must realize that sometimes great persons are able to control the destinies of their countries, and that sometimes even the greatest become the playthings of forces whirling around them. Machiavelli said, "Fortune is always spinning a wheel, sometimes fast and sometimes slowly; the successful man is he who can judge of the pace of the wheel and act accordingly."

It is very difficult to say whether the great characters of the Sixteenth Century were in control of the wheel, or whether the wheel spun them whither it would. At first sight, in the period which we have now to consider, everything seems to depend on the 'personal equation.' Elizabeth, Philip, Cecil and Mary Stuart loom so large, their characters have been so closely analysed, that it looks as if the fate of the world were in their hands; a poisoned dagger more or less—there were plenty of them going about—might have changed our destinies. But let us not be too sure: there are nations at the back of each of these leaders; there are national aspirations and combinations to be faced, which will be very apt to grow independently of these leaders; there are loves and hatreds of peoples as well as of queens.

Elizabeth certainly did not like Philip, and she loathed John Knox; yet Knox and Philip were, after all, her best friends on the political chessboard. 'There's a divinity that doth shape the ends' of Spain, England, Scotland, Flanders and France, rough-hew them how their sovereigns will. But the rough-hewing will certainly have an important effect on the shape that is ultimately turned out; it is the age of personal government, and the great figures stand out clearly.

First of all stands the King of Spain, with the whole of modern Belgium and Holland, the richest country in the world; with the Duchy of Milan, perhaps the next richest; with the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, mother of incomparable cut-throats, bravos and soldiers of fortune; with the whole Spanish peninsula, mother of the finest army and navy then upright or afloat; with the whole of the New World, so far as it was yet colonized, except Brazil and Canada, pouring millions of gold and silver annually into his lap. He is the champion of the Church in its most aggressive form—the Church of the stake and the Inquisition, the Church which has turned aside from intellect and art, the Church of the Jesuits; he has a perfectly honest belief in his divine mission to spread the 'counter-reformation' by means of the universal monarchy of Spain; he is the 'junior partner of Almighty God,' and the idol and darling of his devoted people. The end being consecrate, all means were alike to Philip; he often quarrelled with Popes—they didn't know their own business, he alone had the secret. Diplomatic honesty was as far from his creed as it was from that of his most worldly opponents. Assassination might often be useful—only one must be sure not to strike too soon. He was above law, divine or human, and above feeling; in

character patient and laborious beyond belief, unelated in victory and utterly undaunted in defeat; the careful master and affectionate husband and father, who put his eldest son to death and mistrusted every one who served him; the statesman with the mind of a lawyer's clerk, who annotated every despatch and accounted for every penny, who missed every opportunity from excess of caution:

> Six sides of a question vexed he saw when commonplace men saw two,
> He looked at it east and he looked at it west and he looked at it upside down,

and went on ruining his country from mere excess of conscientiousness. And when his long duel with England was ended, and he lay for long months dying in his grim palace in the grim mountains of Guadarrama—dying in unspeakable agony, with the ruin of his noble people manifest all around him—his faith in his cause never wavered. It was God's will; though he had not been counted worthy to be the instrument, another Spanish king should be.

To take the measure of Philip was the task that, early and late, presented itself to Elizabeth and her great minister. The measure of Mary Stuart was easier to take; but the danger of a mistake in their dealings with her was infinitely greater. If circumstances forced Philip, as I hope to show, to remain for long years Elizabeth's only European friend, they equally seemed to force Mary, from the first, to be her natural enemy.

Much more intellectual than Philip, Mary erred and threw away her chances even more than he did; but from a wholly different cause—not from excess of conscientiousness or caution, but from unrestrained passion and impetuosity: the 'primitive woman' was for ever

peeping out in her. Brought up from her sixth year in the vicious but cultivated society of the French Court, Mary was mistress of all the graces that a woman could command; no fanatic in religion and blinded by no illusions, she knew that she had to play for her own hand. And unluckily for her, she had to play the game very much alone. She had no united people behind her; the best tradition at her command, the old alliance of Scotland and France, was dead or dying. But she was able enough, and had chances enough to create both a tradition and a united people; these chances she deliberately threw away. She would lie a-bed all day and rise only to dance all night; yet, on occasion, she could ride on a dangerous expedition to the north and rough it for weeks with the roughest of her troopers. She was no more honest in her diplomacy than Elizabeth, no more averse to political murders than Philip; but unfortunately she allowed her personal desires to dominate her at the most critical moments.

Again one asks the old question, 'Is the prudence of the prince a result of good counsellors, or are good counsellors the result of the prudence of the prince?' It is an excellent subject for a debating society, and a stock instance is that of Elizabeth and Cecil. In this interesting debate I shall go behind the chair; for forty years these two worked together for the good of England, and each prevented the other from making many mistakes.

Cecil had, as we know, been Secretary of State to Edward VI.; he held no office, but incurred no disgrace under Mary. Like Elizabeth, he had made no difficulty about going to mass, and he was indifferent, then and always, to mere dogma. But he was unquestionably of the reformed religion, though of the more conservative

wing of it; his womenkind, especially his second wife, were earnest and learned Protestants, and his greatest friend, the Earl of Bedford, was the leader of the Protestant nobles. Cecil was constantly exposed to accusations of lukewarmness from both sides: the old Catholic nobles, Howards, Clintons and Arundels, abused him as a Calvinist; the restored Protestant exiles as a dallier with the scarlet woman. In foreign politics his caution was nearly as great as Philip's; his craft far greater. Peace was his object, and, if possible, the maintenance of the old Spanish alliance. For he always dreaded and distrusted France; and so in the latter part of the reign he is always the drag on the coach, and the enemy of the 'rising generation,' which came to regard him as a cynical old fogey. His personality in private life eludes us somewhat; his tastes seem to have been stay-at-home and domestic; he was a great gardener, builder and book-collector, not much of an open-air man; often tormented with gout. Elizabeth called him her 'sprite' or 'spirit,' and, though she often scolded him and sometimes neglected his advice, she knew and made him feel that he was indispensable to her.

The Queen's own character was to her contemporaries a standing puzzle, and to some extent it remains so to us; or rather, perhaps, it is truer to say that her character was full of contradictory traits, and that her idiosyncrasies developed with age. She has much in her of King Harry—the fierce temper, the passion for the open air, the scorn of fear, the love of show and splendour; something of her wicked mother, for she is a flirt to the very verge of impropriety—she cannot do without three lovers, at least, sighing for her at the same time: but, at bottom perhaps, more of her grandfather Henry VII.; and it is

just those unlovely traits of his which she reproduces that turn out most for the benefit of England in the long run—her passion for diplomatic intrigue as against war (a passion so great that intrigue became to her almost an end in itself), and her frightful stinginess in everything except dress. When we praise her long patience and aversion to war, we must always remember that the *cost* of any national policy was always grievous to her; after 1588, she refused, from mere parsimony, almost as many chances as Philip had refused before that year. As for her religion, it is, as she says, 'that of all reasonable people.' She does not want to define it too closely at first; but she means that she is no fanatic either way. Her learning, which is real and deep, draws her to the Protestant side; and she thinks that, if she is very successful, she will be able to make a church which shall stand the shocks of fanaticism from both sides. The result of the whole is a woman who, beginning perhaps merely as one who seeks to 'live and reign,' can end by telling, and truly telling her last Parliament that 'if she had a hundred tongues she could not express her hearty goodwill; that, as she had ever held her people's good most dear, so the last day of her life should witness it.' Foresight, subtlety, dignity and noble confidence in herself and in her subjects are splashed and blurred, but not marred by ludicrous vanity and coquetry, and occasionally by passion vented in the language of a fishwife. Two things especially irritated her—suggestions that she should name a successor, and suggestions, from any one but a suitor, that she should marry; her Parliaments were particularly exposed to scoldings on both these heads. Whether she or Cecil ever seriously thought of recognizing Mary or any one else as heir, we don't know; every day

that passed with the Queen unwed was so much advantage to England.

Her immense good fortune lifted her, at the end of her reign, on to a pinnacle where she was almost worshipped by her people; their pride, their self-consciousness, their prosperity, they believed to be her work; she was 'Gloriana,' the 'fair vestal throned by the West'; and to the Parliament of her successor (who did not like to be reminded of it) she was 'that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory.'

These four, then, Philip, Mary, Cecil and Elizabeth, are the main actors in the drama for many years to come; and on the whole the action of the drama is simple. Elizabeth has to keep England and herself safe and moderate-Protestant; safe from her enemy Mary and her friend Philip. On the other hand, Philip cannot afford to help Mary to the English throne, for that will mean the union of France, England and Scotland in one interest, which will spell death to Spain. Yet he cannot openly help Elizabeth, who more and more evidently becomes the champion of heresy in Europe; Elizabeth hates the position, and still more hates the idea of championing rebels against their sovereign. Yet to this also her necessities drive her; and the secret support of heretics and rebels in Scotland, France and Flanders is the best card she has in her hand. France is torn by forty years of religious wars, but her wisest heads are steadily drawing towards an understanding with England. England keeps out of actual war so long that, when it comes, she is to some extent prepared for it, and proves more than able to hold her own. Elizabeth and Cecil have often been blamed for their lukewarm assistance to the cause of Protestantism abroad; they

doled out men and money in driblets and in secrecy. But they *did* help it, which their Stuart successors did not; and we must also remember that the Protestant powers on the Continent never lifted a finger to help England when she was in like straits.

It would be impossible, in a short book like this, to attempt to follow every move in the game of foreign policy; but perhaps it will be convenient to break up the reign into three periods. The first will end about 1570, with the failure of the northern rebellion and the excommunication of the English Queen by the Pope; war is then declared on her by Catholic zealots all over Europe, but they lack a leader; Philip, if he was to strike at all, should have struck then. The second will end with the execution of Mary in 1587, which makes Philip at last resolve to strike. In the last period Philip has struck, and paid for his blow with disaster and shame; the English fleet has become the greatest material force in the world; but the Queen will not allow it to show its teeth in earnest, or to reap the full rewards of victory.

Elizabeth was oftener than not in grave personal dangers: her godson Harrington tells us how she made no secret of sleeping with a drawn sword by her bedside—a sword which, we may well believe, she would not have scrupled to use: but she was seldom in greater political danger than at her accession. The Kings of France and Spain were making a peace, and apparently uniting for the suppression of heresy throughout the world; in this peace the formal cession of Calais by England was a most necessary provision. Philip was perfectly honourable about Calais; he did his best to save it for us, but he told us that he couldn't keep on the war for that alone. The Queen had to begin with the cession of

Calais; with her currency debased to half its nominal value; with a large majority of her subjects clinging to the old dogmas when she had chosen the new; and with a strong feeling in favour of legitimacy while her own was more than doubtful: here were difficulties and dangers enough. We may well believe that she hesitated before she decided to accept the post of honour, for popes were willing to absolve her and to wipe out the stain of illegitimacy that clung to Anne Boleyn's daughter. Philip was ready to offer her his open alliance and his hand, or, if she shrank from that, the hand of his Austrian cousin the Archduke Charles, or even to leave the choice of a husband to herself, if only she would remain a Catholic; every consideration of safety seemed to point in that direction—the open trade with Flanders, the age-long friendship on the old lines. France and Mary Stuart might indeed protest—but they would be powerless.

But this would not be the path of the young and the free and the bold. Cecil, πολύμητις, saw far beyond it. Perhaps he had already taken Philip's measure; perhaps he fired the Queen's Tudor pride into choosing the path of danger and honour; perhaps the temper of her capital on the day of her entry impressed her; perhaps her own conviction of the truth counted for more than we usually think. She had to make a decision fraught with the fate of the world. And she chose the faith of freedom and of the free.

But of what shade was it to be? Here in her heart of hearts she lagged far behind even the moderate Cecil. Edward VI.'s first Prayer Book and its ritual were probably her ideals; the Church without the Pope, but with all the ornaments and many of the superstitions. But that would have few followers now; a good deal

of water—and blood too—had flowed under the bridge since 1549. The Queen would have to take the second Prayer Book, if any, for the basis of her settlement, and could command for its 'revision' the help of very few ecclesiastics; and these would be almost wholly men who had fled from the Marian persecution, and thrown themselves, as exiles, willingly or unwillingly, into the arms of the extreme Protestantism of Frankfort, Geneva or Zurich. No more ludicrous error is possible than that which is often heard from the lips of well-meaning but ignorant clergymen of to-day, that no change in the doctrine or the discipline of the English Church was made by the Reformation. It would be nearer to the truth to say that the Queen, backed up by a brave minority of thinking English laymen, definitely created a new Church, and compelled fanatics on both sides to accept it.

Among the Queen's great strokes of luck these were not the least:—that ten out of the twenty-six sees were vacant; that the Catholics had no English head, clerical or lay, worth calling such; that the only possible opposition candidate for the throne was a Scot and a Frenchwoman; and that the horrors and disasters of Mary's reign had made even earnest Catholics long for a change of some sort. But, even so, the position required all the craft that could be employed. The Council was reinforced by lords of moderate or Protestant leanings; a committee of Protestants was set secretly to work to revise Edward's second Prayer Book; but the only signs of innovation that the Queen gave, before Parliament met, were the acceptance of the present of an English Bible (which she kissed in public amid the plaudits of her people) and the prohibition of the elevation of the Host. For the moment all preaching without special

licence was forbidden. Sermons, indeed, were never to Elizabeth's taste, and she considered that a good homily was more suitable to the ordinary congregation. We must not omit to record how, in later years, when a divine waxed warm before her on some point of controversial theology, the royal guardian of religious peace called out from her pew, "Stick to your text, Mr. Dean; leave that alone." With great difficulty a bishop (Carlisle) was found to crown her, and, when her first Parliament met, early in 1559, one might almost say that there was no State Church at all. As for Convocation, it was, indeed, allowed to meet and to meet unmuzzled; but, as it was openly and honourably Papist, its debates and decisions were quietly ignored. The church-making was the laymen's job, for it was to be a laymen's Church. Still, the first five years of the reign were most critical; 'religious anarchy' would hardly be too strong a word to describe the state of things.

After hot debates the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity were passed in 1559, the former substituting the title of 'Governor' for Henry's more pretentious 'Head' of the Church, and the latter prescribing the new Book of Common Prayer (now revised by the committee mentioned above), and enacting penalties for the use of any other service, and for absence from church on Sunday a fine of one shilling. The new Prayer Book was virtually Edward's second, but with a phrase introduced from the first, in order to make the doctrine of the sacrament more ambiguous. Henry's 'Act of Appeals,' and his Act subordinating Convocation to Parliament in legislative matters, were re-enacted. Test oaths, the bane of Henry VIII.'s settlement, were as far as possible avoided,—*e.g.* the oath of supremacy was at first

only to be tendered to clergy and to those who held office under the Crown; even in 1563, when it was made more sweeping, no oath was enforced on the peers. No bishops and few deans would accept the oath, and the Queen was obliged to find occupants for all the higher offices of the Church at once: naturally, she could only find them either among the indifferent or the returned exiles; but of the lower clergy scarcely two hundred refused the oath. The Elizabethan bishops were celebrated (with a few clear exceptions, such as Parker, Grindal and Jewel) neither for learning, fervour nor piety; and the Queen certainly showed scant respect for many of her own creations. The Catechism, the Book of Homilies, and the 'Confession of Faith,' which meant the cutting down of Edward's Forty-two Articles to Thirty-nine, and the cutting out of passages leaning to the Zwinglian view, were not perfected till 1563. Though the 'Thirty-nine articles' are distinctly Calvinist in tone, there are also in them traces of Lutheran doctrine; we must not forget that they are not, and never were binding on laymen.

Now if we consider the enormous difficulties of the inception, we shall be amazed at the lasting success of this experiment in church-building. If, as I said, the great majority of Englishmen was Catholic in 1558, a far greater majority was Protestant in 1603; and for this the only discernible reasons are the width of the terms of communion allowed, the extreme ambiguity of doctrine on the crucial question of the sacrament, into which either a Zwinglian or a Catholic could (and can still) read his own view, the absence of any fanaticism or sacerdotal spirit in the rulers of the Church, and finally the fact that, by 1603, this artificial Church

had become a symbol of national independence and resistance to foreign influences. Since that time it has never ceased to be assailed by fanatics from both sides; once, when the sacerdotal spirit had invaded it and deflected it from its true τέλος, it paid, and rightly paid the penalty of a temporary submersion in the wave of Puritan fanaticism. But *merses profundo pulchrior evenit*: its worst foes have, after all, been honest men within its own pale; it survived Laud and it survived Hoadly; it may yet survive Lord Halifax and Lady Wimborne, and weather the storms which threaten it to-day. A prudent English churchman might answer the advocate of some more theoretically perfect system with the old Scottish saw:—"when your lum has reekit as muckle as ours there'll be mair soot in it."

Long before the dangers of the religious settlement were over, the danger from France and Scotland had become acute, and the long struggle between the two Queens had begun. We parted from Scottish history shortly after the battle of Pinkie, and the story was still that of a gallant little country, fighting for life and for an independence which seemed to be bound up with the maintenance of the Catholic Church. The secular-minded bishops, who were sporadically persecuting Protestants, were still the patriots; and the Protestants, to whom Somerset's emissaries were distributing English Bibles and bribes, were still the traitors. The little Queen was safe in France, and the regency passed in 1554 from the Earl of Arran to the gallant Mary of Guise. The latter would, however, naturally be actuated more by French patriotism than by Scottish, whereas Arran might, if properly approached, yet form a government which, without being traitorous, might

conciliate the rising spirit of the Reformation and the English alliance. Given a real leader, the Reformation might, with good fortune, reconcile to itself the spirit of sturdy independence which was so much akin to its own. Arran was no such leader; but such a leader was apparently found in John Knox, who, in 1555, returned to Scotland from captivity in France. In the short space of eighteen months Knox organized his party into the 'Lords of the Congregation of Christ Jesus,' who signed the first 'Covenant' in 1557, directly against the interest of France and the Regent Mary. Compelled to retire by threats of the stake, Knox attacked from Frankfort in 1558 the three royal Maries in his 'First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.' Mary Tudor's cruelties in England, and the corresponding cruelties in Flanders, flooded Scotland with English and Flemish refugees, and materially increased Knox's party. If only Arran could put himself at the head of this and could marry the heiress of England, Somerset's 'Great Britain' would become an accomplished fact. It may have been the prospect of this which induced Queen Mary Stuart, when she married the Dauphin in 1558, to quarter the arms and take the title of Queen of England; nay, at that very time, to make a solemn deed of gift to the French Crown of her rights in Scotland. Herein lay her first, but not her last sin against Scotland, and it was enough to shatter, in most Scottish hearts, the tottering fabric of the old alliance.

Still the Regent strove against her foes by conciliatory measures until May, 1559, when Knox finally returned to Scotland and war sharp and short followed. The 'Lords of the Congregation,' swept all before them

and the monasteries fell; every monastery that fell added to the adherents of the new faith those who shared its spoils. The Regent and her few French troops were soon shut up in Leith and the castle of Edinburgh. Would Elizabeth help? help rebels? help Knox just after his 'First Blast'? defy the King of France? rely upon the benevolent neutrality of the King of Spain? The accidental death of King Henry of France in July, 1559, decided her to do so, for Mary Stuart now became Queen of France as well as of Scotland, and all Scotland that did not wish to be an actual French province would rally to the rebel lords. And France herself was tottering on the verge of civil war; the coast was clear. So, early in 1560, Elizabeth sent her first military expedition and enforced the surrender of Leith. The Regent died, game to the last, on June 11th, and the Treaty of Edinburgh was signed on July 6th. This agreement compelled Mary Stuart to drop the arms and title of England, and to refer the question of religion to the Scottish Estates. Without waiting for their Queen's ratification of this treaty, the Scots lords set swiftly to work to overthrow the relics of the old Church root and branch. They had in Knox a leader of incomparable craft and fury, but even he was not always able to direct the storm. Bishops' lands, teinds, glebes and almost the manses followed the way of the abbey-lands; and the roofless cathedrals still tell the melancholy story. Years passed before a bare living could be provided for the Calvinist ministers who succeeded the Catholic priests. To say mass was punishable with death. Mary must have felt that Scotland was as good as lost when, eighteen months after his father's death, her husband followed him to the grave, and the power in France

passed for a time wholly away from the Guise family. In August, 1561, poor Mary had to return to her terrible country a widow.

Now, as I have said, she was an able woman, and, but for her constant view of the English crown (a crown which she could only hope to get with the help of some great Catholic power), she might have played, in a re-united Scotland, the part that Elizabeth was playing in England: some sort of headship of some sort of church, and some sort of alliance with England might have been open to her. She had a prudent, if selfish adviser in her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, and a very prudent one, a 'Scottish Cecil,' in Maitland of Lethington. She was still, in the matrimonial market, a prize only less great than Elizabeth. But her upbringing and her traditions drove her wholly into anti-national courses, and her own evil passions contributed fatally to the result.

For the moment she began well: she temporized, and avoided confirming the Acts of the Scottish Parliament; she steadfastly retained the mass in her private chapel, despite the railings of Knox; and as steadfastly went about the country detaching, by her personal influence and charm, prominent nobles from the 'Lords of the Congregation.' And this attitude she maintained during the whole four years of her widowhood. But all the time it was the English crown, and not the welfare of Scotland, of which she was dreaming and for which she was intriguing.

Almost every one who wooed Elizabeth wooed Mary also during these years and even afterwards; and it must have exasperated the younger Queen to learn that her rival, after kissing in public at Hampton Court an Earl of Leicester or an Archduke of Austria, would

dismiss him with a gracious intimation that she was wedded to her people, "but why don't you go and court our sister of Scotland?" We may divide Elizabeth's suitors into the possible and the impossible; and among the impossible Philip comes first. His was quite a grave proposal, and the first she had had; but he didn't break his heart when she 'preferred to remain his sister'; he knew that she couldn't afford to break with him, nor, indeed, could he afford yet to break with her. Impossible, too, was Eric, King of Sweden, though at times a useful stalking horse against the Catholics. Impossible, in Cecil's eyes at least, but only too desirable in Elizabeth's eyes, was the handsome Master of the Horse, Lord Robert Dudley, son of the infamous Northumberland; and him, if any one, the feminine part of her probably loved. But I have come to doubt if there was much of 'feminine' in the Queen's heart; her sex was revealed rather in her passion for making others responsible for what she wished to get done and then scolding them for doing it. Dudley was not exactly a scamp, but he was a vain fellow, and was ready to turn either Catholic or extreme Protestant, or even to receive aid from a foreign power, if only he could get the Queen's hand; he remained dangerous till his death in 1588, and was, perhaps, the greatest difficulty in Cecil's path. Quite a possible candidate was Henry, last of the FitzAlan earls of Arundel, but he was twenty years older than the Queen. Possible, over a considerable period, was the Archduke Charles of Austria, Philip's first cousin; he would have meant moderate Catholicism and the warm approval of Spain; perhaps, apart from personal considerations, he came nearer to being first favourite than any one. Possible also, right through

the middle period of the reign, was one of the French Valois princes, either the Duke of Anjou, who became Henry III. of France in 1573, or his brother, the Duke of Alençon (her 'Frog,' as Elizabeth called him) : with these two miserable specimens of humanity the Queen carried on flirtations, which amazed her courtiers and terrified her councillors almost as much as they terrified Philip. Very possible once or twice at the beginning of the reign was the Earl of Arran, the same man who had troubled Mary Guise, but he was a sullen, crazy fool; and, when the Queen of Scots married Darnley in 1565 and had a son the next year, all Arran's pretensions to the heirship of the Scots Crown fell to the ground, and after that, of course, he was out of the question. Henry, Lord Darnley, the heir of the great Scots house of Lennox, and, equally with Mary Stuart, descended from Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., was, I think, never a serious candidate for Elizabeth's hand; but he was the obvious one for Mary's, and, in spite of Elizabeth's eagerness to prevent the match, she was obliged to congratulate when it took place. Mary would have preferred Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip, and Philip, under certain circumstances, might have agreed; but Carlos was mad and went about shooting people in the streets of Madrid, till his father shut him up and had him strangled. Darnley was a handsome 'long lad,' and, for a few weeks, Mary was violently in love with him; and then came to hate him as violently when she discovered his cowardly and disgusting character; for, like Elizabeth, she loved a 'real man.'

This, however, is anticipating. A great stroke of policy of the English Queen was to send help to the

French Protestants, who had begun in 1562 their long series of civil wars against the Guise interest—wars in which the French kings, under the guidance of their Italian Queen-mother Katharine, tried to maintain a sort of balance, but in which it became more and more evident that Philip would ultimately have to support the Guises if England supported the 'Huguenots'; peaces and truces were patched up from time to time, which it was to the interest of England to prevent from becoming permanent. Elizabeth's first treaty with the Huguenots stipulated for the cession of Havre, Dieppe and Rouen as a pledge for the ultimate restoration of Calais; and, in effect, Havre was occupied and held for some six months by English troops; but in 1563 a peace was made between the rivals in France and our men were quickly expelled. Nor were Cecil's eyes ever for long off the Netherlands, where the final attempt to extinguish heresy by fire and sword was about to be begun by the terrible Duke of Alva; but the time for help (other than secret doles of money and an open asylum in England for refugees) was not yet.

The tragedy and fall of Mary had first to come. Her marriage in 1565 seemed to give her the opportunity, for which she had waited, to strike at the Protestant lords, and she acted with such vigour that her brother Moray was caught in a trap, raised a hesitating flag of rebellion and then fled to England, where Elizabeth, in public at least, rated him dreadfully. But Mary's vigour alarmed many of the Scots nobility, who, in fear for their newly grabbed lands, easily made a tool of Darnley, broke into the Queen's chamber and murdered her secretary, Rizzio, who was supposed to be an agent of Spain and the Pope.

The murder taught Mary that she could not carry all before her, and she turned back to the path of conciliation, and pardoned and caressed her husband. Her only child, Prince James, was born in June, 1566; Elizabeth, torn with jealousy as she was, congratulated and stood godmother. But Darnley was impossible; his effeminacy and his vices equally disgusted his spirited Queen, who had probably already fallen in love with a fine specimen of the violent border ruffian, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. Bothwell had few friends, but Darnley had many enemies; and the 'bond of Craigmillar' was signed, by which Moray, Maitland, Bothwell, Huntly and Argyll—men of very various shades of opinion—bound themselves 'to put the King *forth* by one way or other,' in accordance with which Darnley was murdered (blown up with gunpowder) on February 9th, 1567.

It is impossible to acquit Mary of connivance in some shape. In April, after just a decent show of resistance, she allowed Bothwell to carry her off to his castle at Dunbar; the ruffian then got a divorce from his own wife and married the Queen on May 12th. Both Scotland and Europe stood aghast, and it is to the credit of the Catholic statesmen that their first impulse was to drop Mary altogether. Scotland rose in wrath; the Queen and Bothwell were defeated in June at the battle of Carberry Hill, and the Queen was imprisoned at Lochleven, where she was compelled to abdicate in favour of her son. Little James was crowned on July 29th; Knox preached the coronation sermon, and Moray became Regent for his nephew.

Ten months later Mary escaped from Lochleven, and, with a few adherents (mostly Hamiltons), fought and lost the battle of Langside and then fled to England

She came, not as a supplicant seeking an asylum, but as an injured sovereign claiming aid and vengeance. Again Elizabeth was confronted with a perilous crisis. She could not restore Mary by force of arms—if she did she could expect no gratitude; she could not hand her back to certain death at the hands of her 'rebel' subjects—if she did it would encourage rebels in England: while to keep her, either in honourable or in strait captivity, was to make her a centre for Catholic plots. Yet it was this last course that the Queen chose, and the danger of it developed every day for nineteen years. Probably the best that she hoped was that, with time, Mary would offer such securities both to England and to Scotland that a conditional restoration (with a partially white-washed character) would become possible, and that this would neutralize all future danger from the north.

So Mary remained a prisoner at Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, though treated as a queen and, at first, allowed free communication with her friends, both within and without the kingdom. But the net was woven round her with marvellous and cruel craft. Would she seek to clear herself of complicity in her husband's murder? Let there be a 'conference,' says Elizabeth; 'oh, no, not a trial at all.' But a trial it virtually became: English and Scottish lords were represented at it, evidence was produced,—among other evidence the famous 'Casket letters,' which had passed between Mary and Bothwell and of which Moray produced copies (who saw the originals, whether there ever were originals, is not clear: certainly Mary could never get a sight of them),—and, when the unrefuted evidence made the case look very black, Elizabeth suddenly suspended the proceedings.

And Mary went on eating out her heart, and if she plotted against her rival's life it is not a subject for much wonder. For many years, however, the restraint on her was mainly that of close espionage: once she was allowed to go to Buxton to take the waters, and Cecil even paid her a courtesy visit there. In these strange conditions it gradually dawned on her that to scheme for the English crown was far less hopeless than to dream of restoration to her own. For Elizabeth's difficulties were by no means all of Mary's making. Her artificial Church was long in taking root and sadly lacked leaders. Her first Archbishop, Matthew Parker, though a prudent, learned, God-fearing man, with many of the instincts of a statesman, was probably very hazy in his own mind as to the lawfulness of much that had been done. The Act of Supremacy had empowered the Queen to exercise her ecclesiastical jurisdiction by 'royal commissions,' and it was by such commissions that uniformity was gradually introduced into the practice of the Church; but uniformity is not unanimity. So far as the clergy were enthusiastic they were mostly Calvinists; and some of them scrupled to wear the surplice and to use the legal ceremonies. By 1565 it had become necessary to suspend or deprive of their benefices many such 'Puritan' clergy; and yet it would not do to drive them too hard, for from such men the sturdiest resistance to any danger from the other—the Roman—side was to be expected. Moreover, to French and Dutch refugees full liberty of extreme Calvinist worship had to be granted; the Queen could not afford to offend such priceless allies. Nor could she afford to offend the nascent Scottish Kirk, which after Mary's fall was steadily shaping itself on the Genevan model—that is, with a 'General Assembly,'

in which laity as well as clergy were represented, with provincial 'synods' on the same pattern, with lay 'elders' elected by the congregation in each parish, with a liturgy of prayers, differing at first little from some of those in the English book, but gradually giving way to the practice of unwritten prayers at the discretion of the ministers, and with 'superintendants' in each province, who in Knox's eyes probably differed little from the very moderate Elizabethan bishops.

Now the natural drift of all this is away from the old government of the Church by ordained bishops; and the example of Scotland soon led the English Puritans, headed by Cartwright, a learned young professor at Cambridge, to demand the abolition of episcopacy and a 'parity' between all ministers of religion. Good Archbishop Parker poured on the swelling waters all the oil he could, and his successor Grindal followed suit; but, though Cartwright received little open encouragement from Parliament, the temper of the Lower House was such that until 1593 no severe legislation against those who would not conform to the legal ceremonies was possible; by that time the Church had obtained a real roothold among all reasonable people. But deprivations there were, and occasional fines and even imprisonments, for a few days, of some of these most loyal but troublesome subjects, who would have died for the least hair of the head of the royal mistress who was obliged to keep them in order.

Moreover, as soon as Mary was in England, vigorously appealing to discontented English Catholics (she began this game at once—it was only tit for tat), it became very difficult for Philip and his ambassadors to keep quite clear of her. Just in proportion as she ceased

to be a useful tool for France, she became a useful tool for Philip. The year 1568 is remarkable for several things pointing towards the ultimate breach between England and her old Spanish ally: it was the year of the first open clash of arms in American waters[1]; the year in which accident threw into Elizabeth's hands a very large treasure of money, which was on its way by sea to Alva, and of which she 'took care,' lest it should fall into the hands of Flemish pirates; the year in which Philip dismissed an English ambassador because he claimed to read the Prayer Book in his chapel; and the year in which Alva seemed definitely to have got the better of the rebels in Flanders. That great soldier then advised an immediate invasion of England in the Spanish interest; but Flanders was really as tough a job as he could manage, and Philip never had any money to spare for great schemes.

Result—in the next year the English Catholics, in definite reliance upon Spanish help (which never came), took up arms, led by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland with the connivance of the Duke of Norfolk. The latter was to liberate and marry Mary; but Elizabeth was lucky enough to catch him and shut him up before he could draw his sword. Several other great men were in it, perhaps even Arundel and Winchester; Leicester knew of it, for he seems to have been its principal betrayer. Mary was at once removed from Bolton to safer keeping at Tutbury. The two northern Earls raised a large army and occupied Durham, burnt the Prayer Book and sang the mass. It was the story of 1536 on a lesser scale; Sussex rallied the loyal forces of the south and advanced in such strength that the rebel army melted away without

[1] *Vid. infra*, p. 177.

fighting. Elizabeth never had the tiger touch of her father in her, but there were very numerous executions, *in terrorem populi*. Most of all the Queen hated executing a peer, and she kept Norfolk alive against all policy and judgment till 1572, when still greater dangers compelled her to behead him and Northumberland.

For in 1570 the greatest blow of all fell: the fierce old Pope Pius V. hurled a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth, and absolved her subjects from their allegiance. Henry VIII. had been able to laugh at Clement and Paul when they did a similar thing; but the Papacy had immeasurably recovered power since that time. Elizabeth could afford little laughter as yet; but it was a cruel blow to the Catholic faith, for it gave a Catholic no choice but between disobedience and rebellion. Happily, most of the Catholics were Englishmen first and Papists afterwards. Philip was furious with the Pope, for his action had precipitated matters, and 'matters should never be precipitated.' The bull at once led to a rapid succession of plots for the assassination of the Queen—plots from which she was never free until her death. I do not much care about the details of these plots; now it is a papal banker Ridolfi who is pulling the wires, now a disloyal scion of the loyal family of Throckmorton, now a young Antony Babington, now the Queen's own Portuguese physician. Up till 1587 the object of all was the liberation of Mary; and Mary's knowledge and encouragement of them varied inversely with the clumsiness of the plotters. Spanish ambassadors were usually accomplices, and two of these had to be dismissed (1571 and 1584). What Philip liked least about the plots was their steady want of success. He was not so unsuccessful with the Prince of Orange

(1584), or Henry III. of France (1589), but Elizabeth seemed to bear a charmed life; and, though Cecil's hair turned white with anxiety, the Queen was reckless: she loved strong ale and never stopped to ask if it were poisoned; she accepted presents of hunting saddles (which might easily contain infernal machines) from persons of quite dubious character.

Cecil had now (1571) become Lord Burghley, and was in the next year promoted to be Lord Treasurer; his Secretaryship passed to his friend Sir Francis Walsingham, who was the best unraveller of a plot ever seen. He had spies everywhere, and could nurse a conspiracy carefully until he had all the threads separated, and then suddenly clap hands on three or four of the principal agents, bundle them off to the Tower, and rack them till they revealed what they knew. He kidnapped the celebrated Dr. Story, a plotting refugee at Antwerp, and brought him across with the greatest success; the difficulty was to get the Queen to pay the wages for which the agents of the job had stipulated. In connexion with this point it will be convenient to notice here the activity of the Jesuit emissaries, against whom Walsingham waged special war, although the danger from them belongs rather to the decade 1580–90. Traces of them can be discovered as early as 1568; they flitted to and fro in all manner of disguises between England, Ireland and Scotland. We begin to hear of a certain 'Cardinal Allen,' who pulls the strings from Rome; of a papal legate, Nicholas Sanders, who dies of starvation on a mission to Ireland; of the blustering Father Parsons, who manages to save his neck. Inasmuch as Parliament in 1571, 1581 and 1593 enacted on various counts the death penalty against such Jesuits, those of them who suffered have

been called martyrs; but it would be an insult to the memory of More and of the monks of the Charterhouse in Henry VIII.'s reign, to even such men with them. Call these Jesuits martyrs if you like, but you will have to give the same name to all political assassins throughout history.

In proportion as Spain began to draw away from England, France began to draw nearer to her; and it is the decade 1570–80 which is marked by the "Gaping Gulph into which England is like to fall by reason of this French Marriage." So wrote the valiant plebeian and Puritan Thomas Stubbs, waking once more, in defiance of policy, the old hatred of France which the new hatred of Spain could never wholly lay to rest. Wherefore, as all readers of Sir Walter know, "this Stubbs or Tubbs or whatever the plebeian was called, was sentenced by the Star Chamber to have his hand chopped off for the libel, and, though, when Derrick the hangman clapped the hissing hot iron on the raw stump, till it fizzed like a rasher of bacon, the fallow set up an eldritch screech which made some think his courage was abated, it was not so, for he plucked his hat off with his left hand and waved it, crying 'God save the Queen and confound all evil counsellors.'" That was the sort of man that England bred then.

The treaty of Blois in 1572 laid the foundations of a fairly solid understanding between us and the moderate or 'politique' party, then rising in France; and, in that very year, the Netherlands rose again from the ashes in which Alva had laid them, and the capture of the fortress of Brill by their pirate ships laid the foundation stone of the Dutch republic. Even the massacre of Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, by the

direct order of the French Government, interrupted but little the political understanding with England. And, in spite of the alliance with that Government, Cecil went on doling out help to the Huguenots, lest France should get too strong. In Scotland, too, things looked fair till 1578. Though Moray was murdered in 1570, Morton, who succeeded as regent in 1572, was a man of iron will and thoroughly devoted to the English alliance. But, as the young King of Scots grew up, in bondage now to this regent, now to that, and as the Kirk developed more and more independence (till Andrew Melvill could address his sovereign as 'God's silly vassal'), it was by no means certain that James would keep upon the sound path. Once, 1578–82, he broke loose and had Morton put to death; French, Spanish and papal influences tugged and rugged at him incessantly—once or twice Mary from her prison sent him affectionate messages and intrigued with his nobles; and he grew up, in an atmosphere of dissimulation, to be 'the wisest fool in Christendom,' but also the 'ablest man of his house since the death of James I.' The prospect of the English throne, which had been the ruin of his mother, came to be the salvation of James; he learnt by her mistakes to bide his time. He liked to show his royal godmother that another policy than that of her alliance was open to him; but, apart from his own convictions in favour of Protestantism, he must have known that he would never be able to turn Scotland—now a nation of Calvinist theologians—back into the toils of the old Church.

And so Mary grew more and more despairing, and in 1577 she secretly made over all her rights on England, not to her ungrateful son, but to the King of Spain. She took the opportunity of doing this when Philip's bastard

brother, Don John, the typical chivalrous hero of the Catholics, who had recently smashed the Turkish fleet at Lepanto, became governor of the Netherlands. John arrived at the seat of his government to find his troops starving and mutinous for wages; here was a chance to pay them—he would fling them upon England, liberate and marry Mary and send Elizabeth in chains to the Pope. Mary joyfully caught at the prospect, and was horrified to learn that slow Philip looked very coldly on the noble enterprise; in plain English, he was profoundly jealous of his brother John, and so he let another great opportunity slip. Don John died broken-hearted in 1578.

By this time the position in the Netherlands had cleared. Alva, for all his blood-baths, had failed, and the next two governors, Requesens and Don John, had been sufficiently conciliatory to win back a grudging acknowledgment of Spanish suzerainty from the Southern Provinces (the Belgium of to-day). Their main cause of rebellion had not been their Protestantism, but the attacks of Spain upon their curiously rigid and ancient charters and liberties; on getting these reconfirmed they were content to remain Catholic. But the North, the modern Holland, the seven 'United Provinces' (that is, from 1579, their name in diplomatic documents), had found a noble leader in William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Between him and Philip it was now to be war to the knife, and England would have to take one side or the other. If she did not, France would inevitably put her oar in; and Elizabeth, with whom diplomatic vacillation was becoming a passion for its own sake, hesitated so long that she once let a Valois prince (her own 'Frog,' too) get himself proclaimed sovereign

of the Netherlands. Of course, the Frog meant primarily to get the Southern Netherlands for France. Cecil, however, would none of this; all his old hostility to France was reawakened; and luckily for England, the Frog's brother, Henry III., disavowed him angrily.

Philip's hands had been tied elsewhere while this act of the drama was being played in the north, for in 1578 the prospect of almost immediate succession to the Crown of Portugal was opened to him. He was not the best heir, but very nearly the best, and on the death of the last direct descendant of the old line in 1580, he made swift seizure. Portugal still held posts and factories in all the Spice Islands of the far East, of which the Dutch and English were gradually to rob her during the next hundred years, as well as settlements on both sides of Africa, and the great colony of Brazil. To Spain, almost bankrupt as she was, the possession of these things opened a new vista of hope; of still greater advantage, perhaps, were the glorious harbour of Lisbon, where all the navies of the world could ride, and the possession of the Azores as a halfway house to America. Elizabeth and the King of France alternately cherished a Portuguese Pretender called Don Antonio, but he was never a very serious danger to Philip—certainly not after the Spanish Admiral Santa Cruz had smashed a French fleet at Terceira in 1581. Santa Cruz wisely advised his master to strike at England immediately after this victory, but again Philip delayed.

In 1584 the stage was cleared by the death of the Duke of Alençon (the Frog), which made the Protestant prince, Henry of Bourbon, King of Navarre, heir to the childless Henry III. of France. The Guises saw that they must now rely on Philip and on him alone; their patriotism,

once a very genuine one, had utterly given way to religious hate; they would rather see a Spaniard on the French throne than a heretic and a Bourbon. They would not call on Philip in vain, and Cecil saw that the time for the final struggle was near at hand.

In the first place, prompt help should be sent, and was sent to the Dutch, now threatened by the greatest general of the age, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, and deprived of their leader by the successful assassination (after many attempts) of the Prince of Orange. The Dutch put themselves under the suzerainty of the Queen of England, and put certain coast-towns in her hands as securities. An expedition under Leicester was sent to the Low Countries—larger and more successful than the average Tudor undertaking of the kind; it showed that even on land England had got teeth of a sort, and was in earnest. It was rendered memorable by the battle of Zutphen and the death of Sir Philip Sidney, the flower of Elizabethan chivalry.

In the second place, an end had to be made of the intrigues of Mary. In view of the constant danger to Elizabeth's life, an association had been entered into in 1584 by the principal nobles and gentry of England; the signatories bound themselves to defend the Queen's person, and, if her life were attempted, to pursue to the death not only the assassin, but any person in whose favour such attempt should be made. Parliament sanctioned the association, and provided by Statute machinery for bringing 'such person' to trial before a special commission. This was, of course, directed at but one address—Mary's. The discovery of Babington's plot in 1586, and a final treaty with James, by which he entirely abandoned his mother's cause, cleared the

way; and in October Mary was tried under the new Statute in Fotheringhay Castle. Of course, there was no *law* in existence, nor could an English Parliament make a *law*, by which a foreign sovereign could be tried before an English commission; yet it was not legality but policy which stuck in Elizabeth's throat when she refused, over and over again, to confirm the inevitable condemnatory sentence and to sign the death-warrant. "Could not some one—you, for instance," she gravely said to Mary's gaoler Paulet—"do the business secretly?" Paulet voiced the feelings of the nation, as well as his own, when he indignantly refused; this deed was not to be done in a corner. At last Elizabeth signed, and later still winked at the execution of the warrant; she cruelly disgraced for life the honest secretary Davison, who was her agent in the job—and here if you like she was feminine, if the word can ever be used in a bad sense. Mary was beheaded on February 9th, 1587. Philip at once cast away all hesitation; he claimed the crown of England, not from Mary's solemn bequest made at the block, but as the descendant of John of Gaunt, and the preparations for his great invasion of our island began.

CHAPTER VII

QUEEN ELIZABETH TRIUMPHANT

To understand the story of this invasion we must go some way back. We are all too prone to connect the first glories of our navy with Queen Elizabeth, and to forget what it owed to her father. Briefly it owed to him three things; (1) the establishment of an efficient board of administration, of which our modern 'Admiralty Office' is the descendant; (2) a great advance in naval construction; (3) a new and superior system of tactics. For he was the first King who built ships capable of keeping the sea for long periods of time, and so capable of blockading an enemy's ports in fair weather and foul, and the first King who developed real naval gunnery which could work destruction at long range. The enemies of England, far into the seventeenth century, trusted to boarding tactics, and filled up their ships with crowds of useless soldiers, whom the English cannons, worked by the same men who sailed the ship, mowed down in heaps. Superior naval construction also developed superior seamanship and confidence in the machine handled; until in 1588 our tall bluff ships could not only outsail, but sail round and round the Spaniards; and yet this would have been comparatively useless without our superior weight of broadside and skill in gunnery.

The adventurer—*i.e.* the gentleman or merchant who

fitted out and armed at his own cost, with or without a licence from the Crown, a ship to take his merchandise to unknown lands, was to some extent a new creature of the sixteenth century. He was the outcome of a new set of conditions of life in which men were seeking to become rich by some sudden stroke of enterprise. Shakespeare has hit him off in the 'Merchant of Venice':—"he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies . . . a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad." A merchant who became rich in 1450 could find but one 'investment for his capital,' he could buy land; and, if that was impossible, he must sew his rose-nobles into his flock mattress, or bury them in his garden, or deposit them in the treasury of a neighbouring church. But a century later he could take shares in an 'adventure,' and perhaps earn (as the earliest shareholders of the East India Company actually did earn) over 100 per cent. return on his outlay. The Government would often utilize this spirit, and grant charters to this or that 'Company of Merchant Adventurers trading to regions unknown'; and all the Tudor sovereigns, and especially Elizabeth, were ready to invest or take shares in enterprising companies and to reap private profit by so doing.

Two results are quite obvious: in the first place, such enterprises could only succeed if you had good manufactured articles to take to the said unknown lands—hence the adventures immensely stimulated English manufactures; and secondly, they were bound to bring England sooner or later into conflict with other European powers which were doing the same thing. And this last was just what every Tudor government, and especially that of Elizabeth, tried to avoid. It is true that there

was much successful adventure which led to no such conflict: for instance, in Mary's reign, Chancellor and Jenkinson penetrated to Russia by way of the White Sea; and from that beginning arose a tradè which lasted so long and grew so great that perhaps it alone threw the force of the gigantic Russian Empire into the scale against Napoleon. But even this led to some jealousy on the part of the North German merchants, who had hitherto been our purveyors of 'Baltic goods.' Comparatively peaceful, also, as regards European powers, was the career of the Levant Company, chartered by Elizabeth, which opened up trade with the ports of Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia. Peaceful also in result were the marvellous voyages of Frobisher to the Arctic seas, though their intention was not so peaceful, for the North-west Passage, which he hoped to discover, was to lead by a back door—the 'white gate that never was opened yet' [1]—into the King of Spain's Pacific Ocean.

But when we come to deal with our ventures to Africa, to the East Indies and, above all, to America, the story changes altogether; for in the two former Portugal, and in the latter Spain had already asserted a claim to monopoly, and the claims had been blessed by Pope Alexander VI. If we were to accept that decision, the seas leading to the East and to the West alike must be *maria clausa* to English keels, and it would be rank piracy to trade thither. Well, our Elizabethan seamen have been considered rank pirates; but please remember that a power which pretends to keep a *mare clausum* should (1) be able to satisfy the dwellers on its shores with the goods they demand; should be (2) in possession of a real force to keep the said

[1] It has been opened while I write by a gallant Norseman, Captain Amundsen, in a ship of 47 tons only.

sea really shut. A paper blockade is not one which commands the respect of practical men. It is quite true that we afterwards shut against other nations the trade with our North American Colonies; but then, we kept our colonists thoroughly well supplied with goods, and we *were* in force to make the blockade respected. Now, from the very first day of Elizabeth's reign, the love of our merchants for gain and of our younger sons for adventure laughed at the Portuguese and Spanish locksmiths. Whatever scoldings the Queen and Cecil might administer to the 'pirates,' whatever promises of reparation they might give to foreign ambassadors, counted for very little while Parliament, under their very noses, filled session after session with Acts specially directed to improve manufactures designed for export to the forbidden lands.

The Guinea trade was the first to be definitely tapped, and 'the Portugals' were always complaining to Cecil of the iniquity of Englishmen appearing on the African coasts and carrying off negroes. And curiously enough, it was the negro trade that first brought us into collision with the Spaniards in 1568. It was at St. Juan de Lua, in Spanish America, and a Hawkins, as usual, was in it. But he was not alone; with him was 'a short, sturdy man with keen grey eyes, with a bullet head of crisp brown hair, a wrinkled forehead, high cheek-bones, short square face, broad temples, and thick lips, which are yet firm as granite; a coarse, plebeian stamp of man, of boundless determination, self-possession and energy,' and his name was Francis Drake. They were engaged in the good old English job of attempting to sell their wares to a people that wanted them very much, in spite of the prohibition of the government of the said people. The wares in question were negroes, value £160 a-piece;

the Spanish governor let Hawkins in—enticed him in, said Hawkins—to the harbour, and then treacherously fell upon him in great force : he and Drake with difficulty escaped with two small ships out of a flotilla of six. The partners then coolly made out their accounts : " King Philip to J. H. and F. D., debtor many thousands of pounds " (amount unspecified) ; and, as many of the Queen's courtiers at home had shares in this and similar ' adventures,' the Queen was easily persuaded to arrest some Spanish money, which was on its way to Alva, in part payment of the debt ; and so the first reprisals had begun between Elizabeth and her ' best friend.' Of the reprisal money we may doubt whether Drake or Hawkins ever saw a farthing ; but they knew of plenty of places in the King of Spain's *mare clausum* where they could recoup themselves.

This they proceeded to do upon a very large scale in 1570–71. Drake, on his third voyage, in 1573, attacked and took a large gold train on its way over the Isthmus of Panama, and sacked Nombre de Dios. Naturally, he had many imitators, some of whom came to bad ends and some to wealth ; but, the more imitators he had, the more the bubble of Spanish magnificence was pricked, and the Spanish navy shown to be something not far short of a fraud. Queen and courtiers shared in the plunder, the Queen always protesting to Philip that she gave no encouragement to the pirates, or finding that Philip was causing annoyance to her or her subjects sufficient to justify any encouragement :

> Blest era when the reckless tar,
> Elated by a sense of duty,
> Feared not to face his country's bar
> But freely helped himself to booty ;

Returning home with bulging hold
The Queen would meet him, much excited,
Pronounce him worth his weight in gold
And promptly have the hero knighted.

For instance, in 1577–80 Drake made the famous voyage round the world in the immortal 'Golden Hind': only two such voyages had yet been made; plunder untold; one *mare clausum* burst open after another; all the secrets of the plate-fleets of Spain laid bare. The Queen had no official knowledge of it, and protested that of course the pirate should be hanged if he ever came back: but then, when he did come back, it was discovered that Philip had been lending Spanish troops for a papal expedition to Ireland, and had thereby entirely put himself out of court; and so Drake got a knighthood instead of a rope, and the Queen's new dresses blazed with Peruvian gold. Indeed, once the game of reprisals and counter-reprisals had begun, Philip could not much more fairly complain than Elizabeth; and our ambassadors in Spain at least did not plot treason and assassination, as Philip's Mendoza did.

The Queen would sometimes lend ships to the pirates out of the royal navy; but I fear that we cannot acquit her of pitiful parsimony in the matter of adding to the royal navy itself. In fact, she spent even less on it than her poor bankrupt sister had spent; and the aggregate tonnage of the whole navy was at her death little more than it had been at the death of her father. Philip, though he had an excellent admiral of the old school in Santa Cruz, and many noble old sea-dogs like Oquendo, the two Valdes, Recalde and de Leyva, was as stingy as Elizabeth, and with more reason; and never would reform his construction or his tactics to meet the English

improvements. The only thing that can be said for the English Queen is that she knew that her subjects would do the work without her help, while poor Philip might have known that his would not. From 1580–87 the privateering increased in success and grew in scope; and, first of men, Sir Walter Raleigh grasped the true idea of colonization, not as a search for gold or plunder, but as the expansion of a people who were beginning to find their little gem of an island too small for their habitation. The 'Virginia Company' was chartered immediately after Raleigh's 'adventure,' in which Captain Barlow had discovered the true 'England-beyond-the-sea' in the lands of temperate climate lying between French Canada and Spanish Florida.

In '85 Philip laid an embargo on all English ships in Spanish ports and began to clap English sailors into the Inquisition, which tortured and burnt them, not as pirates but as heretics. Elizabeth answered with a corresponding embargo on Spanish ships. She had no Inquisition at her command; but she had something better, for she allowed Drake in '85–6 to go—this time under open royal patronage and with royal capital openly invested—to plunder San Domingo, Carthagena and St. Augustine, and to cripple the resources of Spain in the New World. It was this raid, followed by the death of the Queen of Scots, that spurred Philip to undertake the invasion of England in earnest. All the Spanish dominions and all the allies of Spain and Portugal were laid under heavy contribution for a great 'Armada'; and the plans of Santa Cruz were drawn upon such a big scale that Philip's treasury was totally unable to bear the burden. The straightforward old sailor, who had a little of the 'Nelson touch' in him, said, "Let us be in

overwhelming force at Plymouth or Falmouth and fight our way to land. Give me 90,000 men and I'll do it." But Philip thought on a more elaborate plan; Parma's fine army could be ferried across from the Scheldt—it would be *cheaper*; the Spanish fleet was to be used merely to protect the ferrying, and was therefore to avoid fighting on its way up Channel as much as possible. Drake, in April, '87, put even this plan off for a year by his famous 'singeing of Philip's beard,' when he sailed right into Cadiz harbour and burnt, sank or carried away thirty-eight ships of war; had not the Queen's foolish orders prevented him from repeating the exploit in the Tagus the Armada would never have come at all.

Up till the last moment the Queen was carrying on peace negotiations with Parma; and it is only fair to add that Parma utterly distrusted his master's plan, knew how rotten the Spanish navy was, and was really anxious for peace. The death of Santa Cruz in January, '88, was a great stroke of luck for England; Philip chose to succeed him a 'sweet meek man' of no experience but of the highest rank, who would carry out orders however unreasonable, called the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Elizabeth's own admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, was not much better; the Howards, though perfectly loyal, were old partisans of the Spanish alliance: and certainly this Howard was no fit commander for the Hawkinses and the Drakes; but he was prudent enough to put himself pretty completely in their hands for the final campaign.

And so the Armada, after one false start in May, sailed from Corunna in June, with 130 ships and about 30,000 men—*i.e.* about one-third of what the most experienced sailor in Spain had asked for. The 'huge sea castles' were under-sparred and under-manned, full of priests and

mouldy bread and stinking meat, and short of water. The objective of Parma, whom they were to convey across, was the mouth of the Thames; and that is why Elizabeth mustered her troops (at the head of which she rode herself) at Tilbury. Under the 'Mustering Statute' of Mary's reign, a nominal gathering of 40,000 men was put on foot, a small proportion of whom were still armed with the old English long-bow, and the rest with muskets and pikes. But such levies would have been useless if Parma's veterans had once got across; a drill in the churchyard on Sunday afternoons under the local Dogberry, and a 'weapon-showing' for one day in each month at the county town, ending in a jolly night at the 'White Lion' for the officers, did not make efficient soldiers.

Meanwhile, the English fleet gathered at Plymouth, leaving a small but efficient squadron under Admiral Wynter to blockade, in conjunction with a Dutch fleet, the mouth of the Scheldt, and so to shut up Parma. We may put our total of true ships of war at something between a half and a third of the Spanish navy; but every merchantship in those days was a ship of war also, and these poured out to fight in numbers, once our Salamis had begun. And among the fleet were a dozen real first-rates, superior in ordnance speed, build and handling to any ship Spain had afloat. When the Armada appeared on July 19th off the Lizard, Howard was all ready for them, and could get and keep the weather gauge all through the week's fight that followed. Indeed, the first day's fighting was enough to convince the Spaniards that it was to be no 'walk over.' It was not bad weather that gave us the victory: 'afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt' is true, but it was into the hearts of the English

sailors that Heaven blew inspiration; there was no real gale till the Spaniards were far into the North Sea. On the 23rd the two fleets were off St. Albans Head, on the 25th off the Island,—fighting and fierce fighting all the time. By the 27th, when the Armada dropped anchor in Calais roads (what a place of refuge!) the powder on the English side was almost spent; on the Spanish it was spent. It is not true that the Government had under-victualled or under-armed our fleet. All the week casualties had been ceaseless among the Spaniards—Oquendo blown up, Valdez wrecked in a collision, Recalde gone ashore in Seine-mouth; every hull was riddled with shot, and every rotten spar was strained and cracking; but it had all been done at comparatively long bowls, and the English loss was trifling. When Parma got the long-expected summons to come out, he could only reply, "first clear away those fat Dutchmen and Wynter, who are blockading me." But, before the Spaniards could try that dangerous game on that shallow coast, eight fireships had been sent down into their midst (midnight, 28th), spitting out venom and death from double-shotted guns. The enemy lost heart, cut cables, fouled each other and drifted away with a light but freshening S.S.W. wind into the North Sea, the English fleet, freshly supplied with powder, pounding them as they went, to which the Spaniards could only reply with musketry fire. Sidonia lost his head completely, and fled north and north, round the Pentland and back into the Atlantic, which hungrily took its due. Ship after ship went ashore here and there,[1] or sank in mid-ocean; how many were lost

[1] The Duke of Argyll is at this moment conducting elaborate diving operations to recover portions of one of these ships in Tobermory harbour.

was never known accurately, perhaps nearly half the fleet. It is to this day a traditional way of accounting for any peculiarly dark-complexioned people on the west coasts of the British islands to say that they are the descendants of the shipwrecked sailors of the Spanish Armada.

The greatness of the victory would only come to be known little by little, and, when it was known, it seems to have appalled the Government. Lord Nelson would have followed the Armada to the Faroes or the North Pole, but he would have taken care that not a ship of it ever saw Spain again, and that no Spanish navy was rebuilt. The strange female to whom the crowning mercy had been vouchsafed, and who has managed to pose before posterity as the 'warrior queen who did the job,' utterly missed the opportunity. England could instantly have taken the offensive, freed Portugal from the yoke, swept the treasure fleets from the Atlantic, blockaded or laid in ashes the ports of the New World or of Spain itself. Elizabeth had the mastery of the seas in her hands, and she simply threw it away. She still believed that she was not at war with Philip! She had but two ideas in her head, fatal trust in her own diplomacy and inordinate parsimony; and for this last she lacked even the miserable excuse of modern politicians. For Parliament was eager and clamorous for war, and in the spring of 1589 voted large subsidies. Drake and the young Earl of Essex, aged twenty-two, the Queen's last favourite, saw that now was the time to cripple the Spaniards for ever. Essex represented the cry for an efficient army, as Drake did for a navy, and Sir Walter Raleigh energetically supported both. But Burghley had the Queen's ear, and Burghley was content. His son Robert Cecil succeeded in 1596 to

Walsingham's place of Secretary (Walsingham had died in 1590), and steadily backed up the Queen in her 'half-measures.' And the result was that Philip, patient and faithful as ever, was able *reficere rates quassas* and to keep England still in a quake for the rest of the reign. Stinginess, one is glad to think, reaped its own reward; the Queen was obliged to send a lot of little expeditions where one big one would have given us half a century of peace.

Numerous strokes were, in fact, tried—*e.g.* the so-called Counter-Armada of 1589, really only a piratical raid with the Queen as principal shareholder: it sacked Corunna and landed troops near Lisbon, but they were utterly repulsed from the walls; Drake in disgust stayed outside the Tagus plundering Spanish ships, and was in disgrace for the next five years. In 1591 an attempt to capture the treasure-fleet off the Azores was signalized by the fight of the 'Revenge' against a whole armada of fifty-three sail, and by the death of the hero Grenville, but it failed to accomplish its object. In 1595 came Drake's last voyage to the West Indies—but he found every port fortified against him, and died at sea on his way home. In 1596 the best equipped and best armed expedition England had ever sent did manage, under Essex, to capture Cadiz, but it let the Spanish fleet escape. And it was the same story with the last great expedition to the Azores, the 'Islands voyage' of 1597. Result—in 1590 the Spaniards were able to capture a port in Brittany, from whence they terrorized the English coast, and in 1601 to throw troops into Ireland on a really large scale.

If we could think that it was immense foresight on Elizabeth's part—a desire to avoid being too great lest she should provoke fortune—a feeling that the little England of that age would never be able to manage a vast

American empire—we could forgive her. But it was not so. The Queen simply thirsted for the profits of that empire, but she would not pay the price. Her subjects were ready to do so: the cause was righteous; it was the cause of progress and freedom in thought, in faith, in trade, against the heaviest, gloomiest tyranny that ever threatened to check the development of the world. Edward III. and Henry V., whose cause was far less righteous, had understood the business of beating the enemy in a very different fashion.

When we turn to the internal history of the last fifteen years of the reign, there is little to chronicle. Taxation was heavy, but it was cheerfully borne; the nation rallied in rapidly increasing numbers to the Prayer Book and the Church; and a result of this was that Archbishop Whitgift was able to draw the cord more tightly against those Puritans who refused to conform. The Queen, as she grew old, grew to hate all innovations, and her temper certainly became worse. Burghley lived to a great age to die only in the same year, 1598, as his antagonist Philip; as the old generation passed away, the Queen clung to Burghley more and more, and on his death readily transferred much of her trust to his favourite son. Raleigh and Essex, at one on the subject of war with Spain and eager rivals of the Cecils, were yet bitter rivals with each other for the Queen's favour; and Essex, though vain and rash to the last degree, would have been perfectly loyal to the Queen if Robert Cecil had not practically entrapped him to his ruin. Even to the most loyal courtiers the question of the succession must have loomed large. Essex and Cecil were rivals for the favour of James as well as for that of the reigning sovereign, and, on his return from a disastrous campaign

in Ireland in 1600, Essex went the length of attempting an insurrection, with the object of compelling the aged Queen to dismiss Cecil and to recognize the King of Scots as her successor. It was as hopeless as it would now be to raise an insurrection in London against King Edward VII. With deep reluctance the Queen was obliged to behead her last favourite.

One of the best cards in Essex's hands had been the somewhat stiff repression which the growing Puritan party was suffering at the hands of Archbishop Whitgift, who, though a strong Calvinist in doctrine, insisted too sharply upon the legal ceremonies. Puritans were even seceding to Holland in the last decade of the reign; we begin to hear of Brownists, the followers of Robert Brown of Norwich, who claimed absolute spiritual independence for each congregation. But by far the larger part of them were not claiming anything so reasonable as that, but rather seeking to mould the Church of England to their own views, some going the length of demanding the entire abolition of episcopacy. In 1588 began a series of fierce tracts against lawn sleeves, signed by 'Martin Mar-Prelate'; and in 1593 the judges twisted this attack upon the Church into an attack on the Crown, and three persons suffered death for it. Such persons, however, had they got their way, would have been quite as intolerant as Whitgift; in fact, proved themselves to be so two generations later. The *via media* was steadily commending itself to all moderate and reasonable Christians, and the appearance of Hooker's great work on 'Ecclesiastical Polity' (1592–96) may be said to mark the 'coming of age' of the new Church of England. Had Elizabeth's successor possessed a tenth part either of her tact or her firmness, he would have

been able to keep his bishops in order, and to graft on to the growing trunk of the central Church the germ of the noble idea of toleration.

In the spring of 1603 the Queen's health suddenly began to fail. The Venetian ambassador was the last person who saw her give full audience, covered with ropes of pearls and crowned with diamonds, with all her courtiers round her; she harangued him at length in excellent Italian. The death of Lady Nottingham, a favourite, affected her powerfully; the story ran that her ladyship on her deathbed had confessed that she had omitted to send the Queen a ring, with which she had been entrusted by Essex—a ring which the Queen had once given him with a promise of pardon if it were sent back to her; the Queen always blamed herself for sending Essex to the block. Her last days were passed at Richmond; no one dared mention to her that which was in every one's mind, the succession. Should it be the legal parliamentary heir, Lord Beauchamp?[1] Should it be, with a compromise, Arabella Stuart, the great-granddaughter of Margaret Tudor? "My seat hath ever been the seat of kings," or "I will have no rascal's son in my seat," was all the Queen would say. The spirit was not dead in her, though in the middle of March her speech wandered, as she lay all day fully dressed and propped on cushions on the floor. "Madame, you must go to bed," said Robert Cecil once: "Little man, little man [he was deformed], is *must* a word to be used to princes? Thy father, had he been alive, had never dared," etc., etc. Who can tell the anguish that must have wrung that great fierce English heart at

[1] He represented the 'Suffolk line,' to which Henry VIII.'s will had limited the crown after the failure of his own direct descendants: *vid. sup.* p. 89.

the thought that there was no possible successor who could carry on her work? She must have known James fairly well by 1603; and she must have known that it would have to be James and no other. She died, on March 24th. She had lived through seventy such years of danger and discord as England was never to see again, and hers had been the hand which had finally guided the ship of state into a comparatively secure haven; but there was a ground swell going on even inside, and none knew that better than Elizabeth.

One who was standing on guard at the door of St. George's Chapel at the funeral of Queen Victoria can hardly fail to draw some sort of parallel between the sovereign whom we all knew, loved and at last almost worshipped, and the Elizabeth whom we did not know. Our Queen was as free of the meanness and vanity as of the fierceness of the Tudor; whose memory, it was said, she disliked and undervalued. She had none of the outward personal beauty, none of the intellectual graces of Elizabeth; but she had the same 'inspiration to be a Queen,' the same native majesty, and the same conviction that, far above all other treasures, God's greatest gift to her had been the love of her people.

CHAPTER VIII

AN ELIZABETHAN SQUIRE

COULD we evoke from the last decade of the Sixteenth Century a descendant of our old friend Roger of Tubney—call him Roger the Eighteenth—we should find that he was a very different sort of fellow from the by-gone Rogers whom we tried to know in the eleventh and thirteenth centuries—whose likeness is, indeed, more nearly reproduced in their descendants in the eighteenth. Even to our remote village the storm and stress of the Reformation period has penetrated. Sir Roger as he sits, at the end of the old Queen's reign, in his beautiful new red-brick manor house with the stone-mullioned windows, with a mighty tankard of ale before him, has done and seen many things which neither his ancestors nor descendants have done or seen.

First, he has had an education which had been denied to most of the former, for he has been grounded in Lily's Latin Grammar at Eton College, and has learned to follow the lessons in church with his Greek Testament; and, though he has forgotten most of his Greek, he still loves to quote you Tully's Offices, Martial's Epigrams, or Virgil's Eclogues; and George Chapman's grand translation has just introduced him in his old age to the beauties of Homer. At school he had been duly swished every Friday; often, in the fourth form, been turned back

by the 'Praepostor of the Unclean' for having dirty hands; had proceeded up the lesson books from Aesop's Fables to the acting of Latin comedies written by a late head master (who, it is sad to say, had been dismissed for some questionable transactions with the college plate). One of the sights he will always remember is the funeral of King Henry at Windsor; he had stood in his surplice, with a taper in his hand, saying the seven penitential psalms as the coffin was drawn past College Gate by its eight great black horses, with a page riding on each bearing a banner of the King's arms. But, even before that, he can remember riding, on a pillion behind his father to see the court pass through Petersfield on its way to Portsmouth in the year of the loss of the 'Mary Rose'; and there he saw 'good King Henry,' as he will always call him, riding, ill at ease—for his leg pained him—on a mighty Flanders mare something like a Clydesdale horse of the present day. There was fear of a French landing then, and he remembers the piles of brushwood and faggots on Halnaker, on Cissbury and on Chanctonbury; he lived to see those beacons lit in earnest, and many another light from Dellhaven to Rye, in the July nights of 1588, and the hobblers riding past from beacon to beacon.

When Roger was sixteen he had been sent to the household of the Earl of Arundel, that same Earl Henry who made our Arun navigable, to be bred as a page—not a page in buttons who cleans boots, but a gentleman to learn all knightly accomplishments; he had learned there to sing Italian and French songs to please the ladies; and he had seen with envy lances shivered on the plain below the castle, in one of the last tournaments that ever took place in England. Then he had kept a term

or two at one of the Inns of Court at the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, and learned enough law to pose in his middle life as a vigilant justice of the peace—even now at his elbow beside the tankard you may see the ingenious Mr. Lambarde's book, 'Eirenarcha, or the office of a Justice of the Peace,' which he is almost as fond of quoting as his Tully. He had gone to mass again (by his father's advice) in '54, although his pious mother, far away in the Sussex village, was a devout and learned Protestant, who corresponded controversially with Mr. Bullinger on high points of theology. From the roof of old St. Paul's he had seen Wyatt's men marching up the right bank of the river, galled by the Tower guns, and seen them turned back from London Bridge; enrolled himself in the volunteer company of halberds which flew to aid Lord William Howard in the defence of the city—though his own sympathies were with Wyatt, 'rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft.'

But the beginnings of the persecution had thoroughly shocked him. He went to see John Rogers burned in the horse-market at Smithfield, February, 1555 (the last time he was there he had been to buy two Spanish jennets to send down to Sussex); and he had come from the scene grinding his teeth against all things Spanish, kings, queens and jennets alike—'so help him God he would never ride a Spanish horse again.' The next week he sent his old serving-man, Dick Hazelgrove, down to Tubney to beg his parents' blessing, and was off to join the exiles who were already gathering at the French Court. Thus he was absent when the burnings began at Lewes, where we are still proud of our sixteen martyrs—nine at one fire in 1557, and five of them women.

The programme of these exiles soon came to be nothing

much short of a piratical life in the Channel, to be directed against Spanish ships on their way to Flanders. The French King was quite ready to find, in an underhand way, the sinews of this war, and was pleased with the handsome young Englishman who spoke French and Italian so well. Roger might have had a French court-lady to wife and a pension, but the lust of adventure was awake in him; his share of the prize-money of one of the piratical cruises was enough to equip him for further adventures, and he was soon off to Italy, where the fierce Neapolitan, John Peter Caraffa, had just been elected Pope, and was calling in the French to come and deliver him from the tyranny of the Spaniards. Being still nominally a Catholic, and still nominally a loyal subject of Queen Mary, Roger had been admitted to an audience at the Vatican, and had heard friars, in the half-finished St. Peter's, rave against Spaniards and heretics almost in the same breath. A closer acquaintance with the head quarters of the Catholic faith had not deepened his attachment to it, but he had turned with almost equal disgust from the controversies of the Scottish and English Calvinist exiles whom he met in France. It was the magic of the Ancient World that held him in Italy; he had made the acquaintance of the learned Bernardino Telesio, who proposed to reconcile Plato and the Gospel, and had tried to think that he understood him.

It was good news that the Duke of Guise was coming, at the end of 1556, with a large army to drive the Spanish garrisons out of Milan and Naples, and Roger easily obtained a commission in the French army. By incredibly bad luck he was taken prisoner in a skirmish before the little town of Civitella, and, having nothing

left to bribe with, was promptly set to row in a Spanish galley, which was patrolling the Mediterranean against Turkish pirates. In a smart fight with these off Malta his galley was sunk, and he saved himself by swimming to the enemy. The Turkish galley which picked him up was commanded by a renegade Christian, who treated him well and carried him to Constantinople, where he was sold as a slave to a Pasha, who employed him in the stables. In 1559 the Pasha was ordered to the Hungarian frontier, which was always in a disturbed condition, though there was nominal peace with the Emperor. Roger rose rapidly, in virtue of his great knowledge of horse-flesh and especially of the veterinary art, blistering, drenching and all that sort of thing, to be a prime favourite of his master; and, having had the good luck to save the Pasha from an assassin when they were quartered at Komorn, was given his freedom and a good horse.

So in the spring of 1560 he made his way back to England by way of Vienna, in the train of a certain Count Helfestein, an Austrian nobleman, who was bearing the portrait of the Archduke Charles, set in diamonds, to Queen Elizabeth. He saw the portrait, and hoped that his Queen (whom he remembered to have seen in those perilous hours of 1554, pale and haughty, being carried in a litter to visit her sister at Whitehall) would not marry a man whose neck was all awry. But he kept these thoughts to himself, and was duly presented to Gloriana in March, 1560, at Whitehall. The Queen was delighted to hear of his adventures, and bade him go off at once and see his parents. He found that his father had been dead for two years, and that his mother was playing the part of a careful stewardess at Tubney and

Fyfield. For Fyfield had passed to the priory of Lewes at the close of the thirteenth century, and the monks had proved such hard landlords that in the year 1381—the year of Wat Tyler's insurrection—their steward had been ducked in the horse-pond, and the manorial charters torn up, for which several of the Fyfielders afterwards suffered death. Now, when the evil days of Thomas Cromwell came, Roger's father had been able to make interest at court—probably in the way of a heavy bribe to Master Cromwell—and, at the suppression of Lewes priory, the manor of Fyfield had been granted to him. He installed a bailiff of his own in the empty grange-house, stubbed up the vineyard where the monks had striven to grow sour wine, and planted a hop garden; treated the old monastic tenants with even less ceremony than the abbot had done, bullied them out of their holdings and gradually installed a couple of thousand sheep in their place. Roger's mother, who for all her Puritanism is superstitious, has often told him of the curse the monks let fall as they went out; but, by 1560, Roger has been cursed in too many foreign languages to mind a little monk's-Latin.

Yet our friend had 'heard the East a-calling,' and, after two or three visits to London and the court, he embarked in 1564 £100 and his own sturdy person in John Hawkins's second voyage to the Guinea Coast, to trade for gold dust and negro slaves, which they forthwith carried to the West Indies; and so he was one of the first to taste those potatos, 'the most delicate roots that may be eaten, and do far excel our parsnips and carrots'; and was disappointed to find that the crocodiles of the Orinoco did not (as the nature of this beast is), when they would have their

prey, cry and sob like a Christian, to provoke their prey to come to them. But he sailed up the coast of Florida and North America, and saw Red Indians, who wear pieces of unicorns' horns about their necks ('of these unicorns there are many in Florida,' the natural enemies, as he heard, of the horses of those parts); and so returned to Padstow, Cornwall, September 20th, 1565, bringing home gold, silver and pearls, and of other jewels great store. On his return he presented himself again at Whitehall on New Year's Day, and was able to make the Queen a present of a fine hair-net of curiously wrought gold wire, dotted over with seed pearls, which pleased her so mightily that she knighted him. But, as he was rash enough to present a pair of gold earrings to one of the maids of honour, with whom it is to be supposed he had fallen in love three years before, the face of Gloriana was changed towards him. He eloped with his maid of honour; they were married secretly and banished the court in disgrace. Thenceforth he could only settle down to a country life on his own estates.

It is to these estates that we must now turn. The fifteenth century had wrought a great change in the tenantry of the Manor of Tubney, although the political commotions had passed us by unharmed. There are now no 'villeins' left, and no labour-rents paid. A few copyholders, men of twenty or thirty acres, still struggle on with the old system of cultivation in strips; but they are dwindling every day. The strip holding, where it still exists, has become an intolerable bore, and nothing but the most dogged conservatism and ignorance maintains it. Sir Roger would like to evict those fellows wholesale; but the law is on their side. He can only watch his opportunities, and get rid of them one by one

by taking every advantage of their poverty or stupidity. Their cabins are miserable hovels: the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof; pigs, fowls and oxen (if they have so much as an ox a-piece) share the interior with the family,—you might fancy yourself in the West of Ireland in the twentieth century. They pay Sir Roger 'quit-rents' totally inadequate to the size of their holdings; and they pay a fine which, by the 'custom of the manor,' is reckoned at one year's value of their land, every time their property passes from dead to living. They are not well nourished enough to make good day-labourers on his home farm, and their children wander off, when they grow up, to swell the ranks of the beggars who swarm over Tudor England, or get caught up by the officers who come round to impress men for the frequent small military expeditions. They make lazy, mutinous, weedy soldiers.

The three or four sturdy freeholders are in a very different case. By purchase or arrangement with Sir Roger's ancestors, they have managed to throw their ancestral strips into compact separate holdings—one of them as big as one hundred and twenty acres. The ever-thriving Hazelgrove family, once of villein origin, has thriven in this way. It has laid down half its holding in permanent pasture, and may feed a hundred sheep and a dozen cows on it; it has taken on lease another hundred acres of Roger's demesne land, for which it pays a rent varying with the price of corn; and it grows oats, rye and barley, beans and peas thereon. It keeps four hired servants, whose wages are mainly paid in food and clothing, and who live in the farm-house, a long, low structure of stone in the middle of the pasture field. Farming is still very primitive: drainage is still done with piles of broom faggots laid under the

furrows; there is no manure but seaweed (which is fetched up over the downs on pack-horses) and that of the sheep and beasts; and no rest but that of the fallow. Rye, the stock bread crop for many generations, will soon be giving way to wheat, and Sir Roger may yet live to see twenty bushels an acre as the yield from a Tubney farm in an exceptionally good year. He encourages his 'farmer' to grow flax and hemp and hops, though as yet in small quantities. The Hazelgroves still employ the old heavy plough with eight oxen, and still help the plough by breaking up the clods with a huge mallet called a 'beetle.' But Sir Roger will change some of this before he dies; on his travels he has seen the use of clover, and the value of spreading marl upon the grass-land. There will soon be on his shelf a little book called 'Five hundred Points of good Husbandry,' by Thomas Tusser, as well as Scot's 'Perfect Platform of a Hop-Garden'; and when he invites neighbour Hazelgrove, as he sometimes does of a winter evening, to hold a hand of cards with him, he will recite Tusser's doggrel verses with all the authority which his position gives him.

No one can doubt that the enclosures and the change, from farming in strips with a common plough to farming in separate large fields with your own plough, was in the long run immensely beneficial to agriculture; and it is a curious fact, over which Sir Roger and his brother justices at quarter-sessions will often stroke their beards, that though the price of everything is advancing, at a rate for which they are at a loss to account, the price of corn is not advancing so much as that of most other things; of course, the real reason is that the enclosures have led to superior arable farming as well as to extension of pasture.

For the present, however, the manor, when Roger succeeds to it, grows little more corn than suffices to sustain itself; most of the demesne has been laid down in pasture, and Roger's riches, which are considerable, have come far more from the sale of his wool in Lewes market than from the rents of his tenants. Much of the land round the manor house has been 'emparked'—turned into a deer park. Sir Roger will soon settle down into as mighty a hunter after his kind as his earliest Norman ancestor. But hunting, like everything else, is changing its character; it is no longer conducted so much in order to get food as for the sake of sport itself. 'Every gentleman' must be a sportsman, and Sir Roger's library will include, on the same shelf with Malby's 'Remedies for Diseases in Horses' and Gervase Markham's 'Discourse of Horsemanship,' 'The Noble Art of Venerie' and Turberville's 'Book of Falconry.' The newly enriched merchants, who had bought land, were as diligent students of such books as Mr. Thackeray's famous footman was of 'Pelham: the Adventures of a Gentleman.' A deer drive in Sir Roger's park will, however, be a tame affair: you will be posted behind a tree and shoot with that clumsy weapon, a crossbow. Sir Roger's park deer are kept more for ornament and manorial splendour than for sport—unless, indeed, Gloriana should ever forgive him and pay him a visit, as she did to Waverley Honour, where my readers will remember that from the 'Queen's standing' she 'pierced seven bucks with her own arrows.' She is, in fact, occasionally in our parts. In 1573 she knighted Tom Shirley of Wiss'un (Wisdon) for his happy thought of spreading her dinner-table under an oak-tree outside Rye—thereby sparing the royal

nostrils the effluvia from the streets of that ancient port. There is talk of her coming to Cowdray in '77; and, when she does come there in '91, Sir Roger rides to Parham to pay his respects to her on her passage; and, as three years ago he subscribed £100 to the Armada defence fund, he is graciously received.

But, as for hunting, our knight much prefers 'hunting at force,' as it is called, when the wild deer, having been tracked or 'unharboured' by the slow lyme-dog (blood-hound), is run down in the open by the deer-hound. To such a hunt Sir Roger will invite all his neighbours of whatever degree. His favourite horses for this purpose will be home-bred, with perhaps a strain of the Galloway or the Irish 'Hobby' in them; and they rarely reach fifteen hands high. His hounds will bear the very names of our hounds of to-day—Ringwood, Bellman, Fury, etc. He will know how to give a tired horse barley-water on his jog home, even as we do. He is not at all averse from hare-hunting, for which he keeps a little pack of beagles; but on the fox he wages merciless and unsportsmanlike war. Fancy a set day, on which all the country-side turns out in a body to *shoot foxes* or destroy them with every possible engine of destruction! But perhaps his favourite sport is hawking, and in his 'mews' he keeps, besides the native merlins and peregrine falcons, one or two of those great gerfalcons imported at some cost from Iceland or Norway. Heron, partridge and all varieties of the wild duck tribe are his favourite game, and he often works dog and hawk together. Of shooting, except in war, he knows almost nothing, and would speak with great contempt of a man who shot anything with a 'handgun.' Horse-racing, happily, has not yet been introduced; it will remain for his descendant under

Charles II. to dissipate the family fortunes by importing Arab blood and gambling at Newmarket. Some of the oaks which our Sir Roger is even now planting, with a view to future navies, will be cut down to pay for these follies. The day's hawking will hardly furnish Sir Roger's plentiful table, and his 'fowler' will always be more or less about the place, catching birds for food with nets, or snares or even birdlime. Matches with coursing dogs (greyhounds) in the open are another favourite game.

The manor house is a two-storied building with tall twisted chimneys, with pointed gables on the upper story, bay windows on the lower. There is a large entrance-hall and a great dining-hall, a withdrawing-room and a gallery looking on to the garden, and above these many bedrooms. The dining-hall is the favourite room of the family, and is strewn with fresh rushes every week; in the next generation it will be carpeted instead of rushed. My lady's drawing-room has already a Turkish carpet, sent by our old friend the Pasha in a Levant Company's ship. The walls of the hall are of panelled oak, and ornamented with old armour and stags' heads; only in the drawing-room is there a piece of tapestry, wrought during the last half-century by the ladies of the family: the bedrooms have hangings of painted cloth. There is a great open fire-place in the hall piled up with beech logs; and dinner is served there at eleven or twelve o'clock, supper at five or six, to the whole family, servants and all—only the family sit at a separate 'high table' on the 'dais,' or slightly raised upper end. We begin the day at five in summer, and at seven in winter, and usually begin it with a draught of home-brewed ale and a crust of bread.

The ladies took part with the servants in all the finer

work of cooking—*i.e.* the puddings and pies; also in the baking, the brewing, the malting, the dairy work, the distilling of perfumes from flowers in the herb-garden. They were also past-mistresses of physic, surgery and nursing; and yet they found time for music on the spinet or lute, and for endless reading of Italian romances, often also of Greek and Latin; while, of course, the arts of the needle were never neglected. The maid of honour whom Sir Roger had brought home as his wife would ruffle it, on great occasions, in a monstrous structure called a farthingale—*i.e.* a skirt set out from her person on a wire hoop, balanced above by a ruff of starched linen, also set on wires; and she padded her hair up with other wire structures and crowned it on the top with a peaked hat. She never travelled far from home, and she trusted for her smaller finery largely to the frequent visits of the travelling pedlar, who, like Autolycus in the 'Winter's Tale,' brought lawns and gloves and trinkets, pins and perfumes, as well as all the news of the countryside, and often did a roaring trade on Sunday mornings in the church porch when the villagers came out of church; but her ladyship would have skimmed off the cream of his pack first.

In the Hall would take place the endless dramatic performances which every one crowded to see—the Christmas mummers with St. George, Robin Hood and Maid Marian—the carol-singing—the 'harvest-home' dinner to rich and poor alike. The Maypole—a huge young poplar-tree—was drawn on the 1st of May by all the oxen in the village, and set up on the green outside the church, dressed with garlands and streamers for the folk to dance round. Sir Roger would on this occasion give one or more barrels of ale. Nothing could be done

without feasting and strong ale, and there were many similar anniversary festivals: Shrove Tuesday, marked by cockfights; Easter Day, with the morrice-dancers; Whitsunday, with the 'Lord of Misrule,' who danced right into the church sometimes. It is to be feared that the old church festivals had lost whatever sacred character they had retained in Catholic times (and that was not much). One stands aghast at the notion of 'church-ales,' when the wealthier parishioners contributed each a barrel of ale to be sold and drunk in the church, to pay the expenses of keeping the fabric in repair.

The influence of the Church was in fact very slight. Our parson at Tubney between 1530 and 1574 had been a regular Vicar of Bray; he was succeeded by the son of the bailiff who managed Fyfield. Him Sir Roger's father had patronized and put to school, from whence he had gained a sizarship at Cambridge; there he had attracted the attention of Whitgift by a pamphlet against Cartwright's Presbyterian views. Sir Roger, who was the patron of the livings both of Tubney and Fyfield, presented him to the former in 1574; but the parsonage at Fyfield had been allowed to fall down, and as there were no villagers to go to church, except the bailiff and his family, the church itself followed suit. On the death of the last incumbent of Fyfield, who broke his mare's knees and his own neck in returning, one dark night, from a cockfight at Steyning, Sir Roger procured from the Bishop of Chichester a licence for his young friend to hold both livings. The new parson was fond of preaching learned sermons full of Latin quotations, which delighted Sir Roger and his lady, but which, it is to be feared, few of the villagers could understand. He was not averse to a hand at cards or to 'drinking a pipe of tobacco' with the

Squire from a long silver pipe, with a very tiny bowl; he joined in a friendly way in all the village sports, and tried to make the Prayer Book and righteous living respected at least in his own person. He spent all the income of his livings on his books and his garden, and perhaps he displayed more zeal for these than for the awakening of his parishioners.

The garden of the manor house was one of exceeding beauty. It was planned on an Italian model, with a long terrace, from which steps led down to side walks lined with cypresses and yew-hedges clipped into fantastic shapes and 'curious knots.' "God Almighty," the parson was wont to say (anticipating thereby the great Francis Bacon), "first planted a garden"; and Sir Roger and he were never weary of grafting and planting new-fangled trees, such as the peach and the apricot. At the foot of the terrace lay the bowling-green, with a stone bench at either end; beyond this was her ladyship's rose-garden, her ladyship's garden of pot-herbs and 'simples,' and, in broad beds with green walks between them, every variety of old-fashioned English flower and shrub—rosemary and lavender, gilliflowers and wall-flowers, 'periwinkles, the white, the purple and the blue, crocus vernus both the yellow and the gray, primroses, anemones, the early Tulipa, Hyacinthus Orientalis, Chamairis, Fritellaria'—and all the other lovely things with which Gerard's Herbal or Parkinson's 'Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris' (the former an Elizabethan, the latter a Carolian book) are wont to make the horticulturist's mouth water. For fruit-trees there were pears and plums, cherries and figs—of the latter Sir Roger has procured slips from the famous fig-trees at West Tarring, which they say Thomas Becket planted—apples of every variety, almonds, med-

lars, quinces. In the centre of the open grass-walk there is a sun-dial on a grey pillar of stone; read the legend—it runs, *Quand je ne voys pas clair je me tays*; and at the far end is a fountain with a stone basin. The fountain is fed by a series of pipes of hollowed elm from the village brook, taken from just above the mill.

'All this has cost money,' thinks the old knight, as he sits watching the sunset, 'and the price of wool isn't what it was when I was young.' . . . "I hear, Master Parson, that they are importing finer fleeces from Spain than we can grow. But here comes my lady, with a broad letter in her hand . . . and she is trembling. . . ."

The letter is from their eldest son, who is making the campaign in Ulster under Sir John Norris. It brings a piteous tale of incompetence and irresolution, of fierce raids and massacres, of specious treachery and Spanish intrigues. The soldiers are in rags and are plundering for want of pay. The Maguires and O'Reillys are for ever 'coming in' and receiving free pardon; and then going back and raising their kernes and gallow-glasses, abducting women or driving off cattle. It all seems a long way off from Sussex; and Sir Roger growls out curses on the false bog-trotting traitors and Papists and the absurd leniency of the Lord Deputy. Sir Roger has had more than one 'adventure' in a modest way in Irish land, but he has never seen a penny of interest on the few hundreds he sent thither, and he never will. The son is a gallant young man of six-and-twenty, and he will be a gallant old man when, after forty years of peace, he rides away from Tubney Manor, to join Lord Hopton in the siege of Arundel, and to leave his bones for the Hampshire crows to pick on Cheriton field.

CHAPTER IX

TUDOR IRELAND

WE left Irish history a long way back—in fact, at the close of Henry II.'s reign; and it is convenient to treat of it here because the Tudors were the first sovereigns who made any serious attempt at governing Ireland. To the Plantagenets it was mainly a 'dumping-ground,' in which they could get rid of inconvenient relations or reward importunate beggars (for it was so easy to grant a man 50,000 acres of some one else's bog); or at best a place where they could raise soldiers of the lowest class at the lowest wages. In the grants of Irish land to English courtiers it was often stipulated that English traders and husbandmen should be 'planted' by the grantee, and the idea of thus colonizing the island, though it became a fixed one only in the sixteenth century, was well known long before then. But the English traders or husbandmen, if they ever went, never stayed, and so your new landlord had to content himself with Irish tenants. These soon made him into a 'chieftain' instead of a landlord; and though his name had once been FitzNigel or De Burgh, it gradually became O'Neill or O'Bourke. Thenceforward his main object was to be recognized as *The* O'Neill or *The* O'Bourke; and it was often a complicated process, for one may say that no Irish tribal law of descent existed

at all. As a rule succession to the chieftainship of a tribe was provided for by the election, in the life-time of the reigning chief, of a 'tanist,' who was not necessarily the eldest or any legitimate son, but the man who could command the largest body of gallow-glasses or kernes (a 'gallow-glass' is an axeman, a 'kerne' a bowman). This custom was further complicated by the laxity of the marriage tie in Ireland. Three wives at once was very common: I know an otherwise quite respectable Earl of Clanricard who had five, and an Archbishop of Cashel who made a great fortune by selling divorces at £5 a-piece.

Having, then, become The O'Bourke you have certain rights over your fellow tribesmen. These are not tenants at all, they are co-owners of the land with you; they do not pay you regular rent either in money or kind, but certain irregular exactions can be levied on them by you, and, as far as one can see, without stint. There is 'bonaght,' or free victual for yourself and your gallow-glasses for several days; 'coshery,' 'cuddies' and 'sorohen,' which seem to be varieties of the same thing; and there is 'coyne and livery,' which practically means 'stand and deliver whatever I ask you for.' 'Black rent,' which, when levied by a comparatively decent Highland thief, Scotsmen are apt to call black-mail, is not, properly speaking, leviable on your own fellow tribesmen, but on those of your neighbour.

Of course, no English government could recognize anything of this kind, and all grants were supposed to be made and held upon ordinary feudal tenure; and perhaps before 1500 three-quarters of the soil of Ireland had at one time or another been granted upon such tenure. Sometimes the King's viceroy would catch a chief and

try and tame him into a feudal tenant, pointing out the undoubted advantage of such a position over his present one. But the experiment never succeeded. I think it is nonsense to say that the English conquest of Ireland 'superimposed feudal anarchy on Celtic barbarism'; the only symptoms of feudality were a good many rude stone castles built by the chieftains—mere square towers for the most part. Celtic anarchists needed no lessons in their own trade, and the reign of Stephen in England was a golden age compared to the Middle Ages in Ireland. Feudalism, however anarchic towards the central government, rests upon fidelity of a baron's tenants to himself. Now fidelity of Irish tribesmen to their chief had no existence, and this fact was the one card in the government's hand: it was the easiest thing in the world for a viceroy to detach sections of a tribe from their chief, or to set up a rival chief—not by bribery, but because the people positively enjoyed conspiracies and, one is sorry to say, treachery. Therefore, any general rising against the English crown was impossible. It is a sordid tale from beginning to end; as we read it, the Ireland of to-day, so dear to any of us who have humour or pity in our hearts, seems very far away.

From the end of the twelfth century there is usually in Ireland an unfortunate being of the 'Viceroy,' 'Deputy' or 'Lieutenant' type residing in Dublin Castle; under him there are some government officials, who usually quarrel with him and delate him to the court in London. There is no 'king' till Henry VIII. 'We' are only 'Dominus Hiberniae'; but our writ is supposed to run as if We were that plural entity called a king; west of Athlone it never runs at all, and seldom so far. There is a coinage, which bears Our image. From John's

time there is a sort of division into counties; from Edward I.'s time there is a sort of Irish Parliament. There are even judicial circuits which are never ridden, and an assessment for soldiers which is never paid. And that is about all the government that there is. Taxation in any regular sense there is not.

The devotion of Ireland to the Holy See or even to the Catholic faith is mainly of later date, and is the result of the Protestantism of England; the mediæval Irishman was anything but religious. Good St. Bridget had a vision of angels, and, being naturally more interested, as most mediæval saints were, in hell than heaven, inquired which country contributed the greatest number of lost souls; and the angel showed her her own country and the souls falling into hell therefrom 'as thick as hail showers.' An Elizabethan deputy says of his subjects, "I cannot find that they make any conscience of sin; I doubt whether they christen their children or no; and when they die I cannot find that they make any account of the world to come." In the early monastic ages there may have been much preaching, for there were 350 monasteries and 200 friaries; but of parish churches hardly any. In the diocese of Meath, the richest in Ireland, out of 224 parishes only thirteen were served. There were twenty-six bishoprics and four archbishoprics; but in the sixteenth century the cathedral of Tuam had been used for a fortress for the last three hundred years. When an Irish chief burns Armagh Cathedral with a live archbishop in it, it doesn't appear to shock the religious sense of the country.

In the towns along the coast, no doubt, things were a little better. Some of these, we must remember, had once been Norse colonies, and some were more or less successful English colonies. Dublin, Drogheda, Waterford,

Limerick, Cork, Kinsale, even Galway had charters from the Crown, and were allowed to spend their customs on the repair of their walls. No Irishman was admitted, or at least was supposed to be admitted, to reside within the walls unless he took an English name and wore English dress. There was considerable trade between these ports and Bristol and Chester; also with French and Spanish ports: the imports mainly consisted of wine; Irish chieftains would have their red seas of claret (at nine cowskins the hogshead). The common people drank usquebaugh, or potheen, which tastes rather like liquid fire: only in Dublin was this liquor replaced by strong ale; and Dublin boasted in the sixteenth century more alehouses in proportion to its population than any city in the King's dominions. Universal and bestial drunkenness of both sexes is a subject of constant complaint. The exports were almost wholly the said cowskins, cattle being the sole wealth—indeed, the sole food of Irishmen. In the towns there was a rough manufactory of frieze and linen for native wear; the Irishman's dress consisting mainly of a coarse linen shirt of enormous width 'dyed with saffron to prevent lousiness,' and never changed till it fell off in rags.

Agriculture, except just round the towns, there was none; even there all ploughing was done 'by the tail.' The cattle were small, wiry, black beasts who tasted no food but grass; even in the towns meat was far cheaper than bread, and it was quite common to bleed the live cow for a refreshing drink of blood. Roads there were none, for Rome had never been there (think what that means: the Celt without the Roman or even the Teutonic discipline). what was not mountain or quaking bog was dense and tangled wood, any track through which could

always be blocked by the felling of a few trees; every lough in the country had a fortified cattle-shed or 'crannog' on its island, to which cattle could be made to swim over in time of danger.

To the great 'baronies,' which grew up out of intermarriages of the descendants of the first Norman grantees, or were created in the thirteenth century, Edward II. and III. added three which played important parts in Tudor Ireland. These were the earldoms of Kildare and Desmond, granted to members of the Fitzgerald (or 'Geraldine') family, and that of Ormond, granted to the Butlers. Kildare's possessions lay mainly in Leinster, and so gave him the best chance of disturbing the Government. The Desmonds gradually annexed the greater part of Munster, except Tipperary, which, with Kilkenny and Wexford, was the property of Ormond. This last family is very remarkable: it was as much hibernicized as most others, yet throughout its history it remained devotedly loyal to the English Crown, and gained almost nothing by its loyalty. At the date of the creation of these earldoms Englishmen had begun to recognize the fact that English law could not be maintained over the whole island; that there was, in fact, an English 'Pale,' and a wild Irishry beyond it; with the latter the inhabitants of the former were to have no intercourse, were not to wear its dress, to wed its maids nor to speak its language (Statute of Kilkenny, 1367). The history of the next century is that of the gradual shrinkage of this 'Pale,' until it comprised nothing but the county of Dublin and parts of Louth, Meath and Kildare—say from Dundalk southward to Dublin and Kilcullen, and westward as far as Kells and Trim. A Statute of Edward IV. actually used the word 'Pale,' and ordered it to be fortified with a double ditch

and a wall. 'Raiding the Pale' (which grew better beef) became the ordinary amusement of an Ulsterman; every gentleman on its borders kept a professional cattle-thief: "if I put away my thieves," says one of them, "somebody else's thieves will rob me."

The Lancastrian Government had been too weak to take up the forfeiture of the great earldom of Ulster, which was allowed to fall in to Richard, Duke of York. He, during his short viceroyalty, acted practically as if he were king in Ireland; and, at the date of Bosworth field, all Ireland, except the family of Ormond, was acting in the Yorkist interest. Lambert Simnel was crowned in Dublin as 'Edward VI.' by an earl of Kildare with a crown borrowed from the Virgin's statue; but the said Kildare prudently avoided following his *protégé* into England, and so escaped the defeat of Stoke and soon made his peace with Henry VII.

But the tide was going to turn. Not only the kings, but the greater-hearted and more intelligent English gentlemen of the Renaissance period grew ashamed of this nest of anarchists at their doors. It is not fair to accuse any Tudor government, not even Elizabeth's, of extreme severity in Ireland; what is true is that no government of that day could face the enormous cost of keeping order: conciliation *plus* coercion was perpetually tried, not from humanity, but because it was cheaper. Above all, colonization was incessantly tried on a really big scale; and unfortunately, colonization involved expropriation. And if you expropriate Patrick to make room for John, Patrick will get into the habit of shooting John, especially it, as is the case after the Reformation begins, his priest tells him that John is 'not a Christian.'

Henry VII. had one energetic deputy called Poynings,

who bravely hammered rebels where he could get at them (but that was always difficult), arrested Kildare and sent him to England; he also got an Act passed, which ever after went by the name of 'Poynings' law,' to subject the Irish Parliament to the English Privy Council, and he successfully drove off Perkin Warbeck (whom the Desmonds protected) from Waterford. But then Henry made the mistake of reinstating Kildare and making him deputy, in which capacity the Earl enjoyed some excellent private wars against his own enemies at the King's cost. Henry VIII., until his 'awakening,' continued in much the same way. Oftener than not a Kildare was deputy, mainly because he had more ways than any one else of making all government but his own impossible. At last one of them, in 1534, raised the standard of open rebellion, murdered an archbishop and besieged Dublin. By that time Henry was sufficiently deep in quarrel with Catholic Europe, and so the idea occurred to this Earl Thomas that the Pope might favour any rebellion against him. Ireland might be represented as a fief of Rome longing to escape from the heretic King; hence arose the first slight connexion between popery and rebellion. But Pope and Emperor were far away, and Henry sent a rough soldier called Skeffington with some guns, who battered down Kildare's flimsy castles: Earl Thomas was caught, and in 1537, with five of his uncles, hanged at Tyburn, and the championship of Irish anarchy instantly passed to the Desmond branch of his family—men of less ability but greater wildness. These were always ready to inveigle foreign powers into sending money and ships; but, when the ships came, the Desmonds usually disappeared or hastened to make their peace with the Government: on the whole French and Spanish agents paid little attention to them.

Lord Leonard Grey was deputy in 1536, and, in his viceroyalty, the antipapal Statutes were forced through a rather unwilling Irish Parliament, and the confiscation of monasteries began. This was completed in 1542, and the crown revenue, which had been about £4,000 a year, was doubled by it. But Henry spent on the Irish government on an average £5,000 a year above this doubled revenue. The Irish chiefs, whether of native or English descent, swallowed abbey lands quite as readily as the English nobles, and seem to have been quieted by the excellently prudent steps taken by Henry in the last decade of his reign. These simply resolved themselves into a re-grant of all existing titles to lands on ordinary feudal tenure, with a fixed and very light obligation of service to the Crown. There was no expropriation, and considerable and regular pensions were paid to the disbanded monks and friars; and the result was comparative peace, which lasted through the reigns of Edward and Mary. In 1542 Henry was recognized as 'King of Ireland'; and even The O'Neill of the north and The O'Brien of the west, having accepted the earldoms of Tyrone and Thomond respectively, furnished the King with soldiers for his French and Scottish wars.

But the seeds of future trouble were there too. If you turn a chief into a landlord you turn his co-owners into tenants and therefore into dependants; you put it into his power to evict them. The same thing was done in the Highlands of Scotland after 1745, and often led to cruel hardships; but, by that time, there were great towns crying out for hands, there was the vast continent of America open to emigration. In 1542 there were no such resources; and Ireland was densely over-populated with co-owners and tribesmen, who simply refused to

recognize their new legal condition: insensibly and gradually the landlords had to sink back to their old position of chieftains. Again, there were in Ireland absolutely no schools but the monastic; no new schools were founded till Trinity College in 1591: and so, after the disappearance of the monasteries, what little education there had ever been was gone.

Grey had been recalled and accused of high treason in 1538. He suffered death: it is an obscure story, for, as far as we can see, he had served most faithfully, and erred, if at all, on the side of severity; and it was not like Henry to kill such a man merely to please jealous officials in Dublin whose tongues clacked against a good servant. There was a much more justifiable clacking against Sir John Perrott, in somewhat similar circumstances, in 1588; and he too was condemned, though reprieved by Elizabeth. One can only say that the Irish Chancellor and Lords Justices almost invariably beset the paths of every honest and stern deputy 'with pitfall and with gin,' because they were nearly always corrupt themselves and such a man was apt to expose them.

Of 'Reformation' in Ireland, in the sense of iconoclasm or Protestant zeal, there was as little in the reign of Edward or Elizabeth as there was of reaction in that of Mary. The only important thing burnt, that I can remember, was the crozier which St. Patrick had used, when

> He gave the snakes and toads a twist
> And bothered them for ever.

Men and women of both races, in the towns at least, seem to have attended Catholic or Protestants ervice with perfect indifference; in the country, now that the abbeys

were gone, there were most likely no services to attend. No attempt was made till the reign of James to translate any Prayer Book into Irish; and the only really Irish thing that the Government did was to order the service of that non-existent book to be read in every parish church in Ireland, when parish churches were almost as rare as snakes. On the other hand, no one seems to have made any difficulty about taking the oath of supremacy. Mary refounded one priory (Kilmainham), and went the length of absolving an Irish Parliament of heresy: one or two Protestant bishops, who had been appointed by Cranmer, fled on her accession, among them the learned but cantankerous John Bale. There is a good story to the effect that Dean Cole was, in 1558, on his way to Ireland, with a written commission in his wallet to burn heretics: but, while he waited for a wind at Chester, he looked too long upon the beer when it was yellow, and boasted of his mission; whereon a Protestant landlady ransacked his baggage and substituted packs of cards for the odious commission.

In civil (or rather uncivil) matters we now begin to hear of certain 'redshanks' called Macdonnells, who inhabit Kintyre and Islay, and covet land across the narrow strait that separates them from Rathlin Island and Counties Antrim and Down: if they get across and settle those lands they will probably call themselves O'Donnells; at the end of Mary's reign they enjoy one of the best private wars on record to and fro across this strait, and the O'Neills of the north are in it too. All are quite ready to combine against the English Crown, and it is no use for the latter to complain at Edinburgh, for the Stuart writ has as little power beyond Ardlamont as the Tudor has beyond Athlone; Sorly Boy Mac-

donnell and Tirlough Luineach O'Neill are the leading actors in this play.

Another point is the steady extension from Mary's time of the Pale to the westward, pushed on by a succession of vigorous deputies and lords justices, Bellingham, St. Leger, Sidney, Croft, Sussex. There is a 'plantation' of the districts of Leix and Offaly (in West Leinster) by the name of 'King's' and 'Queen's' Counties; 'Philipstown' and 'Maryborough' suggest to us by their names that the age of the 'expansion of England' has begun: indeed, it was as a colony that Ireland was always regarded by the men of Elizabeth. Raleigh at the end of her reign harped incessantly on that string; and by a colony he meant not a mining, but an agricultural and a pastoral colony; land, not gold, was the true source of wealth. But wealth, and not mercy or justice, was the object; for a native Irishman Raleigh cared no more than for a Red Indian. In every one of the 'plantations,' which now became the fashion, certain definite principles were laid down, and in most of them certain mistakes made: (i) some land was reserved for the natives—but never enough; (ii) the planters were to keep firearms, the natives forbidden to do so; (iii) a 'chief-rent' was reserved for the Crown, to be paid after a certain number of years; (iv) no Irish tenants were to be taken by the planters—but few English tenants would come; (v) the planters were to come in person—few came and fewer stayed; (vi) churches, each with a parson of English birth, were to be built by the planters. The Marian plantation was perhaps the least unsuccessful of all; and it was only in 1641 that King's and Queen's Counties rebelled on any serious scale.

From about the same date we have the germ of a real tax, the 'cess,' levied on landowners, and devoted to maintaining a small standing army (hence the familiar Irish curse 'bad cess to ye!'). Unfortunately, it fell almost wholly on the Pale; and one of the worst features of the middle of the century was the poverty of the Pale owing to the debased coinage: even Elizabeth, who had carefully restored the Irish as well as the English coinage to a respectable standard, could not resist, in her direst straits at the end of her reign, the temptation to call threepence a shilling for the Irish money-market.

The reign of Mary also saw the rise of a power which was to make peace hopeless for Elizabeth. Shane (John) O'Neill was probably the first to abuse the name of 'patriot' for his own ends: he was a *rusé* savage, and an arrant coward; but the cry of 'O'Neill aboo!' soon came to be the most magic word in Ireland, and continued so down to 1603. Wild tales are told of Shane's cruelty to his innumerable mistresses and wives, and to his prisoners, whom he usually kept chained up neck to heels; of his bestial drunkenness, to recover from which his favourite remedy was to sit in mud up to his neck. He once visited the Queen at Whitehall, where his 'language was as the howling of a dog,' and his debauchery shocked even the hardened Londoners. But his cunning and his following were such that for ten years he kept every Irish government perpetually on the alert; and all the time he pretended that his only object was to be recognized as The O'Neill, for which inheritance the English had a candidate more in accordance with the legal view of legitimate birth. Elizabeth finally decided that it would be 'too expensive' to put down Shane and to maintain the legitimate heir. That was the worst

of our great Queen: when power and economy conflicted she too often voted for the latter; result—she had to receive submission after feigned submission, promise after broken promise, and usually to end by sending small punitive expeditions. By 1603 it was calculated that she had spent two and a half millions in such small expeditions, when one-third of that sum, spent once for all, would have uprooted anarchy. She never left her deputies long enough in office; and, though she supported them more loyally than any other sovereign had done, she was always ready to listen if any one told her they were too extravagant. The cruelty they had to exercise (and in the hands of Grey, Perrott, St. Leger, Pelham, Gilbert and Mountjoy it was often great cruelty) was mainly the result of her parsimony; but it is not true to say that she urged it, or ever counselled extirpation: to all her contemporaries she seemed to lean too much to mercy.

Nor did she persecute Catholics; though penal laws might be on the Statute-book, they were not enforced in Ireland. Indeed, no 'Protestant Church' was established till James's reign. Livings were worthless, or, if worth anything, were in the hands of illiterates; the Irish bishops, whether appointed by Crown or Pope (and the Pope appointed to some sees in the west far into the seventeenth century) were not much to boast of at any time, though perhaps Magrath of Cashel was singular in holding at the same time one archbishopric, three bishoprics and seventy-seven livings. Even a century and a half later Dean Swift said that the English Government no doubt appointed the best of men to the Irish bishoprics, but that unfortunately the way to Ireland lay across Bagshot Heath, where the highwaymen met

the bishops, stripped them, and came over to Ireland dressed in their victims' lawn sleeves; but then Swift's tongue was rather a satirical one.

Anyhow, the result of Elizabeth's neglect was that proselytizing Romanism, in its most militant form, came over and seized on the self-consciousness of an oppressed and imaginative race. Jesuits swarmed into Ireland, and their secret schools existed in every town; every promising peasant youth was sent abroad to be educated for the priesthood at Douai or Salamanca or Paris, and carried with him a burning hatred of England. Moreover, it became the regular practice to intrigue with foreign powers—every 'patriot' called the King of Spain or of France his father and his mother, and implored him to come to deliver the suffering Catholics. Shane O'Neill was no doubt the first to play deliberately for a vassal crown of Ireland under Spanish suzerainty. In 1566 he was at last proclaimed a traitor, and in the next year killed in an obscure skirmish by some of his own people whom he was plundering.

Shane's main theatre of war had been the border of Ulster and Leinster: after his death the Desmonds of Munster came to the front again; but the boundaries of the provinces were not accurately fixed, and a rebellion in Munster was very apt to produce trouble nearer home—the O'Byrnes of Wicklow or the O'Connors of Leix were always ready for a little shillelagh-play. Connaught, indeed, had its O'Briens and its MacWilliams, but, with true Irish perversity, it was the quietest of the four provinces throughout Elizabeth's reign. Ulster was never quiet at all; Sorly Boy took care of that, and so did Tirlough Luineach. The latter positively wept when a strong Englishman left Ireland; "Sir

John Perrott," he said, "was a man worth rebelling against."

The 'Desmondiad' is not worth writing in detail. It began about 1569, and is mainly noticeable because it and the almost contemporary excommunication of Elizabeth first led Philip to reflect seriously on the 'possibilities' of Ireland. For several years a certain renegade Englishman called Stukely was trying to persuade him to turn his attention thither, but, finding Philip too cautious, he ended by enticing Pope Gregory XIII. to accept the crown of Ireland for one of his 'nephews' (as they were politely called). Seasoned troops were harder to come by than blessed banners and papal legates, and one of these latter, Dr. Nicholas Sanders, in 1578 accompanied some eight hundred Italian and Spanish troops to Kerry, under a scion of the Desmond house, and the cry of 'Pope aboo!' was raised all over the south-west. The Earl of Desmond sacked the English colony of Youghal, and left no living thing in it: Lord Grey de Wilton fell upon the foreigners at Smerwick and massacred them to a man; Munster was devastated from end to end by fire and sword in a Desmond-hunt, which lasted till the death of the Earl in 1583; the papal legate was found starved to death in a wood.

A Parliament held in 1585–6 sanctioned a plantation of all the Earl's forfeited territories—that is, of all Munster except Tipperary. A company was floated to start the new settlement, which was made upon far too large a scale to last; the shares given to individuals were enormous—up to 12,000 acres in some cases. The poet Spenser was allotted 4,000, but complained that he only got 3,028—enough, one would have thought, for a poet

to manage; but he earned it, for he wrote the 'Faery Queene' there:

Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep

is the River Awbey, near Doneraile. Kilcolman was the name of his house; it was burned, with Spenser's baby, and perhaps lost books of the 'Faery Queene,' when Tyrone swept over Munster with fire and blood in 1598. Raleigh was another large shareholder. But, even before the devastation, the plantation failed; your English freeholder, of whom you were to 'plant' so many for every thousand acres (as if he were a potato), had something better to do at the end of Gloriana's reign. He never came, or, if he did, he soon went away again; nor did the original grantee come himself. Do you think Raleigh was going to bury his genius in that remote corner? Not he! He sent an 'agent' instead; and back came Tim Conlon and Pat Murphy, and offered the agent anything he liked to ask in the way of rent, if they might stay and brew potheen on the lands they had once owned—and, when he asked them to pay the said rent, they shot him.

And the Armada came and went. Its relics staggered down the west coast of Ireland, either singly or in small shattered squadrons; but they met a cold reception. The lion's share fell to Connaught. Irishmen had never utilized their noble coasts for fishing; the sea was to them but the giver of wrecks—and here was a wreck beyond the usual mercies of the Virgin. It is estimated that twenty ships and nine thousand men were cast away on the Irish coast; of the latter perhaps one thousand remained alive by the end of 1588. Both the lust for plunder and the desire to curry favour with the Government told against the poor fugitives; there were noble instances of individual humanity, but, on the whole, an

Irish chief had no use for a defeated Spaniard. A victorious one would have been a very different thing.

About 1594 the scene shifts to the north again. There was again an O'Neill, Hugh, the son of Shane's natural brother; he got the earldom of Tyrone in 1580. He was less cruel and much more civilized than Shane, was an educated man, and even knew some Latin; he was clever enough to make real friends with the rival tribe of the O'Donnells, and to get their chief, the Earl of Tyrconnel, to act with him. He trained his men to the use of pike and musket instead of axe and bow, and very good shots they became; he also saw that it was foolish to try to hold stone castles against English guns, and trusted rather to the forests, in which he blocked the paths with felled trees.

We don't know exactly the history of his first intrigues with Spain, but he was certainly receiving Spanish gold as early as 1594. In '95 he ravaged the Pale up to the gates of Dublin, and this opened the eyes of the Government, as whose friend he had hitherto posed. In '96 he had the colossal impudence to come to Dublin, and show the Lord Lieutenant a letter from Philip urging him to take up arms, "which," said he, "I scornfully refused to do." The first fleet that Philip prepared against Ireland was scattered by a storm; but a second was being steadily got ready when, in '97, Tyrone threw off the mask and declared open war. The Government held him in check till May, '98, when he utterly defeated a large English force at Yellow Ford, on the River Blackwater, the boundary between the counties of Armagh and Tyrone. Dublin lay exposed to him, but he was shrewd enough to know that sieges were not the strong point of Irish troops: he preferred to turn west and destroy the new plantation of

Munster; this he did without distinction of race or creed, and such English as escaped with their lives fled to Cork or Waterford.

This disaster seems to have roused the old lioness at Whitehall; from now till the end of her reign there is no sign of wavering or stinginess in her. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, already the hero of Cadiz and the spoiled darling both of Queen and people, was then at the height of his reputation. Though vain and rash, he was a real soldier, and, when he had teased his fond sovereign into letting him go, he made large and sensible preparations for crushing Irish rebellion. He took 16,000 foot and 1,400 horse, by far the largest English army ever sent to Ireland down to that time; his best lieutenant was Sir Arthur Chichester, the future deputy and pacificator.

Once in Ireland, however, in the spring of '99, Essex seems to have lost his head. Instead of driving straight at Tyrone and Ulster, he made a vain progress through famine-stricken Munster, where were neither English to succour nor Irish to fight. When he turned back, much weakened and in deserved disgrace with the Queen, the cunning Tyrone demanded a parley with him, *solus cum solo*: what they said we don't know, but Essex appears to have promised to present all Tyrone's demands to the Queen; and these included the extirpation of Protestantism, and the restoration of all lands held by Desmonds, O'Neills and O'Donnells for the last two hundred years. Elizabeth's fury was great. Essex made matters worse by deserting his army and riding post to London, where he was at once committed to the Tower on a charge of treason; and in the next year, after a futile intrigue with King James and a still more futile appeal to King Mob, he lost his head on the block.

Then Lord Mountjoy was sent to Ireland in Essex's place and acted in a very different manner. He had about 13,000 men in all; and, sending a strong detachment of them to take Ulster in the rear from the Connaught border, he advanced with his main body straight at the Blackwater. He systematically ravaged the country, drove off all the cattle, drove before him or left foodless behind him all the people, and fortified strongly all the passes through the woods. By the spring of 1601 he was firmly established at Armagh and had several other posts in the rebels' country, when news came that 4,000 Spaniards under d'Aguilar had landed at Kinsale and had evicted the English garrison there. They came too late; Sir George Carew held Munster in a grip of iron, and not a man came in to Kinsale to receive the arms and powder which the Spaniards had brought with them: the English fleet drove off d'Aguilar's transports at once. The latter was a valiant fellow, and fortified his post with some skill; but he had only one chance: Mountjoy was hurrying southwards, and, if Tyrone could come after him quickly enough, the English might be enclosed between two fires. And Tyrone did come. But Mountjoy must have been a very considerable soldier, for he disposed his forces so well as to be able to contain the Spaniards with his left hand, while he annihilated Tyrone with his right (December 24th, 1601): D'Aguilar capitulated almost at once and obtained most honourable terms, his men being sent back to Spain. Tyrone and Tyrconnel took a lot of catching, but their game was up: the former made unconditional submission a day or two after the Queen's death (April 4th, 1603); he was restored to a portion of his lands under strict conditions. Mountjoy had done his work very thoroughly; in his train stalked famine, and

pestilence, but he left behind him also a chain of garrisons which was never shaken till the fall of the royal authority in England in 1641. When Tyrone and Tyrconnel tried once more to raise Ulster (1607) it refused to move; when Tyrone tried to levy the old exactions of a chieftain on his former friends, they told him they were the 'King's freemen, and not his slaves.' The next forty years may, in fact, be classed with the forty-six years of the two first Georges as the most—almost the only—peaceful years Ireland has ever known.

The great Ulster plantation of 1607—the result of the final forfeiture of Tyrone and Tyrconnel in that year—was based upon the lapse to the Crown of six whole counties, Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, Armagh, Fermanagh and Cavan. Sir Arthur Chichester became deputy in 1604; and, though he made at the beginning the foolish mistake of trying to enforce penal laws on the Catholics, he soon abandoned it. He sedulously built churches and translated the Prayer Book into Irish. The whole of the barbarous Irish law was swept away and English justice was dispensed. Chichester proposed to confirm all the Irish inhabitants of these counties in their existing lands, merely substituting the feudal suzerainty of the Crown for the chieftainship of the earls; this would still leave enormous tracts of land for colonization. The native gentry of Ulster eagerly supported the Deputy but the English Privy Council took a different view of the confiscation question, and stuck by the fact that legally all the lands in these counties were matter for forfeiture; so that ultimately only about one-third of the lands was given back to Irishmen, and these the poorest in quality. The holdings of the new colonists were, however, to be small—never over 2,000 acres. Scotland, lifted into

sudden commercial consciousness by the union of the crowns, was ready with such capital as it possessed, and with the strong arm of many a younger son, whose normal trade of border thief was gone. Ultimately, perhaps, not far short of twenty thousand Scottish and English colonists settled in Ulster; but this took time, and was largely the result of the growing religious intolerance of the Stuart kings in England and Scotland: the same intolerance was driving men even further afield, to the North American colonies. Those who came to Ireland were true-blue Protestants and Whigs to a man, and turned, at the end of the seventeenth century, into true-yellow Orangemen; they made the best of colonists, and laid the foundation of the prosperous and loyal Ulster of our own days.

James called an Irish Parliament in 1613, the first that had been held for twenty-seven years; he created forty boroughs—many of them, it is true, small hamlets—and raised the numbers of the Lower House to 232. He regulated the boundaries of counties, appointed sheriffs and justices of assize, and all the legal machinery of regular government. The oath of supremacy not being enforced, Catholics and Protestants were fairly balanced in Parliament, and no real distinction of race or religion was made throughout the time of the first two Stuarts. The worst danger ahead was to arise from the view taken by English lawyers that no length of title to lands is good against the Crown; and the greed of the Crown for money constantly led it to attempt to upset titles—*e.g.* James thought in 1616 of confiscating all Connaught, but refrained in return for a heavy bribe. Wentworth (Strafford), in his long viceroyalty, actually began such a confiscation, and fined and bullied juries which were

loath to find verdicts for the Crown; in Leinster there were numerous and irregular confiscations. Charles' first deputy, Lord Falkland (father of him who fell at Newbury), was authorized to establish the principle that a sixty years title should be held to be good against the Crown, and to relax entirely all penal laws against the Catholics; but no Irish Parliament confirmed this, and Charles disgracefully avoided fulfilling his promises. Wentworth called two Parliaments, 1634 and 1640, but, on each occasion, skilfully avoided confirming these 'graces,' as Falkland's concessions were called. But under Wentworth's rule the island made great and indisputable advances in material prosperity; the linen trade of Belfast and the fisheries of the east-coast ports were of his creation and were the objects of his constant care. His administration, however, is most notable for his strong repression of the 'Castle Party'—*i.e.* the greedy and unscrupulous officials of the Government, who had been such a thorn in the side of every deputy till his time. Their hostility pursued him with every sort of invective and false accusation, when he was on his trial in England; it was not the Irish to whom he had been a tyrant (except in his attempted plantation of Connaught), but the English officials. Here for the present we must leave the Isle of Unrest; of the rebellion of 1641 and its consequences it will be more convenient to treat in the course of the English story.

CHAPTER X

KING JAMES ON TRIAL

THE Englishman of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries was fully conscious that he was πολιτικὸν ζῷον, a state-building animal. It was a great race of men which had built up the Elizabethan State: every shade of opinion was represented in it, and, while the fabric was unfinished or in danger, all the best men had been willing to sink their minor differences, even though they may have felt that they were doing violence to some of their ideals in sinking them. But, when the task was over and these same men and their children had to live in the house which they had built, fairly secure from all outside interference, it became obvious to several sections of the great English family that there were defects in the construction, of a nature so serious that they might even lead to domestic quarrels among the inhabitants. People had begun to feel these defects under the late mistress of the house, in spite of the adoration with which she was regarded as the chief architect of the fabric. But there was now a new master: would he supply a remedy for these defects, or would he allow them to become more apparent?

Unfortunately, King James thought that he came into his office by divine hereditary right. In reality he came in because there was no other possibly acceptable can-

didate; he was the one safeguard against a civil war or a Catholic reaction. All that was known of him was in his favour. He was a sound Protestant who had resisted a good deal of pressure and temptation to become a Catholic: he had had an excellent education even for that learned age: he was tolerant, merciful, humorous, a lover of justice, free from rapacity or the grosser vices: he was a heavy drinker, but not a drunkard; a skilled and mighty sportsman, who loved hunting and the open air as much as any Tudor: and he was essentially no humbug. England had yet to learn that he was a coward both physical and moral, a grossly incompetent manager of his own and the nation's wealth, a blabber of secrets, eaten up with conceit and entirely devoid of kingly dignity. The adversity and dangers of his youth, the fate of his father and his mother, seem to have taught him an unwholesome dread of assassination, and very little else; whereas such things should have taught him, when to be silent, when to strike, when to forbear and whom to trust. As a matter of fact, he was always 'too much pleased with himself' to learn any lessons at all.

He was immensely pleased with himself and his new kingdom on his long, slow journey from Edinburgh to London in the spring of 1603, in the course of which he passed two days at the house of a certain Sir Oliver Cromwell, beside the slow winding Ouse. Running about his uncle's garden and staring at the fine horses in the royal train, he may have seen a sturdy little boy of four years, nephew and godson of the said Sir Oliver. James had not been used to highflown compliments in Scotland; he got plenty of adulation from the English courtiers. He had tried his hand, without much success,

at curbing the tongues of the Scottish clergy; behold, the English clergy, and especially the bishops, were ready tamed to his hand, and did not scruple to tell him that his not too refined language about Puritans came from the especial inspiration of the Holy Spirit. He drank it all in greedily, and, curiously enough (for he was not really a fool), shut his eyes to the fact that much of it was insincere.

Almost at once he had to face the question which was to bring his son to the scaffold. The repression which the growing Puritan party in the Church had suffered from Whitgift was carefully explained to him in a document called the 'Millenary Petition,' which was presented to him on his way to London. Surplice, ring, bowing at the Holy Name, the declaration that you unfeignedly believed the whole Prayer Book—these things were odious to the Puritans; probably before Whitgift's primacy they had not been strictly enforced. 'Here is a King,' thought the petitioners, 'who has been bred a Presbyterian; surely he will sympathize with us.' But when, after nine months' consideration, James met their leaders at the Hampton Court Conference (January, 1604), the only message he had for them was that they must conform or he would 'harry them out of the land.' The bishops, especially Bancroft, who succeeded Whitgift at Canterbury that year, had in fact got at James in the meantime; three hundred ministers refused to conform and were ejected from their benefices within a few months. I do not for a moment doubt that these gentlemen, if they had had the upper hand, would equally have ejected the clergy who persisted in using ceremonies; they would, moreover, have revised and ruined the Prayer

Book: but it is probable that the best way to prevent them from ever getting the upper hand would have been to tolerate them. Yet worse remained behind: Whitgift had enforced conformity in the name of expediency and the law; Bancroft invented the quite new doctrine that the government of the Church by bishops is of divine, not of human origin, and enforced conformity in the name of a mandate from on high. How the Catholics must have smiled when the new little Church of England, the creation of expediency and Elizabeth, began to dress itself in the feathers, and to imitate the methods of eternal Rome!

James was in fact a zealous convert to the high-church doctrines of the bishops, who were careful to repay him by preaching up the divine right of their new ruler to govern as he pleased. The nation acquiesced for some considerable time in acknowledging, if not the divine, yet the 'indefeasible' right of King James to govern England; but not to govern it as he pleased, only in conformity with the known laws. It never acquiesced at all in acknowledging any divine right of bishops; even the most zealous defenders of the Prayer Book, the most loyal of the later Cavaliers, had 'no reverence for bishops, for whom the quarrel subsisted.' The only good result of the Conference of 1604 was the commencement of a final revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible, which was completed and dedicated to the Most High and Mighty Prince James in 1611; a book which we still read every day.

James had been well advised in retaining Robert Cecil, whom he soon created Earl of Salisbury, as what we should now call his 'prime minister.' You will notice that as the century goes on, ministers do on

the whole become more important than kings. The Sixteenth Century had been the age of great kings; the Seventeenth was to be the age of great ministers and even of favourites. Kingship, without realizing the fact, became lazy or ornamental rather than all-pervading: and a country was lucky if, like France, its kings put their trust in a Richelieu instead of a Buckingham. Salisbury was quite good; he had the skill and moderation, if not the distinction of the Elizabethan age: not until he died, in 1612, did the English kingship fall back upon favourites. Besides Salisbury there was a large clan of Howards, the most respectable being the dull old Admiral, now Earl of Nottingham, who had allowed Drake to beat the Armada for him, the most disreputable, Lord Henry Howard, soon created Earl of Northampton; all were Catholics or crypto-Catholics. Northumberland, Dorset, Arundel (another Howard) and Worcester were loyal, but, except as splendid gentlemen, uninteresting. The few Scottish courtiers whom James brought with him, Elphinstones, Lindsays, Hays, Maxwells, did not seriously influence English politics.

But the two supremely able men of the age were Francis Bacon and Walter Raleigh, and by the deaf ear which he turned to both we may fairly take the measure of the new Stuart King. Bacon had already written the immortal 'Essays,' and the 'Advancement of Learning' was well-nigh complete. Not a crop had been reaped or was to be reaped from the rich soil of the Europe of his day but his hand was at the gathering; as he truly said of himself, he had 'taken all knowledge to be his province.' Nor was this mere abstract knowledge; every great project which was to bear fruit in the future owed to Bacon support, if not initiation.

The reconciliation of King and Parliament, Bishop and Puritan, Scot and Englishman; the true scope of colonization, the true remedy for Ireland; the reform of law, of the methods of knowledge, of experiment, of history: all these ideas were ranged in order in that gigantic brain; Bacon was ready to propound them in due and orderly sequence, and many of them he was able to bequeath to posterity. But they bore little fruit in his lifetime, and brought little profit to his contemporaries mainly because he was so anxious that in the first place they should bring large profit to himself: side by side with all the great projects came petition after petition to the throne for employment, for office, for pecuniary reward. As at last Bacon slowly rose from King's Counsel to be Solicitor General, Attorney General, Lord Keeper, and finally Lord Chancellor and Viscount St. Albans, he was ready to buy each step by compliance with policies of which he disapproved, or by clinging to the skirts of some favourite against whose supremacy his intellect revolted. But the fact that Bacon entirely lacked moral nobility of soul does not excuse the scholar James for his slow recognition of the talents that were offered for his service.

It is less a matter of wonder that James turned a cold shoulder to Sir Walter Raleigh. He was not singular in this attitude. Raleigh combined with the lofty aspirations of the Elizabethan patriot, and the farseeing wisdom of the founder of British America, a good deal of commonplace self-seeking. He was as arrogant as Bacon was supple, and his arrogance had made him extremely unpopular; he was also extremely unlucky. In many attempts to approach James both before and after his accession Cecil had forestalled and thwarted

him. But above all, he was the champion of the war with Spain, and James came to England determined to make peace. Raleigh was at once deprived of his office at court (the captaincy of the Guard), and his rivals soon found it easy to involve him in a charge of high treason in connexion with an obscure plot to dethrone the King in his very first year. In rage at his treatment, Raleigh may have listened to something of the kind; his friend Lord Cobham was certainly involved in it: but to pretend, as was pretended at Raleigh's trial, that he had acted in the interest of Spain, was as ludicrous as it was cruel. The trial was conducted with conspicuous unfairness, and the last of the Elizabethan heroes was condemned to death, respited on the scaffold and sent back to the Tower, to spend fourteen years of captivity in writing the 'History of the World,' with his eyes ever fixed upon the distant West, of the true riches of which he, alone of his contemporaries, had taken the measure.

To reject Bacon and condemn Raleigh, to shut the door of reconciliation against a growing section of the Church, was a bad beginning for the new dynasty; and now came the question how the King would agree with his Parliament. He had no experience of such a body. The single chamber, in which the Estates of Scotland were wont to sit, was as a rule manageable, in spite of the feudal instincts of its leading members; and the true Parliament of Scotland was now to be found in the General Assembly of the Kirk, which James had steadily endeavoured to muzzle, but hitherto without much success. On the attitude which the Stuarts were to take towards Parliament, and on the attitude which Parliament was to take towards them, depended the future, not only of England but of the whole of the Western World. The

fact that they quarrelled and practically never ceased from quarrelling led directly up to the independence of America and the French Revolution. It led to the setting up of the doctrine that the People, with a big P, is always right, and that all rulers wish to oppress the said People; to a new claim of divine right, almost as illogical as that of kings, and infinitely harder to shake off, infinitely more far-reaching and dangerous in its consequences, the 'divine' right of Democracy.

For the present all this was hidden from the actors in the strife, and yet the strife arose by no means accidentally. Each side went in with its eyes open, and the object of each was to solve the problem of sovereignty in its own interest. Two views on this problem were, or soon became current: (1) a few people, who were quite willing to admit that James and his successors held the crowns of the three kingdoms by hereditary indefeasible right, desired to confine the actual exercise of the kingly power within very narrow limits; (2) the bulk of the nation would be averse to a narrow limit, but, without forming any definite theory, thoroughly understood that there were limits, and that Parliament should see that in practice these were not overstepped. Neither in 1603 nor at any subsequent period had unfettered absolutism any sincere lay partisans in England, except the King himself. It was upon the second of these classes of opinion that the Tudors had grounded their 'popular despotism'; and the result of their government had been, on the whole, so good, and they had trained the nation to such a pitch of self-consciousness that it would no longer be content to submit to 'strong government' at all. Even if Elizabeth had left a son or daughter

endowed with all her own tact, that successor would have had to give way to more strict parliamentary control. But more—the Tudors had been content to act despotically without insisting on an open declaration that they had the right to do so; King James wanted it written down in black and white, and wanted Parliament to acknowledge (on its knees) that he was above law, and absolute. Now it was just the wrong time and he was just the wrong man for this: 'the Stuarts sought to aggravate and, above all, to define the Tudor system of government after the need for it had passed away'—that is the gist of the whole matter.

It took a sensible and conservative people nearly forty years to realize that any kings of England could be such fools as to strive for such a position. When men finally realized it, their rejection of the idea, in the first session of the Long Parliament, was unanimous. In their attacks on the civil liberties of the nation neither King James nor his son had a single disinterested lay vote on their side; and there could have been no civil war had not the nation been divided into two religious camps of nearly equal balance. By that time the bulk of the nation had gone over from the second to the first of the opinions mentioned above: the problem of sovereignty must be solved in favour of Parliament and against the Crown; but the process of solution led to the worst evil of political life—that στάσις or faction which ultimately destroys states.

Now what was a Parliament like at the opening of the seventeenth century? The House of Lords was still a very small body—not above seventy-five persons, of whom twenty-five were bishops. Elizabeth had hardly added to it at all, and had made almost no attempt to control it.

When she came to the throne, a peer, even of the new Tudor creation, was still rather a dangerous animal to touch—had still a feudal bite left in him; he was generally a Catholic, though seldom very enthusiastically a Papist (he had swallowed too much abbey land for that): therefore her maxim was, 'leave him alone, don't enforce uncomfortable oaths of supremacy on him.' And the result was that, at the accession of James, he had become a splendid, peace-loving gentleman, very rich, very conservative and on the whole tolerant; the bulwark of the throne as long as the King respected his privileges.[1] If the peers were less to the front than the commoners in the defence of civil liberties, it was because they could hardly conceive that the kings would seek to violate these liberties against their persons. The Stuarts sought to increase the 'royalist' strength by lavish creations of peers, and altogether added over a hundred to the number existing in 1603.

The bishops were in a different position, and they alone of Parliament-men were the mere creatures of the Crown. The Stuarts used their vast church patronage almost wholly to reward political service, and to foster their own party in Church and State. A few episcopal names of great learning and saintly life occur to us, such as Lancelot Andrewes and Jeremy Taylor: but most of the bishops were either time-servers, like Bilson and Neile, or were, like Laud, so intent on enforcing conformity to ceremonial orthodoxy that they were content to back up anything which the Crown did

[1] One must add the qualification that in the north and west there were still a few great families, whose names could command followers; the power of the Stanleys in Lancashire and of the Herberts in South Wales was proved in the Civil War.

against civil liberty, if only it would give them its help against religious liberty.

The House of Commons was in a very different position. From the days when Henry VIII. had fostered it and flattered it and relied upon it, a seat in it had become an object of competition. Members no longer took their wages; perhaps they already bribed their way into it; 'many elections,' thought Sir Ralph Verney, 'were decided by tobacco and beer' (1640). The considerable constituencies in the counties and the very narrow ones in the boroughs represented sturdy, well-to-do, if diminishing classes—the freeholders and the burgesses. The Tudors had added over a hundred and fifty members to the House,[1] and it now contained some four hundred and fifty gentlemen, the leaders of society in every district of England. Its intellectual level was, and remained for two generations, very high; and the business capacity of its members, collectively and individually, higher still. There would generally be a small court party in it, and Elizabeth had been careful to contrive that some of her leading statesmen should have seats in it; the Stuarts promptly neglected this useful plan.

Now the most remarkable thing about the early Stuart Houses of Commons was that most of their members were both 'Prayer Book men' and 'Puritans'; and unfortunately that was to prove an impossible combination. They did not wish to alter the words of the Prayer Book,

[1] Henry VIII. had begun to add to the numbers of the Lower House by summoning representatives from Wales and Cheshire. The later Tudors 'created' many boroughs perhaps with the purpose of increasing crown influence in Parliament, although this is by no means certain. (See Mr. Pollard's 'Factors in Modern History,' p. 122.)

but they wished to restrict the bishops' power to enforce conformity to the ceremonies which the rubrics of the Prayer Book enjoined. Utterly intolerant of innovations in one, the 'high-church,' direction, they wanted to tolerate them in the other. They were strong for supremacy of State over Church (*i.e.* 'Erastianism'), but by 'State' they understood Crown and Parliament; whereas the very words of the great Erastian Act of Supremacy had vested all power over the Church in the Crown alone. It was a thoroughly illogical and a thoroughly English attitude, from which were only two possible issues: these men would have to give up either their Prayer Book or their Puritanism. In 1642 they and the nation were equally divided on the point.

Elizabethan Parliaments had been Puritan too, and perhaps even less 'Prayer Book,' before the majestic words and thoughts of that book had grown up into a national heritage of the younger generation; and the Queen had been very sharp with some of them for moving for innovations. She loved, as we know, to scold; she even, on rare occasions, sent honourable members to cool their heels for a week or so in the Tower, thereby violating the two most cherished 'privileges of parliament'—freedom of speech and freedom from arrest during the session. It was now quite certain that the Houses would never tamely put up with such things again.

The cause of civil liberty, in all its various branches, was soon to be well understood by these Stuart Parliaments; and it was wedded already to a cause which their members considered to be the cause of religious liberty Early Puritanism was, however, not that cause, for it never dreamed of general toleration, which was only slowly

to emerge as the one possible solution of the strife. But, for the actual purposes of the struggle, Puritanism supplied the place of the true cause; and it gave three-quarters of the fervour which won the cause of civil liberty.

Now we must look at another side of the question. If it was to be a match, or trial of strength between King and Parliament, it must be acknowledged that the kings did not get a fair start. They had hardly any weapon to fight with but the loyalty of a conservative people. The whole spirit of the laws, and of the unwritten but long-descended Constitution, was in favour of Parliament; liberty was old, despotism was new. There was no army for a despot to coerce with; and, above all, there was no money. England was growing richer every day, and the sovereign was getting less and less share in its growing riches. The cost of living had trebled in a century, as the value of money fell; but the 'wages' of the Crown had been, as it were, fixed far back in the Middle Ages. A 'tenth-and-fifteenth' still meant £30,000, a subsidy £70,000; and these were the ordinary and antiquated forms in which Parliament doled out money to the kings. On rare occasions, such as the danger from the Armada, as many as eight subsidies might be voted; and it is true that one source of revenue, the customs-duty on imports, was going up rapidly. This had for nearly two hundred years been voted to each king for his life, and was duly voted for life to King James by his first Parliament; but what if it should be withheld from the next king? Elizabeth's whole revenue had barely touched £400,000 a year, and even she had left heavy debts; and her stinginess had been proverbial. King James was a spendthrift, who could never keep a shilling,

and so lost the first point in the game at the very outset. But, even if he had been stingier than Elizabeth, he could never have been independent of parliamentary subsidies: it was always in the power of Parliament to withhold these grants; and when it was displeased it withheld them. All non-parliamentary sources, such as forced loans and benevolences, not only irritated the nation almost to rebellion-point, but also poured mere drops of satisfaction into the sieve of expenses.

There was, however, just one point in favour of the Crown, and the Crown used it without scruple or tact. If the spirit of the Constitution was on the side of Parliament, the letter of the law was occasionally in favour of the King. As I tried to explain to my readers when dealing with the early history of English Law,[1] changes in law were and are constantly being introduced by particular decisions of the judges upon particular cases; each of these decisions creates a 'precedent,' and 'the last precedent is always the best.' Now Tudor judges had been extremely subservient to the Crown, and had given many decisions which formed precedents adverse to constitutional freedom; and the kings themselves had acted in an arbitrary manner, in certain details, without judicial decisions, and had then claimed that these arbitrary actions formed precedents. To give only a few instances,—the judges had stretched the treason laws to a dangerous width; they had refused the writ of *habeas corpus* to persons committed to prison 'for reasons of State'[2]; they had authorized an extensive

[1] *Vid.* Vol. I., p. 218.

[2] The reasons were generally good: it would often have imperilled the safety of England if 'Jesuits and other wicked persons,' who were plotting against Elizabeth's life, could not be kept indefinitely in prison.

use of proclamations by the Privy Council, which in effect took the form of additional laws: the sovereigns had even slightly increased the customs by prerogative; they had levied forced loans and 'benevolences.' And each of these additions to royal power might be treated as a 'legal precedent.' The judges were, indeed, the 'interpreters of the law between subject and sovereign,' as well as between subject and subject: but they were also the nominees of the Crown; they held their offices 'during the Crown's good pleasure.' No Tudor had dismissed a judge; but your logical Stuart said, 'If I can appoint, can I not also dismiss?' The King may—nay, ought to—consult the judges if he is in doubt of his own power on any particular point; and if he sends for all twelve together and says, 'now, may I take such and such a tax?' the probability is that they will say, 'with deep reverence, your Majesty, no.' But if he sends for each of them separately, and overwhelms him half with scolding, half with broad Scots humour and with much pedantic learning, the chances are that the answer will be different. The use of the judges for what the great Royalist historian, Lord Clarendon, calls 'acts of power,' was the greatest evil of the Stuart reigns. A clean sweep was more than once made of judges who would not prostitute the law in favour of arbitrary government.

Finally, the King had at his command the extensive and vague jurisdiction exercised by the privy councillors and judges in the Court of Star Chamber, and by privy councillors and bishops in the Court of High Commission. These Courts, and also the Court of Chancery, were a standing menace to the Common Law Courts. They used to 'stay by injunction' cases pending in

the Common Law Courts, and usually for some private end of the sovereign. Once Star Chamber had protected the weak against the strong: but the strong were no longer dangerous to the weak, and its good work was already done; it now only existed to defend arbitrary government.

But the two-handed engine, as Milton called Parliament, is at King James' door, and we must keep it waiting no longer. James called four Parliaments during his reign, and dissolved all but the last in anger; he was dissolved himself while the last was sitting. In the first Parliament, which sat, with many prorogations, during the first seven years of his reign, the germs of all the subsequent quarrels cropped up.

First the King tried to interfere in the case of a disputed election for that sturdy Puritan county Buckinghamshire, mother of Hampdens and Verneys: apparently James wanted to job in a privy councillor, Fortescue, in opposition to Goodwin, who had most votes. It was a well-established privilege of the House to decide its own disputed elections, and yet James was indiscreet enough to tell it that it derived all matters of privilege from his grant. The House buzzed like a nest of hornets; but, unwilling to engage too far at first, submitted to a compromise.

The next question of serious moment was a proposed union between England and Scotland. The mutual relations of the two countries may be gauged from the fact that, before 1603, all the farmhouses on both sides of the border were small castles, into which the cattle were driven every night; if a traveller arrived at night, the family was quite apt to go on to the battlements and pour hot water or drop stones on him, on

the great probability of his being a thief 'from beyond.' Here, as was not uncommon, James, with the enthusiastic approval of Bacon, saw further ahead than the House of Commons; but, as was even less uncommon, he failed to see the immediate difficulties in the way: 'he was in such a hurry for the marriage that he would not allow time for the courtship.' The courtship was to take one hundred years, and to be interrupted by a good deal of that biting and scratching which is the proverbial method of Scots folk's wooing. Neither nation in 1604 really wanted union: Scotland dreaded the loss of her ancient and glorious independence, of her Roman Law Courts, of her amazing Presbyterian system of church government; the larger kingdom dreaded the influx of the beggarly breechless Scot, who would work for lower wages and sell black cattle for half the price of English beasts. The hostile border laws were, however, repealed, and regular 'border commissions' of assize were established, of equal numbers of English and Scottish justices; but for long after this period their methods were rough and ready, and the mere fact that an unknown horse was found feeding near your shieling was very apt to hang you, evidence or no evidence. But the project of a real parliamentary union could at this time get no fair discussion in the House of Commons, and the utmost result was that the King was allowed to call himself 'King of Great Britain.' In despair of moving Parliament further James in 1607 turned to his judges, and got a decision that a Scot born after the accession of his sovereign to the English crown was at least not an 'alien' in England, and could therefore enjoy the civil rights of an Englishman.

Another proposal, which dragged on for some years, got to be known as the 'great contract.' The Crown derived a considerable, though fluctuating revenue from its old feudal rights over those who held estates in military tenure, from their reliefs, wardships and marriages, from its power of compelling them to become knights (and to pay for that honour); why not, said James, give all this up in return for a fixed revenue, say of £200,000 a year? The Commons thought that £50,000 would be better. James seems to have been quite honest in the matter, but naturally tried to get better terms than the Commons would grant. After being very nearly settled at the higher figure the matter was dropped, and, when Charles I. had enormously increased the crown-rents from these feudal rights, and thereby goaded half the gentry of England to rebellion, the Long Parliament abolished them during the interregnum, and an early Act of Charles II. confirmed the abolition, wiped out all distinctions of tenure and gave the King instead the permanent excise on beer; and, as the jolly Cavaliers who were restored in 1660 drank long and deep healths to King Charles, he made an exceedingly good thing out of the transaction.

A worse cause of dispute was soon to be discovered. The first session of Parliament had indeed granted the King the customs for life, and these, which included a fixed grant of so much on every 'ton' (or cask) of wine, and one shilling on every pound sterling value of other imported goods, usually went by the name of 'tonnage and poundage': roughly, in 1603 they brought in £150,000 a year; while from crown lands, feudal income and smaller sources James may have got another £250,000. But his debts began at once to mount up

to enormous sums, and in 1607 there was an annual deficit of £70,000 at least. It had been the practice of both Mary and Elizabeth to issue 'books of rates,' in which they defined the value of the articles which paid import-custom; and both these ladies had also increased, without parliamentary sanction, the amount paid by certain articles. Currants and tobacco were both comparatively novel imports, and James proceeded to lay upon these articles duties which did not appear on any existing book of rates. A valiant 'Turkey-merchant' of the Levant Company, called John Bate, refused to pay; and, when sued for the debt, pleaded before the Court of Exchequer that these duties were illegal 'impositions.' The judges, acting upon the Elizabethan precedent, gave judgment for the Crown, and gave it in words which seemed to authorize the King to levy whatever import dues at whatever rate he pleased. He accordingly proceeded to draw up a new book of rates, and to increase his total revenue from this source by some £70,000. The Commons, who had put off any grant of supply till 1606 and had then doled him out a miserable quarter of a million, spreading the payment of it over four years, were up in arms at once; and, through every Parliament of James and Charles, 'impositions' was the burden of their song. In one sense they were most unreasonable; for they took no account of the increased cost of living, or of the increasing burdens of government. They forgot, *e.g.*, that the King, in order to protect commerce, had got to maintain a navy, and that a navy is a very costly weapon. But as it undoubtedly was a principle of the English Constitution that no taxation, direct or indirect, without consent of Parliament, is legal, they were legally in the right.

Other things of which the Commons complained were (i) the 'innovations' in religion introduced by Bancroft and his school, particularly a certain canon passed by Convocation in 1604, which laid down that every person who did not unfeignedly believe every word contained in the Prayer Book was *ipso facto* excommunicated; (ii) the ejection of the Puritan ministers above referred to; (iii) the vexatious use of the Bishops' Courts, which were again raising their heads as if Henry VIII. had never lived, and were fining and excommunicating laymen; (iv) the abuse of the royal power of issuing proclamations—*e.g.* 'no more houses to be built on the outskirts of London'—whereby new offences, unknown to the law, were created. On all and every one of these subjects King and Commons 'answered each other back'—the latter with firm and respectful remonstrances and petitions, the former now with reproofs and explanations in which there was often much humour and good sense, now with scoldings which degenerated into loose and unkingly railing. In the beginning of February, 1611, the first Parliament was dissolved, and, as the members dispersed to their counties they must have carried with them an uneasy suspicion that the century-long union between King and gentlemen of England was in grave danger.

There were, or men thought there were other things in danger, too, although no open remonstrance had been presented in Parliament against James' foreign policy, in which was involved his attitude towards the Catholics. When the great Queen with her shifts and intrigues and vacillations is gone, we begin to see through the stage-veil which she had adroitly dropped over the scene of European politics, and we perceive that England is

engaged in a war which has as its ostensible object the liberation of the United Provinces, now coming generally to be called 'Holland' or 'the Dutch,' from the grip of Spain; that France, under her moderate Catholic King, Henry IV., has been in 1598 obliged from sheer exhaustion to make a peace with Spain even in her career of victory; that elsewhere the flood of the 'Counter-Reformation' is steadily gaining ground: Pope and Jesuits are only too confident of ultimate success, and to most thinking Englishmen they seem to have good grounds for their confidence.

Now James, like all the Stuarts, desired a considerable measure of toleration; he also disliked seeing the map of Europe painted in two clearly defined colours, Catholic and Protestant; and he believed himself able to bring about a *modus vivendi* between the two faiths, although he had absolutely no grounds for this belief. Protestantism *was* secure in England, and Holland was pretty nearly safe; the Dutch were carrying the war into that Spanish Netherlands which we must not yet call Belgium [1]; two English regiments in Dutch pay, under the lead of the gallant Sir Francis Vere, were helping the cause of the Protestants there. Spain, too, under the new and infinitely dull Philip III., wanted peace. King Henry IV., however, though not yet ready to go again to war with Spain, was most anxious to persuade James that it would be a mistake for England to conclude any peace while Spanish soldiers were left in the Netherlands; and James usually showed a statesman's appreciation of his wiser French neighbour—did not, indeed, embark

[1] In diplomatic documents it is by this time called 'the Low Countries'; most seventeenth-century Englishmen call it 'Flanders.'

upon his worst courses in foreign politics until after Henry's death. So matters stood through the year of Raleigh's trial (1603); but, even before the meeting of Parliament, direct negotiations had been begun with Spain. In these negotiations Salisbury proved himself far too skilful for the Spaniards: the Treaty of London, of August, 1604, left English regiments in Dutch service and English volunteers free to enter that service when they pleased; Englishmen in Spain were not to be molested by the Spanish Inquisition, provided they abstained from open insult to the Catholic faith; and England was not to be compelled to stop her subjects trading (at their own risk) with Spanish America. From the strictly diplomatic point of view it was a great treaty, and it fully expressed the fact that England had come victorious out of a great war. But to the average Englishman, even to the average member of Parliament, it was a mean scuttle and an abandonment of a great cause; to Raleigh and men of his stamp it was a compact with the Devil. As for the Dutch, they quietly blockaded the Flemish ports, and reduced the small Spanish armies left in the Netherlands to a state of semi-starvation, until a truce was concluded between Spain and Holland in 1609.

The fears of the 'man in the street' as to the recovered power of the Pope were by no means groundless. Your Jesuit had for some years past begun to shift his ground; he was not, of course, averse to violence or insurrection on a large scale if they could be successful, but he felt that the time for this was past; hence, as a species, he was never enthusiastic about the Gunpowder Plot. He was going to work by subtler means: by conversions of kings and great men, especially of queens and great ladies; by getting hold of the young; by posing as the

man of the world, who would begin by showing you that religious differences meant very little, and then what a much simpler, easier faith—'the only religion for a gentleman'—the Catholic was. Among the German princes, each a petty sovereign in his duchy, electorate, markgraviate or what-not, this was proving an eminently successful plan. "Go to church by all means for the present," said the Jesuit to the Englishman around whom he was weaving his toils, "we give easy absolution for all these matters; soon it will not be necessary. The King? well, between you and me, the King is an obstinate heretic; but he won't live for ever, perhaps not as long as you think. The Queen, you know, is ours—what, didn't you know? and the conversion of the Prince is, I may tell you in confidence, merely a question of weeks: your whole new religion is a house of cards." Then, if you are lucky enough to be a friend of Sir Edmund Verney (as every one ought to be), you can give your Jesuit the lie direct, for Verney will tell you that Prince Henry, who is his greatest friend, is not only a staunch Protestant, but has strong leanings to Puritanism and privilege of Parliament; that in him lies the hope of this already somewhat sorrowful nation. But, if you are not, you will probably gape, and end by half-believing the plausible rascal, who may go on somewhat in this fashion: "Yes, of course, you know that the Prince is to marry the Infanta of Spain? did you ever hear of a man holding out against his wife in matters of religion?" "But," you say, "why should he not marry a Protestant?" "My good sir, the King may be a heretic, but at least he knows that there are no Protestant Princesses of sufficient rank for the heir of Great Britain." "The bishops?" "Bah," says he,

"I mock myself of your bishops: Bancroft will take a cardinal's hat fast enough—a patriarch's, if he likes." "But Parliament? the King's poverty? possible insurrections of the common people?" "For what," he finally answers, "did Heaven endow the King of Spain with the mines of America, but for the profit of the true Church? for what did God create the invincible Spanish *tercia*, but to guard sovereigns who turn back to the Church's bosom? Tramp, tramp, tramp, they will come, and methinks I see the glitter of their pikes flashing up Ludgate Hill."

The Jesuit, like the chameleon, 'ate the air promise-crammed,' and would feed you with the same windy dish, but, like that interesting little animal, he could appear in several plausible colours. And he did not lack opportunities. James early conceived for his son the notion of the splendid match with an Infanta of Spain; and in return was ready to promise toleration to the Catholics, provided always that the lady brought a solid dowry of something well over half a million. His pleasure-loving Queen, Anne of Denmark, was a crypto-Catholic, and her influence was all the same way. Many of his Privy Council were actually in receipt of Spanish pensions. The chapels of the ambassadors were open to Englishmen, and, down to 1640, were thronged by an increasing crowd of English worshippers. It was very natural if, to the uneducated eye, the increasing splendours of the ritual of the English Church seemed to be leading Romewards. And when before the end of James' reign the so-called Arminian doctrines, coming from Holland, where they were stamped out in 1619, began to lay hold of court, clergy and universities, and to imperil the fundamental tenet of Calvinism—namely,

absolute predestination of every soul either to eternal bliss or eternal agony—it was no wonder if the Jesuits regarded the Church of England as the thin end of their own wedge.

To do the kings justice, both James and Charles were resolutely antipapal; but it is perhaps not unfair to say that James was anxious to make such toleration as was possible a matter of diplomatic bargain both with the English Catholics and the King of Spain. To the former he could always say, 'if you don't behave well, I will enforce the recusancy fines[1] of my predecessor against you'—and, as they did not always behave well, or when too much pressure was put upon him by Parliament, he did occasionally raise some money from them, once as much as £9,000 in one year (1610). In dealing with the King of Spain, the subject of toleration formed part of the bargaining for the hand of an Infanta. It is, I think, much to James' credit that he did not take a much more severe vengeance than he did, for the Gunpowder Plot of November, 1605. This was no tangled skein of Jesuit intrigue, but an honest, fanatic attempt, originating in the brain of Robert Catesby, as an improvement on the mere murder of James, which had been suggested to him by another fanatic gentleman. Several others, gentlemen of good position and estate, Wynter, Percy, Digby, Rookwood, Tresham, brooding over the wrongs of their Church, were gradually admitted to the plot. They relied on no foreign help; they would blow the King and Prince Henry and the Lords and the Commons into the air, and then seize the little Prince Charles,

[1] Elizabeth had finally permitted Popish 'recusants' to compound for absence from church by the payment of £20 a month.

and proclaim him king with a Catholic regency. The whole thing was so diabolically simple that one wonders that it did not come off. A fanatic of heroic mould, called Guy Fawkes, was selected to do the actual deed; a house was hired next to the Parliament House, and then a cellar immediately under it. This was filled with thirty-six barrels of powder, covered with heavy iron bars and concealed under faggots. Two at least of the leading Jesuit fathers in England, Greenway and Garnet, were acquainted with the scope, and perhaps with the details of the plot; and Garnet very possibly expressed abhorrence. But he did nothing more. The conspirators took the sacrament together, and apparently had no doubt of the righteousness of their design. News of success was to be taken rapidly down to Worcestershire, where a number of Catholic gentlemen were to be ready assembled under colour of a deer-drive. But one of the conspirators, Tresham, seems to have developed qualms. At least, he considered it a pity, and persuaded his associates that it was a pity to waste so many good Catholic peers: could these not be persuaded by some artifice to stay away from Parliament on the fatal 5th? The artifice took the shape of a letter written to Lord Monteagle, advising him 'as you tender your life to devise some excuse to shift of your attendance at this Parliament . . . for they shall receive a terrible blow and yet shall not see who hurts them.' Monteagle naturally went and told Lord Salisbury at Whitehall: it did not need all the wisdom of James, with the story of his own father's fate in his mind, to discover that these words pointed to gunpowder; but his Majesty long regarded, and was allowed to regard his interpretation of the letter as a proof of his great mental acumen.

This was on October 26th. Salisbury, during the next few days, took the necessary precautions, and we are all familiar with the terrible figure of Fawkes, as he was discovered still gallantly standing sentry with match in hand not yet lighted, for it was but 11 p.m. on November 4th. Some one, perhaps Monteagle, had already warned the other conspirators, who fled pell-mell to Worcestershire, to warn their associates there that there would be no hunting that day. The fugitives were pursued and tried to defend themselves: some were shot, including Catesby; others were captured and tortured, confessed and were executed. On the whole the vengeance of the Government was mild. Garnet and two other priests, who were guilty of 'knowing but not revealing,' were executed, together with all the survivors of the conspiracy itself. It was not unnatural that the Parliament, which had been so miraculously preserved, should enact in 1606 a new and fierce recusancy law, which, if it had ever been carried out, would have gone far to stamp out the Catholic faith in England.

But it was never seriously carried out at all, and, as I have said, James used all anti-Catholic laws as pawns on the diplomatic chessboard for the rest of his reign. In the summer of that year (1606) he received a visit

to the suggestion that James should mediate between them and the Dutch, whom they now despaired of reducing. Conferences were opened at the Hague at the end of 1607; and, after a long delay, a truce for twelve years was concluded between the belligerents in 1609. Both England and France were represented as mediators; but in truth England had little to do with the conclusion, although James in later years was fond of congratulating himself that he had here illustrated his favourite motto, 'Beati pacifici.' Both countries at least guaranteed the Dutch against any infringement of the truce by Spain.

The last years of Lord Salisbury's life saw a still more striking development of the understanding between England and France, and therefore a temporary withdrawal of England from the Spanish interest. In Germany, even in North Germany, the Catholics were making rapid strides and violating the religious truce concluded as far back as 1555. The shadow of the Thirty Years' War was already visible; Henry IV. declared that he would stand it no longer, and was preparing early in the year 1610 to cross the Rhine and bring help to the Protestants. James consented to stand by Henry, and the Dutch, under Prince Maurice of Orange, could be counted on to follow suit. An Anglo-Franco-Dutch alliance, led by the 'white plume' of Henry of Navarre, would almost unquestionably have set a permanent barrier to Austrian

and lovable daughter Elizabeth, then aged fifteen, to the Elector Palatine Frederick, the head of the West-German Protestants, James consenting because he had recently received a fresh rebuff from Spain about the Infanta. The old Elizabethan statesman died in 1612, just before the accomplishment of the marriage. James never had another 'minister of State.' A worse loss was in store for the kingdom. Prince Henry was now a splendid young man of nineteen; of him Bacon says that he was 'slow of speech, patient in listening and strong in understanding.' He was the warmest supporter of his loved sister's Protestant match; and, though he was never openly unfilial, it was common talk that he was sworn enemy to his father's anti-Puritan and pro-Spanish proclivities. He had always said, since he reached years of discretion, and he reached them early, that he would never marry an Infanta or any other Catholic. He died suddenly of typhoid fever in October, 1612. The heir to the throne was now a boy of twelve.

So one by one vanished the hopes that the great age of Elizabeth had left behind it, and it is interesting to see that at this very time, 1611, Shakespeare retired for good to his native Stratford. In his last and loveliest play he tells all the splendid figures which he has evoked that their day is over, that he abjures his magic art, breaks his staff and buries it fathoms in the earth,

> And deeper than did ever plummet sound,
> I'll drown my book.

CHAPTER XI

KING JAMES FOUND WANTING

THE stage being thus cleared of King Henry, Lord Salisbury, Prince Henry and William Shakespeare, a new figure, henceforth the baleful star of James' life, steps forward. In 1613 Sarmiento, afterwards Count Gondomar, the ablest diplomatist in the Spanish service, arrived in England to keep its King 'good.' It was no very difficult task, and Gondomar seems to have enjoyed it thoroughly. The position which he was skilful enough to make for himself was that of a trusted friend rather than of an ambassador; James used to pour out to him all his private woes, and to consult him on many questions of English public life. For the King's nature was such that he must always have somebody about him to whom he could blab his own and other people's secrets; he must have a 'favourite.' Ladies of doubtful reputation have often played this part in the courts of kings whose morals were less pure than those of James; James preferred a jolly young man, some one who would arrange hunting parties and court pageants well, who would come between himself and the endless tribe of petitioners.

His first experiment in favourites was not a great success; he was a young Scot called Robert Carr, who was created Viscount Rochester in 1611 and Earl of

Somerset in 1613. He fell in love with the wife of the Earl of Essex; she got a divorce and married her new lover; there was a very unsavoury scandal. Worse than that, she contrived, without her new husband's privity, to murder an old dependant of his, called Overbury, who had opposed the match. In 1616 the murder was discovered; more scandal; solemn trial of Earl and Countess in Westminster Hall; verdict of guilty; a lot of accomplices executed; the principals' lives spared. It is only fair to say that James made no attempt to shield any one; he courted publicity for the scandal, which made a deep impression on the growing Puritanism of England.

Carr was replaced by a much more interesting favourite who absolutely swayed the court of England from 1616 to 1628—George Villiers, soon to be Earl and Duke of Buckingham. Villiers was a very different fellow from Carr, much more honest and honourable; but much more dangerous, both because his ascendency at court was more complete and because he made pretensions to a statesmanship of which no trace is discernible in him. Prince Charles, as he grew out of boyhood, began by hating Buckingham; but Buckingham stooped to court him, and won and kept for life not merely his favour, but all the affection which the Prince's cold nature had in it to bestow. Buckingham never stooped to court any one else; as for the old King, he positively bullied him at the end of his life. As he climbed up the ladder he occasionally kicked down a rung on which he had risen, or threw over a dependant who had clung to his skirts (*e.g.* Bacon in 1621), but not often: usually Buckingham was a firm friend, as he was a determined and avowed enemy. By degrees everything fell into his hands. At

first no doubt he took bribes to further the suits of petitioners (it was no more than everybody else did at the time), but he soon dropped this; and, on the whole, his hands were a deal cleaner than those of most of his contemporaries. The domestic and foreign policy of England alike became his, and they oscillated according to the oscillation of ideas in his impetuous brain. When he said 'call a Parliament,' it was called; when he said 'dissolve,' it was dissolved. The reputation and fortune of England have often been in more dishonourable hands; they have seldom been in the hands of any man who inspired less confidence.

If Buckingham had been a scoundrel, Gondomar's task would have been a much easier one; as it was, the very unsteadiness of the favourite was often a useful counterpoise to the wiles of the ambassador. From about 1614 there was occasional talk of a French princess, instead of a Spanish, for the heir to the English throne; but the policy of France after the death of Henry IV. was almost as unstable as that of England, and Spanish influences were powerful at the French Court until the rise of the great minister Richelieu about 1623. One thing was clear, that the German and Dutch Protestants were getting more and more alarmed at the rising tide of Catholic power, and so the eyes of all thoughtful men in England were turning more and more to watch the course of events in Central Europe. In 1618, as we shall presently see, the storm burst. Two events must, however, be considered first—the second attempt of James at a Parliament, and the final end of Sir Walter Raleigh.

In mere despair at the state of his finances, which had made a long stride down-hill since Salisbury's death, James decided in 1614, against the advice of Gondomar,

to call a Parliament; he had debts to the tune of something under three-quarters of a million. Because there was some attempt on the part of some members of the Privy Council to procure elections favourable to the Government, and also to prepare a set of concessions which the King was ready to make, the word 'Undertakers' got abroad and was magnified by rumour. James himself afterwards told the Parliament of 1621, 'at my second Parliament a strange kind of beast called Undertaker came between me and my subjects.' If, indeed, there was anything unusual in this action of these privy councillors, it only emphasized the sad fact that England was now notoriously divided into two parties, those of King and Country.

The elections were completely in favour of the latter; and among the very large number of new members were the two future party leaders, Wentworth and Eliot. James made rambling and humorous speeches to the Houses, the gist of which was, 'look what a good king I am, and how well I take care of the interests of England; and look sharp with supplies.' The House of Commons made no comment whatever, but simply took up the question of grievances exactly where the last Parliament had left it four years before:—'Impositions! Impositions! Religious Grievances! Spread of Popery!—all these things are much more important to us than supplying His Majesty with money.' The House flew upon Bishop Neile, who had uttered, in the Lords, words indicating that it was acting 'seditiously' in discussing impositions; there was what would now be called 'a scene'—the first of many in that narrow Gothic room with the window looking out over the Thames behind the Speaker's chair: excitable young members shouted

rude things about courtiers, favourites and Spaniards. James dissolved Parliament at once. It had sat for two months and passed no Bills. Several members were sent to the Tower. James blubbered out his complaints against his subjects on Gondomar's neck, and pushed on the negotiation for a Spanish marriage and alliance. He proceeded to try to levy money by a 'benevolence,' which was practically a demand for large gifts from all well-to-do people. Oliver St. John of Marlborough refused to pay and stimulated others to refuse; he was hauled before the Council, heavily fined and imprisoned. Not £70,000 could be squeezed out of rich England.

But Raleigh, dreaming in the Tower of his old voyages to the West, had been able from time to time to bring to the King's notice petitions for liberation, which were mainly grounded on the suggestion that behind the delta of the Orinoco lay a golden country which no European had yet trodden. He had heard of it when he was on the coast in '95. Thither the survivors of the old Peruvian kings had fled from Spanish tyranny. Its city of Manoa was built, like Mexico, in the middle of a lake; and it was chiefly built of gold: hence the name of the country—or as some said of its Emperor, who was notoriously in the habit of powdering himself with gold dust after his bath—was *El Dorado*. Well, there was nothing incredible in the story; there were men alive whose fathers had seen and handled with Pizarro the almost fabulous treasures of old Peru. "Let me go," said Raleigh, "at my own expense; and, if I bring back less than a ton of gold—my head is already forfeit, as your Majesty knows." That such an expedition to such a place—the northern coast of South America, well within the charmed preserve of James'

ally the King of Spain—would inevitably lead to collision with the Spaniards both Raleigh and James must have known. But Raleigh, who, whether he believed the whole El Dorado story or not, certainly believed that he knew of a definite gold mine in Guiana, probably thought that, as in his old mistress's days, everything would be forgiven if he brought back gold. He might even seize the Mexican plate-fleet and so precipitate a war with Spain. 'Yes, he would give any security that he would not attack the Spaniards'—he was never over-scrupulous as to such promises: anything to be out in the fresh salt air again. What he could not believe was that James would allow him to go and then betray the whole story to Gondomar. But this was exactly what James did; and so the small Spanish settlement on the Orinoco received timely warning. Raleigh, a man prematurely aged by his long imprisonment, found outside the walls of the Tower a different England from that he had once known. His crews were ill-chosen, his ships ill-found, disaster dogged his every step; so sick was he, when he reached the American coast in the winter of 1617, that he had to be left aboard, while his eldest son and Captain Keymis in small boats struggled for weeks against the current of the Orinoco, only to run their heads into a Spanish ambush. Young Raleigh was killed, and Keymis, when he had brought the survivors back, committed suicide. The old hero returned to England broken-hearted, only to be arrested on his return. Gondomar instantly demanded that he should be sent to Madrid to be hanged as a pirate there. James was quite willing; but this was too much even for James' Council, and Raleigh was beheaded in Palace Yard upon the old charge of 1603. His last public utterance was a fierce defiance of Spain

and all its absurd claims to *mare clausum*. He was the last of the Elizabethans.

And now, indeed, the Continent was ablaze. In 1618 began the last of the religious wars of Europe. The Lutherans of Bohemia, whose political privileges were in danger from the encroachments of the House of Austria, suddenly threw off the Hapsburg yoke, and offered the crown of their country to the Calvinist, Frederick, Elector Palatine. Was he not the acknowledged head of German Protestantism? Was he not the son-in-law of the rich King of England? To do Frederick justice (he was seldom a wise man), he sent to ask his father-in-law's advice before accepting the crown; he might as well have asked the extinct oracle at Delphi. If King James' pretensions to be a leader of nations had been worth anything, he would at once have said yes or no. His pitiable vacillation was not upon the expediency, but upon the principle of the thing. What he said was, in effect, "Get me a copy of the Bohemian Constitution and give me some quiet months to study it, and I will produce you a ruling which shall astonish Europe by its wisdom: if I find that the throne of Bohemia is hereditary in the Austrian Hapsburgs, then I think that for me to sanction your usurpation would hardly befit my divine office of king; if, as you say, it is elective, well, I shall doubtless be able to persuade my ally the King of Spain that his Austrian cousin has no more right to it than you have." He forgot, or ignored the facts, that one part of Frederick's own hereditary dominions, the Rhenish Palatinate, lay open to an immediate attack from the Spanish army in the Netherlands; that another part, the Bavarian Palatinate, lay open to Maximilian of Bavaria and the German Catholic League; and that Bohemia itself would soon

be at the mercy of the Austrians and Bavarians united. Most of all James forgot or ignored the temper of his own people.

Frederick did not wait for his father-in-law's verdict; in 1619 he accepted the proffered throne, was crowned at Prague and looked round for help. But German Protestantism was utterly disorganized; the Lutherans almost preferred the Catholics to the Calvinists; loyalty to the idea of the Empire struggled against loyalty to the faith. In September, 1620, the Spaniards were sweeping into the Palatinate; in November Frederick's new Bohemian subjects were annihilated outside the walls of Prague: before two years were out the King of England's daughter and his grandchildren were homeless wanderers. English emotion rose at once to boiling point; even Buckingham and the Prince were for war: volunteers poured over-sea to assist the Protestant cause, and loans were raised in the City. The obstinacy which took the place of resolution in the King's mind made this display of popular enthusiasm harden him still more in his determination to be neutral. Gondomar had him firmly in his toils, and James perpetually promised himself the restitution of the Palatinate as the first clause in the marriage treaty between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain, the prospect of which the astute Spaniard for ever dangled before his eyes. But he at least allowed himself to be persuaded to call his third Parliament for January, 1621.

If you ask how he had lived, from the financial point of view, since 1610, it is very hard to answer; partly, no doubt, by the disgraceful means of the sale of peerages, for which as much as £10,000 a-piece was sometimes paid, and of baronetcies, a new invention of his own; but

partly also by a steady rise in the ordinary revenue from customs, and by a very much stricter administration of most of the departments of government. These last improvements had been introduced by Lionel Cranfield, once a city apprentice, who since 1613 had been surveyor of the customs; from this position he rose step by step by mere business ability until he became Lord Treasurer and Earl of Middlesex. It was no use for the King's tradesmen to send in bills charging ten times the real value of the gold lace for the royal hatband, when the bills would be inspected by a man who had himself sold gold lace across a counter. But such a man would be quite out of touch with the larger aspects of life, and, though in reality he seems to have kept to the paths of honesty, it was the general belief that he had received bribes, and he was impeached for peculation by James' last Parliament in 1624. Buckingham, who had once been his patron, promoted the attack on him, and James had the foresight to tell his favourite that he 'would live to have his belly full of impeachments.' The same period (between the second and third Parliaments) saw the fall from power of the leading members of the Howard family: Buckingham replaced Lord Nottingham as admiral in 1618; and Arundel, the richest peer in England, retired in the sulks to be the great collector of pictures and statues, some of which we still know as the 'Arundel marbles.' It saw in 1616 the dismissal of Chief Justice Coke, the rugged defender of Common Law *versus* Prerogative; saw also the muzzling of the Scottish General Assembly, and the reintroduction of something like episcopacy into the Scottish Kirk. Thenceforward till 1638, and again between 1660 and 1688, we shall hear of Scottish 'bishops' in possession of the old territorial

titles, but of course with none of the lands or power of the old Episcopate; they were, in fact, little more than Moderators of the Provincial Synods. Five articles, known as the 'Articles of Perth,' the most unpopular of which ordered the communion to be received kneeling, were forced through the Assembly by some means or other. James visited Scotland in 1617, and, partly by adroit persuasion and partly by threats, accomplished these and other ecclesiastical changes; he covered up a seething mass of discontent and called it peace.

But it is time to turn to the crisis of 1621. Frederick had indeed lost Bohemia, but the Palatinate was not yet wholly conquered; Heidelberg, its capital, did not fall till September, 1622. The Parliament which was to rescue it was called in January, 1621. It met James with a fixed determination to act in unison with him for the defence of the Protestant cause; James met it with a determination to keep the friendship of the King of Spain and yet to save the Palatinate if possible. The House of Commons rightly saw that the King of Spain was the enemy; that he had the power, if he had the will, to make Bavarians and Austrians drop the Palatinate; that to hope he would do this unless the King of England showed his teeth was futile. James trusted entirely to his tongue in preference to his teeth. But he talked vaguely about 'negotiating sword in hand'; and said to the Commons, 'you vote me half a million, and you'll see what I'll do with it; details of foreign policy are not your business.' It would be ridiculous to vote such a large sum if the House were to be kept entirely in the dark as to its employment; and it merely voted £160,000 instead.

James was delighted: he got some money, and he was

able to explain to himself that the Commons were averse to war on the large scale on which alone it could succeed; therefore the whole business frittered itself away in endless embassies to Madrid and Vienna. It is quite true also that the Commons did not realize the magnitude of the task. An army of at least 30,000 men would have been required; it would have cost a million a year; it would have lacked leaders, unless England had thrown up a Cromwell before his time. War was becoming on the Continent an exceedingly scientific profession, and England was entirely uneducated for it. The task of saving German Protestantism, if it were to be saved, had to be left to other hands—more selfish hands, no doubt. The Dutch went to war again with a will; and for them war meant mainly preying upon Spanish commerce, defending, and afterwards extending their southern frontier towards Antwerp. Adventurers of all sorts poured in to the help of the Palatinate, and some of the bravest feats of the war (*e.g.* the defence of Frankenthal) were done by English volunteers. But it was a horrible business: Frederick did not care whom he called in—'Turks if you like'; his armies had no pay, and subsisted upon systematic plunder of friend and foe alike. There never was in history a more awful drama than the Thirty Years' War.

Sadly the English House of Commons turned from the scene to complain of monopolists—*i.e.* people who held royal grants authorizing them to deal exclusively in some particular article; and to impeach Lord Chancellor Bacon for taking bribes on the seat of justice—the bribes had not influenced his decisions, but he had taken them, and confessed that 'it was a just sentence, though he had been a just judge.' It is one of the saddest scenes in James'

reign. A huge fine was soon remitted, and from imprisonment Bacon was soon released; but his name and character were blasted for ever, and he has come down to history as 'intellect divorced from virtue.' James didn't mend matters by entrusting the Great Seal to a bishop, Williams of Lincoln, a versatile, unsteady humbug; nor by raising Laud, already known most unfavourably as the promoter of high-church innovations, to a bishopric. In June the Houses were adjourned till November. The interval was filled by a futile mission of James' best diplomatist, Digby, afterwards Lord Bristol, to Vienna: a mission futile for two reasons, first because Frederick would listen to no terms which did not leave him the crown of Bohemia as well as his own electorate, and secondly because the Austrians and their Spanish backers knew that James had nothing but words to use.

When Parliament met again in November the Commons cried almost with one voice for war with Spain, not only as the one means of recovering the Palatinate, but as the necessary fruit of too-long toleration of the Catholics. They saw plainly that James was becoming the plaything of Gondomar, and they petitioned for a strict enforcement of the recusancy laws and for the instant marriage of Prince Charles to some Protestant princess.

The King was very angry and told the House by letter, and in a verbal answer to a deputation, that it had no business to meddle in such matters at all; and 'don't talk to me about your privileges—any privilege you enjoy is entirely derived from my grace and favour.' He showed extraordinary indiscretion in talk, comparing Parliament to a broker of whom a prince might raise a loan to carry on a war, 'but that does not give the broker a voice in the conduct of the war.'

The result was a most solemn protest, not upon the war question but upon the dangers now threatening the parliamentary principle :—" That the liberties, franchises, privileges and jurisdictions of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritance of the subjects of England ; and that the arduous and urgent affairs concerning the King, State and defence of the realm and of the Church of England, and the making and maintenance of laws and redress of grievances, which daily happen within this realm, are proper subjects and matter of counsel and debate in Parliament "—with some more short and sharp words to the same effect.

The barons of 1215 or 1258 had stood grimly round King John or King Henry with somewhat similar statements of fact, and had appealed openly to the nation thereon. The Commons of 1621, who had now taken their place, contented themselves with entering the protest in their journal ; but it rang through the land, nevertheless. James, on his return to town from Newmarket, tore it out of the book with his own royal hand, which, said Gondomar, was the ' best event for Spain and the Catholics that had happened since Luther began to preach heresy a century before.' A dissolution followed almost at once, and several members were imprisoned —among them he that was to be ' King Pym.'

It would be impossible to overrate the importance of the Parliament of 1621. In the first place it had vindicated its right to give advice on grave questions of state ; and in the second place it had disinterred from a half-forgotten past its claim to impeach ministers of the Crown—a claim which struck at the whole theory and practice of Tudor government. Subsequent Parlia-

ments no doubt realized the nature of the coming struggle more sharply, but as a rule upon technical, temporary or even doubtful grounds; none before the Long Parliament realized it upon such broad grounds. And, when the Long Parliament met, it met not to call upon the King to unite himself to his people in a great national and religious cause, but to call upon him to transfer the weapons of sovereignty to its own hands. The cause of the union of King and nation had foundered in January, 1622.

All chance of an England united for defence of foreign Protestantism being now at an end, Lord Bristol went off to Madrid with a heavy heart to try to get inserted in the marriage treaty, on which James was now more obstinately set than ever, some security for the 'poor distressed Palatine.' To what lengths James would go in the way of meeting the wishes of the Spaniards the rest of his reign was to reveal. One proposal twice made by James, and several times in later days by Charles, was an Anglo-Spanish conquest of the United Provinces: it was, of course, quite unsuspected at the time; the storm which would have greeted it in England can easily be imagined; English Protestants still looked upon the Dutch Republic almost in the light of a sturdy child of their own. But in the Far East a little cloud was rising, at present no bigger than a man's hand, which was in the future to assume most serious proportions. While Drake and his fellows had been hammering Spanish plate-fleets and ports, the shrewd commercial instinct of the Dutch had carried them straight at the most defenceless and richest part of the prey—the Portuguese settlements in the Far East. These included the little dots of islands known as the

Moluccas, off the coast of Java, where grew the richest spices in the world; and, when the English East India Company entered the field and managed to establish a few precarious factories in the territory of native sultans in those parts, it found the Dutch very decidedly in possession.

The non-existence of the Ten Commandments anywhere east of Suez, though not yet proverbial, seems to have been already recognized as a fact. Every nation believed in monopolizing trade; but of all nations the Dutch showed the most rigid spirit of monopoly. It was a ten months' voyage from Acheen or Bantam to London or Amsterdam; and though the home governments in Amsterdam and London occasionally attempted to regulate trade-disputes, their awards naturally arrived at the seat of the dispute somewhat late; in fact, the most gross case of injustice, the massacre of Amboyna, perpetrated upon some defenceless Englishmen by a rigorous Dutch governor at the great *dépôt* of the clove trade in February, 1623, was not known in England till May, 1624. At the moment when it became known there happened to be a close alliance between England and the Dutch against Spain, and so the news was received almost with indifference as a matter of no importance. But as fresh causes of commercial jealousy against Holland developed, the cry for reparation for that massacre gradually swelled during the next thirty years, and it remained for Cromwell to give effect to that cry in 1654. Englishmen began to find it objectionable that Dutch fishing fleets poached herrings within three miles of the Norfolk coast, that Dutch whaling fleets tried to exclude ours from the Greenland seas, that the Dutch were establishing themselves in

North America and the West Indies in dangerous proximity to our infant colonies, and finally that they were rapidly developing into the great carriers of European commerce. In 1622 most of the causes of this jealousy were still to come; but the point to be noticed is that the first two Stuart kings were as unable to protect commerce and the honour of their flag against the natural allies as they were against the natural enemies of England.

For the moment it no doubt seemed to some few English merchants a nuisance that the Dutch should blockade the ports of Flanders; but the mass of the nation rejoiced thereat. For Protestant affairs in Germany were going from bad to worse, and at last the whole Palatinate fell, and even poor Frederick's title of Elector was transferred to the Duke of Bavaria. And all this while James was being amused by the Spaniards in the matter of the marriage treaty. To that treaty, if it could be had on their own terms, the new King of Spain, Philip IV., and his minister Olivares were by no means averse. Bankrupt as Spain was, she could still afford a handsome dowry for one of her daughters. England seemed to have a great deal to give in return, including a very good chance of the reconquest of Holland; nay, the treaty might ultimately lead to the re-establishment of Catholicism in Northern Europe, which re-establishment was to every Philip a sacred hereditary duty. Moreover, Spain intended to teach the English Catholics to look to her, much as Russia gets the Christian subjects of Turkey to look to her now. James seemed inclined to admit this as quite practicable and reasonable; with what temper his patriotic subjects would look upon it, we can now

understand. It is beyond question that his long dangling after this marriage put off the chance of toleration for a full century; when he exclaimed on one occasion that all the devils in hell could not prevent the match, it was one of his own courtiers who whispered, 'there were no devils left in hell; they had all gone to Madrid to sign the treaty.' It is entirely needless to detail the shifts to which Bristol was reduced in his efforts to secure the prize, of which in his heart he disapproved, without paying the only possible price for it; one episode only must be told.

Prince Charles was now a young man of twenty-two. He had outgrown the delicacy of his boyhood. He was far more obstinate than his father, and was without his father's shrewdness; far more respectable and decorous, without the warm heart which almost atoned for James' silly tempers. James was fickle and impulsive, but he could see reason when his passions did not blind him; he had, moreover, a really wide outlook, and great principles swaying about in his head. Charles had, at this time at least, no principles; he was self-concentrated and self-worshipping; and he was capable of telling any amount of little lies, which are much worse than one big one. So far as he had any affection, it was given to Buckingham; and the two young men now proposed to each other to go *incogniti* to Madrid, terminate all the diplomatic palaverings by such a sudden compliment to the King of Spain, and fetch home the Infanta in a halo of romance and a big ship. James protested, refused, blubbered and gave way. The young men rode in disguise across France, and, at 8 p.m. on March 7th, 1623, surprised and horrified Bristol by knocking at his door in Madrid.

The decorous Spanish Court was from the first scandalized at the exploit. To Philip and his ministers it could, however, have but one meaning; the Prince would obviously not have come unless he were prepared to declare himself a Catholic, or at least give security for his ultimate conversion and that of his subjects. Charles was prepared to go a very great way towards this rather than be baulked of his object. He worked himself up to believe that he was desperately in love with the Infanta; in reality, he was only in love with himself and his own will. He bore himself with his usual outward decorum, but soon found that he was running his head against a stone wall of Catholic orthodoxy—confessors of the lady—necessary dispensations from unwilling popes—honourable but astute Spanish ministers, who simply saw one price which he must pay for his bride. Rather than return baulked, Charles finally swore (1) that his wife's household should be entirely nominated by the King of Spain, and its priests and bishops exempt from the laws of England; (2) that, wherever she was, there should be a public Catholic church open to all Englishmen; (3) that no existing law against Catholics should be put in force, and no future Acts passed against them in any of his three kingdoms; (4) that perfect toleration for their religion should be granted in all private houses; (5) that within three years Parliament should confirm these articles; (6) that his father should at once swear to the same.

When the news of this reached James he was thrown into a terrible state. He at least knew how impossible of fulfilment such articles were; and what, oh! what had become of the Palatinate? But he swore, simply because he felt sure that, if he did not, he would

never see his 'Baby Charles' again. And now, having got an instalment of the price, the Spaniards naturally hesitated to hand over the lady; would not the Prince wait till the spring? Each side, in fact, gradually began to see the falsity of the whole concern. The delay disgusted Charles, and it disgusted Buckingham still more; most of all Buckingham's free-and-easy manners, not to say insolence, disgusted the grave Spaniards. Charles suddenly declared he must go home—he would send a fleet to fetch his bride. Philip was delighted at the idea—anything to get rid of his troublesome guest. The parting was outwardly most friendly, but on the short voyage home Charles discovered that he had never loved the Infanta, that he had been grossly tricked throughout, and that only Spanish blood could salve his wounded honour. In truth, the Spaniards had behaved on the whole far more honourably than the Prince, whose measure Olivares had probably taken, and whom he trusted not at all.

But to the English nation all this was hidden. The Prince had returned (he reached London October 6th) without the hated Spanish woman, and had escaped the Inquisition, in which the ordinary John Bull had pictured him languishing; he was still, marvellous to relate, a Protestant, and London blazed with bonfires as Charles drove through to join his father in Hertfordshire.

For a while James, for whom one really begins to be sorry (for he saw the whole laborious edifice, which he thought he had built up, crumble at a touch of exasperation on the part of Charles), struggled to believe that the marriage was still not impossible; and his ambassador at Madrid strove to retreat from his awkward position at

least with honour. But the Prince was obdurate; for the first and only time in his life he had tasted the sweets of popular acclamation, and Buckingham, who was never indifferent to the good-will of the nation, saw for himself a splendid chance of recovering it. He saw himself a new Drake and a more successful Essex, storming the harbours of Cadiz and Lisbon, negotiating a French marriage and alliance, and leading the English people in its most cherished and warlike design. A new Parliament was summoned in February, 1624, and the King had to give way to it step by step. He ate his own words about privilege by entreating its advice on grave matters of state, ate the oaths he had sworn to the Spaniards, and flung the negotiation to the winds; but it was manifest that he did all this only at the bidding of his favourite and his son. Three hundred thousand pounds were voted by Parliament for a naval war and for assistance to the Dutch. Bristol, who could have told a truer tale than Buckingham about the Prince's visit to Spain, was, upon his return, confined to his house and not allowed to tell it even to James; embassies were sent to negotiate for a French bride for Charles, and to Germany, Sweden and Denmark for a Protestant crusade; and so the last year of James passed away in noisy preparations. Count Mansfeld, one of Frederick's half-brigand allies, was allowed to come to England to levy men for the recovery of the Palatinate; subsidies were promised to him, as well as to Christian of Denmark.

But not, unfortunately, for such a war as the Commons had intended. The Houses were prorogued in May, already dissatisfied at the turn things were taking. In spite of the invitation to assist in the royal councils,

they had found that all the preparations for war were for a land war only, and were never revealed to them. The close French alliance, which formed the most important item in Buckingham's programme, was hateful to them; small wonder that the first Parliament of the next reign repudiated responsibility for the King's engagements to foreign princes. All his last year the poor old King made pitiful efforts to avoid an open breach with Spain. 'Mansfeld's troops were for the Palatinate and for that only,' he said; 'they shouldn't even help the Dutch to relieve a single frontier fortress.' So those troops starved and died for want of pay and supplies. James' state-craft, such as it ever had been, was gone from him. Buckingham, in his eagerness for the French alliance, not only promised English ships to King Louis XIII. to help him to put down a rebellion of the ever-restless Huguenots, but, in view of the coming French marriage, compelled James secretly to pledge himself to articles of toleration for the Catholics which would be only a shade less inacceptable to English Protestantism than those of the broken Spanish treaty.

Seven-and-fifty years of hard living—study, hunting, feasting and hot temper—had worn out the 'British Solomon,' a name which Bishop Williams gave to James in his funeral sermon. On March 27th, 1625, Charles I. became king. The verdict of history on King James will have to be a more merciful one than that of his contemporaries would have been. In the main it will be this: he saw, far away, great things—peace, union, toleration; but he failed to understand the things that were near, which stood in the light of the great objects; and his career might well illustrate a sermon on the virtues of temper, tact and self-restraint.

CHAPTER XII

THE FIRST DEAFNESS OF KING CHARLES

KING JAMES had inherited, as we have seen, many difficulties, both domestic and foreign. He had aggravated them all and left them, a terrible legacy, to his son. The problem of sovereignty, to which I referred above, was now openly on the table for solution. Charles was far worse equipped than his father for his share in the task. He was one of the worst judges of men that ever tried to rule. He was quite self-sufficient, and quite incapable either of inspiring confidence or giving it; like Ethelred, he was the 'unready,' the evil-counselled. He was cold, formal and proud, and withal of narrow intellect and poor education. This made him entirely blind to the changes which were coming over the social and political atmosphere. One doesn't suppose that he deliberately said to himself, "I will not listen to the voice of my people"; but the effect was as if he had said so. He did not listen very much to the only friend he ever had, Buckingham. The King and not Buckingham was to blame for half the mismanagements of which the House of Commons was soon to accuse the latter; and the House was almost obliged to confess as much as soon as Buckingham was dead.

For the moment Buckingham seemed to rule all. The Spanish war, the aid to the German Protestants, the

French marriage, with its promises of toleration for English Catholics, all were put into his hands to be carried out. The gay little Queen, Henrietta Maria, aged fifteen, daughter of King James' old ally Henry IV., came over and was duly married to Charles; but she found a very dry reception, and for three years at least her husband remained as cold as a fish towards her. He had early committed himself to a promise to lend ships to his new brother-in-law, Louis XIII., for the repression of the Huguenots; and in order to evade paying this disgraceful price for the French alliance, he actually got up a mutiny in his own royal navy. This was so far successful that the sailors refused to serve under the Papist flag; but the ships had to be sent, were manned by Frenchmen, and helped to blockade La Rochelle, the great Huguenot stronghold of Western France. The rest of the French treaty came to nothing; all Charles' promises of tolerating the Catholics were broken, the Queen's French ladies were packed off home, and the result was that the new French alliance was first strained, then snapped: and these things were done deliberately in order to throw dust in the eyes of the English Parliament, from which the King now asked for a million of money to pay for the various enterprises which he had in hand. What would Parliament say to it all?

The first three Parliaments of King Charles (1625, 1626, 1628–9) form a single epoch in the reign. They threw up many names to be famous in the strife to come—Pym, Wentworth and Cromwell; but they threw up also a man who was to do more than all the rest to make accommodation impossible. One might call Sir John Eliot the first professional leader of the Opposition, 'whose duty it is to criticize everything the Government does.'

Dr. Johnson said 'the Devil was the first Whig'; and, if we take his Greek name of Διάβολος, the spirit that divideth (where God willeth unity), there is some truth in the saying. Sir John Eliot was a man of the loftiest character, whose ghost, if it could haunt the scene of his triumphs, would be horrified at the modern travesty of his principles, but he was as intolerant as his opponent the King; and it is hard to resist the conclusion that, at last, he intended to push matters to an extremity. Unfortunately, also, he possessed the most dangerous of all gifts, the power of moving a great assembly with words. Of mortals he was certainly the first Whig, the forerunner of Shaftesbury and Fox.

He was such an admirable leader that he led the House further than it intended to go, and further, I think, than it need have gone. With such a stupid king as Charles, the game was really in the hands of Parliament, and there was no need for violent measures. The violence of the third Parliament of the reign, if it did not found a Royalist party where none existed before, at least gave the King excuses for some of his high-handed acts; and when, relying on these excuses, Charles went on to his eleven years of despotic government, he in his turn gave to his opponents far ampler excuses for the subversion of his government, even at the sacrifice of the unity of the nation. In my opinion the first Parliament, that of 1625, threw down an unnecessary gauntlet in refusing to grant the King the customs for life. This main and increasing source of royal revenue now amounted almost to £300,000; every king since Henry VI. had had it granted to him for life. In Charles' first Parliament the Commons brought in a Bill to grant it for one year only; the Lords, taking the natural view that this was

an unnecessary irritation, would almost certainly have amended or thrown out the Bill, had Parliament not been dissolved before they could do so. The King, who simply couldn't live at all without this resource, collected the customs, without any grant, right down to 1640. Technically the Commons were within their rights; and they had a good excuse in that they wanted to limit the 'impositions' referred to above. Morally, however, the King was in the right; and the Commons so far acknowledged their error, that they made at first little complaint against the King's collection of the dues. To refuse other parliamentary grants was quite another thing; these, and not the customs, were the real weapon which should have been used.

Again, however objectionable the 'Arminian innovations' in church matters were to the mass of the nation, it cannot be denied that the violence of the leaders of the Commons against Arminians threatened to produce, and did ultimately produce an intolerance quite as great as that of the court clergymen. Side by side with all that was noble in Puritanism, the direct relation of the individual soul to God, the hatred of priestcraft and ceremonial, lay the less lovely feature of the Calvinist creed, the doctrine of election and predestination, which Burns has so frightfully satirized in 'Holy Willie's Prayer.' Gradually, in the strife of parties, to many reflective minds, which had no sympathy with Laud's petty ceremonial or his sacerdotal doctrines, this fundamental of the Puritan creed became unbelievable; and such minds were driven by the violence of the Opposition into the Royalist camp in spite of themselves.

All this, however, was in the future. The strife of parties had definitely begun: each formed its shibboleths

and sharpened its weapons; and, in five cases out of six, it must be admitted that the Parliamentary party was in the right: the Government seemed to have a genius for putting itself in the wrong. It will be convenient if, before discussing the domestic quarrels, we take a rapid survey of the foreign policy of King Charles, if, indeed, there is anything which can be dignified by such a name. On James' death the money promised to Mansfeld and to King Christian of Denmark remained unpaid. The latter had made war in Germany mainly on the strength of the promise, and Charles' failure to keep it hastened Christian's utter defeat at the hands of the Imperialists in 1626. Mansfeld's army also starved and melted away. A few gallant Englishmen in the Danish service saved the towns at the mouth of the Elbe for a few months longer, and Sir Charles Morgan covered himself with immortal honour by his defence of Stade; but by 1628 all chance of serious English interference on behalf of the German Protestants was over, and only the appearance of King Gustavus of Sweden on the scene saved North Germany for Protestantism. Gustavus, almost as great a statesman as he was a soldier, had taken the measure of English promises, and, though Charles coquetted with him, he would have nothing to say to Charles at all. It was impossible for the king of such a poor country as Sweden to make war on its own resources, and Gustavus turned to a better paymaster, the King of France; and thus was founded the alliance of France and Sweden, which was to last almost to the close of the eighteenth century. Ill fortune also attended the attack of our fleet on Spain in the autumn of 1625. Sir Edward Cecil, its commander, whom his men somewhat

unjustly nicknamed 'Sit-still,' failed to take Cadiz, failed to damage the Spanish ships in the harbour, and failed to capture the Mexican plate-fleet. Buckingham's administration as Lord High Admiral, though not without its merits,[1] had produced foul hulls, rotten tackle and landsmen impressed as sailors who had no stomach for Raleigh's old game.

To quarrel with France while he was still at war with Spain was Charles' next move, and a madder one could scarcely be imagined. It seems to have been partly his determination to dismiss his Queen's French ladies that set the match to the fire; but it was also a desire to show himself off as a champion of Protestantism, in which character he was even then being hissed off the German stage. In 1626 he would succour the distressed Huguenots of La Rochelle, for use against whom in the year before he had lent King Louis English ships. It would not really be fair to compare the position of the French Protestants with that of the English Catholics; for the former had enjoyed, since 1598, complete freedom from persecution everywhere, and liberty of worship in certain specified districts. They had also enjoyed very wide political privileges, which, one is bound to admit, they had misused even to the length of rebellion; and it was these privileges only which the great French minister, Richelieu, was seeking to break down at La Rochelle. Charles and Buckingham either totally failed to see this, or overlooked it from their 'champion of

[1] Buckingham certainly reformed many of the abuses which had crept into the navy during the long admiralty of old Lord Nottingham, who had gone serenely to sleep after his victory over the Armada. But Buckingham was really more fussy than thoroughgoing, and was too impatient to learn anything in detail.

Protestantism' point of view. Richelieu ground his teeth and unwillingly consented to patch up a temporary peace with Spain (April, 1626). He would make an end, he vowed, of La Rochelle's independence. And so, in the summer of 1627, a great English fleet was with difficulty got ready for the relief. This time Buckingham would go in person; and his expedition to the Isle of Rhé, which guards the entrance to La Rochelle, was an even more pitiable failure than Cecil's to Cadiz. Buckingham displayed great personal courage, great humanity and great fussiness. His men starved and rotted for three months in a hopeless and gallant attempt to take a small fortress at the harbour mouth. The Rochellese also starved behind their own walls; by the beginning of November Buckingham was back at Plymouth. An effort was made to keep the fleet and the army on a war footing during the winter, in the hope of a fresh effort for the next year; but there was no pay and little food, and the results were mutiny, desertion and plundering of Devonshire farms, answered by executions under martial law.

In May, '28, the fleet, under Lord Denbigh, sailed and failed again. Richelieu's lines were closing round the doomed city, and Denbigh returned in a month without having been able to strike a blow. The entrance to La Rochelle was no doubt a difficult one; but Buckingham, who, with all his faults, was a high-spirited English gentleman, felt the failure deeply, and in August he was preparing for a fresh relief expedition, when he was murdered at Portsmouth by one John Felton, a gloomy, discontented fanatic who made himself the agent of the popular hatred. La Rochelle surrendered to Richelieu on October 18th. It is characteristic of Charles that

he was quite as ready to make peace with Spain or with France as he had been to make war: to each he offered an alliance against the other; both negotiations could go on at the same time—why not?—and he would conclude the one that turned out best. There was, in fact, no real obstacle to either peace; for Spain was reduced to her last *maravedi* (she always was, and yet somehow managed to stagger along for nearly a century more), and France had greater schemes on hand, now that the unity of her kingdom was achieved. But as for alliance with Charles, not even the poor Spaniards cared about that now. The treaty of Madrid (1630) closed the Spanish war; that of Susa had closed the French war the year before. Henceforth King Charles had to avoid wars, little or big. His poor brother-in-law Frederick died in 1632, leaving numerous children, whose destitute condition afforded employment for Charles' ambassadors at European courts for the rest of the reign. Charles was quite ready to promise aid to any one who would help to recover the Palatinate, but for ten years no one paid the slightest attention to him. Perhaps the most humorous point in the situation was reached when, in the autumn of 1639, the Dutch chased a large Spanish fleet into the Downs, and Charles offered his protection and the assistance of the English fleet to the highest bidder, Dutchman or Spaniard; and he went on haggling so long that the Dutch got impatient and blew most of the Spanish ships to pieces. The curtain was rung down for good on the foreign policy of the Elizabethan age, and the name of England was blotted from the pages of European history until a mightier hand than that of Charles took the helm of state.

Now, it is impossible to acquit the House of Commons

of all responsibility for this effacement of the influence of England abroad. Some of its leaders—*e.g.* the King's future minister, Thomas Wentworth—avowed that England had no concern with foreign quarrels. But the great majority of them, and especially Eliot, while looking upon interference on behalf of foreign Protestants, no matter the right or wrong of their cause, as a sacred duty, were either quite unwilling to pay the enormous necessary cost, or unwilling to trust the King and his ministers with the task. They therefore dribbled out subsidies quite insufficient even to keep a fleet afloat: in 1625 £140,000 (about half the cost of the fleet for that year); in 1626 nothing; in 1628 five subsidies (£350,000) were actually voted, but the formalities necessary to make the vote a Bill were not completed. After the dissolution in 1629, Charles took these subsidies as if they had been granted.

I hope that I have shown that the King and his ministers gave the most ample justification for this mistrust—no government ever gave greater; but it was hardly fair, under the circumstances, for the House to scold them as incessantly as it did for the failure of their foreign policy. The fact is that, as things stood, Wentworth was probably right: the Continent must be left to take care of itself; the English Parliament had other tasks to perform. In the course of the performance of these tasks Wentworth found that he was very much out of touch with the other leaders, and deliberately went over to the side of the Crown. It was Eliot, Pym, Sandys and Phelips who bore the brunt of the struggle. To them, perhaps even before civil liberty, the dearest cause was Puritanism; and to the defence of that cause they went with a will. Now their complaint is of the

non-enforcement of the recusancy laws against the Papists; there is a perfect nest of Jesuits at Clerkenwell who are not hanged, drawn and quartered, as his Majesty promised they should be. Now it is Queen Mary's old candlesticks that are being placed on the communion table in Winchester Cathedral. Now it is Richard Montague, who writes a 'New Gag for an Old Goose,' in which he says that the Pope is neither Antichrist nor the Man of Sin, and defends auricular confession and pictures in churches: surely he ought to be punished? Charles coldly says no, and makes him a bishop instead. Now it is Roger Mainwaring, who preaches a sermon, in which he says the King can take what taxes he pleases (even Laud remonstrated when Charles ordered this 'blatant beast' to publish his sermon). He is impeached, condemned by the Lords, pardoned by the King and given a rich living; him, too, lawn sleeves await (1636). Now it is John Cousin, Prebendary of Durham, who publishes a manifestly Popish 'Book of Devotions,' specifying at what hour you are to say what prayers; who has (or has not) been seen during the communion service, reading a book called 'The Preparation for the Mass.' He, too, is treated to Eliot's thunder; he will get his bishopric, though he will have to wait till after the Restoration for it. Worst of all, the communion table is, in too many places, being made to look like an altar; and men are seen bowing to it.

It all sounds like a fore-echo of the dismal controversies of our own days, and one is tempted to wish impatiently that Eliot and his friends could have been more tolerant. But then one must reflect, first, that the King was heart and soul in favour of these innovators, and that he possessed, by the Act of Supremacy, coercive power to

install these innovations everywhere. Parliament had really no *legal* power of resistance in church matters, unless it could repeal that Act and get the King's consent to such repeal; and that Act had, up till now, been regarded as the firmest bulwark against Rome. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, a moderate Puritan, counted for nothing in the strife; his voice was quietly set aside, he was, in 1627, confined in one of his own houses, and his jurisdiction was taken from him, because he refused to license a sermon which a sycophant named Sibthorp preached in favour of a forced loan. Dr. Laud—successively Bishop of St. David's (1621), Bath and Wells (1626), London (1628), and soon (1633) to be Archbishop—stood behind the throne, rigidly determined to enforce conformity and uniformity on a wholly unwilling people.

Secondly, one must reflect that these innovators in religion were also the foremost in maintaining the extreme doctrine of the King's prerogative, and therefore were the greatest enemies of civil liberty. In their defence of this last the Puritan leaders were reinforced by men like Selden, the most learned scholar of his age, and by old Sir Edward Coke, whom James had dismissed from the Chief-Justiceship. Whatever opinions one may hold in the religious controversy, it is perfectly clear that in civil matters the House of Commons was wholly in the right. The House of Lords supported it here with far more energy than in the defence of Puritanism. The peers of older creation had, indeed, long resented the rapid additions to their House of men who were mere courtiers (Scottish courtiers, too, in some cases) or favourites, of men who bought peerages or received them as rewards of financial services. They felt themselves ousted

from the Privy Council, in which Elizabeth had been careful to consult them; they felt that the Government was becoming a 'bureaucracy.' Charles began his reign by trying, with the most shocking ignorance of Constitutional Law, to keep out of the House the Earls of Arundel and Bristol, respectively the proudest and the ablest of the Peers. He attempted to keep them in confinement during a parliamentary session, lest they should criticize Buckingham's foreign policy. The Peers growled ominously in each case; and Charles, after various subterfuges, including an absurd accusation of high treason against Bristol, the most loyal man in the kingdom, gave way.

Still, it was to the Commons that the bulk of the work and all the lead fell. The first Parliament skirmished and bickered, mainly on religion and on the failure of the foreign policy; at last it went straight to the point and named the Duke of Buckingham. The King, against his favourite's advice, at once dissolved it. The second went straight to the point at once and impeached the Duke. The charges against him were either vague or not easy to prove: 'he held too many offices; he trafficked in peerages for his personal gain; as Admiral he failed egregiously to guard English commerce; he had doctored King James on his deathbed.' Eliot, in an impassioned summing up, compared him to Sejanus, and it did not need much knowledge of history to enable Charles to remark, "Then I must be Tiberius." Generally speaking, the individual charges broke down hopelessly; any court would have been bound to acquit any man on such evidence as the Commons were able to produce. The real charge was that here was a man who monopolized the power of the Crown and ruled the State in a most

incapable fashion; his removal was imperatively necessary if there were to be any reform at all. Before the Lords could investigate the charges the King, in the middle of the session, imprisoned Eliot and Digges, and the Commons absolutely refused to proceed to business till they were released. When that was done, the House voted by a large majority a root-and-branch remonstrance against the very existence of Buckingham: 'the affairs of the Christian world do all suffer chiefly by his means, . . . any money we shall give your Majesty will, through his misemployment, be turned rather to the hurt and prejudice of this your kingdom than otherwise, etc.'

Instant dissolution followed.

Charles, like his father in 1614, had to fall back, if he were to live at all, on unparliamentary taxation. First he asked his loving subjects, county by county, for a free gift. His loving subjects replied, "No." Then he tried, following a precedent of Elizabeth, to compel each of the maritime counties to provide him a ship for his fleet, or its equivalent in cash. Something was raised in this way, after the list of justices of the peace had been purified by the erasure of the names of Eliot, Wentworth, Phelips and other Parliamentary leaders. Finally (September, 1626), just as he was beginning his quarrel with France, the King sent round a circular demanding a forced loan. It was expected to bring in £350,000; and men were rated to it according to what they would have paid to five parliamentary subsidies. Some people who refused to pay were impressed to serve as soldiers or sailors. Even the judges kicked against sanctioning forced loans; Crew, C.J., was instantly dismissed. Fifteen peers refused—among them the future leaders in the Civil War, Essex, Warwick and

Saye. Early in 1627 the privy councillors themselves went round England to enforce payment; but resistance steadily grew. Among the resisters were Wentworth and John Hampden, as well as Eliot, who was again promptly imprisoned. Altogether, nearly a quarter of a million was squeezed out of the country: Buckingham's expedition to Rhé swallowed it all up in a few weeks.

Then came the famous cause of the 'five knights'—may their names live long in the land—Darnel, Corbet, Erle, Heveningham and Edmund Hampden. They too had been imprisoned for refusing to pay. They demanded a *habeas corpus*—that is to say, the sacred right of every Englishman to be brought up for trial at the next assize, and, unless committed for treason or felony, to be released on bail in the meantime. Not even King Charles alleged that the refusal of a forced loan was either treason or felony; therefore it must be a misdemeanour, the only other class of crime known to the law. But the Crown lawyers argued that a person committed to prison '*per speciale mandatum regis*' could not sue out his writ of *habeas corpus*; that the Crown was not bound to show cause; that there were plenty of precedents for it; that, even if there were not, it was 'matter of prerogative,' 'reason of state.' There were, undoubtedly, plenty of precedents; but then they had been in times when the safety of the State was in grave danger. Elizabeth had seized and kept in prison lots of Jesuits who were plotting the overthrow of English law and liberty. Now it was King Charles rather than the five knights who was plotting that same. No one, in short, denied that there was a useful and necessary sphere for prerogative; but the application of it in this case would lead

to sheer tyranny. The four judges, before whom the case was tried, felt it safer to stick to the letter of the law and to allow the precedents to run on; they therefore refused to liberate the prisoners—but they also refused to rule that the Crown was not bound to show cause of commitment.

The King next thought he would try an excise—*i.e.* a tax on goods made at home, levied by inspectors (Dr. Johnson's 'hateful impost levied on commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property but by wretches hired by those to whom the excise is paid'); but even his Privy Council would not follow him here. Then he thought of a 'ship-money,' to be levied on all counties; this too was abandoned. Finally, the only thing to be done was to try a Parliament again. The third Parliament of the reign accordingly met in March, 1628. Wentworth at first took the lead in the Commons, and denounced forced loans, favourites, billeting of soldiers on private houses, impressment of soldiers for foreign service, and the like; above all, he denounced inefficiency. His position was a peculiar one: he had little reverence for Parliaments—they were to him only a means to an end, to enable the King's Government to be carried on efficiently; his ideal was the Elizabethan ideal, strong government based on the unity of King and People; he hated Puritans and Puritanism, and distrusted Eliot almost as much as he hated Buckingham. He had enormous confidence in his own ability to rule, and wanted to display it. Charles early learned that certain concessions might win over this strong man, who had been obliged for the time to throw in his lot with the Opposition. It was Wentworth's influence that procured the vote of five subsidies, even

while he was also bringing in a Bill to restrict arbitrary imprisonment, forced loans and billeting. He went still further, and proposed that the Common Law doctrine of *habeas corpus* should be fortified by a Statute, an ideal not realized till 1679.

It was Sir Edward Coke who proposed to clinch the matter by embodying the principal demands of the Commons in a 'Petition of Right.' This was a mediæval name for a declaration of both Houses, which was not a Statute but had all the force of one. It had to receive an immediate answer, instead of waiting, like a Statute, till the end of the session. The Petition, after much discussion, was accepted in both Houses in May, '28. It declared commissions of martial law unlawful, billeting of soldiers and sailors on private houses unlawful, all loans or taxes without consent of Parliament unlawful, and all arbitrary imprisonment unlawful. Though Wentworth's proposals had laid the ground for it, the express nature of its terms, and its narrow limitation of the sphere of action of the prerogative, displeased him. Henceforth he went back, and walked no more with his former associates; and, as it was not in his nature to stand aside or to do anything by halves, he went over wholly to the King. In the second session of this Parliament he appeared as Baron, and soon as Viscount Wentworth; and men have called him an apostate.

The King struggled and wriggled against consenting to the Petition. He consulted the judges, each one separately, before giving his reply. The general drift of their answer was, "Your Majesty knows that we are the interpreters of the Law; all laws have need of interpretation." "Yes, but if I consent to this, shall I

ever be able to violate it again?" Answer again, "It will be a matter for interpretation in each particular case; did we ever fail your Majesty yet?" Fortified with this, Charles gave a shuffling assent, with reservations which the Houses utterly refused to receive. "It is Buckingham," again they cried, "who has counselled this; he is the author of all our evils"; and the King, fearing a fresh impeachment of his favourite, gave way and swallowed the Petition whole. Here the Commons ought to have rested content, and here Lords wanted them to rest; but party spirit had been highly inflamed—the House was no longer in Wentworth's hands, but in Eliot's. In the very next month (June, '28), it drew up a remonstrance on the state of the kingdom in general and on the Duke in particular; and, further, it proceeded to complain of the collection of the customs, which it had never yet granted. It is quite certain that the Commons never intended the word 'tax' in the Petition to cover the customs; they only meant direct taxes, and they had no business now to shift their ground. The King angrily prorogued the Houses; and, when they met again, Buckingham was dead, and Wentworth had gone to York as 'Lord President of the Council of the North.'

London was, then as always, fiercely Parliamentarian, and the autumn of 1628 and most of 1629 witnessed a long struggle between the merchants, who now refused to pay customs on their goods, and the Law Courts, which held that such duties were leviable by prerogative. The most famous cases are those of Chambers and Rolle. Chambers boldly told the Privy Council that merchants were worse 'screwed and wrung' in England than in Turkey; he fought his case stoutly, inch by inch, before

Council and Star Chamber, in spite of fines and imprisonments. He lived to resist ship-money also, and to be indemnified by the Long Parliament as a 'martyr to liberty.' Rolle was a member of the House of Commons as well as a merchant; the House explained that this made the matter worse for the King, and fiercely claimed 'privilege of Parliament' for a member's goods as well as for his person. For a time trade languished completely, for no one imported goods, but, by 1630, the merchants (who, after all, must live) began to give way.

The second session of the third Parliament was therefore the fiercest of all that had yet been. Pym and Eliot definitely carried the war into the King's country: —'Religion perishing! Customs illegally levied! Violation of the Petition of Right! Violation of privilege of Parliament!' Shriller and shriller rose these cries, illustrated by a hundred details of arbitrary actions and of Popish innovations, on one of which Oliver Cromwell made the first of his amazingly ungrammatical, but forcible speeches. In the discussion of Rolle's case the custom-house officers were even summoned to the bar of the Lower House and sharply interrogated. On March 2nd the quarrel culminated in the refusal of the House to adjourn at command of the King. The doors were locked, and the Speaker, who protested in vain, was held down in his chair by physical force, while Holles, at Eliot's instigation, read to the House the famous three resolutions:—"That whoever brings in Arminian or Popish innovations in religion, whoever advises the levy of customs before parliamentary grant, whoever even pays the same, is an enemy to the Kingdom and Commonwealth." It was an open defiance of the King

and all his works, on the two capital grounds of religion and taxation. The House adjourned itself, after a wild scene of enthusiasm and disorder, and Parliament was at once dissolved.

"No man," says Clarendon, "can show me a source from whence these waters of bitterness we now taste have more probably flowed than from this unseasonable, unskilful and precipitate dissolution of Parliaments," . . . the court and people "usually parted at these sad seasons with no other respect and charity, one toward the other, than accompanies persons who never meant to meet but in their own defence, . . . and whoever considers the acts of power and injustice in the intervals of Parliaments will not be much scandalized at the warmth and vivacity of those meetings." Moreover, the historian well indicates how the plan defeated itself; it made people consider the power of Parliaments to be much greater than [in Clarendon's own later view] it legally should have been, "since the sovereign power seemed to be compelled to that rough cure [dissolution], and to determine their being, because it could not determine their jurisdiction."

But Eliot had appealed to the country beyond the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, and the first period of King Charles' reign was at an end.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BLINDNESS OF KING CHARLES

THE period now before us, from March, 1629, till April, 1640, contains the longest interval between two Parliaments known in English history. It is often called 'the period of despotism,' but I do not imagine that Charles had, during these years, any more consciousness that he was ruling despotically than he had had before. The fact seems simply to be that, as long as he could make shift in one way or another to get money enough to live on and govern with, without driving his long-suffering people into open rebellion, there seemed to be no particular reason why he should call a Parliament at all. There were, from his point of view, a great many reasons why he should not. I suppose that he was too stupid to realize that discontent was bound to go on increasing every year, and that the bill of reckoning, when presented, would be heavier for every year of delay. The same excuse may probably be made for Laud, with whom he took frequent counsel, and not upon church matters alone. But it is difficult to believe that Wentworth can have closed his eyes to the inevitable sequel; possibly his view was that the increase of commercial prosperity (and we have plenty of evidence of such an increase) would dull men's minds to the loss of con-

stitutional liberties. After all, he may have thought, it was the 'regular thing' in Europe. In France and Spain, in the German states, even in happy Scandinavia, royal power had been for more than a century on the increase; all mediæval systems of Estates, of which our Parliament was only one, had gone to the wall; and, in those countries, order had been all the better kept, and prosperity had been greater than in the Middle Ages, when monarchs were 'limited.' An unfettered king can introduce reforms which are in advance of his age; Parliaments will only represent the commonplace feeling of the age, and will retard such reforms. Wentworth, moreover, was far away in Ireland most of the time, and his 'experiments in strong government' bore good fruit there; and perhaps he didn't realise that, long before his return, people were muttering of him as 'black Tom Tyrant.'

Yet, even if Wentworth persuaded himself that the day for strong government was not yet past, he must have soon felt that as an apex for the system Charles was hopeless. Charles' indifference to counsel, and the scantiness and tardiness of his rewards to his most faithful servant might have convinced him of this. There is no sort of evidence that Charles perceived Wentworth's greatness: "this King," the Venetian ambassador wrote, "is so constituted that he never obliges any one either by word or deed." As for other 'advisers,' the King listened to very few, and those quite undistinguished. Down till 1635 he had an admirable steward, of the Cranfield type, in Richard Weston, Earl of Portland; who, though he made a large private fortune out of the Treasurership, watched, with a sharp eye, against the peculations of others. To Cottington, a selfish time-

server who knew the backstairs of European diplomacy, the King occasionally turned; to Sir Thomas Roe or to Lord Bristol, who understood both the needs of Europe and the honour of England, hardly ever. The Marquis Hamilton, his Scottish cousin, was calculated to give him the worst possible advice on the government of Scotland; and with Hamilton, who was often playing for his own ends, Charles made the nearest approach to friendship that he ever made after Buckingham's death. From being very rude, and then coldly polite to his Queen, he had passed into her affectionate lover and servant; and, while no one could say that the Queen was a bad woman, she was levity and folly itself. For the rest, the King walked about his beautiful palaces, planted and built, collected pictures and statues (in which he had a fine taste), hunted a good deal in a stately kind of way, and perhaps, like the proverbial ostrich who buries his head in the sand, really came to forget all about public opinion.

What chance had public opinion of getting for itself organized expression? Very little. For the pulpit was to the seventeenth century what the newspaper is to-day, and Laud took care to tune the pulpits to his own key. The universities were watched, and weeded of Puritanism by the same careful hand. Success in the learned professions awaited only those who 'conformed.' Perhaps the best opportunities of a talk on the 'state of the nation' were enjoyed by the populace at executions and pillories, by merchants and tradesmen in town councils, by country gentlemen at quarter sessions and assizes, at the meet, or at the new-fashioned race-meetings.[1] But we have abundant evidence that

[1] Among the pestilent innovations of the Stuarts, horse-racing

the lessons of resistance, taught in the recent Parliaments, were well remembered by all these classes. We have also much powerful tradition that Pym and John Hampden, a gentleman of fortune in Bucks, deliberately set to work to build upon the foundation which Eliot had laid; that they held meetings at the houses of the Earl of Bedford, the Earl of Warwick and Lord Saye, and kept their armour, so to speak, polished for the first chance of renewal of the fray. As, without such renewal, the liberties of England would have been lost, we cannot afford to regret that they did so. But we are bound to regret one part of the result; for, when the victory over the inefficient monarchy had been won, Parliament became, not the place of the expression of a united national will, but the theatre of party strife for ambitious politicians, seeking to maintain themselves in power, at first, by the adroitness of tongue-fence, and at last by appeals to the cupidity of uneducated men.

However, the victory had to be won first; and many a 'martyr to liberty' had to suffer in the process. Eliot was the first; he and several other members were sent to prison for 'exciting to sedition' in the last Parliament. They applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*. The judges did not half like their task, and were inclined to grant it; but the King deceived them by a mean trick, and they were obliged to refuse it. Walter, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who kicked against this disgrace to his order, was suspended from his functions. Eliot

was not the least disastrous—"whereby," says Madden, "the country has been filled with ruined gamblers and the horse-market flooded with worthless weeds, in order that here and there a horse may be bred of the rarest power to gallop for a couple of miles, carrying on his back a boy or an attenuated man."

died in 1632 in the Tower, where he had suffered some hardships; he seems to have been one of the few people to whom the courtesies, usually accorded to political prisoners, were refused. Strode, his stoutest comrade, remained in prison till 1640. The other prisoners, one by one, made some sort of submission to the Crown, and were grudgingly released, Holles and Valentine, two subsequent leaders in the Long Parliament, being among them.

Laud, meanwhile, was hard at work at his endeavour to enforce outward conformity to, and uniformity in the services of the Church. He seems to have cared very little for theology, though, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he was a munificent patron of learning —witness his noble gift of Arabic MSS. to the Bodleian. In some ways he rendered excellent service to the Church, for he was always sending for parsons and churchwardens, and insisting that they should keep the fabric of their churches in repair, and should have the services decently and reverently conducted. In fact, he was more fitted to be a diocesan surveyor than a bishop; unfortunately, he was bishop of the most Puritan diocese in England (London), and in 1633 he became Archbishop of Canterbury. In his new capacity his 'visitations' of all dioceses in England are incessant: he pounces upon cases of simony; he compels kneeling at the communion; he evicts scandalous and drunken ministers. He is no respecter of rank or wealth; the rich adulterer shall do penance equally with the poor. The Ecclesiastical Courts shall work, in despite of public opinion. The fines collected in them shall go to repair the fabrics of cathedrals, too often in a state of neglect. Laud was a very brave man, and cared nothing for the insults and

threats of the London mob, which often reached his ears. Unfortunately, he was able to reach the ears of his opponents in a more practical way.

Five special cases of tyranny are usually alleged against him—those of Leighton, Prynne, Bastwick, Burton and Lilburne. Leighton was a Scottish theologian, who printed in Holland and disseminated in England a violent book called 'Sion's Plea against Prelacy': there is nothing too bad to be said of a bishop; the mere fact of being a bishop is a vile crime. Laud fell on Leighton, and the Star Chamber sentenced him to be whipped and to have his ears cut off (1630). Prynne, a barrister of immense learning, was an old enemy of Laud's; he had already cried out fiercely against Arminian doctrines and high-church practices; and when, in 1634, he wrote a ridiculous book, directed against the appearance of women on the stage, he was sentenced to suffer vivisection similar to Leighton's, but the stumps of his ears were left. And so, in 1637, when three more years of misgovernment at home and contempt abroad had stirred men to still hotter passions, Prynne had the remainder of his ears sawed off, and was branded on the cheeks with 'S.L.' ('Seditious Libeller,' said the Government; 'Stigmata Laudis,' said Prynne, with excellent humour). This time it was for an attack upon the bishops, almost as fierce as Leighton's; this time the crowd treated him as a martyr; and this time he was not alone: Burton, a Puritan clergyman, for an attack upon ritual, and Bastwick, a doctor of medicine, for a parody of the Litany ('from plague, pestilence and famine, from bishops, priests and deacons, Good Lord deliver us'), suffered similar punishment. And, after their punishment, they were sentenced to be imprisoned for life

and deprived of pens, ink, paper and books. The last famous case in 1637 was that of John Lilburne, who had circulated Puritan libels. England was to hear enough of 'Freeborn John,' as he was called, in years to come; indeed, he was, at bottom, the very negation of all government. Cited before Star Chamber, he refused to put himself on oath; as they whipped him along the Strand he scattered Puritan pamphlets, which the eager and sympathetic crowd picked up; he was then gagged and put in solitary confinement.

These men were all most venomous pamphleteers, who published falsehoods and used coarse language, such as would infallibly lead to libel prosecutions to-day; but they were not, as Laud represented them to be, sedition-mongers. They were perfectly loyal to the Crown. What they attacked was a particular form of church government; and the spectacle of Laud, assisting in giving judgment against them in the Star Chamber, was not an edifying one, for he was virtually giving judgment in his own favour against the large majority of the English nation. Repression brought its usual retribution: there were presses in Holland, and secret presses in London, which would print anything; and the pamphlets got worse and worse. The Star Chamber made in 1637 a strong effort to enforce Elizabeth's old decrees that all books must be licensed, that any one printing an unlicensed book was to be whipped through London, and the like; but, though the Government had a few spies, it had no real police (except of the Dogberry and Verges type), and so nineteen out of twenty of the authors were undetected.

One of the things that excited the wrath of the bustling Archbishop most was the fact that congregations, which

did not like the views of their parish priest, used to support a 'lecturer,' who would give them sermons more to their taste. Thus laymen were claiming a voice in the nomination of their spiritual teachers—an idea horrible to the sacerdotal mind. These intruders Laud rooted out with a strong hand very early in his career; and he plainly showed that he would allow no sermons to be preached which handled controversial topics in a dangerous fashion. Some of the extreme Puritans took to holding 'conventicles' in private houses, and these he hunted out with fine and imprisonment pretty thoroughly. When they prepared, as they often did, to emigrate to New England, it was Laud who procured orders in council stopping them. Worse than this, he insisted that the descendants of the French and Dutch refugees, whose congregations Elizabeth had wisely exempted from the Act of Uniformity, should henceforth use the Prayer Book service and that only. Did any one accuse the Archbishop of being a Papist, as Ludowick Bowyer did in 1633? off went his ears, and 'L.R.' ('Liar and Rogue') were stamped upon his cheeks. In all Star Chamber cases Laud's was the voice for the sharpest punishment. Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, an erratic, false but able man, was prosecuted in Star Chamber in 1637 for writing a pamphlet called 'The Holy Table, name and thing,' in which he took—mainly, it is true, out of spite against Laud—the Puritan view of this question. One couldn't very well whip or mutilate a bishop, but Williams suffered a harsh imprisonment and a heavy fine. In 1639 Laud seems to have been in favour of burning John Trendall (a very pernicious sectary) alive. Bishop Neile urged him to do so; but somehow or other the proceedings were dropped.

Much good, however, was done. St. Paul's Cathedral was no longer to be used as the Royal Exchange *plus* the Stock Exchange—it is the house of God. Communion tables, all over the country, were to be replaced at the east end of the church, and reverently railed off. Yet it must be remembered that Laud's enforcement of this act of decency was a deliberate violation of the Elizabethan compromise, which had been that the table should stand at the east end during the week, and be moved, for the communion, into the nave. To the Puritan of that day, to keep it at the east end was to make it an altar, to make the communion a sacrifice, almost a mass. And to Laud it was an altar; and no one act of his—perhaps not all his acts together—provoked so much opposition as this. Almost as much offence was given when, in 1633, the Archbishop induced the King to reissue his father's 'Declaration of Sports,' which *ordered* people to play games on Sunday. Terrible fetish as the Puritan Sabbath was, in its turn, to become, this attempt to nip it in the bud was government by grandmother—and such a grandmother! As if to make it worse, the declaration was to be read in churches.

Somehow, when all is said, one gets to be a little sorry for Laud; the whole thing is so hopeless. The rising tide of Puritanism swells under him—he feels that it will sweep him away: but he will not strike an inch of sail; he crowds on, and puts her head at the waves. To think him inclined to palter with Popery, as three-quarters of England thought him, was a grievous error, founded on ignorance of his character. The Church of England was more than sufficient for him. He utterly refused a cardinal's hat, which some unauthorized person suggested to him as a possibility on his elevation to Canterbury

in 1633. The increase of Popery was, in fact, one of his greatest trials. He wanted the King to close the ambassadors' chapels, and so to restrict the growing number of conversions; Charles promised to do so, but the Queen soon set that right again.

What was true was that many people went on from Laudianism to Catholicism. Weston, the Treasurer, died a Catholic. Windebank, Secretary of State, was converted, and called Henry VIII. a pig; Bishop Montague discussed with an agent of the Pope the possibilities of a 'reunion' of the Roman and English Churches! Charles, himself a firm churchman, was always thinking of the Pope as a bishop, useful on the chessboard of foreign politics (a bishop in chess moves in oblique directions), and so was willing to receive two successive 'Nuntios' at the English Court, Panzani in 1634, and Con (a Scot) soon after; and the latter remained till 1640. Naturally enough, these gentlemen knew how to make themselves agreeable in society; and the Queen was delighted to show her power to protect converts, all the more because it put a spoke in the wheel of the uncourtly Archbishop.

It does not, however, seem as if the Catholics had much chance of ultimate success; in religious conflict, although immediate success may rest, as in the case of the coming triumph of Puritanism, with those whose zeal burns most fiercely, ultimate success will rest with those who can best reconcile faith and reason. And, through the smoke of the strife, we can discern one or two men who belong to neither party, whom each party will condemn; men whose real affinities are to the earliest and most learned of the reformers, Colet and Erasmus; men to whom dogma is very unimportant and uniformity

nothing, morality and reason everything. Of such was Chillingworth, who in 1637 published 'The Religion of Protestants a safe way of Salvation'; of such was John Hales, Fellow of Eton College, in whose sermons and pamphlets we can trace the truest note of toleration so far given to the world. Similar conclusions might have been reached by one of the greatest thinkers of the age, John Milton, had not his cold and lofty republican instincts, founded on his classical learning, impelled him on to the side of the Puritans Milton moved, indeed, more among the abstract religious conceptions of the Ancient World than among either Puritan or Laudian attempts to justify the ways of God to man. For the moment he was pouring scorn on the pettiness of the Laudians in his 'Lycidas.'

When all is said on the subject of this religious strife one must acknowledge a profound feeling of regret; for the result of Laudianism was that the Church of England was never again to be united as a guide for the whole nation. I have dwelt at some length on the religious troubles in England during these eleven fateful years, because it was on the question of religion that the battle was to be fought out; but we must not forget that the irritating repression of Laud had its counterpart in the irritating repression of the Civil Government. The only civilian statesman on whom Charles could have relied was far away during the period. Wentworth had, in December, 1628, become President of the Council of the North and had taken up his abode at York. This Council had had an intermittent existence since 1536, when Henry VIII. sent down a special commission to stamp out the embers of the Pilgrimage of Grace; Elizabeth had sent a similar commission in 1569. Wentworth

now got a new set of instructions, which practically made his Council into a northern Star Chamber. The northern shires had not quite shaken off their wilder feudal instincts, and Wentworth may have done good work there in protecting the weak against the strong. But it is obvious that the effect of such a jurisdiction was the withdrawal of a considerable area of England from the sphere of the Common Law; and I suspect that the whole thing was little more than an 'experiment in strong government.' Wentworth retained the office of President, though he was obliged to execute it by deputy, when he was appointed in 1632 to be Lord Deputy of Ireland. Ireland was the true field for his abilities, and his success there was marvellous. There was a talk of bringing him over, to succeed Weston as Treasurer, in 1635, but it came to nothing; and in Ireland he remained, except for a few weeks of 1636, until the spring of 1640. His voluminous correspondence enables us to see the view that he took of English affairs. Many of his letters are to Laud, with whom he contracted a friendship, founded, one must suppose, on their common bravery, their common contempt for public opinion, and the common hopelessness of their tasks.

And meanwhile the King had got to live. Machiavelli says that it is one of the greatest misfortunes for a prince to be obliged to be 'fiscal'—*i.e.* to look upon every measure in the light of how it will affect his purse. Elizabeth, in her later days, suffered from this misfortune; but, then, she could inspire her subjects to serve her and their country at their own expense. Charles couldn't; and his government became before all things a fiscal one. Let us try to see how he managed to raise a revenue which at times approached a million a year?

In the first place, he collected the customs at the highest possible rate—*i.e.* with the 'impositions' of his father, and, after 1635, with some of his own invention At the end of Weston's treasurership, in 1635, they brought in £328,000; by the meeting of the Long Parliament, nearer £400,000. This was the result of the natural increase of prosperity and of trade, which friend and foe alike admit. A few sturdy grumblers like Richard Chambers long held out against the illegal payment of these customs, and were harried, fined and imprisoned for doing so; but the general common sense of the country recognized that the Parliament of 1629 had gone too far, and on the whole the duties were not unwillingly paid. The revenue from crown-lands may give another £100,000; the feudal income from reliefs, wardships, etc., as much again. Nothing contributed so much to exasperate the country gentlemen against the Crown as the excessive rigour with which the uttermost farthing was wrung out of them by the 'Court of Wards and Liveries' on this last count. Equally exasperating, and more flagrantly in violation of existing rights, was the revival, in all their mediæval rigour, of the Forest Courts; by whose means titles to land hundreds of years old were often disturbed, and enormous fines levied for encroachments made in a far-distant past. We must, however, beware of thinking that the mere fines added largely to the royal revenue. The huge fines of ten, twelve, forty thousand pounds frequently imposed by Star Chamber were merely imposed *in terrorem*, and were always remitted. If the King averaged £5,000 a year in fines he was lucky. The sale of monopolies to companies (an Act of 1624 had made it illegal to grant them to individuals)

no doubt brought in a good deal, perhaps £40,000 a year; one of these attracted great attention when a company, in which the shareholders were largely Catholics, got a patent for making, and a monopoly for selling soap. Shall good Protestants wash with Papist soap? Perish the thought—let us not wash at all. Monopolies were also granted to corporations of brickmakers, who made bad and dear bricks for the London builder; of coal-shippers, who rigged the Newcastle market like a modern American 'ring'; of salt-makers, who cheated the Yarmouth bloatermen: but when the Crown, by similar juggling, proposed to restrict the brewing of beer (in the interest, forsooth, of a new corporation of starchmakers) the nation answered with such a growl, that, had the King not given way, the Great Rebellion would have begun about beer instead of about bishops. Still, all these monopolistic companies brought grist to the royal mill. Even the few practical benefits which were introduced at the time had to pay toll. The London hackney coachman, or 'cabby,' dates from 1636, but he came into existence as a licensed animal not for the benefit of the British public, but for that of Charles' friend the Marquis Hamilton. Up till that time the Thames wherries had been the cabs of London; you may imagine what the watermen's language was, like, when they heard they were to have licensed rivals. The Post Office and the transmission of letters at varying, yet on the whole low rates, is the one real reform which we owe to King Charles; and out of that, at its inception, he could have made but little: his successors have made a good deal. We may, perhaps, allow the King another £100,000 a year from all these last sources united; and we have seen that,

except the Post Office, every one of them entailed a grievance.

But the greatest grievance of all was the new tax called 'Ship-money,' which was, at its best, calculated to produce £200,000 a year and to throw the burden of maintaining the honour of the flag of England entirely off the shoulders of the King. Had such a tax been granted by a Parliament, no one could have had a word to say against it; and it must be clearly understood that the Ship-money collected by Charles' four writs was spent on the navy and on that alone. You may see at Greenwich the model of one of the noblest ships ever floated, the 'Sovereign of the Seas,' designed in 1635 by Phineas Pett.[1] She was built with the grievance which is forever linked with the immortal name of Hampden.

The Cinque-port navy having become almost obsolete, and the balance of shipping having shifted from the narrow to the open seas, the Tudors had without much difficulty established a general right to impress, in time of war, from all the ports of England both ships and men to man them. Once at least, on the eve of the Armada, Elizabeth had levied from the seaports a contribution in money towards the expenses of fitting out the royal navy. Again, during the war of 1628 something of the kind had been suggested; but it was in 1634, in a time of perfect peace, that the 'first writ of Ship-money' was issued in order to equip a fleet 'to recover the King's undoubted right of sovereignty in all these seas.' In order to clear the way from any resistance on the part of the judges,

[1] 'Take it all in all,' says Mr. Ruskin ('Harbours of England,' p. 25), 'a ship of the line is the most honourable thing that man as a gregarious animal has ever produced.'

Heath, C.J., was dismissed from his post on the King's Bench, and the Chief Justiceship was given to Finch, the subservient Speaker of the last Parliament. The first writ was directed only to the coast towns, and the cost of building and equipping a fleet and maintaining it for six months was to be assessed by the sheriffs and justices of the peace on the inhabitants of these towns alone; the money to be paid over to tax-collectors and remitted to the Admiralty. By the first writ only £100,000 was demanded. The City of London, assessed at one-fifth of the whole sum, at once petitioned against the tax as wholly illegal, but was induced to yield and pay. The fleet did put to sea in May, 1635, and sailed up and down the Channel; but, as the King of England was not at war with any one, it found no enemy to fight. Before July, however, six hundred men had died on board of it—of stale water and stinking beef; while under its nose Dunkirk privateers and other pirates were making prize of English merchant vessels. The pompous cruise ended quite peacefully in September.

The first writ had been accepted with comparative meekness, the result no doubt of the natural desire of Englishmen to know that there still was such a thing as an English fleet; and this meekness soon tempted Charles (August, 1635) to issue a second writ—this time to include the inland counties as well as the ports, and to bring in double the sum; in fact, said every one, this is to be a permanent unparliamentary tax. No one could foresee where such levies would stop; but every one could foresee that they were not likely to stop where they were. Resistance accordingly sprang up everywhere; whether it was successful or not depended much upon the character of the sheriff of the county. The judges, on being privately

consulted as to the legality of the writ, gave a general and guarded, but not a unanimous decision in its favour. One of the first to refuse payment was our stout friend Chambers; Lord Saye was another. Still, by hook or crook nearly the whole £200,000 was collected; and, with it, in the summer of 1636, a new admiral, the Earl of Northumberland, was sent to cruise in the narrow seas after last year's model. He actually captured one Dutch ship suspected of piracy; nay, more, he made quite a considerable number of Dutch herring-vessels pay tribute to Charles for fishing in his waters. When a third writ was issued in October, 1636, resistance increased tenfold, Lord Warwick leading the way; and it is impossible to doubt that with him and Lords Saye and Bedford the determination to bring on a test case originated. So openly was this known that Charles again turned to the judges, and again they answered favourably. He did more; he even consulted Wentworth, who told him to go on boldly, and showed that he hoped Ship-money would be a precedent for Soldier-money too. But Lord Saye and Hampden resolved to strike; and the King, sure of his judges, allowed Hampden's refusal to be made a test case (November, 1637).

The case for Hampden, as put by his counsel, St. John, resolved itself into this:—'*Salus populi* is *suprema lex*, and, in grave cases of danger (of which the King must be sole judge), he has a right to use all means for defence of the Commonwealth. But the law of England requires this to be done through a Parliament; the King must call a Parliament at once, when he has to take such extraordinary precautions. As to the case before us, of course every one knows there is no state of danger warranting anything of the kind.' Even counsel for the Crown

was obliged to admit that such an impost was unlawful except in times of danger; but the King alone knew, now or at any time, the meaning of the word 'danger'—'danger' might, in fact, be permanent. Hampden's second counsel even argued that it was better to run any risk, rather than trust the King to act illegally in cases of alleged 'danger.' The judges took full time to deliver their decision. The solemnity of the occasion was marked by its being heard before the whole twelve; and of them two decided that Ship-money was utterly illegal, two evaded the question, one was ill, seven decided for the Crown. Finch, in giving his decision, went out of his way to pour scorn on all parliamentary restraints. And, as Clarendon says, the result was that the nation felt that the seven judges had prostituted their office. Ship-money was more unwillingly paid, now it was openly declared legal, than before, when grave doubts of its legality had existed. The third writ, despite all squeezing, did not bring in nearly as much as the second. 'The payment of twenty shillings would not have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune' (he and his had been Hampdens of Hampden from before the Conquest; they still show you the avenue, which his grandfather cut in one night through his beeches, to surprise and please good Queen Bess); 'but the payment of half twenty shillings, upon the principle upon which it was demanded, would have made him a slave.' Bombast of a bottomless Whig? or the voice of free old England?

One cup remained to fill. Wordsworth tells us that Liberty hath two voices—one of the mountains and one of the sea. The Stuarts had challenged the liberties of the seafarers of England; it was from Scotland that the spark was to come which was to 'set all in a light low.'

In 1633 Charles visited his native kingdom and was crowned King, while the fountains of Edinburgh ran with unaccustomed wine. Even before that visit he had gravely alarmed the Scots nobles by something like a threatened resumption of the lands their ancestors had grabbed from the Church in 1560; and he had succeeded (all honour to him) in enforcing the payment of an augmented stipend to the very poorly paid ministers of the Kirk. But, while irritating the upper, he had gained no popularity with the middle class, for, at the same time, he vigorously enforced the hated Articles of Perth, and revived a project, which had several times been mooted, for the publication of a regular Prayer Book like the English. Laud now came to Edinburgh in the royal company, and, horrified at what he saw and heard, proposed to introduce the English Prayer Book whole. The Scottish bishops, who could have told the King what the result would be, stood aside and gave no counsel in the crisis; a strong opposition, headed by Lords Rothes[1] and Loudoun, prepared to resist any further innovations. After his return to England Charles still further scandalized Scottish feeling by packing the Scottish Privy Council with bishops and by creating one of them Chancellor of the kingdom. Meanwhile, a small committee of these same bishops was preparing the new Prayer Book, practically at the dictation of Laud. The Scottish nation had now for near three generations drunk deep of that strong Calvinian fountain, the taste of whose waters, though often inspiring self-righteousness and intolerance, fills man with a sense of the dignity of his individual soul and of the duty of resistance to foreign tyranny. Those who had

[1] Head of the great house of Leslie.

drunk most deeply thereof now bracketed Canterbury with Rome as twin children of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. Every thinking Scot, educated or uneducated, was a theologian; and education had, since Knox's time, penetrated to a lower stratum of society than it had reached in England.

Yet it may well be doubted whether Scottish Puritanism (which from the hour of its victory rapidly degenerated into a sour and irrational tyranny) would ever have triumphed, if it had not appealed to a still deeper instinct than its own—namely, to that of patriotic resistance to English dictation. In the main, I believe the coming movement to have been nationalist in origin. Laud was the successor of King Edward I., coming to impose hated English laws and customs on us. When Laud and Charles and all his race are fled, our hearts will still beat, far into the eighteenth century, for any one who will give us back our Independence; for the moment our symbol is the Covenant; anon it will be the White Rose. An attack on this independence now appeared in certain canons of the year 1636. They were as unimportant as they were irritating, except one which directed the new Prayer Book, *which was not yet published*, to be used in all Scottish churches. "We cannot get a sight of it," writes an intelligent Scottish minister, Baillie, "but we hear it is more popish than the English book." It received no official sanction from the Scottish clergy, or Parliament, or even Privy Council; it was simply imposed by prerogative, and English prerogative at that. Not till May, 1637, did it reach Scotland, and, on the day fixed for its reading in St. Giles' Kirk in Edinburgh, there was an awful riot. With cries of "the mass, the mass! a Pope, a Pope!" the women took up their cutty-stools and flung

them at the heads of the surpliced clergy. The Bishop of Edinburgh barely escaped with his life. Not a minister dared to read the book in the length and breadth of Scotland.

The Scottish Privy Council was powerless to quell the storm, and lukewarm in desire to quell it. Charles might coldly say, "I mean to be obeyed"; but he had come to the end of his tether. The Scottish nation rallied as one man round Rothes and Loudoun, round Alexander Henderson and Johnston of Warristoun, a leading minister and a lawyer, who made themselves its spokesmen. Protest followed petition, and petition protest, all through the summer of 1637 and the winter of 1637–8; and Lord Traquair, the leading member of the Scots Privy Council, told the King plainly that, if he wanted his Prayer Book, he must support it by an army of 40,000 men. A body of commissioners, partly self-elected, partly chosen from the gentry, the boroughs and the ministers of Scotland, met in February, and issued an appeal to the whole people; and the result was the Covenant of February, 1638. This was an act of association, binding all its signatories to stand or fall together to recover the purity and liberty of the Gospel as it was before the recent innovations; to appeal to a General Assembly of the Kirk and to a Parliament; to defend the King's Majesty to the uttermost; and to live virtuous lives in defence of the same objects. You may see the tombstone in the Greyfriars kirkyard, where the populace of Edinburgh began to sign it on the evening of February 28th.

'*Nemo,*' says the Scottish thistle, '*me impune lacessit.*' King Charles will prick his fingers in vain. Our nation *shall* be united against him. Does any one hesitate?

We will enforce the Covenant on every Scot; toleration, we say, is of the Devil. There were a few learned doctors in Scotland, especially at the University of Aberdeen, belonging more to the school of Chillingworth than to that of Laud, who objected to the Covenant. There were a few great Catholic families, like the Gordons, in the north, which were jealous of their southern neighbours. There were many Highland clans which were jealous of the great house of Argyll, whose eldest son had declared for the Covenant. Such men might afterwards grow into a party for the Crown, if they could find a leader; for the moment all opposition was smothered and silenced. Scotland would have a Parliament and, what was far more important, a General Assembly of the Kirk. Charles temporized, and sent down his cousin Hamilton to preside over these bodies. The Assembly met at Glasgow, November 21st, 1638; it at once claimed divine right to settle all church questions. Henderson and Warristoun were its Moderator and its Clerk; it treated the bishops as criminals, refused to disperse when Hamilton, by the King's command, dissolved it, and went on to reduce everything in Scotland to the pure Genevan model, as it was believed to have existed before the innovations of the late and the present kings' reigns. That Hamilton was betraying Charles at the time, and advising his countrymen to go on and get all they wanted, is a small matter; they ignored him or used him as a pawn in their game quite indifferently.

This astounding revolution was carried through by very ordinary men. The nobles adhered to it, mainly because they feared for their church lands. Johnston was only a sharp lawyer, Henderson only a learned Calvinist; Lorne, soon to be Earl and then Marquis of Argyll, was a self-

seeking scoundrel who saw his chance of making the clan Campbell dominant in the Highlands. Montrose, the best of the early Covenanters, was soon to desert them, largely, it is true, out of jealousy of Argyll. But the nation didn't want leaders; it led itself. And, if it came to war, there were plenty of sturdy Leslies and Rutherfords serving the Protestant cause in Germany, who would flock back to set the pikes in array with a discipline learned in the school of the great Gustavus of Sweden.

To war it would obviously come. Charles, in temporizing, had not the least intention of yielding; he had one card to play from which he hoped much. He could appeal to the ancient English jealousy of the 'weasel Scot'; and, early in '39, he set about levying an army under the stately but incompetent and ill-tempered Earl of Arundel. The Scots answered by choosing a professional soldier, 'a little crooked man,' of long experience in the Swedish service, called Alexander Leslie. Wentworth's advice to Charles was to seize and hold all the strong places on the border and on the Scottish coast, to blockade Clyde and Forth, and then gradually collect a large English army on the border. Charles answered by demanding that Wentworth should send over from Ireland half of his own small army, and should allow Lord Antrim, who had an old feud with Argyll, to land Irish troops in the south-west of Scotland; to which Wentworth replied that this would be the undoing of all his own work in Ireland, and that Antrim was a vapouring fool.

Some attempt was, indeed, made to hold out a hand to the Gordons and to Aberdeen, but it came to nothing; the few royal garrisons in Scotland surrendered to the Covenanters without a blow. With great difficulty 14,000 undisciplined levies from the northern counties of England

were pressed and collected in Northumberland by the month of May, 1639, and the King moved northwards to join his army. Leslie's preparations were more efficient; his men, 20,000 in all, were, equally with the English, ignorant of war, but they were rapidly trained and disciplined by experienced officers, and, above all, they were well fed and united for the cause. They took post on Duns Law, about twelve miles north of Kelso and twelve west of Berwick. Gradually Charles managed to get another 7,000 men, and took post at Berwick; and the two armies sat, till June 18th, glaring at each other. Truly it suited neither side to fight. With the English army were a great many nobles who dreaded a victory for the Crown, and did not care a straw what form of church government was established in Scotland; while the shrewd Scots knew well that a victory on their side, followed by an advance into England, would exasperate the English people, who had for the time forgotten their race-hatred, and were ready to make common cause against the Government. When the Scots occupied Kelso, Lord Holland, the General of the English Horse, made a reconnaissance in force up the Tweed, and on finding himself quite outnumbered precipitately retired. No money could be squeezed out of England to provide for the army, only the clergy listening to the King's pathetic and reiterated demands for that commodity: '*bellum episcopale*' it was, in truth.

The King reluctantly accepted the inevitable, and agreed to a cessation of hostilities called the Treaty of Berwick. It was a complete victory for the Scots; both ies were to be disbanded, and a free General Assembly dinburgh was to settle all ecclesiastical matters. Of se, Charles had not the slightest intention of consent-

ing to what that 'free' General Assembly was certain to demand; but he might now gain time to levy more money and a better army. He, therefore, made little fuss when the Assembly simply repeated all the Acts of that of Glasgow. In the autumn followed a Parliament, in which Argyll at once grasped the reins of power. This body passed Acts which substituted parliamentary for royal authority in civil as well as in religious matters; it even refused to be prorogued without its own consent, and despatched commissioners to London to ask the King to ratify all its Acts.

It seems clear that it was by the advice of Wentworth, whom he now summoned and created Earl of Strafford, that Charles resolved, in the winter of 1639–40, to throw himself upon the loyalty of his English subjects, and to summon that which was to be known in history as the 'Short Parliament'; and it is difficult to see what grounds Strafford had for confidence in that loyalty. Probably, therefore, he only regarded the experiment as a means of enabling the King to say to his subjects, 'Very well, if you won't give me subsidies in the old legal way, I shall be obliged to take them by prerogative.' Or it may be that his own complete success in managing Irish Parliaments[1] blinded him to the very different temper of the English nation. At any rate, preparations for a new army to fight the Scots went on at the same time as the English elections, in the first quarter of the year 1640; the men were to be impressed from counties south of the Trent.

The Parliament met on April 13th and was dissolv

[1] He had just succeeded in getting from one of these sum of money, voted with acclamation for the very pu the Scottish war.

on May 5th. It was exactly like other Carolian Parliaments in composition, demeanour and outward expressions of loyalty; but its feelings (for any assembly of men has a set of feelings of its own, apart from those of its members) were sharpened by eleven years of suppression. Charles was prepared to do some haggling, and to give up his claim to Ship-money in return for a vote of about a million. The Commons, by the mouth of Pym, who from the first definitely took Eliot's place as leader, declined to listen to any bargain; and methodically began to enumerate the grievances, ecclesiastical and civil, of the Commonwealth—prepared, in fact, to pass in review every action of the Court, Privy Council, Bishops and Judges since the year 1629. In vain the Lords voted that, in such a crisis, this attitude was hardly an expedient one, for the Scots were levying men as fast as they could, and had even been trying to get support from France: the Commons answered by preparing a petition against the Scottish war altogether. Getting wind of this, Charles hastily dissolved the Short Parliament before the petition could be drawn up.

It was true that the Scottish leaders had written for help to the King of France, and so had made their treason the more overt; but Richelieu had shrewdly seen that the best policy for France was to refuse all aid to either party: Charles, if left alone, would be sure to ruin himself and weaken his kingdom. It was also true that Pym and other parliamentary leaders had entered into correspondence, and possibly conversation with the Scottish commissioners in London, and had thereby committed a treason, which seems to us merely technical only because we are now able to think of Great Britain as one kingdom. These treasons were known to Strafford,

and his advice now was for a rapid movement on Scotland, a blow which would finish the state of uncertainty, and would make it clear to rebels and potential rebels (for as such he regarded the English Parliament) that the King was master. "In the last resort," he said, or was believed to have said, "your Majesty has an army in Ireland, which may help you to reduce this kingdom." To which kingdom did he refer? On his trial he said that, if he had used the words, he had meant Scotland; but, not two days after the council-meeting, it was being whispered that he had meant England. Wild papist savages to be employed against an England standing for its undoubted rights and liberties?—the thing was too horrible!

Matters were not improved by the committal to prison of three unimportant members of the late Lower House, nor by Strafford's threats to hang some fat aldermen unless they gave the King a large loan, nor by attempts to raise money from Spain and the Pope; still less by the fact that Convocation continued to sit, after the dissolution of Parliament, voted the King £120,000 and passed four new canons, one of which was 'that every parson should instruct his parishioners four times a year in the doctrine of the divine right of kings.' Another canon declared that for subjects to bear arms against their King, upon any pretence whatever, was 'to receive to themselves damnation'; while a third imposed upon all clergy and schoolmasters an oath, that they would never consent to alter the government of the Church by archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons *et cetera* (familiarly known as the 'et cetera oath'). In May the city apprentices rioted, and broke Laud's windows at Lambeth. Sporadic mutiny was visible in the new levies for the

army, and officers suspected of Popery were murdered by their own men. Very slowly these levies went on. Northumberland was a very half-hearted general, and one wonders at Strafford's selection of him. Conway, as General of the Horse, and Strafford himself as Lieutenant-General would do better. But the latter was racked with gout and dysentery, and perhaps also with what a later age would have called 'revolution-fever.' Even Ireland, so docile in his presence, was kicking in his absence, and refusing to pay the subsidies it had voted. Newcastle, where Conway was painfully endeavouring to discipline a few horse, was left unfortified. Above all, there was no money. Proposals to debase the coinage and to seize the bullion, which the merchants of London always kept deposited in the Tower, were not persisted in; but their suggestion added to the unpopularity of the Government.

By the end of July, encouraged by promises of support from the English Parliamentary leaders, Leslie prepared for an invasion of Northumberland, and preluded the invasion by a manifesto to the English nation calling to account the King's evil counsellors. The King answered by appointing Strafford General-in-chief, and advancing in person to York. On August 20th the Scots crossed the Tweed, and pushed rapidly on to the Tyne, 25,000 strong. Conway had not much over half that number, and therefore, after a vain attempt to defend the ford of the river at Newburn he evacuated Newcastle, abandoning all his stores, and fell back upon Durham. Petitions for a peace and an English Parliament began to pour in on the bewildered King, Pym and his friends in London circulating them broadcast, and fanning the flame. In despair Charles clutched at a middle term, and summoned

a 'Great Council' of the Peers—there was a fine Magna Charta flavour about the name—to meet at York. The Scots pushed rapidly on to the Tees, avoiding all plunder, but confiscating, and living on the estates of the rich bishopric of Durham. Every advance of this 'enemy' was received with demonstrations of joy in Puritan London.

On September 24th the Great Council met at York. The King for once was cowed, and promised to summon a Parliament for November 3rd. All he had to ask his Peers was to help him to raise money with which to pay his own army as long as the invaders were in the kingdom. Thus the reins had slipped from Strafford's hands, and an agreement with the Scots was a certainty. An equal certainty was a complete reorganization of the relations between the Crown and the English Parliament. Commissioners for a Treaty met immediately at Ripon; and, before the end of October, the Scots agreed to desist from their southward progress on payment to their army of £850 a day, the further settlement to be arrived at in London. There was no difficulty about the money. Now that there was to be a Parliament, rich England cheerfully bore the support of the 'enemy's' army as well as its own; in fact, it rather preferred to pay the enemy.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SECOND DEAFNESS OF KING CHARLES

SELDOM in history has the fact that a great crisis was at hand been more clearly recognized than on November 3rd, 1640. Very active canvassing seems to have been done by the Opposition. England went into this 'revolution' with its eyes open, as nearly as possible united; and, considering the presence of the Scots on English soil, certain to obtain the greater part of its desires. If we ask what these desires were, we become aware how inappropriate is the modern sense of the word 'revolutionary' to express them. In the eyes of the nation, Charles, Laud and Strafford were the revolutionaries; what the nation wanted was to worship as its fathers had worshipped two generations ago, and to control the King's government as its ancestors had controlled it two centuries ago. No thought of 'reform' in the modern sense, no democratic 'principles of government' were in the heads of the real leaders of the Long Parliament in either House. To pull down consciously the Stuart; and less consciously the Tudor accretions on the old Constitution, represented the sum of the desires of the peers, knights and burgesses of England. The sad part of the whole thing was, that every step in this conservative direction, having to be wrung from an unwilling King,

in whose favour the letter of the laws still spoke, was to be accompanied by other steps, based upon less moderate and less conservative views. The appeals to the old Constitution would have to be strengthened by appeals to principles of government; in fact, it would become obvious that the problem of sovereignty was one which could never be solved by precedents alone.

The leaders in this great revolution were as far from being revolutionaries as one can imagine. They were essentially men of the same stuff as those who had sat in the Elizabethan and Jacobean Parliaments, only with tempers sharpened by forty years of misgovernment. In the Peers, Bedford, Warwick, Pembroke, Essex, Brooke represented families ennobled by the Tudors and of traditions of profound loyalty to the Crown. Northumberland was a Percy and Arundel a Howard, but any two persons more devoid of feudal instincts of 'resistance' it would be hard to find. Old Lord Bristol, intellectually the ablest of them, was of Stuart creation, and, though his own grievances had been great, he came, utterly forgetful of them, to give the best advice to the Crown both in public and private; if there was one 'Royalist' leader in the Upper House it was he. Lord Saye-and-Sele was of older creation, and was perhaps the most bitter opponent of King Charles in the Upper House, the most intimate friend of Hampden, as Bedford was of Pym. With Warwick and Brooke, the former an advanced champion of parliamentary government, and the latter the only champion of religious toleration, Saye formed a trio which ultimately helped to force on the war; but at the outset all three professed to follow the temperate lead of Bedford, who unfortunately died in May, 1641. These men were the link with the leaders in the Commons, with whom

they had acted in the Short Parliament, and with whom they had held meetings during 'the period of despotism.' Of the country gentlemen and lawyers who stood out as the leaders of the Lower House no single person is typical. There were, of course, violent and unprincipled men in that House. There were men who had deep wrongs to avenge—the fiery Holles, who had held the Speaker down in 1629, Strode who had been in prison for eleven years, the honest but blundering Hazelrig, the astute lawyer St. John. Henry Marten, a blustering fellow, was an avowed republican; Harry Vane was born to be a thorn in the side of all governments, ecclesiastical or civil; Nathaniel Fiennes, Saye-and-Sele's son, would, I suppose, be classed as a dangerous Radical even now; George Digby, the son of Bristol, was the most eloquent orator and the most versatile chameleon in the political world of the day. But the learning and the reverence for law of Selden, Holborne, d'Ewes, the lofty character and innate conservatism of Falkland, Hampden and Grimstone seemed sufficient warrant against revolutionary legislation: and to the opinions of these men the great majority of the House leaned. Of the two men who were hereafter to stand as definite leaders of their parties, Edward Hyde, the future Lord Clarendon, a man of steady principle, legal mind and very unimaginative common sense, was as yet the fellow-worker with his future opponent, John Pym. Pym owed the ascendency, into which he at once stepped, at first to his connexion with Bedford, whose *protégé* he was, but soon to his own unrivalled skill as a debater and a man of business. He had a longer experience than most, having sat in the Parliament of 1621, and having been the intimate friend and follower of Eliot.

The House of Commons still sat in the long narrow room which had once been the chapel of Westminster Palace, with an east window opening on to the Thames, and a door into Westminster Hall. Its usual hours of sitting were from eight a.m. until noon; occasionally it rose as late as four; very rarely it sat on until 'candle-time and night.'

William Lenthall, a barrister of moderate views and imperturbable temper, was chosen Speaker. Strafford, with many misgivings and relying 'on the word of a king' that no harm should happen to him, took his seat in the Lords; and, as he brought in his pocket evidence against several leaders of the Lower House of 'treasonable' correspondence with the Scots, and was prepared to use it, the said leaders anticipated him, before a week was over, by striking first and impeaching him. The Lords, to whom he was most obnoxious, readily consented to commit him to prison. The instinct of Pym and his friends taught them that, without Strafford at his side the King was practically powerless, and that it was just as well to strike a wholesome terror into the court. The indictment against the Government was indeed loud, long and unanimous, and may be generally summed up in the words, that not only had it been the most tyrannical, but also the weakest government of modern times; it had betrayed the honour of England, as much as it had violated the liberty of the individual Englishman. And so, in rapid succession, Secretary Windebank, Finch, recently the Chief Justice in the Ship-money case, and since then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and lastly Laud were impeached of high treason; while several other bishops and judges were called upon to give security for their appearance in case they should be

summoned. Finch and Windebank showed the stuff they were made of by running away; but the Archbishop was not the man for flight, and he and Strafford remained fellow prisoners in the Tower. Their impeachments could be prepared at leisure. None knew better than Pym what a difficult matter it would be to prove high treason against either of them.

Meanwhile, what one may call the 'good work' of the Long Parliament proceeded apace; it was almost all crowded into the first session of ten months. Without following the event of these months in chronological detail, I must point out that, as regards civil matters, the Houses had two tasks to perform. They had to secure against the Crown (i) the collective appeal of the nation, (ii) the individual appeal of the subject. The first of these had been traversed by the long intermissions of Parliament, five years in Elizabeth's reign, seven in James', eleven just recently. There was an unrepealed Statute of Edward III. in favour of annual meetings, and at first an appeal was made to that; but it was soon rejected in favour of an Act for Triennial Parliaments. This, after much discussion, became law on February 16th, 1641; it was guarded by very stringent clauses, providing that, if, after the lapse of three years, no Parliament had been summoned, the electors were to meet and elect one without precept from King, Chancellor or Sheriff; further, no Parliament was to be dissolved within forty days of its meeting unless with its own consent. This was, of course, an innovation, and a shearing away of prerogative, but it was in accordance (i) with Lancastrian practice, (ii) with the spirit of the Constitution. Yet the case is one which specially illustrates the danger to which I referred above; the Act did overstep legal precedent;

and as there was nothing to prevent the King from dissolving the existing Parliament, as soon as the Scots' army should be disbanded, the Commons were led on to the wholly unconstitutional measure which followed in the month of May.

All that month and the month before it, which saw the crisis of Strafford's trial and fate, there had been plots and rumours of plots, many of them traceable to the courtiers of the Queen; but the result of all was fear lest a *coup d'état* in favour of Strafford should be attempted with the aid of the English, or still worse of the Irish army. A sudden dissolution would be the first step in such a *coup*, and therefore, on May 5th, a Bill was suddenly introduced into the Lower House, providing that this present Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. The Peers swallowed it with greater ease than was expected; and, on the 10th, the day after that on which the King consented to sacrifice Strafford to his enemies, he agreed to this fatal Bill also. By the former sacrifice his personal honour alone suffered; by the latter he cast away his crown. The result of the Act was curious. 'This present Parliament' saw half its members go over to the King in war, saw half the rest secluded by Cromwell, voted its own older branch out of existence, was twice forcibly dissolved by the sword, yet somehow retained such a legal hold on the English mind that this 'own consent' had to be formally given, by some hundred and forty grey-haired old gentlemen, with Speaker Lenthall at their head, in the spring of 1660, before a real legal Parliament could again come into existence.

The collective appeal of the nation having been thus secured, the appeal of the individual subject was safeguarded by a series of resolutions and Acts, against which

the Government made much less resistance. The victims of the recent tyranny, Prynne, Leighton, Burton, etc., were recalled from their prisons and encouraged to lay their complaints before the Houses. The decision of the judges in the case of Rex *v.* Hampden was declared utterly illegal, and Ship-money an illegal impost; the canons of 1640 were declared not to be binding either on laity or clergy; above all, in July, the Tudor creations of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, together with the subsidiary ones of the Council of the North, the Council of Wales and the Castle Court of Dublin, were voted out of existence. No Act of Parliament laid down that the tenure of the judges was in future to be 'during good behaviour,' instead of 'during the King's pleasure,' but the King made an express promise to this effect early in the session. Finally, in the same connexion, we may notice that a Bill to grant the customs for two months only was accepted by Charles on June 22nd; and this was the first legal grant he had ever received of this revenue.

All this time the grim Scots had stuck tight to Durham and Newcastle. Parliament had voted them large sums of money towards the expenses of the war—£300,000 at one time, £220,000 at another; and not till late in September, 1641, did they finally recross the Tweed, and, all but a few troops, disband. The English army, which, after the treaty of Ripon, had remained at York, grew more and more discontented. It was paid in accordance with parliamentary votes, but less regularly than the Scots; once at least it had to complain that £10,000 voted to it had been transferred to pay its rivals. Its men were drawn from a stratum to which the religious and civil questions at issue had hardly penetrated; its officers

had been largely chosen by the King in the day of his power. Northumberland had, after the cessation of hostilities, returned to a nominal command of this force, and, though he was a man of no special mark and one who loved a quiet life, there were plenty of 'roaring blades' among his officers who were ready to listen to the suggestions of courtiers. It was one of these plots, encouraged and then betrayed by the unprincipled George Goring, which cost Strafford his head; for there had been a definite proposal to bring the army up to London to overawe the Houses of Parliament, and Charles had despatched to some of its officers part of the money which he received as the price for the marriage of his eldest daughter Mary to Prince William of Orange (April, 1641). A second proposal of the same kind was made to the officers about the beginning of June; but Sir Jacob Astley, the Major-General, a veteran of the German wars, and afterwards the King's right-hand man in the Civil War, would have nothing to say to such schemes; and in August the English army was quietly disbanded. It was characteristic of Charles that, during this whole period, he should have been thinking, side by side with these plans, of using against his English subjects (i) the Irish army, some 9,000 in number and largely Catholic, both in officers and men; (ii) the Scottish army itself, some means of conciliating which, he thought, could easily be found; (iii) Dutch or Spanish troops. His mind moved in a labyrinth of incongruous plans, any one of which would infallibly have spoiled the others. The Irish army was finally disbanded a little later than the other two, but had almost at once to be set on foot again to meet a rebellion.

The event, however, of the first year of the Long

Parliament, in the eyes of the ordinary Englishman, was not any one of the constitutional changes, or even the withdrawal of the Scots, but the fate of the Earl of Strafford. It was a hundred and ninety years since any minister of the Crown in the full confidence of his sovereign had been put to death at the demand of Parliament. From the first Pym seems to have resolved on exacting the death penalty by fair means or foul; and in this matter, much as we may deplore the vindictiveness of the time, we must admit that Pym had behind him almost the whole strength both of the future Royalist and of the future Parliamentarian parties. While vindictiveness was largely responsible (revenge for the death of Eliot, fro the outraged liberties of Parliament, requital for that which all the leaders of 1629 regarded as a deliberate apostasy), two other motives must also be allowed: the mere vulgar one of fear, for Strafford was so great and so able, that, while he lived, none of the leaders would be safe; and the desire to strike terror into King and court. A king who would sacrifice such a servant, Pym might well think, would be a very tame king in the future. The difficulties in the way were, however, enormous. First, the law of treason was clear; it rested wholly on 25 Edward III., in which all acts of treason are acts done against, not on behalf of the Crown. An endeavour to subvert the 'fundamental laws of England' (supposing that any one could find such laws) was not treason. Now the managers of Strafford's impeachment would have to argue (i) that such an endeavour was treason; (ii) that a number of isolated acts of tyranny to individual subjects of the Crown (mostly in Ireland) amounted to such an endeavour. Again, the court before which they would have to plead, and before which the Earl would

have to make his defence, was the House of Lords, which, much as its members hated Strafford, would surely be slow to vote that a too faithful service of the Crown could be construed into high treason. Lastly, it seemed a moral impossibility that the King would sign the death-warrant; perhaps in this matter the leaders knew Charles better than he knew himself.

In their favour was the fact that the Tudors had, on more than one occasion, thrown an unpopular minister to the wolves—*e.g.* Thomas Cromwell. There was also the evil practice of the Law Courts of the time, which allowed a prisoner no counsel on matters of fact; the Earl would have to cross-examine hostile witnesses himself, while his own witnesses would have to stand against all the legal talent and chicanery of the bar. There was the possibility of calling in, in the last resort, the still more evil practice of a Bill of Attainder—that is, an Act declaring that the prisoner *has* committed high treason. Finally, there was the universal hatred felt for Strafford by the Puritan mob of London, which might be trusted to bring pressure to bear upon the court.

A committee of managers was appointed before the end of November. The particular charges, preliminary and final, which this committee came to prefer need not detain us; many of them were obviously false—*e.g.* that the accused had stolen crown moneys, encouraged Papists, betrayed the English army at Newburn. When read over to the House in January they were by no means unanimously believed; and the Lords were disposed to give Strafford a very full time to prepare his answer and his witnesses. Thus it was not till March 23rd that Pym opened the impeachment in Westminster Hall; and, in order to follow it in detail, we must remember that debates

in both Houses went on side by side with, and often on the same day as portions of the trial—all in the same set of buildings, and within a stone's throw of Whitehall. Charges of tyranny in Ireland were the first count; and it was not difficult for the Earl to show that Ireland could hardly be governed like England, always in accordance with constitutional principles. Strafford had, in fact, been rarely unjust to the native Irish, but less rarely unjust to members of the English colony in Ireland. Two particular cases were proved against him, the one a death sentence passed against a Lord Mountnorris (though afterwards respited) and the other the deprivation of Lord Chancellor Loftus of the Great Seal of Ireland; but how these could be conceivably interpreted into treason, Pym failed to show. He was obliged to fall back upon the doctrine that these and many other acts were evidence of a general intention to subvert the laws of the realm and to introduce arbitrary government.

On April 5th a more serious charge was preferred by Whitelocke, another member of the Committee. Strafford, he asserted, had a design of bringing in the Irish army—'Papists, of course'—to conquer England. Secretary Vane was called to prove that Strafford had used, at the Council, words indicative of this intention. Strafford was able to point out, (i) as I said above, that, if he had used the words, they referred to Scotland, not to England; (ii) that one witness was not sufficient to prove anything of the kind. The tide of feeling in the Lords, and in all the audience, was running strongly in his favour. If the King had thereon sent orders to disband the Irish army, and had turned a deaf ear to the plots which were being hatched in the English one, the Earl's acquittal must have followed. But to Charles such a straight-

forward course was impossible, and he went on dabbling in fruitless intrigues with both forces. On the 12th the managers took a further step, and sent to the Lords a paper produced by Harry Vane the younger (the son of the Secretary)—in fact, a copy of the notes his father had taken in Council in the previous May, when the words about the Irish army were alleged to have been uttered. This seemed to supply a second witness. Meanwhile the violent party in the Commons, led by Hazelrig and Marten, were getting out of Pym's hand; and, much against the will of the latter, and in order to bring further pressure to bear on the Lords, a Bill of Attainder was introduced. The Lords at first resented the pressure; and to the impassioned oratory of Pym and Glyn on the 13th, on the old theme ('subversion of fundamental laws *is* treason'), they turned a deaf ear. The Commons answered by a second reading of the Bill of Attainder (15th), and forthwith a sharp and resolute opposition appeared in their House, Selden, Holborne and Digby fighting hard against the Bill. It was only the tardy conversion of Pym to the side of the majority which led to the passing of the third reading of the Bill (April 21st) by 204 to 59.

The Bill was forthwith sent up to the Lords, who, nnwilling as they were to vote, as judges, in the teeth of the law, that such and such acts amounted to treason, were somewhat less unwilling to take the shortest way, which besides had abundant precedent, for getting rid of Strafford. Stories of plans devised for his escape, of vessels lying off the Tower, of fresh negotiations with the officers of the English and of the Irish army, ran through the mouths of all men during the last week of April. On May 1st the King took the very unwise step of coming

to the House of Lords, and making a solemn declaration that no one had ever advised him to employ the Irish army in England, and that he would never employ Strafford again, but that his life must be spared. The Lords resented the dictation. A secret attempt of the King to introduce fresh soldiers into the Tower, no doubt with a view to a forcible rescue, ended the hesitation of the Lords. Pym played his last card, and let loose the London mob to howl round the palaces of Westminster and Whitehall for 'Justice on the traitor'; he introduced into the House of Commons a 'Protestation and Oath,' which was soon unanimously taken, each member swearing to stand by the reformed religion against Popery, and in defence of King and Parliament against all plots and conspiracies, and to bring to condign punishment all who should abet the same. The Lords took this oath, and then the clergy and the citizens of London were invited to swear. It was the beginning of the reign of 'King Pym.'

On May 8th the Lords finally passed the Bill of Attainder; and the struggle began afresh over what King Charles was fond of calling his conscience. The noble victim to that conscience wrote a beautiful letter, imploring his Majesty to pass the Bill 'for the prevention of evils which may happen by its refusal; Sir, my consent shall more acquit you herein to God than all the world can do besides.' All the night of the 8th and all day of the 9th the mob howled 'Justice, Justice!' round the palace; and on the evening of the 9th the King discovered—in his Privy Council, too—by the advice of the false Bishop Williams, that he had two consciences, a private and a public one, and that it was the latter alone that consented to pass the Bill. The brave Laud

was safe in the Tower, but good Bishop Juxon and Archbishop Usher spoke out against the detestable subterfuge. Strafford's death on Tower Hill on the 11th in the presence of near a quarter of a million of spectators was as fearless as his life. Laud from his prison window gave him, with uplifted hands, his last blessing.

Strafford is to me an enigma. His letters are among the most charming memorials of the literature of his age; they show a mind keenly alert for the redress of all real abuses, a genuine pity and a zeal for the relief of the poor and oppressed, an extraordinarily modern insight into commercial and economic problems, a playful and affectionate gaiety towards his many friends and a wise and tender devotion to his family; but at the same time a contempt for legality and for vested interests. The fervent but narrow Puritanism of the time jarred on his instincts of scholar and statesman; but we must remember that they did not jar on similar instincts in Hampden or Milton. We might call him an Elizabethan, if he had not so entirely acquiesced in the obliteration of England as a power in Europe. In fact, then, he is not like an Elizabethan 'mere English'; nor is there any great Frenchman, with the possible exception of Richelieu, to whom one could compare him.

Had it not been for two factors, the peace and prosperity of the nation would now have been assured. The Crown was stripped of all its arbitrary powers, but its splendour and its lawful prerogative were untouched. The future of parliamentary government was safe; the liberty of the individual was adequately guarded. The two factors of disturbance were the development of the religious question and the character of the King.

Long before the close of the first session of the Long

Parliament the signs of that divergence of opinion, which was to find its only solution in civil war, were being manifested. If both Houses thoroughly acquiesced in the removal of the engines of civil despotism, there was in each a large number of men who would rally to the cry of 'Church in danger.' This is not to say that there was any serious Laudian party in either House: every one wanted to curtail the inquisitorial power of the bishops and the church courts; no one wanted compulsory saints-days, compulsory genuflexions, pastoral staves or sacerdotal millinery. But there was a large majority in the Lords and a considerable minority in the Commons who would always resent any attempt to tamper with the Prayer Book, and who hated the 'inspired tinker' even more than they hated Laud and Montague.

The tinker had been peculiarly inspired ever since November 3rd. The opening of the session had let loose some of the wildest sectaries, against whom the bishops did not now dare to move; and London was drinking in deep draughts of refreshing Calvinism from many long-silenced ministers. These called loudly for the overthrow of bishops and Prayer Book. The Commons seemed not unpleased; though, when a petition, signed by 15,000 citizens, demanding these changes was presented to the House, it was very coldly received (December 11th). This was perhaps the first instance of the disastrous practice of bringing pressure to bear upon Parliament from outside; and Pym and his friends, who were gradually led on to encourage this practice, thereby showed themselves not so much Whigs as Radicals. It must, however, be remembered that the power and influence of the City of London was out of all proportion to what it is to-day; and that, without its loans, the armies could not be paid

off nor any final settlement reached. The Lords were, however, very angry at the movement, and issued an order for the performance of divine service according to the Prayer Book and that only (January 16th).

It was a question which might well divide such a serious and noble people as our ancestors in that serious age. The 'plain words of Scripture' are not so very plain in our Authorized Version, after all; you might find in them warrant for the establishment of several different forms of church government. The mistake of each partisan lay in thinking that his favourite form, or any particular form, was of divine origin. We are able to gauge the changes in the temper of the two Houses on matters of religion from the sermons preached before them: Parliament had very early instituted a 'monthly fast-day,' on which each House listened to a sermon from a preacher appointed by itself—the Lords in the Abbey, and the Commons in St. Margaret's; these sermons nearly all remain in print. The early days of February, 1641, were taken up with a fierce debate in the Commons, in which the future cleavage of parties was revealed. The defenders of episcopal government were the future Royalists, Hyde, Falkland, Culpepper, Digby; the assailants Hampden, Fiennes, Pym and, in a remarkable speech, Mr. Oliver Cromwell, member for Cambridge. The conversion of Pym and Hampden to what was known as the 'root and branch' view of the question—*i.e.* the utter abolition of Episcopacy—was a slow one, and could have been by no means complete when Parliament met; for the alternative to Episcopacy was apparently not toleration, but Presbyterian government on the Scottish model, and perhaps some men already saw that this would only

substitute one tyranny for another. Certainly many saw that it would be incompatible with a vigorous monarchy, as recent Scottish history had proved it to be. The Scottish Commissioners, whose strong point was not modesty, lectured the Houses on their religious duty, February 26th, and even the Commons did not like that. For the moment the result was the introduction in the Lower House, on March 10th, of a Bill for depriving the bishops of their seats in the Upper, though this was not sent up to the Lords till May 1st. It included a proposal to disenable clergymen from exercising any secular functions; and, on June 8th, the Lords accepted this clause, but rejected the exclusion of bishops from their House—which, whatever its merits on principle, would mean a most revolutionary interference with the balance of the Constitution. Perhaps it was mainly in order to bring pressure on the Lords that the Commons, a few days later, read a first and second time a 'Root and Branch' Bill for the utter abolition of Episcopacy. No confiscation was intended; church property was to be devoted to church objects, whatever the form of government substituted. The Bill was fiercely debated in committee, and the third reading had not been reached when the first session of Parliament came to a close. On the last day (September 9th) the Lords again reiterated their order that divine service be performed according to the existing law only, and that such as disturb it should be severely punished. The Houses then adjourned themselves till October 20th. Their union was already at an end.

A great writer of romance has drawn a wonderful picture, in which, while the King is being read to sleep in an inner room at Whitehall, at the end of May, '41,

a sleepy esquire who watches without is startled by the sight of a mailed figure, which, giving the watch-word of the night, strides through the room towards the King's chamber. A moment after there is confusion—the King is taken ill; the trembling young man is sent for and interrogated as to whether any one had passed—the King and he both know too well, "It was my Lord of Strafford." There are also passages in the Eikon Basilike—if that book were really composed by the King—which indicate remorse. But though, if ever ghost had a right to haunt a bedside, Strafford's should have been entitled to haunt that of Charles, one doubts whether the King was as sensitive to ghosts as Mr. John Inglesant. He was too essentially cold, and too self-centred to disturb himself much about such matters as the sacrifice of a faithful servant. All June and July he had been weaving fresh plots and combinations, which gradually resolved themselves into a fixed idea to go in person to his detested native kingdom and to exploit its loyalty, if he could find any (and if he found none, he was fain to think he could make some or buy some), with a view to the use of its pikes against the English Parliament. A second thought—might he not get possession of written evidence, to prove the implication of Pym and others in treasonable correspondence with the Scots before the pacification? To get these advantages he would consent to anything which the Scottish leaders demanded, and would scatter earldoms and pensions right and left.

Montrose had, in fact, invited him to come, for since the treaty of Ripon Argyll had been practically king in Scotland, and Montrose was rightly of opinion that Argyll was a scoundrel and a traitor. The English

Parliament, on the other hand, was by no means anxious that Charles should go. Pym had plenty of information about court secrets: he knew of the intrigues with the Irish army as well as of the money asked from the Pope, and of the price that was to be paid for it; of the two successive 'army plots' with the English officers, of April and June. A certain pretty widow called Lucy, Lady Carlisle, used to whisper him all the Queen's secrets, and he took his own times for revealing them to the House; perhaps there were some which he never revealed, but kept for greater emergencies. Anyhow, long before August Pym was getting anxious that this Scottish army should be disbanded, in case anything awkward should happen. The King, however, had his way; and, on August 10th, he set out on his ride for Edinburgh, which he reached in five days. On his way through Newcastle he was gratified by the apparent loyalty of Leslie's troops.

He had, however, forgotten one thing—that he had left England practically without an executive government. Those of his privy councillors and secretaries who did not attend him northwards were quite without authority. The Queen was openly an object of suspicion to every Protestant in the kingdom. In such circumstances it was natural that the two Houses should grasp at the reins of power. In fact, they issued a series of ordinances upon a great many subjects, and, except on the religious question, acted in harmony in doing so. Among other things they appointed a commander for Hull, where were stored the munitions used in the late Scottish war, and they also took special precautions to secure the Tower. They likewise appointed a committee of both Houses to 'attend'—*i.e.* to spy upon—the

King in Edinburgh, and Hampden was among its members. Hampden, no doubt, reported that it was wonderful to see with what edification Charles listened to long sermons from Mr. Henderson ; also that messengers were often going between Holyrood and Lords Ormond and Antrim in Ireland (not quite such a satisfactory symptom of His Majesty's intentions).

As regards Scottish politics, Charles appeared to have gone north in order to make 'a perfect deed of gift of that kingdom.' He gave the royal assent to every Act which Argyll had forced through the Parliament, even to one by which he was obliged to choose his ministers with the consent of that body. The Covenant triumphant proved to be a less lovely thing than when it was signed as a protest against tyranny. With a lofty spiritual purpose and a high ideal of individual and civic life, it combined three great vices—it was fanatically intolerant, it was clerical, it was iconoclastic. It rested in the main, and with it Argyll's power rested, on the preachers, who swayed both the middle classes and the mob ; from their dominion much of the better sense of Scotland gradually pulled away. The mobs of Scottish cities have always been—one hardly knows why—peculiarly fierce, and by them the few remains of mediæval Scottish art and architecture were now ruthlessly torn down. Argyll held them in the hollow of his crooked hand, as no Pym or Shaftesbury ever held an English mob. But, being as grasping as he was crooked, and utterly devoid of all higher qualities of statesmanship, he had already raised up against himself a number of opponents, who had no mind to substitute a Campbell for a Stuart on the throne. Of these Montrose was the leader and spokesman, and Argyll had craftily managed to get Montrose

imprisoned before Charles' visit. The Catholic Crawford, head of the great house of Lindsay, was another enemy of the Campbells; Roxburgh, Morton, Loudoun, could also be reckoned upon. Rothes had died, and his kinsman Leslie, whose command of the now disbanding army gave him weight, was at first neutral; but Hamilton, who had accompanied his King-cousin to Scotland, went over to Argyll, and probably swayed Leslie in the same direction. Montrose from his prison offered to prove both Hamilton and Argyll to be traitors. How much the King listened to, we don't know; but the ways of Scots nobles were what the French call 'ways of fact'; and there certainly was a plot afoot to kidnap, and perhaps kill Argyll and Hamilton. Montrose wanted to bring them to a legal trial, but the 'Incident' was hushed up, and even now no one knows the truth. Enough leaked out in London to justify the leaders in both Houses of Parliament (which had just reassembled) in arguing that, wherever the King was, plots and violence accompanied him, and therefore in ordering a guard to be kept for their protection by the citizens of Westminster (October 21st).

A few days later the King was interrupted in a game of golf by terrible news from Ireland. His own erratic play in the game of life had landed him in a worse bunker than was to be found on the links at Leith. His Irish Catholic subjects, many of whose leaders knew of royal intrigues with Lord Antrim, had risen against the Protestant ascendency. The north was in flames; Dublin was in danger, and a terrible massacre going on: its leaders were avowing excessive loyalty to the Crown, and in some cases pleading royal orders. Charles finished his game, as he had finished his prayers when the news of Bucking-

ham's death was brought to him in church. But he also hastened to finish his visit to Scotland. Whether or no he had obtained any written evidence of treason against the English parliamentary leaders, we do not know; but in other respects his whole visit had been a failure. Before he left Holyrood he patched up some sort of a peace among the nobles, and even managed to secure the liberation of Montrose; he made Hamilton a duke, Argyll a marquis and Leslie an earl: but this did not disguise the fact that he left Argyll still virtually in power, and the nobles of the opposite party as discontented as ever.

He came south weaving fresh schemes in his restless brain. The Irish rebellion—well, it was unfortunate, but might he not make even that a plank in his platform? He could raise an army and suppress it—at least, Parliament must vote money to him for such a purpose; he might even go in person to the task; that army might afterwards be useful—elsewhere? Meanwhile he would conciliate the wealthier citizens of London, who, as rumour said, were getting disgusted with the tumults of their apprentices, and the wild utterances of fanatic sectaries. In the Commons Pym, with more knowledge of the King than he cared to reveal, had not been playing his cards so well as usual; and the church party was rapidly growing to be Royalist as well as Episcopalian. For the time no more was heard of Root and Branch, but a second 'Bishops Exclusion Bill' had been hurriedly passed and sent up to the Lords. The Lords deferred its consideration (October 28th). Pym was preparing a 'Grand Remonstrance on the State of the Kingdom,' when, on November 1st, the news of the Irish rebellion reached Westminster. The story was, of course, wildly exaggerated; but there was enough horrible truth in it.

There were in that rebellion two elements,—first, the land-hunger, religious hatred and race hatred of the expropriated peasantry of Ulster; these things spelt mere plunder and massacre of the English and Scottish colonists: secondly, the political aspirations of the Catholic lords and gentry of the old Pale; these, who had been well treated since the accession of the Stuarts, had been suddenly threatened in their consciences and their property by the turn taken by the English revolution. The successors of Strafford in the Irish Government were true-blue Protestants, to whom every Catholic was as a dog; and it was with the moderate Catholics that the King's intrigues had been carried on. It was the leaders of these, Maguires, Dillons, O'Neills, who had a real plan, which they believed would please the King, to seize Dublin Castle and hold it for him. To the designs of these men the agrarian rising and the massacre were the most fatal things possible. Their plot was betrayed, as all Irish plots have been; and the massacre broke out, as was only to be expected. To the English Puritans the whole thing became at once 'the Queen's rebellion,' if not actually the King's. It is impossible to arrive with certainty at the number of the victims, or to fix any one time at which plunder and massacre gave way to actual civil war. It is, however, estimated that some 4,000 English and Scots may have been killed in the first two months, and perhaps as many more perished from starvation and cold in their attempt to reach Dublin. In December the Catholic lords of the Pale definitely joined the Ulster insurgents; and, as English and Scottish troops gradually dribbled into Ireland, the rebellion spread over the whole island, and the worst scenes of the Elizabethan age were re-enacted. The English Parliament, on the eve of its

own civil war, could spare no money and few men. The King was in a like case; and each side came to treat the Irish rebellion as a pawn in the game. The only plan for its suppression that led to any result was an invitation to 'adventurers' (subscribers) to lend money, which should be repaid them out of confiscated Irish land, when the rebellion should be put down. The London citizens embarked largely on this rather immoral speculation.

Pym's first move, on November 5th, was to demand that the King should choose his ministers only with the approval of Parliament. This eminently fourteenth-century proposal shocked all the moderates, and began to weld together a Royalist party under the leadership of Hyde, the future Lord Clarendon; and the watch-word of this party came to be, 'stand for the existing law,' for the Commons were now definitely the aggressors. The debates on the 'Grand Remonstrance,' which Pym pushed forward, accentuated the cleavage of parties. This remonstrance was, in effect, an appeal to the nation beyond the walls of the House. It was a most unfair document; it recapitulated all the evil deeds of the King's government since 1625, and spoke of them as if they were still likely to be repeated. Papist lords, bishops, evil counsellors, were all lumped together as if they were still serious dangers; worse still, nothing practical was suggested except the choice of ministers with consent of Parliament. While fiercely attacking episcopacy, the Remonstrance proposed no new form of church government, except in a vague appeal to a general synod of the 'most grave, pious, learned and judicious divines.' Thus it was either a confession that all the good work of the Parliament had been thrown away, or else it was a deliberate

incitement to civil war. A fortnight's tough debate ended in its being carried on November 22nd by eleven votes only.

Three days later Charles entered London, and began to take up in the name of the Law a definite position of resistance to further changes. In this position he could count upon his side the large majority in the Upper, and a very large minority in the Lower House. Even by the wealthier London merchants he was warmly received, and went to a great banquet in the Guildhall. Had he been contented to stick to this position of legality, it seems clear that the majority in the Commons would have found themselves in a very awkward situation; they had gone almost too far to retreat, and were on the eve of a conflict with the Lords, who still looked askance at the Bishops Exclusion Bill. But the King was in high spirits, and began by dismissing the Parliament's guard; whereon tumultuous assemblies of 'prentices took its place, and howled against 'Bishops and Popish Lords.' When the Remonstrance was presented to Charles he received it coldly and deferred his answer for some weeks; at last he told the House that he would maintain the Church of England, and that he knew of no evil counsellors. The real issue was quickly joined. On December 6th, apropos of a Bill for voting soldiers for Ireland, doubts were raised as to the power of the Crown to compel a man to serve beyond the borders of his own county; and on the next day Hazelrig introduced the famous 'Militia Bill,' which, superseding the power of the Crown to command either army or fleet, entrusted them to 'persons to be named hereafter.' It was a deliberate clutch at the sword, and took away the oldest prerogative of the Crown. If a king is not to command the armed forces of his

realm, what is the use of a king? Civil war was nearer with every step.

At the end of the year things had gone so far that the bishops did not dare to force their way through the mob in Palace Yard, to get into the House of Lords. The Commons applauded the mob. Eleven of the bishops, by the mouth of Williams (recently raised to the see of York), protested against any votes passed in their absence, and declared that Parliament was no longer free. The Lords were very angry at this undoubtedly true statement; and when the Commons impeached the bishops of high treason, the Lords cheerfully imprisoned them. All December there had been street riots between the apprentices and the courtiers, and Whitehall was packed with gentlemen who volunteered their services for the defence of the court. The Commons spoke of these gentlemen as 'debauched swashbucklers,' and were forever petitioning the King to give them a regular guard of London citizens.

If the King was to maintain his present legal position, it was obviously necessary for him to abstain from incurring any suspicion of plot or violence. He could not rely at the same time on army plots and on the constitutional support of the Peers. This was just what he failed to see. The Peers were for the law quite as much as, or more than himself; if he alienated them he was a lost man indeed. Yet probably, from the date of his return, he had determined to seize some opportunity of bringing an accusation of treason against Pym and Hampden, and, as a preparative to this, he dismissed the Lieutenant of the Tower and appointed in his stead one Lunsford, who was, said the Commons, a notorious ruffian (December 21st). Lunsford was too much even for the Royalist

Lord Mayor, and a week later the King substituted Sir John Byron.

And so the year 1642 opened with the celebrated 'attempt on the five members.' Charles had just taken Culpepper and Falkland into his service as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Secretary of State respectively; Hyde refused office, but inspired the other two and through them the King. It is unlikely that any of these three gave the advice to attack; it was, therefore, probably George Digby or the Queen who was responsible for it. On January 2nd, Herbert, the Attorney General, appeared in the Lords, and impeached of high treason Lord Mandeville (afterwards Earl of Manchester), Pym, Hampden, Holles, Hazelrig and Strode. The Lords didn't much like it, and merely appointed a committee to consider the matter. The King sent orders to the serjeant-at-arms to arrest the five commoners. The Commons liked it still less than the Lords, and angrily voted that it was a breach of privilege; the Lords concurred in this. Then the King, on the 4th, resolved to take the mad step of going in force to effect the arrest himself. Of course, the secret was betrayed, and the five escaped by water to the City just as the King, who had been followed by a lot of courtiers with drawn swords, entered the House.

The scene must have been extraordinarily dramatic. Outside the door and half looking in at it were gathered

> His bravos of Alsatia and his pages of Whitehall;

ribald words expressive of contempt for the grave men assembled within were heard from them: while up the floor of the House strode the erect and handsome figure in black velvet with the ribbon of the Garter across its breast. ("Go, you coward," his loved wife had said to him,

"and pull out those rogues by the ears.") Perfect silence was maintained by the members as the King borrowed Lenthall's chair and sat in it; but their hearts were beating fast at the sight of the naked swords in the doorway. After some cheerful remarks to Lenthall and himself, Charles discovered that the 'birds were flown,' and strode out again as swiftly as he had entered, four hundred throats bursting into an angry roar of 'Privilege!' behind him. The next day, but without the armed force, he proceeded to the Guildhall, and tried to beat his birds out of a fresh covert. The Common Council of London absolutely refused to surrender them, and the King was greeted here, as in the House, with shouts of 'Privilege! Privilege!' Meanwhile the House adjourned for a week, and ordered a committee of itself to meet in the Guildhall, under the protection of the City. Now the King's mistake, in all this, was the attempt to combine force with legality. Both sides were, by this time, beyond the bounds of legality. English people, happily, do not understand how to manage *coups d'état*; of course, the King should have arrested these men in their beds. The Lords were so profoundly alienated by his recent action that the Commons had no difficulty in persuading them to join in establishing a guard of London citizens without even asking the King's consent. For that consent, indeed, there was no longer need; Charles had shot his bolt so far as London and the Parliament were concerned, and on January 10th he left Whitehall for Hampton Court. The next day the five members returned to Parliament in triumph, escorted by an innumerable multitude of the citizens of London.

From that moment it matters little how we follow the steps which led to war. The King put out feelers

for gaining possession of certain strong places—above all of a seaport, whither arms and foreign troops could be brought; but in each case Parliament was more resolute and got there before him—or, as in the case of Portsmouth, the man in possession deceived the King and ultimately obeyed the Parliament. It seemed as if it would be touch and go at Hull; but Sir John Hotham, for Parliament, just anticipated the Earl of Newcastle for the King (January); and when in July the King came to summon Hull in person, Sir John fell upon his knees on the walls and professed unbounded loyalty, etc., but he kept the object of his loyalty outside the walls. It seemed as if it would be touch and go for the fleet, to which Parliament in July appointed Warwick, and the King Pennington: Warwick got to his task a few hours before his rival; though not at heart a Puritan, he was a strong anti-royalist, and a bluff fellow thoroughly popular with the sailors. But this is anticipating; from Hampton Charles had gone to Windsor, and thence to Dover, whence he despatched his beloved Queen to Holland, to raise money by pawning the crown jewels, and to intrigue for Dutch or Danish troops; finally, carrying the Prince of Wales with him, he had settled at York in the middle of March. Hyde, his wisest adviser, remained for some time longer in his place in Parliament; and apparently no one suspected that the long answers, so promptly returned by the King to the equally long remonstrances of the Parliament, were in reality drawn up by Hyde in London.

The Commons had pressed on apace, and carried the Lords with them much further than they had any right to expect. The Militia Bill took new shape, and both Houses agreed to entrust the command in each county

'to a person to be nominated by Parliament,' though that person was ostensibly to act in the name of the King. In short, Parliament proposed to raise in the King's name an army to fight against the King. When this monstrous innovation was presented to the King for his acceptance, he said, "By God, not for an hour!" In the same spirit of docility to the Commons, the Lords at last passed the Bishops Exclusion Bill, and to this Charles gave, as soon as the Queen was safe away, a quite unexpected assent.

Down till about May things looked very black for the King: but, with that month, the desertions of Moderates from Parliament began; and, once they had begun, all sorts of quite unexpected people discovered that they had 'business in the north'—among them the Lord Keeper, Lyttelton, who brought with him (inestimable fetish) the Great Seal. Why did not Charles then take the prudent step of calling the two Houses to join him at York, where was no Puritan mob, excluding by name the leaders of the Opposition, for whose seats he could have issued fresh writs? But this never seems to have occurred to him. Soon but a small minority of Lords was left at Westminster, though not all those who deserted Parliament repaired to the King. Cleared of opposition within, and in sure possession of the city of London, of the fleet and of the militia of the home counties, 'Parliament,' as one must for convenience' sake still call it, sent early in June its ultimatum to the King. This took the shape of 'Nineteen Propositions,' which were a mere substitution of parliamentary for royal sovereignty; everything was henceforth to be done, every officer of state henceforth to be named by Parliament and to be responsible to Parliament alone.

If these propositions had really been offered by a *plébiscite* to all adult Englishmen, they would have been scouted or laughed at. The answer to them obviously was, as above, 'then of what use is a king?'

Not, however, before mid-June did the King feel strong enough to order, by the old 'commission of array,' the levy of soldiers on his own behalf, and even then he was obliged to protest, in order to satisfy his own most loyal supporters, that he intended to stand wholly on the defensive. Parliament made shift to protest, for its part, the same thing. A strong committee of both Houses, of which the most active members were Lords Essex and Saye, Pym, Hampden and Fiennes, was voted early in July, for the purpose of raising troops for the defence of the kingdom and Parliament; the 'ordinance' of the militia was put in force as if it were law, and a few days later Essex, the most honourable, faithful, stupid soul that ever drilled a squad of pikemen, was appointed Lord General. From that hour the King's commission and the Parliament's ordinance 'jostled each other in every county of England'; the usual shape that the jostling took was a race for the county magazine.[1] The only really important places which the King managed to secure were Newcastle-on-Tyne and York itself. Money was the great need of each side, but the far greater need of the King's, and gifts of money and plate (easily convertible into money) were eagerly welcomed; but for the enormous contribution of the Catholic Marquis of Worcester it would not have been possible for the King to raise his first levies at all. The colleges of Oxford sent their

[1] *i.e.* storehouse of arms and powder: a Statute of James I. had established a magazine for each county.'

plate to Charles, and Cromwell was only just in time to prevent Cambridge from doing the same.[1] Parliament, on its side, made little scruple of 'borrowing' £100,000, which had been set aside for the rescue of the distressed Protestants of Ireland. And so, on a very windy evening, August 22nd, in the presence of a small force of loyalists, the Royal Standard was set up by the Knight-Marshall, Sir Edmund Verney, in front of Nottingham Castle, and the Civil War had begun.

The England that was to be the theatre of this war was a far more open country than it is at the present day. The Tudor enclosures had affected perhaps one-third of the southern, eastern and midland counties. The rest of the cultivated land still lay in hedgeless, open fields; and far more than half of the whole acreage was still moorland, down, marsh or wood. Roads were few, and roads practicable for artillery very few indeed. Bridges were, I think, numerous out of proportion to good roads; but, of course, before the days of pound-locks, fords even on navigable rivers were far more numerous than to-day. The great arteries radiating from London were still the old Roman roads to Dover, Bath, Chester and York. The Thames was a regular highway from Reading to London, though between Reading and Oxford its navigation was constantly in need of repairs and traffic on it was very slow; of other rivers Trent, Severn and Great Ouse alone seem to have been seriously navigable into the heart of the country. All the heaviest traffic between different localities was still as far as possible sea-

[1] Plate seems to us a poor resource, but, in the days before banks, it was one of the commonest forms of realized wealth. The plate kept even by a substantial yeoman's family was out of all proportion to his revenue in cash.

borne. And yet one is astonished at the pace at which armies occasionally moved, and at the places to which one finds their waggons transporting munitions. The explanation probably is that horses (not forage) were cheap and abundant, and munitions of war and even cannons very light. Cavalry was the main branch of the service, and in an open country cavalry can move anywhere; even in the enclosed country the scanty hedges were not very formidable obstacles to a race of ἱππόδαμοι.

The population may perhaps have been between four and five millions, of whom all but a million would be persons engaged in agriculture. Of that remaining million London would account for three-eighths. During the war its population increased rapidly, if for no other reason, just because it was the safest place, for all people who were in trouble, to hide in. Norwich and Bristol may have held 50,000 between them; the small manufacturing towns of the eastern counties, of Somerset and the West Riding of Yorkshire another 50,000. Not much is left for the other towns. Of the agricultural persons, it is probable that over a million souls were comprised under the head of freeholders and their families; half or three-quarters of a million were supported on the dwindling copyhold tenure; and the rest would be tenant farmers and labourers hired for the year, and these labourers, if unmarried, would live in the houses of their employers. There had been an enormous decrease in the numbers of the pauper class and the 'sturdy beggars' of the Tudor period, for the last half-century had been one of ever-increasing material prosperity.

The activity and intelligence of all except the lowest class was probably never greater at any period of English history; and, though below the middle class

there was no 'education' in the vulgar modern sense of the word, every little town possessed some sort of a grammar school, in which any one could get a smattering of letters. The boundaries of classes were infinitely less harsh than at the present day; for there were no factories, weaving and spinning being still carried on by hand, and in country cottages as well as town cottages. The woollen industry was, after agriculture, the backbone of the country; and, though specially fine branches of it were localized in certain districts, it was carried on everywhere. Much as one reads in contemporary writings about the dangers to be apprehended from the 'rude multitude,' one is rather at a loss to know of any large class of which it could be composed; and one is tempted to suspect that by it a Puritan meant the Royalist soldiery, and a Royalist the London 'prentice-boys, who formed some of the best and steadiest foot-regiments in Essex's army. Both armies must have been largely recruited from the agricultural class: peasants with arms in their hands are, unless perfectly disciplined, apt to be 'rude'; and as regards discipline, and therefore as regards 'rudeness' and plunder, there was, until the end of 1644, little to choose between the two sides. War is war, and cannot be waged in kid gloves.

Yet, never was a war waged with more regard to humanity and mercy on both sides.[1] And this is the more remarkable from the fact that a large number of the officers on each side had just been serving in the most

[1] To this generalization one terrible exception must be made; when Irishmen were found in the King's armies after surrender, or even Irishwomen following the camp, they were knocked on the head without the least scruple.

brutal of all wars, the Thirty Years' War in Germany. In that dreadful conflict it had been, and still was, the direct interest of the professional soldiers who waged it to destroy and waste the country, in order to reduce the enemy to starvation, and to avoid battles, lest they should end the war, which kept their purses full. But in the English Civil War the cry on each side was, 'where's my brother the enemy? let me get at him, shake his hand and fight it out, and so end the war at a blow.' When the sword was first drawn every one believed that a single set field would be enough. The completely unmilitary character of the nation, since the close of the Hundred Years' War with France, was a well-worn theme with pessimists. The so-called 'trained bands' in each county were selected from those liable to serve in the old militia, and were drilled one day a month! In London alone did they possess any efficiency, and before long the Londoners proved the best foot that either side possessed. The trained bands could seldom be persuaded to march beyond the boundaries of their own counties except for a special and temporary service; and so, though many regiments were at first raised by voluntary enlistment, each gentleman undertaking to find so many horses and men, either at his own expense or for pay, recourse to impressment was on each side speedy. In both these methods the Parliament, as the better paymaster, had the advantage; yet, in quality as apart from numbers, the King's horse, being raised from the hunting and riding tenants of rich country gentlemen, and his foot drawn from the more mountainous parts of the kingdom, Wales, Cornwall and the north, were at first superior in endurance and strength, if not in discipline.

It needed, indeed, no small endurance to be a foot-soldier in those days. If a pikeman (and the best recruits were always chosen to be pikemen), your pike was still a two-foot blade on a sixteen-foot ash-shaft; you wore a 'back and breast'—*i.e.* a half-cuirass—of steel, and on your head a steel cap on a leather foundation; a sword, which you seldom used, was girt to your side. If you were a musketeer your musket was so heavy that it had to be fired from a crutch, the barrel alone being four feet long; your bullet weighed an ounce and a quarter, and you carried a few pounds' weight of these; your powder was another serious item, and a coil of 'match'—*i.e.* inflammable rope with which to light your powder—hung somewhere about you, several yards long; in fact, you often blew up yourself and your front-rank man with the powder and match with which you were laden. On the other hand, a musketeer had no defensive armour; and, when the enemy charged, he had to fall back behind his brother pikeman for defence. Hence the absolute necessity of the two arms of the infantry to each other; in the battle-field little squads of each arm must be interspersed; they stood in ranks six deep, and the musketeers of each rank, having given fire, fell back to reload behind the next rank. In these conditions it is not to be wondered at that thirteen miles a day was an extreme march for an infantry regiment.

Cavalry was, however, to be the deciding arm of the war, and it is a mark of the essentially civilian character of the war that a man who enlisted in the cavalry always provided his own horse. A cavalry-man wore a buff leather coat half an inch thick, back and breast of steel and steel cap; and the best cavalry-men trusted to the

sword and to 'shock-tactics' alone. They carried, however, a pair of flint-lock pistols a-piece, and reserved their fire with these till they were within the enemies' ranks; they charged three deep, each several rank being locked knee to knee, at a round trot. In all cases, until Cromwell disciplined the stout farmers of the eastern counties, the Parliamentary horse were slower at the charge than the Royalist; and this explains the fatal superiority of Rupert's horsemen over Essex's at the beginning of the war; these would, indeed, have ended the war at a blow, could they have been kept in hand in the hour of victory. Dragoons were a species of mounted infantry, unarmoured, but carrying sword and carbine, and were nearly always dismounted for fight. The proportion of cavalry to infantry in all the armies was almost as one is to two.

What we call the scientific branches of the service, engineers and artillery, were wofully behind; the war was fought under such conditions that of entrenching there was virtually none. 'Pioneers' were chiefly employed to dig mines at sieges, or to assist in dragging the few guns into position; instead of being an honourable, theirs was held a degrading employment, and the chief engineers were generally foreigners. The heaviest field guns of the day would shoot a sixteen-pound ball point blank for less than a quarter of a mile, and their extreme range was barely a mile; the ordinary light gun shot a six- or even a three-pound ball somewhat less than this distance. Range-finding instruments other than the 'perspective glass' (telescope) and the human eye there were none. The Parliament certainly started with a much heavier and better organized train of artillery than the King; but the fact of the same guns being captured and

recaptured so often during the war makes it difficult to assign any permanent superiority in this arm to either side. Every big battle opened, as a matter of form, with an artillery duel, which had for its object rather the disturbing of the enemy's formation than the putting of him out of action; the sharper the fire, the more quickly did the rival leaders hasten to come to cavalry-charge or to push of pike. In the matter of sieges, however, such guns would be useless; yet it is not till about 1645 that we hear of any 'cannon' or 'demi-cannon'—that is to say, forty-eight and twenty-four pounders respectively. As a rule, the commanders preferred to risk a storm or an escalade rather than undertake a formal siege with batteries and mines; you began by blowing in a gate with a petard (tin of gunpowder); or you set fire to brushwood, and smoked or burned out your enemy.

If the pay in both armies was high in relation to pay at the present day, it was always in arrear. Essex may have been a professional grumbler, but the letters of almost every commander tell the same story as his, incessant and growing arrears of pay. 'An army, like a serpent, moves upon its belly,' and, though a couple of waggons of 'proviant' were usually told off to accompany each regiment on the march, they were seldom sufficient. No doubt there were army contractors, many of whom did as army contractors in all ages have done. There was something like a travelling canteen, private persons getting permission to follow the camp as 'sutlers,' and to sell tobacco and ale; but field ovens there were none, nor cooking-pots, and none of those savoury stews which are daily dispensed in a modern regiment to the tune of 'come to the cook-house door.' In a beef-and-beer-fed

England the privates of foot were mainly fed upon bread and cheese, and for all food a deduction from their daily eightpence, amounting in some cases to one-half, was usually made. The cavalry were much better off: a trooper's wages were as much as half a crown a day (say twelve shillings, present value); and it was the custom in both armies to assign certain districts to each regiment of horse, from which supplies could be drawn at 'free quarter'; this meant that the quarter-masters could take from the country people what they wanted, paying for it by a ticket, which head quarters pledged itself to redeem in cash—a pledge seldom fulfilled. Right down to 1645 pay in both armies was very irregular and mainly dependent upon local funds; this or that county, or 'association of counties' would equip and pay an army for a definite purpose and for a definite time. The real rewards of the soldier came in the case of a storm, when, in the event of success, a day's plunder was usually allowed; or, if that were forbidden, a definite sum of ten or twelve shillings was paid to each man as 'storm-money.' It is strange how seldom one hears of outrage or murder committed, even when definite plunder was allowed; the Royalists have got a worse name for plunder and free quarter, partly because they were the poorer party in purse, and the defeated party in the later years of the war, but mainly because most history has been written by Whigs; when one digs into contemporary documents, one finds the complaints against both armies fairly evenly distributed.

The cost of clothing the soldier was also deducted from his pay. At first every regiment was dressed according to the fancy of its colonel; it was the New Model Army which definitely adopted the red coat of the

modern 'lobster,' though, curiously enough, the name 'lobsters' is applied in 1643 to a regiment of heavy cavalry at Roundway Down, on account of their shell-like cuirasses. A worse colour could, as is now recognized, hardly be imagined; and Cromwell's men had not, or ought not to have had, the one excuse that can be pleaded for it, that it attracts nursemaids, and therefore attracts recruits. In early years each army had to adopt a sign in battle, such as a white or coloured scarf, in order that men should be able to distinguish friend from foe; one storming party (at Dartmouth in 1646) adopted the original plan of rushing to the assault with its shirt-tails hanging out. Each army possessed surgeons-in-chief, regimental surgeons and 'apothecaries,' the humanity of whom to the wounded of the enemy as well as to those of their own side is well attested. We hear little of sickness or epidemics,[1] such as carry off a great proportion of men in modern war—possibly because there was no such abomination as tinned meat. Field hospitals did not exist, and badly wounded men were usually quartered on the nearest villages, which received (promise of) pay for their charges.

Each army, at the opening of the strife, was subjected to 'articles of war,' which decreed the penalty of death against sundry grave offences, such as cowardice, desertion, treason, mutiny, unauthorized plunder or violence; and minor punishments, such as flogging, cashiering or 'riding the wooden horse,' for minor offences. Each regiment had chaplains, who prayed and preached with great regularity; if anything, the Royalists were better

[1] Except in Essex's army in Thames Valley, April–July, '43, and in Fairfax's Devonshire campaign in '45–6. Plague undoubtedly increased during the war.

provided in this respect, for, from 1642 onward, Episcopalian ministers were largely ejected from their cures, and could get a living by joining the King's forces in this new capacity. That the balance of righteousness lay with the Parliamentary cause and the Parliamentary soldiers is a common belief, to which it is worth while to devote a moment's examination. I neither assert nor deny it; it appears to rest upon two main premisses:—(1) That the victory of this particular King (not of the Royalists or Royalism) would, if complete, undoubtedly have endangered civil liberties—Charles, if successful, would have tried to undo all the good work of the Long Parliament; if, then, the cause of civil liberty is co-extensive with 'righteousness,' much is to be said for the view. (2) That, on the whole, it was a war in which the majority of the country gentry were arrayed against the majority of the middle classes and the townsfolk,[1] and it is now a belief that the latter is the more righteous class; but a belief which, I think, cannot be traced earlier than this period, and which is probably quite unwarranted. The truth is the Parliamentarians had the victory, and therefore the ear of the world for some eighteen years to come, and they were very loud to assert their own righteousness. The King's friends would not have taken up arms had the Prayer Book not been in danger, and the Parliament would not have fought but to destroy Episcopacy; yet great numbers of men fought for the King who, like Sir Edmund Verney, 'had no reverence for bishops.' The victory of either side was equally dangerous to religious liberty; as a 'side,' neither had the least idea

[1] But this is only true with great qualifications—(*a*) geographical, (*b*) personal, (*c*) professional.

of toleration. One can't say that the Parliamentarians fought, as the Scots did, for the establishment of Presbyterianism; when they pretended to do so, after 1643, it was because the Scots made the establishment of the Presbyterian model a condition of their help.

But we may well be very proud of our ancestors on either side in the great Civil War. Never was a war undertaken more soberly, more seriously, or with greater regret; never was peace more ardently desired by the best elements on each side; never were higher ideals upheld, and never by more religious and righteous soldiers. Often it was the slenderest bent of thought or temperament which operated as a line of cleavage, and sent the noble Sir Edmund to the side of the Crown, and his equally noble son Sir Ralph to the side of the Parliament; not infrequently we shall see two old friends—a Hopton on this side and a Waller on that—exchanging letters of courtesy and affection on the eve of battle. And again, there were many genuine Puritans who chose the King's side because they had imbibed the Old Testament doctrine of the sanctity of kingship, or the Tudor doctrine of loyalty to the Crown, as the one symbol of a united nation; while, as there must have been few Prayer Book men and fewer Episcopalians on the side of the Parliament, the basis of loyalty for the Royalist cause was somewhat the wider.

One word more before we come to view the armies in *battaglia*. The war began to some extent in every county in England, and no exact dividing line can be drawn between Royalist and Parliamentarian districts. But roughly, all southern, eastern and midland shires were for the Parliament, all northern and western for the Crown. Treaties of neutrality between the gentry

of different opinions in the same county were at first not uncommon, but were naturally of short endurance. The King, however, from the first suffered from having to keep an infinite number of small garrisons to defend isolated country houses—for he must defend those who rose in his name; the Parliament had no such disadvantage: it would have paid the King, in '43 or '44, to recall all these garrisons and march in overwhelming force on London. Also, the nearer Charles got to his objective, London, the further he was from his recruiting areas—Wales, Cornwall, the north. Finally, the loss, in the first days of the war, of the navy and therewith of sea-borne trade, although I think too much has been made of it, was a very severe blow to the Crown. The Parliament could generally send naval relief to any port which a Royalist army was besieging: Hull and Plymouth are the two great cases in point; and the failure to take these places was the great cause of the failure of the King's excellent plan of strategy of 1643. But Parliament was not able to patrol the Irish Channel, nor to prevent the fall of Bristol in '43, nor to prevent occasional supplies of arms and money reaching Charles from Holland.

SUMMARY OF PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE FIRST CIVIL WAR, TO ACCOMPANY THE MAP OF ENGLAND

1642. October. King's advance from Shrewsbury on London; he meets Essex at Edgehill (October); Turnham Green (November); King falls back on Oxford.

1643. King's plan of triple advance on London.

(α) Hopton from south-west: his victories of Bradock Down (January), Stratton (May), Lansdown and Roundway Down (July); then sieges till December, when he is ready to advance into Sussex.

(β) Newcastle from north: defeats Fairfax at Atherton Moor (end of June); besieges Hull (September); but checked on his left by Cromwell's victories of Gainsborough (July) and Winceby (October).

(γ) King from centre (Oxford): loses Reading to Essex (April), but wins Chalgrove (June); waits for the advance of (α) and (β), and turns on Gloucester (August); fails there; on way back meets Essex at first battle of Newbury (September), and falls back on Oxford.

1644. King's plan the same as in 1643; but checked (α) by resistance of Hull and Plymouth, (β) by coming of Scots, who advance in January. Fairfax wins Nantwich (January). Hopton finally beaten at Cheriton (March) by Waller. Newcastle at York, calls for Rupert to help him against combination of Scots, Fairfax and Manchester; Newcastle and Rupert beaten by the combination at Marston Moor in July; the north lost to King.

Essex and Waller operating against King at centre (May to June); Essex goes south-west. King turns on Waller and fights him at Cropredy Bridge (end of June); then on Essex, and beats him at Lostwithiel (September).

Cromwell, Manchester, Essex, Waller, combine to

catch King on his way back from south-west; second battle of Newbury (end October).

1645. Montrose's victories from Tippermuir (September, 1644) to Kilsyth (August, 1645) are disquieting Scots, who want to go back. New Model on foot (May) begins first siege of Oxford (May); King dashes on Leicester (end of May), is beaten to pieces by Fairfax and Cromwell with the New Model at Naseby (June). Fairfax then recovers the south-west, takes Bristol (September). Montrose ruined at Philiphaugh (September). King's last serious army defeated at Chester (end of September).

CHAPTER XV

THE CIVIL WAR

I WISH to spare my readers as much as possible details of campaigns or battles, and, where almost all were heroes, it is difficult to single out individuals without becoming prolix. Rupert on the one side, and Cromwell on the other stand out above the rest. Rupert, a young man of twenty-three, son of that beautiful and unfortunate Elizabeth who still went on calling herself 'Queen of Bohemia,' had already endured hard service and imprisonment in the German war; he came to his uncle's side at once, and was with him in his abortive attempt on Hull in July, '42. It is unfair to consider him a mere dashing leader of cavalry; he made grievous mistakes, no doubt, in both branches of the commander's art, but the excellent strategical plans of the Royalists, as well as the cavalry tactics, are probably to be ascribed to him. He was, too, a good organizer of a long march and of the business details of a campaign. Intellectually, Rupert's was one of the most versatile and ingenious minds of his century: he was artist, philosopher, experimentalist and inventor as well as soldier and sailor; and, better than all, he was the very soul of honour both in his military and his civil career. No man ever set a higher value upon a brave and honourable enemy. It was he who gave Cromwell his nickname of 'Noll Ironsides';

he who saved the life of his enemy Blake at Bristol. He was, in short, the one really fine flower which the Stuart race had produced since James I. of Scotland. His failure is not due so much to the fact that he could not always control his men in the hour of victory, as to the dullness of the professional commanders-in-chief who were put over him, to the King's disastrous interference with his plans, and to the peremptory and self-contradictory orders which constantly reached him from head quarters.

If Rupert at once manifested natural genius for war, Cromwell, who was forty-three when the sword was drawn, had yet to discover his. A stern Puritan gentleman from Huntingdonshire, whose spiritual enthusiasm affiliates him to the 'pilgrim fathers' of 1620, and whose political opinions were those of his cousin Hampden, 'only more so,' he had already sat in two Parliaments, and, in the present one, had voted steadily against bishops and prerogative. From what sources, except from his pious mother and his excellent schoolmaster Dr. Beard, he had imbibed his lofty fervour it is not very easy to see; but by 1642 he had become a perfect enthusiast. He was bound by few of the *formulæ* of Calvinism, and to the end of his life was very apt to have his head in the clouds; thus he never saw very far in front of him, but what he saw came to him in lightning-flashes, which produced instant and most effective action. From step to step he went on, not so much in worldly greatness, of which he recked very little, as in spiritual and mental development, until his became indeed 'a soul to which God had given few limits.' Very early in the war Cromwell discerned the excellent temper of the yeomen of the eastern counties, and began to train his 'lovely company.'

Yet he never limited his view, as most of his contemporaries did, to the military operations of his own corner of England; and, when he became a general, he revealed strategic powers of the highest order. He had, moreover, a natural eye for the possibilities of a battle-field, and became by experience a superb tactician. Alone of the really great leaders he had had no military experience abroad or at home—not even of the foolish little wars of '39 and '40. Essex and Ruthven, Hopton and Waller ('William the Conqueror'), Skippon and Astley,[1] had all seen some service either with Swedes or Dutch. There was, of course, on either side another type—among the 'Cavaliers' swashbucklers like Goring and Lunsford, and among the 'Roundheads' adventurers like Urry, who would have brought discredit on any cause; but, on the whole, they were very rare.

The King's objective being London, his plan of strategy was a simple one. At Nottingham he was really in an enemy's country, and the raising of his standard there was a bit of bravado—which failed. He, therefore, fell back on Shrewsbury, where he could gather recruits from the loyal counties of Cheshire and Shropshire and from Wales; and he soon found himself at the head of 15,000 men. Essex, with about the same force, set out to meet him. After a little skirmish outside the city of Worcester Charles began his advance on the capital, and, rapidly outmarching his rival, got between him and London. It was on Sunday, October 23rd, that the armies met at Edgehill, a few miles west of Banbury. The King was perhaps three thousand men

[1] Sir Jacob Astley's prayer before Edgehill fight is worth quoting: 'O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys.'

to the better of Essex, two of whose best regiments were a whole day's march to the west. The Royalist position, on a steep westward-facing hill, was very strong. Essex sat down below, and looked up at it; he liked what he saw far too little to attempt an upward attack. Rupert, as he looked down, must have felt confident of victory; but, as Essex would not come up to him, he had to go down if he were to fight Essex, and the two armies were finally drawn up without much advantage of ground to either side. No doubt, as on a later and greater Sunday, there were many there who

> thought of home upon that Sabbath morning;

but, recruits as they were, the foot fought desperately to a man. The nominal commander of the King's army was the Lincolnshire Earl of Lindsey, a splendid gentleman seventy years of age; he had resigned the command for the day to Ruthven, from whose control the horse were exempt. The battle began at about 1 p.m., and the Royalist horse on each wing swept most of the opposing horse before them; as was, perhaps, only to be expected, they carried the pursuit much too far. Enough Parliamentary horse were left undefeated to tell with fatal effect upon the struggle between the two infantries, which was a very desperate one. The havoc in the Royal foot-guards was fearful; there fell Sir Edmund Verney, the standard-bearer, and there, at the head of his own regiment, the Earl of Lindsey; it was push of pike, cut and thrust, man to man, till night closed the battle. The proportion of slain on each side was enormous—probably over twenty-five per cent.; but, if horse, as every one expected, were to win in the end, the promise of ultimate

victory was for the King. Moreover, Charles, shattered as his foot-regiments were, was enabled to push on at once to Oxford, on the road to London. Essex beat a hasty retreat in the same direction, and, when he got home, recommended a peace on any reasonable terms.

That something like reasonable terms were obtainable was an idea to which all moderate men clung as long as possible. All through the autumn, winter and spring of '42–3, messages were incessantly passing between King and Parliament, with proposals for cessation, for disbandment or for formal treaty. There was a solemn conference, known as the 'Treaty of Oxford,' in March–April, '43, the first of a long series of abortive negotiations. The tenor of the King's demands were, 'restore my fortresses, magazines, ships and revenue, bring in Bills to secure the Church upon the old basis of the Common Prayer Book, leave traitors (undefined, but probably meaning most of yourselves) to a legal trial; there is nothing I love so much as a Parliament, and I have no wish to separate myself from you.' To which Pym's answer would be, 'disband your army of swashbucklers and Papists, consent to the control of Parliament over the militia and the Church, leave 'delinquents' (undefined, but generally meaning all your most faithful servants) to the justice of Parliament, and promise to choose your ministers henceforth with the assent of the same.' It was only another way of saying, on each side, 'we are Englishmen, and we don't know when we are beaten.'

Meanwhile, when the danger was greatest, the temper of the great Puritan city was at its finest. Hampden had not been with Essex at Edgehill, his regiment being at least a day's march to the rear; but he had rejoined

him immediately afterwards, and had done all he could to stiffen his commander's resolution. Pym never wavered, and he carried the Commons and the city with him. As the King pressed on (Oxford, October 29th; Reading, November 4th; Colnbrook, November 11th), Parliament returned thanks to Essex for his 'victory' at Edgehill, and voted to live and die with him. Charles prudently amused the enemy with negotiations, for which he has been somewhat unreasonably blamed, while Rupert was storming Brentford, which might almost be regarded as an outwork of London. The citizens threw up hasty earthworks, and fastened heavy chains across the streets; better still, 24,000 sturdy trainbandsmen and volunteers, crying, 'hurrah for old Robin,' mustered under Essex on Turnham Green, close to the present ending of the Twopenny Tube. The King had not half the number, though he had horse flushed with a real victory. But his fatal indecision prevailed; and, to Rupert's intense chagrin, he retired over Kingston Bridge without giving battle. 'He did not wish to expose London to the horrors of a sack;' he had, in fact, expected that the rebel city would lay down its arms at the mere approach of Majesty. Rupert knew better than that: he was, perhaps, wrong in wishing to attack on the 13th, for the enemy had the advantage, both of numbers and position; but to turn back in full career of victory without striking a blow was more than he could bear. Broadly speaking, his principle was right; once the sword is out, it is a mistake to shrink from bloodshed, even if it involve a storm of your capital city. Cromwell, on his side, had a similar opinion:—'if I met the King in the field I should pistol him.' These views equally shocked the Essexes and Manchesters

(that 'sweet, meek man') among the Parliamentarians, and the Hydes and Falklands on the Royalist side. After a few days the King fell back, and it became clear to both sides that the war was not to be ended at a blow. By the end of November Charles had taken up his quarters in Oxford.

One would like to have been a scholar at the University, or even a mere don, in those stirring days. The city was then, as old men still living have seen her, standing in all her mediæval beauty. Under the charter of Henry VIII. the Vice-chancellor and the University were lords and masters within the walls; Mr. Councillor Smoothface and Mr. Alderman Snubnose trembled before them, and would have been thrown into Bocardo if they had dared to propose to lay down electric tramways in the High Street. Wadham College and Laud's beautiful quadrangle at St. John's were the newest of the great buildings. There were slums, of course; St. Aldate's, then as now, was a bad slum, and so was the district between the Castle and the Cornmarket; but in most other parts of the city it was gardens, gardens all the way, with grey old houses and walls between. No slate and bricks disfigured the approaches; Bullingdon Heath stretched unbroken, but for a few cottages, up to Magdalen Bridge. The old walls were still intact,[1] though suburbs had grown up beyond them on the north side almost as far as St. Giles's Church, to the Cherwell on the east and to many-branched Thames on south and

[1] Even while I write I learn that the Bursar of one of the leading colleges has ordered the destruction of a piece of the old city wall; when remonstrated with he replied (i) that it was a very old wall, (ii) that it was very much in the way, (iii) that there was plenty of it left. The matter was brought to the notice of the college in question, which refused to interfere!

west. Indeed, the place was admirably defended on these three sides by nature herself; and only on the north was the King obliged to throw up earthworks. These appear in Loggan's map (1676) as 'ruins of the fortifications,' running across the northern edge of Balliol cricket-ground to the 'King's Mound,' which is the site of one of the bastions, and so across St. Giles' westwards to the river. Pen-locks were constructed, on both rivers, of sufficient height to create a flood on south, west, and east; the cottages in St. Clement's were pulled down, and a barricade constructed across the London road.

The King lodged in the Deanery at Christchurch, the Queen, when she arrived in July, '43, in the Warden's House at Merton; Rupert's head quarters were in Magdalen. The King's mint was at New Inn Hall; his gunpowder was made at Osney Mill. The Schools became storehouses for corn and clothing; New College tower was a powder magazine. The scholars were drilled in the 'New Park' and on Balliol cricket-ground, then a 'fair bowling-green'; and every college, as well as giving its plate, paid a definite weekly or monthly sum at assessment, and quartered a definite number of soldiers within its walls. The city was as full of ladies as in an Eights-week, as well as of idle courtiers and grave privy councillors, many of whom had to lodge in some 'baker's house in an obscure street, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, and eat from one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered.' If money was scarce, gaiety and courage were, for the first two years at least, abundant; but the dreadful fire of October, 1644, in which over three hundred houses were burned, must have added to the discomfort. This fire seems

to have begun in the modern George Street (then Thames Street), from the roasting of a stolen pig.

Round this central position was gradually fixed a girdle of fortified garrisons, attacks on which became a constant object of Parliamentary strategy. Some were taken and retaken more than once; but, on the whole, the girdle was fairly unbroken up to the autumn of '44. The most important points in it (going southwards from the London road and so round the circle) were Wallingford, Abingdon, Farringdon, Banbury, Boarstall House; and again, there was an outer girdle, Reading (lost, won, and lost again), Basing House, Marlborough, Cirencester, Worcester, Birmingham, Towcester. The line was weakest on the north and north-east, for North Oxfordshire, Warwickshire and Buckinghamshire (Lord Saye's, Lord Brooke's and Mr. Hampden's counties) were strongly Puritan and Parliamentarian in spirit, and Essex always held on to Aylesbury, which is only twenty-three miles from Oxford. Still, the Royal centre was excellently chosen and valiantly maintained. Now the King's plan of strategy, after the repulse of his single-handed advance on London, was to try a triple one. The Cavendish of the day, the Earl of Newcastle, was collecting a Royalist army in Northumberland, and the greatest hopes were always placed in him. The Marquis of Hertford was made general of the southern and western counties, and was to combine with a South-Welsh force under Lord Herbert, the son of another Marquis (Worcester). The northern army was to advance through East Anglia on Essex; the southern through Hampshire and Sussex on Kent; between them they were to blockade the river and so starve out the capital,

while the King would compel Essex to fight him in front at the centre. The military criticism on this plan is that the three armies were 'operating from bases too far apart'; a disaster or a severe check to any one of them would upset it all. But it had at least the merits of being a plan; and plan or conception of unified strategy, Essex had none.

Indeed, in the course of the year '43 the King's plan showed every prospect of success; for while Essex, after taking Reading in April, slumbered and grumbled for two months, the Royalist army grew, and each of its wings began with a triumph. It was not, however, Hertford or Herbert that set the ball rolling in the south-west, but Sir Ralph Hopton, who, almost alone, had started in Cornwall with the seizure of Pendennis Castle. He and Sir Bevil Grenville, grandson of the Sir Richard of the 'Revenge,' began by sweeping the Parliamentarians out of Cornwall and over-running Devon (December, '42); they destroyed one force of Lord Stamford's at Bradock Down, near Liskeard, in January, '43, and another at Stratton in May. The latter victory entirely neutralized a striking series of successes won by Sir William Waller in March and April over Lord Herbert and Prince Maurice (brother of Rupert) in Gloucestershire, and Hopton was put in command of the south-western wing.

Meanwhile, Newcastle had defeated Lord Fairfax, who was holding the 'clothing towns' of the West Riding, at Tadcaster, and so had cut that district off from Hull; and Sir John Hotham, in the latter fortress, was thinking of declaring for the King. There was an awkward gap in the northern midlands, where Gell and Brereton were occupying Cheshire and Staffordshire for Parliament; and the Queen, who landed at Bridlington with plenty of

arms and money in February, was not able to get through to Oxford until July. She was, however, able in May to send a large convoy to the King, and Newcastle was able to push as far as Newark, which remained throughout the war his 'furthest south,' and the nearest point of contact between the Royalist centre and left wing.

In these circumstances London was naturally not happy; a Royalist plot to surrender the city was discovered in May, and a Mr. Tomkins was hanged for it at his own door. Pym acted with vigour; he forced through the Root and Branch Bill, he impeached the Queen, and he even compelled the small remnant of the Lords to assent to the calling of a general synod of Protestant divines to settle religion (June 9th). Meanwhile, almost unnoticed for some months to come, Colonel Cromwell was training his select regiment of cavalry, and stamping out sporadic Royalism in the eastern counties. "It's no longer disputing," said he, in one of his fiery letters calling for help, "but out instantly all you can." His first little success was at Grantham in May, over a force twice his own in number; but all midsummer he was crying out for money, and was not able to advance into Lincolnshire till the end of July.

June and July were the heyday of the King's success. Essex at last lumbered into action, and pierced the fortress-girdle along the London road, between Wallingford and Boarstall; he got as far as Wheatley and Islip, but apparently, the more he looked at Oxford the less he liked what he saw. Rupert dashed out on him as he retreated to the Chilterns, and the result was Chalgrove field—a skirmish which might have been forgotten, but for the death of John Hampden. Less is known of this leader than of any man, whose character left such

an impression upon his contemporaries; but of his resolution, his modesty, his patriotism, his singleness of purpose, there can, I think, be no two opinions. He lingered for a few days in agony at Thame; the chalice from which he made his last communion is still preserved at Hampden. Chalgrove victory was naturally followed by a Royalist counter-raid far into Essex's quarters beyond Wycombe. All that country was then, as much of it is now, covered with dense forests of beech, through which the London road climbed up from Tetsworth by Stokenchurch and down again to Wycombe and Beaconsfield—just the sort of cover for the game of cutting off outposts and convoys.

Ten days later, June 22nd, Newcastle, who was still manœuvring between Hull and Bradford, inflicted on Sir Thomas Fairfax a signal defeat at Atherton Moor, outside the latter place; but Fairfax and his father managed to escape to Hull, where the Hothams, also father and son, had just been seized and shipped off to London as potential traitors. Newcastle began a somewhat weak blockade of Hull, which kept him busy until the autumn. The Queen's route was now open, and on July 13th she, with a large convoy of munitions, met Charles on Edgehill. Hopton was no less successful in the west; he was, it is true, obliged to leave Plymouth, Exeter and a few other Parliamentary garrisons untaken, but he swept up through Somersetshire, joined Hertford and Prince Maurice, and stormed on July 5th the desperate position of Lansdown Hill, outside Bath. It was one of the bloodiest actions of a very bloody war; not a third of Hopton's horse was left unwounded when the last height was won; yet eight days later Sir Ralph, though badly wounded at Lansdown and giving his

orders from his sick-bed, fought Waller again at Roundway Down, outside Devizes, not forty-five miles from Oxford, whence powerful reinforcements had reached the Royalists just in time; Waller's army was cut to pieces and ceased to exist.

No time was lost before combining the armies of the west and centre for the siege of Bristol; but sieges were little to Rupert's taste, and he had actually begun a storm, when Nathaniel Fiennes hung out the white flag, and the second city of the kingdom was in Royalist hands (July 26th). Next the Puritan county of Dorset was overrun, all but the little ports of Poole and Lyme, which last was destined to stand a four months' siege; but then it was defended by Robert Blake. Even Cromwell, who won, on the 28th, an important victory at Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, over an advance-guard of Newcastle's, was compelled to fall back before the advance of his main force. No wonder that in London the cries for peace at any price were loud and long. Mobs, as in the days of Strafford's trial, besieged Palace Yard, shouting for peace; and the Lords voted for proposals in the same direction. But there was no faltering in King Pym; and he now resolved to take the decisive step, and to summon the Scots as his allies. The Scots, he knew, would come, but under one hard condition; Parliament must swallow the Covenant and swallow it whole. It would be very bitter of digestion. Well, had not the King been negotiating with the Irish rebels for months past, and what was the Covenant compared to Popery? The King had been negotiating with Scots, too, after his usual incongruous fashion.

To many interests in Scotland, Lowland and Highland, but especially to Gordons, Macdonalds, Camerons and

Macleans, the dominion of Argyll was becoming daily more hateful, more impossible; and Montrose began to have hopes of creating a really serious party for the Crown—even of making this the nationalist party. For though Argyll was undoubtedly in treaty with Pym, and though Leslie's old soldiers of fortune, who were recruiting men all over the country, would follow the leader who could give them, not the best cause, but the best chance of success, Montrose hoped that the 'blue-bonnets' would respond to the leader who could strike the right nationalist chord; that now seemed to him to be the Royalist one: he had been a Covenanter in '38 because then the Covenant had been the cause of Scotland against England; but now it seemed as if the positions were reversed. Montrose, however, underrated the strength of the Covenant as a religious symbol; and wrongly believed that a combination between Irish, Scots and Royalists might be effected and effectual. Moreover, it was a long while before Montrose could get the ear of Charles, and meanwhile Pym's negotiations with the Covenanters had begun in earnest.

Four years of Argyll's supremacy had not raised the moral tone of his party. The rank and file undoubtedly followed him in the simple faith of the earlier days of the Covenant; it was to them a religious duty to enforce the same on the three kingdoms, and to the earnest, if narrow, Presbyterian ministers it was no more than this. But to the professional soldiers it seemed a pity to waste their fine new army, which, they did not doubt, would decide the English conflict in favour of whichever cause it espoused; obviously the Parliament would be the better paymasters, as Argyll was a better intriguer than the King. Parliamentary commissioners went to Edin-

burgh and had little difficulty in buying the services of this army, Harry Vane being the main agent in the bargain. First a Convention of Scottish Estates, then the English Parliament, and finally an Assembly of English 'divines,' which on July 1st had met at Westminster,[1] accepted, with some slight verbal modifications, a 'Solemn League,' which was to enforce the Scottish Covenant on Englishmen, and to bring the Churches of the three kingdoms to the 'nearest uniformity possible in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, and directory for worship, in accordance with the Word of God and the example of the best reformed Churches.' To effect this purpose a Scottish army was to enter the service of the Parliament at £30,000 a month, £100,000 down before it should cross Tweed. It was to prove a cruel bargain; one cannot fancy Hampden agreeing to it. 'To swear to the Covenant' became a test and a shibboleth, which weakened the Parliamentary party in England, and ultimately divided it into the two camps of Presbyterians and Independents. More than this, it excluded from that party not only high-minded Puritan gentlemen, like Sir Ralph Verney, but able lawyers, like Selden and Maynard, who dreaded before all things the domination of clerics, and strove to maintain that absolute supremacy of the State over the Church which had been the greatest gain of the English Reformation. To these men the bitterest thought of all must have been that, by the time the league was completed, at the end of September, the sacrifice was no longer necessary, for the tide of victory had begun to turn against the King.

[1] This Assembly comprised 125 divines and 32 lay assessors; its average attendance seems to have been 60; it contained a large Presbyterian majority.

But, when the league was entered on, military aid seemed the one thing needful. The Irish Catholics across the water were carrying all before them, and the King had been in serious negotiation with them for six months. In April he had commissioned Lord Ormond, who was in command of the remnants of Strafford's army, to conclude a cessation of arms with the rebels, and to ship his army across to England. Ormond was a firm Royalist, but a firm Protestant: almost alone among the Protestant leaders, he always wished to treat the Catholics with justice and had always acknowledged their great grievances; but he hated deeply the thought of abandoning his co-religionists to the authors of the Ulster massacre; he foresaw that the withdrawal of his own army would mean the unfettered triumph of the Catholics, and that this would perhaps be followed by the complete loss of Ireland. But the King's express commands compelled his obedience, and, in the month of September, he agreed with the rebels to a year's armistice, which left in English hands only a strip of territory round Cork, and a narrow but much longer strip from Belfast to Dublin. And so four regiments of Ormond's army were sent to England to help the King; the first two came to Bristol in October, and two more to Chester in November. Of course, in London every one said they were 'bloody Papists'; in reality they were largely Protestants, with a few Catholic officers.

As we have seen, these negotiations on both sides took time, and during that time the tide turned. As neither Newcastle nor Hopton could carry the best of their troops southwards or eastwards, while Hull and Plymouth were untaken, so Charles was beginning to find that the Parliamentary occupation of Gloucester made

it difficult for him to get recruits from South Wales. As matters stood, the King could not do better, while he waited for the advance of his wings, than employ his centre in the reduction of Gloucester. It did not seem likely to be a long job, for it was a small, and by no means fiercely Puritan town, and commanded by Colonel Massey, a man whom Parliament gravely suspected of treachery. But it speedily became manifest that the King's army was utterly without materials for a siege, while a blockade would be slow work and would give time for a relief. Pym, who grasped the importance of the situation, sent Essex, at the head of an army of London trainbandsmen, which on the march increased to some 15,000, to effect this relief. It was Essex's one great exploit in the war; for, from Aylesbury onwards, he was in an enemy's country all the way, and he accomplished his task, well over a hundred very hilly miles, in ten days. Twice, in the Cotswold country, he was assailed by fierce charges of Royalist cavalry, and twice he beat them back; and when, on September 5th, he appeared on the hills above the city of Gloucester, Charles, who couldn't use his cavalry in the thick enclosures of that lovely vale, was obliged to break up his camp and raise the siege.

It was an immense moral triumph for Parliament; but it might easily prove a fearful danger also. If the King, whose superior marching powers were indisputable, had then advanced straight upon London, denuded as it was of many of its best defenders, the city might not have presented as bold a front as in November, 1642. The King would, and did try it. Essex followed hard after him, and Rupert rightly urged Charles not to miss the chance of annihilating Essex on the way. The Royalists marched rapidly eastwards; and, reaching the Kennet valley in full

command of the high road, threw themselves across Essex's path at Newbury (September 20th). The battle was fierce and long, and at nightfall Essex had failed to force his passage. But the Londoners had fought with the utmost bravery, and the Royalist cavalry had been very hard hit by a sharp fire from behind lined hedgerows. Three of the noblest of the King's champions, Falkland, Sunderland and Carnarvon, had fallen; and at night the King, whose ammunition was all but spent, abandoned his intended march on London, left the road open to Essex, and withdrew to Oxford.

That withdrawal even more than the failure at Gloucester was the turning point of the war. Parliament was already putting two fresh armies in the field: Waller was to act in his old country of the west, and Manchester in the eastern counties; the latter, at the opening of October, came to the support of the hard-bested Cromwell: Fairfax from Hull might be able to hold out a hand to both. What if all three should effect a junction with the Scots? On the 11th a sharp cavalry action at Winceby repeated the lesson of Gainsborough, in favour of Cromwell's troopers; and the result was that Newcastle, already somewhat disconcerted by a brave sally of the besieged, was obliged to raise the siege of Hull. Elsewhere the last lappings of the Royalist flood-tide penetrated a little further. The remaining Devonshire garrisons, Barnstaple, Bideford and Dartmouth had already fallen, though Plymouth held out doggedly; Reading was retaken, and the first efforts of Waller's new army in the west were singularly unsuccessful. Hopton held all Hampshire, and even penetrated into Sussex, where Arundel Castle fell to him in December; but it was retaken early in January, and the ebb had definitely begun to set.

Great was the fluctuation of feeling in London during this period, and, indeed, during the whole war. Trade was stagnant, and all commercial interests suffered accordingly. The richer citizens frequently inclined to peace at almost any price; then would come some evidence of Charles' intrigues with Irish Papists or foreigners, which would stiffen their backs again: the men of moderate fortunes and the lower middle class in the city were, on the whole, firm. The same tempers were represented in Parliament. The small remnant of the Lords, swayed by men like Northumberland and Pembroke, was always more ready to vote for accommodation than were the Commons; but even in the Lower House the appearance of a strong peace party was a frequent, if always a temporary factor. 'Ignorant impatience of taxation' was another motive in favour of peace: Parliament was very early obliged to recognize that legality must be utterly waived, that voluntary contributions would never sustain an army; and it therefore voted a regular monthly assessment on all property within its clutches, and obviously this fell most heavily on the home counties. The King had to do precisely the same thing in his own quarters.

One interesting and little-noticed fact is the surprising lies that the newspapers told; there were weekly 'Mercuries' on each side, little quarto sheets of a few pages each, printed at London or Oxford, which always professed to give accounts of wonderful successes obtained by the party to which their editors belonged. There were also, in London at least, 'opposition' newspapers, professing to give secret intelligence of the very pacific intentions of His Sacred Majesty, which when King Pym got hold of he burned by the hands of the hangman.

The chaplains of the various regiments were often the special correspondents of newspapers; but it does not seem to have occurred to either side that to shoot an editor or two is an excellent and necessary work, and they were too humane to shoot each other's chaplains.

The winter of '43–4 was a comparatively idle one: it was also very cold, and was followed by a flooded spring. Charles ceased not from futile plots. The Scots were coming; that was the one thing certain. Both English armies were almost as hard up for men as for money and for forage; every detachment was 'extending its quarters,' in order to draw upon less exhausted country. Parliament could enlist large bodies of troops, especially Londoners, for certain short services—*e.g.* the relief of Gloucester; but, the instant the particular exploit was over, the men naturally clamoured to be back at their civil work. The King could hardly ever do this; but, on the other hand, his men grew into a hardy, if small veteran army, though their moral qualities may not have improved in the process. On December 8th, after a long illness, died John Pym. He had travelled far since he had moved for the impeachment of Strafford; but in the main he had travelled in one steadfast direction—to give to the House of Commons, and not to the King or Lords the ultimate voice in the State. He was attached to no special form of church government, provided that the voice of Puritan England could have free utterance under it. He was never famous for scruple as to means, and he had undoubtedly become more unscrupulous as the conflict sharpened. Had he lived till 1649, he would have been found with Cromwell, not with Fairfax; and in 1653 he would probably have been with Vane against Cromwell. In other words, he was sinking the statesman in the party

leader, and the party leader is a person who generally ends by putting party above country. As enthusiasm declined, in the face of the growing cry for peace, Pym's enormous majority became a minority; but a minority determined to enforce its will, to bring the cause to a triumph, in spite of the changing opinion of the nation. For the unflinching courage with which by every means Pym strove to maintain his party *à la hauteur*, no praise can be too high. The Houses voted him a splendid funeral, and he was laid among the dust of kings in Henry VII.'s chapel. As a leader he was irreplaceable; no one in either House, Saye, Warwick, Vane or St. John, succeeded to a tithe of his influence. The lead of the Puritans, when they again got a leader, was to be taken by a man who rested on the sword alone.

Cromwell had this in common with Pym, that he too desired mainly a system under which Puritan England should have free voice; and the Westminster divines had not been in assembly half a year, before a considerable minority discovered that this would not be the case should the Covenant be triumphant. As we should expect, in the midst of religious conflict, sects were multiplying upon sects—Separatists, Brownists, Anabaptists, Antinomians, Seekers and the like, many of their members being returned emigrants from New England. There was even a gentleman, named John Smith, known as the 'Sebaptist,' because, unable to agree with any Church, he publicly baptized himself. The voice of orthodox Presbyterianism lumped all these together as 'Independents,' though they were rather too apt to call themselves 'the Saints.' The name 'Independent' mainly meant that each congregation, voluntarily recruited, could choose its own form of Christianity and its own

minister, or even dispense with the latter adjunct altogether.

It was not to be wondered at that the Episcopalian should say to the orthodox Presbyterian, 'I told you so; this is the end of civil and religious rebellion; it spells anarchy'; and not quite unnatural that the Presbyterian should, in time, come to think there was much to be said for this view. These Independents were especially strong in the eastern counties, where Cromwell's influence grew daily; they made, said he, the best of soldiers—why inquire into their religious opinions? Moreover, the 'orthodox' party, the Essexes and Manchesters and Wallers, had so far shown themselves not only incapable of ending the war victoriously, but even unwilling to 'beat the King too much!' Whatever we do, they thought, he is King, and his posterity after him; and they had been a good deal shocked when, in November, Pym had carried a motion to make a new Great Seal, which seemed to be a grasp at sovereignty. The sword was bound to slip from the grip of men who thought and acted as these Moderates did. Well, they could take comfort in the coming of the Scots; there was, they knew, enough 'orthodoxy' in Scotland to swamp a dozen Cromwells. And on January 19th, 'auld Sandy' Leslie, now Earl of Leven, with his far-off cousin David as Major-General under him, began to cross the Tweed.

In that same month the King took a step which seems to us simple and prudent. He summoned to Oxford the eighty-two peers and hundred and seventy-five members of the House of Commons, who had deserted what he now called the 'pretended Parliament' at Westminster. He ought to have done it at York eighteen months before. To these grave and patriotic men, many of whom were

fighting as his bravest soldiers in the field, none of Charles' really cherished schemes were ever revealed, although he was at the very moment intriguing for French, Dutch and native Irish regiments. No scheme was too wild for George Digby, who had succeeded to Falkland's secretaryship, to take up; and perhaps it was Digby, who had an excellent wit, rather than the King, who dubbed the Oxford Assembly the 'mongrel Parliament.' Digby was as odious to the honest soldier of Rupert's type as to the constitutionalist lawyers, nor could the soldiers hope much from an Assembly which was excessively timorous as to all breaches of legality, and whose only important step was to send an earnest letter to Westminster inviting its enemies to a treaty of peace. It sat till April, and was then prorogued till October. The Houses at Westminster had answered by appointing (February 16th) an executive government, called the 'Committee of both Kingdoms,' to carry on the war, and to keep touch between Scots and English. On that body, beside Essex, Manchester, Northumberland, Waller and Warristoun, the leading Scottish member, sat Vane, Hazelrig and St. John, who were already in spirit Republicans, and Cromwell, who was a flaming sword. In the clash of parties the old Constitution was going to flinders.

Fairfax opened the year '44 with a smart Parliamentary success at Nantwich, where he cut to pieces two of the Irish regiments, and got eight hundred of the survivors to desert and take the Covenant quite cheerfully. In February he practically held all Southern Yorkshire, and Rupert had to dash out to the relief of Newark, a piece of work which he accomplished successfully in March. Hopton's victorious career in the south received a fatal check at the end of that month. His excessive loyalty led him to

entrust, for one battle, the command of his hitherto undefeated army to the nominal Commander-in-chief Ruthven; and Ruthven got himself handsomely beaten by Waller, after a desperate strife, at Cheriton, near Winchester. There was a frightful slaughter among the King's veterans, both foot and horse, which could ill be afforded. All fears for London from this side being thus removed, Manchester's whole force could now be thrown northwards; Essex and Waller could surely between them contain, if not pierce the Royalist centre.

The peril in which Newcastle's force now lay was evident. The Scots had pushed far beyond Durham, and, by the end of April, York itself was in grave danger. Fairfax, Manchester and Leven were united to besiege it. Like every one else in trouble, Newcastle squealed for help to Rupert. The King hesitated long; so great seemed the danger from a conjunction of Essex and Waller outside Oxford that the Queen was packed off to Exeter, and several of the outlying fortresses, much against Rupert's will, were abandoned (Reading in April, Abingdon in May). But the well-fortified city of Oxford could surely stand siege for a few months; and a few months, Rupert argued, would give him ample time to relieve York, beat the Scots, and be back again for the final blow. In the middle of May, with a strong reinforcement from Wales, he set out on his famous march to the north; through Shropshire, Cheshire and South Lancashire he passed like a firebrand, sacking Bolton with great slaughter and relieving Lathom; then over the Pennines by Skipton-in-Craven, the pass between Ribble and Aire; over Wharfe, over Nidd, over Ure and Swale, till he stood, on June 30th, at Knaresborough, within twelve miles of the northern capital. The besiegers raised the siege in haste and advanced

halfway to meet him. Rupert swept round them and joined Newcastle under the walls of York.

The enemy's councils were very much divided. There was profound mistrust between Manchester and the Scots. The latter had already commenced a retreat, which would be through a hostile and wasted country; Newcastle advised delay, and delay was unquestionably the wisest policy. But the King's orders, said Rupert, were peremptory; and besides, his own army was flushed with victory. The Scots were recalled, and the two armies on July 2nd took post at Long Marston, on an open heath some six miles from York. Marston Moor is the most interesting battle of the war, both because of the numbers engaged, 26,000 Parliamentarians to 18,000 Royalists, and because the former, led by Cromwell, began the charges; otherwise one Civil War battle is much like another. Rupert was waiting for reinforcements which kept on coming from York, and was strengthening his position against the morrow, when, and not till when he had expected to fight. The rebel guns had been pounding, in their usual ineffective fashion, since two o'clock, and Rupert ought either to have charged at once, or else fallen back to a more defensible position. As it was he lost his chance, and at about six Cromwell seized on the opportunity to take the initiative. Rupert's cavalry rallied from the first shock; but the Scots under David Leslie came to Cromwell's help, and before nightfall the finest cavalry in the royal army were in headlong flight. Goring, however, on the other wing, scattered Fairfax and Leven, even as Cromwell had scattered Rupert. The two centres got to push of pike as usual; and the order of battle inverted itself when Cromwell, returning from his pursuit of the Royalist right, met

Goring's troopers returning from their pursuit of the Parliamentary right. But Cromwell's Ironsides were in order; Goring's men came on anyhow, and were rapidly swept from the field. Then Cromwell turned, in the gathering darkness, and, aided by David Leslie, drove into the centre of Newcastle's infantry; these gallant fellows fought desperately, refused all quarter and were hewn down to a man. It was by far the most decisive battle yet fought; York surrendered; and the whole of the north was torn from the King's grasp.

The 'siege' of Oxford, which Essex and Waller had contemplated, was, however, a very lame affair. The King slipped out, and manœuvred so successfully that he divided their armies; and, while Essex, thinking to reap the fruits of Cheriton, marched off westward for the relief of Lyme and Plymouth, the King inflicted a sharp lesson on Waller at Cropredy, a little north of Banbury (June 29th). Then he turned on Essex, chased him west into Cornwall and compelled the surrender of his whole foot at Lostwithiel on September 2nd. The Parliamentary horse were allowed, either by the negligence of Goring, or because the King, whose quarters were very widely extended, had been unable to block up all the roads, to slip out in the night and escape to Plymouth. Essex himself escaped by sea; his military career was almost at an end.

The King had in reality gained little; mere numbers were telling fatally against him. The weariness of the war was greater at Oxford than even in London. The north was lost, the centre endangered and only the west saved. Charles' best chance lay in the growing disunion of his enemies. There was, indeed, a fierce quarrel going on at Westminster between Cromwell and Manchester

which was rapidly developing into one between Independents and Presbyterians; it even seemed for a moment as if they would refuse to co-operate in the necessary and obvious task of catching the King on his way back from the west, in order to cut him off from Oxford. The quarrellers did, however, agree on this one last act of union; and, joining Waller and Essex, met the King on October 27th a few miles from the old battlefield of Newbury. But in the battle Manchester deliberately refused to seize his opportunity; and the King was able to cut his way safely back to the shelter of his fortress-girdle, and even to strengthen Basing and Donnington Castles.

Naturally enough, the recrimination between the Parliamentary leaders became fiercer than ever. If the war was not to go on interminably, a complete change of organization must be adopted. The Scottish army was, indeed, in a very curious position. It had entered England as an ally of Parliament, because it wanted to force a particular form of church government upon the King and kingdom. It was beginning to discover that the most efficient part of its allies had no special lust for that particular form of church government. As to forcing anything else upon the King, the Scots were profoundly indifferent: in a vague kind of way, in spite of Covenants, they were attached to the old line of native kings; they did not like men who talked about 'pistolling them in the field.' "Why don't you make haste," they said to the Westminster Assembly of Divines and to Parliament, "to establish Presbyterianism?" But not till January, '45, was the least article of that creed passed through the Houses; and then it was only the 'Directory for Worship'—a sort of order book of services.

The Scots then deliberately proposed to impeach Cromwell as an 'incendiary'—without success. They forced through (January 10th), to their eternal shame and that of their allies, the attainder and execution of poor old Laud, who surely was harmless enough by this time. Finally, they managed to get on foot a real three weeks' 'treaty' at Uxbridge in February. That treaty was essentially a Scottish job; and the Scots were far more horrified than pleased, when, in the course of the discussions, Charles actually proposed to allow toleration both to Presbyterians and Independents.

From this time onwards the real merit of Charles begins to appear—a merit largely due, no doubt, to his sanguine temperament, and his insane belief in his own diplomacy; for he kept on persuading himself that, in return for perfectly illusory concessions or absolutely false promises, some one, some party, some interest in the State would come to his rescue, and re-establish him on a despotic throne. But partly, also, it was due to that dogged belief in the righteousness of his cause which was one day to make him such an excellent martyr:—"I will not give up Church, friends nor sword; I don't exactly know where help is coming from, and I am quite prepared to sell my country and its inhabitants to any one who will help me to keep these three things; but keep them I will, or die in the attempt." Happily for Church and friends, for prerogative and his own fame, and still more happily for England, he was able to die without effecting a sale: but this was mainly because neither French, Spaniards, Dutch, Danes, Pope, nor wild Irishmen could believe a word he said. The treaty of the spring of '45 was, therefore, as ineffectual as that of '43.

From that date the Scots grew more and more

dissatisfied with the situation. They overpowered and garrisoned Newcastle, Carlisle and most of the northern strongholds; they occasionally besieged and took for the Parliament some place like Worcester or Hereford; but their eyes were beginning to turn homeward. They made incessant complaints that the more sordid part of their bargain had not been observed any better than the religious part: 'our pay is always in arrear,' and the arrears soon mounted to half a million.

Meanwhile, ever since the second battle of Newbury, there had been proposals on foot to make the Parliament's army really efficient; of these Cromwell, in and out of Parliament, was the mouthpiece. The gist of them was that a central army should be formed, into which men should be enlisted for the duration of the war, and on regular pay defrayed by central taxation. The first open proposals for a 'New Model' were made in Parliament in November, '44; and very soon there was added to them a still more startling proposal, directed at the addresses of Manchester and Essex, that no member of either House should hold office in this New Model. The Lords, or rather the thirteen of them who remained at Westminster, fought stoutly against both these proposals: they did not accept the former till February, '45, nor the latter till April, when its shape had been so far modified that no member of either House was to continue to hold his present office in the army, although he might be (and Cromwell was) reappointed to a new one. The new army was put under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax, whose simple honesty of purpose, devotion to the cause of Parliament, patience in the hour of trial and moderation in that of victory, have never received due recognition from history. That he was entirely devoid

of genius or originality was a grave defect; but he had readiness and abundant resource in ordinary circumstances, outside which he was never tried unless he had Cromwell at his elbow. Not the worst of his qualities for this war (it would have been fatal in most wars) was that he would always be in person in the thickest of the fight. Stout Skippon was his Sergeant-Major-General—*i.e.* general of the foot—and soon was added Cromwell as Lieutenant-General, with command of the horse. The army was to consist of 22,000 men and to cost £56,000 a month. All local forces were gradually incorporated in it, so that its numbers rose rapidly. It took, of course, some time to organize, and was barely organized when it struck the decisive blow at Naseby.

Carlyle has called it 'the remarkablest army that ever wore steel in the world,' and, if there is some exaggeration, there is also much truth in the statement. But at the beginning, and again at the end of its career, it was merely an army much like any other. The nucleus of it was formed by voluntary enlistment from the old armies of Essex, Manchester and Waller: but 8,000 men had to be pressed to fill up the requisite number; and these, being levied from London and the eastern counties, gave it from the first a strong Puritan tinge. Manchester's army at first supplied the greater number of the officers, but Cromwell's soon came to be the chief voice in the selection of these, and Cromwell deliberately selected extreme Puritans—*i.e.* Independents. He would have, as he long ago told Hampden, 'men of a spirit that would go as far as the spirit of gentlemen of honour would go,' and this could only be found in men of ardent religious passions—men who would hew Agag in pieces before the Lord, and actually hewed him. The confidence

of a Roman in the Gods of Rome was nothing compared to the confidence of Cromwell's troopers in the God of the Old Testament. Not that, as soldiers go, they were altogether neglectful of the precepts of the New; habits of plunder were steadily eradicated and very sharply punished—indeed, in both armies they had hitherto been mainly the result of irregular pay or no pay at all. Sharp punishment also awaited all breaches of the Third and Seventh Commandments: it is, however, a mistake to imagine that it was these soldiers alone who, in their zeal for the First, broke down all the carven work of our sanctuaries with axes and hammers; much of the destruction of painted windows was done by order of the commissioners of Parliament appointed in 1643 'to remove superstitious monuments'; but, where the new army found such things standing, it spared very little. Example counts for more in armies than elsewhere, and no doubt the fanatic zeal and the strained use of biblical texts, which was common to most of its leaders except Fairfax, impressed itself largely on the regimental officers, and even on the men; but much must be discounted from the satire of the Restoration period, before we believe that the New Model never sang anything but psalms, and always carried a Bible in its knapsack—still more before we believe that these things were done in hypocrisy. A more subtle temptation, indeed, awaited these soldiers—that of interference in politics; but of that hereafter. Finally, it would be another mistake to suppose that its officers were, as the Cavaliers represented them to be, low-born mechanics and tradesmen; out of thirty-seven of its first colonels nine were of noble, and only seven were not of gentle birth. Promotion was, however, constantly given, as it had been

by the Black Prince in old days, to stout soldiers irrespective of their origin; it would have come to be just the same in the King's army, if that had lasted long enough.

Against this new organization the King had little to oppose but hopes of more Irish. To the early days of '45 belongs his commission to Lord Glamorgan to raise troops in Ireland and abroad, at the price of complete repeal of the penal laws and open toleration of Catholic worship in England and Ireland. Of course, he couldn't tell Hyde or any of his best civil advisers—he could hardly tell any of his best English soldiers—a word about this; but they and the rest of the world knew all about it in a few months, when his private letter-bag, containing copies of his recent letters to his wife ('ten thousand troops promised by the Duke of Lorraine,' among other items), was captured at Naseby, and the 'Glamorgan treaty' became as famous as it was in-[illegible]ctual. Hyde had, indeed, already gone to the south-

aking the Prince of Wales, now fifteen years old, im; Culpepper had accompanied them, and 1 was to be lieutenant-general of those parts Goring. The Queen had already fled to France months ago, and had been very coldly received : Government there; it looked as if the Prince reparing to join her.

in this very dark winter and spring of '44–5, a ar had arisen in our firmament which might yet hanged the military, though never for long the tate of affairs. Montrose, rebuffed by the King onths before, had fled alone to Scotland and raised yal standard in the Highlands. Loyalty was 1 new sentiment there; but once planted there, it

was to be, for exactly a century, one of the most living forces in the British Islands; and, in the hands of the greatest magician who ever put pen to paper, it was to be the theme of an undying romance. The Highlander of those days was to the Lowlander, still more to the Englishman, a breechless animal,[1] who lived by driving off his neighbours' cattle, which he mostly ate raw. It was not altogether true: the late King James had done a great deal to civilize him; and Montrose, in giving him his great glory in history, only put back the clock so far as his civilization was concerned. But almost to a man the other clansmen were now suffering, and had been suffering for a century at the hands of the greedy and unscrupulous clan Campbell. The Campbells 'birsed yont' into every one's property; and most hateful among Campbells was Gillespie Grumach, the red-haired, squint-eyed Marquis of Argyll. His greatest feud was with the Macdonalds and their Irish cousins of the same name; two thousand of these hardy bogtrotters were, when Montrose came [illegible] already stamping about in the Highlands, under Antrim's brother, called 'Collkitto,' and plun friend and foe alike.

It required but three things to utilize this irr energy: first, a man, not of Highland birth, b timately acquainted with the temper and traditi the Highlanders; secondly, one as desperate a of Argyll as themselves; and thirdly, one of real for warfare. Montrose was all three. If an old or two of Dalgetty's type could come along and be a 'Major of Irishes' (especially if he had such a

[1] As a matter of fact, he wore breeches in preference to his shirt was sometimes of woven tartan.

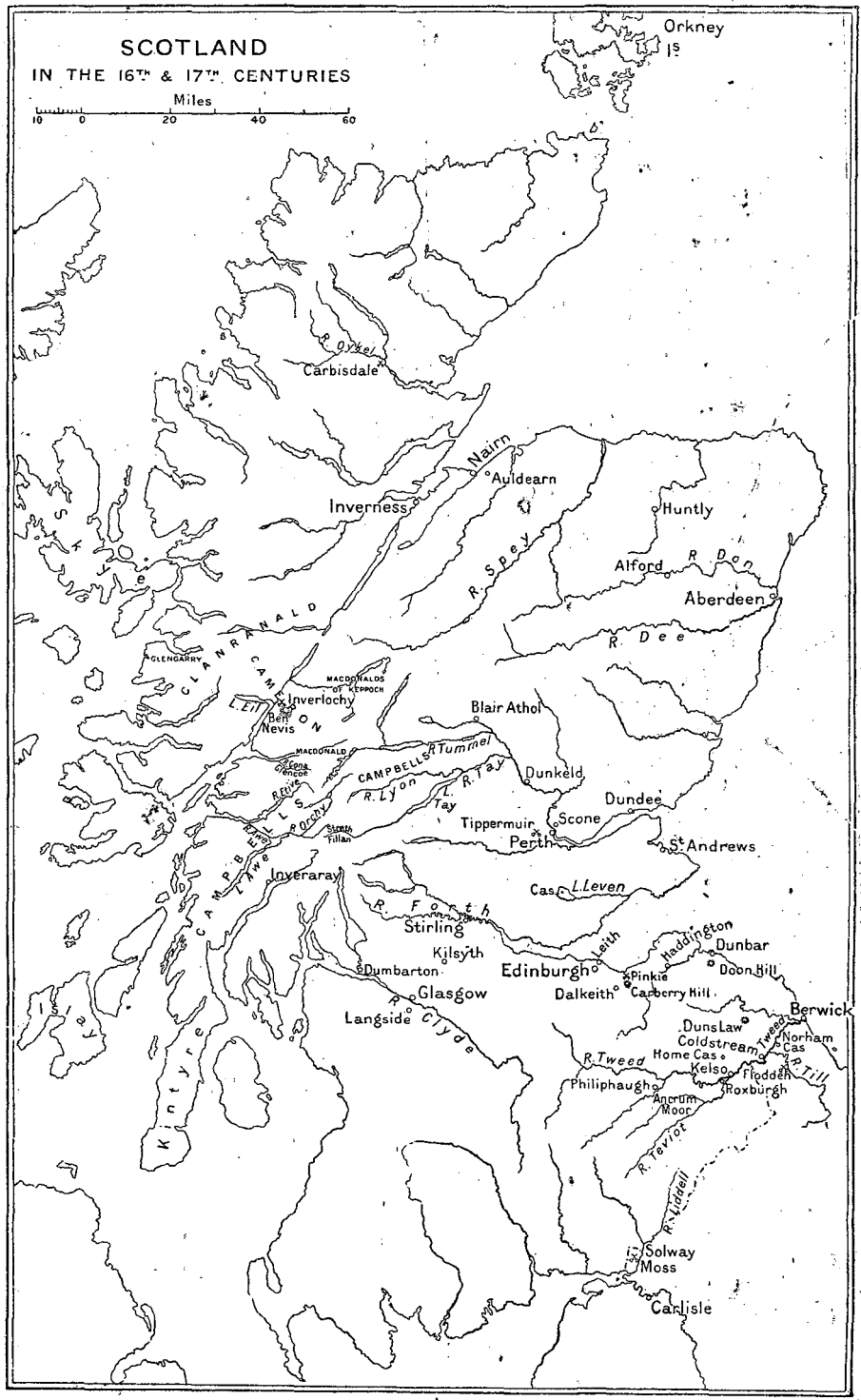
horse as Gustavus), so much the better. He almost wept, we may remember, when he discovered that 'these savages' were armed with bows and arrows—still more when he had to trust Gustavus to their untenty hands; but the horse was, to these most active of foot soldiers, almost as fearful a beast as he was to the aborigines of Mexico.

Montrose met the Macdonalds in Athol in the early autumn of '44, sent the fiery cross round the more southern glens, and, with armies never exceeding 4,000 foot and perhaps 200 horse, proceeded to annihilate, in six pitched battles, every army that Covenanting Scotland could send against him. One day he would be knocking at the gates of Perth (victory of Tippermuir, September 1st); a fortnight later he would storm Aberdeen. 'It's a far cry to Lochow,' as those know who have walked it before the railways were opened, and Argyll boasted that no one knew the 'way into his country.' Montrose and his Highlanders—Lochiel, Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengarry and Glencoe—would find it:—'oh for a guide through the skirts of Strathfillan.' From Blair, in the depths of December, the host climbed over Tummel and Lyon, past Loch Tay and down Glen Orchy to Loch Awe; and so to the gates of Inveraray: there Argyll shut himself up, much to the disgust of his own men. Then, to draw the Campbells out, Montrose turned northwards, leaving all their lands a desert as he passed, by Glen Etive and Glencoe to the foot of Ben Nevis, to the foot of Loch Ness, back to Ben Nevis again. There he met his enemy, who, strongly reinforced with Lowland troops, and sure of assistance from Lord Seaforth, had at last taken the field. At Inverlochy, on the shores of Loch Eil, 1,500 starving

Macdonalds cut to pieces double the number of Campbells and Lowlanders, and slew 1,700 of them outright. Argyll took refuge on a barge on the loch during the fight; though, as Ardenvohr, his clansman, said, "of his line of a hundred sires I know not one who would have retired while the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind."

From the field of battle Montrose wrote to his King to come and rally all that was loyal, Lowland as well as Highland, under his standard. He was joined by the Gordons and by several sections of loyal 'Saxons'; but, as he advanced south, his Highland troops flocked back to their glens to secrete their plunder; thus a raid on Dundee in April had to be followed by a retreat, in the face of odds of ten to one, which is extolled even now as a masterpiece of skilful strategy. In May there was another great triumph at Auldearn, by Nairn. Covenanting armies might spring out of the ground; Montrose had a trick of making them melt back into it. At the very darkest moment of the Royalist fortunes, within a fortnight after Naseby, he cut Baillie to pieces at Alford on the Upper Don, and then carried his men straight southwards, by Dunkeld and Stirling, almost to Glasgow itself. Within a few miles of that city, on August 15th, against odds of two to one, he won his last great victory, Kilsyth, which left him master of all Scotland.

This extraordinary turn of events began to tell on the attitude of old Leven towards English politics and warfare. Leven had already detached first troops and then regiments, to cope with this growing danger from the north; in July he began to think of drawing off his whole army. In Montrose's successes, even in his early ones, one would have thought that Charles would have


SCOTLAND
IN THE 16TH & 17TH CENTURIES
Miles
10 0 20 40 60
Orkney Is
Carbisdale
Nairn
Auldearn
Inverness
Huntly
R. Spey
Alford
R. Don
Aberdeen
R. Dee
GLENGARRY
CLANRANALD
CAMERON
MACDONALDS of KEPPOCH
Inverlochy
L. Eil
Ben Nevis
Blair Athol
MACDONALD
Glena Glencoe
R. Tummel
CAMPBELLS
R. Lyon
L. R. Tay
Dunkeld
Tay
Dundee
R. Orchy
Strath Fillan
Tippermuir
Scone
Perth
St Andrews
Inveraray
Cas. L. Leven
R. Forth
Stirling
Kilsyth
Dumbarton
Edinburgh
Leith
Haddington
Dunbar
Pinkie
Doon Hill
Glasgow
Dalkeith
Carberry Hill
Berwick
Langside
R. Clyde
Duns Law
Tweed
Norham Cas
Coldstream
Home Cas.
R. Tweed
Kelso
Flodden
Till
Philiphaugh
Roxburgh
Ancrum Moor
R. Teviot
R. Liddell
Solway Moss
Carlisle

To face p. 406.]

recognized the very kind of opportunity for which he was always scheming—the chance of conquering England by the elements most alien to civilized English life. But in truth he paid very little attention to them. In the early days of '45 he had several courses open to him; he might have fallen upon Leven, who was already being weakened by the despatch of troops to check Montrose, or he might have attacked the Parliamentary centre while the New Model was still in the crucible. If he entertained either of these designs, Cromwell frustrated them in April by a fierce sweep right round Oxford, which straitened the city for provisions, and robbed the King of horses for his guns and baggage. When at last Charles was able to start, he made the fatal mistake of dividing his army, and sent Goring to reduce Taunton, where Blake had doggedly held out all the winter, while he himself wandered aimlessly off to the midlands. Oxford was in terror; but, in spite of its terror, quite competent to stand the siege which Fairfax and Cromwell instantly began (May). In truth, it was not till the beginning of June that Cromwell won from the reluctant Parliament free hand for Fairfax to command the New Army without interference from committees. When he did they marched to meet the King and fight it out to a finish.

Fresh from a successful storm of Leicester (May 31st), Charles turned to face them on that Northamptonshire roof of England, where so many battles were fought in the Middle Ages, and where so many good foxes have been killed since. Naseby is the simplest of battlefields; and, except for more hedges, is practically unaltered to-day—a rolling table-land, six hundred feet above sea-level. In the parish rise two rivers flowing to two

different seas. The battle of June 14th was hardly a fair one; for the Royalists were outnumbered by nearly two to one (9,000 to 14,000); otherwise it was much like the other battles—Rupert on the right sweeping Ireton before him, as Cromwell on the other right swept Langdale before him. Astley, with the Royalist foot, was steadily pushing back double his own numbers, when Cromwell returned from his victory and reversed the fortune of the day. The King himself, with a powerful reserve, was preparing to charge, when his irresolution got the better of him, and he was persuaded to fly. Rupert returned to find the foot surrendering in heaps. It was not a very bloody battle—1,000 killed to 5,000 prisoners. Probably the spirits of the ordinary Royalist veterans were wearing out under the stress of war; many of them were Welshmen, whose interest in the cause of the quarrel was slight. The loss of officers was immense and irreparable. "The King and the kingdom were lost in it," is Clarendon's brief comment on the battle.

Almost the saddest thing was that the King continued just as sanguine after Naseby as before it: 'plenty of Irishmen coming,' he always thought; and he also began to think seriously of Montrose. The loss of half the loyal gentlemen of England, who already lay beneath the turf or in prison for his sake, does not seem to have affected him in the least. But Rupert never recovered his spirits; he could only advise his uncle, as he did incessantly from that hour, to make peace. Fairfax, with his victorious 'Model,' hastened to the west, beat Goring to pieces at Langport, captured Bridgwater, and so cut off the whole western peninsula, which could be reduced at leisure. Castle by castle and town by town,

the Royalist garrisons fell, each taking less or more time according to the temper of its defender. Bristol, defended by Rupert himself, without troops enough to man one-third of the low walls, capitulated, 'far too easily' said Charles, on September 10th. But Charles had done nothing for its relief, and had only darted about from the Severn to the Trent and back again, still retaining astonishing rapidity of movement, and here and there a sting in his tail. At Oxford Rupert was actually arrested and dismissed from all his offices; very differently had Parliament treated Waller and Essex after their defeats. Rupert afterwards came to the King at Newark, and told him a few home-truths; not wrongly cursing Digby as the author of all the misfortunes of the Royalists. At first he thought of leaving England; but that gallant heart could never rest while the flag for which he had fought was still flying.

When Montrose was at last beaten the end of the war was merely a question of months. His Highland troops had melted away, and he had only 1,500 men with him at his last fight; and of these only 500 were ready when he was surprised in a thick mist by David Leslie at Philiphaugh, in Selkirkshire, on September 13th. One or two leaders were given quarter, and the hero himself escaped by flight; all the rest, with such women and children as were following the army, were murdered in cold blood, either on the field, or, even when quarter had been given on the field, by a subsequent vote of Parliament at St. Andrew's. In the annals of English warfare we have to look back to the bloody days of Edward IV. to find a parallel for the savagery of the Kirk and Argyll; but we must remember that family

feuds lingered on in Scotland far later than in England, and that Montrose had appealed to every feud in Scottish history. What was remarkable and new was the way in which the ministers of the Kirk hounded on the butchers.

A fortnight after this, Charles, from the walls of Chester, watched another small remnant of his forces, under Langdale, routed and driven in headlong flight, though the city itself did not fall till March, '46. In the west Goring abandoned his army and fled to France; and Fairfax had only to face a small remnant under the stainless Hopton, who held out in Cornwall for two months longer (January to March, '46), thus allowing the Prince of Wales time to escape to Scilly, thence to Jersey, and finally, in June, much against Hyde's will, to France. The last field army, under old Sir Jacob Astley, surrendered at Stow-on-the-Wold on March 21st, '46; and, as that sturdy veteran remarked to his captors, "You may now go play—unless you fall out among yourselves." Of the garrisons, Oxford surrendered by treaty in June, Worcester in July, Pendennis and Raglan in August. A few Welsh castles held out into 1647, Harlech being the last to fall, in March of that year.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MARTYRDOM OF KING CHARLES

THE victorious party in a civil war is rarely merciful, but the close of this first English conflict was stained by no bloodshed on the scaffold. At the same time, the enormous list of 'delinquents,' whom Parliament declared to be exempted from pardon, makes it very doubtful if we can acquit its leaders of bloodthirsty intentions. This list comprised nearly every person of distinction who had fought for the King or counselled the King since the summer of '42. One does not imagine that Parliament would have cut off the head of Hopton or Langdale; but it would probably have fared badly with Hyde and Culpepper, certainly with Digby and Glamorgan,[1] if they had been caught. All the estates of these delinquents were voted into the melting-pot, along with the lands of bishops and cathedral clergy, in order to satisfy the claims of the Scots, to pay the expenses of the war in Ireland and, one is obliged to admit, to reward the victors. Ordinary persons wishing to 'compound for delinquency' were generally allowed to do so if they would take the Covenant, with an oath not to bear arms again, and would pay down a lump sum

[1] Glamorgan was caught in '52, but by that time men's passions were a little cooled; still, it cost Cromwell some trouble to beg him off.

varying from half to one-third of the capital value of their estates. There is little doubt that the large majority of Royalists did ultimately compound; but it needed much favour and heavy bribery to the members of the 'committees for compounding,' which were established in each county. This spoliation, perhaps even more than the church question, was the real spoke in the wheel against that 'healing and settling' of which the victors were so fond of talking; for, if the King should ever 'have a turn again' (as the old Marquis of Winchester, when his house of Basing was stormed and burnt over his head, hoped he would), nothing could prevent those who had lost all for his sake being restored to that all; and that would involve a fresh displacement of the new purchasers of the sequestrated lands. The 'spoils to the victors' was a principle which we should hardly expect to see Fairfax and Cromwell accept; yet the former added £5,000 a year in rents to his large estates, and the latter £2,500 to his small one. Nearly every one, civilian and soldier alike, dipped hands in the plunder as time went on, and with the plunder came the desire to keep it. At the close of the second English conflict, in 1648, far less mercy was shown to the defeated Royalists. A shocking example had been set by Argyll in Scotland; the cruelties and counter-cruelties in Ireland had embittered all minds, and the treatment of surrendered prisoners after Preston and Colchester is in sharp contrast to that practised in 1646–7.

New landlords, moreover, are proverbially unpopular, and the temper of the nation towards the victors grew steadily worse and worse. Anything like a real 'appeal to the country,' in the modern sense, was very far from the views of the Long Parliament, when, in August, '45,

it made some pretence of such an appeal by beginning to issue writs to fill up its vacancies. Altogether some hundred and fifty new members were added during the next six months: but, as no one who had fought for the King or in any way helped him, even with money, could either elect or be elected, the whole thing was a farce; and a farce parliamentary representation continued to be, for the same reason, till the year 1660. The complexion of the House was not seriously altered by the new elections; if anything, the Independents rather than the Presbyterians gained.

And Sir Jacob Astley's prophecy really came true; they fell out among themselves. In the prospect of their coming strife lay King Charles' greatest hopes; and his letters to his wife are full of cheerful avowals of the same. One may say roughly that, throughout '46 and well into '47, the Presbyterians had the best of it. They had for them (i) the Scots' army, (ii) the majority of both Houses of Parliament, (iii) the city of London. They were able to set up Presbyterian government to the extent of getting ministers ordained and elders elected for some of the parish churches of London. These used the new 'Directory for Worship' in place of the Prayer Book; and the Westminster Assembly of Divines was ordered to compile a new Confession of Faith. But they were quite unable to use the eldership for 'fencing the tables'—*i.e.* examining persons before admitting them to the sacrament, as the Genevan and Scottish practice was; the result was that the Presbyterians hardly administered the sacrament at all. "Truly, one lives like a heathen here," wrote Mary Verney in March, '47, "I will get a minister into this house to christen my child the old way, for it's not the fashion here to

have godfathers and godmothers. . . . I could get no room in our parish church, for all the money I offered ; . . . even when one gets room, one hears a very strange kind of service, and in such a tone that most people do nothing but laugh at it."

Moreover, there were no Church Courts with power to fine, imprison and excommunicate dissenters. It was but a 'lame Erastian presbytery,' said the Scots, very different from the pure Calvinian tyranny of Edinburgh or Geneva. The healthy English dislike of priestcraft was as efficient against Henderson as against Laud. To intellectual men like Selden the pretensions of the Presbytery were "merely a rather shabby version of the age-long conflict for secular dominion waged against the State by ecclesiastics ever since ecclesiastics had been in existence." It must be admitted that the Presbyterians were, with a few rare exceptions like Richard Baxter, seldom intellectual; the encouragement they gave to the absurd doctrine of witchcraft would suffice to prove this. 'Liberty of Conscience,' the only real solution of the problem, began to be openly canvassed, but was rejected with horror by the Presbyterian majority. We must remember that it was no new idea: there is a Baptist tract advocating it as far back as 1615; Lord Broke had written in its favour before the outbreak of the war; Cromwell and Vane, each with certain startling limitations, were warm advocates of it; on the Royalist side, Jeremy Taylor was just about to publish his famous 'Liberty of Prophesying.'

The Scots were utterly disgusted, utterly weary:— 'Give us our wages, you backsliding Erastian pagans, and we will go home (wages-bill now mounting up far above a million). Or, if you don't we will restore King

Charles, our and your lawful sovereign, whom we observe you take no steps to restore, to his full power, if he will, as he surely will, consent to take the Covenant.' Early in '46, as fortress after fortress fell, Charles began to see that he must go somewhere for safety. Escape beyond seas was the last and least attractive of his programmes. He was always 'moving about in worlds not realized'; he contrived to think that he had only to throw in his lot with the Scots, with the Parliament, or with the New Model, in order to give complete victory to whichever got him, and to secure power for himself as unfettered as if there had been no war. At what time he began to make offers to all three of these bodies we don't know, but certainly before the end of '45; and certainly he was at the same time negotiating for French and Irish aid: he thought he could raise his price to every one, by letting each know that he had other strings to his bow. France, on the whole, advised him to come to terms with the Scots; and, if he had any real insight, he might have known that France, for her own sake, would give him the worst possible advice. French ambassadors, Montreuil, Bellièvre, were flitting to and fro between the Scots army and Oxford all the autumn and winter of '45–6; as far back as '44 Baillie tells us that 'there is a little monsieur here, tinkling upon a mediation.' The Scottish commissioners in London denied unblushingly that they were intriguing with Charles; but the whole story was known when letters were captured at Dartmouth in January, '46. They told the King lies, too, and he told them lies. They knew that he knew they lied; he never seems to have known that they (or any one else) knew that he was not certain to be telling the truth.

The English Parliament did not lie; still less the English Army leaders. Charles demanded of the former that he should be allowed to come to Westminster 'in safety, honour and freedom,' and talk the situation over quietly from the throne in the House of Lords. For a long time Parliament emphatically said 'No'; but this 'No' would weaken if there were any serious chance of Charles coming to terms with the Army. Far the best terms were, indeed, to be had from the Army, which on the religious question demanded only complete toleration both for Presbyterians and Independents: it would let Charles keep as many bishops as he liked, and even continue to call them the Church of England; but to Charles a bishop was not a bishop unless he could coerce men's souls. The weary round of intrigue went on in one shape or another right down to the autumn of 1648. For the moment, of all courses, the King chose the worst conceivable: on April 27th, '46, accompanied only by his friend Ashburnham, he fled in disguise from Oxford, perhaps hardly knowing whither he intended to betake himself, and probably with letters and proposals to all three parties in his pockets. After taking a look at London from Harrow, he finally joined the Scottish army at Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, on May 5th. Of course, the Scots thought he had come to take the Covenant; when they found that he had only come to talk about taking the Covenant, they soon let him know that he was not a guest but a prisoner. They took him back to Newcastle, and set Henderson to bait him theologically; if a bad theologian, Charles was an excellent casuist, and so effectually routed the poor hoodie-craw man that he returned to Scotland and died in disgust. But the Houses at Westminster were

furious at this development of affairs; and the New Model began to grasp its pikes. It was voted on May 19th that the Scots army was no longer needed, and ought to go home: 'not without those arrears,' said the Scots; and the arrears were mounting up in arithmetical progression. And the City, which dreaded the sectaries and the New Model, was inclined to favour the Scots; and so sometimes were the Lords. It was altogether a very pretty tangle.

On July 13th the Houses sent to Charles as their ultimatum for a basis of peace a set of demands called the 'Newcastle Propositions'; these outran any demands made at Uxbridge or anywhere else—*e.g.* enforced Covenant on all subjects of the three kingdoms, control of the sword by Parliament for twenty years, enormous list of King's friends exempt from pardon, education of children of Catholics in Protestant faith, speedy vengeance on Ireland. Charles, of course, would have died rather than accept anything of the kind—did, in fact, afterwards die rather than accept milder proposals; but he let Parliament think he might accept them, and kept up the shifty game all the summer and autumn. Meanwhile, though it ought to have been perfectly clear that France would do nothing for him, he was putting his trust in French or in Irish help.

All chance of that last had really come to an end, when, in the spring of '45, a papal legate, Rinuccini, came to Ireland, and cut the ground from under the feet of Ormond, of Glamorgan and of any loyal Catholics left in that island. The Pope had no interest in restoring King Charles, who had never done, and never would do anything for the Catholic faith. Rinuccini appealed, like any modern M.P., to primitive Celtic barbarism: he

bought poor stupid Glamorgan body and soul to the same interest; he fired his own followers, so that they began to sweep into the sea the last relics of English rule, and gave the Scots a terrific beating at Benburb, on the Blackwater (June 5th, 1646). But Ormond would have none of this. Utterly loyal to King Charles, he was still more loyal to England and to civilization; and when Dublin was in grave danger he wrote a dignified letter to the English Parliament (September,'46), begging it to send Protestant troops to help him—offering to surrender Dublin to its control upon the sole condition of getting the King's formal leave. It is a proof of the bitterness of party feeling in England that Parliament refused his services, and even refused him permission to consult the King. "Very well," said Ormond, "then I hold Dublin for King Charles—it won't be for long." In the course of the struggle of the previous year the 'Glamorgan treaties' had become known in London (January, '46), and had led to the first serious proposals for the King's deposition.

As Charles went on spinning threads of false tissue, and as Parliament and the Scots began to see his meaning more clearly, the latter began to get tired of kneeling to him and imploring him to be guided by the logic of facts. He seems to have enjoyed his stay at Newcastle a great deal; but his intolerable self-sufficiency must have been very irritating to his gaolers—hosts as they called themselves. By September they began to reduce their demands for arrears, and at last agreed to accept £400,000, half to be paid down in cash at once. The price (I do not think any sophistries can disguise the fact that it was a price—a contract of bargain and sale) was to be the surrender of King Charles. But, if we blame them for

'selling their King as Judas sold his Master,' we must ask what else they were to do with him? If they took him to Edinburgh he might quite probably get up another civil war in Scotland; if they packed him off to France he would be forever intriguing in his exile against both kingdoms. Still, they sold him, and, as kings go, very cheap. The details took a long time to complete: the Scots were characteristically cautious; the guineas had to be weighed and tested and counted; and it was not till the end of January, 1647, that the King was removed to Holmby House, Northamptonshire, as the 'guest' of the English Parliament. Before the middle of February the blue bonnets were back, guineas and all, on their own side of the border. Now at last, sighed tax-ridden England, the war is really over, and now we shall be able to disband the New Model.

It seems almost inconceivable that Parliament should have thrown away the game when it was so completely in its hands, and that by a piece of the most barefaced injustice to its saviours. In spite of promise of regular pay, there were arrears owing to the New Model which amounted almost to £300,000. That Army, having done its work, wanted to go home quite as much as the civilians wanted it to go home. No thought of interfering in politics had as yet entered its head; but it could not go home without its pay. Now the Parliamentary leaders thought that, instead of paying it, they could send it to Ireland; or at least give it a choice between unpaid disbandment and the Irish service. No doubt there were men in it whose fathers had served under Mountjoy and had told horrible tales of Irish hardships; and almost to a man the Army refused to be cajoled or threatened into going, or into disbanding without its

arrears. The first movement of resistance came from the colonels, with Cromwell's son-in-law, Ireton, at their head. It was flat mutiny. Fairfax was staggered; but before all things he was the soldier's friend, loved and followed by the troopers not only of his own regiment but of all the army. Yet it can hardly have been Fairfax, with his love of order and reverence for Parliaments, who resolved to make the mutiny effective. For that we must look to a man of more insight and impulse, a man already on fire at the prospect of Presbyterian intolerance, a man who cared very little for forms of government, who never saw far into the future, but had an unrivalled grasp of any present situation.

Suddenly, it seems, on Cromwell's vision must have burst the idea that this Army was a 'power called of God,' not merely for ending the war, but for healing and settling the state. Of the future dangers of such a course he would see little; yet it was a terribly dangerous course which he undertook to steer, and the Army, like a ship that takes control of herself, was very apt to send the wheel flying round against his hands. "Of course," the Royalists said, "he is merely using the Army as the tool of his own ambition." This I do not for a moment believe; rather, he was led on from step to step, by the logic of facts or the mistakes of his adversaries, till he and the Army were left alone as the only organized force in the three kingdoms.

In the end of April, '47, the Army was lying on the edge of Essex and Cambridgeshire when these matters came to a head. There were plenty of enthusiasts in it, both democratic and religious, into whose arms the mass of the men, who merely wanted their pay, naturally fell. 'Agitators'—*i.e.* agents—were elected for each regiment,

to discuss grievances with the officers and to present petitions to Parliament. Fairfax could not refuse to support the petitions of the officers and soldiers for their arrears and against compulsory service in Ireland. Parliament either voted the petitions scandalous and imprisoned the petitioners, or, in moments of panic, made lavish promises of arrears and satisfaction. Meanwhile, the Presbyterian leaders of both Houses were looking round for help. They would raise a new army in the city, under Skippon, under Massey, under anybody; they would reinvite the Scots under David Leslie; they would get French help: above all, they would conciliate the King. Cromwell and Fairfax knew all this, knew also perhaps that their own lives were in danger from such a movement. Before all things Cromwell feared a fresh Scottish invasion. Why should he not act swiftly and possess himself of the King's person?

The King had been received by the populace on his southern journey with shouts of joy: in a vague way he represented peace and order, a sort of 'live Great Seal.' Smiling and self-satisfied, he received the homage as his due. Holmby was a pleasant house; the Parliamentary commissioners, Pembroke especially, were profuse in lip-loyalty, and played bowls with him; he visited (with an escort) the neighbouring country houses, and got a little mild hunting: but he had to submit to Presbyterian services and sermons; and only through his barber was an occasional note smuggled in to him from Ashburnham or the Queen. He was soon frankly bored. At the end of May Cromwell struck, and sent Cornet Joyce with five hundred men to occupy Holmby. Joyce bettered his instructions and fetched the King away to the Army. The King professed to Parliament the

utmost horror at the impious deed; really, he was immensely relieved. They took him first to Newmarket, where were fine horses—he and Cromwell shared a taste for fine horses. Though no soldier, he always liked soldiers, and the men of the New Model excited his critical admiration. Above all, they gave him his own chaplains and the Prayer Book service. One would give much for a shorthand report of the supper-table talk, in King James' old house, on one of those June evenings. We may be sure that Charles endeavoured to play the affable host; but what did Pride or Okey or Whalley or the shrewd soldier-lawyer Ireton think of him?

The Parliament was in absolute terror; promised the angry soldiers all their arrears and redoubled its prayers to the city and the Scots. Still worse grew the terror when the grim Army, pike in one hand and petition in the other, began to break up its quarters and move towards the capital. Now there was more of the political in those petitions:—'let our eleven chief enemies in Parliament, Holles, Waller, Massey, etc.—the leaders of the rigid Presbyterian party—be excluded from the House, or even impeached for stirring up strife.' And the King was with these petitioners! and was the King likely to love Holles, one of the 'five men of 1642'—nay, the 'man of 1629'? or Massey, who had repulsed him from Gloucester in '43? Worse still, the City refused to dance to the Parliamentary pipe, and actually sent messages to conciliate the Army on its own account. Higher and higher grew the tone of the petitions:—'a date, and an early one, for your honourable House's dissolution; a full recognition of the right of petition; full religious toleration!'

When the Army reached St. Albans the eleven members

gave up the struggle: they 'suspended themselves from the service of the House'; they asked (and got) its leave to go abroad for six months. By the end of June the victory of the Army was complete, and parliamentary government from that time onwards was the greatest farce imaginable. The shadow of it endured a few years longer, simply because it had once been a legal authority, and no other legal authority had even a shadow left. And now, what would the Army do with the King? The latter was now lodged in his own house at Hampton Court, and was so elated at his kind treatment that he talked in a lofty way to Ireton of 'mediating'; 'please, your Majesty, it is we who are the mediators between your Majesty and your Parliament,' was the obvious reply. Charles threw away the game, as usual. Cromwell sent for Sir John Berkely, an old friend of Charles and a Royalist of high character, to carry on the negotiation between Army and King. Berkely was convinced of the utter sincerity of the Army leaders, and told Charles as much; but he was also convinced of his old master's utter distrust of the Army. The scheme known as the 'Heads of Proposals,' which was submitted to Charles in July, was Ireton's work. It included complete religious toleration inside an episcopal Church; biennial Parliaments and a redistribution Bill; a powerful Council of State, which was temporarily to control the sword; a future parliamentary veto on all appointments to offices of State; only five persons to be excepted from amnesty, and these to be left to the judgment of Parliament. The scheme, like its author, was entirely in advance of the age; the King, as usual, dallied with it, but evaded giving any clear answer.

The anxiety of the Army leaders to disguise the fact that Parliament was unfree is pitiful. Cromwell clung

as long as he could to any shadow of a shade of legality. He would conciliate the Lords and the Presbyterian party to the utmost; but it was a vain disguise. In July the City plucked up spirit, as the Army had moved somewhat further off; a mob broke into the Houses, forced them to recall the eleven members and to prepare for defence. Thereon the Independent leaders in both Houses fled to the Army, which drew forward again, and, at last, in August, marched into the city, 18,000 strong. The one chance of legal order seemed to be to get the King to come to terms with the Army, and all August and September were spent in a vain attempt to induce him to do so.

But Cromwell and Ireton had invoked forces which they could not control; their very own men cried shame on them, and asserted that they were betraying the cause of the Army by their 'plots' with the King. Now we begin to hear of 'Levellers,' of Wildman and Sexby, of Colonel Rainsborough; now open republicanism is talked in Parliament by Marten. Pamphlets are drawn up in which the People, with a big P, is called the 'just original of all power'; the most famous of these is the 'Agreement of the People,' written by our old friend 'freeborn John' Lilburne, whom Laud had whipped; 'natural rights' are opposed to civil rights; 'fundamental laws' to Acts of Parliament. 'Cromwell,' men say, 'is playing for an earldom and a garter; assassinate him, ye Levellers.' One seems to be reading a bit of the history of the French Revolution. And then, at the end of October, Cromwell suddenly gives up the King.

Was it because he must conciliate the Levellers? Not so, but because he found out that the King was again in earnest negotiation with the Scots. The Scots were

getting very uneasy at the triumph of the Independent party; as the King's cause went down in England, it rose in Scotland. Hamilton and nearly all the nobles, except Argyll, were for a fresh intervention: Argyll, probably bribed by the Independents, still held back, and still held the clergy and the lower middle classes in his hands. But Scottish commissioners were deluging Charles with offers, and Charles, genuinely alarmed at the state of affairs in London, was ready on his side to concede something. In November he determined to escape from Hampton Court, and, by Ashburnham's advice, decided on flying to the Isle of Wight. Colonel Hammond, its Governor, had spoken open words of pity for him to Ashburnham; but he was horrified and perplexed when His Majesty arrived.

'Dear Robin' Hammond, as Cromwell called him, might well be torn in two by this unlooked-for visit; but on the whole he decided to be faithful to his soldier's trust, and he shut up the King in Carisbrooke Castle. 'Stick to him tight, dear Robin,' is the gist of Cromwell's letters; 'tis a heavy burden the Lord hath laid upon thee.' From Carisbrooke the King was able to carry on a vigorous though secret correspondence with the Scots. Meanwhile, Cromwell, sore-perplexed, clung bravely to his one thread of legality, the much-purged and much-coerced Parliament, for if the Scots had to be fought, the Army must fight them in the name of that assembly. It and he alike dreaded the triumph of the Levellers; he, but not it dreaded the triumph of the Scots even more. On November 14th the more violent of the Levellers broke out at a review near Ware into open mutiny, crying out for the 'Agreement of the People' and abolition of King and Lords. By superb presence of mind Cromwell quelled the mutiny

at the cost of only one life. December was a very anxious month, but passed without open outbreak; only the growing hostility of the mass of the nation to the unsettled state of things was more and more displayed. The 'man in the street' would have long ago welcomed the King back to absolute power, rather than be taxed up to the eyes to support an army of Levellers and a Parliament of fanatics, who put down Christmas decorations and closed theatres.

The King meanwhile haggled long before agreeing to accept the terms proposed by Hamilton, but, as no offer worth noticing came from Parliament or Army, he decided at last, on Christmas Eve, to sign 'the Engagement' with the Scots. It contained far better conditions than he had yet heard of from any party: so good, indeed, that it was more than doubtful whether a Scottish army could be collected to fight for him upon such terms. There was to be Presbyterianism in England for three years, during which a new free Parliament and the Westminster Assembly, largely reinforced with royal nominees, were to discuss the future of religion. There was to be no toleration whatever for any sort of sectary; but neither King nor any one else was to be forced to take the Covenant. Not a word was said about future control of the sword or the appointment of officers of State with consent of Parliament; and there were to be no exceptions to a final Act of Oblivion when the war should be over. For themselves, the Scots modestly asked complete free trade with England, one-third of all places at court and the payment of an enormous sum of money. These terms being accepted, Hamilton began in the spring to levy men; and the men he levied were probably the same as those who had fought

at Marston and whose survivors were to fight at Dunbar. Royalist risings were in preparation all over the country; help would come from Holland, and the Prince of Wales should come to Scotland to head the movement. All, as Cromwell saw, would be 'in blood again.' It says much for him and even for the wilder spirits of the Army that they ceased at once to squabble about natural rights and future constitutions. They would have to beat the Scots first, and they knew that the Scots would have for them this time all the *vis inertiæ* of England, all who detested inspired tinkers and who distrusted prayer-meetings of soldiers 'lasting from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m.' Most probably they would have for them the votes, certainly the hearts of the majority of the Parliament itself. The hold of the Army on that body was, indeed, of the slightest. For the moment a 'vote of non-addresses' was passed—*i.e.* that Parliament will negotiate no more with Charles; but only the presence of regiments under their very noses got this vote through the Lords (January, 1648). The King was treated at last as a real prisoner; and an eminently Carolian trait was seen, when he tried to escape through a window in Carisbrooke Castle, which his faithful page Firebrace assured him was too small. He thought he knew better than any one else in this, as in other matters; but he found that it is not mathematically demonstrable, as he asserted it to be, that where a man's head will go his body will go.

Presbyterian Royalism was a very half-hearted affair, and much more half-hearted in 1648 than it was to be in 1660. Its main cry was not 'God and the King,' as that of the old Cavaliers had been, but 'King Charles, peace and no taxes.' Still, there were fearful tumults in London against the soldiers all through

March and April, followed by sporadic outbreaks all over the country—Colonel Poyer's, at Pembroke, in South Wales, demanding in May the presence of Cromwell himself. Before Cromwell went he had displayed extraordinary skill in conciliating Parliament and city: he got votes passed that government should 'continue to be by King, Lords and Commons,' and probably he intended to crown one of the younger princes. He left the control of the city trained bands wholly to Skippon, who was a Moderate in politics and a rigid Presbyterian in religion; he allowed and encouraged every possible negotiation with Charles, in spite of the vote of non-addresses. But, on the day of his march to Wales, the Army fanatics held a prayer-meeting at Windsor, and resolved that, if they returned in peace, it would be their duty 'to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to account for all the blood he had caused to be shed'; Cromwell was not present, but must soon have heard of it. His immediate duty was to beat Poyer, and, if there was one thing characteristic of Cromwell, it was his habit of looking at only one duty at a time. In that same month of May there was a great rising in Kent, rendered worse by the fact that eleven ships out of the fleet had revolted and gone across to join the Prince of Wales in Holland. Fairfax, of whom Cromwell was by no means sure, went instantly to suppress this movement—chased it into and through Maidstone, from whence some 3,000 men under the old Earl of Norwich managed to escape and to make their way almost to London. Skippon refused them the succour they expected, and they crossed the river; then, gathering Royalists like a snowball, they threw themselves into Colchester—always with Fairfax at their heels. There

they stood at bay under Sir Charles Lucas, and a most gallant defence they made. Fairfax, who was in no merciful mood, suffered fearful loss in an attempt to storm, and had to sit down to a regular siege. Would the Scots come in time to relieve the town? Oh, but the Scots were long of coming!

The cry of the Scottish ministers, carefully worked by Argyll, had been 'no support to an uncovenanted King,' and 'no alliance with malignants'—*i.e.* old Royalists; and the absence of the Kirk's blessing was fatally felt in Hamilton's army. Hamilton had many gallant malignants with him—notably Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who had commanded Charles' left at Naseby, and the Musgraves of Cumberland. He had also most of the professional soldiers of the Scottish army of 1644; but he had not either of the Leslies, of whom David at least stood for the Covenant or nothing. Hamilton himself may have been treacherous before; he was in earnest now, but he was perhaps the most incompetent commander in Europe: a Cromwell against a Hamilton was fearful odds. Not till July 8th did the Scots cross the border. Three days later Cromwell had finished off Poyer and Pembroke Castle, and hurried to the north: he had to go eastward first, in order to get guns from Hull. Lambert, one of his best lieutenants, had been watching in Cumberland, and fell back before the Scots as they advanced from Carlisle into Lancashire. Then, with a lightning march over the hills, like Rupert's of '44 only the reverse way, Cromwell effected his junction with Lambert and fell upon the Scots as they marched through Preston town, with all the effect that a flank attack in such a case must have. Langdale and the English horse, who were guarding the Scottish left against

such attack, fought, though utterly out-numbered, a most gallant fight for four hours; some few troops under Monro and Musgrave slipped back on the northern road; but the main Scottish army left Langdale unsupported, attempted to continue its march and soon paid the penalty for its mistake. The Ironsides followed hard after them, slaying till they were weary of slaughter, and pursuing till they were weary of pursuit. The foot surrendered at Warrington, and Hamilton himself, with the horse, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, on August 22nd; ten thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the New Model. For Scotland as a country Preston ranks with the defeats of Flodden and Pinkie. For the Kirk and Argyll it was for the moment a cause of rejoicing: the 'Engagers' were excommunicated, and every feeling of patriotism was trampled down under the iron heel of bigotry.

While the Prince of Wales with the eleven 'revolted' ships of the English fleet hung about the mouth of the river, now deciding for an attempt on Berwick, now for fighting the rest of the fleet which was under Warwick, now driven back to Holland by a storm, and now trusting himself to the guidance of Rupert, who sensibly proposed to go off to Ireland and help Ormond, the siege of Colchester drew to its terrible close. Lucas displayed the highest qualities of a soldier and beat back all attempts at storm; but famine was telling against him, and the civilian population suffered even more than the Royalist soldiers. Fairfax would hear of no terms except surrender at discretion; he meant to make an example of those who had 'put England in blood again.' This view was that of all the officers of the Army alike; so, when the inevitable surrender came, on August 26th, Lucas and Lisle

were shot in cold blood and the rest of the defenders stripped to their shirts. Lords Norwich and Capel were sent as prisoners to London to be dealt with by Parliament. Parliament was in no melting mood either, and many of the common soldiers taken, whether at Preston or Colchester, were shipped off to Barbados as slaves.

Cromwell had hurried on from Preston into Scotland, receiving the surrender of Berwick and Carlisle on his way. Argyll called the worst bloodhounds of the Kirk to 'rabble' every Royalist in the Lowlands, and laid himself and Scotland at the victor's feet. All Hamilton's party were to be forever excluded from office, and Cromwell probably promised the Campbell the life of his enemy. Did he promise him the life of his King also? It is not likely, for, strange as it may seem, Cromwell for two months longer was striving to save that life. He came south at the end of October, without having opened his mind to any one on the fatal subject. While he had been in Scotland the English Parliament had made one last prolonged effort at an accommodation with the King. The vote of non-addresses had been repealed, and a treaty opened at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, on September 18th. This treaty was prolonged until the very end of November. The King was allowed out of the Castle on parole, and lodged in Newport town. Inch by inch he trod all the old ways of argument, against a parliamentary commission of Independents and Presbyterians; but explicit promises, except the surrender of the sword for twenty years, he made none; three years Presbyterianism without the Covenant was the furthest he would go on church matters. Parliament found and voted, one by one, all his answers

unsatisfactory; and, meanwhile, Ireton had so far yielded to the Levellers as to agree that none of Charles' answers ever would be satisfactory—that his death would be the only satisfactory thing. Much discussion seems to have taken place in the council of the Army, as to whether this should be effected by a shadow of the existing Parliament (purged to taste), or by the 'Sovereignty of the People' and the proclamation of a new Constitution based on the 'Agreement of the People.' Finally, the decision was given for the former plan; probably for the simple reason that any new Constitution must involve elections to a Parliament of some sort, and that any sort of elections would certainly result in a Royalist majority.

The punishment of the King and a speedy dissolution of Parliament were thus the text of the 'Remonstrance of the Army,' presented to the House of Commons on November 20th. In horror the House at once voted that the King's late answers at Newport *were* the basis of a possible understanding with him; but it was its last independent act. Fairfax and Cromwell must have known perfectly well what was brewing, but no open word of opposition came from them when the preliminary steps were taken. The Army entered London on December 2nd, and its head quarters were established at Whitehall. On the 6th Colonel Pride stood at the door of St. Stephen's Chapel, with a guard and with a list of names in his hand; he took forty-five members into custody and excluded ninety-six others from the House. The remainder, to save appearances, demanded from Fairfax the release of their brethren; and Fairfax replied with a counter-demand for the impeachment of those who had stirred up the recent war, and for a fixed and early date for the

dissolution of Parliament. For the next two months the Lower House was often without even the necessary quorum of forty members. The leading Presbyterians, both civilians and soldiers, were imprisoned; and many of them remained for years in prison without trial.

Meanwhile, the King was removed to Hurst Castle in very strict imprisonment. Here he expected to be murdered; but he was only harshly (not brutally) treated. The men of the New Model were not murderers; what they designed they were going to act in the sight of high Heaven, and with a very Hebrew conviction that it was the Lord's work. On December 16th the King was fetched to Windsor; and we have much evidence that during the next eleven days Cromwell pleaded hard in the council of officers that his life might be spared. It was probably at his instigation that a final overture was made to Charles, about Christmas-day, offering him a restoration on condition of his abandoning all claims to a negative voice on any Acts of Parliament. Cromwell certainly dreaded democratic movements, and, though using the language of a religious fanatic, mistrusted the 'rule of the saints' as much as the no-rule of the 'People'; he had as little sympathy with Ireton's 'new-constitutional' pedantries. But when the King, who by this time was determined to face the worst, refused (December 27th) even to receive this last overture, Cromwell's mind changed. The King had better die; and, once his mind was made up, Cromwell easily persuaded himself that it was at God's bidding.

On that same day the King ceased to be treated as king, and became 'Charles Stuart'; his servants were not allowed to kneel to him. On the next day 'the

Commons' passed an ordinance for erecting a High Court of Justice for trying the said Charles Stuart, on the ground that 'by the fundamental laws of England it is high treason for a king to levy war against his Parliament and kingdom.' The thirteen persons who still were called the House of Lords rejected the ordinance with horror; and henceforth, though they continued to sit for a few weeks longer, no communication passed between them and the Commons. These voted, on January 4th, 1649, almost in the words of the Levellers, that the People are under God the 'just original of all power'; further, that the Commons in Parliament assembled have the supreme power, and that their Acts need no consent of King or Lords. They obviously needed a concrete token of their new position, and so voted to make a new Great Seal, which bore the date of 1648, 'the first year of Freedom by God's blessing restored.' Of course, any body of men, which has wholly emancipated itself from all existing law, and has an army at its back, can vote any nonsense it pleases—even the obvious nonsense about 'fundamental laws' and 'natural rights'—but were these men unconscious of the humour of their use of the word 'freedom'?

The court for Charles' trial was to consist of one hundred and thirty-five named persons, but, at its first sitting on January 8th, little over one-third of these attended; and, though Fairfax attended on that day, it was for the last time. On the 10th John Bradshaw was voted President of the court, and on the 17th the King was brought to London and lodged in Cotton House, Westminster. The 'trial,' if it can be dignified with such a name, was conducted according

to the formulæ of English justice. On the 20th, 22nd, 23rd, evidence was given of the King 'appearing in arms' at Edgehill, Naseby and elsewhere upon certain fixed dates. The King took the simple and obvious ground of denying (i) the legality of this court, (ii) the power of any court to try him:—'a sovereign and a subject,' said he, 'are clean different things.' He did not rant,

> nor call the gods with vulgar spite
> to vindicate his helpless right,

still less did he deign to plead for his life: he intended the people of England to understand that no one could expect justice until the power of kingship was restored as before 1640; for himself his reward in Heaven was sure. He was finally condemned for refusing to plead to the indictment. His words in Westminster Hall and on the scaffold probably reached very few; but the Eikon Basilike (perhaps composed by Dr. Gauden), which sold like wildfire all over London during the next few months, reached every one who could read.

It is obvious that the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining even the fifty-nine signatures which are appended to the death-warrant or in getting any officers to take a leading part at the death-scene. The King's serene self-confidence terrified the majority of his judges. What arguments Cromwell and Ireton used to make the waverers sign, we don't know: but the original warrant, drawn up on the 26th, is full of erasures. Early on the 30th Charles walked across St. James' Park to Whitehall, between two hedges of soldiers; and he walked so fast that his guards could hardly keep up with him. He had put on two shirts that morning lest the cold

might make him shiver, and so people might think he was afraid. They kept him waiting till two in the afternoon before they cut his head off. The crowd filling the wide street outside Whitehall was enormous, and utterly horrified.

CHAPTER XVII

THE RULE OF THE RUMP

NOTHING in Charles' life was truly kingly except the leaving it; but that was kingly indeed. If he had been expressly acting a part for the benefit of posterity, he couldn't have taken a better line; but he was not acting in the least. He believed himself to be truly religious; and he knew that he was a martyr for the sake of a particular form of church government. And he was quite without physical fear of death or pain, to which happy condition his life-long temperance and chastity, as well as the perfection of all the organs of his body (a fact proved when it was embalmed) no doubt contributed. He was buried in Windsor, but without the rites of the Church. There let us leave him; alive, he seemed, even to his most faithful servants, fated to be the ruin of any cause he espoused, and especially of his own; after his death his name became one to conjure with, and the force which his martyrdom gave to kingship is not yet exhausted.

To kill him, then, was perhaps the boldest thing any man or company of men ever did; it was also one of the most fatal blunders. The manner of doing it was characteristically bold, and characteristically stupid—not by quiet murder, not by simple practical martial law, but by the cumbrous formalities of something which,

to satisfy themselves, they called a law court, with a crier and an indictment, and pleadings and evidence. If the whole thing had not been so tragic, so laden with consequences, present and future, for him and for them, the procedure would have been almost comic. For most Englishmen the net result was that Charles II.—a young man nearly nineteen, of whom nothing but good was known—began to reign at a few minutes past two on January 30th, 1649.

The best evidence of this lies in the complete failure of successive governments, during the next eleven years, to command even bare toleration from the mass of Englishmen. Yet Fortune played into the hands of these governments: during those years England was ruled by men who made her name infinitely more feared, her alliance infinitely more courted than it had been since the days of Edward III.; who first gave her a navy that could hold the sea in all weathers, and protect her commerce all over the world; who by the great Navigation Act built up that commerce on the sure foundation of a native mercantile marine; who subdued the hated Irish and the scarcely less hated Scots into trembling vassals. A few of these men were, no doubt, mainly moved by selfish ambition, or by fear for their own lives; but their leader, their true king was a man whose essential honesty of purpose and lofty patriotism no one at the present day is likely to dispute.

Yet these governments were hated and despised as no government had been, since that of Mary. 'The Rule of the Saints by the Sword' was no rule for Englishmen. Let all the principles and aims be as good and as high as you please, all the details were more vexatious than they had ever been under Charles. Taxation was more

than treble what it had ever been. The violations of *habeas corpus* were far more flagrant. Cony's case [1] is an exact parallel to that of Richard Chambers; indeed, that stalwart mortal himself survived to protest against paying illegal taxes to the Commonwealth, and went to prison for it. Subservient judges gave iniquitous decisions; martial law and billeting were as much in evidence as if there had been no Petition of Right. Trial by jury was as constantly neglected—*e.g.* for the trial of the Royalist peers taken at Preston and Colchester (Hamilton, Capel and Norwich), and for that of Lord Holland a special court like that for the King's case had to be erected. The best-behaved of red-coats (they all wore red now) were omnipresent and were detested by all. The ludicrous attempt to enforce a higher morality by Act of Parliament (sham Parliament) provoked ordinary men and women past bearing:—'You prohibit our theatres and our Maypoles, our horse-races and our hunting parties, even our football matches; you profess to do it in the name of virtue, but we know that really you are afraid that any score of people gathered together are sure to be plotting for the King, and so they are: you shut our taverns at sunset under the same hypocritical excuses, but for the same reasons.' And the governments had good reason to fear; not a month of those eleven years passed without some secret plot, discovered or undiscovered. Puritanism in its more sober form remained, and still remains the religion of the vast mass of the English people; but militant Puritanism had shot its bolt even before the death of the martyr King. The misdeeds of the old Church were forgotten; its sufferings, worthily

[1] *Vid. infr.* p. 484.

borne, were remembered. The inquisitorial spirit of Laud's Church could never be restored, any more than the irresponsible monarchy of Charles; much of the externals of both could be restored, and were welcomed back as a blessed alternative to the experiments of radical constitution-mongers, the rantings of tub-thumpers, and the dreary theological narrowness of the Genevan school.

The poor Government, moreover, was almost in as much danger from its Levelling friends as from its Royalist enemies. That its enemies did not overthrow it sooner is due to the fact that they dreaded its friends worse than itself; for the regicide remnant of the House of Commons, and, after their fall, the Protector, stood firm against any social upheaval—they at least protected ordinary men's property. They tried to administer some of the known laws and to appeal to conservative instincts, where these did not conflict with their own existence. Some people think they would have been more successful if they had been less 'constitutionally-minded.' Cromwell, it has often been said, could neither live without Parliaments nor with them; but he was always trying to live with them, and had better have established a frank despotism. This I do not for a moment believe. On the contrary, I believe that his best chance of success lay in claiming the crown at some one great moment—say immediately after the battle of Worcester; he should then have endeavoured to rule by the old constitution and by that alone, casting over it all the glamour of his astounding military triumphs. But, even so, he could not for many years have dispensed with a strong army, and that army was just the one thing which would have made the situation hopeless. During those eleven years half England was deliberately

disfranchised, and anything like a free set of elections would have returned an overwhelming majority of moderate Royalists. Therefore, I think the tasks of the Commonwealth and Protectorate were hopeless from the first.

And, as regards the Commonwealth—*i.e.* the period from January, '49, to December, '53—one cannot deny that the members of the 'Rump' of the Long Parliament clung to power in a most ludicrous manner. They began by voting, on February 1st, the exclusion of all remaining members who had voted in the year '48 for any sort of treaty with Charles; five days later they abolished the House of Lords; and, though three or four ex-peers were admitted to sit in the Rump, an average of fifty-six sitters was all that body could muster. They created an executive body called the Council of State, of forty-one members re-eligible every year, and of this we find the average number who sat to be fifteen. In fact, only the regicides sat with any regularity; and, as for them, we must remember that their lives depended on their maintaining supreme power. Charles II. always said he would never pardon any one who had signed the death-warrant; he was ready to buy his crown by all manner of shuffling except that.

Three immediate dangers threatened the infant republic—the Levellers, Ireland and the Scots. The

there were the 'Fifth Monarchy men,' who declared that Christ must be proclaimed king, and should rule by a self-elected Parliament of the Saints; Harrison, an excellent soldier, was their great supporter. Then there were the first English Communists,[1] called 'the diggers,' because they went and dug up other people's land near Weybridge: their spokesman was one Winstanley; they had an idea that, by overthrow of King and Lords, the Saxons had at last got the better of the Normans! Shortly afterwards there were the Quakers, who, though they made no attempt to resist the civil sword, disturbed men's minds by their irrational attacks upon all customs of society and even upon its ordinary language; they refused to take off their hats when politeness required them to do so; and 'hat-honour' was a very serious matter in the seventeenth century. Ultimately, as every one knows, they became the most peaceable of sects.

The Royalists were quite ready to use any of these movements of discontent for their own ends; but Cromwell's bitterest enemies cannot deny that he had a matchless way of dealing with Radicals. He would ride up to a regiment that was seething with mutiny and bristling with loaded muskets, cover his man with a pistol, offer the rest their lives if they surrendered three ringleaders, let those three cast lots for their lives, and shoot only one of them after trial by court-martial. On his stern

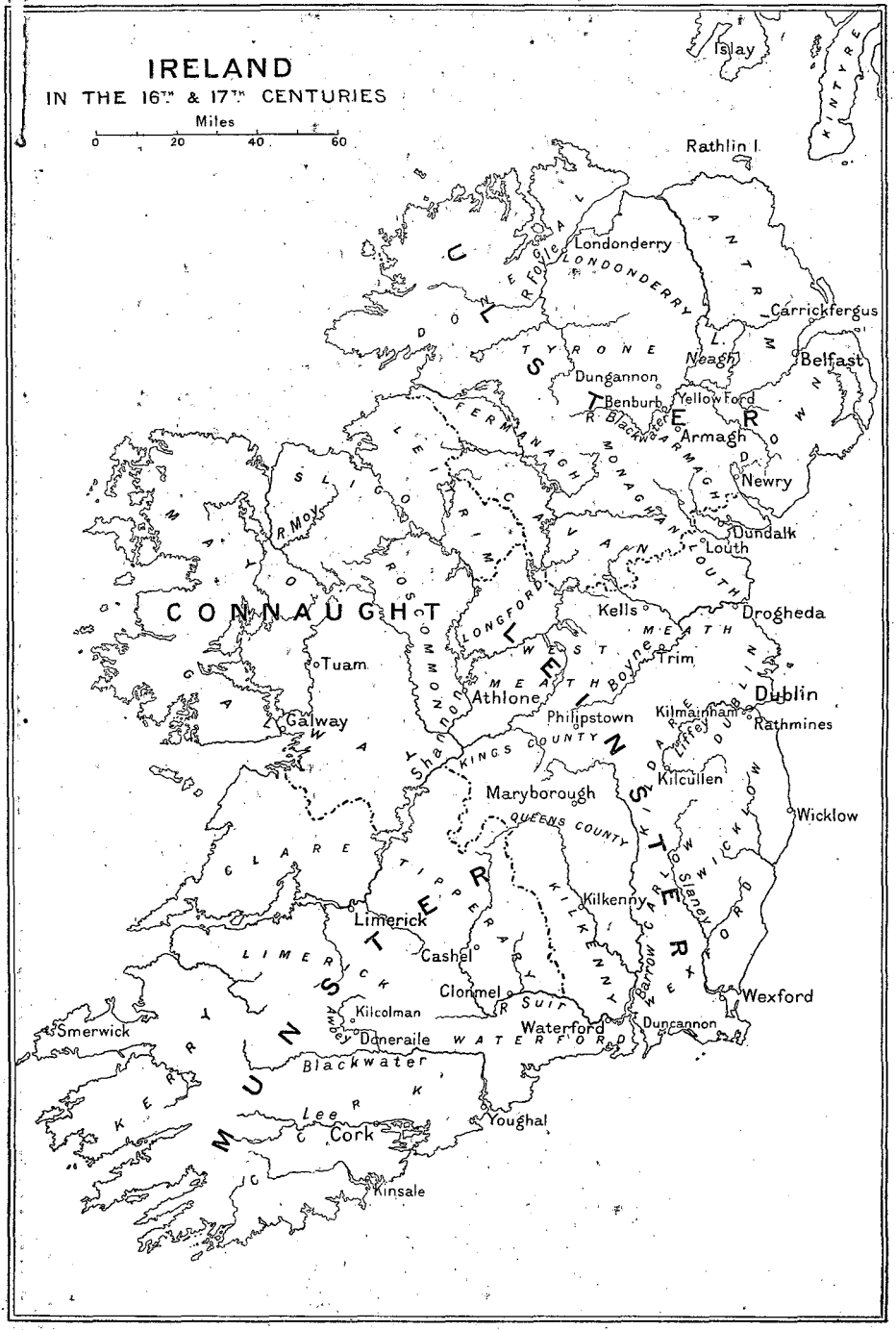
most hostile friend the Commonwealth had, but it is indisputable that Cromwell had a sneaking respect for that illustrious anarchist: it was probably owing to his influence that, when in October, '49, Lilburne was at last indicted for high treason, he got a fair trial by jury, with the result that he was triumphantly acquitted amid the shouts of the audience; in both logic and law he quite overpowered his indictors. Indeed, it had been difficult to get lawyers to serve the new State; six of the twelve judges had resigned their commissions in February, '49, and their places were only gradually filled. The Great Seal had been vested in a commission of three, of whom Whitelocke was the most important. Test oaths of fidelity to the new state of things were imposed upon all lawyers, officers of Army and Navy, civil or municipal servants, freemen of London, graduates, schoolmasters and clergymen. By the end of the year '49 the immediate danger from the Levellers was decidedly less, but it was never really over before the Restoration.

Ireland was a more serious matter. Ormond had, as far back as July, '47, surrendered Dublin to Parliament, and from Dublin Colonel Michael Jones was now

ng out on a wild island divided between half a
n wild factions. In '47 the game had been in the
s of Rinuccini and the extreme Celtic party; but
ion had crept in, and for a moment Ormond hoped
the death of Charles I. might reunite all parties in

sides once, and who had a few excellently disciplined English troops at Dundalk, on the borders of Ulster, would surely declare for the King; Owen O'Neill, the extreme nationalist, professed himself willing to do the same. By the end of July, '49, only Dublin and Derry stood really firm for the Parliament. But already in March that body had voted an army of 12,000 men for Ireland, and, when it was known that Cromwell was to command it, the cries of the soldiers for 'arrears first' were wonderfully stilled. On August 2nd Jones, already strongly reinforced, sallied from his walls and inflicted on Ormond a severe defeat at Rathmines, just south of the city. A fortnight later Cromwell and Ireton landed; Ormond had just time to throw a garrison into Drogheda (which blocked the passage to Ulster), and to call upon O'Neill to relieve it, when Cromwell, 10,000 strong, appeared before the town.

Sir Arthur Aston, its governor, could dispose of about 3,000 men, the flower of the old Anglo-Irish army. His defence was most valiant and protracted, and the storm on September 11th was followed by that infamous massacre of the entire garrison and of some civilians, which is the blackest blot on Cromwell's fame. No doubt (i) the 'law of war' allowed it—a garrison defending a place which has been hopelessly breached may by that 'law' be massacred; (ii) Cromwell did it deliberately in ord


IRELAND
IN THE 16TH & 17TH CENTURIES
Miles
0
20
40
60
Islay
Rathlin I.
Londonderry
LONDONDERRY
ANTRIM
Carrickfergus
Belfast
Neagh
L.
DOWN
ULSTER
TYRONE
Dungannon
Benburb
Yellow Ford
R. Blackwater
ARMAGH
Armagh
FERMANAGH
MONAGHAN
Newry
LEITRIM
SLIGO
ROSCOMMON
CAVAN
Dundalk
Louth
LONGFORD
CONNAUGHT
Kells
Drogheda
WEST MEATH
MEATH
Trim
Tuam
Athlone
Boyne
Dublin
Kilmainham
Philipstown
Rathmines
Galway
KINGS COUNTY
Liffey
Kilcullen
Maryborough
Wicklow
QUEENS COUNTY
CLARE
TIPPERARY
Kilkenny
Limerick
Cashel
Clonmel
R. Suir
Wexford
Kilcolman
Waterford
Duncannon
Smerwick
Dungarvan
WATERFORD
Blackwater
Lee
Cork
Youghal
Kinsale

To face p. 444.

which no one in either garrison was in the least likely to have been concerned. Meanwhile, the English fleet under Robert Blake had arrived and blockaded Rupert in Kinsale, and Cromwell forthwith began his march round the coast into Munster. In this he was fairly successful, except at Waterford, but his army suffered terribly from the rainy climate, and in May, 1650, he was severely repulsed from Clonmel. One cannot say that he was as victorious as Mountjoy had been, but he certainly had the more difficult task. He was recalled, May 26th, by the dangers at home, and left Ireton as Lord Deputy to finish the job, with Edmund Ludlow, a stern republican, as General of the Horse under him. Not till October, '51, was Limerick, the last fortress, surrendered. Ormond, whom the Catholics basely undervalued, and whose advice they always slighted, had left Ireland in October, '50; and Ireton died of hardship a month after the fall of Limerick. Ludlow succeeded him in the command; and, by the end of '52, practically all Ireland had submitted. The Catholic religion was not proscribed; but no pledge was given against its future proscription by Parliament.

Ormond had urged his young sovereign to come in person to Ireland, but there is little doubt that Charles was right in refusing to do so: nothing had wrecked his father so much as the stories of his intrigues with the Irish. The exiled court flitted about Holland, Belgium and Northern France (for no foreign power had yet recognized the regicide Government), and, on the whole, depended mainly upon the support of Prince William of Orange, who had married Charles' eldest sister, Mary. The Prince was, however, very ill at ease with the rich merchants of Amsterdam, who were always more inclined

to be friendly with France than with the English Crown ; the best that any government can wish to political exiles is to be well rid of them, and to the Dutch this opportunity seemed to come from the attitude of the Scots.

The Scots were extraordinarily unhappy at this time. Argyll was still the dominant factor, but his power was slipping from him ; he had gone too far in ' kowtowing ' to the victor of Preston. He had been able to get an Act passed called the ' Act of Classes,' which excluded all his enemies from power, but all that was best in Scotland was hissing against it. The Marquis, therefore, now began to hedge, and proclaimed Charles II., with the proviso that he was not to exercise the sovereignty until he had ' satisfied the Kirk '—*i.e.* taken the Covenant and imposed it upon all his subjects. On the other hand, Montrose was urging Charles to do nothing of the sort, but to throw himself on the pure Royalists and the loyalty of the Highlands. Thus, two recently beaten Scottish factions, mutually irreconcilable, were calling upon Charles, who knew that ' satisfaction to the Kirk ' must include the disavowal of Montrose and of Ormond as well. Would either of these factions command a serious rising in its favour in England, while the Army was standing at the figure of 44,000 men, and while Blake's fleet rode triumphant at sea ?

Montrose, who had far the best flag to raise, was busy all '49 in trying to gather troops in Sweden and Denmark, but it was not till March, '50, that he was able to land in the remote Orkneys with some 1,200 exiles and foreigners ; and by the time he started Charles had decided to close with Argyll. Cut to the heart at this news, the one real hero of Scotland advanced through Caithness into Sutherland, and his little force was annihilated by

a fierce Covenanter, Strachan, at Carbisdale, in Strathoykel, at the end of April. Montrose was soon afterwards captured, sent to Edinburgh and, on May 21st, hung without trial. It was his blood for which Argyll had thirsted beyond that of all other rivals. On May 1st Charles signed at Breda a complete capitulation to all the demands of the Kirk. He would enforce the Covenant on all three kingdoms, refuse all toleration and refer all Scottish questions to the General Assembly and the Parliament of Scotland. No Hamiltonian 'Engager,' *i.e.* no enemy of Argyll, was to be employed until he had 'satisfied the Kirk,' *i.e.* done penance for fighting for Charles I. Fortified with these consolations, Charles landed on the east coast on June 23rd, and Scotland sprang to arms under David Leslie 30,000 strong. Argyll, who must really have wished for success (for he proposed his own daughter as a bride for Charles), allowed the kirkmen to lead him by the nose, and to heap fresh and fresh humiliations on his puppet. First, they demanded the 'purging' of Leslie's army of some eighty officers and three thousand men who were not 'sound' on the Covenant, though all had taken it; next, they denounced any alliance with English Royalists or even moderate English Presbyterians; finally, they demanded of Charles a denunciation of his father's backslidings and his mother's idolatry. In consenting to this last disgrace, Charles probably argued that no one believed him, and that, once he was on the throne, he would be able to repudiate all this and much more.

Meanwhile, England had not been idle. The prospect of a Scottish war had quieted the Levellers—it was no time for the advocacy of political change inside the dominant party; and money was raised by the sale of

church, crown and cavalier lands. Cromwell's reception in London, June 3rd, on his return from Ireland, though in no sense popular, was at least as splendid as Parliament could make it. The worst symptom was that Fairfax refused to serve the Government any longer. He laid down his sword and went off to write pretty verses and plant trees in his Yorkshire home, probably the most clean-handed man who ever wielded power in a revolution. Cromwell succeeded him as Lord-General of all forces: two of his best lieutenants, Lambert and Fleetwood, were to accompany him to Scotland; Skippon was to be left in London, and Harrison in the north of England. It is significant that Cromwell did not venture to take even half the English army across the border; towards the end of July he was at Berwick with only 16,000 men. For supplies he depended, like Edward I., entirely on the fleet, which sailed alongside him and into the Firth of Forth. In a series of movements in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, occupying all August, he was completely out-manœuvred by Leslie, who appeared to have the game in his hands, and whom he totally failed to bring to an engagement. When, on September 1st, the English were compelled to fall back on Dunbar, Leslie at once blocked the only passage between the hills and the sea by which they could retreat to Berwick; he believed that Cromwell was already re-embarking his great guns and many of his troops. In spite of this belief he would have avoided an engagement, had not the ministers threatened him with the censures of the Kirk if he let 'these sectaries' escape; and so, on the 2nd, he drew down from his impregnable position on Doon Hill; and Cromwell, whose troops were just half Leslie's in numbers, guessed that there would be a gap in the Scottish lines.

In the late hours of the night of the 2nd the little English army wheeled round with its back to the sea, and hurled itself upon Leslie before he was awake:

> Let God arise, and scatteréd
> Let all His en'mies be!

And the sun rose. Cromwell believed what he sang. He lost only twenty men; he slew 3,000, took 10,000 prisoners and all the guns, colours and baggage of the Scottish army.

Among those who rejoiced at the result of Dunbar fight was probably King Charles II. The tyranny of the Kirk was not yet lifted from men's private lives, but the Kirk militant would never again claim to direct operations in the field. Meanwhile, the victors occupied Leith and Edinburgh, except the Castle, which held out till December 24th, while Leslie's shattered remnants fell back on Stirling and Perth. By the end of 1650 the reduction of Southern Scotland was fairly complete. But the young King showed some skill in reconciling the feuds of his supporters; and, after once more consenting to please the Kirk by a public mourning for the 'sins' of his father and grandfather (old James would have smiled at the idea), he was crowned at Scone on January 1st, 1651. By this time Argyll's bolt was entirely shot; though he was allowed to play a leading part at the coronation, he withdrew to Inveraray a few days after, and the rest of the drama transacted itself without him. Relieved of his accursed presence, patriotic Scotsmen breathed again; and a Parliament, held in March and April, was all but unanimous to renew the strife, and to raise a fresh army, from which no tests were to exclude good soldiers.

This army was gathered during the first six months of '51, and reached Stirling in June. It was as gallant a band of raw recruits as ever bouned it for the border. The worst feature was that it was full of divided counsels, and its best soldier, Leslie, was genuinely terrified of Cromwell: he could out-manœuvre him; fight him he would much rather not. Neither Lauderdale, nor Middleton, nor the new Duke of Hamilton, nor the English Presbyterian Massey was a match in tactics for the weakest of Cromwell's colonels. Argyll came out of his retirement, looked at the army and left it again. As long as it was in Scotland Leslie's strategy was able to stave off battle; but when Cromwell at the end of July made a raid into Fife, in order to cut off the best source of Scottish supplies, Leslie was overruled into undertaking a march into England. The route followed was that which the last Scottish invasion was to follow ninety-four years later—Carlisle, Preston, Manchester, Wigan; and, as on that occasion, only a few Lancashire Catholics and loyalists rose to greet the invaders. Lord Derby brought some 1,500, who were cut to pieces at Wigan at the end of August. Meanwhile, Harrison hung on the Scots' flank, and Lambert on their rear. Cromwell, who had left Monk to blockade Stirling, started in hot pursuit; and, while Charles was pressing on to the Severn in the hope of getting recruits from Wales, he effected, on August 25th, his junction with Harrison and Lambert at Warwick. This made him 28,000 strong to 16,000 of the Scots. Worse than all this, the militia of the neighbouring counties flocked to Cromwell's standard; hateful as the Rump and the soldiers were, this was a national fight against an old national enemy in the bowels of the kingdom. So, as at Naseby,

it was overwhelming numbers that won the last battle at Worcester. The Scots fought most gallantly, first on the right bank of the Severn, just above its junction with the Teme; then on the left bank, outside the city, where Charles himself charged at the head of his cavalry with the greatest bravery. But it was all in vain; the Royalists were annihilated. Most of the leaders were taken prisoners, and Lord Derby and one or two others were executed; of the common soldiers, about a thousand were transported to New England. Massey and Middleton escaped from prison; Lauderdale and Leslie remained in captivity till 1660. The King, after six weeks of wanderings, in which he owed his life entirely to his courage, endurance and ready wit, escaped to France.

Worcester was fought on the anniversary of Dunbar, September 3rd, and with it the Civil War closed in the identical spot where it had opened. Monk, who had been left behind in Scotland, had taken Stirling in August and Dundee in September; all the Lowlands were then at his feet. In January, '52, English commissioners were sent to 'regulate' Scotland; this meant that the estates of those who had fought in the years '48, '50, '51, were confiscated to pay for the war. A sham assembly of 'citizens and burgesses' at Dalkeith was compelled to assent to the 'incorporation' of the 'Commonwealth of Scotland' with that of England. Toleration, except of course to Papists and Episcopalians, was proclaimed. The Scottish regalia, for which the English generals made a fruitless and feverish hunt, were buried by the loyalists to await better times. Deane and Monk then set to work to reduce the Highlands, and by the end of '52 all Scotland was crushed and stunned

beneath an iron martial law. Alone of leading Scotsmen Argyll submitted voluntarily to the commissioners.

It was only natural that foreign nations should watch the growth of the new military power in England with very anxious eyes. The long war of religion in Germany had closed in 1648 with the peace of Westphalia, but France and Spain were going to keep up their private quarrel for eleven years more. The United Provinces had been the chief gainers from the state of war, and their commerce covered all seas—European, Eastern and Western. But they were suffering from internal divisions, the House of Orange being out of favour with the rich merchants of Amsterdam; that House had been called to power to save the state, and now the state was saved many Dutchmen thought there was no need to prolong its power. Portugal had recently (1640) thrown off the yoke of Spain, and, though it was a small power, its possession of Lisbon, the finest harbour in the world, gave it some importance. These four, France, Spain, Portugal and Holland, were the powers chiefly interested in English affairs.

At the end of 1649 Rupert's little fleet, which had gallantly broken through Blake's blockade at Kinsale, still kept some sort of hold on our outlying islands; Man, Jersey, Scilly, were still possible places of refuge. No foreign government had yet 'recognized' the Commonwealth; and, of course, Rupert's object was to get some neutral harbour in which he could sell the English prizes he captured. France was at first inclined to permit this in her own ports, and, in the anarchic condition of the Channel, there was a good deal of privateering between French and English sailors. This was accentuated when the King of Portugal opened Lisbon to Rupert; for the

enemy of Portugal would at once become the friend of Spain, and the friend of Spain the enemy of France. So, between the two 'great' powers, the regicide republic at first leaned decidedly to the alliance of His Most Catholic Majesty; and, as a result, the English exiles were well received in France, as, up to 1650, they also were at the Hague. Rupert, however, though a brilliant amateur on the quarter-deck, was no match for Blake, who, in March, '50, blockaded him in the Tagus, getting water and victuals freely from his Spanish friends. Blake even won a smart victory over a Portuguese fleet coming in from Brazil; and, when Rupert slipped out in a storm and entered the Straits, he pursued him into the Mediterranean and captured or destroyed nearly all his ships. Admiral Penn followed Blake, and, relying on the friendship of all the Spanish ports in that sea, picked up French and Portuguese prizes in considerable numbers. The indomitable Rupert, however, again got together five ships, and in February, '51, slipped out into the Atlantic and planned an attack on our colonies and commerce; he expected to find strong Royalist sympathies in Barbados and Virginia. All 1651–2 he hung about between the Azores and the West Indies, but without much success, except the capture of a few prizes. His brother Maurice was lost at sea, and he himself returned to Europe in January, '53. The main result of his piratical raids had been to wake up the English Government to put its fleet upon a thorough war footing.

Now no nation conscious of possessing the best army and the best fleet in Europe was likely to let it rust for want of use. Seventeenth-century Puritanism was no religion of peace: Gustavus Adolphus was its hero, and

the story of Ancient Israel its text-book. It is perfectly possible that Cromwell had visions of his Ironsides stabling their horses in St. Peter's, at Rome, while the Pope should be in chains in the lowest dungeon of St. Angelo. Once, in the course of the year '53, he gravely proposed to the Dutch, with whom we were then in the middle of a very bloody war, that the two republics should head a Protestant alliance against all states which maintained the Inquisition, and then should divide the trade of the world between themselves, all Asia to the Dutch, all America to the English. This was rather like the Napoleonic ideal, 'liberty, equality; war all over the world.' But, with all his fanaticism, Cromwell, and still more many of the Republican leaders, had clear notions of the limits of the possible. The expansion of English commerce and colonization, and the dominion of the sea were ideas that were never absent from their minds. And right athwart these ideas lay the sturdy Dutchmen.

The one real supporter whom Charles II. was likely to get was the Prince of Orange; and when the latter died suddenly, in October, '50, it seemed to the Commonwealthsmen that their worst danger was passed. True, a week after Prince William's death, there was born to his widow a child, destined to save successively both Holland and England, and at last to unite them in an age-long peace; but he would be a nonentity for at least twenty years to come. Therefore, in February, '51, Mr. St. John and Mr. Strickland were sent from London to negotiate for an alliance, or even a political union of the two republics. The phlegmatic Dutchmen did not want to be hurried, and these unskilled diplomats sought to hurry them. England had really very little to offer

and a very great deal to ask—expulsion of the Royalists, reparation for the massacre of Amboyna of thirty years ago, toll to be paid for the herring fishery on our coasts, etc. Anyhow, the negotiation was quite unsuccessful; Holland felt that the *status quo* was the thing for her, and perhaps overlooked the fact that a regenerated England could not much longer put up with that.

But Dutch commerce had immensely outgrown the Dutch fleet, and therefore outgrown the means of its protection. A nation of traders may have great spurts of warlike activity, but it is apt also to have periods of slothfulness in defence. Dutch eyes were very rudely opened when, in October, '51—*i.e.* within one month of the final triumph of Worcester—the great 'Act of Navigation' was passed in the Rump Parliament. This Act simply declared that no goods were to be brought to England except in English or colonial ships or ships of the country where the goods were produced; and an 'English ship' must be one in which half of the crew were native Englishmen or colonists. No produce from Asia, Africa or America, was to come except in such ships; and the fisheries were reserved for the same. Now Acts of Parliament do not make a nation great; rather, it is a great nation that makes great Acts of Parliament. Yet, if ever a single Act did much to make a nation great, it was this one. Passed by a ludicrous sham of a Parliament in a moment of irritation against the Dutch, it became the bulwark of the naval and commercial supremacy of Great Britain; it compelled Englishmen to take to the sea as they had never taken before. The Navigation Act was very unpopular in the colonies, which were in the habit of buying most of their Eastern goods through the Dutch;

it was, however, rigorously enforced in the West Indies; not so rigorously, perhaps, in North America; the home Government did everything it could to encourage the development of ship-building in that country, and prohibited the growth of tobacco at home, as some compensation for the losses suffered in Virginia from the Act.

Thus the water was cut away from under the Dutch keels in their three most important sources of wealth—the fisheries, the spice trade and the carrying trade. Holland produced no goods at home, but she had almost monopolized the carrying trade in European waters, the import of spices from the Far East and the salt fish trade. That she would fight was now certain; and three great wars she fought before she owned herself beaten. Now to Cromwell, keen as he was on the expansion of commerce, it was a horrid thing that the first war the victorious republic was to wage should be with a Protestant nation. He protested, and loudly; and the fact that Parliament and Council of State ignored his protests proves that his power was by no means yet so great as might be supposed.

The Dutch could at least boast of an admiral, Tromp by name, to whom no English sailor could be compared; and though Tromp, like most of the fighting Dutchmen, was a partisan of the House of Orange, he served his country most loyally, and died for her in glory. De Ruyter, De Witt and Evertsen were all reputable commanders. England, it is true, threw up one of her greatest sailors in Admiral Robert Blake, and had some useful seadogs in Penn, Ayscue, Lawson; but her fleets were very apt to be commanded by 'Generals-at-sea,' like Monk and Deane; indeed, Blake himself was quite new

to the sea service. The stern resistance made by the lesser nation with the lesser navy is due mainly to the great superiority of its admirals; for, though the English fleet constantly suffered from want of pay and bad food, owing to fraudulent contractors and inefficient management, these conditions were infinitely worse on the Dutch side, where even powder was frequently lacking. Against this we must set the great difficulty that England found in getting naval stores, pitch, hemp, pinewood and other 'Baltic goods,' owing to the alliance of Holland with the Danes, which enabled them to blockade the Sound; this incidentally led, in the spring of '54, to our first alliance with Sweden, always the enemy of the Danes. The Dutch navies were constantly hindered, by having to guard large fleets of slow and heavily laden merchantmen on their homeward voyage from the East and West Indies; if the Channel got too hot to allow these to pass, Tromp had to be called off to the Orkneys to pilot them safely through the North Sea. A Dutch East Indiaman, with her enormous hold full of rich spices, might, even then, be worth a quarter of a million sterling. England had so little sea-borne commerce in comparison, that the losses of her private merchants were nothing compared to those suffered in Amsterdam. Remember, however, that in all naval wars merchants must be very hard hit: the loss of their ships falls on them; part of the gain from prizes taken goes to the State.

Tromp began the game in May, '52, with an unpremeditated attack on Blake off Hastings, which ended in a drawn battle; and a formal declaration of war followed. In July Ayscue destroyed a Dutch merchant-fleet off Dover, while Blake was dispersing a herring-

fleet in the North Sea; in August Ayscue was beaten by De Ruyter off Plymouth. But the first really great battle was that of September 28th, off the 'Kentish Knock,' a sandbank in the mouth of the river, in which Blake with seventy sail was matched against De Ruyter and De Witt with sixty-two; and again the fight was almost a drawn one, though certainly in our favour. In November Tromp came out again with eighty-five, on hearing that the English Government had foolishly detached twenty sail to the Mediterranean to protect commerce; he drove Blake, who had only forty-five, many of them impressed merchant ships which deserted under fire, into the Downs with some loss. It was after this that he is recorded to have sailed down Channel with a broom at his masthead, to sweep the English from their own seas.

The war was already fearfully unpopular in England, not only owing to loss of commerce, but to the aggravated taxation and the sweeping confiscations of Royalist estates, which became necessary to support it; but the Government rose to the occasion, paid off a lot of soldiers, raised the pay-rate of sailors from nineteen to twenty-four shillings a month, put naval officers to command all impressed merchant ships, and ransacked the earth for naval stores; with the result that in February, '53, when the two fleets met again off Portland in nearly equal strength, Blake was victorious, and chased the Dutch back to their own shores, inflicting serious loss on them. Blake was, however, badly wounded in the action, and was understood to be dissatisfied with the turn home politics were taking (Cromwell had evicted the Rump in April) and to be desirous of peace.

But in May his loyalty to England triumphed over

wounds and politics ('my business is not to mind state affairs, but to keep foreigners from fooling us'), and he resumed his command in the Channel. It was Monk and Deane who fought the fierce battle off Yarmouth on June 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, in which the Dutch lost twenty ships. This, coupled with the utter ruin of Dutch trade, led to the first serious overture for peace. The conditions demanded by the English Council of State included a close union of the two republics—a union which would obviously be all to the advantage of the greater power; and meanwhile, the war went on. On the last day of July, Tromp, having succeeded in breaking through Monk's fleet, which was blockading the Texel, was killed at the beginning of a fierce battle, in which the Dutch lost twenty-six more ships, but in which the English fleet also suffered severely.

Through the autumn and winter of '53 the peace negotiations never entirely ceased; but Cromwell, now practically in supreme power, was a bad diplomatist, and, while sincerely anxious for peace, he was too eager to retain the fruits of war. Sometimes he showed himself almost more anxious to exclude the Stuart princes from Holland than to maintain the Navigation Act: at other times the distress of English finances made him demand a heavy war indemnity, or a limitation of the numbers of the Dutch fleet; we know that he was never a man who saw his way clearly till the last moment. Quite suddenly, at the end of March, '54, when he had already been Protector for three months, he resolved to conclude. The treaty was signed on April 5th, and pledged either Government to expel the enemies of the other, although no actual mention was made of the English exiles; the only other article of

importance was the reference to arbitration of the claim for damages for the massacre of Amboyna, and for other grievances of the English in the Far East; the Dutch agreed to salute the British flag in British seas: and also agreed, very reluctantly, to an act excluding from office the little Prince of Orange; he was only three, so it did not much matter.

This first Dutch war marks a very considerable epoch in our history; for not only was it the first war waged upon merely commercial grounds in the teeth of religious interests, but also the first in which the Government, rather than the nation, for deliberate and far-sighted reasons, took the lead. Holland grudgingly admitted herself for the time to be beaten, but, to any one who could see ahead, it was obvious that she would one day try to reverse the verdict of fortune. A more popular but less patriotic English Government might be hard put to it to maintain the honour of our flag.

More unpopular it was hardly possible for any government to be. As far back as January, '50, the question of a date for the dissolution of the Long Parliament became a burning one, and this question gradually resolved itself into a struggle between Cromwell and the principal officers of the Army against Vane, Bradshaw, Hazelrig, and Scot, the purely 'Republican' party in the House. Vane's idea seems to have been that there might be fresh elections to fill up vacant seats, there might even be a sweeping Redistribution Bill, but that the existing members of the 'Rump' must retain their seats without offering themselves for re-election; in other words, that the oligarchy must continue. The Scottish war deferred the struggle for some time, but, immediately after Worcester (on September 25th, 1651), Cromwell carried

a motion that a period should be put to the Parliament; though, when it came to be fixed, it was found to be three years ahead—viz. November, '54. It cannot be denied that Cromwell showed himself marvellously patient for eighteen months more. As he would have put it himself, he 'sought the Lord day and night to learn His will,' but it remained hidden until the spring of '53. All '52 petitions for dissolution increased in number. We begin to hear of the names 'oligarchs' and 'grandees' applied to members of the Rump, many of whose large private fortunes had been acquired on easy terms out of Royalist forfeitures.

It is quite obvious that Cromwell turned willingly to the solution of the problem by some sort of kingship: probably he wished to crown the little Prince Henry, Charles' youngest son, who alone of the ex-royal family was in the power of Parliament; but he also thought more than once of claiming the crown himself—'what if a man should take upon him to be a king?' Both Lambert and Harrison, from different points of view, urged him to dissolve the Rump by force; but for long months he shrank from this violence. The Republican leaders knew what was in the air, and were ready to buy their power by seducing Lambert, who was an ambitious, unsteady fellow, or even by recalling Fairfax, who refused to listen to them. At last, on April 15th, '53, Cromwell, who had been absent from Parliament for a month, reappeared in it, and demanded an immediate dissolution; Vane answered with the counter-demand for a 'new Lord-General.' On the 20th, hearing that a Bill was pending to enable the oligarchs to retain their seats, Cromwell came to the House, sat silent during the discussion, and, when it was

moved 'that this Bill do pass,' got up and railed at the whole pack of them in most unmeasured language: he then called in his soldiers, whom he had stationed at the door. This was the 'first dissolution of the Rump'; and Cromwell on the same day dissolved the Council of State in the teeth of a dignified protest from Bradshaw, who simply took the view that the Parliament was not 'dissolved,' but would meet again when this tyranny should be overpassed.

Thus King, Lords and Commons were gone, and the Army was left alone in power; and if there was one thing that Cromwell in theory disliked it was the rule of the sword. He felt, indeed, that 'God had put this trust on him,' but that it could only be a temporary trust, and that some form of civil government must be devised to replace it. Kingship would be the best solution, but nearly the whole Army was hostile to this idea, and Prince Henry, whom he had once thought of crowning, had in February been sent across to Flanders, in order to prevent any such design upon him. Harrison was urging Cromwell to establish the rule of the Saints; Lambert was pressing for a new civil constitution, modified from the 'Agreement of the People': and, after establishing a small Council of State of ten persons (nearly all soldiers), the General decided to try Harrison's plan. Letters were sent out to the Independent Churches in each county asking for nominations to a central Assembly of 'godly men': in May the Army Council weeded and altered many of the names sent up by the Churches; and this rather astonishing Assembly was allowed to meet, in the Parliament house at Westminster, on July 4th, 1653. It contained a hundred and twenty-nine members for England, five for Scotland and six for

Ireland; it was to sit for sixteen months, and then to nominate a fresh Assembly for twelve months more. To Cromwell it was avowedly only an experiment, or even an interlude, to be tried until Englishmen were sufficiently 'regenerated' to be fit to exercise the franchise again.

No assembly of Englishmen could sit in St. Stephen's Chapel without being convinced that it was a Parliament, with all the rights and powers of that time-honoured body; and these godly gentlemen at once took the bit between their teeth. Quite fifty of them were extreme Radicals in politics, as well as visionaries in religion. The first name on the alphabetical list is that of Praise-God Barebones, who is said to have given to his son the almost more remarkable name of 'Unless-Christ-had-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebones'—wherefore that young man, who became, after the Restoration, a successful building speculator, was commonly called by the profane 'Damned Barebones.' There were no lawyers among the members, and from their first sitting they displayed a violent and unreasoning hatred to the extremely conservative profession of the law. They tried to abolish the Court of Chancery, and proposed to codify the Law into the space of one pocket volume; no lawsuit was to cost more than forty shillings. They also fell foul of church patronage and tithes; it is true that these had been burning questions in the Rump, but all proposals to abolish either had been defeated: the Rump, however, had repealed all Acts which compelled attendance at parish churches, provided that the absentee went, on the Lord's Day, to some form of public Christian worship; of course, a Catholic or a Prayer Book service did not count as 'Christian.'

The 'godly' further proceeded to make marriage a civil contract to be witnessed by a justice of the peace, although of course you could go and be married in a church afterwards if you pleased. They proposed to destroy the universities, for the 'godly need no learning,' and meanwhile, their adherents out of doors, especially the Fifth Monarchy preachers, such as Christopher Feake, were frightening every one with demands 'for the setting up of the law of Moses,' and many like words. Such suggestions were not pleasing even to the Levellers, or to Lilburne, who, having been banished by the Rump on pain of death, suddenly returned and attacked the whole new settlement. He was at once apprehended, tried by jury, acquitted, and then kept in prison by order of the Council of State; so 'freedom,' as he said, was as far off as ever. He died in prison in August, '57, having become a Quaker just before his death.

Cromwell's disappointment at the attitude of his 'Little Parliament' must have been acute; yet he could not bring himself to dissolve it by force. It was left for Lambert to take the commonsense view and the steps for terminating the danger. By a skilful intrigue with the minority of the members, Lambert got a snatch vote early on the morning of December 12th, by which the power of the Assembly was 'surrendered up to the Lord-General'; the majority of the members arrived to find this self-dissolution a *fait accompli*, and those who refused to accept it as such were cleared out of the hall by force. Lambert, however, had something ready to put in their place; during the past month he had been working at a scheme, which may originally have been Ireton's, according to which the problem of sovereignty was to be solved by a *written constitution*. In this scheme,

and in all constitutions which have been created after its likeness, there are certain 'fundamentals' which none of the powers in the State, whatever these may be, can alter. There may be, for instance, an assembly of one or more chambers; but it shall no longer have the unlimited, if vague power of the old English Parliament to tackle every question, for it must leave the 'fundamentals' alone; on the other hand, certain other questions—*e.g.* voting of taxes—shall be exclusively reserved for it. Again, there may be a Single Person, call him King, President, Protector, or what you will; but he too shall have his exact sphere, beyond which he may not travel: Bills on some subjects he may veto, not on others. Thus there will be a real system of 'checks and balances'; each factor in the State will know where it must stop.

Lambert called the document, in which this scheme was embodied, the 'Instrument of Government,' and presented it, with the consent of the Army Council, to Cromwell for his acceptance, it being fully understood that the apex of the elaborate pyramid was to be reserved for the Lord-General himself.

CHAPTER XVIII

OLIVER PROTECTOR

THE worst points about the 'Instrument of Government' were:—(1) That no arbiter between the several factors was established. Modern written constitutions usually establish an arbiter of some sort—*e.g.* they put it, as in America, in the hands of a Supreme Court of Justice to say, 'this or that act of the Single Person, or this or that Bill passed in the Assembly, conflicts with the letter of the written constitution, is *ultra vires*, and can therefore have no legal effect.' (2) That it provided no means of changing the 'fundamentals,' if they should become out of harmony with the needs of the times; a state which lives by a *written* constitution also lives by a *rigid* one, unless therein means are provided of some special kind, as they are now in some foreign constitutions, for an alteration in any fundamentals. Your 'sovereign,' in such a system, is no longer a man or an assembly of men, but a piece of parchment, a 'solemn sheepskin,' as Carlyle might have called it; and there is very little flexibility in such sheepskins. But they offer enormous advantages, too; they afford the greatest safeguard against hasty legislation, against measures got up to 'please the people' at the expense of the intelligent and propertied classes; they are probably

the only possible safeguards against the evils of extreme democracy.

For the Englishmen of the seventeenth century the Instrument was far too clever; for one thing, it created 'a Parliament,' and, as I have said above, if you call an assembly a Parliament, that assembly will think itself a real Parliament, and will claim all the vague powers of a real one; Lambert had far better have chosen some other name for his Single Chamber. Moreover, it was far too clever for Cromwell. He was delighted with the idea; for it seemed to rid him of the burden of dictatorship, which events had, twice within a year, cast upon his shoulders, and he willingly consented to limit his power by the Instrument. But to set a man of his strength and his weaknesses to work a complicated scheme of that kind, to enable him to act so far, and then to let him find suddenly that the solemn sheepskin said 'stop,' when the Spirit of the Lord said, 'go on for the glorious cause of the people of God'—that would never suit him, and it soon became manifest that it wouldn't.

One may sum up the main points of the Instrument thus:—(i) There was to be a 'Single Person' called Protector; Oliver Cromwell, the first. He had no veto on the acts of (ii) a Single House of Parliament of four hundred and thirty-six persons, elected, after a redistribution of seats, by all holders in the counties [1] of real or personal property worth £200. The redistribution followed population, and the scheme disfranchised a great many small boroughs, adding their members to the counties, and enfranchising only four new towns. Scotland and Ireland were to be 'represented' by thirty

[1] No provision was made for any change in the borough franchise—this was probably a mere oversight.

members each. This Parliament was to be triennially elected, and not to be dissolved until it had sat for five months. In the intervals of its sittings the Protector was, in all executive matters, to act with the consent of (iii) a powerful Council of State, whose members were to be chosen for life by the Protector from names given in by Parliament, six names to be given in for each vacancy. The instalment here provided of parliamentary control over the executive government is not great; but, on the other hand, Parliament was to have an absolute veto on the Protector's nominations to the chief offices of State (Chancellor, etc.). (iv) For all extraordinary votes of money, and therefore in the case of a war, the Protector must have recourse to Parliament, but there was to be a fixed yearly revenue sufficient to support an adequate navy, an army of 30,000 men, and a permanent civil establishment, the cost of the latter being fixed at £200,000 a year. Over this, which would now be called the 'peace-establishment,' the Protector was to have sole control. This apparent attempt to solve one of the burning questions of the Civil War in favour of the executive really left the main point untouched, for it did not mention the old 'constitutional' force of the militia, over whose control the dispute had arisen in 1642. Also, an army of 30,000 in time of peace, though no doubt necessary for the moment, seemed to the men of the period ridiculous to contemplate as a permanent burden. (v) Lastly, there was to be toleration 'except for Popery and Prelacy,' but a 'public profession of Christianity' was required, and the opinions tolerated must not lead to the 'civil injury of other persons, or to actual disturbance of the public peace.' There were certain temporary clauses — *e.g.* until the meeting of Parliament the Protector might

issue, with consent of his Council, such 'ordinances' as he thought fit; two-thirds of the first Council were nominated in the Instrument itself, and the Protector was to choose the other third; all who had fought for the King were deprived of the franchise for three Parliaments—*i.e.* for nine years—while Papists were to be for ever deprived of it. The first Parliament was to meet on September 3rd, 1654.

On December 16th Oliver was installed as Protector, with great apparatus of state, but without a single cheer from the citizens of London or any other civilian body. His first Council comprised only one civilian of any eminence, Anthony Ashley-Cooper, afterwards the famous Whig leader, Lord Shaftesbury; the other civilians, like Lawrence, were merely good practical administrators of moderate views; all the rest were soldiers. Thurloe, who became Oliver's right-hand man, made an excellent Secretary to the Council. The state kept up by the Protector at Whitehall was considerable—perhaps, considering all things, excessive; before the end of the Protectorate his Lifeguards alone cost £14,000 a year, and their pay was extravagantly high. Not only Whitehall and Hampton Court, but St. James, Somerset House, Greenwich and Windsor were Protectoral, as they had been Royal residences. Old Mrs. Cromwell, now hard on her ninetieth year, did not like it, and died soon after moving into Whitehall. The Lady Protectress, good Elizabeth Bourchier, received ambassadors and kept a court like a queen: 'His Highness'' sons, the stupid Dick and the keen soldier Harry, became 'my Lord Richard' and 'my Lord Henry'; Dick had a genius for running into debt, but Henry, though querulous, was a man of some ability, and subsequently did well as Deputy in Ireland. Then there were the daughters, the Lady

Elizabeth (Mrs. Claypoole), the Lady Mary, who married Lord Fauconberg in 1657, the Lady Bridget the widow of Ireton, now married to General Fleetwood, and the Lady Frances, who married into the family of the Earl of Warwick. Music, both vocal and instrumental, seems to have been the favourite recreation of the family: Oliver was, however, devoted to horses, and spent a great deal of money in importing fine Arabs; probably the only out-door recreation he got, after the establishment of the Protectorate, was hawking at Hampton Court. As a young man he had been a considerable athlete, and, like some modern athletes, he had left Cambridge without a degree; to the end of his life he seems to have been fond of rather rough practical jokes; once, when they had 'drawn' some Jesuits, he made his courtiers dress up in the Popish vestments, which, says Pepys, 'caused abundance of mirth.' It is recorded that the Protector grieved because Louis XIV. would never address him as 'My Brother' (as kings should call one another), but only as 'My Cousin.'

Royalist satires on this clumsy 'state' are, of course, to be received with caution, for every enemy, and innumerable old friends, at once called Oliver a disgusting hypocrite, who was playing for a crown. To the Fifth Monarchy men he became the 'Beast' or the 'Little Horn' or some other evil creature (see the Books of Daniel and Revelation, *passim*); he had to remove from office and soon to imprison his old friend Harrison, whose main reading lay in the application of prophecy. Plots and assassins gathered round the Protector, and that told on his nerves and occasionally on his temper. But, dark as the path of duty often appeared to him to be, nothing ever diverted him from the direction in which he believed it to lie.

Thus, in the interval between his installation and the meeting of his first Parliament, he issued no less than eighty-two ordinances, ranging from the abolition of test oaths to the prohibition of cock-fights. One of the best known is that which established a board of 'Triers,' to fill up vacant benefices in the Church. These commissioners, who were not unlike a modern bishop's 'examining chaplains,' were to impose no doctrinal tests on the candidate for orders, but to satisfy themselves of his 'godly conversation and integrity,' on the certificate of three persons to whom he must be known; but the right of the patron to present the candidate who had 'passed' was not interfered with: at the same time all 'scandalous ministers' of profane or wicked life or *guilty of using the Common Prayer Book* were to be ejected. The great Protector was a man of the loftiest personal righteousness, and thoroughly determined to make his countrymen righteous: he believed that the Spirit of the Lord might speak to them in more than one voice; he held to a few 'fundamentals' in Christianity, as in politics; once satisfied that these were right, he cared little whether the ministers were Anabaptists or moderate Calvinists. Thus every variety of Puritan doctrine was freely preached in England for the next six years; even for the early Quakers, if they would refrain from their habit of walking about Smithfield naked as a 'sign from the Lord,' or from going into a church and shouting to some decent Presbyterian minister, 'come down, thou deceiver, thou hireling, thou dog,' there was ample toleration. The repression of 'brawling' in church or elsewhere might be safely left, thought the Protector, to the action of the ordinary Law Courts.

Catholics, it was admitted, had an easier time under

Oliver than they had had since 1640, though the recusancy fines were regularly collected, and though one Catholic priest, the last person who suffered death in England for his religion, was executed in June, '54. Perhaps less strangely, the Jews, many of whom, as Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese subjects, had been for years past secretly in London, were at last allowed to build a synagogue and to purchase a burying-ground, though Oliver very properly refused to allow the country to be made an asylum for destitute Jews, as one enthusiastic rabbi proposed that he should do ; the London merchants would have had something to say about that, in the days when London was a corporate entity, with real feelings of its own. The laws which required a profession of Christianity as a condition of toleration were not repealed, but a verbal assurance was given that they should not be enforced in the case of the Jews. It would, indeed, have been absurd if a government, which took the Old Testament for its text-book, had persecuted God's ancient people ; after all, many of the Spanish and, Portuguese Jews had been victims of the Inquisition, and, if it were to come to a fight with Spain, they might supply us with valuable information. Toleration was thus making real progress, and, before the end of the Protectorate, we can see the germs of the later Latitudinarian school at Cambridge, and of the future Natural Science school (the origin of the Royal Society) at Oxford ; both these would sap the strength of dogmatic Calvinism.

The first months of office passed away peacefully, and September 3rd, 1654, was a day big with fate. Freedom of election had been so far restrained that successful candidates were obliged to sign at the poll a declaration that they would not attempt to alter the 'government

by a Single Person and Parliament.' Many must have signed this declaration without intending to be bound by their signatures, for there was a strong phalanx of old 'Republicans' returned, with Bradshaw and Hazelrig at their head; there were even a few Royalists. The majority was Moderate in its views and set only upon one thing, the repression of the extreme fanatics in Church and State; practically none of the extremists of the 'Barebones Parliament' were returned.

But the new assembly had no sooner taken its seat than it strove by every means to seize upon all the powers of sovereignty which had been exercised by the Rump. The Government met it without having any programme of its own to suggest, and actually encouraged it to discuss the clauses of the 'Instrument.' The consequence was that Oliver had to submit to the overthrow of the very constitution by virtue of which both he and this Parliament existed. The majority of the House was willing to have a Protector and a Protectorate, and even perhaps a written constitution; but that Protector must be limited, and that constitution remodelled, entirely at the good pleasure of a Sovereign Parliament. Oliver was willing to submit even to this, provided the House would not touch the three 'fundamentals' which he now propounded: there must be, said he, fixed periods to Parliaments; there must be toleration; and he must have an ample share in the control of the sword:—"Will you, gentlemen, each sign an engagement, preliminary to the discussion, that you will agree to these fundamentals?" The Republicans at once protested that they would not, and some hundred and thirty-six of the elected members were thereon excluded from the House; the other three hundred

were willing to sign. But, in signing, they were far from accepting the 'fundamentals' in Oliver's sense; they spent five months in wrangling over them, and in preparing a Bill for a new constitution, which was to take the place of the Instrument. They made no difficulty over Oliver's first point, and passed a Triennial Act almost at once, but they altered the details of the Instrument in their own favour in several minor ways—*e.g.* the councillors were to be subject to the approval of each Parliament, instead of nominated for life, and the old forty-shilling franchise was restored in the counties.

Oliver made no fuss about accepting these measures, but, when the House proceeded to except from his 'fundamental' of toleration, in terms studiously vague and dangerous, 'all damnable heresies,' he pricked up his ears; he would have views, as to what heresies were really 'damnable,' very different from those of the average Presbyterian who was a member of this Parliament. And when the House demanded an immediate and large reduction of the army, and vested the control of the militia in persons to be appointed by itself, he could bear it no longer. The House does not seem to have seen the rift coming—a week before its dissolution it voted, with some pomp, what the Protector regarded as a totally inadequate set of estimates for army and navy, and prolonged it for five years. Then he spoke and struck, and on January 22nd, 1655, dissolved the House, when it had sat twenty weeks—*i.e.* five *lunar* months. In his speech of parting he told the members, what was quite true, that their dissensions had very much encouraged Cavaliers and Levellers to move against the established State. To Oliver, absolutely conscious of

his own good intentions and unselfishness, the attitude of the Opposition seemed to be the blackest ingratitude. Much as he desired some form or other of responsible civil government, he would not sacrifice the 'glorious cause of the people of God' to a Parliament, which was already reactionary, and which might become much more so. On the other hand, even to the most moderate and reasonable member of the first Protectorate Parliament, Oliver represented the Sword, that was accustomed to cut knots and to over-ride constitutionalism; he was, moreover, personally an enigma and a sort of volcano, which might burst out with mighty thunderings and rumblings when least expected; to the Republican and the Leveller he was the apostate worse than Strafford; to the Fifth Monarchist, the Beast; to the Presbyterian, the favourer of dangerous sects.

Meantime, if he could not give England unity and peace at home, he was determined to give her glory and profit abroad. He had been at first somewhat inclined to favour a Spanish alliance, but he would always prefer a French one, if Cardinal Mazarin would be reasonable. But Mazarin, if he was far-sighted and able, was also the most timid of ministers, and his power over France was nothing compared to Richelieu's; indeed, he had barely escaped complete overthrow in a foolish little feudal and municipal disturbance of 1648–50, called the 'Fronde.' Before he committed himself so far as to accept the hand of friendship from the English regicides, he waited to make sure that their government would be a stable one; and, while he waited, the Spaniards retook Dunkirk, the great north-eastern frontier fortress, from him. At last, at the end of '52, he made up his mind to 'recognize'

the Commonwealth of England; and this meant at least a repression of the piracy which had been going on between France and England ever since the King's death. Oliver, so tender of conscience in other matters, was of Blake's opinion that foreigners must not be allowed to fool us, and was quite shameless as to how he fooled them. He practically said to France and Spain, 'you may bid against each other for the English alliance.' If the French bid was not high enough, he would interfere on behalf of the French Protestants, whom he believed to be 'oppressed,' since Charles I. had abandoned their cause in 1630. The terms to be offered by France must certainly include a banishment of the Stuart princes from French soil, as those of the Dutch peace were to banish them from Holland; and, if possible, they must include also the cession of a port on the Flemish coast, preferably Dunkirk, which France and England might conquer in common. From Spain Oliver would ask that she should bear the expenses of a joint war with France, and that England should have Dunkirk or Calais; but, as Spain was manifestly bankrupt, he began to change his views and to demand instead a far more serious pair of concessions—viz. freedom of religion for Englishmen in all the dominions of the Most Catholic King, and freedom of trade with Spanish America.

It was upon this demand that the Spanish ambassador replied that Oliver 'might as well ask for his master's two eyes.' When this answer was given, which was shortly before the meeting of the first Protectorate Parliament, Oliver turned quite readily to the rival power, and decided, though as yet in secret, on making war on Spain. All the Elizabethan Englishman, which was

strong in him, swelled with pride at the idea of capturing treasure-fleets and West Indian Islands; and at first, no doubt, he thought it possible to confine the war to American waters. So his first step was to put a fleet in commission, under Penn and Venables, for this 'Western design,' and another under Blake to protect English commerce in the Mediterranean. But the astonishing thing is that he still held out for higher terms from Mazarin, and, long after the expedition had sailed to the West Indies, allowed the Spaniards to think that Blake was their best friend. Blake's first task was to cripple the 'Barbary pirates'—*i.e.* the semi-independent Turkish states of Algiers and Tunis, a task which he performed with complete success, giving the first demonstration of the power of naval guns to silence batteries on shore. He was allowed as late as April, '55, to get food and water in the Spanish harbours of Sardinia, and to pose as the friend of Spain and potential enemy of France.

Meanwhile, Oliver was dreaming of the renewal upon a larger scale of the exploits of Drake in the West. He forgot that the Spanish colonies had been very considerably strengthened since Drake's day; and that, after all, neither Drake, Raleigh nor any Elizabethan had been able permanently to hold any colony that had once been Spanish. Worse than that, he was in such a hurry to take the Spaniards by surprise, and to keep his venture secret, that he paid no attention to the details of the expedition, of which, indeed, his Council of State had never much approved. Venables was a veteran of the Irish wars, who showed himself quite incompetent on the new stage of the tropics; Penn was a good sailor, who got on badly with soldiers. The officers

and men were either impressed, or were drafts from English regiments, selected by the colonels (who naturally enough drafted off their wastrels), and were only made up to 9,000 by levies hastily raised in Barbados and other small West Indian islands. No water-bottles had been provided, and any one can see what that would mean on the shortest tropical march, in the month before the rainy season. The result was that the attack on San Domingo, one of the richest of the Spanish islands, in April, '55, was a complete failure. Everything went wrong from start to finish—the landing-place badly chosen—absence of water and food—dysentery—sufferings—abject cowardice except by the 'naval brigade'; and the re-embarkation was accomplished with mutual recriminations of general and admiral. The fleet then sailed to Jamaica, which the Spaniards had hardly colonized as yet, and, by an undeserved stroke of luck, occupied the noble harbour which was one day to be Kingston, the few Spanish troops retreating into the interior. Penn and Venables, leaving a few troops, very badly provided with stores, sailed away home, still growling at each other, and the Protector, heart-broken at the failure of his pet scheme, sent both of them to the Tower.

The great West Indian island, which in the eighteenth century was to rival San Domingo itself in riches, was at first regarded as a white elephant by every one at home except the Protector, who deserves the greatest credit for the steady care with which he watched over its fortunes. It was exceedingly difficult to get colonists: expropriated Irish were at one time suggested; the New Englanders were asked, and refused to help, but eventually an overflow from the smaller West Indian

islands began to solve the problem. The attacks of the Spaniards were constant, but were always repelled. Oliver's colonial policy was also far-seeing elsewhere; he had planned the capture of the one Dutch settlement in North America, which now forms the States of New York and New Jersey, and, when the peace of '54 put an end to that scheme, he diverted the troops which had been raised for it to the task of overrunning French Acadia, now Nova Scotia; and Englishmen actually occupied that country up to the gulf of St. Lawrence. But Charles II., though successfully following in the Protector's footsteps in seizing the Dutch possessions, restored Acadia to France.

Meanwhile, the instructions sent by the Government to Blake in '55 were of the vaguest; it almost seems as if Oliver wished his admiral to act on his own responsibility, and to precipitate one or other of the possible quarrels with France or Spain. Blake was only told that he was to capture the Spanish plate-fleet, and to prevent troops being sent to succour the Spaniards in the West Indies. He rightly held that these orders did not warrant him in attacking other Spanish ships, and, after a peaceful summer's cruise in the neighbourhood of the Straits, he came back to England in October. In the following March, '56, Spain having declared open war, and a defensive treaty having been concluded with France, he returned to his old station and had a look at Cadiz and Gibraltar, both of which he found too strong to be attempted. But in September a squadron of six frigates, under Captain Stayner, was lucky enough to destroy a small plate-fleet with a loss to the Spaniards of two million sterling, of which, however, only a little over half a million was saved from the waves. Even half

of that (the rest seems to have fallen in as prize-money or plunder to Stayner's men) was a welcome refreshment to the impoverished English Government. Blake himself was successful in enforcing on Portugal the signature of a treaty, which had been depending for some time, and which assured liberty of religion and trade for Englishmen in Portuguese dominions.

The crowning victory, however, did not come until April, '57, when Blake, who was still blockading the Straits, got news that a fleet from the West was in the harbour of Santa Cruz, in the Canary Islands. There, on April 20th, the great English sailor thrust his ships into the harbour, and utterly destroyed sixteen huge Spaniards, which were lying under the guns of their own shore batteries; and without the loss of a single ship of his own. A more daring piece of work has seldom been done; it was our first great naval victory since the Armada. Blake died on the way home just as his ship was entering Plymouth. He left an indelible impression on the hearts of his countrymen, not only for his bull-dog courage and contempt of difficulties, nor for his chivalrous character, of which many stories are told, but also as the first expounder of the principles that a British fleet ought to be able to blockade any enemy's ports, that shore batteries can be silenced by naval guns, and that the Straits of Gibraltar are all-important for him who would hold the dominion of the sea.

Oliver, perhaps, never quite grasped this last point, and, as the year '56 ran to its close, he became more and more eager to secure the active co-operation of France, in order to enable England to get hold of a port in Spanish Flanders. This has been condemned by posterity as false policy, but it must be remembered that the war was very un-

popular in England, mainly on account of the great losses inflicted on our commerce by the privateers from Dunkirk; where, from July, '55, we had to keep up a blockade with eleven large ships, each accompanied by a 'shallop' (pinnace), to run after pirates over the shallows. France, of course, never really relished Oliver's idea, but to secure the co-operation of the English in her still desperate struggle with Spain, she would make some sacrifice. In the summer of '55 she had gone so far, in order to please the Protector, as to bring severe pressure to bear in a very delicate matter on a very old friend, the Duke of Savoy.

That Papist Duke had some Protestant subjects, in the higher valleys of Piedmont, for whom toleration had been expressly secured, within the limits of those valleys, nearly a century before. Since that time they, being thriving, industrious fellows, had gradually pushed beyond these limits, and were in many cases well settled in the plains below; suddenly, in the spring of '55, the Duchess Regent told the settlers they must depart, bag and baggage, at three days' notice, and, when they naturally hesitated to obey, massacred them wholesale, even employing a few French troops, which were in her service, to do so. Protestant Europe cried out in horror, and the loudest cry was Oliver's. Milton wrote one of his noblest sonnets on the tragedy, and forty thousand pounds were raised in London for relief to the survivors of the massacre. Oliver spoke of a league of all Protestant princes against the Scarlet Woman; and the warlike King of Sweden, who had his private ends to gain, gave willing ear. But, best of all, Oliver told Mazarin that he must instantly stop this sort of thing; and Mazarin did at once stop it. Thus the two great

civilized nations of Western Europe were for the first time brought into line, and on a question of humanity, to speak to the less civilized in a tone of mastery. There followed the defensive treaty, already referred to, of October, '55, which made no mention of Spain, but excluded the Stuart family from French soil. Poor Charles II. had to go to Cologne, and thence, not long afterwards, to Spanish territory at Bruges. But Oliver's 'Protestant league' never came to anything: tardily and with grief he perceived that the Dutch and Swedes were bidding for his friendship against each other, just as the French and Spaniards had bidded; the Swedes were trying to turn the Baltic into a tame preserve of their own, the Dutch to keep it open, at least for themselves. Oliver was only able to mediate for a temporary peace in the north (February, '58).

The hesitation of Mazarin finally disappeared in the spring of '57, when the offensive treaty was signed between England and France, by the terms of which England was to supply a fleet and 6,000 men for the conquest of the frontier fortresses of Gravelines, Mardyk and Dunkirk, the last two to be retained by England. And so, in April, Sir John Reynolds, a veteran from the Irish wars, landed with the required number of men at Boulogne. The men were drafts, not whole regiments, and in many cases recruits; but they were a fine lot, and the hero of the whole was Major-General Morgan, who had been Monk's right hand in his Scottish campaign. To Oliver's great disgust Marshall Turenne, the French commander, seemed in no hurry to attack the coast towns, but wasted all the summer in the interior, while our men cried out for 'beef and beer' instead of black bread and sour wine; but their discipline was splendid, and they astonished

the peasants by not plundering them. Not till October was Mardyk taken, and then Turenne refused to move further that year. Not so had our Ironsides learned war; and Sir William Lockhart, Oliver's gallant Scottish envoy, vainly offered Turenne five whole regiments if he would at once tackle Dunkirk. The winter was a very severe one, and our men died in heaps in garrison at Mardyk; but in the spring of '58 they were reinforced by 4,000 more, and, at the end of May, the French at last advanced. On June 3rd there was a terrific battle on the sand-hills outside Dunkirk. The English Royalists formed several regiments in the Spanish army, one of them led by Prince James, and the 'King's Lifeguards,' nearly all gentlemen-exiles, were the last to retreat. But the Ironsides were as irresistible under Turenne as under Oliver, and the victory was complete. Dunkirk at once surrendered and was handed over to our men, many of whom completed the campaign with the French army in a victorious march almost to Brussels.

The victory of Dunkirk was, moreover, a great blow to the hopes of the Royalists; Charles a couple of months before had concluded a definite treaty with Spain, which was to lead to a landing of 6,000 Spaniards on the east coast of England, for all the old Royalists had told him that, without a foreign force as a nucleus, further risings would be impossible: now this was all over for the time. Thurloe had known all about it; he was Postmaster-General as well as Secretary, and he had spies even in the innermost committee of Royalists, though no doubt there were many plots for the assassination of Oliver, which even Thurloe never discovered. After Dunkirk Charles' best hopes rested on the chance that France and Spain might

make their peace and agree to work jointly in his favour.

No military successes, however, could make the Government really popular with Englishmen; people acquiesced and that was all, for the war cost a million a year. There had been a small but dangerous rising in the west in March, '55, in which the Royalists, under Penruddock and Wagstaffe, captured two assize judges and a high sheriff, and, though they were easily dispersed by the troops and the militia, much difficulty was experienced in packing juries sufficiently to get convictions, sometimes even in getting gaolers to detain prisoners; indeed, every one connived at escapes, and only a few persons were hanged for this rising. Great numbers, however, were constantly being arrested on suspicion, without being brought to trial; and at least on two occasions all who had fought for the King were banished from London for several months. Worse than this was the fact that some of the few judges who had been content to hold their commissions from the Rump, questioned, after the failure of the 'experiment in Parliaments,' the authority of the Instrument of Government; and so two of them and a Chief Justice (Rolle) had to be dismissed; two commissioners of the Great Seal also resigned. Oliver was slipping back into the ways of Charles, and some of the phenomena of their respective reigns bore a close mutual resemblance; for instance, a certain Mr. Cony refused to pay customs duties; his trial dragged on from November, '54, to June, '55, and ended in the imprisonment of his counsel and himself until he made submission; it was just Bate or Chambers over again.

The whole thing was really government by martial law—that condition of all others which the poor Protector

had most wished to avoid. And this had to be avowed in the autumn of '55, when the whole of England and Wales was divided into eleven districts, over each of which was placed a 'major-general' with civil commissioners assistant. These majors-general were to command a local cavalry militia, voluntarily recruited and well paid, to number 6,000 horse in all. The regular forces in England and Wales were reduced to 21,000 men, distributed in some forty-six garrisons, nearly all of which were on the coast or close to it.[1] The duties of the majors-general were primarily those of a mounted police, to patrol the highways and repress sedition. But before they were despatched to their tasks, in October, '55, still more invidious duties were laid upon them: they were to become an armed agency for enforcing godly life; and one can imagine nothing more intensely irritating to a high-spirited nation, or more certain to brand the profession of godliness with the name of hypocrisy. All old Royalists who were lucky enough to escape banishment, imprisonment or sequestration of their estates were forbidden to carry arms, and were subjected to an extra income tax of ten per cent., although they had long ago purged their Royalism by compounding with the Long Parliament commissioners. Even then none of them were to receive or comfort any of the ejected episcopal clergy, who were no longer to be allowed to celebrate the sacraments or read the Prayer Book to private congregations.

It was an unfortunate time to choose for establishing a government by martial law; for, by 1655, the country, without in the least acquiescing in the new system of

[1] York, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Warwick and Windsor are the exceptions.

government, was to some extent beginning to settle down again—country houses were being reopened and life was resuming its old course. The prospect of this was now blighted by the sudden appearance of these eleven military grandmothers, who ordered that every stranger coming from abroad was to state, on landing, to the nearest major-general his name, business and destination, and to notify any change of address (one might as well have been living in modern Germany), that no one was to be allowed to 'ride post' without the licence of a justice of the peace, and that every Royalist was to send in an exact return of his estate and of all stock on it. Even if he did so he might be summoned before the commissioners at any moment to answer questions; in which case favour or bribery would be better anchors to hold by than justice. So much for the poor Royalists, and it is to be hoped that the highwaymen, always chivalrous to the oppressed, abstained from robbing them now they were not allowed to carry arms.

But for the majority of indifferents—and indifferents are always a majority—their alehouses were to be closed at sunset, their cock-fightings, horse-racings, and bear-baitings suppressed; Colonel Pride went and slew the bears in Southwark gardens with his own hands. Outside towns *all* alehouses were declared unnecessary; markets on Saturdays, which 'encouraged profanation of the Lord's day,' were to be abolished; horses were not to be exercised on Sundays; brewers were forbidden to brew and maltsters to malt without leave of the new police; all 'rogues and idle men' were without conviction to be shipped beyond seas (even Henry VIII. had only whipped them), and the majors-general were

ordered to draw up lists of 'persons fit to be banished.' The justices of the peace, Puritans as they were, would have hesitated to put these, or the numerous old Acts against drunkenness, swearing, etc., in force, had not the majors-general stood over them and compelled them to do so. All newspapers but two were suppressed, and these, being written by a sycophant named Needham, who had formerly libelled Oliver as 'Coppernose,' who would write for any side for pay, and who lived to write against the Whigs for Tory pay, gave just what news the Government pleased.

An attempt was made to enforce this wholesale programme, more or less courageous in the several districts according to the firmness or lack of firmness of the several majors-general. One may safely say that from the first it was an utter failure. A great many more than 6,000, or even 60,000 men would have been needed to carry it through against the passive resistance of a whole nation. Moreover, the Protector's bark was far worse than his bite: except on rare occasions he was incorrigibly merciful; the imprisonment of Royalists, except of those who refused to give security for good behaviour, was always short; no instance is recorded of an ejected clergyman being deprived of the pittance which the Long Parliament had left him. In London especially, with the exception of the poor bears and their patrons, no one suffered; good old Skippon, who had been appointed major-general for the city, resigned his commission, on the plea of age and infirmity, rather than attempt to execute it; and when, in spite of prohibitions, Royalists flocked into London, to escape the pressure of the new ordinances, all attempts to evict them proved vain. Though the Government had ordered

that no Royalist was to sit on any town council, the municipal corporations often made fierce resistance to any attempt to exclude fellow townsmen from election under the plea of 'Royalism'; and so Oliver was compelled to draft a scheme for granting new charters, which would give him control over the town councils. One notes with amusement that he was thus doing exactly what Charles II. and James II. did thirty years later. This led to fierce riots—*e.g.* at Bristol and Colchester—which might easily be manipulated in the Royalist interest.

Perhaps the saddest thing of all for the Government was that the ten per cent. tax was not even half enough to defray the expenses of the new militia. The deficit had in the spring of '56 already reached £500,000, and the Protector saw that there was nothing for it but to appeal to another Parliament, for which accordingly, in the summer, preparations were made. The major-generals appear to have thought that they could procure favourable elections, and, in the boroughs, they succeeded to some extent in doing so. When Parliament met the strength of the Opposition centred in the county members, and, oddly enough, in those from the south-eastern counties, which had been the backbone of the 'good old cause' in 1640–5; this proves that the richest part of the nation already looked upon Oliver merely as a sovereign of the Charles I. species. Though consenting to this appeal to the constituencies, which were, of course, those established by the 'Instrument,' Oliver knew that many of his enemies would be returned. He had taken the precaution to imprison the rigid Republican Vane, for writing a pamphlet in which an attempt was made to influence the electors against the Govern-

ment. But he was prepared to go further and to stretch to the utmost a certain clause of the Instrument which gave to the Council of State the examination of the returns in order to ensure that the new members were 'godly persons'; this he now interpreted to mean that no member might take his seat without a ticket from the Government.

Thus, when Parliament opened on September 17th, 1656, its members found posted at the door three colonels and a guard, who excluded about a hundred of them; whereupon sixty more showed their disgust by abstaining, for some time, from sitting. Both within doors and without the indignation was great; yet one is obliged to admit that the strange operation was not wholly unsuccessful. Oliver, perhaps, thought that, if only he could get some recognition of his power and position from ever so bastard a Parliament, he might with time accustom the nation to his rule. And the Parliament, as now purged, showed itself more tractable than might have been expected. For the excluded men, though representing the wealthier and more intelligent constituencies (four out of six members for London were excluded), were nearly all extremists in one direction or another; indeed, it seems as if these constituencies, in their hatred of Oliver, had chosen his bitterest enemies, whatever their political opinions might be. And, on the other side, the majority was composed of Oliver's personal friends, of professional soldiers devoted to him, of lawyers, who thought a settlement under him the best chance of re-establishing legality; and finally, of a large number of Presbyterian gentlemen, who, though they had once hated him as a fanatic and sectary, were beginning to recognize that he was less

fanatic than formerly, that a restoration of the King was a forlorn hope, and that the tyranny of the Rump had been just as heavy as, and far more corrupt than that of the Protectorate. To all these elements Oliver might come to stand as the best safeguard against anarchy; he was quick to perceive as much, and did everything in his power to conciliate this essentially moderate, if heterogeneous majority.

Thus, after the storm about exclusion had lulled a little, the first few months of the Parliament were peaceable. The House passed a strong Treason Act against Royalists and Levellers, who were quite ready to use each other as allies in the plot business; it voted down the majors-general and the ten per cent. tax, Oliver cheerfully acquiescing; and, in the beginning of the year '57, after the discovery of a plot, which had involved the blowing up of the Protector in Whitehall, an obscure Presbyterian member moved and carried that Oliver be asked to fix the government on the old known lines by taking the title of king (January 19th). To this, on February 23rd, was added a Bill for a revision of the Constitution, known as the 'Humble Petition and Advice.' This document, based in the main on the 'Instrument of Government,' differed from its prototype chiefly in suggesting a revival of something like the House of Lords (indeed, Oliver always spoke of the new creation by that name), in the shape of a second chamber of seventy persons, to be nominated by the Protector with consent of the Lower House. The title of the 'Single Person' in the new constitution was at first left blank, in the hope that Oliver would accept that of king; but after long hesitation he refused (May 8th), in favour of the name of 'Protector.' Still, he was to be allowed

to name his successor, and though no longer able to issue ordinances, he was to appoint his own Council, and the co-ordinate power of that body was almost entirely taken away. A confession of faith was to be introduced by the Protector and the two Houses, and toleration was to be allowed to all but the unfortunate Papists and Episcopalians. A permanent revenue of £1,300,000 was to be settled for the Army, Navy and Civil Service, and an extra £600,000 for the ensuing three years.

While refusing the title, Oliver very gladly accepted the rest of this reasonable scheme. And no doubt he would gladly have accepted the title too—not that he valued tinsel gauds, but because it meant *settlement* and *legality*, because, as its supporters saw, no one could be accused of treason for adhering to a *de facto* king (Statute 11 Henry VII.)—but the whole active force of the Army was against the title. Within a week of the proposal Lambert, the second best soldier in England, presented a petition, signed by a hundred leading officers, against it. To accept it would destroy the last chance of conciliating Republicans, Fifth Monarchists and Levellers. After all, the Army, whatever a few fanatics like Harrison might do or think, was on the whole solid in Oliver's favour, and he could not afford to alienate it in order to please the Presbyterians and lawyers, who would cheerfully throw him over whenever the real King should 'get a day again.' So, on June 26th, with the utmost splendour, Oliver was once more solemnly installed as Protector of the Commonwealth; and Parliament adjourned till the following January. The 'Second Protectorate,' from the outset, put on even more of the appearance of royalty than the

First; the allowance for the household at once went up from £50,000 to £100,000 a year.

Two points Oliver had misjudged or forgotten; by nominating his 'House of Lords' from his best supporters, he weakened his party in the Commons by some forty votes; and the new constitution contained no clause allowing the Council to exclude men, ungodly or godly, from the Lower House. So back, on January 20th, 1658, came the recently excluded members, led by Hazelrig, thirsting for revenge and a good hundred strong; and no fresh elections had been held to replace the lost forty. The only test required from members was an oath of fidelity to the Protector and to the liberties of the English people, and the Republicans felt so sure that they were going to secure the latter by upsetting the former, that they made no bones about a little perjury. Parties were as near as possible even, but all the fire and all the vigour were with the Opposition: 'in republics,' says Machiavelli approvingly, 'there is more life, more hatred.' On the third day the quarrel broke out on a trivial message from the Upper House; 'what,' cried the Republicans, 'is this other House? what is this precious new constitution, at the making of which we, the representatives of the people, were not consulted?' Oliver sent for both Houses, and rated the Commons soundly for their divisions; but when a few days later the Lords sent down a suggestion that priests and Royalists should be banished from London, 'what?' again was the cry; 'infringe the liberty of the subject?' In its rage the Opposition was ready to intrigue with discontented officers in the Army, or even with its natural enemies the Royalists. When Oliver heard,

on February 4th, that the Republicans were preparing a demand that no officer should be cashiered without the consent of the Army Council, and a resolution that 'the House of Commons is the sole judicature of this nation' (a claim, by the way, never put forward for any House of Commons, before or since), he lost all patience. William IV., when in haste to dissolve a Parliament that had irritated him, said, to those who urged that he must at least wait till the royal carriage could be got ready, "D—n the royal carriage! Call a hackney coach." Oliver did much the same; he even swore (which was unusual for him to do), flung himself into the first coach he found at the door of Whitehall, and rushed to the House of Lords. "I do dissolve this Parliament," he said, as soon as the Commons had answered his summons and assembled in the Painted Chamber, 'and may God judge betwixt you and me.'

As matters then stood he was probably quite right. The Opposition had the bit in its teeth, and would be content with nothing but the full power its leaders had wielded in the Rump. It was an *impasse*, but it was one into which Oliver had been led, not by selfish desire of power but by desire of 'healing and settling,' by desire to find a civil basis for the power which he had gained by the sword. And now his last chance of healing and settling seemed to be gone.

Except for the incessant financial distress, his last months were peaceful—so peaceful that he was preparing for a fresh Parliament when he died. The last thing he did was to take the Army seriously in hand. Lambert, who never approved of the 'Petition and Advice,' had already resigned his commission and retired to the country'; all Fifth Monarchists were now steadily

weeded out of the ranks, and all Levellers. The Army, in becoming more loyal, became also more professional, and so, perhaps, more ready to acquiesce in changes of government. Fleetwood and Desborough, son-in-law and brother-in-law of the Protector, both men of extreme views, did not approve of this; but the colonels to a man were for Oliver. There was a bad Royalist plot in May, but it was discovered and put down with ease. The French ambassador, no bad judge, thought the Protector's power in the summer of '58, when to the laurels of Santa Cruz had been added the laurels of Dunkirk, firmer than ever. The Royalist Clarendon, writing long after, says that Oliver's greatness at home was but a shadow compared to his greatness abroad. But his health was steadily giving way; fever and ague, perhaps an inheritance from his early life in the fen country, where every one suffered from ague, played havoc with him; the death of a favourite daughter well-nigh broke his heart. All September 2nd a terrible storm raged over England; the devil, said the Cavaliers, had come for Oliver's soul. The next day was the anniversary of his two greatest victories; and, when the storm had blown itself away, that great soul rendered itself to the mercy of God. It was, as his own steward said, one of the greatest that had ever dwelt in a tenement of clay—intensely religious and intensely human. The darkest crimes with which it was stained—Drogheda and Wexford—were due to the fiery if narrow belief that some portion of mankind are the enemies of God. In sharing this error he failed to rise above his contemporaries. In other points of character he towered above them, perhaps above any Englishman who has ever wielded power. Certainly in home government, no

Englishman ever had a more difficult task allotted to him, nor laboured at it so bravely. He was an idealist who never lost sight of his noble ideals, even when, as he said of himself, his immediate task was like that of a parish constable set to keep the peace. In foreign politics, though a baby in diplomacy compared to his rivals, and though served by merely self-taught diplomats, he got his way by sheer force of character and firm belief in the power of England to accomplish anything to which she set her hand.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WIND FROM FLANDERS

THE twenty-one months that now elapsed, before Charles II. rode into London, present a very strange spectacle. There were almost as many parties in the State as there are groups in a modern German Parliament. They were not exactly bloodthirsty against each other, but each feared the others, and each scrambled for place and power, mainly in order to be secure for the future. The 'constable of the parish' was gone, and there was no one to keep order. The nation looked on in sullen apathy, praying only for a peaceful restoration of King Charles almost at any price. Charles alone represented a principle which had a hold on the country; the Republicans and the Army each represented a principle, without a hold on the country; the Protectorate represented nothing except a large family group with even less hold: but a continuance of the Protectorate would at least give the Moderates time to turn round; and therefore, for the moment, that solution commended itself to moderate men.

Each of the parties, however, was considerably divided in itself, and fragments would split off, each to combine temporarily with fragments of another party. Even the Republicans were not united: some looked towards the Ancient World and 450 B.C.; some towards

the Long Parliament and A.D. 1649. There was Ludlow, the aristocrat of the type of old Rome; Vane, the democrat and constitution-monger, but critic of all governments; the blundering hot-head Hazelrig, gorged with Royalist plunder, who was ready to come to terms with the Army if only it would avenge him on the House of Cromwell; Marten, the profane libertine and jester; and the few second-rate lawyers who had served the regicide cause, Bradshaw, Cook and Scot. In the Army, Fleetwood and Desborough belonged to the family connexion of the Protectorate, but were at loggerheads with Henry Cromwell; Fleetwood was the darling of the extreme Independents, Desborough was moved mainly by selfish ambition. Lambert, the darling of the professional soldiers, the cultivated gentleman with a taste for literature, painting and gardening, yet ever stirred to political action by his ambitious wife, was hostile to Fleetwood and Desborough; above all, he was hostile to Harrison and the Fifth Monarchists: he was still unemployed, but he had only to raise his finger for a following. Harrison, indeed, who had been continually in and out of prison during Oliver's life, had ceased to be dangerous; his name and doctrines had become somewhat an object of derision. And far away at Dalkeith, in Scotland, watching all parties and apparently interested in none, was that grim, taciturn Devonshire gentleman, George Monk.

Apart from Republicans and soldiers stood the lawyers and Moderates, Whitelocke, St. John, Thurloe the all-knowing secretary, Lenthall the all-grasping time-server These men had one great advantage, the actual possession of the reins of civil government as they dropped from Oliver's hands. Many of them were Presbyterians, and

it was as hard for a Presbyterian not to be a Royalist in 1658 as it had been for him to be a Royalist in 1640. No doubt the discredit of the Royalists was great; they were in alliance with the enemies of England; they had constantly rocked the country with insurrection plots and even murder plots: but it was to the Royalists that the Moderates would ultimately turn; and, when the forces of revolution are spent, the Moderates usually come into power. For the moment their hopes were fixed on Richard Cromwell.

It seems certain that poor Richard had been nominated as successor by Oliver during his last illness; and to us it seems a very extraordinary nomination. Richard had been studiously kept in the background until 1657, when he had been made a councillor of state and given a regiment; he was an amiable man of very weak character. The best explanation which can be given of Oliver's choice is that his mind was turning more and more, in his last days, towards hereditary monarchy as the best safeguard for law and order; what the Lord had not willed him, the man of blood, to accomplish might be vouchsafed to Richard, the man of peace. And Richard was accordingly proclaimed Protector three hours after Oliver's death, and congratulatory addresses and bad verses poured in. But the Protectorate had been essentially a power of the sword, resting on the union of 'Protector' and 'Lord-General' in the same person; and how ludicrous it was that Richard should command the victors of Dunbar and Dunkirk! On the other hand, for functions of State, for the part of a 'mechanical king,' Richard was admirably fitted: he spoke well (Oliver, it has been wittily said, spoke like a rhinoceros with a pebble in its mouth), and looked the

part with much natural dignity. He gave his father a splendid funeral costing £60,000, which, as the debt of the State was about a million and three-quarters, and its income barely as much, was rather extravagant. At the ceremony the silence of the streets was reflected in the Abbey: there was no religious service; and one of the Westminster boys who was present slipped between the legs of the guard, and stole from the bier a little satin banner called the 'Majesty Scutcheon,' and no one dared to prosecute him.

But directly Richard came to touch the Army he put his head into a bees' byke. In his Council the civil element was quarrelling with the military before he had been Protector a week. His brother Fleetwood and his uncle Desborough resented the first appointment which he made to a colonelcy, and forthwith demanded a 'separate Lord-General.' Their party, from its place of meeting in Spring Gardens, was known as the 'Wallingford House party,' or the 'Grandees.' They cried out for 'Fleetwood and the good old cause'; Richard stood unexpectedly firm, refused to recognize the Army as independent of himself, and, in November, prepared for a Parliament. In order to pack it successfully the writs were sent out to the old constituencies, not to those named in the 'Petition and Advice'; this, it was thought, would rally Moderates, and it is obvious that the little boroughs were more accessible to government influence than the large county constituencies.

The result was on the whole favourable: though all the leading soldiers and Republicans had seats, there was a two-thirds majority for the Government. For instance, the sixty Scottish and Irish nominees went solid for it. 'Dick's Parliament' met on January 27th,

'59, and all the old questions were at once raised:—'Is there a Protectorate? If so, was Richard nominated by Oliver? If he was, are we bound to recognize him?' Vane led the yelping throng, and, with perverse logic, argued that even if we recognize him we are not bound to give him the same power as his father had. We are not bound by this written constitution—nor by anything. Least of all do we recognize the new 'House of Lords.' But the majority was solid, and the Opposition was unable to carry any really dangerous measures, though every act of the late and the present Protector, every clause of the 'Petition and Advice,' was subjected to fierce scrutiny; and though a Bill to establish a life revenue, over and above that granted in 1657, was defeated. It was obvious, however, that real danger would come if the Republicans could form a coalition with the malcontents in the Army. To obviate this the pay of the soldiers had been considerably raised; but the General Council of the Army, which to satisfy Fleetwood had been allowed to meet, presented early in April a petition which led to the final crash. It seems that the officers feared being implicated by parliamentary votes in the proceedings of the late majors-general; they talked vaguely of their grievances, of 'the good old cause,' of their enemies in Parliament. The petition was filled with the scriptural language once so dear to the Army, and 'religious liberty' was its cry; but it is evident that the 'good old cause' was becoming a political rather than a religious one. Militant Independency was dying fast, even while its name was being shouted.

Parliament replied sharply, demanding a dissolution of the Army Council, and an engagement from all officers

that they would never interrupt the proceedings of the House. Fleetwood answered by calling all regiments in London to St. James' Palace for April 21st. There the demand was formulated that Richard should dissolve Parliament; and, after a short resistance, he gave way. Fleetwood and Desborough would have liked to keep him as puppet Protector, but to the enormous majority of the colonels, accustomed to be ruled by a man, Richard was merely a clothes-horse. Besides, the restless Hazelrig had led his friends to a coalition with their old foes, and had induced the latter to vote for a restoration of the Rump. The good Protector stepped down from his throne on May 4th (he might, perhaps, have thrown himself into the city and declared for the King, but he had a horror of the possibility of civil war), and retired on a pension, which, of course, ceased to be paid in 1660. Years afterwards an old man, going by the name of John Clarke, used to drive about the neighbourhood of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, in a pony-chaise. Once, in Anne's reign, he visited London, and going with a friend to the House of Lords, looked at the throne and said, 'Ah, I haven't seen that chair since I sat in it.' He died in 1712.

Back came the Rump on May 7th, forty-two men strong, with the imperturbable Lenthall at its head. Its programme was a brief one: a Council of State, the Great Seal of 1649, a committee to draw up a new constitution, after the completion of which 'Parliament' would dissolve itself; 'religion and republicanism' to be the tests for office; Fleetwood to be Commander-in-chief, but all commissions to be signed by the Speaker. The Rump did not mean to give up one jot of the authority it had enjoyed in 1649; the Army was to be its servant

now, as then. In short, these forty-two old gentlemen acted as a 'restored' monarch will sometimes act; everything done since their eviction, on April 20th, 1653, was null and void, unless they should be graciously pleased to confirm it. They had 'learned nothing and forgotten nothing.' Not so did Fleetwood understand the situation, and not so Desborough; still less Lambert, who had now resumed his commission. He, indeed, from his place in Richard's Parliament, had been Hazelrig's broker in the temporary alliance between Rump and Army; he was exceedingly jealous of the rival generals, and he was receiving overtures from the Royalists; why should not the King or his brother marry Miss Lambert?—quite a good-looking girl of most respectable family. While Lambert was away in the north, putting down the usual summer rising of Royalists (rather more serious this time, but dangerous only in Cheshire under Sir George Booth, who was at last defeated in a sharp fight at Winnington Bridge), the 'insolence' of Parliament grew exceeding great in the eyes of all soldiers; and on his return in October he resolved to put an end to it. That Parliament dreamed of resistance is to be explained partly by the reckless temper of Hazelrig, but more by the encouragement it had received from Monk. Monk would have voted for a Restoration, if the rising of '59 had promised any success; but, on the news of Winnington Bridge, he decided to support the Rump. Obedience to that civil power which was in possession of the actual government was his creed—a good creed for a patriotic English soldier. He had loyally served the King at the beginning of the Civil War, and had suffered a long imprisonment in his cause; had loyally served the Parliament in Ireland, Scotland and in the Dutch war;

loyally served the Protectorate, when he was sent back to govern Scotland by Oliver, who loved and trusted him implicitly; and he would never have forsaken Richard, as he used to say, if Richard had not 'forsaken himself.' But at heart he remained a Royalist, as all his Devon kindred were. By religion he was a moderate Presbyterian.

The brilliant and unsteady Lambert learned in October that his new masters had no use for his services, nor for those of Fleetwood or Desborough, and so he anticipated his dismissal by turning out his masters (October 12th). He managed to conciliate Vane, who sat with some soldiers on a 'Committee of Safety' (again one smells the French Revolution afar off), and was allowed to produce some wonderful schemes of constitutions—the main point of which was that to the exclusion of Papists and Episcopalians from power was now to be added that of Presbyterians also. The news of the second eviction of the Rump reached Monk on October 17th.

Now Monk's army was not large, barely 10,000 in all. It was stiff with wild sectaries and unruly elements of every sort, especially among the higher officers (such people used to be sent to Scotland for 'honest George' to discipline), and it was especially weak in horse. But its military chest was full to overflowing, and Monk knew that Lambert's or Fleetwood's was likely to be very empty. The expiring Rump had passed a very cunning vote in its last days—viz. that no taxes were to be paid to any one except by authority of Parliament. Moreover, though Monk would be obliged to leave 3,000 men or so in Scotland, he had managed during the last five years to make such progress in conciliating the vanquished Scottish nobles—largely, perhaps, because they guessed him to be at heart a King's man—that they

were likely rather to aid him than to rise in his absence. Lastly, phlegmatic and taciturn as he was, he was almost a faultless administrator, and could take measures with amazing swiftness. In two days he had secured Edinburgh, and in three more Berwick, and had begun the process of purging his army of dangerous elements. The disarmament of these was a very risky job, but by the aid of Morgan, who had returned covered with glory from Turenne's campaign, it was effected. Lambert, on receipt of the news from the North, had flown up to York and to Newcastle; in mere numbers his forces were double those of Monk. Then Monk's real greatness was displayed; instead of a swift march into England, and a fierce collision with Lambert's troops, which was the very thing for which the English military leaders were praying, he began a series of fine-spun negotiations with them, with the deliberate design of giving his opponents time to make themselves thoroughly impossible. This they proceeded to do, Lambert even having to resort to free quarter in order to feed his men; and, while negotiating, Monk lumbered slowly south to the Tweed and sat down by the ford at Coldstream.

The unpaid garrisons in England began to see that sheer anarchy was ahead of them, and to declare again for the Rump, or even for a free Parliament. The wind which had been 'blowing from Flanders' ever since Oliver's death was increasing to a gale—a gale that would soon bring peace on its wings, and put England once more under the protection of the Common Law. On Christmas Eve a number of regiments in London mutinied against Fleetwood and reinstated the Rump. Then Monk crossed the Tweed (January 1st, 1660), and moved steadily upon London. Lambert's army melted

away from him, and most of it rallied round Monk. Lambert fled and hid himself, and in York the victorious general, who had shed no drop of blood, met Fairfax. What he said to him we don't know, but it must have been satisfactory, and therefore in favour of a free Parliament. 'A free Parliament' was the burden of the countless petitions that poured in on Monk on his march; to all of which he said nothing, but rode on chewing a quid of tobacco. But his friends and his best officers said a good deal, and what they said was entirely pleasing to the petitioners.

The nation was beginning to take heart and to form associations for petitions and even for agitation. London, above all, woke up, bitter in its hatred of the swordsmen; for the first time since 1648 there were apprentice-riots and men were killed in the streets. The boys hooted, kicked and stoned the troops, and cried 'cobbler, cobbler,' as Colonel Hewson (who had once exercised that profession) marched into the city. For trade was stagnant (and no wonder), and bold Presbyterian ministers began to preach that the cause was 'The Sin of the Nation'—what sin they referred to was easy to divine. As the riots grew worse, the Lord Mayor, bold fellow, called out the City militia, and purged the Common Council of sectaries and Republicans; the Guildhall began to act as if there were no Parliament, but already an interregnum. And on February 3rd Monk rode into Westminster, and was greeted as the saviour of the nation—by Speaker Lenthall!

The impatient reader naturally says, "Good Heavens, why doesn't the man give Lenthall a sound kick, raise the banner of the King, send over the fleet to fetch him (it had already declared for a free Parliament) and let

us get to the bonfires?" But that was not Monk's way. He professed to be merely the servant of the Rump, and hoped that he would be able to persuade it, now that he had this vast popular movement at his back, to consent to the wishes of the nation. He was quite ready to swear oaths of fidelity to the Commonwealth: the only thing he refused to swear was, that he would never seek to restore the Stuarts; 'for,' said he, 'a future Parliament might require me to restore them; of course, at present I wouldn't dream of such a thing.'

The first fortnight of February was very critical. If the danger of haste was great, the danger of delay sometimes seemed greater. Lord Mordaunt, a Royalist messenger, was in the City, and had gained it heart and soul to the cause of Charles, who was ready to promise anything and everything; and on the 8th the Common Council, getting impatient, voted that London would pay no taxes, because it was not represented by a single member in the Rump. Monk was thereon ordered by his masters to go into the rebellious City, arrest eleven of the Royalist leaders and break down the gates and chains. He obeyed, and his own soldiers cried shame on their task; the City blazed into an angry roar behind him. That night (10th) he repented of what he had done, and on the next day hinted as much to Parliament, which, with incredible folly, suspended him and appointed Fleetwood General. Monk could obey no longer; he marched again into the City, convoked the Common Council (which the Rump had dissolved), and told it that he was sorry for what he had done; but that he did it to prevent a worse man being entrusted with the task. Then he promised to compel the Rump to readmit the members excluded by Pride's purge

to dissolve itself speedily, and to issue writs for a free Parliament. Then came the bells and the bonfires, and the City went mad with joy. On the 21st the ejected members (a majority of a hundred Moderates to forty-two Rumpists), took their seats, repealed all Acts passed since December 5th, 1648, and created a new Council of State with Monk at its head.

The Restoration in some shape or other was now a foregone conclusion. But in what shape? was it to be conditional or unconditional? The few Presbyterian Lords who were left, Manchester and Northumberland especially, were for the conditions of the treaty of Newport—*i.e.* the Covenant, the control of the sword, and a parliamentary veto on all officers and counsellors. But the City was for no conditions—only for petitions to the King in favour of an act of amnesty and a national synod to settle religion. Monk undoubtedly would have been in favour of conditions; but conditions meant delay, and he was always hearing of plots of the wilder sectaries, which might yet upset the whole thing. The Commons were divided, but came to lean more and more on Monk. Suddenly Monk learned, on March 19th, that there was a danger that Charles, who was at Brussels, might be arrested by the Spanish Government as a hostage for the restoration of Jamaica and Dunkirk; and he at once sent his cousin, Sir John Grenville, with a message imploring Charles to go straight into Dutch territory, and thence to send over a gracious message offering an amnesty, a measure of toleration, and a confirmation of the sales of crown lands.

Three days before this the Long Parliament had fulfilled the conditions of the fatal Act of May, 1641, and given its own consent to its own dissolution. Till the

free Parliament could meet on April 25th the crisis was in the hands of the Council of State—*i.e.* of Monk, who rapidly disarmed all dangerous people. The elections bettered the wildest hopes of the Royalists. Though in the writs it was laid down that no one who had fought against Parliament was to be returned, the constituencies took not the slightest notice of any such restriction: this was to be a *free* Parliament, or rather, 'Convention,' the technical name for a Parliament summoned without royal writ; one hundred and fifty such persons were returned, and no one dared mention their exclusion. Never forget that what was restored in 1660 was not so much the King as free parliamentary government. Most significant is it that hardly any one was returned who was in possession of an estate confiscated from a Royalist; and, of course, not a single Republican or sectary. Yet there were few Episcopalians; the Presbyterians were in overwhelming force. By a great stroke of luck, Lambert, who had escaped from the Tower (where he had been since January) and raised an insurrection, was captured and brought to London on the 23rd, two days before the meeting of the Convention.

The fleet had been gathering in the Downs since the early days of April; and Mr. Pepys, Secretary to 'the Generals-at-sea,' was on board the 'Naseby,' flagship of his patron, Admiral Montagu. The Convention met and chose its Speakers: in the Lords there was still some talk about 'restrictions' and 'conditions,' but Monk said he would not answer for the peace of the country for a day, if the King were not recalled at once; and when the King's letters were read, on the first day of meeting, they were voted to be entirely satisfactory, and a deputation from both Houses was sent to fetch him.

The King's declaration, dated from Breda on April 4th 'in the twelfth year of his reign,' was, indeed, eminently satisfactory; for it threw the whole burden of the settlement off his own shoulders on to that of the Houses of Parliament:—"I will pardon all, except those whom Parliament shall except; I will grant toleration to any one to whom Parliament wishes to grant it,"—and the like. To Charles the whole thing seemed almost too good to be true.

Great were the preparations in the fleet. Admiral Montagu, whom Pepys heard on May 6th singing a song against the Rump, told him the next day to order 'a rich barge, a noise of trumpets and a set of fiddlers,' besides silk flags and scarlet 'waist-cloathes' to dress ship. On the 11th they sailed from the Downs (blowing very hard)—the passage to Scheveningen covered with vessels passing to and fro with congratulations and orders. The King was already at the Hague when on the 14th they dropped anchor at Scheveningen. Mr. Pepys, who got very wet in landing, went up in a coach with two pretty ladies to the Dutch capital, and there saw the young Prince of Orange, a slender boy of ten. Some of the gallants had fared worse than Pepys at the rough landing, for he saw two boats upset, and trunks, portmanteaus, hats and feathers swimming in the sea; also, every one was fleeced by the Dutch boatmen. Indeed, the royal party had to wait for weather several days before they could get aboard, which they managed at last on the 22nd and 23rd; and then the King renamed the vessels of the fleet, which were apt to be called 'Naseby,' 'Cheriton,' 'Lambert,' 'Dunbar,' etc.—one would have thought he might have left 'Dunbar.' Pepys was delighted to see Charles so active and familiar, walking the deck up and down

continually, and telling every one tales of his escape from Worcester field. By daybreak on the 25th they were in Dover roads, and the King, after breakfasting on the ship's fare (pease, pork and boiled beef) to please the sailors, went ashore and found Monk kneeling on the beach. Pepys was left aboard, and 'found himself very uncouth when all the great company had gone.'

From Dover to Canterbury, to Rochester and London was, of course, nothing but one long roar of welcome, like a Roman triumph—best of all a triumph bought without one drop of blood. The King entered London on the 29th, his own thirtieth birthday, citizens and Mayor, Lords and Commons flinging themselves weeping at his feet, and vowing fidelity until the world's end. Charles had a frame of steel, and one of the coolest heads in Europe; but he was so spent by his triumph that he was unable to attend the thanksgiving service in the Abbey.

CHAPTER XX

BEYOND THE ATLANTIC

THAT which, perhaps, renders the Sixteenth Century most memorable to us is the complete change wrought in the external life of the English nation by the commencement of the voyages to the New World—a world from which its first discoverers, the Spaniards, had in vain tried to exclude the adventurers of other nations. This change was ultimately to bring about a change in the internal life of the nation also, and to convert England from an agricultural to a manufacturing country. Almost at once it was to make her a nation of sailors; it was in American waters that she for the first time learned to measure herself as a sea-power. The semi-piratical raids of the Drakes, Cavendishes and Hawkinses were, as we have seen, an excellent school of seamanship, and led directly to the idea of colonization, though at first perhaps for the sake of gold mines only. To all European nations the primary object of economic policy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was to multiply gold and silver, and to keep it. To Spain alone fell the evil fortune to get from her American colonies immense quantities of these precious metals. Spain, therefore, became firmly convinced that gold and silver were the only real wealth worth having, and she set herself blindly to keep fast hold of them. In so doing she forgot two truths: (i) that the

possession of any quantity of gold or silver will not prevent a man or a nation from dying of hunger, unless these metals can be exchanged for more edible commodities; (ii) that no laws can prevent such exceedingly valuable stuff from being smuggled out of a country wherein there is no exchanging work for it to do: if a gold coin will buy a cow north of the Pyrenees, and will only buy a hen south of them, that coin will go where it can buy the cow. That Spain continued to live at all was mainly due to the fact that she could not, in spite of all her attempts, keep her gold to herself. To her colonies she sent nothing in exchange for the gold she drew from them; and, if they continued to live, it was mainly owing to a large contraband trade with French and English America.

Now England and France were very nearly as stupid as Spain in the matter of desiring to grab and keep all the gold and silver they could; but as they had practically none of their own, and certainly got none from their American colonies, and as they began to perceive themselves growing wealthy in spite of this alarming fact, they also began to have a glimmering idea that these precious metals were not the sole source of wealth. Still, they and their neighbours the Dutch, whose growing wealth, founded on the trade with the Far East, began to attract attention and imitation, strove by every means to secure for themselves what was called a 'favourable balance of trade'—*i.e.* to export to other countries more 'goods' than they imported from them, and to get the balance paid in gold and silver. But before exporting these 'goods' they had to make them, and so to become manufacturers. These ideas lay at the root of the 'Mercantile System,' which

governed the economic policy of Europe right down to the nineteenth century. An essential principle of the Mercantile System came to be the establishment in distant lands of colonies or settlements, trade with which should be confined to the mother-country that established them.

It is probable that Elizabeth favoured the adventurous sailors of her reign mainly because they occasionally brought to English ports tangible riches in the shape of plundered Spanish treasures; and, had the earliest expeditions to the North American coast resulted in the discovery of gold mines, she would have at once set about colonization. But a truer idea was certainly born before the Queen died. Both Sir Humphrey Gilbert (d. 1577) and Sir Walter Raleigh had glimmerings of the real colonial principle. The successive 'plantations' of English settlers in Ireland, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, had kept the idea well before the public mind. Even Henry VII., who employed Cabot as an explorer, may lay some claim to be a pioneer of colonies, for Cabot touched at Newfoundland, and, though he left no settlement there, the memory of the discovery remained, and Newfoundland was one of the objectives of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's voyage in 1577. Isolated fishing stations were established there both by English and French during the seventeenth century, and the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 did not so much cede that great island to Britain as recognize the priority of British occupation there.

A small English settlement was actually effected on the mainland of North America as early as 1584, and was called 'Virginia,' after the Virgin Queen, but before three years were out it had perished of inanition. It was hard, in that intoxicating age of glory

and romance, for the Elizabethan adventurers, bent upon making rapid fortunes, to realize that a colony must be, for some years after its foundation, entirely unremunerative to its founders; but until that was realized no settlements would be permanent.

What then are the true bases of the colonial idea? and what are the conditions of its successful realization? The idea is primarily founded on the desire of an old and crowded country to get rid, in some respectable way, of its superfluous population. The England of 1600, with less than four millions of inhabitants, was probably as crowded in respect of its cultivated area, and its resources in the way of employment, as the England of our own day with tenfold the population. One of the great evils of the Tudor period had been the dislocation of all old industries, and the number of hands thereby thrown out of work. Nor did this apply to the lower and lower-middle classes only. The younger sons of the landed gentry were as much 'out of work' in a peaceful England as the sturdy beggars for whom the Tudors so fiercely ordered stocks and whip and gallows; and 'younger sons' have been the great foundation on which our colonies have been built.

Secondly, the colonial idea is founded on that intelligent economic desire to create a market for the goods of the mother-country, to which I have referred above. It is not so much by what your colony sends you (be it gold or tobacco or corn) that you benefit, as by what it takes from you, by the number of your looms which it sets to work to make its clothes, and of your mines which are opened to dig out the iron for its axes. By the creation of colonies a new area of production is opened, a new life given to all existing industries.

When we turn to the other question and ask what are the conditions of successful colonization (in other words, why were the English colonies more successful than those of France and Spain), we may answer: (i) a sufficiency of hands ready to emigrate, and these not loafers and ne'er-do-wells, but intelligent thrifty persons; (ii) a considerable and growing navy, either royal or mercantile, with a hardy race of sailors; and (iii) a good country to colonize. Now, if we confine our view to a comparison of our own North American colonies with those of France and Spain, we shall see that England was favoured by luck in all these respects. (i) She had just the sort of men seeking employment who would make the best colonists, and, in one remarkable set of cases, the powerful factor of Protestant zeal was thrown into the scale in her favour. France excluded her Protestants (the industrial *élite* of the nation) from her colonies, and Spain had no industrial class to send. (ii) Though England entered the colonial race last of all three nations, she entered it when she was already almost mistress of the seas, when her sailors were at least full of contempt for their rivals. Finally, (iii) the territory which she colonized, otherwise splendid and fertile, produced no gold at all.

From this blessed circumstance came two great results, the first being that our colonists were driven to turn their attention to agriculture. If we use the word 'agriculture' in its widest sense, to include the exploiting of the earth's surface by tillage, by pasturage, by forestry, it is utterly true that it is the most profitable of all industries, as it is also undoubtedly the industry most productive of a hardy and self-reliant race of men. And the second result of the absence of gold was that the infant countries of British North America were left very considerably

alone, and were allowed by our Government to develop free institutions freely. They were by no means so wholly left alone as some have wished to make out. The financial arrangements necessary for their start were generally made 'in the City,' just as those for the exploitation of Africa are now; and the City was probably not less intelligent and wide awake to its own interests then than now. And it was not only the City that grasped the meaning of the new settlements; educated men all over England, in an age which seriously set to work to drain the fens as a commercial speculation, were alive to what was going on. Shakespeare, who reflects all the thoughts of his own day, has abundant references to the marvels of America, and once goes so far as to tell King James how—

> His honour and the greatness of his name
> Shall be and make new nations.

But at least our kings were spared the temptation (which gold mines would have offered them) of creating a great department of State like the Spanish 'Office of the Indies,' or of organizing emigration on a magnificent scale, as was done in the case of Canada and Louisiana by the great French statesmen Richelieu and Colbert. Canada, it is true, produced no gold, and France escaped the gold fever. The individual French colonists were fully as hardy and as adventurous as our own; and the agricultural skill and thrift of the French peasant far exceeds that of the English. But Canada has a harsher climate than the portion of America first occupied by English settlers; the French hatred of expatriation is far greater than the English; the colony was taken in hand and over-governed from the very first; and at last its main want came to be a respectable number of colonists.

The thousand miles of sea-board, which were lined, before the end of the seventeenth century, by the first twelve English colonies, are deeply indented with creeks and rivers, and contain excellent harbours. The climate is on the whole temperate, the soil is fertile, and much of it was clothed with virgin forest when our people first came there. The danger from the natives has been much exaggerated. The 'Red Indians,' as they were absurdly called, were an exceedingly backward race, still practically in the 'hunter-stage' of civilization. Though here and there they scratched the ground for a little maize, they lived mainly upon the vast herds of buffaloes which roamed the prairies. We have no means of estimating their numbers, but we may fairly guess that a territory, which now with ease feeds its eighty millions, would then hardly support a million hunters. Admirable at night surprises and at sudden attacks, the Red men never showed capacity for sustained warfare, or for such a great confederation of tribes as might have driven the first settlers back into the sea. Nor do they seem seriously to have resented the settlement of the pale-faces, with whom they welcomed opportunities of trading. When there was war it was usually because the pale-faces ill-treated them, or because the red men could not resist the temptation to steal. When there was peace the quantity of furs that an Indian hunter would give for an axe or a musket made such barter very profitable for our people. No doubt there was a great deal of sporadic murder of isolated settlers, and this went on far into the nineteenth century; but on the whole I am inclined to relegate the Red Indian of our childhood to the domain of fiction, in which he appears as such a delightful element of terror.

The practice of forming 'regulated companies'—*i.e.*

companies of merchants with a charter from the Crown authorizing them to exploit a particular trade and forbidding other Englishmen to engage in it, had been steadily growing during the latter half of the sixteenth century; and in the year 1606 it was applied to the establishment of 'plantations' on the American coast. To two companies, with their respective head quarters at London and Plymouth, were allotted definite areas between certain degrees of latitude. These companies were to send out expeditions to settle and to trade with these territories; and the expedition of the London Company to Virginia in that same year was the true foundation of the United States of North America. In rapid succession, during the next hundred years, followed grants of territory and trading privileges, either to companies or individual proprietors, until the whole littoral was occupied by a row of English settlements, without any mutual cohesion, but all with indefinite possibilities of expansion to the west.

In these settlements we shall find represented every variety of English life and English ideas, but in the long run a certain uniformity of character will be seen to run through all the settlers, and a certain uniformity of circumstances has tended to form that character. These men were making a nation, though they ignored the fact. Climate no doubt counted for much; their greater extremes of heat and cold may have led them to drop some English, to contract some un-English habits, ideas, even forms of speech and accent. Absence of contact with any great and civilized past, if it helped towards the irreverence of the American character, helped also to its profound adaptability and self-reliance.

Common to all the colonies we find in the first place the fact that sooner or later the authority of the company

or proprietor who had started the colony was extinguished, and the Crown stepped into his place. The Crown then appointed a governor, or, in rare cases, allowed the colonists to elect their own governor; it also appointed a council, which eventually took the shape of an 'Upper House'; it sanctioned, or at least did not prevent, the establishment of a 'Lower House'—a popular assembly elected upon a more or less wide franchise. Sometimes these and other liberties were confirmed by a written charter, and, if the colonial assembly misbehaved itself, there was always a danger that the Crown might declare the charter to be forfeited. The governor often had small quarrels with the assembly, and these were mostly about money matters.

Secondly, the English Government, though it never directly taxed the colonists, not even for what we should now call 'Imperial' purposes, constantly legislated in Parliament for them, and regulated their trade, always more with an eye to the benefit of England than to that of America, although not exclusively so. Thirdly, the religious freedom of the colonies was very great, if they did not themselves display, as they too often did, the cloven hoof of persecution; all were nominally in the diocese of London, but practically each was allowed to make whatever laws on religion it pleased. Fourthly, the settlers were in the main persons of some education and of some standing in English life; various causes, hereafter to be analysed, drove or drew them to America, but, as a rule, all were men desirous of making a steady and intelligent haste to better their fortunes—younger sons, farmers, small capitalists, adventurers, tradesmen or clever artisans; there were of course among them a few wastrels and broken men, even men who had 'left

their country for their country's good,' but such would have a poor chance of success in America. Lastly, the Common Law of England was law in the colonies, except where modified by the acts of their own assemblies; all the broader principles of English constitutional and private law were assumed by the settlers to be in force, and took new life from being transplanted to a distant land at the very time when the Stuarts were seeking to override some of them in England.

But, while such matters were common to and characteristic of all the North American colonies, there will also be found broad lines of cleavage between them; and on the whole, we shall find two distinct groups, with fairly marked geographical boundaries. Virginia, founded by the London Company of 1606, was at the head of a group of southern colonies devoted to the cultivation of tobacco, and, farther south, of rice. Their climate was hot, and the two Carolinas (1663 and 1670) were almost wholly swampy rice-fields. Tobacco and rice are crops which can be profitably cultivated by slave-labour; and the greed of English slave-traders and the example of the Spaniards were not long in introducing the fatal gift of negro slaves, kidnapped in Africa, into the southern colonies. Slavery naturally begets a bastard kind of landed aristocracy; and any one who has read Thackeray's immortal work, the 'Virginians,' will be aware of the semi-aristocratic state of society which ultimately grew up in the 'premier colony.' Of the leading families, each had its private wharf on one of the great rivers with which the country abounded, and shipped its tobacco direct to England, often in its own ships; a voyage to Bristol took about six weeks.

But Virginia was almost, though not quite the northern

limit of systematic slave-labour. The exceedingly prosperous colony of Maryland, founded in 1632 by Lord Baltimore, a Catholic peer, is generally reckoned with the southern group; as a matter of fact it is a border state, as was shown by its divided sympathies in the Civil War of the nineteenth century. Maryland is also interesting as the first 'proprietary' colony in date of foundation; the Crown, by its charter, simply put Lord Baltimore and his heirs in its own place, and ceded to him its rights, which it did not resume till the Revolution of 1688. It also was a tobacco-growing state, though with far less slave-labour than Virginia. North of Maryland the presence of slaves, though frequent, was not systematic.

Far other was the origin of that northern group of states which we usually lump together as 'New England.' From a great number of isolated settlements in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. were ultimately formed four colonies; two of them, Massachusetts and Connecticut, bearing Indian names, and the other two called respectively Providence or Rhode Island and New Hampshire. The name 'New England' is first used, so far as I am aware, in the case of a company of the year 1620, which rose on the ruin of the Plymouth Company of 1606; the latter apparently had done very little towards settling its allotted territory. These colonies were in the main Puritan in origin, and some of them very rigidly so. As the southern colonies were geographically exposed to attacks from the Spanish settlements in Florida and the West Indies, so the northern were often in danger from their French neighbours in the valley of the St. Lawrence, or from the Dutch who had already settled in the valley of the Hudson.

The true origin of New England is, however, to be sought, not in any grant to a company or an individual, but in the accident that threw a certain very notable shipload of passengers ashore near Cape Cod. In the year 1620 there sailed from Delfthaven, in Holland, and finally from Plymouth, the famous vessel the 'Mayflower,' with a hundred English emigrants on board. These hundred are the true and only 'Pilgrim Fathers,' descent from one of whom, in the rare cases in which it can be proved, is the proudest boast of American citizens to-day.

The pilgrims were originally a congregation of 'Independents,' or, as they were then called, 'Brownists,' who, holding extreme Puritan views, and being in danger of persecution from the bishops of King James, fled in 1606 from Scrooby, on the border of Lincolnshire, to join other refugee English congregations in Holland. Weary after a few years of an alien land, they turned their eyes to a more distant one, that was yet not wholly alien. But they had intended to settle in Virginia, and it was a mere mistake in navigation which landed them where

> The breaking waves dashed high
> On'a stern and rock-bound coast;
> And the woods against a stormy sky
> Their giant branches tossed,
>
> And the ocean eagle soared
> From his nest by the white wave's foam,
> And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
> . . . . . .

Their names, such as Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, Allerton, Standish, etc., are pure middle-class English names, but the fact of their Lincolnshire descent suggests that there may have been a good deal of Danish blood in their veins. The journal of one of their leaders, William

Bradford, extends over the first forty years of the settlement, and was published in 1856. The greatest interest that is attached to them lies in the fact that, being about to land beyond the limits of Virginian territory, they conceived it to be their duty to regulate their political position for themselves—in other words, to form themselves into a political community, to give themselves a charter. And so the adult males of the ship's company met in the cabin of the 'Mayflower,' November 11th, 1620, and did there, with unanimous personal assent, "covenant and combine themselves together into a civil body politic . . . and by virtue thereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which they promise all due submission and obedience."

They are most loyal subjects of their 'dread sovereign King James,' and profess it openly; but they have no warrant from him and must provide one. Said, and done; and it is perhaps the only instance in history of the 'Original Social Compact' which speculative philosophers have imagined to be the one legitimate origin of government.

> Come hither, God-be-glorified,
> And sit upon my knee,
> Behold the dream unfolding,
> Whereof I spake to thee,
> By the winter's hearth at Leyden,
> And on the stormy sea.

So, in Mr. Holmes' poem, speaks the Pilgrim Father to his son; and the dream is, from beginning to end, not far short of absolute independence of the dread sovereign King James or any other such person.

For nearly seven years this little colony of 'New Plymouth' lived and worked on a basis that was practically community of goods; but, at the end of that time, its increasing prosperity led to a division of land and stock among the settlers. It began to expand beyond the limits of one township, to have friendly relations with the Indians and to come in contact with other settlements which were soon made in the same neighbourhood. The settlement of Massachusetts, originally from the city of Dorchester in England, was the next in point of time, and may be roughly dated at 1629; it was its first governor, John Winthrop, who fixed its site at Boston. But, whereas the Plymouth men never arrogated to themselves exclusive possession of the true light, and therefore were not impelled to become persecutors, the colony of Massachusetts was, from its outset, distinguished by all that was fiercest and most uncompromising in the spirit of militant Puritanism. Citizenship was actually made dependent upon membership of a religious congregation; and, as men of various shades of opinion continually flocked to New England, each newcomer believing himself to be in possession of truer Gospel light than his forerunners, and, as sect split off from sect, we often read in the history of Massachusetts of men being banished, or even put to death for their religious opinions. One is tempted to smile when one finds the Government of Charles II. sharply rebuking the men of Boston for their intolerance, but it was most amply justified in doing so. In two cases this intolerant policy was fruitful of ultimate prosperity to the colonies. For it was the banishment from Massachusetts of the brilliant but eccentric Roger Williams for 'heresy' in 1635 that led to the formation of the vigorous little communities on the southern shore

of the peninsula of Cape Cod, which came to be known as the 'Providence plantations,' and afterwards as 'Rhode Island.' Connecticut also was little more than an overflow from the abounding theological vitality—or intolerance, call it which you please—of Massachusetts, and constituted itself a separate colony in 1638. Both offshoots were, however, honourably distinguished for upholding the principle of liberty of conscience, which Roger Williams was one of the first Englishmen to maintain. Firebrands like Harry Vane, elected governor of Massachusetts in 1636, did not add to the peace of these new commonwealths.

But no intolerance or absurdity could stop the expansive force which felled the forests and broke up the virgin soil, northwards to the borders of French Acadia, and westwards to the shores of Lakes Champlain and George. Most of the 'hinter-land' in this direction was made into the colonies of New Hampshire (not definitely constituted till 1679) and Maine; of these the latter was, after a few years (1658), re-incorporated with Massachusetts. It was no doubt the admirable harbour of Boston which ultimately left that city the practical capital of New England.

To all these newly constituted communities the English Government had little to say, except in cases where the revenue laws were violated; there were, however, loud growlings from Laud and his friends in the Privy Council at such rapid and momentous developments of free thought under the English flag. The question of protecting them from the French or the Dutch had hardly yet arisen, though there was continual strife between English and French settlers north of the Kennebec River. The Civil War brought little but advantage to

New England, and the Restoration did nothing to arrest its development.

In conclusion, the seventeenth-century settlements in the West Indies call for a few words of notice. These, as we should expect, lacked the moving force of Puritanism at their birth. They were purely commercial enterprises; yet in the greatest of them, Barbados, settled in 1626, a popular assembly seems to have sprung into existence, side by side with the governor and council, almost from the foundation of the colony. Once at least (1652) the Barbadians made the 'immodest suggestion' that they should be represented in the English Parliament. Other settlements were made in the first half of the century at Antigua, Nevis, St. Kitts and Bermuda: and all were so prosperous that they were able to afford a substantial overflow of population for Cromwell's new acquisition of Jamaica. Their prosperity was mainly founded on sugar, which was introduced just before the Civil War, and their foreign trade was largely in Dutch hands; hence they resented the Navigation Act and remained Royalist in sympathy. Indeed, Barbados, which is only about the size of the Isle of Wight, actually kept the King's flag flying till the beginning of 1652.

CHAPTER XXI

FOR GOD AND THE KING

SIR ROGER THE EIGHTEENTH, whom we left looking at the sunset towards the end of the old Queen's reign, died in the year of gunpowder treason, the last knight of his race. The great Hall at Tubney Manor was hung with black cloth, the lumbering family coach was painted black, black horses were lent for the burial by all the neighbouring squires, and the very curtains of the four-post beds were black for the next six months. Relations rich and poor flocked to the funeral, and the high table was laden for several days with mighty chines of beef and brawn, with capons and strong ale, canary, sack and Rhenish wine. The tenants lacked not their share of the unequal feast, though the provident steward remonstrated with his young master at the idea of giving them the best home-brewed:—'far better send to Lewes, for stuff you can get at fourpence a gallon strong and twopence small.' But every one went away satisfied, some perhaps in the condition of the immortal countryman, who 'didn't rightly know whether it was a wedding or a funeral he had been attending, but knew it had been a great success.' A painted hatchment soon hung over the porch displaying Sir Roger's arms impaled with those of his wife, and in due time in the north aisle of the church rose a stately tomb, which bore his effigy

kneeling in a red furred gown and ruff, opposite that of his gentle lady who survived him but one year. By his will the house and land went, of course, to Roger the Nineteenth, but there were many bequests: half of the household effects to the widow for life; twenty pounds to the poor of Tubney, Fyfield and Shoreham, where the family now owned 'Ropewalk Alley,' the only street in that port which smelt decently clean; £10 to provide his tomb; £12 a year for ever for a schoolmaster for the village; £5 to his steward; £10 for a mourning ring to this or that cousin; £10 to the county fund for redeeming English captives from the 'pyrates of Sallye' (Turkish corsairs, who are always plundering our merchant ships); and small annuities to his younger children.

Hitherto I have said nothing of younger sons or daughters, but we may be sure there were plenty of such. Marriages are always going on, few men will long remain widowers if they can wed 'an estate of sufficient value'; and there is generally a 'brave sweet baby in the cradle' somewhere in the house. These die in infancy more often than not, but are soon replaced. Daughters were married off as early as possible, got their portion at marriage and were taught to expect no more. Sons went off to the wars by land or sea, to the Inns of Court, or to the city. One of ours is just going off with the first batch of colonists to Virginia, where he will build himself on the banks of the Potomac a log hut, which he will fondly name after the old Sussex home. Thence in due time, by way of Bristol and Shoreham, rolls of the best tobacco will find their way to that home, in exchange for nails, horseshoes, etc., made of iron smelted at Roger's forge in Dingley bottom: 'nothing like a Sussex axe for the backwoods work,' writes the exile. Another

will go off to the Dutch wars; his brother will advance him £100, to buy a lieutenant's commission in Lord Essex's regiment; he is presently killed in a duel.

A third has early been sent to a writing school to learn 'hands and accounts,' and is bound apprentice to a famous London merchant. Contempt for trade is quite unknown in the old county families; Sir Roger would not have known the meaning of the word 'snob.' This boy, too, will see strange countries, and write wonderful letters, describing the barbarous Russians of Archangel, where the streets are paved with trees, 'and he that is not drunk on a Sabbath day is neither a friend to their God nor Emperor.' He sends home furs, 'Rusher squirls,' and the more costly sable; later on, from Aleppo, he will send home seeds of the great melons, which grow in the sands of the Euphrates after the fall of the winter floods. He goes even further East, and is present when the valiant Captain Nicholas Downton, of the East India Company, with only four vessels, wipes out an entire Portuguese armada outside Goa in 1615. He prospers exceedingly, returns to Europe, and dies clothworker and alderman of London in the same year as King Pym. He is reckoned a man too indifferent to religion, and even to grave constitutional questions; in the Civil War he mainly sees a disastrous interruption to British trade, has been known to curse our Protestant brethren the Dutch, of whose doings far East he has gruesome tales to tell, which as yet few believe. But he is obliged to subscribe £1,000 to equip Essex's army in '42, though he is gravely suspected of sending a like sum to the King. After his death there is found among his papers a special 'protection' signed by Prince Rupert, the day before 'the assault was intended on the city'

(November 13th, 1642); also a most ungodly ballad about

> Those valiant sons of Aymon,
> May they hang as high as Haman,
> With the old Anabaptist they came on,
> With a hey, trolly, lolly, ho!

But enough of younger sons; we must return to our village, where, in externals, life goes on much as before. There is the same early rising; Roger the Nineteenth is riding round his farms by six, after a breakfast on a crust and a cup of small beer; the same ponderous dinner at twelve or one (always tending to get later as the century goes on); the same light supper off a poached egg, the same gout and the same dreadful remedies for it. The plague is rather too often with us (those Turkey merchants bring it in their carpets); Roger and his brother justices make stringent orders in plague-time against receiving strangers from London, from which city crowds fly in 1625—and even the coronation has to be deferred. Roger distributes to the poor cartloads of sweet herbs, rosemary, rue, wormwood, as remedies; for himself, he puts faith in a quill filled with quicksilver, worn by a string round the neck. One of his boys, who is at Eton, writes:—'Honoured Father, we are all ordered to smoak tobacco daily because of the plag. I find it agreeth very ill with my stomach: we here that the Winton Scholers be all sent home, and the Schole closed this six moneths. I would the plag might encrease to that height here,' etc, etc. Smallpox was a comparatively new terror, and the great antidote for that, and indeed for everything, was 'Venice treacle,' the foundation of which was vipers soaked in white wine (but see that you get the real stuff—none is genuine unless there is the

picture of an ostrich on the little leaden pot; English vipers will not make it strong enough).

The present squire of Tubney, intensely proud as he is of his long descent and his coat armour, is not relatively such a rich man as his grandfather, for the standard of wealth has gone up enormously. He pays £3 to the 'benevolence' of 1614; his grandfather paid the same sum to Henry VIII., when £3 meant three times what it does now. At any rate, he is not the man to waste his cash upon one of those new-fangled baronetcies, which King James is selling at £1,000 a-piece. But in other respects he is apt to be extravagant. There is more of the late Elizabethan than of the Puritan squire about him; his favourite reading is the Essays of one Montaigne, a Frenchman, and he has been known to express doubts as the sacred duty of burning witches alive. He is also a man of 'projects,' as befits one who has known Raleigh in his youth, and to a certain extent he realizes that the sources of wealth are changing; some of his projects turn out well and some the reverse. For instance, that matter of the iron furnace involves him in heavy loss, yet it is grounded on solid sense. Sussex iron has long been famous, and there is plenty of the ore dug out at Tubney; but it is smelted with charcoal, which is both a slow and a costly process, leading to the destruction of the oak woods, and so to the loss of an article of prime necessity for the navy. Why not, thinks Roger, try to use 'sea-coal,' which is coming in increasing quantities to London from Newcastle, at about sixteen shillings per chauldron? it could easily be shipped on to Shoreham, and might come some way up Adur in a barge. Roger posts off to London, and takes out a patent for his new process—to get which he

has to bribe no end of greedy courtiers and lawyers; he builds a new water-mill to drive his bellows by water-power, and makes a contract to supply hammered iron at £25 the ton to His Majesty's cannon-foundry at Deptford. But our river is a slow one, and in dry seasons the 'blast' is quite inadequate; the charcoal-burners make riots, not once nor twice, slit the bellows in the night, and destroy plant of great value; and though Roger, as a vigorous justice of the peace, issues warrants against the offenders, few constables dare to execute them against the fierce children of the forest. His brother justices seem shy of the new process; and, even before the war, the forge is working at a serious loss. But at least Roger has planted ten thousand oak-trees, some few of which may survive to bear his descendant to beat the French at Quiberon,

> Where Hawke did bang
> Mounseer Conflang.

Not much more successful than the ironworks is a great plantation of mulberry-trees; few of the hundred saplings, which Roger buys from Mr. Brown, of Soper Lane, London, live to bear silkworms; our Sussex clay is too cold for them. He incurs a further loss by a scheme for starting and horsing a stage-coach service between Arundel and London, which shall go faster than the carrier's cart of Joseph Broadwheel, who, once a fortnight, with six horses tandem, performs the journey (God willing) in five days; Stone-Street Causeway, as a bit of the old Roman road is called, is a fearful trial to horses' legs, and so is the mire in 'Honey Lane,' where the road enters Sussex. Sussex landowners never would repair the roads, and, as you

have a right, when the road is 'foundered,' to ride over the land on each side of it, they solved the problem by throwing in a strip of land on each side of the road (bless them for it even to-day). Hay, too, is extraordinarily scarce, as both sides found in the civil wars; there is still little but straw for sheep and beasts to eat when the snow lies deep on the weald: practically every scrap of hay has to be saved for saddle horses and plough oxen.

Now a man of innovations and experiments is not always popular with his neighbours, and Roger does not escape his pennyworth of malice any more than the loss of much hard cash. But he is a pioneer for improvements to come. In agriculture he is much more successful. You would perhaps be surprised to hear of growing turnips in a walled garden? Roger hears that a Mr. Cromwell (a cousin of his wife's distant cousin the great Mr. Hampden of Hampden in Bucks), has gone in for this new root, and has even found it good for sheep-feeding; and he gets some packets of seed sent to him 'with harty commendations' from the ingenious gentleman in Huntingdonshire. He also gets clover seed imported from the Low Countries, and both his turnip-garden and clover-field prosper; the fields about Tubney begin to wear a modern look, and the squire is great on hedgerow timber. Before the war he will be getting six shillings an acre in rent for his arable, and nine shillings for the best meadow land. From the sale of underwood he will perhaps get £6 an acre, and for seasoned oak timber almost anything he likes to ask. He plants and plants incessantly, not only oak, but pine, walnut and chestnut. The art of grafting roses on the briar is well known to him, and he will pay the village boys a halfpenny a-piece for sturdy sweet-briar stocks gathered in the woods and lanes.

'Sparrow-grass,' as he and every one else always call asparagus, is successfully introduced into his garden. He turns maltster among other things, and dries his malt in the sun on the leads of his new brewhouse. He makes his own candles out of the honest mutton-fat of his own sheep; not, as some great houses do, his own soap or his own bricks.

His charities are considerable. When his labourers' cottages are burned down, as they too often are, being mainly built of timber and wattles with a lining of plaster and with very miserable 'chimleys,' he rebuilds them. He pays apprenticeship fees for promising boys, and these are very high—often £10 a-piece. He sends regular gifts of firewood and warm clothes to the aged and impotent. In 1622 he pays a large voluntary subscription to the national fund which is being raised to assist the distressed Queen of Beauty and Bohemia; and is continually subscribing for the redemption of Christian captives, and for the relief of poor debtors.

Much of his time and thought is naturally taken up with 'justice business'; he never misses riding to meet the justices of assize at East Grinstead or Horsham (or, if the roads are in extra good condition, the judges may even come as far as Lewes). There he will take his turn at serving on grand jury; and, in spite of whispers about his 'novations,' his splendid pedigree procures him much consideration. Still less does he miss quarter-sessions, which are held now at one centre, now at another, nor petty sessions, held at shorter intervals for his own division of the county. Many a sharp reproof do he and his brother justices of the peace get from the Council of King James, if they are not sharp enough at presenting Popish recusants. King Charles' Council is less aggressive

in this matter, for which, we observe, Roger himself has little taste: he hates signing warrants to disturb peaceable neighbours, whom he constantly meets in the hunting field. But he is severe on all felons, of whom, between quarter-sessions and assizes, perhaps some two score are hanged every year; sheep-stealing is the commonest felony, as, indeed, it has always been. There is plenty of flogging and pillory too: offenders who can read a verse of the Scriptures are still allowed 'benefit of the clergy', for some crimes—the law is perfectly eclectic in the matter; they are said to 'pray their book' and are then 'burned in the hand'—*i.e.* branded with the letter T for 'thief,' on the 'brawn of the thumb'—and cannot claim to escape hanging a second time. There are fines for smaller offences, such as playing cards or dice in an alehouse, for drunkenness, for swearing; there is a regular tariff for oaths. There are the stocks in every village, to which a man may be sentenced 'pro tipulando' —for tippling more than one hour per day in the alehouse. The offender comes to church at morning prayer, confesses his fault, and is put in the stocks till the bell rings for evensong. Poachers will fare badly, especially those who shoot pigeons from our dovecotes with crossbows or handguns; constables are to search for such engines, to carry which we sparingly give licences. Smugglers are quite another matter: they have an odd knack of getting off scotfree, breaking prison whenever caught, or not being caught at all. The Council is forever writing strong letters on this point:—'His Ma^tie^ cannot but form an ill opinion of y^e^ zeal of y^e^ Sussex justices for his service in y^t^ matter'; and it would not do to inquire too closely whence Roger gets his French brandy. The habit is ingrained in the blood of the whole county.

The justices are not above giving rewards to informers; there is more than one professional 'rogue-catcher,' who receives threepence per rogue. Being a rogue ('convictus essendi Rogus incorrigibilis') is, in fact, one of the commonest offences. It is a fine vague term, and comprehends much. But you must also not be 'an idler,' nor a 'lewd person,' nor a 'masterless man.' In short, you must have some visible and honest means of livelihood, or we'll harry you out of Sussex or existence. Probably the worst fate of all—a fate which poor debtors too often share with the rogues—is to be sent to that very noisome and fever-stricken place, the county gaol.

The justices have also a vast amount of administrative work. They levy rates for hospitals, gaols, poor relief, bridge repairs; for pensions to maimed soldiers and sailors; for keeping open the short navigations of the rivers (Sussex rivers are always giving trouble, their estuaries shifting eastwards and silting up); for the relief of towns visited by fire—and note that poor parishes are partially relieved of these rates at the expense of rich ones. They refuse or grant licences to shopkeepers—all retail trades seem to have required a licence—and especially to alehouse-keepers; they try to compel landowners to maintain the roads; they regulate the sale of grain, prohibiting the making of malt when there is a bad harvest; they settle disputes between masters and apprentices; and, at great periodical sessions, about every ten years, they take up the weary old job of fixing wages and prices. A shrewd man like Roger may begin to suspect the wisdom of doing this; but most of the justices are very like their ancestors in the fourteenth century: they find prices always going up, they can't make out why; and their only remedy is to say they shan't. Wages, though still,

relatively to prices, a trifle higher than they are to-day, do not go up at anything like the same rate—three and sixpence a week is a fair average for the farm labourer (say seventeen and sixpence in purchasing power of modern money). The war, when it comes, will raise agricultural wages; for Essex's and Waller's recruiting sergeants will offer eightpence a day for sturdy footmen.

The war, in fact, disturbs many things beside the rate of wages, though at first Sussex is perhaps less affected by it than any county in England. As early as February, '42, there is a Sussex petition, most largely signed in the eastern parts of the county, in favour of a thorough reformation of religion. We are wholly in 'the Parliament's quarters,' and our ports are patrolled by the fleet. A King's messenger trying to slip through to France—'on some wicked Popish errand, of course'—will have to trust to the smugglers of Rye or Brighthelmstone. Poor young Lord Strafford is, in fact, stopped by Colonel Morley, M.P. for Lewes, but after some fuss is allowed to escape. But the gentry are much divided: Ford of Harting, at least, is up for the King, who hath named him High Sheriff, and so are Ashburnham and Leeds, the members for Hastings and Steyning; and the Bishops of Parham, the Morleys of Halnaker, Morleys of West Dean, and Bowyers of Muntham. If Chichester and Lewes are Roundhead, Arundel is Cavalier, though our Earl hath abandoned the cause and gone abroad.

Most of the ladies are fierce Royalists, she of Tubney especially so. Roger is now a widower, though only his long white hair, which he steadfastly refuses to cover with one of those new-fangled French periwigs, betrays his seventy years. The lady is 'his dear daughter Nan,' his 'good Puss,' the wife of his eldest son, a rather sad

Puritan gentleman. These and two fine grandsons, of twenty and seventeen, form the household at Tubney. Roger has seen no shot fired since he was at the Irish wars with Mountjoy. His son has fought beside the immortal King of Sweden, starved with him in the leaguer at Nuremberg and been wounded where he fell on the field of Lützen. He is the most dutiful of sons, and never wears hat in his father's presence, nor goes on a journey without asking his blessing. He clings to the Prayer Book service, but he is a root and branch man against bishops; the old squire, who remembers the tolerant Church of Elizabeth, only objects to particular bishops—especially to his late lordship of Chichester.[1] Father and son had hailed the Long Parliament with joy and rejoiced over the fall of Strafford. But there is a divergence of opinion too: civil liberty means more to the father, religious liberty more to the son. The son bitterly regrets the raising of the standard; but, once it is up, there is not a shadow of doubt upon his illogical mind that his place is beside it; and before the end of August he and the two grandsons slip away to join Edward Ford, who has designs to seize Arundel Castle for the King.

No one would suspect a man of seventy of any intention of taking the field in person, but it is well to make sure, and, early in September, '42, Colonel Morley, acting in the name of our sleepy neighbour of Petworth (the Earl of Northumberland, nominally Lord-Lieutenant for the Parliament), sends to Tubney twenty men from Lewes to 'commandeer' all weapons, all the best horses, and a heavy contribution in fodder for the service of the Parliament. When, to the surprise of every one, old Roger

[1] Bishop Montague, translated to Norwich in 1638.

absolutely refuses to give security that he will not send aid to the 'malignants,' these twenty stout knaves remain in garrison at his house, and display inordinate appetites for his beef and beer. Half the rents are sequestrated, and forwarded monthly to London. Then—for Ford's attempt collapses, as does a similar one on Chichester a few months later—the war rolls far away from Sussex, and Waller has secured the persons of most of our active Royalists.

There is no more regular twopenny post from London, no more post-horses at threepence a mile for pleasant visits to one's friends. Every high road is unsafe, and rogues go about unwhipped. The boys are at Oxford with commissions in the King's army; their father is with Prince Maurice. His rare letters are not good reading; a loyal Puritan gentleman finds himself in queer company sometimes. Soon comes a widowed granddaughter of nineteen years, to share the tedium and the poverty of the first year of war. Her young husband has fallen in some obscure skirmish in the west, and her baby is born at Tubney in May. In August the imminent danger of the Parliamentary cause leads to the withdrawal of the hostile garrison—and we breathe a little more freely. In September two successive posts bring terrible news: the younger and favourite grandson has fallen at Newbury, and the elder has suddenly married, without asking any one's leave, a young lady of the Marquis of Winchester's household—horror of horrors, she is a Papist! 'Dear daughter Nan' reels under the double blow, and is shocked at the old man's indifference to the religion of his new granddaughter.

In November we hear the war-noise coming nearer again. Mr. Baker of Mayfield is made High Sheriff for

the Parliament, and orders us to forward supplies of horses' meat and man's meat to Waller, now General of the 'South-Eastern Associated Counties' and about to commence the siege of Basing House. We fill a string of carts sorely against our will; and, to the despair of daughter and granddaughter, the old squire insists on accompanying them, dressed in such antique armour as has been left in the house. He has been very silent for many months, and now apparently has thrown in his lot with the rebels!

But none of those carts ever reach Waller, and a week later a letter arrives for Nan:—

'Puss, look well to my house, and lay in what victuals canst find. There be hawks on the wing. Fill all sacks with earth for barricadoes. If I live, I'll send thee more powder, but thou'llt find ten barrels, with twenty carbines and a bullet mould, under the floor of the church tower (the rogues thought not to look there). Must strip the malthouse roof to cast thine own bullets. Good match may be had, if thou'llt boil rope in the resin tub. Will Hazelgrove, who cometh with these, knoweth my mind, and, under God and thee, shall command thy garrison. God be with thee. From the Lord Hopton's camp at Winton, where we intend upon Arundel shortly.'

Arundel Castle, in fact, falls to the Royalists on December 9th, but they can only hold it a month. The Royalist scheme, which Ford had commended, of throwing up an earthwork round the broken walls of Bramber Castle, fails for want of men. Hopton cannot really keep a foot down in Sussex, and Winchester is his furthest east. All January, February and March he and Waller are strengthening their respective forces for the final tussle. The old man writes to his Puss now and again—he has

a mean opinion of the 'Irishes,' five hundred of whom are in their camp, but finds his health, in spite of the great cold of the season, wonderfully improved after the anxieties and confinement of the past year. On March 25th he writes:—

'Thy husband and son came hither with the Lord-General and two thousand from Oxon yesterday. Thy dear lad hath confest his fault, but sweareth she is a brave sweet lady, which I doubt not. Thy Hus. looketh old and sick. Both would dissuade me from riding in the battle, for which all now pray speedily, but I have his Lordship's promise, albeit unwilling.'

The next post is dated from Basing House on the 31st. It is from Hopton himself, and sealed with a monstrous black seal. It bears the heaviest news that ever came to our manor house. There has been a terrible battle. The direct male line of the old Scandinavian pirate is extinct; father, son and grandson lie dead in the fatal valley, where the infant Itchen trickles down from Bramdean to Cheriton Mill.

A month later small detachments of the victorious Roundheads have silenced or hammered down the few Royalist mansions in West Sussex. Six hours battering from a couple of culverins have brought down the east wing of Tubney house, and the good Nan is obliged to surrender. She is 'made a delinquent' and barely escapes being sent to prison. The house is not worth garrisoning, but practically all the stock, live or dead, is plundered. Five months later comes news from Oxford: the poor young widow of her eldest son has died in childbirth, unforgiven for the hideous crime of being a Papist. Mrs. Nan leaves her other widowed daughter and her baby in the desolate house; and,

borrowing from a neighbour one of those weird French coaches which has a bed at one end, and getting a pass from Waller (ever a courteous gentleman), sets off for Oxford, and fetches back to Tubney the latest heir of the battered, ruined estate. In that little frail body, which must have suffered much from the jolting and more from the change of wet-nurse, lies her only spark of hope.

Thenceforward for nearly sixteen years her life is one long, gallant, but seemingly losing struggle against committees and sequestrators, requisitioners and majors-general, dishonest creditors and ungrateful tenants. Our Major-General in '55–6 is Goffe, a drysalter by trade; he is a son of the old Rector of Stanmer, and two of his own brothers are Royalists, though it is to be feared that this last fact does not make him more lenient to people in Mrs. Nan's position. But she is one of the toughest of women, and she pulls through. Her daughter dies, and she is left to bring up the two children: almost all the servants are dismissed; the battered east wing is pulled down, as she cannot afford to rebuild it—and you see to-day how incongruous (yet beautiful) is the white stone addition made in the 'classical style,' in Dutch William's time, to the old red-brick house. All the old squire's projects have 'gone to pot' (the metaphors of one age become the slang of another)—the ironworks, the turnip-garden, the rare trees; more than half the oakwoods have to be felled, and two-thirds of the land is sold. Nan owes what she saves largely to the good offices of some of the Hampden family, notably to Sir John Trevor, who has married Mistress Ruth Hampden.

Apart from the mere losses, her life is a series of petty vexations. Former tenants, to whom she has once been

kind, complain that her fences are not mended and that her pigs break into their crops. The old parson, who has held the living since 1620, is prohibited from reading the Book of Common Prayer—luckily he knows most of it by heart. He is only not turned out because he is able to prove that he was constantly persecuted by Bishop Montague in Laud's time, for refusing to rail off the communion table. He teaches her two grandbabies their rudiments; but it is pretty well all the schooling the poor children get, for Nan is not learned herself, though she reads to them daily from the Bible, and, after 1648, from a beautiful book, in which they delight, with a picture of a king kneeling and a ray of light streaming from Heaven on his head. It is called *Εἰκὼν βασιλικὴ*, or the Pourtraicture of His Sacred Majestie in His Solitudes and Sufferings, and no one doubts that it was writ by the hand of the martyr Charles. All the Government's efforts to suppress the forty-seven editions of this wonderful book have been wholly in vain.

The children probably talk broad Sussex for want of schooling. They call a snail a 'snag,' a gate a 'bar-way,' and elder-wine 'ellet'; they live much with the peasants, hunt the squirrel on St. Andrew's Day and stone the wren on St. Stephen's. The old parson dies in '52, and an eloquent tub-thumper is appointed by the county 'Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel,' which noisily ignores Nan's right of patronage, and she is too poor to assert it. She is fined by the new justices for not keeping the fast on the last Wednesday of each month; Will Hazelgrove, who has stuck by her stoutly, is fined for calling the new minister 'a d——d doddipot' (6*s.* 8*d.* for the curse and £1 for the epithet). Not long after, the irrepressible Will is sent to gaol for a month, for

calling the rule of the 'Little Parliament' 'a peddling roly-poly independent anarchy.' From '55 onwards the Quakers are a terrible element of disturbance in Sussex life; Nan's cousin, Nick Beard of Rottingdean, hath even become 'a professor.' In '57 she may have smiled when that precious professor of salvation, John Pellatt of Steyning, was 'moved to go into the Steeplehouse' (as he called Tubney Church), and there to revile the tub-thumping minister 'as a wheelbarrow, a whirligig, a louse, a mooncalf and a greenheaded trumpeter.'

One incident of this dreary life the children long remembered. They were asleep in bed at about eight o'clock on October 14th, 1651. Little Roger woke up, and saw a stranger taking a draught of small beer out of the big stone jug, which always stood by the cupboard in the nursery. He was a very tall man and very dark, and dressed as a farmer for riding; and when he saw the boy sit up and look fearlessly at him, he nodded his head and said, 'God save you, little Cavalier.' But the boy said, 'Sir, there is a slice of rhubarb in that beer, for I saw Grandmother slip it in, when she thought I did not heed her.' And, as the tall man laughed, Grandmother came in weeping and kissed the boy, and woke his cousin also; and bade them get up and kiss the tall man's hand, which she also kissed and bathed with her tears. The tall man went on his way towards Bramber, and they saw him no more—for nine years. And they were never to speak of this till she gave them leave, and they never did.

If any Royalist neighbour advised Nan to send her grandsons to be educated abroad at the court of that tall dark man, she always pleaded that she had no money. Nor would she ever by act, sign or word have anything

to do with plots or insurrections. 'God in His own good time will make the wrong right,' she said; 'when the King is at Whitehall again, he will not forget that I have given father, husband and sons to the cause; but for the time I can give nought but prayers.'

And, truly royal as King Charles II.'s ingratitude too often was, he offered little Roger, who was hard on sixteen at the Restoration, a page's place in the Household; and made the rafters of Whitehall ring with laughter when he told the story of the rhubarb in the children's small beer: 'Odds fish, boy,' said he, 'I had a thirst that night! and so had thy father, John' (the King turned towards my Lord of Rochester as he spoke), 'though he got no rhubarb to quench it.' [1]

[1] Henry Wilmot, first Earl of Rochester, accompanied Charles in his flight from Worcester field; they embarked at Shoreham for France.

END OF VOL. II

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