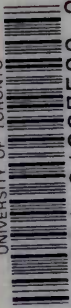


THE TOWER OF LONDON

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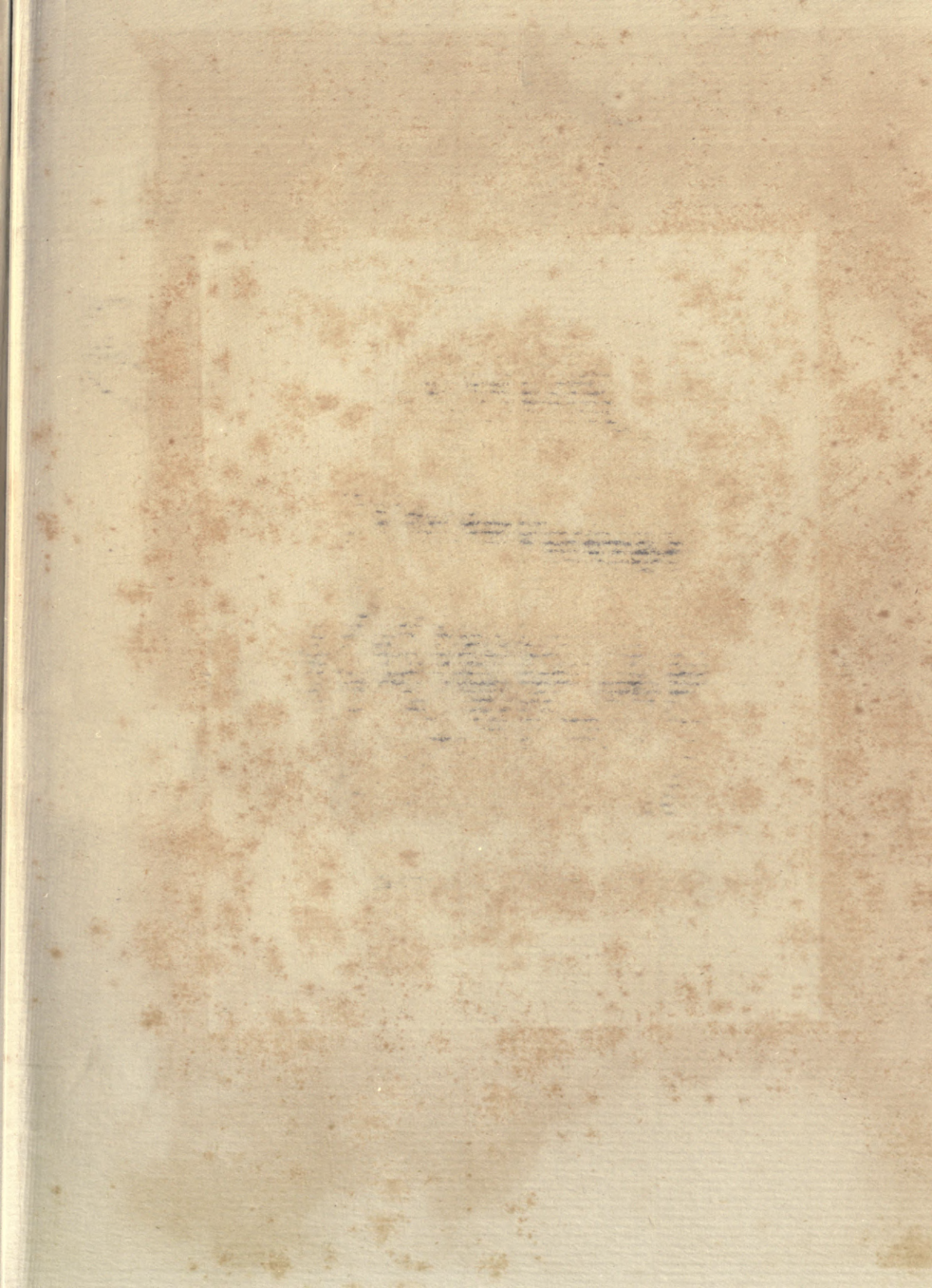
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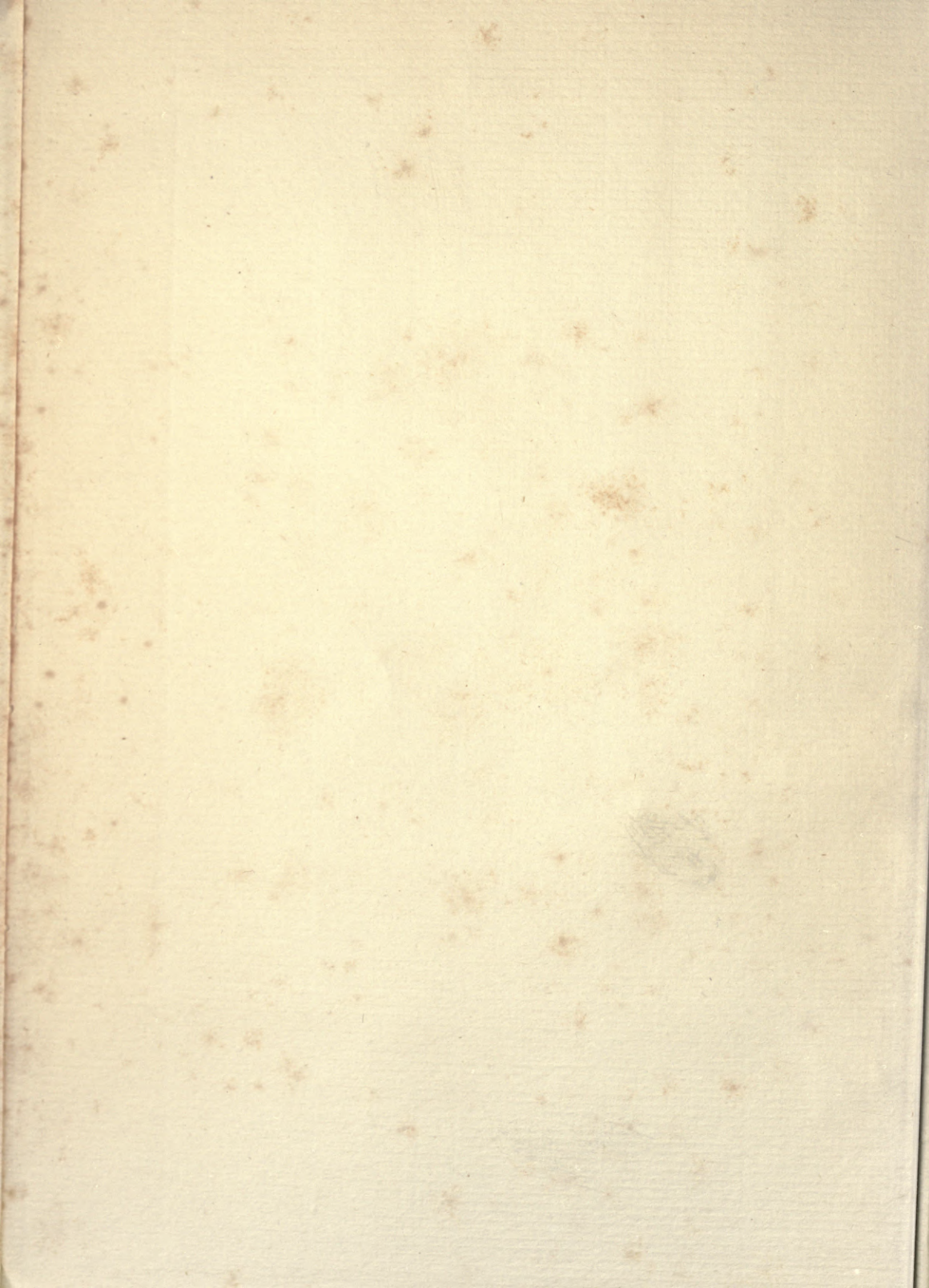
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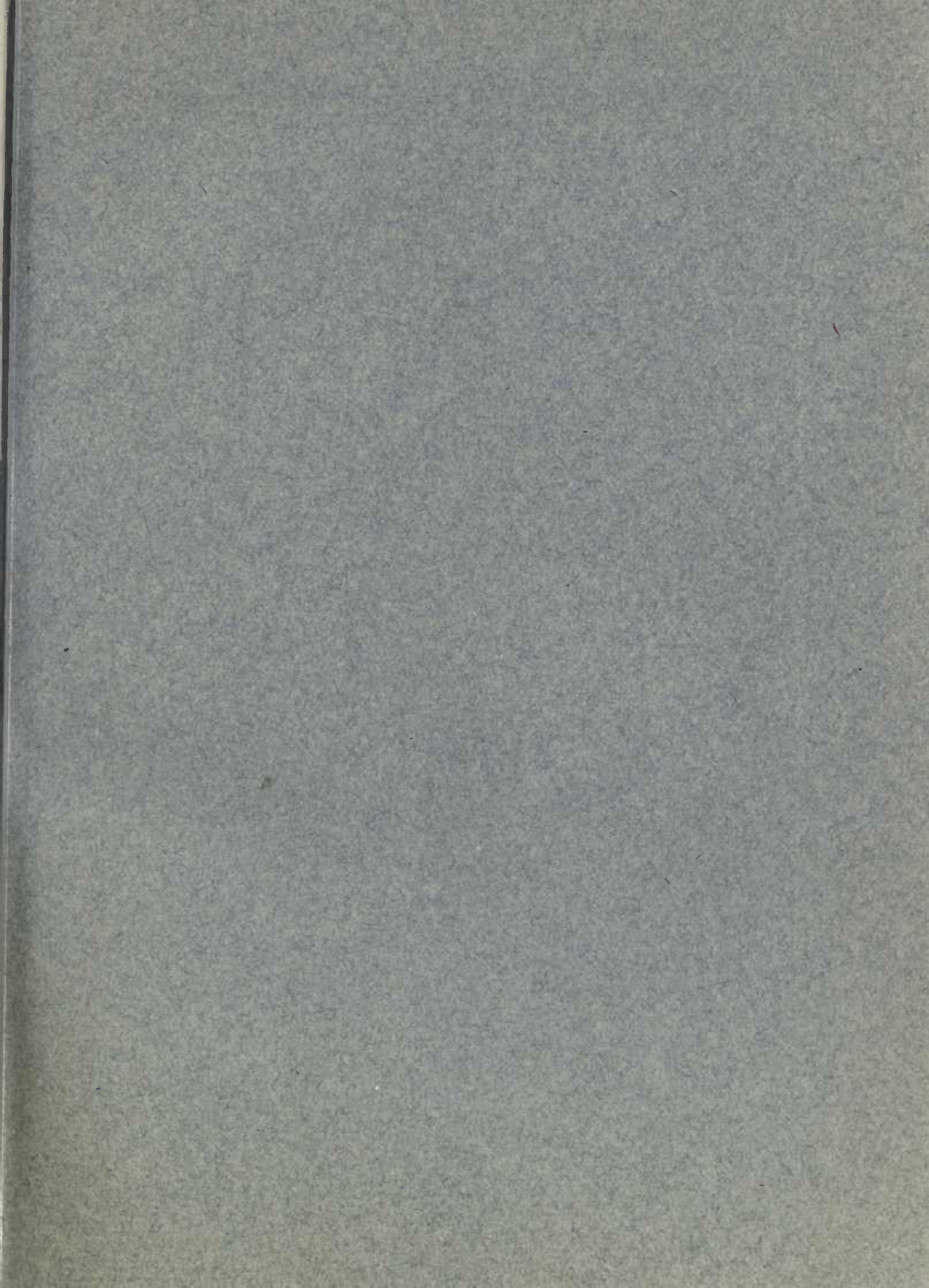
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THE TOWER OF LONDON

THE TOWER OF LONDON





The Duke of Orleans a Prisoner in the Tower
(From a MS. in the British Museum)

THE TOWER OF LONDON

BY

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER, F.S.A.

ONE OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

With Numerous Illustrations

IN TWO VOLUMES

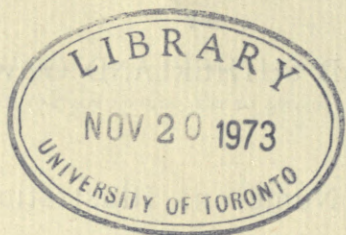
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PLAN OF THE TOWER *at End*

INTRODUCTION

To the English race the Tower of London will always be the most interesting of its Monuments ; for it forms a group of buildings that for eight centuries has been the very heart of the English capital, and, since the victor of Hastings raised the great Keep—or White Tower—through all the succeeding centuries, the Tower has been closely connected with the history of England.

It would be vain to search any other city, Rome itself not excepted, for another such group of buildings, or to match the historic interest and splendid record of the ancient Norman structure. The Tower is indeed rife with interest ; the most dramatic events of our country's history during more than seven hundred years have been enacted within or near its walls.

To see it is to conjure up a vision of scenes, some brilliant and stately, some tragic and awful, but all full of deepest interest to the hearts and minds of Britons, to whom the history of their land is dear.

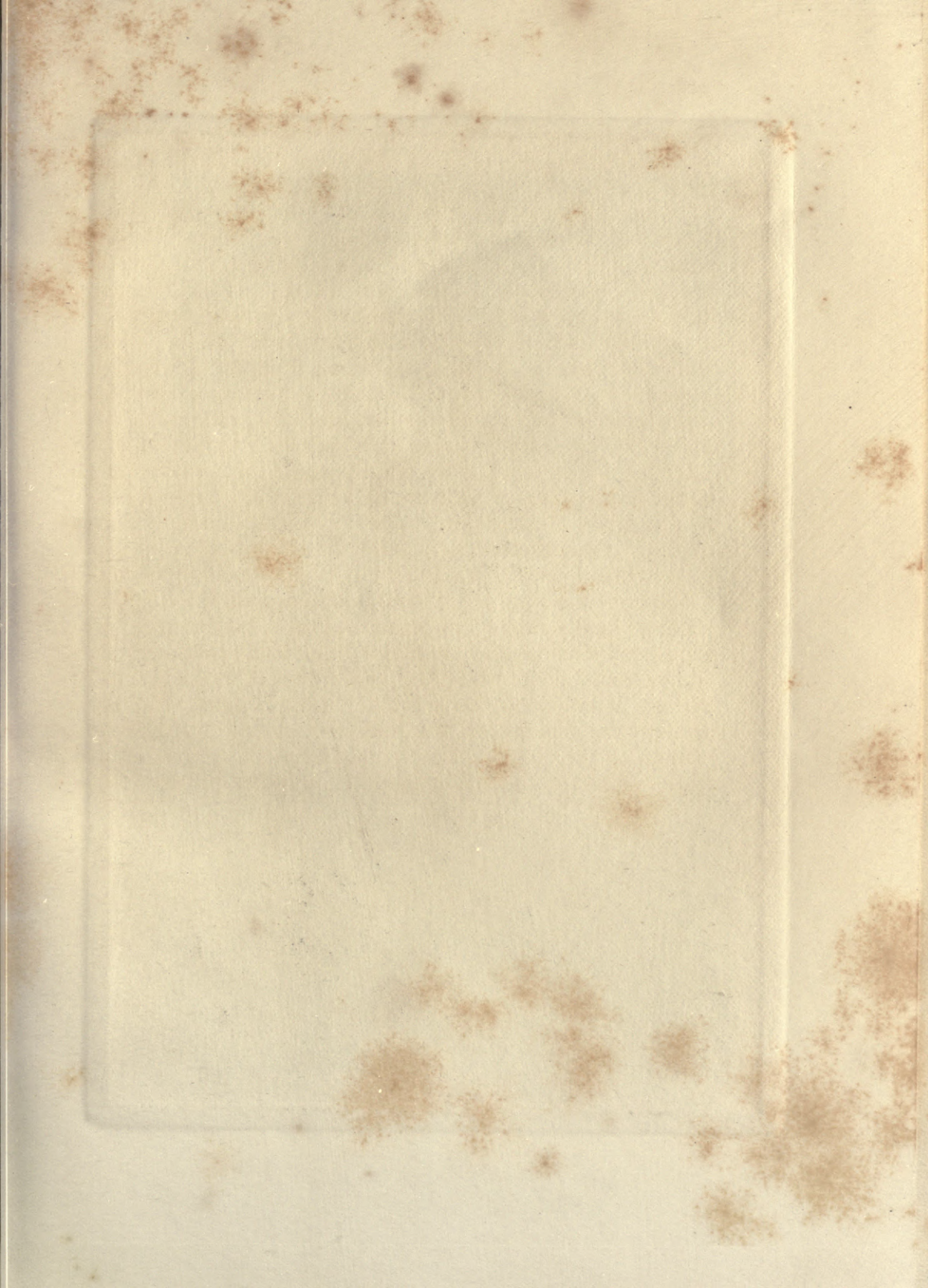
Although several works—some voluminous, such as the two ponderous quartos by John Bayley, published in 1825, and some more recent, such as the histories of the Tower by Britton and Brayley, and, more recently still, those by Lord de Ros and Doyne Bell—have appeared, I venture to think that in writing the present account of the Tower I have not undertaken a thankless or a useless task.

My object in giving the following book to the public has been a hope that to those who already know the Tower some fresh knowledge may perhaps be added to their acquaintance with that noble old pile ; and that to those who do not know it, the admirable illustrations taken from the building itself by Messrs Colls, and the reproduction of old

views and scenes connected with the Tower from the days of Charles the First to those of Queen Victoria, will enable them to realise its incomparable historic interest.

Until the reign of Edward the Third the records of the Tower are miserably meagre and scanty. It would require a far more imaginative mind than I possess to infuse any life or movement or interest into them. It has been my humble intention merely to narrate in this work what is of undoubted authority as regards the history of the Tower, and were I even capable of adding colour to the dry chronicles of historical fact in these pages, it would be distasteful to me to try to enhance the interest of this narrative by setting down that which I have no good evidence for regarding as strictly true; or to attempt to adorn the dry facts, which the old chroniclers have given us, by imaginary incidents and tales for which there is no better evidence than that coming from the author's imagination. An historical novel such as that most entertaining work the "Tower of London," by Harrison Ainsworth, is a delightful effort of the writer's imagination; but a book which professes to be a history must not be a hotch-potch of truth and fiction. That would be the worst of literary frauds. Feeling strongly on this matter, I must beg my readers to pardon the dulness of my records relating to the early history of the Tower, but I can assure them that what I have written is, as far as possible, accurate history; and, at the same time, beg them not to be disappointed if they find no flights of fancy in these pages.

RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER.





*The Tower of London
(From a Sketch by H. Colles.)*

H. Colles. 97

THE TOWER

CHAPTER I

21

THE BUILDINGS

NOTHING has come down to us of any authentic value regarding ancient London until Tacitus writes of Londinium as a place celebrated for the numbers of its merchants and the confluence of traffic. In the days of the Roman occupation St Albans, then called Verolanium, was a far more important place than Roman Londinium; and, perhaps, it was Verolanium whereto Cæsar marched in his second descent on Britain in B.C. 54, and which he described as a place "protected by woods and marshes." Such a description would equally apply to Londinium, and, for aught we can know to the contrary, the town Cæsar describes as being surrounded by woods and marshes may have been our capital.

To the north of Roman London stretched vast primeval forests, and where St John's Wood now stands, the wild boar roamed in trackless thickets. Marshes lay to the west and south, on the sites of Westminster and Southwark; a less likely place for the situation of a great capital, with the exception of St Petersburg, could not be found in Europe. On what is now Tower Hill stood a Celtic fortress, protected by the Thames on the south, and by forests and fens on the north. This fortress was admirably placed, protecting the approach from the seaward side of the river, and guarding against any attack from the land side. The

Romans were evidently of this opinion, for after conquering the wood-stained Britons, they erected a fortalice, defended by strongly fortified walls, upon the same site.

This Roman fortress was the origin of the Tower of London.

Roman London, or rather Augusta, for so it was originally termed by the Romans, began at a fort named the Arx Palatina, overlooking the river a little to the south of Ludgate, a wall defended by towers, running in a south-easterly line along the river bank to another fort on the present site of the Tower, which was also named the Arx Palatina. Thence the wall took a northerly direction, reaching as far as the present Bishopsgate; it then turned due west to Cripplegate; then south by Aldersgate to Newgate, meeting the first wall at Ludgate. Roman London was indebted to the Emperor Constantine for these defences.*

Theodosius is supposed to have restored this wall in the reign of Valentinian, but we have no further records of any work upon it until A.D. 886, when Alfred the Great repaired it as a protection against the Danish invaders.†

The late Sir Walter Besant is my authority for saying "that there is a large piece of the Roman wall, extending 150 feet long, built over by stores and warehouses immediately north of the Tower, just where the old postern used to be, and where the wall abutted on the Tower." It should be remembered, when judging of the circumference of the Roman wall, that London covered little more

* Mr G. H. Birch, F.S.A., the Curator of the Soane Museum, says of the extent of the Roman city, that it was "originally of smaller extent, and did not include the space now marked out by the line of apparently Roman walls, the proof being that interments have been found in the extended space, notably at the Union Bank of London and at Bow Churchyard, Cheapside. The first Roman city extended from the Tower to Aldgate, then along Leadenhall Street to Cornhill, returning by Wallbrook to Dowgate, and thence along Thames Street. Several of the bastions, notably the one in Camomile Street, are composed of destroyed Roman buildings and sculpture, and the work, although built in the Roman manner—that is, with courses of Roman tiles or bricks—is coarser in execution than the portion of the real Roman wall at Postern Row and Aldgate."

† "As to the date of the extension," writes Mr Birch, "it is difficult to say, but it was probably after the withdrawal of the Romans, but I hardly think as late as Alfred. The building points to the work of partly Romanised inhabitants, who would have been able to build only in the manner taught them by the Romans."

ground in those days than does Hyde Park at present: from Ludgate to the Tower the Roman wall extended only about a mile in length, and three and a half miles from the Tower to Blackfriars.

There are many fragments of this old Roman wall still above ground, and until 1763 a square Roman tower, built of alternate layers of large square stones with bands of red tiles, one of the three that guarded the wall, was still standing in Houndsditch. In 1857 a portion of the Roman wall was discovered near Aldermanbury postern, whilst a portion of a Roman bastion is still to be seen at St Giles's Church, Cripplegate; another fragment being visible in a street called London Wall Street. There are more Roman remains at the Old Bailey and near George Street, Tower Hill. Fragments are also visible near Falcon Lane, Bush Lane, Scott's Yard in Cornhill, and in underground warehouses and cellars near the Tower. In the Minories there are yet more remains of this ancient Roman wall. In Thames Street, oaken piles, which were the foundation of the wall, have been discovered. They supported a layer of chalk and stone courses, upon which rested large slabs of sandstone cemented with a mixture of lime, sand, and powdered tiles. The upper part of the wall was coated with flint, and this again was strengthened by rows of tiles.

The most interesting of these remains, however, is in the Tower itself—a fragment of the Roman fort or Arx Palatina (the place of strength), which was laid bare some few years ago when some buildings abutting on the White Tower were removed. It is built of the same materials as the fragments of the Roman wall, and shows that William the Conqueror not only erected the most formidable fortress in his newly-conquered country upon the site chosen by the Romans, but that he also incorporated the remains of their handiwork in his building. Whether Alfred the Great restored the Arx Palatina as well as the wall we do not know, but even if the fort were ruined, the fragment now at the base of the White Tower would have shown the Con-

queror the value and importance of its defensive position, protecting as it did the eastern end of the city, and guarding the seaward entrance of the Thames. William's site, however, covered part of the land belonging to the ancient boundary of the Roman occupation, and to provide the necessary space he pulled down a large portion of the Roman wall between the spot where the White Tower now stands and the river front of the fortress.

In the days of our first Norman kings, a single square tower or keep, usually situated on a hill surrounded by an artificial ditch or moat, was considered sufficient protection. One might give a long list of such towers or keeps both in England and Normandy, for William the First, not content with overawing the Londoners with his great tower in their city, built others at Dover and at Exeter, at Nottingham and at York, at Lincoln and at Durham, at Cambridge and at Huntingdon. Under Duke Rollo and his immediate successors the Normans built their fortresses by the side of navigable rivers, on islands, or near the sea, since these fortresses were not merely destined as defences, but also for places of safety. They were, in fact, places of refuge for the people of the surrounding country, who fled to them with all their possessions, and particularly their live stock, at the approach of an enemy. By their situation, safety, if necessary, could be obtained by taking flight on the neighbouring river or sea.

In Normandy — at Fécamp, at Eu, at Bayeux, at Jumiége, and at Oisel, to name but a few of these Norman keeps—this custom obtained. At Rouen, as in London, the principal fortress built by the Norman duke stood by the riverside, and not on the hills at the back of the town. None of these places mentioned above were stronger or more imposing than the great Norman keep in London, known for centuries as the White Tower, receiving that title at first, probably from the whiteness of its stone, and in later times from the continued coatings of whitewash which it received. Of the many castles in Normandy and Touraine

of the same period as the White Tower, that of Loches resembles it most nearly in size and form. Loches is now almost a ruin, as are most of the Conqueror's castles, but the great White Tower remains intact despite the storms, sieges, and fires through which it has passed during eight centuries. It is still the Arx Palatina of London and of the British Empire.

Although in situation the Tower cannot compare with such grandly-placed castles as Dover or Bamborough, Conway or Carnarvon, or vie in beauty of scenery with Warwick or Windsor, it remains the most historic building in our land; not even the mausoleum fortress of Hadrian in old Rome can compete in interest with the Norman fortress—palace—and State prison of London; Edinburgh Castle alone approaches it as regards its influence on the history of the capital it defended, for the northern fortress was also the home of its national sovereigns for centuries, its country's chief prison, the store-house of its regalia, and its city's strong place of defence; and, like the Tower, it has been guarded from its foundation up to the present time without a break, by its country's armed defenders.

Every part of the Tower of London is pregnant with history and tradition. The proudest names of England—Howard and Percy, Arundel and Beauchamp, Stafford and Devereux—gain added interest from their association with the Tower and its story. Above all, it is for ever honoured as having been the last home of Eliot, of Russell, and of Sidney; it has been sanctified by More and Fisher, "Martyrs," as a writer on the Tower has well said, "for the ancient, as also was Anne Askew for the purer faith." And to Anne Askew's name I would add that of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, one of the first and noblest of English martyrs.

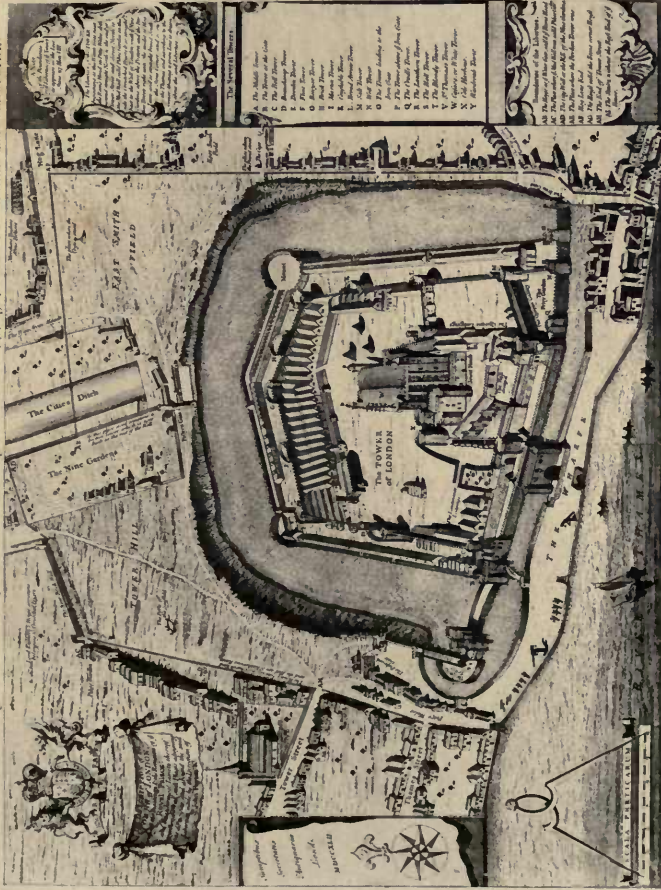
When William lay dying in the Priory of Saint Gervais, near Rouen, in the summer of 1087, the Great White Tower which he had built in London had been in existence for some ten years. Probably only that tower was then com-

pleted, with the great ballium wall between the Keep and the river. Stowe, the earliest English writer on antiquarian subjects, writing in Queen Elizabeth's reign, has told us in his priceless "Survey of London," that the White Tower was completed in 1078. Its architect, Bishop Gundulf of Rochester, was not consecrated until 1077, and was then occupied in building Rochester Cathedral and a portion of Rochester Castle; the keep, which still rears its ruined walls over Rochester and the Medway, was not built until a century later. In Mr G. J. Clarke's work on "Mediæval Military Architecture"—a work as important to students of English architecture of the Middle Ages as is that of Viollet le Duc to French architecture—we are told that Gundulf died about the year 1108, at the good old age of eighty-four, in the reign of the first Henry. Possibly the Palace at the Tower and even the Wakefield Tower had been commenced by Gundulf, as well as some buildings of the inner ward, but this is uncertain. These buildings would include the great curtain wall extending from the Wakefield Tower to the Broad Arrow Tower, and the cross wall of the Wardrobe Gallery, and the building known as Coldharbour, these being the buildings which formed the nucleus of the palace of the Norman kings.

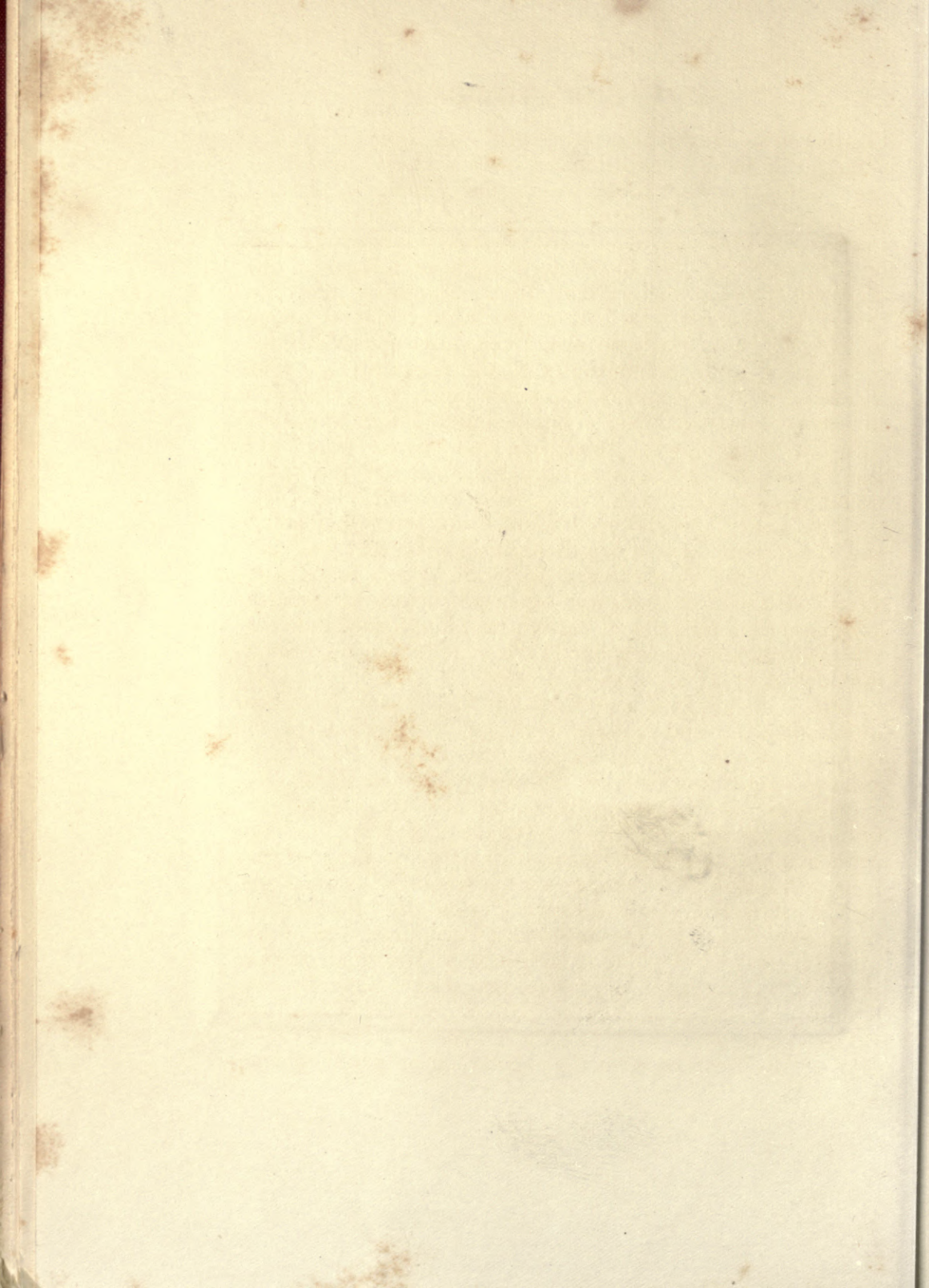
The Wardrobe, the Lanthorn, and Coldharbour Towers have perished; the Lanthorn Tower has been rebuilt. In 1091, according to Stowe, the White Tower was, "by tempest and wind sore shaken," so much so that it had to be repaired by William Rufus and Henry I. In the same year that Rufus built the Great Hall at Westminster he surrounded the Tower with a wall, causing his subjects much discontent thereby, especially as he forced them to work at these defences.

Sir Walter Besant recommended—and no one spoke with higher authority on aught appertaining to old London and its history—any one who desires to make himself acquainted with the appearance of the Tower in the days of Queen Elizabeth, to study the plan drawn up by Haiward and

A line and Exact Draught of the TOWER LIBERTIES, surveyed in the Year 1497 by GUILLIAMS HARRARD and T. GARGONYE.



Plan of the Tower in 1597
by Harward and Gargonye.



Gascoigne in 1597, which they styled "A True and Exact Draught of the Tower Liberties." In that plan it will be seen at a glance that the fortress, palace, armoury, arsenal, and State prison of England's capital, had its principal entry towards the west—in fact, that the western approach was the only entrance by land, the eastern entrance, known as the Iron Gate, being but seldom used. Supposing that the visitor of Elizabeth's day had passed through the no longer existing Bulwark Gate, he would next pass under another gate, called from its proximity to the menagerie of wild animals, the Lion Gate, which was connected by a walled causeway over the moat, about a hundred feet in width, with the Lion Tower, which has disappeared; from the Lion Gate, which has also been pulled down, the scarp would be reached.

The Lion Tower, with its barbicans and *tête-du-pont*, had the honour of a moat to itself, but all this has disappeared, Lion Gate, tower, barbican, *tête-du-pont*, have all vanished with the lions and other wild beasts which were kept here from the days of the Norman kings until the year 1834, when they were removed to Regent's Park and formed the nucleus of the Zoological Gardens.

Henry I. had kept some lions and leopards at his palace of Woodstock, and on the occasion of Frederic II. of Germany sending three leopards to Henry III., these animals were sent to the Tower. Besides lions and leopards, an elephant and a bear were also about that time in the Tower menagerie. In 1252 the Sheriffs of London were ordered to pay fourpence a day for the keep of the bear, and also to provide a muzzle and chain for Bruin while he caught fish in the Thames. During the reign of the three first Edwards, the lions and other animals had food given them to the value of sixpence a day, their keeper only receiving three half-pence per diem. One of the Plantagenet Court officials held the office, and was styled "The Master of the King's Bears and Apes." In old views of the Tower can be seen the circular pit or pen in which,

down to the days of James I., bear-baiting took place—to watch this brutal “sport” being one of this not altogether admirable monarch’s favourite amusements.

In his account of a visit paid to the Tower in the reign of Elizabeth, the German traveller, Paul Hentzner, writes of the Royal menagerie as follows:—

“On coming out of the Tower we were led to a small house close by, where are kept variety of creatures—viz. three lionesses, one lion of great size, called Edward VI., from his having been born in that reign; a tyger; a lynx; a wolf excessively old; this is a very scarce animal in England, so that their sheep and cattle stray about in great numbers, free from any dangers, though without anybody to keep them; there is besides, a porcupine, and an eagle. All these creatures are kept in a remote place, fitted up for the purpose with wooden lattices at the Queen’s expense.”

Hentzner, who visited England as tutor to a young German nobleman, gives a vivid account of what was considered most noteworthy in London in the days of Elizabeth, and in this the Tower looms large. His Journal was translated into English from the German and published by Horace Walpole, who had it printed at Strawberry Hill. We shall meet with Hentzner again in the White Tower.

Early in the eighteenth century there were eleven lions in the Tower, and in the *Freeholder* Addison alludes to the Tower menagerie; later on, Dr Johnson would growlingly inquire of newly-arrived Scotchmen in the metropolis, “Have you seen the lions?” In the place where formerly lions roared and bears were baited, the ticket office and visitors’ refreshment rooms now stand. In France or Germany here would probably be an attractive restaurant or café; but in these matters we English are wofully behind our neighbours, and it would be as difficult to find an appetising luncheon in the Tower as it is to understand why the art of cooking is so neglected in our country.

Near here, in 1843, when the moat of the fortress was drained of its waters and cleared of its rubbish, many



H. Colls. 97

The Byward Tower.



stone cannon shot were found, shot which had probably been used when the Yorkists besieged the Tower in 1460 and cannonaded it from the other side of the Thames. In Elizabeth's day this portion of the fortress was named the Bulwark or the Spur-yard—the origin of the latter term is not known.

The moat, some hundred feet wide at its widest, was formerly flooded with the waters of the Thames, and is now used as a parade and playground for the garrison. It dates back to the Norman Conquest, and was deepened by William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely in the reign of Richard I. Death was the penalty for bathing in its waters in the reign of Edward III.—a severe law, but one may hope that a sentence so severe for so apparently trivial an offence was not actually enforced; perhaps death was the result of some one having taken his bath in the Tower moat in the unsanitary days of Edward III. When the Duke of Wellington was Constable of the Tower, he had the moat filled up to its present level, and the river waters which had, daily, during eight centuries supplied it by their ebb and flow, ceased to encircle the old walls. Doubtless the fortress gained in healthiness by the change, but from a picturesque point of view the general effect of the building has been greatly lessened since the days when the old walls and bastions were reflected by the waters of the moat, nor can its towers and turrets appear so effective as when they were mirrored in surrounding water.

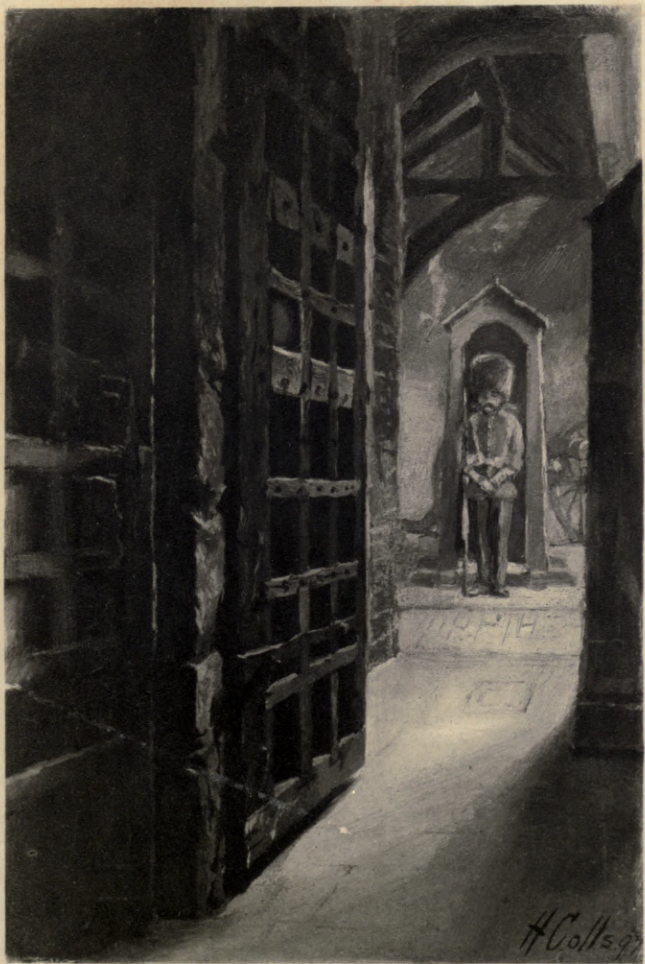
Four bridges with their causeways spanned the moat. To the west stood the Lion Gate bridge; a second was (and still is), that of the Middle Tower; the third faces the river at Traitor's Gate under St Thomas's Tower; and the fourth is that at the eastern extremity of the fortress, near to a dam which connected the tower above the Iron Gate with the tower formerly called Galleyman's Tower, or "the tower leading to the Iron Gate."

Middle Tower, the first by which the present visitor

to the Tower enters the fortress, has been greatly modernised in its upper part. Since the destruction of the Lion Tower it has become the first gate of the Citadel, its name having been gained by its original position between the Lion and Byward Towers, to the latter of which it formed the outwork: it protects the western and landward approach to the fortress. Originally the Middle Tower was coated with Portland stone. It has a double portcullis, which can still be used if required. In front of this Tower, in mediæval days, stood a drawbridge, of which however, no trace remains, the moat now being spanned by a bridge of stone 130 feet in length and 20 feet in width at its narrowest part.

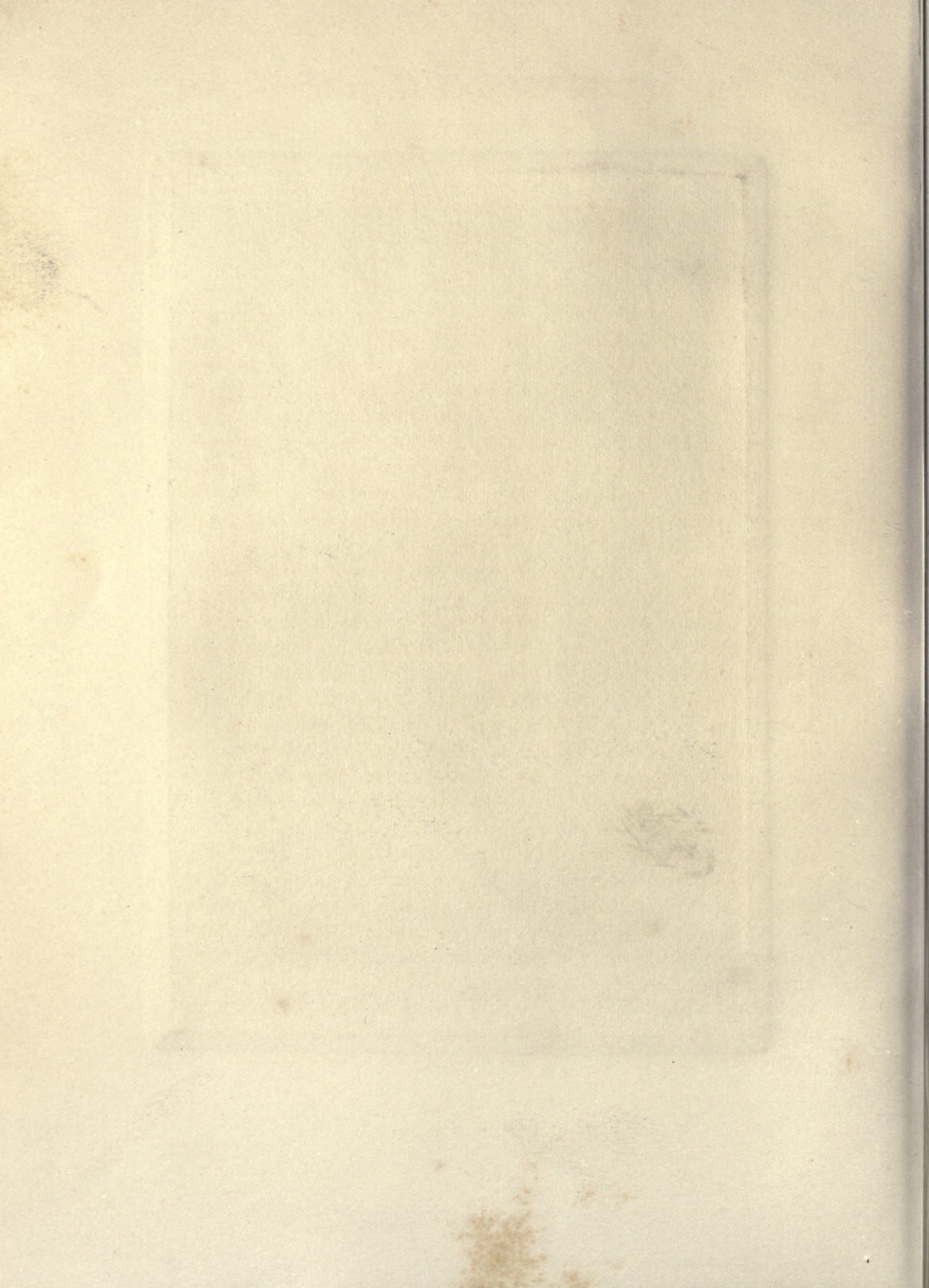
It was in front of this gateway that Elizabeth, on returning a Queen to the Tower, which she had left five years before a prisoner, alighted from her horse and kneeling on the ground returned thanks to God, "who had," as Bishop Burnet writes in his "History of the Reformation," "delivered her from a danger so imminent; and for an escape as miraculous as that of David." To the right of the Middle Tower a road leads to Tower Wharf, from whence one of the most striking views in the whole of London is seen. Before the spectator stretches the famous "Pool," that wide space of ever-shifting water on which rides all the shipping of the mighty river. It is a view which combines past and present; all the stir, the toil and traffic of the Thames lies before one, and for background rise the pinnacles, towers, and embattled walls of the grim old fortress, looking down on the ever-changing but time-defying stream.

Returning to the Middle Tower, and passing along the causeway which spans the moat, the Byward Tower is reached. The Byward Tower forms the gatehouse of the Outer Ward of the Tower, and dates back to the reign of Richard II. In form this tower is rectangular, it has three floors, and rejoices in a portcullis which, like that of the Middle Tower, could still be worked. In the



#Colls 97

Postern Gate in the Byward Tower.



time of Henry VIII. the Byward Tower was known by the name of the Warding Gate. Upon the right-hand side of the entrance there is a fine vaulted chamber, some 15 feet in size, which is supposed to have been used as an oratory during the Middle Ages. It is now occupied by the Warders of the Tower, and is called the Warders' Parlour; with its loopholed windows and ancient stone fireplace, it is one of the best preserved interior portions of the fortress. There is a corresponding chamber on the opposite side of the gateway. Attached to the Byward Tower, on its south-eastern side, is a low tower intended to protect the postern bridge which here crosses the moat towards the river side. It has an old oak door, half hidden by a sentry box, over which is a vaulted roof dating from the reign of Richard II., and this, with the narrow tortuous passage, forms a picturesque corner of the Tower buildings.

To mention the Warders of the Tower necessitates something more than a passing allusion to that most worthy body of veterans, since the Warders of the Tower of London belong to the most interesting of the old fortress's institutions. Yeomen-Warders is the proper designation of the forty or so old soldiers who guard the Tower, who show and describe its different parts to visitors, and whose civility and patience are matters for the highest encomium. Originally these guardians were employed by the Lieutenant of the Tower to guard the prisoners committed to the State prison under his charge. But in the reign of Edward VI. the Duke of Somerset, after his liberation from the Tower, caused those warders who had had charge of his person during his imprisonment to be appointed, as a reward for their attention, extra Yeomen of the Guard. And from that period dates, with some modifications, the costume still worn by the Tower Yeomen. The Warders of the Tower are all picked men, and have all been appointed to their posts for good service in the Army. In the old days when the State trials were

held at Westminster Hall the "Gentleman-Gaoler"—as that Warder was named whose affair it was to escort and guard the State prisoner to and from his trial, and who carried the processional axe (still kept in the Queen's House) before the prisoner with the edge turned away from him on the journey to Westminster, and almost always with its edge towards him as he returned, as a sign that he was condemned to die—was the principal of the Tower Warders. The office is still maintained, inasmuch as he takes the front place on State occasions of ceremony, when the old axe is taken from its honoured repose in the Lieutenant's study in the Queen's House.

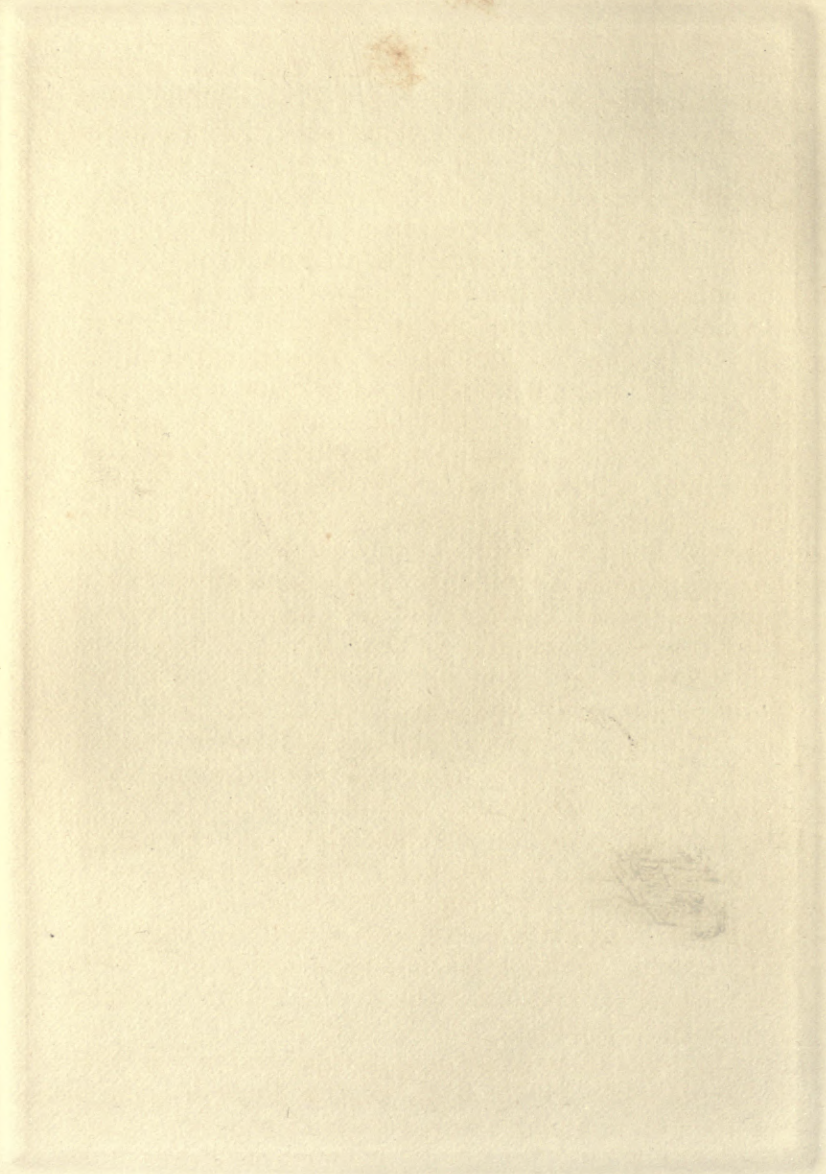
The Warders of the Tower must not, however, be confounded with the Yeomen of the Guard, the latter of whom are more usually known by the name of Beefeaters, and who, in their picturesque and striking uniform, make so effective a display on State occasions, such as the Levées at St James's Palace, and State balls and concerts at Buckingham Palace. Whether the designation "Beefeater" originated from a supposed, but non-existent French word "buffetier" or not is a matter of no importance; but what is interesting is the fact that this body of men, with the exception of the Pope's Swiss bodyguard, are the only set of attendants belonging to a European Court who retain a costume similar to that worn by their predecessors over three centuries ago.

Passing under the Byward Tower the Inner Ward is reached, into which entrance was gained from the river by Traitor's Gate, the steps to that famous portal running below St Thomas's Tower. Formerly cross walls, guarded with strong gates, defended the Inner Ward, but these have long since disappeared, together with the grated walls which shut in the passage across the Ward from Traitor's Gate to the Bloody Tower.

As recently as the year 1867 this portion of the Inner Ward was covered with storehouses, engine-rooms and the lodgings of the warders, and most of these buildings,



Yeoman Porter of the Tower.



27

according to Lord de Ros, were in a state of total dilapidation, "the result of many years of neglect on the part of the former Board of Ordnance." Since that time a great improvement has been made here, as well as in other parts of the fortress: of these improvements a list is given in the Appendix.

Bounded by the Bloody and St Thomas's Towers ran a narrow street called Mint Street, from the adjoining building occupied by the offices of the Mint, which consisted of a row of mean houses that hid and defaced the fine old Ballium wall of the fortress. Regarding this Ballium wall, Lord de Ros, in his account of the Tower, explains the word "Ballium" as "a military term," but wishing for some further knowledge as to the meaning of the word, I referred to my learned friend Mr W. Peregrine Propert of St David's, who informed me that it was probably derived from the French term "bailler," meaning "to deliver possession, to lease, to hold, keep, contain." The Latin form Ballium would accordingly mean something that is held, contained, or enclosed. Castles in ancient times were usually enclosed by several circuits of walls, fences, or ramparts. Sometimes there was a ditch or moat built outside these defences, as was the case in the Tower of London. The space between these walls was called the "Ballium." On the site of the prison of Newgate stood a Roman fortress which was no doubt surrounded by ramparts, and the space so defended has retained its old appellation Ballium in the present term Old Bailey. "It is quite natural," adds Mr Propert, "to suppose that if one wall disappeared the remaining wall would be called the ballium popularly: in the same manner a wall in the Tower of London might be called a Ballium, though not correctly according to its etymology."

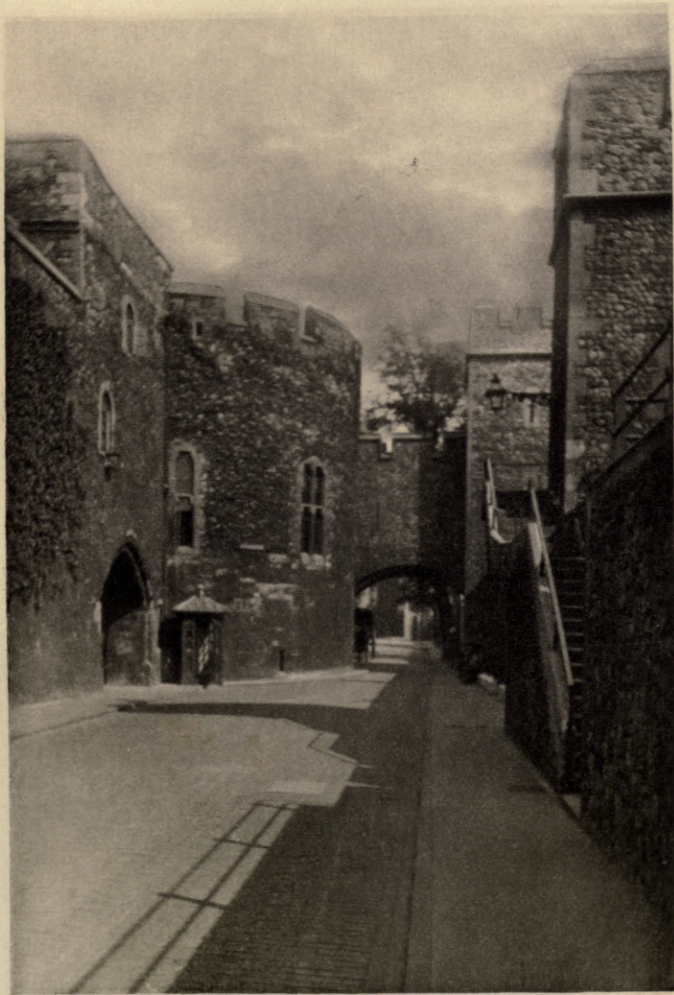
The Ballium wall at its highest is some forty feet high, and dates probably as far back as the Conquest; it is, therefore, one of the most ancient parts of the Tower, and coeval with the White Tower. It commences at the Main

Gate of the outer rampart at the Bell Tower, and forms the angle of the Queen's or Governor's House, whence it runs for some fifty yards to the north-west until it joins the Beauchamp Tower: this tower forms a bastion near the centre of the Ballium wall. To the right the restored Tower of St Thomas overlaps the Traitor's Gate. This tower dates back to the reign of Henry VIII., and was entirely rebuilt in 1866 by Salvin, only a portion of the interior retaining the walls of the original building.

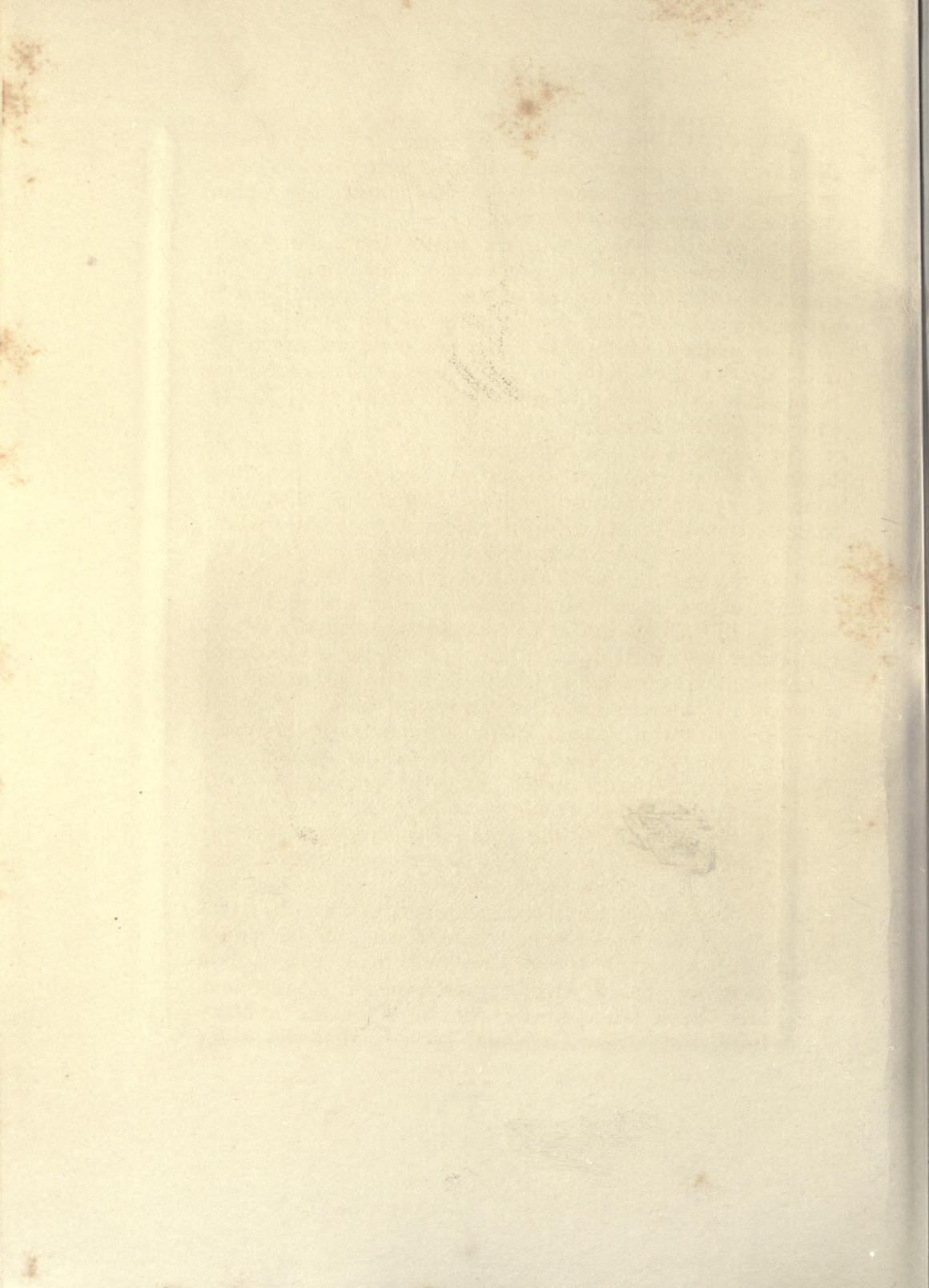
Among a crowd of dingy wine-shops, offices, store-houses, and buildings which, according to good authority, were mostly "in a condition of ruin and dilapidation," stood the old Mint, of which some account must here be given:

In the twenty-first annual account of the Deputy Master of the Mint for the year 1890 is the following account of the Mint when it was still within the Tower walls:—

"Among the old records of the Mint a discoloured parchment has been discovered, which is described as 'An exact survey of the ground plot or plan of His Majesty's Office of the Mint in the Tower of London.' It bears the date February 26, 1700, and is of special interest as having presumably been prepared by order of Sir Isaac Newton, who was appointed Master of the Mint in 1699, having previously held the office of Warden. . . . The Mint buildings were situated between the rampart, which is bounded by the moat, and the inner ward or ballium of the fortress, which they entirely surrounded, except on the river frontage. . . . There are ample data as to the nature of the machinery and appliances which filled the various workrooms at the time when the plan was prepared. The more important machinery would be the rolling mills. The rolling mills were drawn by horse-power, and the rolls were of steel and of small dimensions. The coining presses were screw presses, and must have been the same as were introduced by Blondeau in 1661,



The Wakefield and Bloody Towers.



under the direction of Sir W. Parkhurst and Sir Anthony St Ledger, Wardens of the Mint, at a cost of £1400. Blondeau, who greatly improved the system of coining, did not, however, invent the screw press, as Cellini described it accurately in 1568."

In 1698 Sir Isaac Newton writes from the "Mint Office, October 22nd," as follows:—"Sir, Pray let Mr James Roettier have the use of the great Crown Press in the Long Press Room for coining of the Medalls, and let some person whom you can confide in, attend to see that Mr Roettier make no other use of the said press room than for coining of medalls.—To Mr John Braint, Provost of the Moniers."

Sir Isaac was evidently suspicious of the uses that Roettier might make of the Crown press, and not over-confident of the honesty of the old Dutch medallist. We shall have more to say regarding Roettier when describing the Tower under the Stuart king's Restoration.

It is uncertain if Sir Isaac Newton occupied the house of the Master of the Mint in the Tower, although it is recorded in the Conduit MSS. that Halley once dined with Sir Isaac at the Mint. At the end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth, Newton had a house in Jermyn Street, St James's. X The lodgings in the Tower of the Master of the Mint were immediately to the north of the Byward Tower, whilst those of the Warden were to the left of the Brass Mount, on the north of the Jewel or Martin Tower.

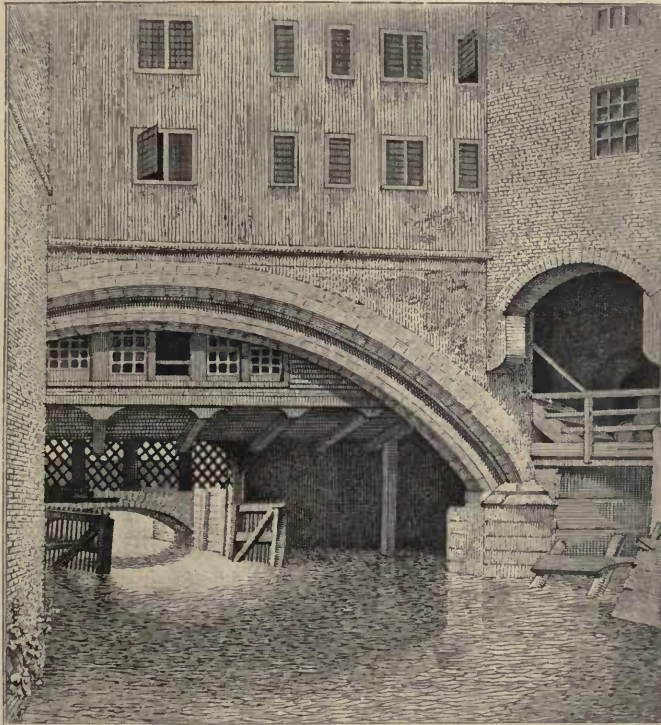
The debasement of the coin of the realm, especially during the reigns of the Tudor Sovereigns, caused great loss to the State, the matter becoming so serious that Latimer denounced this criminal practice from St Paul's Cross, Sir John Yorke being then Master of the Tower Mint. In 1550-51 it is recorded that there was "great loss, 4000 weight of silver, by treason of Englishmen, which he (Yorke) bought for provision for the minters. Also Judd, 1500; also Gresham, 500; so that the whole

X now part of Jukes Hotel - 1920. JWP

came to 4000 pound." There is a letter to the Treasurer, dated 22nd August 1550, ordering him "to waie and cause to be molten downe into wedges all such crosses, images, and church and chapelle plate of Gould as remains in the Towere." This letter was accompanied by a warrant signed by Henry VIII. for "viijm pounds appointed to be delivered to Sir John Yorke for such purposes as his Lordship knoweth." This act of spoliation of all the Church treasure in the Tower by the rapacious Henry, accounts for none of the plate in the Chapel of St Peter's dating further back than the reign of Charles I.

The famous Traitor's Gate is perhaps the most historic plot of ground in England, for here some of the noblest of our race have played the last scene but one of their lives. More tragic pathos attaches to this black water-gate than to the Bridge of Sighs in Venice; it is more deeply dyed with gloom than the glaxis of Avignon, the dungeons of St Angelo, or the Austrian Spilberg. But a few steps had to be traversed by the prisoners, when landed at these steps, before they entered the Bloody Tower on the opposite side of the Ward, not to pass thence until the day of their execution. The Traitor's Gate was the principal of the Barbicans or water-gates of the fortress; it commanded the passage between the Thames and the moat. The stone arch which spans Traitor's Gate springs from two octagonal piers, and is 61 feet across. On the old steps, that can still be traced below the modern stone stairs by which they are overlaid, many an illustrious victim landed from the barge, in which the prisoners of State were generally taken to and from their trial at Westminster.

Within one of the circular turrets over the Gate, on the south-east, are the remains of an oratory, the piscina being still visible in the wall. It was before this tower, on the night of St George's Day 1240, that the gateway with the adjacent wall of St Thomas's Tower suddenly fell to the ground. In the following year, on the same anniver-



North, or inside, view of TRAITOR'S GATE.

*being the principal entrance of the Tower of London from the River, and through
which such prisoners of rank and dignity were formerly conveyed to the Tower.*



sary, the newly-built tower and gate again fell prone. That such a catastrophe should occur twice on the night of the 23rd of April was attributed by the Londoners to supernatural causes; and rumour spread that on that very night (Mathew Paris is the authority) the spectre of an Archbishop, crozier in hand, had appeared to one of the Tower priests whilst standing near St Thomas's Tower. After gazing sternly at the priest and on the walls of the tower then rebuilding, the spectre struck the stones with his crozier, exclaiming, "Why build ye these?" and down fell the newly-erected tower and wall. The spectre was supposed to be St Thomas of Canterbury, from whom the tower took its name, but after the building had arisen for the third time, the restorer has been the only person who has meddled with them.

A passage connected this tower with the Wakefield Tower, on the right of the Bloody Tower, and was restored by Salvin, to enable the Keeper of the Regalia, who has his quarters in St Thomas's Tower, to pass into the Wakefield Tower, where the jewels are kept, without leaving the building.

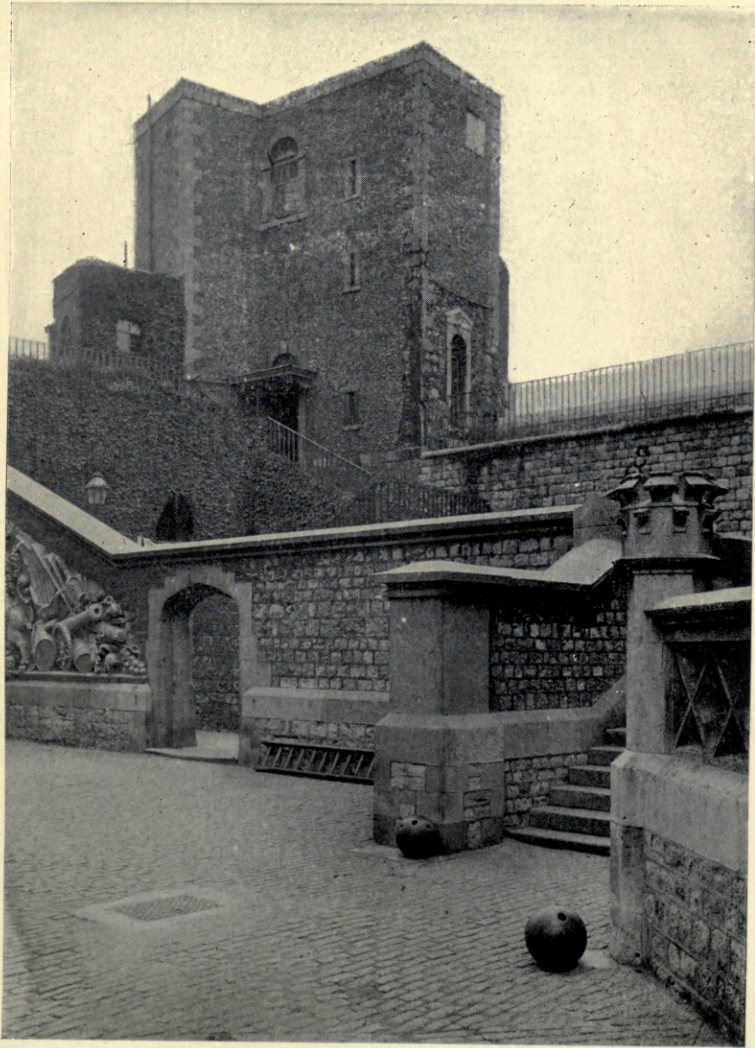
The Wakefield Tower and its companion, the Bloody Tower, form one block of buildings. According to recent authorities this tower is principally the work of the reigns of Stephen and of Henry III. Formerly it was called the Record or Hall Tower, and for many centuries contained the documents relating to the fortress, now kept in the Record Office in Chancery Lane. Its second name of Hall Tower was probably given to it because of its proximity to the great hall of the Palace, which was destroyed by Cromwell, where the courts of justice met in the Middle Ages. Its present name is no doubt derived from the prisoners who were taken at the battle of Wakefield in December 1460, when the Lancastrians, led by Warwick, defeated the Yorkists. The unhappy Yorkists were interned in a vaulted chamber in the basement of the tower; and here

also another civil war, that of 1745, brought a shoal of Scottish prisoners into this dismal dungeon when the mortality amongst them was terrible. Salvin restored the tower, without and within, in 1867. Some frescoes on the walls of the rooms on the first floor could still be traced up to that time, but nothing of these most interesting relics of early English art have been left by the restorers.

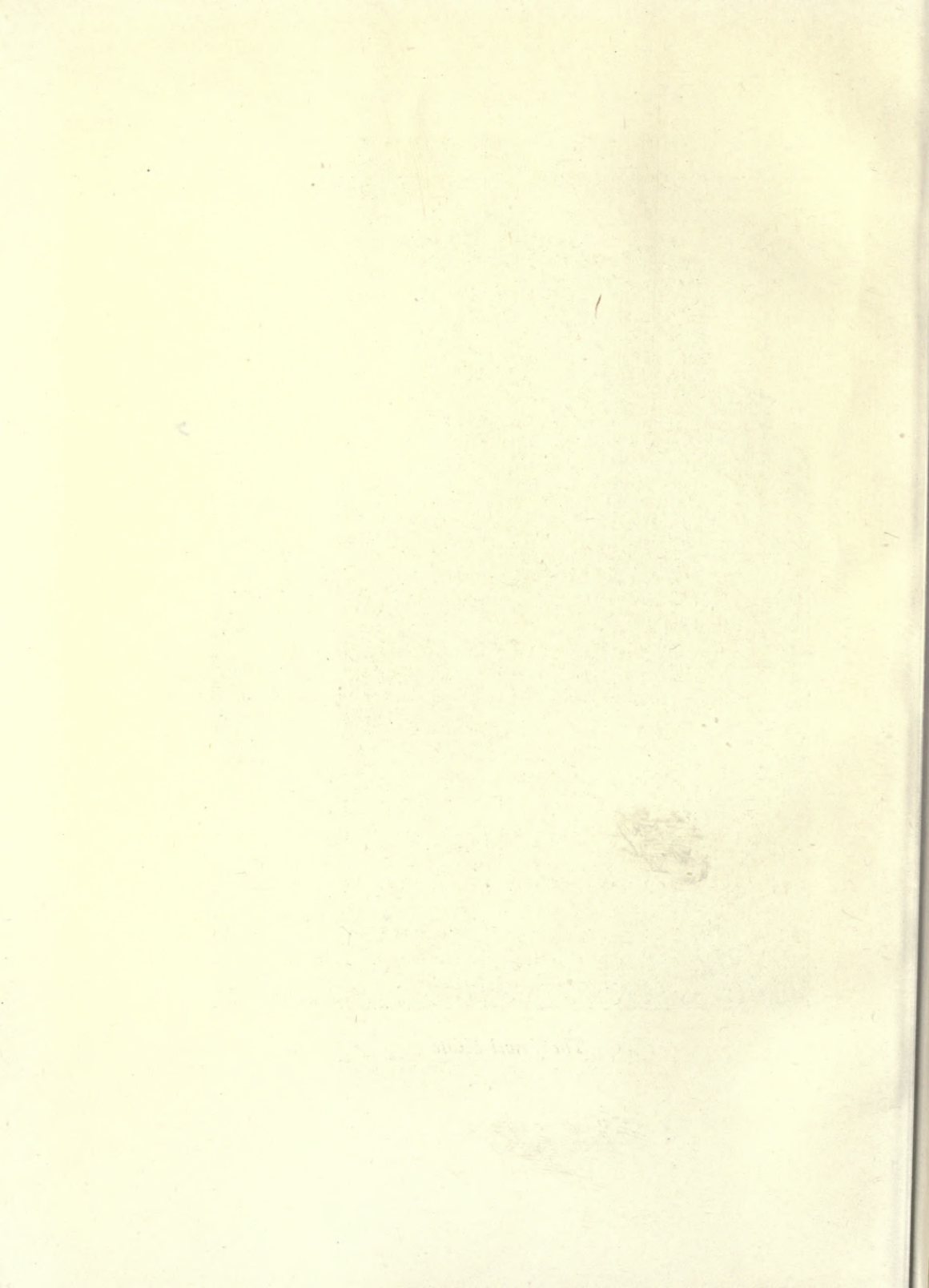
The dungeon in the basement, where the Yorkist and Jacobite soldiers were placed at an interval of nearly three centuries, is octagonal in form, 23 feet in width, by 10 feet high. Its walls are 13 feet in thickness, the present beautiful vaulted stone roof being a copy of the old one. The Government of George II. behaved to the poor Highlanders brought here after Culloden, much as did the Indian perpetrators of the Black Hole of Calcutta tragedy, for between sixty and seventy prisoners were crammed into this single chamber. It is little wonder that half of them speedily died; the survivors were transported as slaves to the West Indies. The Regalia is kept in the upper chamber of this tower and is probably the greatest attraction to the majority of the visitors to the Tower of London, for gewgaws always attract a crowd.*

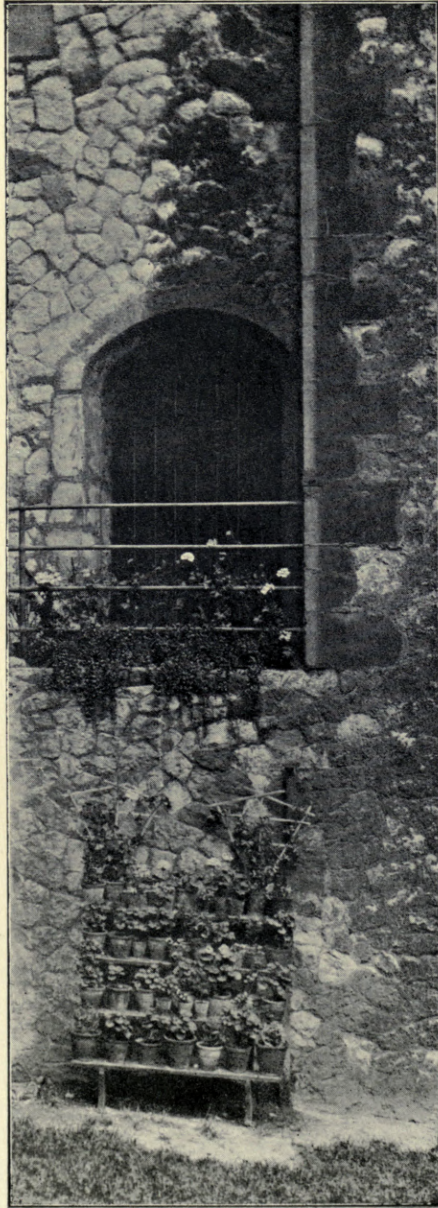
Of the half-dozen crowns, with the sceptres and orbs, and other State ornaments kept in this chamber, one or two articles only, date back earlier than the days of Charles II. The oldest of these is a silver-gilt "anointing spoon" which belonged to the Ampulla or Golden Eagle, and was used to anoint the sovereign with the holy oil at his or her coronation; a salt-cellar which is said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and which is certainly a handsome specimen of chased silver of the Renaissance period. The coronation spoon is of pure gold, and has four pearls placed in the broadest part of the handle, on which also are remains of some enamelling. An arabesque

* The wax effigies of the Kings and Queens covered with tawdry robes and gilt pasteboard crowns are far more attractive to the holiday crowd of visitors in the Abbey of Westminster than the tombs and shrines of the dead; and Madame Tussaud's show attracts the public more than the National Gallery.

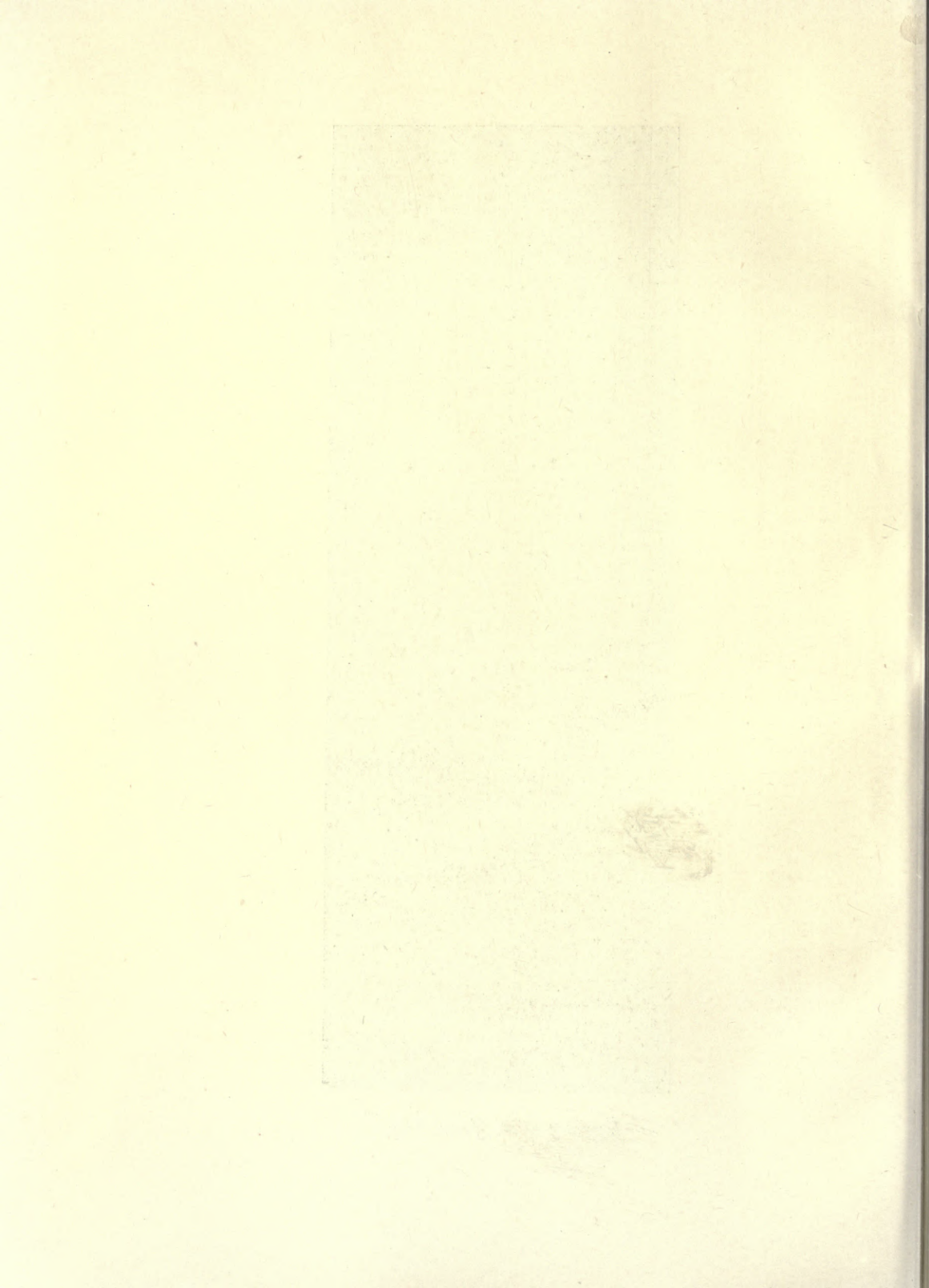


The Jewel House





Doorway of the Jewel House



is engraved on the bowl; a ridge runs down the centre forming two depressions in the metal, and into these hollows the Archbishop dipped his finger before anointing the sovereign. The Ampulla, the vessel which contained the oil, is also fashioned in gold, in the shape of an eagle, the head, which served as a lid, being loose. The Imperial crown, a terrible thing in form, although covered with handsome jewels, was entirely reconstructed for George IV. at his coronation, and is worthy of that monarch's taste.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the Keeper of these jewels was for a time Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who received fifty pounds a year for the office, besides many perquisites connected with the charge. In 1623, Charles I., starting with the Duke of Buckingham on his quixotic journey to Spain, is said to have carried with him jewels belonging to the Crown to the value of sixty thousand pounds.

During the Commonwealth the Crown was broken up and the Crown jewels dispersed. At the Restoration, Sir Gilbert Talbot was the Keeper of the Jewels, and it was then, for the first time, that the public were allowed to see the Regalia. Whilst Talbot was Keeper and Edwards sub-Keeper, Blood's almost successful attempt to carry off the Crown occurred. Far more interesting than the Regalia is the chamber in which it is placed. It is octagonal in shape, 30 feet in diameter, with bays opened into the walls. The beautiful carved ceiling is a modern copy of the original. In the bay on the north-eastern side are two deep recesses, that under an archway being the original entrance into the chamber and connecting it with the palace; it is now walled up. The recess to the south-east was formerly an oratory, and is mentioned in the Tower records in the year 1238.

Tradition points to this room as being the scene of the murder of Henry VI. by Richard III., who is supposed to have entered through the passage from the Palace, and finding Henry praying in the oratory stabbed him to death,

"punching his anointed body full of deadly holes," as Shakespeare puts it in "Henry VI."

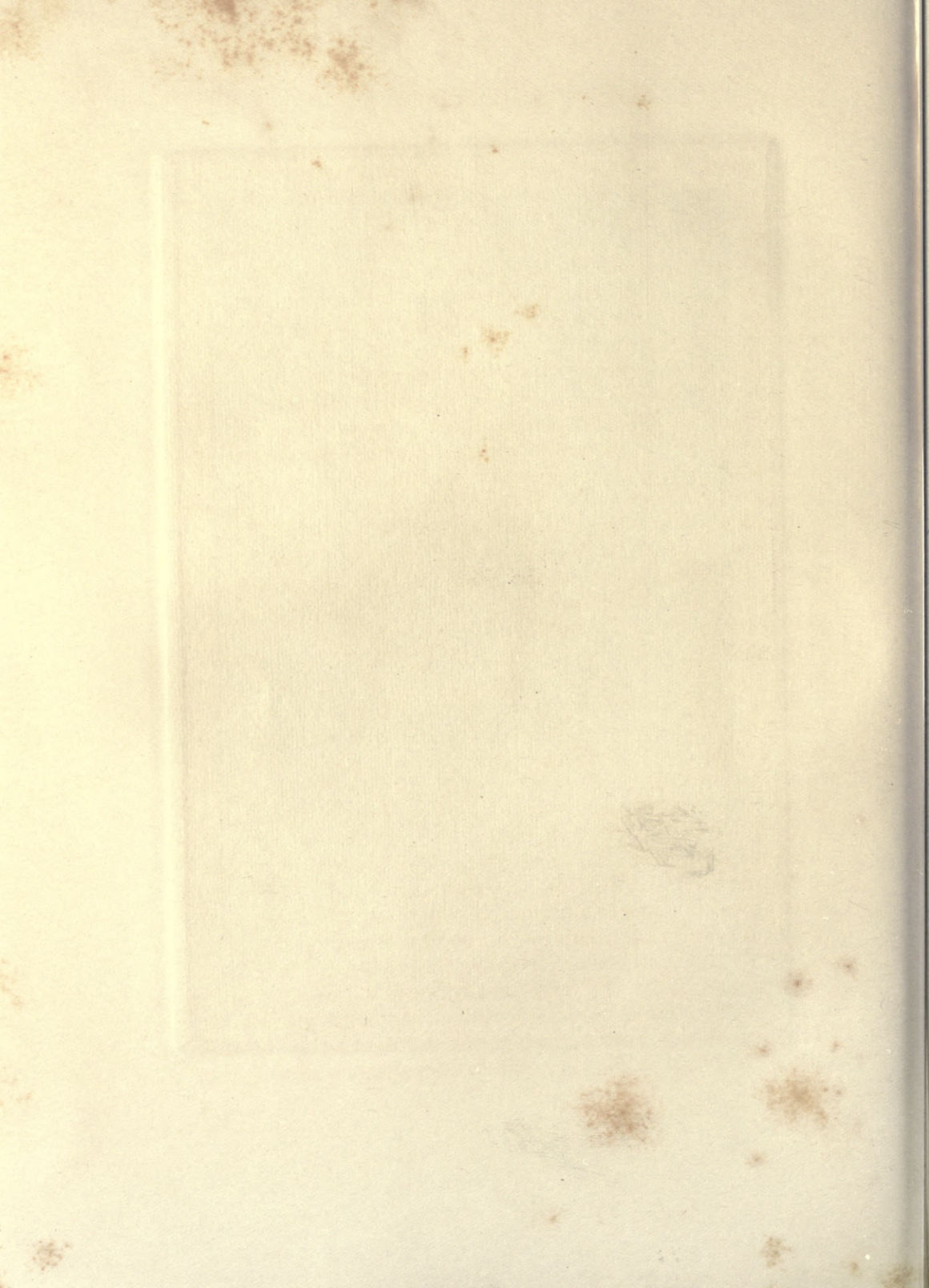
Before describing the Inner Ward, which is entered after passing under the Bloody Tower, of which the black portcullis still shows its jagged teeth, one would do well to turn and look back from under the curiously groined roof of the old gateway, with lions' heads carved in the spandrels, towards Traitor's Gate. This is perhaps the most suggestive view of any within the Tower, the least changed, and full of historical reminiscences. Through this archway have passed all the State prisoners that the old fortress has drawn into its grim maw—prelates, queens, and princes, statesmen, judges, courtiers, and soldiers of all degrees—the patriot willing to lay down his life for the "old cause," as Algernon Sidney called his policy—and the favourite of some fickle royal master, thrown aside and allowed to perish by a Henry, an Elizabeth, or a Charles. For five centuries this old Tower has seen pass beneath its black walls many who have helped to make the history of our race; this pathway has been their *Via Crucis*.

A very old tradition, dating certainly as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, gives the epithet of "bloody" to this tower. It has always been known as the place where the sons of Edward IV. were murdered by their uncle Richard in 1483. Although there is no historical evidence to prove that this was the scene of that event, local tradition in a place like the Tower is not a factor to be despised, for the story of the crime and its *locale* cannot have been handed down at an interval of less than a hundred years from the time of the occurrence. Until the reign of Elizabeth the Bloody Tower was called the Garden Tower, from a garden which lay on its western side, belonging to the Constable's House or Lodging, to give its old style, the building now known as the King's or Governor's House; this garden has long ceased to exist.

The Bloody Tower is a building of three storeys, with



*The Bloody Tower.
looking towards Traitors Gate.*



an elevation of 47 feet. Worthy of notice is the portcullis which, like that of the Byward Tower, is still in working order: these two are said to be the only remaining portcullises in England still capable of being used. Mrs Hutchinson, the wife of the Parliamentary Colonel, refers to this portcullis. She shared her husband's imprisonment here in 1663, "in a room," she writes, "where it was said the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother, were murdered; the room that led to it was a great dark room with no window, where the portcullis to one of the inner gates was drawn up and let down." Among other prisoners who have lingered in the Bloody Tower were Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Jane Grey's father-in-law, Archbishop Cranmer, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Thomas Overbury, who was slowly poisoned. It was from the window over the gateway on the north side that Archbishop Laud, himself a prisoner, gave Strafford his supreme blessing as the great Earl was led out to die; and in this tower the brutal Judge Jeffreys died of delirium caused by drink and despair. The only prisoner here now is a small bird whose cage hangs from out a window of this gloomy gaol.

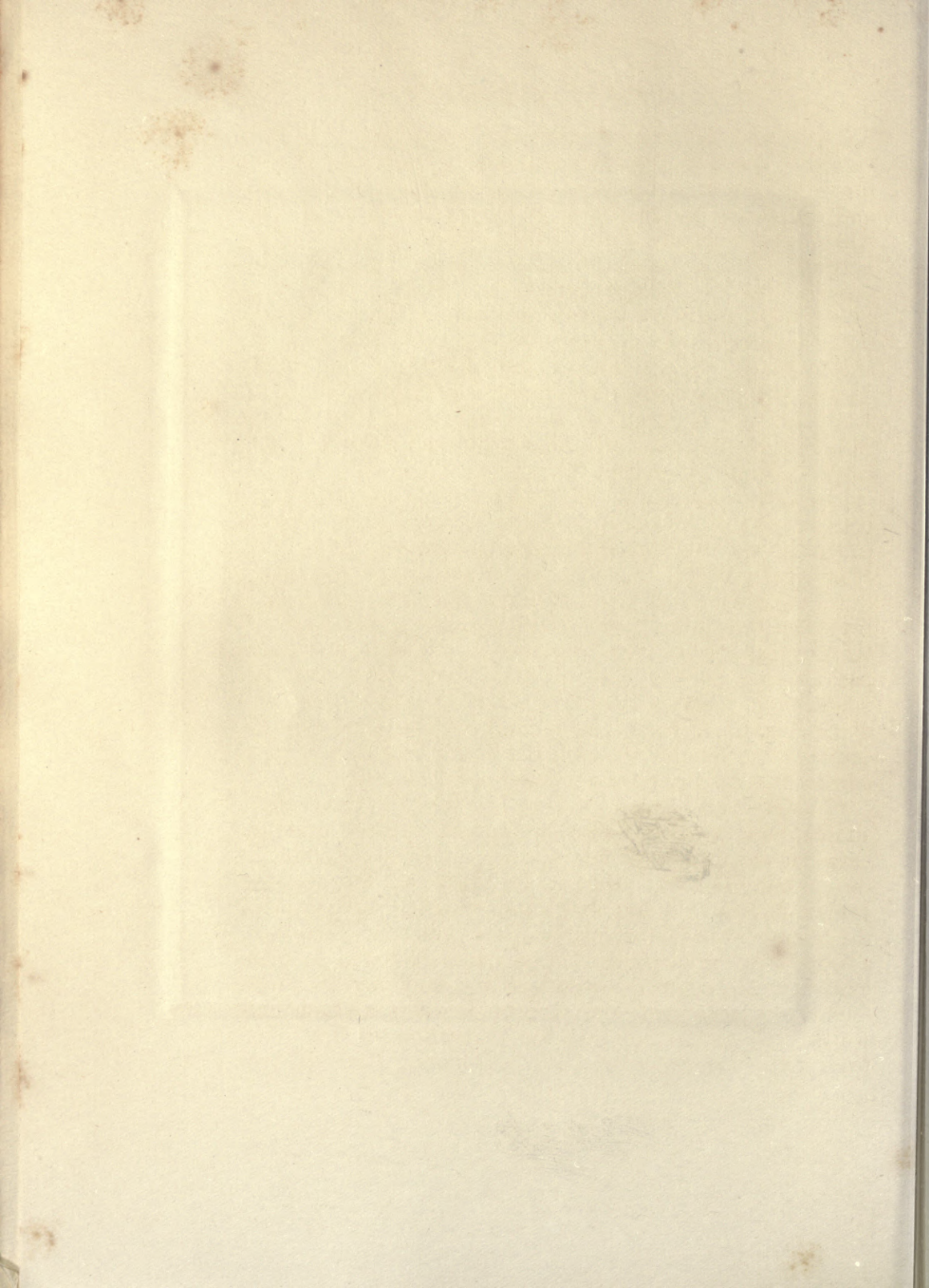
Of all the illustrious prisoners who have been immured here Sir Walter Raleigh is the most interesting. The steps which lead to the first floor of the prison tower open on an arched door, through which he must often have passed; they are as old as the Tower itself, which dates back to Richard III. or Richard II. In the Elizabethan survey of the Tower a walled garden is shown on the plan, facing the north. This was the garden which helped to soften the long imprisonment passed by Sir Walter, and here he whiled away many of the weary hours of his long captivity tending his flowers, or distilling essences in a little garden house which he had built himself. These occupations and the composition of his huge fragment, the famous "History of the World," which he wrote in the Tower, must have been Raleigh's greatest consolations during the

fourteen long years he passed in the fortress. Raleigh also had the company of his family during one period of his imprisonment, and he was also allowed to have some of the natives he had brought back from Guiana to attend upon him. As the years of his imprisonment increased so did his troubles, and he suffered cruelly from rheumatism and palsy whilst in the Bloody Tower, and in 1606 it was found necessary, if his life was to be preserved, to change his prison. For Raleigh's memory, among other reasons, the interior of the Bloody Tower is well worth visiting, although the rooms have been modernised. They are now occupied by one of the warders and his family. One chamber is pointed out as that in which the little York princes were smothered. This room has been divided into two, but there is nothing to show that the walls and the ceiling are not the same as those which were there when the murderers entered, having presumably passed through a window at the end of a passage which opens out on to the terraced wall overlooking the river.

Within the Inner Ward, by the side of the Wakefield Tower, stood, until the summer of 1899, an ugly building called the Main Guard, and it is in front of this building that the ceremony of receiving the Tower keys takes place nightly. Every evening just before midnight the Chief Warder and the Yeoman Porter meet together and proceed to the main guard-room. The Yeoman Porter carries in his hand his bunch of great keys, and on arriving at the guard-room he asks for "The escort of the keys." This escort consists of a Beefeater (a sergeant) and six private soldiers. The sergeant carries a lantern, and the whole party then proceeds to the outer gate, where the soldiers assist the Yeoman Porter to close it. The latter then takes his keys and locks the gate, after which the procession is reformed for the return. As the party passes the sentinels on its way back, the latter challenges it with, "Who goes there?" The Yeoman Porter makes answer "The keys!" To this the sentry calls out "Advance King Edward's



Groining in Ceiling of the Bloody Tower.



Keys!" and the escort proceeds onward to the Main Guard. When this is reached the same ceremony is gone through, at the conclusion of which the officer of the guard and the escort salute the keys by presenting arms, after which the Yeoman Porter cries "God preserve King Edward!" The keys are then carried by the same guardian to the King's House, or, as it is sometimes called, the Governor's House, and placed for the night in the Constable's office. Probably few know that, with the exception of the Sovereign and the Constable of the Tower, the password of the fortress is known only to the Lord Mayor of London, the word being sent to the Mansion House, quarterly, signed by the monarch. This is a survival of an ancient custom.

In early days a building, with towers attached, stood between the Main Guard and the White Tower, which is called in the old plans of the fortress "Cold or Cole Harbour." When in 1899 the Main Guard was pulled down the old wall of Cold Harbour was laid bare, and at the same time a well with a stone lining to it, and a subterranean passage were discovered. The subterranean passage ran to the east of the Wakefield Tower and opened out towards the river front at the eastern side of St Thomas's Tower, at a depth of five feet below the actual surface of the ground; it was six feet high, and so narrow that only one person could pass along it.

In Gascoyne's plan of the Tower, Cold Harbour is shown with two tall circular towers, with a gateway between them, and stands at the south-western side of the White Tower. But as far back as the reign of James II. this building had disappeared. The origin of the name "Cold Harbour or Cole Harbour" has been a puzzle to antiquarians. The name is found in many localities throughout the south of England, and is always found in places near the Roman Road, a circumstance which has given the possible derivation of the name from *Collis Arboris* or *Colles Aborum*. And the site

of Cold Harbour in the Tower might, with every probability, have been a wooded knoll or hillock by the side of the river when the Romans ruled in Britain. That Cold Harbour, or rather its two towers, were of some height is shown by the complaint made in 1572 against the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton, for allowing his prisoners to meet and walk on the "leads of Cole Harbour." About the same time Lord Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, when a prisoner in the Tower, was once seen "leaping upon the tower, his wife being on the opposite side of the ditch," or the moat as we should call it.

To the left, and facing the Main Guard, lies the Tower Green, known also as the Parade. It has buildings upon its three sides. On the southern side the King's House,* formerly called the Lieutenant's Lodging, with its old gables, is a conspicuous feature. This building is carried on to the western side of the Green by a row of houses whose fronts have been modernised out of all semblance to their respectable antiquity; the northern end of the Green is closed by the walls of the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula. Homely as is the appearance of the King's House, it is here that, should the reigning monarch of England ever return to lodge in the fortress, he or she would dwell, for it is the largest of the dwelling-houses within the Tower since the old Palace was pulled down. To those who have had the privilege of being taken over this house by its present occupier, General George Milman, the memory of its quaint old rooms, some panelled with wainscotting, and all made interesting by a collection of prints, and views, and portraits of places and people connected with the history of the fortress, will be a lasting and a pleasant one. No worthier guardian has held the honoured post of Lieutenant of the Tower, or taken a deeper interest in the venerable monument over which his Sovereign placed him, than the present occupant of the post.

* This is the King's or Queen's House, according to the sex of the reigning Sovereign.

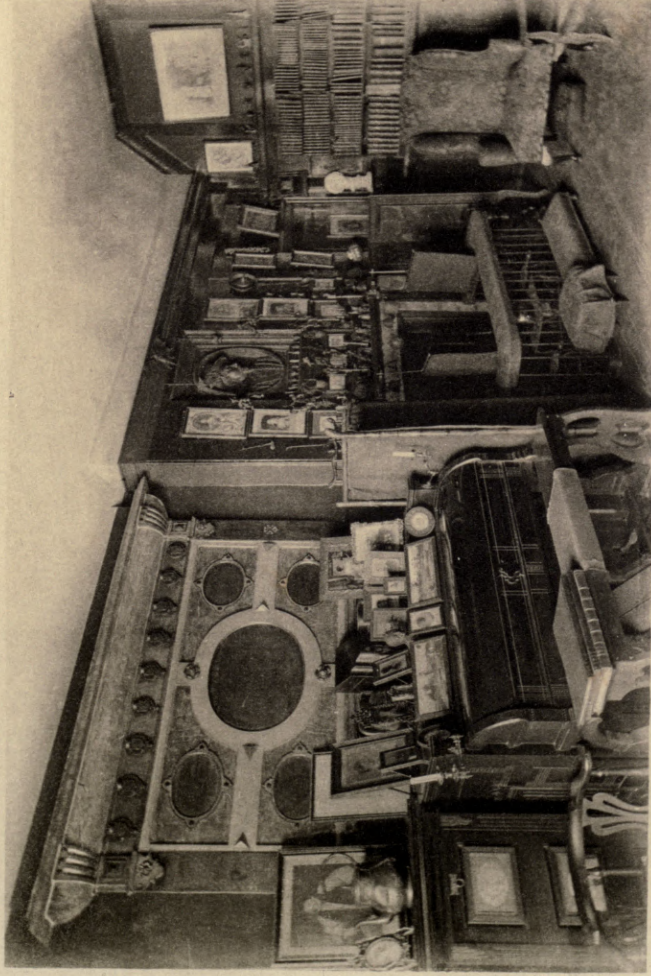
The Lieutenant of the Tower ranks next to the Constable of the fortress. In the reign of Richard II. the Lieutenant received twenty pounds a year, and was entitled to the following perquisites. From every prisoner committed to the Tower having property of a hundred marks a year he received, "for the sute of his yrons" forty shillings, and from poorer or richer prisoners in proportion. From every galley coming up the river he received a "roundlett of wine" and of "daynties a certain quantity." In the time of Elizabeth the Lieutenant received two hundred marks a year; in the eighteenth century this sum was increased to seven hundred pounds a year, besides valuable perquisites. The office of Constable of the Tower ranks high amongst military honours. Its roll of names include, since the death of the Iron Duke in 1852, those of Lord Combermere, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Fenwick Williams, Lord Napier of Magdala, and Sir Daniel Lysons.

With its many gables, the old flagged court before it, bordered by sycamores, the King's House forms a pleasing contrast to the blackened walls and towers which are round about it. The building looks a place of ancient peace, and seems rather to be a portion of some venerable college than of a mediæval fortress. The Green, formerly divided into three portions, of which one was a garden, the second a parade ground, and the third (that nearest to St Peter's Chapel) a burying-ground, is now a single space in which seats are placed for the weary sightseer. It is a pleasant place wherein to pass a few moments day-dreaming on the scene around, and its strange contrast between the past and the present. On the ground floor of the King's House is kept that interesting relic of the Tower and its story, the processional axe. This is the famous weapon which was carried to and from State trials by the Gentleman Warder. The axe's head is peculiar in form, 1 foot 8 inches high by 10 inches wide, and is fastened into a wooden handle 5 feet 4 inches long. The handle is orna-

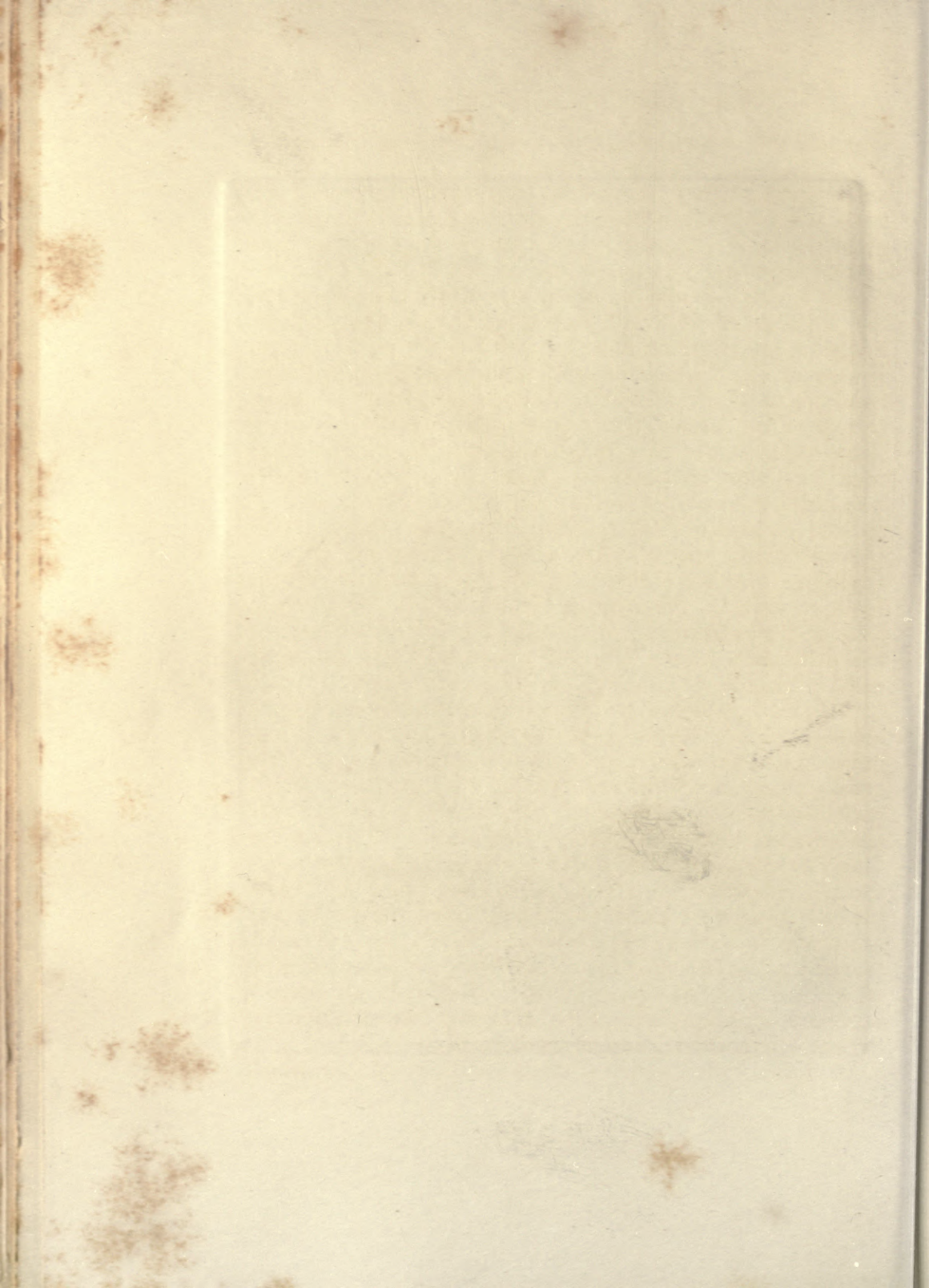
mented by four rows of burnished brass nails running perpendicularly down the sides, giving the weapon a strong resemblance to the decorated boat-hooks used in Venice for holding the gondolas at the landing-stages.

In the photograph which, by the kindness of General Milman, I was permitted to have taken of the axe, the background is formed by the masonry of the Bloody Tower, which has the appearance of a grisly pile of human skulls, a not inappropriate circumstance. Although the processional axe was only used as an emblem of law and justice, it is closely connected with many a Tower tragedy. It is not known when this axe was first used in those solemn processions when it preceded the prisoner to and from trial, nor is its age certain. It was last used at the State trials of the Jacobite lords in the years 1746 and 1747. It is now kept in the study of the Lieutenant of the Tower, whence it is only removed on such State occasions as the installation of a new Constable.

On the first floor of the King's House, overlooking the Thames, is the Council Room in which Guy Fawkes was examined before Cecil and the Council of State. It was on this occasion that Cecil wrote to James I. that Guy Fawkes "was no more dismayed than if he were taken for a poor robbery in the highway." Fawkes was not, as is sometimes stated, tortured in this room, for torture was only applied in the dungeons below the White Tower, which fact should disprove the legend that the cries of the tortured conspirator are heard on stormy nights proceeding from the Council Chamber. But there is another legend connected with this part of the Tower, to the effect that the shadow of an axe is sometimes seen spreading its form on Tower Green, and appearing on the walls of the White Tower. Indeed, a likelier or a more proper place for ghostly visitations of all kinds than the Tower can hardly be found anywhere in the world, if it be true that ghosts "do walk." For this reason it is disappointing that there are so few legends of apparitions to chronicle, and of these few the following have the



The Council Chamber in the Governor's House.



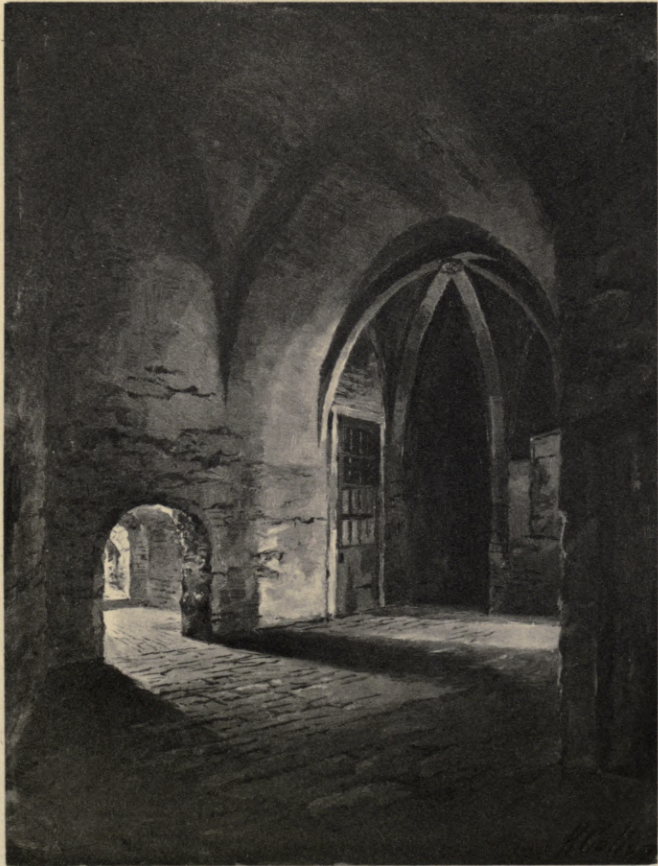
best authentication. In *Notes and Queries* for September 1860, some letters appeared relating to Tower ghosts, and amongst them Mr E. Le Swifte (the same individual, I believe, who so courageously saved the Regalia during the great fire in the Tower in 1841, when the Armoury was destroyed) writes an account of a ghostly visitant which appeared to his wife and himself in the Martin Tower, where the Regalia, of which he had charge, were then placed. Swifte was appointed to the post of Keeper of the Crown Jewels in 1814, which he held until 1852, living with his family in the Martin Tower. One evening in the month of October 1817, whilst at supper, his little son and his wife's sister were startled at seeing an apparition, "like a glass tube" of the thickness of Mrs Swifte's arm, which hovered between the ceiling and the supper table. It seemed to contain, adds Swifte, "a clear fluid." This spectral shape appeared for a few moments, causing the family the greatest alarm. Shortly afterwards, one of the sentinels outside the Martin Tower saw a "huge bear issuing from underneath the door of the Tower." The man fell down in a swoon and was taken to the guard-house room. The poor fellow actually died of the fright.

Above the chimney-piece of the Council Chamber is a life-size coloured alto-relievo head of James the First; between this and the window, on the same wall, is a highly ornate stone tablet in the style of an altar tomb of the period, adorned with a row of heraldic shields bearing the coat-of-arms of the members of the Council who examined Guy Fawkes, amongst whom are those of Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, and of Sir William Wade or Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower, by whom the tablet was erected in honour of King James. Wade was the Lieutenant who was so cordially disliked by Sir Walter Raleigh, who called him "that beast Waad." Below the shields is a fulsome inscription in English, Latin, and Hebrew, describing the Gunpowder Plot and its discovery.

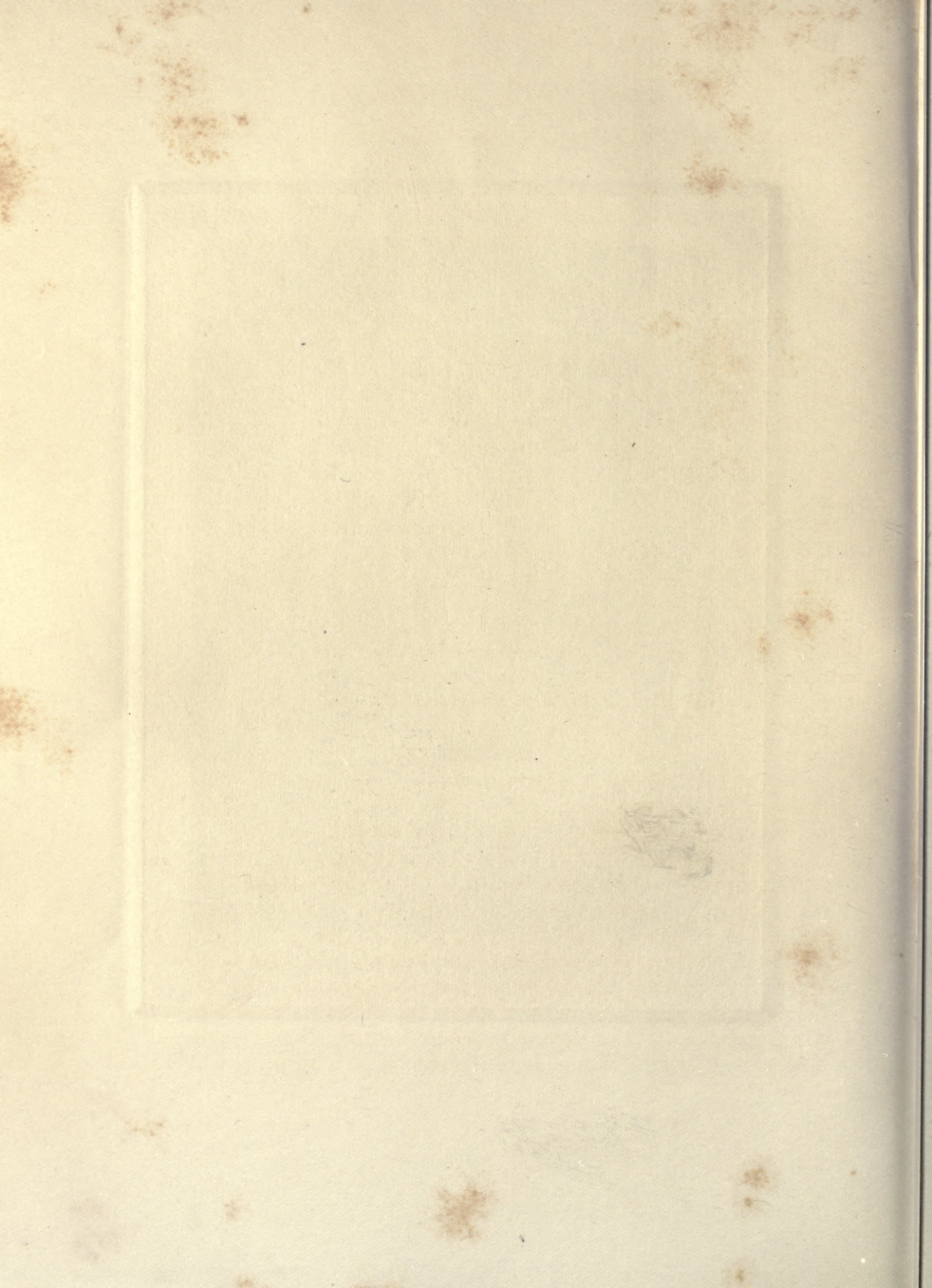
Adjoining the Council Chamber is the room from which

Lady Nithsdale succeeded in helping her husband to escape from the Tower, where he had been in prison for the part he had taken in the rebellion of 1715. The escape, which is described in the chapter dealing with the Tower under the Georges, was effected on the day before that on which Lord Nithsdale was to be executed. The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth was a prisoner in this building in 1685, between his capture after the Battle of Sedgemoor and his death on Tower Hill. Here also, during the days when the Stuarts reigned, and even earlier, it was customary to send to the care of the Lieutenant those prisoners of State whose position and importance made it desirable that they should be under the eye of the chief officer in the fortress, who was made personally responsible for their safe keeping. To this class of prisoner belonged Lady Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, and mother of Henry Darnley. In an upper chamber of the King's House is an inscription on a stone let into the wall above the fireplace, on which it is written that the Countess was "Commyedede prysner to this Lodgyng for the marege of her sonne, my Lord Henry Darnle and the Queene of Scotlande," a list of servants "that doe wayte upon her noble grace in thys place" is also given upon the stone. This unlucky lady was a prisoner in 1565 for no fault, save that she was the mother of Queen Mary of Scotland's husband. After passing many years in captivity, her cousin Elizabeth allowed her, after her release from the Tower, to die in poverty. Lady Lennox is commemorated by a stately monument in Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey, for Elizabeth, with that strange inconsistency for which she was remarkable, after imprisoning the poor lady, and allowing her to die in misery after her release, erected a costly tomb to her memory. It was, indeed, a case of being asked for bread and according a stone.

At the south-western corner of the King's House is the Bell Tower, a passage leading into it from the first floor of that building. A bell which formerly hung in a wooden



Prison in the Governor's House.



turret on this tower gave it its name—the turret still remains, but the bell is kept in the upper storey. In the Tower regulations of 1607 it is ordered that: "When the Tower bell doth ring at nights for the shutting in of the gates, all the prisoners, with their servants, are to withdraw themselves into their chambers, and not to goe forth that night." This bell was also the alarm bell of the fortress.

The Bell Tower, which dates from the time of Richard I. or Henry III., is an irregular octagon, being 60 feet in height and 30 in diameter. The lower portion is of solid masonry, the walls varying from 9 to 13 feet in thickness. There are only two floors or storeys in the Tower, the lower with a fine vaulted ceiling. The room in the upper storey is a circular chamber, 18 feet across, with walls 8 feet in thickness. This prison is reached by a narrow staircase from the King's House, and is lighted by four windows. Bishop Fisher was imprisoned in the upper chamber in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas More being confined in the one below. Both were harshly treated, and the poor old bishop suffered terribly from the cold. In the lower chamber, where More passed many solitary hours, even debarred from the consolation of his books, there now stands a large model of the Tower. Near the door of the upper prison a much defaced inscription can be seen on the wall, cut by the Bishop of Ross, who was a prisoner here in the time of Elizabeth. Felton, the murderer of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is also believed to have been a prisoner in the Bell Tower.

Between the King's House and the Beauchamp Tower, and facing Tower Green, is a row of modernised houses occupied by the Yeomen of the Guard, the Yeoman Jailor, and other officials connected with the fortress. All these houses have been refaced, and one regrets the bad taste which, in former years, allowed every appearance of age to be ruthlessly swept away from these buildings; and this is a regret that is ever present when visiting the Tower. The most glaring instance is the Beauchamp Tower, which,

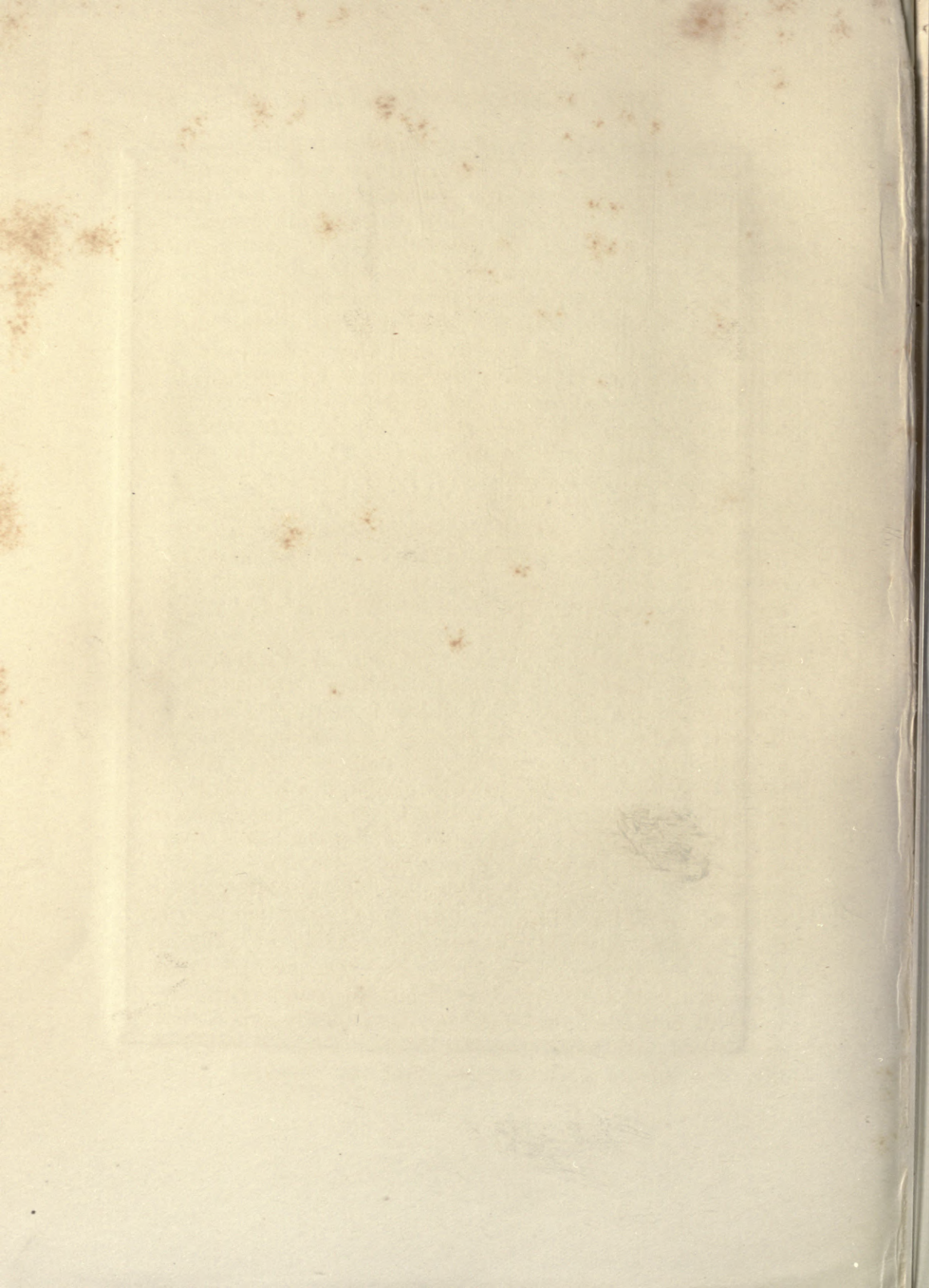
next to the White Tower, would have been the most interesting of the many interesting buildings here, had it not undergone what architects call "a thorough restoration" half-a-century ago. But the interior walls bear the record of many notable captives who, while waiting their fate, carved their name, their escutcheon, or some pious prayer upon the stones. Nearly all the most important prisoners of State during the reigns of the Tudors were imprisoned here, as the walls of the large prison room on the first floor still show. They are literally covered with inscriptions and devices. Some of these, however, have been brought from other places in the fortress, and therefore do not properly belong to the Beauchamp Tower, which is to be regretted, since they lose their interest by being removed from their original sites. Outwardly the Beauchamp Tower has now as modern an appearance as either the Norman or Winchester Towers at Windsor—spick, span, and spruce looking, more like a modern imitation of some mediæval tower than the actuality; the glamour of the old walls has been entirely destroyed.

For many years the prison room on the first floor of the Beauchamp Tower was the mess room for the officers of the garrison, and General Milman remembers dining there frequently when on duty at the Tower, the walls and inscriptions being covered by cupboards and furniture.

This tower takes its name from Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was confined here in 1397. It was also known by the name of the Cobham Tower, from Lord Cobham and his sons having been imprisoned in it in Queen Mary's reign for the part they had taken in Wyatt's rebellion. The tower forms a semicircle and has three floors, the well staircase by which it is entered from the Green communicating with each floor and rising to the roof, which is battlemented. The large window facing the Green is modern, dating from the "restoration" of the building in 1854 by Salvin, but the cross window is of the time of Edward III., and is contemporary with the original



The Beauchamp Tower.



structure. The principal prison chamber was the one on the second floor, and this contains the most noteworthy inscriptions. Close to the entrance door the name "Marmaduke Neville" is cut in the wall: this Neville is believed to have been imprisoned here in the reign of Elizabeth for having plotted for Queen Mary of Scotland. On the right of Neville's signature appears the name of "Peverel," with an elaborate device of a crucifix with a bleeding heart in the centre, and the Peverel shield. Nothing is known regarding this Peverel, but one sees the name with interest, associated as it is with Sir Walter Scott's romance. Sir Walter made a careful study of this inscription, and the picturesque name doubtless attracted him and led to its forming part of the title of one of his immortal novels. Within the prison room on the ground floor, the first name of historical importance to arrest attention is that of Robert Dudley, carved on the left-hand side of the entrance. This sign manual of Elizabeth's favourite, the unscrupulous Earl of Leicester, was probably cut by him when he was in this tower in 1554. Four of his brothers were also imprisoned with him, all of whom were released on Mary's accession to the throne. In the prison chamber on the floor above there is another record of Robert Dudley and his brothers. This is an elaborately carved "rebus," representing an oak tree for Robert (Robur), on which are acorns, with the initials R. D. carved beneath. Above the fireplace, which is, I fear, a restoration, appears an inscription of great interest, a pious Latin prayer with the illustrious name of Arundell cut in large letters, and dated June 22nd, 1587. This was the handiwork of the unfortunate Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, the son of that Duke of Norfolk who was beheaded in 1573 for his wish to marry the Queen of Scots. The fate of Philip Howard's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, who were all beheaded, weighed, not unnaturally, upon their descendant, and, being a zealous Roman Catholic, his position was one of great danger after the death of Tudor

Mary. On Elizabeth's accession Arundel made an ineffectual attempt to seek safety abroad, but was captured and placed in prison, where he remained until his death in 1595. Another inscription cut by him in this tower appears above some steps leading to the third storey: it is in Latin, and rendered into English, runs: "It is a reproach to be bound in the cause of sin; but to sustain the bonds of prison for the sake of Christ is the greatest of glory. Arundell, 26th May 1587."

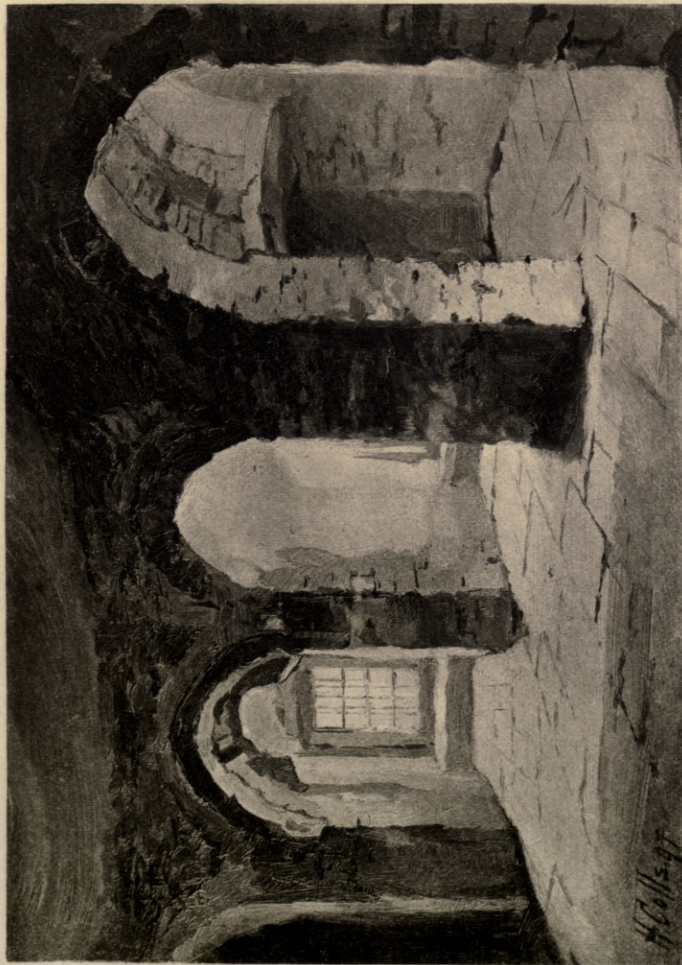
The late Duke of Norfolk printed, from the original MSS. kept at Arundel Castle, in 1857, a record entitled "The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Dacres his wife." At the close of the book we read that "Whilst he (Arundel) was prisoner he was not only an example, but a singular comfort to all Catholicks. No one ever heard him complain either of the loss of his goods, or of the incommodities of the prison, or the being bereaved of his liberty; and such as he heard complain or understood to be aggrieved, he endeavoured by his words and courteous usage to comfort, strengthen, and confirm. His delight was in nothing but in God, and the contemplation of heavenly things; much of the money which the Queen did allow him for his maintenance (for to every prisoner in the Tower something is assigned, more or less according to each man's degree) he gave to the poor, contenting himself with a spare and slender diet." Lord Arundel rests in that most beautiful of England's mausoleums, the chapel at Arundel.

In this chamber are more memorials of the family of Dudley—one an elaborate carving commemorating the magnificent Leicester and his four brothers, John, Ambrose, Guildford, and Henry. Within a frame formed by a garland of roses, geraniums, honeysuckles, and oak sprigs, are a bear and a lion supporting a ragged staff, the Dudley crest, with these lines beneath—

"You that these beasts do wel behold and se,

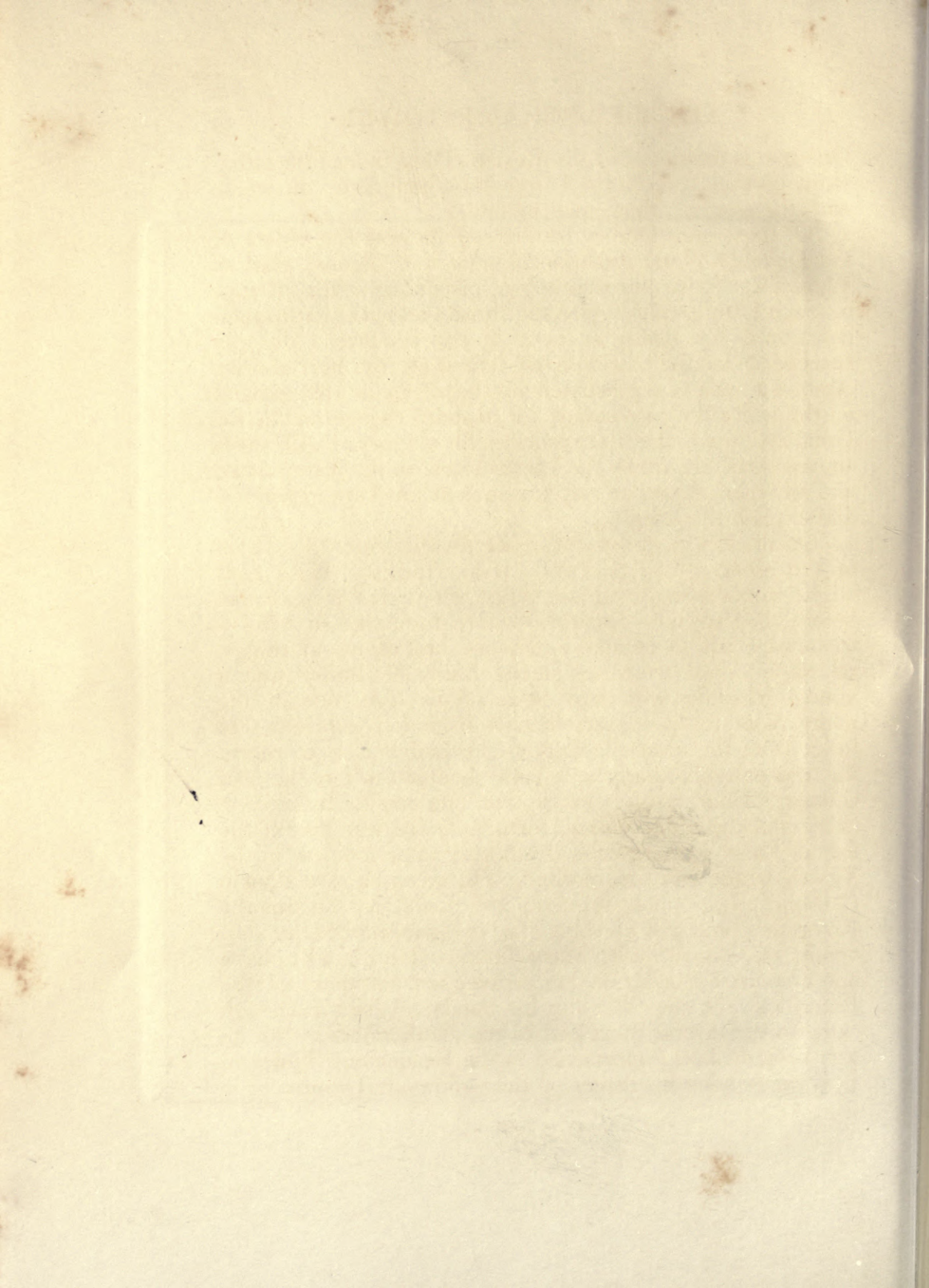
May deme with ease therefore here made they be,

With borders eke wherein four brothers names who list to serche the ground."



Prison in the Beauchamp Tower.

H. 12. 15. 97



One line is missing, but the Rev. R. Dick, in his interesting work on the Beauchamp Tower, thus completes the verse with the words, "these may be found."

Of these four Dudley brothers, John was the eldest of the Duke of Northumberland's sons, and became Earl of Warwick. It was he who helped his father in his attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, and was imprisoned here until his death in 1554 in consequence. He was succeeded in the earldom of Warwick by his brother Ambrose, who is represented by the acorn in the garland on the wall; the rose stands for Robert, the geranium for Guildford, and the honeysuckle for Henry. All these suppositions are from Mr Dick's work on the inscriptions, and whether correct or not, they are at any rate ingenious, and explain the lines.

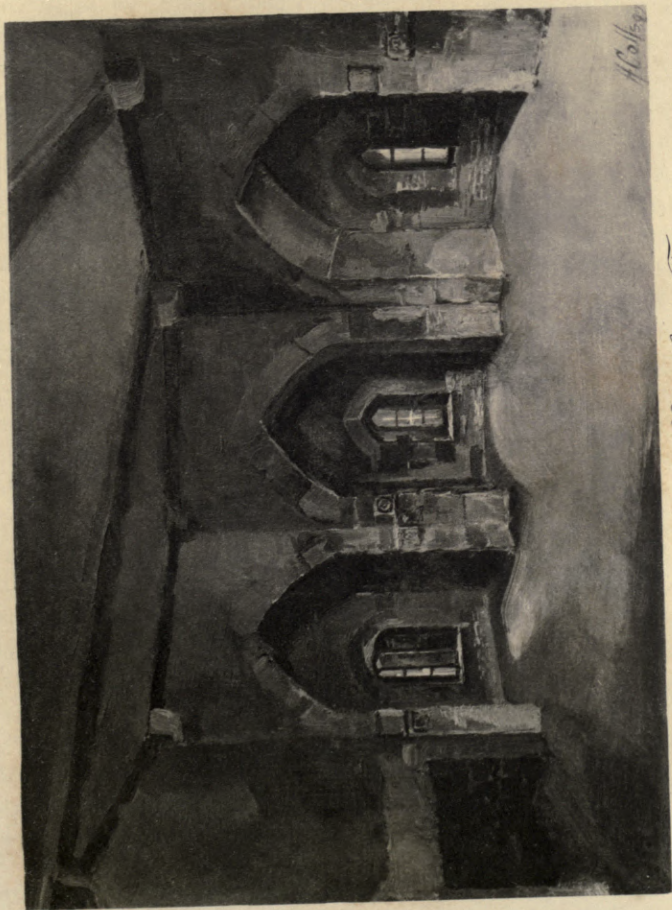
On the left of the second recess in this room is written in the stone "I.W.S. 1571. Die Aprilis. Wise men ought circumspectly to see what they do—to examine before they speake—to prove before they take in hand—to beware whose company they use, and above all things, to whom they truste—Charles Bailly." Bailly was a young Fleming who had been involved in one of the many plots to free Mary Stuart from her captivity; to judge from the above inscription he had reason to regret the company he had kept, and those in whom he had trusted. Near Bailly's inscription, but outside the recess, is the name of John Store, Doctor. Store was one of the few of those who suffered death after imprisonment in the Tower, whose fate was merited. He was a bigoted Roman Catholic priest, whose intolerance and severity towards the Reformers procured him the office of Chancellor to the University of Oxford under Mary Tudor. He is said to have out-Bonnered Bonner in his persecutions of those of the Reformed faith who fell into his hands. When Elizabeth came to the throne Store fled to the Netherlands. But he was brought back, imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower in 1571, and ended his career on the gallows at Tyburn.

There are several inscriptions in this chamber relating to the family of Pole, or, as the name is spelt on the walls, Poole. One of these is in the third recess in a loophole—E. Poole. This is Edmund Pole, a great-grandson of the murdered Duke of Clarence; he and his brother Arthur were here in 1562, being both involved in one of the real or imaginary plots against Elizabeth. Edmund Pole has engraved here that most consolatory of the Psalms, the cxxvi.—“Die semini in lachrimis in exilitiane meter.” In another recess is “A. Pole, 1564. I.H.S. To serve God. To endure penance. To obey fate is to reign.” Both brothers ended their sad lives in this prison. One name carved in this chamber has a deeper pathos than any inscription could convey; it is that of “Jane,” and it appears in two places in the Beauchamp Tower. One would like to think it inscribed by that peerless Jane Grey herself, but, as she was not imprisoned here, it was probably the handiwork of her husband, Guildford Dudley, or some adherent to her cause and sharer in her misfortune.

The name of Thomas Fitzgerald in one of the recesses records that it was here that the ninth Earl of Kildare with five of his uncles was imprisoned, having been inveigled from Ireland by Henry VIII. They were executed at Tyburn in 1538 for being concerned in a series of wild deeds in Ireland, amongst which the murder of the Archbishop of Armagh was the chief. Here, too, is the name of Thomas Cobham, with the date 1555, he being one of three brothers of that name who were placed in the Beauchamp for taking part in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion.

The earliest date in this tower is 1462, which is cut by the side of the name of Thomas Talbot. In all there are ninety-one names on the walls, of which I have noted the most important only.

To the north, and attached to the Beauchamp Tower, is the Chaplain's house, with an uninteresting modernised front facing the Green, and but a few paces distant is a small



Prison Chamber in the Beauchamp Tower.



paved plot of ground railed in by order of Queen Victoria. This little plot marks the site of the scaffold, and, above all things, it is sanctified by the memory of Lady Jane Grey. The first victim to suffer death on this spot was Anne Boleyn in 1538, and the last, Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, in 1601. Here, too, in 1541, the venerable Countess of Salisbury was literally butchered; in the following year Catherine Howard was beheaded with her companion in misfortune, if not in guilt, Lady Rochford. Lord Hastings, Richard III.'s victim, was, I imagine, beheaded immediately beneath the walls of the White Tower, for the description of his sudden end shows that the site of Jane Grey's scaffold was too distant for Richard Crookback to have glutted his eyes with Hastings's death.

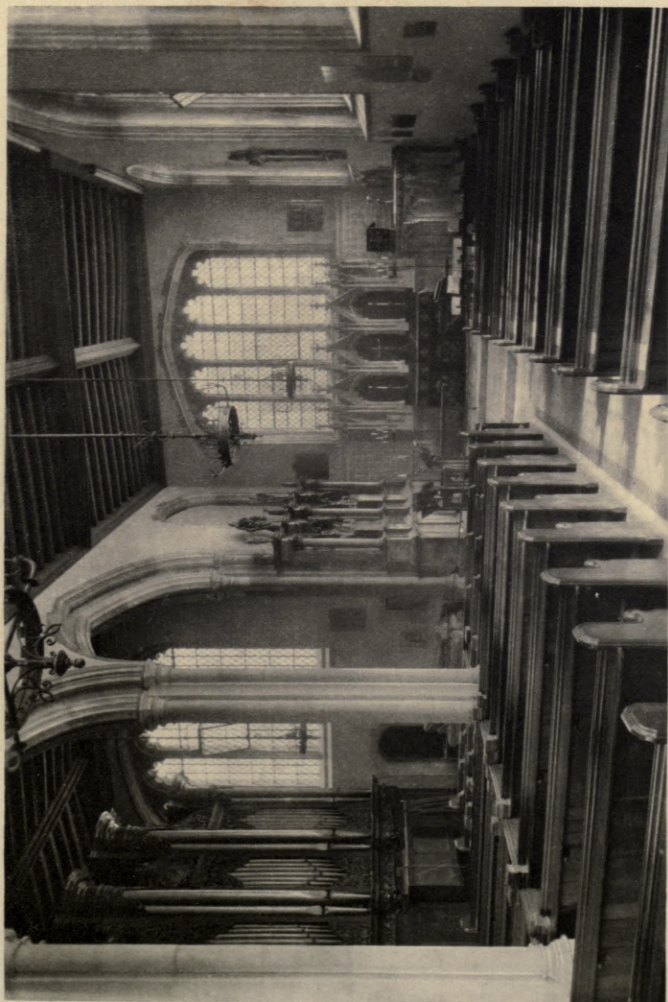
In former times the ground around the site of the scaffold on the Green was a place of burial, being the churchyard of the Chapel which faces it. "With the exception of the Abbey Church of St Peter's at Westminster," writes Mr Doyne Bell in his interesting monograph on the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower (a most appropriate title for a building of such tragic memories), "there is no ecclesiastical edifice in the United Kingdom in which (so far as it has been used as a place of sepulture) is contained so much historical interest as the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. Within its walls have been received the mortal remains of many, whose names, though not recorded on the stones of the pavement, must yet ever live in the pages of English history." Macaulay in a well-known passage has called this chapel "the saddest spot on earth," and in a less well-known passage has expressed his disgust at the vandalism which had "transformed this interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town." Since the historian expressed this well-merited indignation at the treatment accorded to St Peter's Chapel, the fabric has undergone a much needed restoration, happily not in the

bad sense of that term, since it has been restored as much as possible to its condition in the middle of the sixteenth century. This restoration has been mercifully undertaken and skilfully executed, externally as well as internally, in every detail.

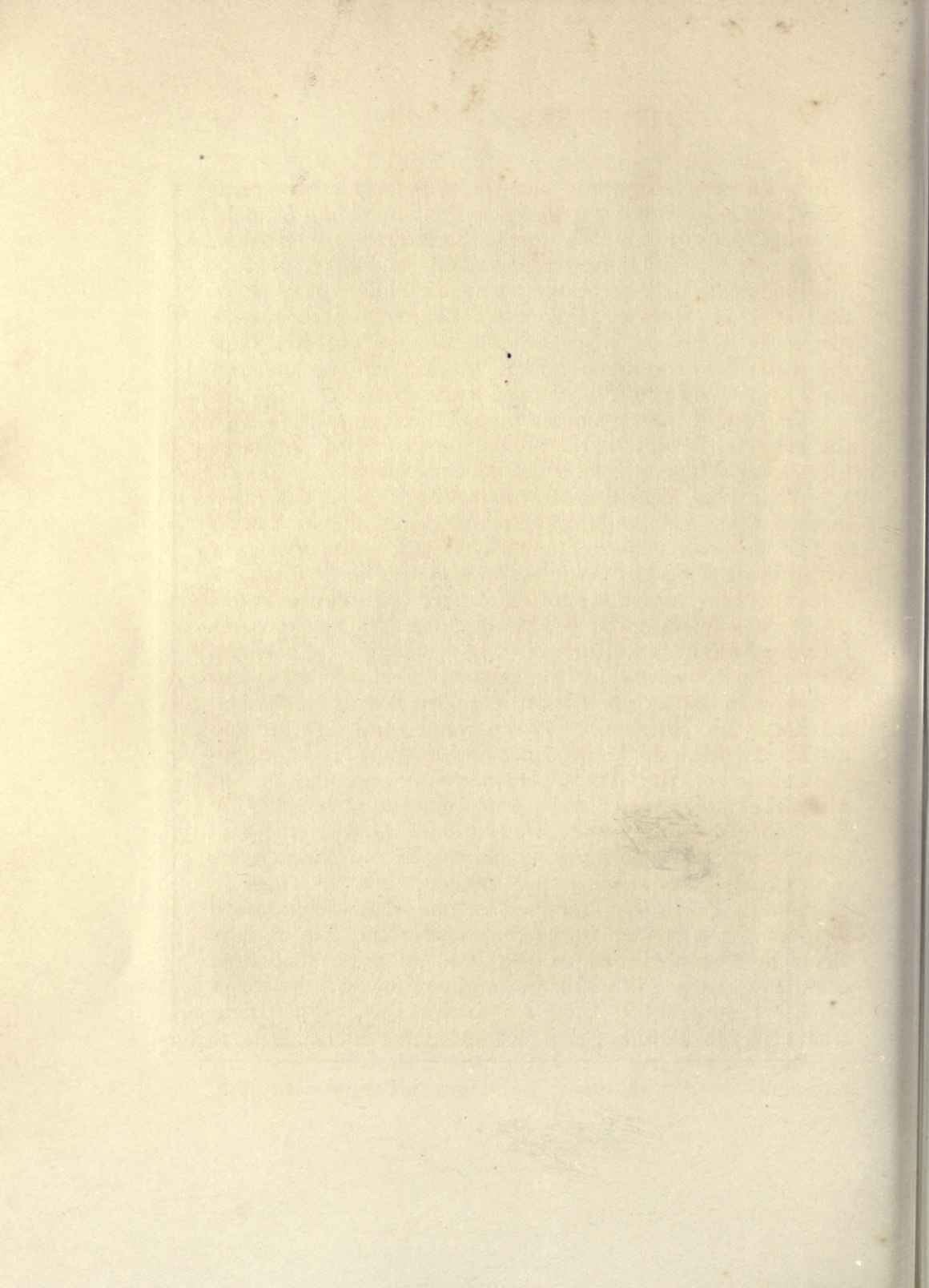
As far back as the reign of John, or even that of Henry I., a church stood on the site of St Peter's Chapel. In the reign of Henry III., a Royal warrant, of the year 1241, was issued by that monarch at Windsor, directing that the Royal pew in St Peter's should be repaired for the use of the King and Queen, and instructions were given for the refurbishing of a tabernacle with carved figures of St Peter, St Michael, and St Katherine. Of this church only a few vestiges remain in the crypt of the present chapel, which was built by Edward III. In a warrant dated from Fotheringay in July 1305-6, that King orders Ralph de Sandwich, Constable of the Tower, "to be reimbursed for various expenses incurred by him in the construction of our new chapel within the Tower."

St Peter's consists of a nave and a single aisle on its northern side; in length it is 66 feet, in width 54, and in height 25.

As Mr Doyne Bell points out, the peculiar dedication of the church to St Peter in Chains shows that it has been used since its foundation as a church more for the use of the prisoners in the fortress than for the sovereigns and their courts, whose place of devotion was the chapel of St John in the White Tower. With the exception of the church in Rome dedicated to St Peter ad Vincula, there is no other church besides this one in the Tower, so named. To those who see this building for the first time its general aspect must cause disappointment, so small and almost mean does it appear, and like a hundred similar churches scattered all over the country. But St Peter's has undergone endless changes and alterations, and comparatively little is left of the building of Edward III. The exterior of the building belongs to the Tudor period.



Interior of St. Peter's Chapel.



Before the last restoration, in 1867, Lord De Ros wrote, "It is inconceivable what pains have been taken in comparatively modern times to disfigure this interesting chapel." But this reproach cannot be applied to the latest restoration, which was done with extreme care and good taste.

The larger portion of the present building dates from the reign of Henry VIII., when many alterations were made, the windows, with the exception of the one over the west door, the arches in the interior, and the timbered roof, being then placed as we see them now.

The list of interments in this chapel commences with the reign of Henry VIII. This list is one of the most interesting things in connection with the chapel.

When the Reformed Faith ousted Popery the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London over this chapel ceased, and it has ever since remained a benefice donative over which the Bishop has no power of visitation or deprivation, since the Tower itself is extra-parochial. Private marriages could be solemnised at St Peter's, and in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," this privilege is alluded to. One unlucky curate of the chapel, however, was sent to prison in James the First's reign for having performed marriages and christenings in the chapel, and only secured his liberty through the influence of Sir William Waad, the Lieutenant of the Tower. Another clergyman named Hubbock and his son were excommunicated in 1620 by Laud for committing the same offence. Later on, however, the right of solemnising marriages and christenings in this chapel was allowed, and still continues.

Samuel Pepys has described in one of his vivid word pictures a visit he paid to the chapel after the Restoration, when he occupied one of the hideous pews that then choked the floor, and which were only removed a few years ago. "February 28, 1663-4. Lord's Day. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir J. Robinson, would needs have me by coach home with him; where the officers of his regiment dined with him. I did go and dine with him,

his ordinary table being very good, and his lady a very high carried, but a comely big woman, I was mightily pleased with her. After dinner to chapel in the Tower with the Lieutenant, with the keys carried before us; and I sat with the Lieutenant in his pew in great state. None it seems of the prisoners in the Tower that are there now, though they may, will come to prayers there." With a monstrous gallery built in the reign of George II. for the use of the troops of the garrison, with the ugly square wooden pews, in one of which Pepys sat "in great state"; with the pavement all broken and defaced, with walls and columns whitewashed, and with the handsome carved Tudor ceiling coated with lath and plaster, it is no wonder that to any one with a respect for antiquity or love of beauty, St Peter's in the Tower must have presented a sad spectacle before its restoration. And it was not until 1862 that any steps were taken to remove what was nothing less than a public disgrace. The improvements were commenced by re-opening the old doorway at the west end, which had been bricked up, the window of Edward I.'s time was also restored, the broken fragments having been collected and replaced in their original position. The lath and plaster which for a century or more had disfigured the ceiling were removed, and the finely carved old chestnut beams once more uncovered.

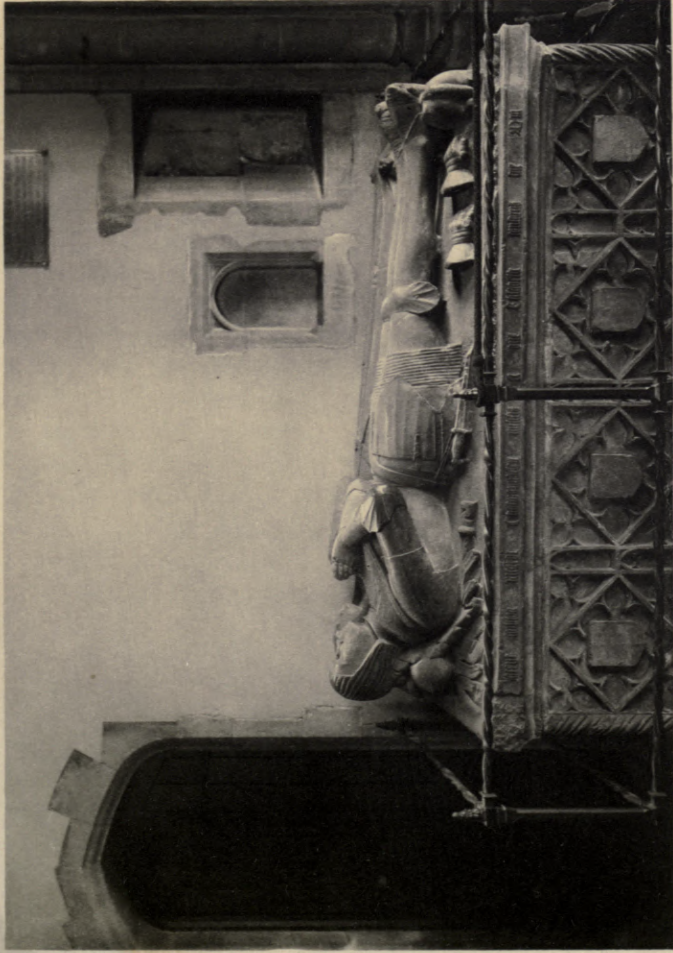
Further improvements were carried out during the time that Sir Charles Yorke was Constable, in the year 1876. Sir John Taylor, the head of the Office of Works, drew up the plans of this restoration, and, aided by Mr Salvin, the work of renovation commenced. There was much to be done, and it was certainly done well. The pews were the first excrescence to be removed, and the pavement, which was as uneven as that of St Mark's at Venice, was taken up and a new one laid down. During this operation it was discovered that the ground had been used as a general place of burial, for besides those whose mutilated bodies had been placed under the pavement after execution,

large numbers of other individuals had been interred here, and at a very shallow depth below the pavement. It was deemed necessary to remove these remains to the crypt before the new floor could be placed. Great care was taken to identify any remains of the illustrious dead, but in most cases it was impossible to do so owing to the ground having been so much disturbed and the bones scattered. Even greater care was taken when the floor of the chancel was reached, for it was known that the bodies of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, and of the Dukes of Northumberland and Somerset had been buried there. In 1877 the restoration of the Chapel was completed. Many interesting discoveries had been made, and needless to say, but for its state of decay, none of the poor fragments of mortality of the victims of their own ambition or the tyranny of monarchs, would have been disturbed. It was necessary to identify what remained of poor Anne Boleyn in order that above her bones the tombstone should bear its record of what lay below. "The forehead," writes Mr Doyne Bell, "and lower jaw were small and especially well formed. The vertebrae were particularly small, especially one joint (the axlas), which was that next to the skull, and they bore witness to the queen's 'lyttel neck.'" The remains of another of Henry's victims were found lying in the chancel, and belonged to the old Countess of Salisbury, Margaret Clarence. Near these some bones were found which were believed to have been those of Queen Catherine Howard, but her body, having been placed in quicklime, few traces of it remained. In this "dread abode" were also laid bare the bones of the Duke of Northumberland, and a portion of the Duke of Monmouth's skeleton.

Near the entrance door is a memorial tablet on which a list of the most notable persons buried within the chapel is engraved—a list of thirty-four persons, commencing with Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, buried here in 1534, and ending with Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, in 1747.

The old antiquarian, John Stowe, thus sums up with brief simplicity the illustrious dead that lie under the pavement of the chapel. "Here lieth before the high altar in St Peter's Church, two Dukes between two Queens, to wit, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, between Queen Anne and Queen Katherine, all four beheaded." No record that Lady Jane Grey and her husband were interred in St Peter's exists. It would not be easy to find a place in which so many remarkable dead are grouped together as in this little spot of English ground. Beneath our feet lies all that was mortal of what was once Northumberland and Somerset, Arundel and Norfolk; gentle Anne Boleyn and saint-like Jane Grey's calm presence seem to linger near their graves: here, too, the once brilliant Monmouth moulders before the high altar; and hard by rest the faithful little band of Jacobites—Kilmarnock and brave Balmerino, and the wily old fox, Simon Fraser of Lovat.

One of the earliest and handsomest monuments in St Peter's is that to Sir Richard Cholmondeley and his wife Elizabeth. The knight and his lady are lying side by side, sculptured in alabaster. Sir Richard, who was Lieutenant of the Tower in the reign of Henry VII., wears plate armour, his hand rests on his helmet, his feet on a lion; round his neck he wears the collar of SS. As was then the custom, this monument has been painted and gilded, traces of its decoration still remaining. This tomb was opened in 1876, but was found to contain only some fragments of the stone font of the chapel of Edward the Third's time. Sir Richard had been knighted for his conduct on the field of Flodden. During his Lieutenancy of the Tower a riot broke out between the Londoners and some of the Lombard merchants, and Sir Richard, who seems to have been cursed with a bad temper, by way of quietening the brawlers, discharged the guns of the fortress against the city. Hall, in his chronicle, quaintly notices this act of the Lieutenant as follows:—



*Monument of Sir Richard Cholmondeley and his Wife
in St. Peter's Chapel.*



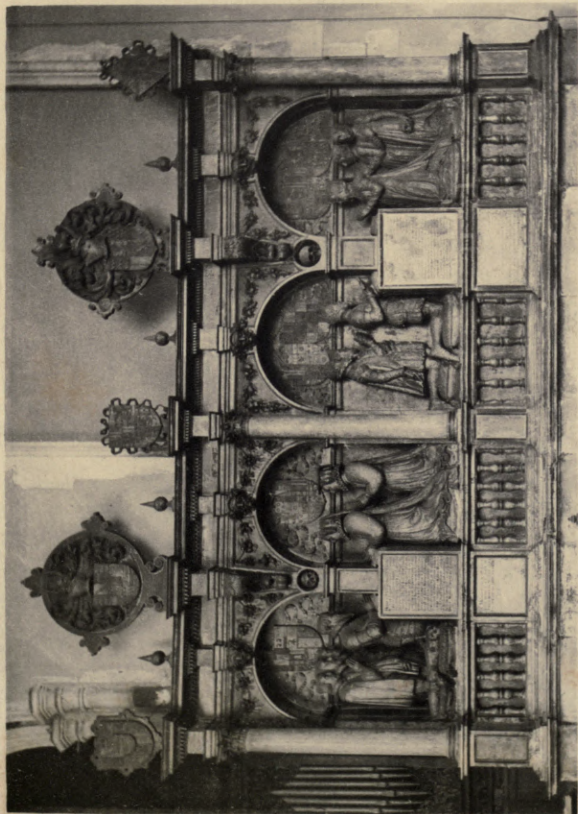
"Whilst this ruffling continued, Syr Richard Cholmly Knight, Lieutenant of the Tower, no great friende of the citie, in a frantyeke fury losed certayn pieces of ordinance, and shot into the citie; whiche did little harme, howbeit his good will apered." This choleric knight died in 1544.

On the north side of the chancel is a handsome double monument to the memory of Sir Richard Blount and to his son Sir Michael; both these Blounts were Lieutenants of the Tower. Sir Richard, clothed in armour, is represented as praying; behind him kneel his two sons, whilst facing him, upon their knees, are Lady Blount and two daughters. Sir Richard died in 1564. Sir Michael, whose effigy, also clad in armour, was placed near that of his father thirty-two years later, and his family, consisting of his wife, three sons and one daughter, are also devoutly kneeling. Below the Blount monument is a little inscription to the memory of Lyster Blount, a child of two years old: it ends with these hopeful words, "Here they all lye to expect ye coming of our sweet Saviour Jesu. Amen, Amen."

Against the south wall is a black marble tablet inscribed to the memory of Sir Allen Apsley,* who was Lieutenant of the Tower in the time of James and Charles the First.

* He was the youngest son of John Apsley of Pulborough, Sussex. He purchased the office of Lieutenant of the Tower from his predecessor Sir George Moore, for £2500, and was sworn into office, March 3rd, 1617, which he held until his death, May 24th, 1630; he was also Surveyor of Victuals for the Navy. Whilst Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh was in his custody. He was thrice married. His second wife was Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Peter Carew, by whom he had issue two sons and a daughter, Jocosa or Joyce, who married Lyster, second son of Sir Richard Blount, of Mapledurham, whose ancestors were also Lieutenants of the Tower. His third wife was Lucy, youngest daughter of Sir John St John, Knight of Lydiard Tregoz, Wilts, to whom he was married at St Anne's, Blackfriars, on the 23rd December 1615, at which time he was of the age of forty-eight, whilst the lady was but sixteen. By this marriage he became brother-in-law of Sir Edward Villiers, Viscount Grandison, half-brother of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. His eldest son by this marriage, who also became Sir Allen Apsley, was a zealous Royalist, and was successively Governor of Exeter and Barnstaple Castles, and, after the Restoration, Falconer to King Charles II., and Treasurer of the Household to James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. His daughter Frances married Sir Benjamin Bathurst, Knight, Governor of the Royal African and East India Companies and Cofferer to Queen Anne, and ancestor of Lord Chancellor Bathurst. Sir Allen Apsley, the Lieutenant of the Tower, had also four other sons and two daughters; of the latter, Barbara married Lieutenant-Colonel Hutchinson, and Lucy became the celebrated wife of his brother, Colonel John Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle, an earnest Parliamentarian. The life of the latter was written by his wife, who also left behind her her own autobiography, printed in 1808.

His daughter was that Mrs Hutchinson whose name will be remembered by her admirable memoirs of her husband Colonel Hutchinson, who was imprisoned in the Bloody Tower, where she shared his imprisonment. Sir Allen died in 1630. The first Earl Bathurst (Lord Chancellor) was descended from him, and it was he who built Apsley House. On the same wall are mural tablets to the memory of Sir John Burgoyne, Field Marshal and Constable of the Tower, who died in 1871, and is buried in the crypt of the chapel; also to Lord De Ros, the last Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower, who died in 1874, and to whose book on the fortress allusion has often been made in these pages. Among other good work done by Lord de Ros was to replace the tombstone of brave old Talbot Edwards, who so nearly lost his life in defending the Crown jewels when they were seized by Blood. This stone, which had been cast aside and lay among a heap of rubbish in front of the Beauchamp Tower, after being used as a paving-stone up to the year 1852 in front of the houses which up to that time had almost hidden that tower from the Green, was replaced in the chapel. It bears the following inscription: "Here lieth ye body of Talbot Edwards, Gent.: late Keeper of his Ma^{ty}s Regalia who dyed ye 30 of September 1674, aged 80 years and 9 moneths." Neither in life nor in death was this brave old Keeper of the Crown well treated. Charles the Second settled a handsome pension on the scoundrel Blood—hush-money probably, for it is within the bounds of possibility that Charles was a party to Blood's attempt—whilst the sole reward of honest old Talbot Edwards, who was half-killed in guarding the treasures of which he had charge, was the consciousness of having done his duty. The Communion plate dates from the reign of Charles the First and Charles the Second, and it is singular to find that instead of the sacred initials being engraved on these vessels only the Royal monogram of C. R. with a crown appear upon them. Severely simple in shape and



Tomb of the Blount Family in St. Peter's Chapel.



devoid of any ornament, this Sacramental plate is historically interesting, for these cups and plates have been used at the solemn hour when the Blessed Sacrament was administered to more than one illustrious prisoner on the eve of his execution. There is good reason for believing that Monmouth and William, Lord Russell used these sacred vessels shortly before mounting the scaffold.

At the back of the chapel of St Peter, and at the north-western angle of the Inner Ward, stands the Devereux Tower, which contains two storeys, the lower one being of massive masonry. This tower dates from the reign of Richard the First. In the Elizabethan survey of the fortress it is named Robyn the Devylls Tower, and in later times it was known as the Develin Tower, and as such it appears in Haiward's plan. No record has come down as to the meaning of these names, but the present appellation dates from the reign of Elizabeth, when Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was a prisoner there. The upper part of the tower is modern, and modern windows have taken the place of the old loopholes in the 11 feet thick walls, a change which has destroyed the character of the building; formerly it was most gloomy and forbidding. A small winding staircase within the tower leads to a couple of prisons constructed in the thickness of the Ballium wall. A secret passage is supposed to have led thence, to the Flint Tower which stands to the east of the Devereux Tower, communicating also with the vaults under St Peter's Chapel. Nothing remains, however, in the present modernised state of these passages and prisons to indicate their former appearance. Early in the nineteenth century the lower floor of the Devereux Tower was used as a kitchen and other offices connected with the ordnance; the upper portion was occupied by the Master Furbisher of the Small Arms. The old kitchen, beneath which is a dungeon, has a fine vaulted ceiling.

The Flint Tower lies due east, at a distance of 90 feet

from the Devereux Tower, but as it was found to be in an entirely ruinous state in 1796, the old fabric was pulled down and the present ugly brick tower rose in its place. The old tower had been known by the unflattering name of "Little Hell," probably from the noisomeness of its dungeons, and it had the evil reputation of having the worst prisons in the fortress. Another 90 feet from the Flint Tower stands the Bowyer Tower, of which only the base is ancient, the remainder of the building being modern; this tower dates from the reign of Edward the Third, and it was here that the Duke of Clarence is traditionally said to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey (Malvoisie) wine. According to those learned historians of the Tower, Britton and Brayley, who wrote in the early part of the nineteenth century, there was a vault in a dungeon in this tower closed by a trap door, which opened on a flight of steps; from these steps a narrow cell led into a secret passage made in the thickness of the Ballium wall. This was one of the many secret passages which ran below ground, and of which, as has already been noticed, an important one was discovered when the Main Guard building was demolished in 1899. Mr G. J. Clark, a great authority in these matters, has stated his belief that there were several of these secret passages in the fortress. One of these, he thinks, ran between the White Tower and the King's House, and Father Gerard's account of the way he was led to and from the White Tower and the Governor's or King's House points to an underground passage between those buildings. It has been surmised that a subterranean passage led from out the Tower below the Thames to the Southwark side of London; in the Beauchamp Tower a secret passage was discovered in the thickness of the Ballium wall, where persons might have been placed to watch and overhear all that went on within the tower.*

* Mr Birch thinks this improbable, and that the depth and clay bottom of the river would have rendered such a work impossible.

The Bowyer Tower was so named because it was the dwelling of the royal maker of bows, and the place where he turned out the Long Bow, as well as the Cross Bow, and many other mediæval weapons of destruction, such as the Balistar, the Scorpion, and the Catapult. In 1223 one Grillot made here the "balistar corneas," as that mysterious weapon is described in an old record, and for his labour he was rewarded by the gift of a new gown for his wife.

Next to the Bowyer Tower stands the Brick Tower, but it has been modernised. In shape this tower resembles a horse shoe; it is 40 feet in diameter. Between this tower and the Martin Tower the curtain wall extends some 60 feet, the sally-port stairs being passed between the two towers. As has been the general fate of most of the towers, the Martin Tower is externally entirely modern, whilst the interior has been casemated. At one time the Regalia was kept here, having been brought in 1644 from their former resting-place in a small building on the south side, and close to, the White Tower, called the Jewel House, where they had been kept, when not in pawn, from the time of Henry III. In the reign of Edward III. these jewels are referred to as being in "la Tour Blanche," and in the same reign there is also a reference to the "Tresorie deinz la haute Toure de Londres." It was from the Martin Tower that Blood attempted to steal the Regalia.

The Martin Tower forms the north-east angle of the Inner Ward, and its basement floor, where the Crown jewels were formerly kept, now serves as a kitchen for the warder and his family, who occupy the tower. The most ancient part of the Martin Tower dates from the reign of Henry III., but Sir Christopher Wren, who spoilt the ancient appearance of many parts of the Tower, played especial havoc here. The old windows were removed and replaced by ugly stone-faced ones, which was also done in the White Tower, where, with scarcely one

exception, the original Norman windows have been destroyed and Wren's incongruities substituted for them.

Placed on the ground at the base of the Martin Tower is a handsome architrave of stone, in alto-relievo, representing the Royal coat-of-arms in the time of William III., blended with military trophies such as helmets, kettle-drums, and cannon—

“The shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war.”

This is one of Grinling Gibbons's most spirited designs, graceful in its lines, sharp and refined in its moulding. This sculpture is all that remains of the great Store House, built in the reign of William III. and destroyed by fire in 1841.

Beyond the Martin Tower, the Ballium wall takes a slanting course to the south and river side of the fortress, to where, about 100 feet south of the Martin Tower, stands the Constable Tower, modern from roof to base. It was so named in the reign of Henry VIII. because it was occupied by the Constable of the Tower. During the reign of Charles I. it was used as a prison. “In form,” writes Brayley, “it closely corresponds with the Beauchamp Tower, but it is of rather smaller dimensions; the interior has been modernised, and the windows greatly enlarged.” South of the Constable Tower, and next to it, is the Broad Arrow Tower, which in Tudor times was known as “the tower at the east end of the Wardrobe.” Until some thirty years ago this tower was entirely hidden by an ugly row of barracks. It was used as a prison throughout the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and there are a few signatures still to be seen on the walls of a room on the first floor. Unfortunately, repeated coats of whitewash have almost obliterated all the inscriptions. A list, however, of these as they appeared in 1830 is given by Britton and Brayley. Amongst them are the names of “John Daniell, 1556”; “Giovani Battista, 1556”; “Thomas

Forde, 1582"; "John Stoughton, 1586"; and "J. Gage, January 1591." Little is known of any of the above men except that Daniell was mixed up in a plot against the Queen, and to rob the Exchequer, in the reign of Mary, and was hanged on Tower Hill. Forde was a priest, and was executed for denying Elizabeth's supremacy in the Church; and Stoughton and Gage are also supposed to have been priests. Of the Italian, Battista, no record has come to us. Near the top of this tower a small doorway opens on to the platform that runs along the Ballium wall. Close to this doorway is a narrow cell 6 feet deep and $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, with only one small loophole to admit air and light.

The building known by the name of the King's Private Wardrobe stood close to this tower, as well as another tower called the Wardrobe. Both these buildings were cleared away before the reign of James II., their sites being now covered with offices or stores. The Royal robes, armour, and probably the Royal upholstery, such as tapestry, hangings, etc., were kept in the Wardrobe buildings, which were connected with the Palace.

The Salt Tower forms the south-east angle of the Inner Ward. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was called Julius Cæsar's Tower, although it had no more connection with Julius Cæsar than with Sardanapalus. It is circular in shape, and has three floors, which are connected by a small winding staircase. Upon the first floor is a fine chimney-piece decorated with scroll mouldings. The upper storey was used as a powder store; but, having fallen into decay, it was restored in 1876. The Salt Tower is probably one of the oldest buildings in the Tower, dating as far back as the reign of William Rufus. It possesses a vaulted dungeon with deep recesses in the walls. In a prison on the first floor are some inscriptions cut into the wall, and amongst them is a very elaborate device representing a sphere intersected by lines radiating from the signs of the Zodiac. Above the sphere is this inscription, "Hew :

Draper : of Brystow : made : thys : Spheer : the : 30 : day : of :
Maye : Anno : 1561." Draper was imprisoned on a charge
of sorcery and magic.

One of the most interesting escapes from the Tower is closely connected with this place, and although the story of adventures that befell a poor Jesuit priest named Father Gerard, in the reign of Elizabeth, is a long one, it deserves being told in some detail, for the manner of his escape from the fortress is one of the most curious records of prison-breaking. Father Gerard, together with many other Roman Catholic priests, was hunted down as a criminal of the deepest dye, and being captured, was clapped into the Salt Tower, in a prison on its upper floor, the charge against him being that he was concerned in a plot against the life of the Queen. He was examined on the day of his arrival in the Tower by the Lords of the Council in the Governor's Lodging—now the King's House, and in the same room in which Guy Fawkes was afterwards interrogated. Amongst Father Gerard's judges were the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Francis Bacon, and Sir William Waad. Questioned as to the plot, in which another priest, Father Garnet, was involved, Gerard refused to give any information. He was told that if he persisted in his silence he would be tortured, and an order was produced by which they were given permission (for torture has always been illegal in England) if necessary "to prolong the torture from day to day as long as life lasted." The threat failing in its effect Gerard was taken to "the place appointed for the torture," and, to quote his own words, "We went in a sort of solemn procession, the attendants preceding us with lighted candles because the place was underground (the subterranean passage under the White Tower) and very dark, especially about the entrance. It was a place of immense extent, and in it were ranged divers sorts of racks, and other instruments of torture. Some of these they displayed before me, and told me that I should have

to taste them. They led me to a great upright beam or pillar of wood, which was one of the supports of this vast crypt."

Father Gerard was then hung up by his hands, these having first been placed in iron gauntlets which were attached to an iron rod fixed in the pillar. A stool upon which he stood was taken from under him, and he hung by his wrists, the whole weight of his body depending from them. He was a heavy man, and his sufferings were acute. Whilst in this position the Commissioners looked on, pressing the suffering man with questions, but receiving no reply they left him, and for the next hour the wretched priest hung suspended by his tortured wrists. He fainted several times from the anguish; later in the afternoon Sir William Waad returned and again tried to obtain some confession from Gerard, but when nothing could be wrung from him, Waad turned on his heel in a rage, crying, "Hang thou then, till you rot." Raleigh's description of the Lieutenant of the Tower as "that beast Waad" had certainly some justification. When the tolling of the bell in the Bell Tower gave the signal that the fortress would be closed, the Commissioners were obliged to leave the Tower, and the poor, tortured, half-dead priest was taken down, and, scarcely able to crawl, was led back to his prison in the Salt Tower. On the following day Gerard was again taken to the Lieutenant's Lodging, where Waad informed him that he had been with "Master Secretary Cecil," who knew for a fact that Father Gerard had been mixed up with other plotters in schemes against Elizabeth's life, and that more details would have to be given by him on this matter. Again Gerard refused to say anything that could compromise others, upon which Waad summoned a terrible personage, the chief superintendent of the torturers of the prison, to whom Sir William said, "I deliver this man into your hands. You are to wrack him twice a day until such time as he chooses to confess." Thereupon, says Father Gerard, they went

down again to the torture chamber with the same solemnity as on the previous day, and he was again subjected to the torture of the gauntlets, made additionally painful from the swollen state of his hands and wrists. He swooned repeatedly, and was revived with some difficulty. All through these hours of agony he refused to give one name, or to make any kind of confession of guilt, and Waad swore and raged in vain. As long, Gerard declared, as he lived he would say nothing. For the third time he was tortured and hung up by the wrists. But when Waad at length saw the futility of torturing him to death he ordered him to be taken back to his prison, whence, as we shall see, he effected his escape.

Another Roman Catholic, named John Arden, who was a fellow-prisoner of Gerard's at this time, was confined in the Cradle Tower, a small tower in the Outer Ward standing on the Ballium wall some 100 feet south of the Salt Tower and facing the Thames. The two prisoners were sufficiently near to see each other from their respective prison windows, the space between the two towers being then occupied by the Privy garden of the Palace. Father Gerard persuaded his gaoler to allow him to pay Arden a visit in his prison, and the two men, laying their heads together, concocted the following plan. By writing to their friends outside the tower in orange juice, which caused the letters to be invisible unless subjected to a treatment known to the initiated, Father Gerard succeeded in getting a thin cord with a leaden weight attached to one end. It was further planned that upon a certain night a boat should be brought to a certain place by the river bank opposite the Cradle Tower. On this particular evening Father Gerard lingered late in Arden's prison, and when the pre-arranged hour came they slung the lead at the end of the line across the moat. This was caught by their friends in the boat, and a stout rope having been fastened to the line, the two prisoners hauled it over the roof of the Cradle Tower from the boat, and made it fast. Gerard was

the first to descend from the roof, swarming along the rope in the darkness; and he reached the boat in safety. For three weeks after the torture of the gauntlets, his hands were paralysed, and it was five months before the sense of touch returned to them.

Next to the Salt Tower in the Inner Ward stands the Lanthorn Tower, which has been entirely rebuilt. In former days this tower communicated with the exterior rampart by an embattled gateway; it faces the river and stands half-way between the Salt and the Wakefield Towers. In Henry VIII.'s time the Lanthorn Tower was called the New Tower, and then formed the end of the Queen's Gallery in the Palace, "over the Kyng's bed-chamber and prevy closet," as the survey taken in that reign describes it. This tower had been almost destroyed in a fire in 1788, and what remained was removed, only the basement vault being left. This basement was used as a cellar by the keeper of the soldiers' canteen, which stood on the opposite side of the way: to such base uses had the old tower of the Palace adorned by Henry III. fallen. Henry III. built the Ballium wall and fortified it with this tower, which he fitted up splendidly for his own habitation, and whose chambers he decorated with frescoes; the subject of one of these was the story of Antiochus. The tower was circular in shape, and surmounted by a small turret, as can be seen by referring to Haiward and Gascoyne's plan. After the fire of 1788 a huge unsightly warehouse was built on its site, blocking out the fortress from the river front. This monstrosity was only removed some five-and-twenty years ago. The present building is as nearly as possible a reproduction of the original tower of Henry the Third, by Salvin, who also carried out the building of the handsome curtain wall of the Inner Ward, commencing at the Salt Tower and terminating at the Wakefield Tower.

In an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr A. B. Mitford says that, although it was impossible to

give back the stones that prated of the wars of the Roses, "the old towers and walls rose again as nearly as possible similar to their predecessors as the skill of man could make them," under Salvin's superintendence. There is a view of the old Lanthorn Tower before its destruction in 1788, in a rare print of the early part of the eighteenth century, which is here reproduced.

THE OUTER WARD

The Outer Ward forms a strip of ground varying in breadth from 20 to 100 feet, its wall forming the scarp of the moat. It is defended by bastions to the north-east and north-west, which are 80 feet in diameter, that to the north-east being called the Brass Mount Battery, that to the north-west, Legge's Mount, so named from George Legge, first Earl of Dartmouth, who was Master-General of Ordnance in the reign of Charles II. The Brass Mount probably derived its name from the cannon with which it was mounted. Between these bastions is a more modern one, called the North Bastion. These three bastions defend the north side of the fortress. Of the five towers which protected the Palace on the river front, the Byward and St Thomas's Towers have already been described. There remain the Cradle, the Well, and the Develin Towers to notice.

The Cradle Tower stands parallel with the Well Tower on the outer or curtain wall. It was through an archway in the Cradle Tower that the principal entrance from the river lay in former times. From the top of the tower a square-shaped turret rises on the western side. The Cradle Tower dates from the reign of Henry III., and prisoners were landed here as well as at Traitor's Gate, entering the fortress over a drawbridge. Its upper chambers, which were in the form of the letter T, are believed to have formed part of the Palace. The present tower is altogether modern, having been rebuilt from the foundations in 1878.

The next tower on the curtain wall is the Well Tower, also entirely rebuilt. It is rectangular, and forms a portion of the curtain wall. Its basement lies below the level of the Inner Ward, and within it is a vaulted chamber 11 feet high by 14 feet wide, from which a well staircase leads to an upper room, and thence on to the rampart.

The last of these towers at the eastern end of the fortress is the Develin Tower. In 1549 it was known as Galligman's Tower, and in the plan of the Tower in 1597 it is called the "tower leading to the Inner Gate." Formerly, it was used as a powder magazine.

THE WHITE TOWER

In the days of the Plantagenets, "La Tour Blanche" owed that appellation to its having been frequently white-washed. The earliest of these whitewashings took place in the reign of Edward III., since whose reign it is impossible to guess how often the grim old building has been externally whitened. In an illumination taken from an old French MS. made in the reign of Henry V., and preserved in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, of the poems of Charles of Orleans, the vivid whiteness of the old Norman White Tower stands out in bold relief surrounded by the dark towers and walls of the fortress. And after half-a-thousand years of London grime and smoke, the White Tower remains the same "Tour Blanche" of the days of the Plantagenets.

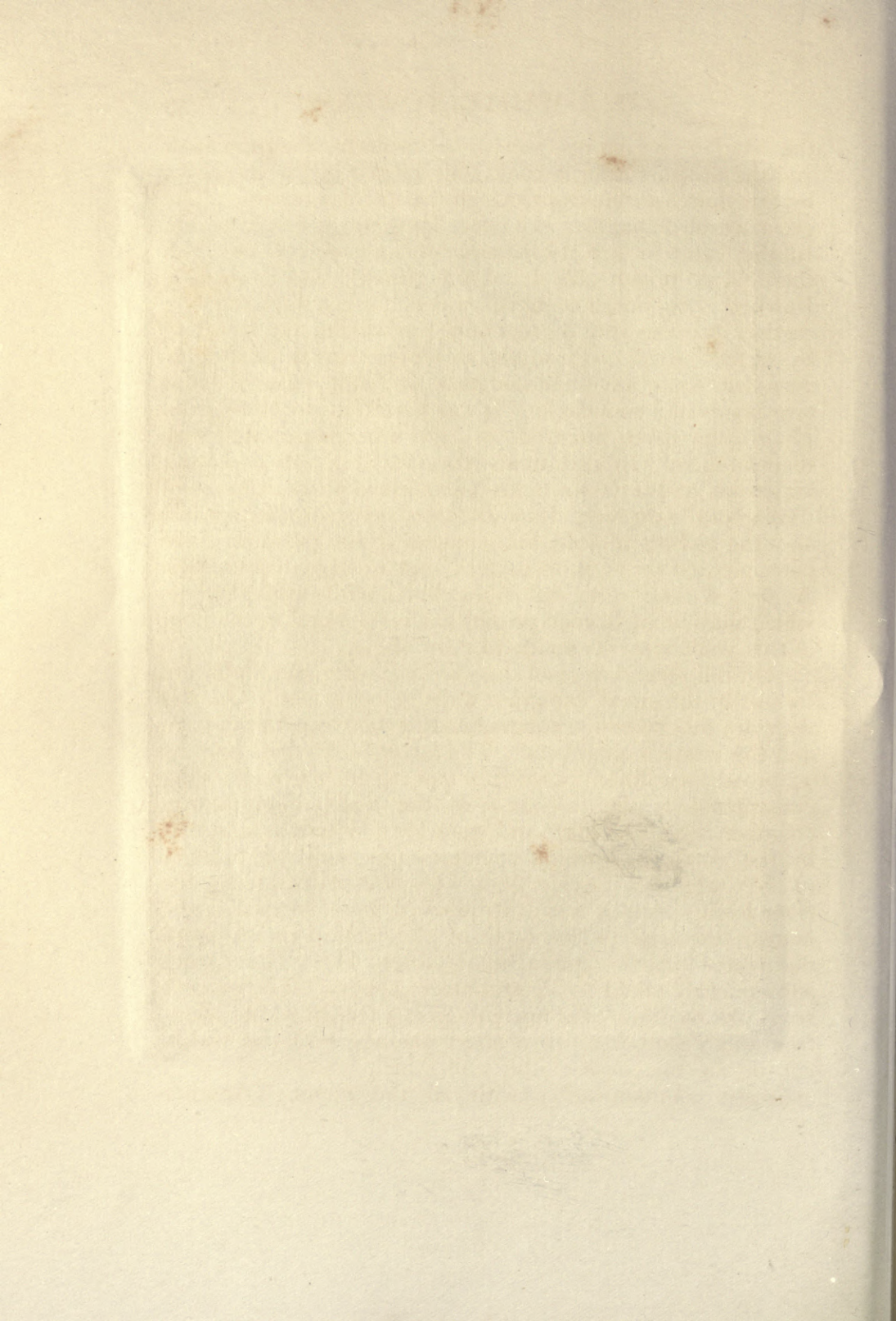
The old Norman keep of the Tower has changed but little in outward aspect since it was limned in the old illumination of the MS. of Charles of Orleans, some six centuries ago. The general features are the same, and even the little leaden roofs of the four turrets at the angles, appeared then much as they do to-day. No one has been able to inform me as to the period when the leaden tops first capped the masonry of this tower. Two great authorities on the history of the Tower—Professor Freeman and Mr Clark—

have told us how Norman William, on crossing the Thames, found that London was protected on its landward side by a Roman wall—the defences of ancient Augusta—a wall strengthened by mural towers, and an external moat. Of these relics of ancient Augusta, a fragment is to be seen at the eastern end of the White Tower. According to both historians, the building of the White Tower was commenced in 1078. When a tramway was run from the river wharf, some years ago, to the base of the White Tower for the shipment of stores, the engineers had to excavate some 20 feet of solid masonry into the Norman keep, such was its huge strength and solidity. Freeman always writes with enthusiasm of the Tower—"the mighty Tower of London," he loves to call it; and when he wrote of the Tower, he had the White Tower in his mind. Regarding the builders of the White Tower, Freeman quotes the following Latin text from Hearn's "Textus Roffensis"—"*Dum idem Gundulfus, ex praecepto Regis Wilhelmi Magni, prœesset operi magnae turris Londoniae, et hospitatus fuisset apud ipsum Ædmerum.*" The name Tower, and not Castle, adds Freeman, belonged to the fortress of Gundulfus from the first.

It will be necessary here to give some figures and proportions of this ancient keep. Its height is 90 feet from ground to battlements. The Keep has four turrets, three being circular, and one square. The windows were much modernised by Sir Christopher Wren, but those in the upper storey are the least altered; only one pair of these, however, have been left in their original state. It was from this window that Bishop Flambard is said to have made his escape. A stone staircase, 11 feet wide, and built in the circular turret on the north-east of the Keep, communicates with all the floors and leads to the roof. The basement of the Keep is a little below the level of the soil on the north side, and is flush with it on the south side. The walls are from 12 to 15 feet thick, the internal area being 91 feet by 73 feet. The large chambers have timbered ceilings, and



Stone Staircase in the White Tower.



"Sub-crypt" ^{is} prison: not a separate prison

THE WHITE TOWER

55

the smaller are stone-vaulted. Formerly, the basement and the prison within it could only be reached from above, by the staircase running through the circular turret. The great western chamber is 91 feet long by 35 feet in width. In the vault or sub-crypt under the Chapel of St John there is a prison called "Little Ease," and here Guy Fawkes is supposed to have passed his last fifty days on earth. It opens into a great dungeon which is 47 feet long by 15 feet broad. Formerly, this place was in total darkness, and could have had but little air; at its eastern end it terminates in a semicircle. It was here that in the reign of King John some hundreds of Jews were imprisoned with their families. In later times it was fitted up into a powder magazine, and it is not many years since it was cleared of "villainous" saltpetre. Its walls have been coated with brick, and the ceiling refaced and vaulted, whilst passages have been pierced through its eastern and western extremities. A well 6 feet wide, its sides lined with ashlar stone, which may be of Roman origin, has been found in the floor of this vault, near its south-western angle. *as in Boyle's*

On the second floor of the White Tower the walls are 13 feet in thickness, the cross walls being 8 feet. On this floor are five openings communicating between the eastern and the western chambers. The latter is 92 feet long by 37 broad; a vaulted passage 2 feet 10 inches wide being constructed in the thickness of the wall. The eastern chamber is 68 feet long and 30 wide. There is a recess in the north wall which communicates with the exterior of the tower by a double flight of stone stairs facing the river front. And it was at the foot of these steps that the bones, supposed to be those of the little Princes, were discovered in the reign of Charles II. They were subsequently taken to Westminster Abbey. The present stairs are modern. An ancient door, 3 feet in width, opens from this chamber on to a short passage, 5 feet in width, cut in the thickness of the wall, which leads to the well staircase communicating with all the floors. Another

crypt of St. John

from the inscription

door in the south wall leads into the crypt of St John's Chapel, which is 13 feet 6 inches broad by 39 feet in height; at the east end it is apsidal. Near the apse is a passage 2 feet wide which leads into a vaulted cell 8 feet long by 10 wide. This cell has no windows, and when, in former times, the door, which has been removed, was closed, this dismal prison was plunged in total darkness. It has been asserted, without any foundation, that this cell was that in which Raleigh passed his first imprisonment in the Tower. There is not a shadow of proof to corroborate this. It was probably used in the early years of the fortress as a strong-room for the safekeeping of the church treasure. Although no proof exists as to the imprisonment of Raleigh in this black hole, prisoners were confined here in the days of the sanguinary Queen Mary, as is shown by some half-obliterated inscriptions which can still be seen on the sides of the doorway leading from the crypt to the cell. In one of these the following words have been traced—"He that endureth to the ende shall be saved. M. 10. R. Rudston. Dar. Kent. Ano. 1553." "Be faithful unto deth, and I wil give the a crowne of life.—J. Fane. 1554." Also the following:—"T. Culpeper of Darford." These persons were implicated in the Wyatt insurrection. Lord de Ros mentions rather vaguely in his book on the Tower, an inscription which was discovered about 1867 "in the vault of the White Tower," of which the following is a copy:—"Sacris vestibus indutus dum sacra mysteria servans, captus et in hoc augusto carcere indusus.—R. Fisher."

rooms are

crypt

sides

Until some thirty years ago this crypt was used as an armoury, and here many may remember having seen a figure of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a wooden steed, in a dress supposed to have been worn by her when she returned thanks at St Paul's for the destruction of the Armada. (This is now in the lower gallery of the White Tower.)

The rooms on this floor of the tower are 15 feet high,

with wooden ceilings, which are supported by massive wooden pillars placed in double rows. These wooden columns are comparatively modern, and were probably placed here when the rooms were converted into an armoury, store rooms, and record offices. They are now filled with small-arms, and the roofs are supported by beams strengthened with iron girders. The ancient fireplaces still remain in the eastern wall.

On the second floor of the White Tower are three great chambers. That to the west is 95 feet by 32; that to the east 64 feet by 32; they are 15 feet high. St John's Chapel, which is on the second floor, forms its cross chamber, and rises through the roof to the top of the tower. A mural passage at the extremity of the western chamber leads to the west end of the south aisle. Mr Clark believes that this was formerly a private entrance from the Palace into the Chapel, being connected with the State rooms of the Tower, one of which is still called the Banqueting Hall.

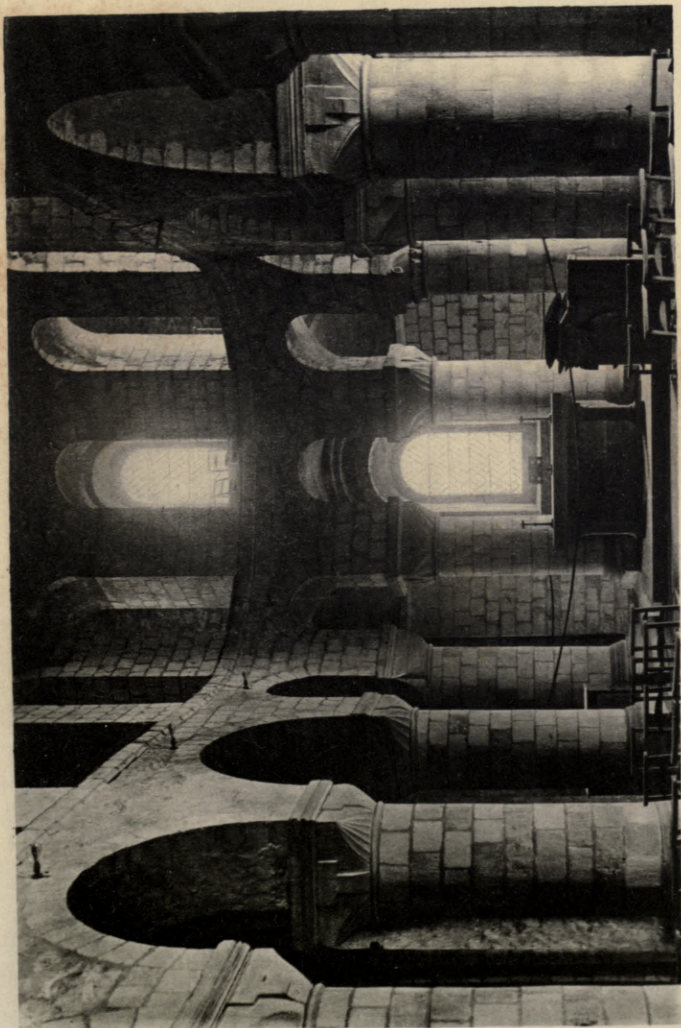
The fourth floor of the Keep is called the State Floor, and is divided into three chambers 28 feet in height. The room to the west, which is called the Council Chamber, was the scene of that episode at the commencement of the reign of Richard III., immortalised by Shakespeare, when that monarch accused Lord Hastings of treason and had him taken out to instant execution (*Richard III.* Act iii. Scene 4). This chamber is 95 feet long by 46 wide. Within the exterior walls runs a vaulted passage communicating with the stairs in the north-eastern turret. It was in this passage, which is only 3 feet in width, that the soldiers were concealed when Richard had planned Hastings's death. In Norman times this chamber was used as a State prison, and it was from one of its windows that Bishop Flambard let himself down by a rope. It was also the prison of Charles of Orleans in the reign of Henry V., and had probably served the same purpose in the reign of Edward III., and may have held in its walls

both King John of France and David, King of Scotland ; here, too, the brothers Mortimer were probably imprisoned in 1324.

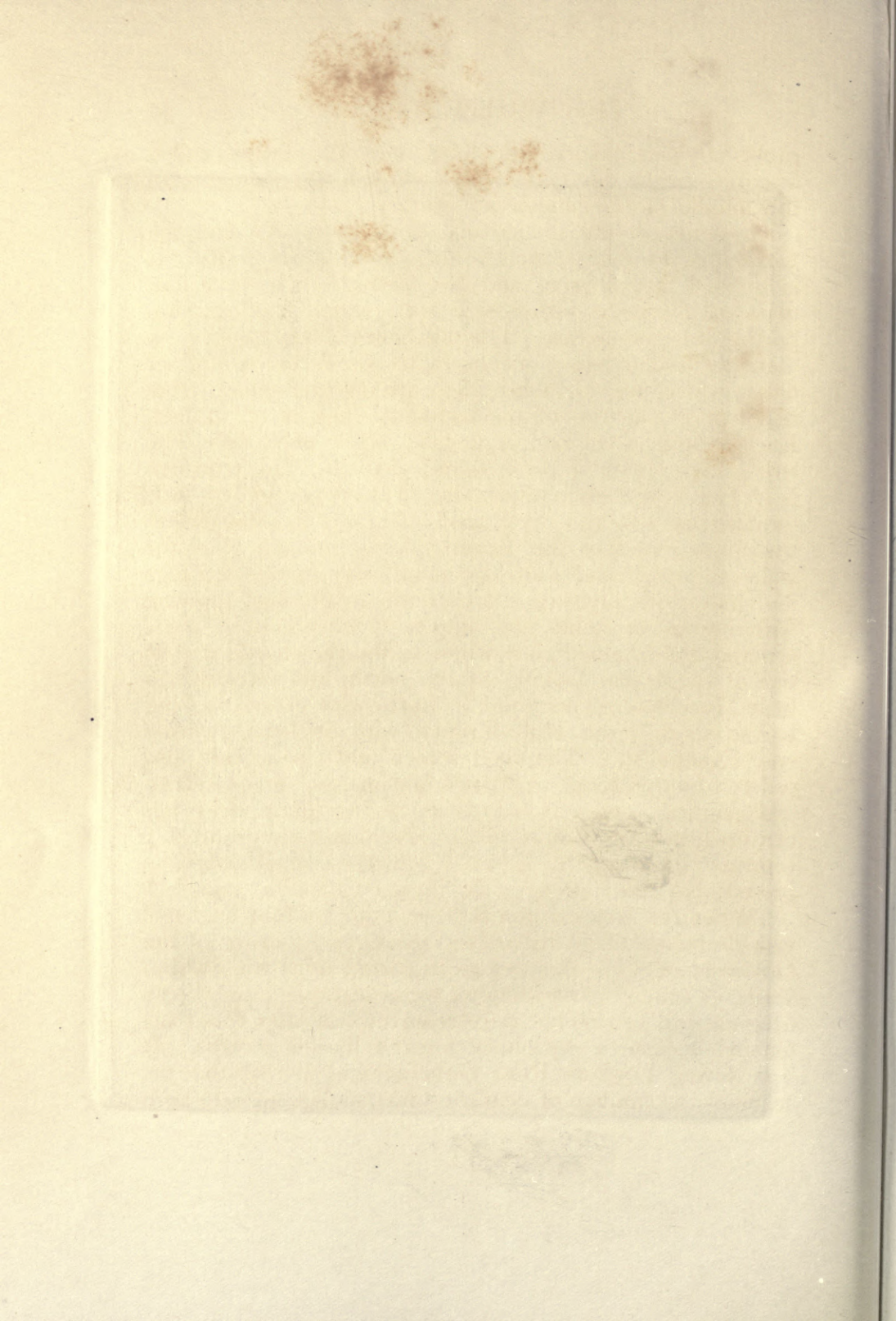
It is not easy to picture in one's mind the appearance of this place when used as a State prison, or as a Council Chamber, for the only view of the interior of the Tower that has come down to us from the Middle Ages is the little illumination in the Harleian MSS., which has been reproduced in this work, in which Charles of Orleans is seen writing in this chamber surrounded by his guards.

The earliest account of the interior of the Tower occurs in Paul Hentzner's description of his visit in the reign of Elizabeth. "Upon entering the Tower," he writes, "we were obliged to quit our swords at the gate and deliver them to the guard. When we were introduced, we were shown above a hundred pieces of arras belonging to the Crown, made of gold, silver, and silk ; several saddles covered with velvet of different colours ; an immense quantity of bed furniture, such as canopies, and the like, some of them most richly ornamented with pearl ; some royal dresses, so extremely magnificent as to raise one's admiration at the sums they must have cost. We were then led into the armoury." But I will reserve what Hentzner said about the arms and the armour until later. This intelligent German traveller pertinently remarks : "It is to be noted, that when any of the nobility are sent hither on the charge of high crimes punishable with death, such as treason, etc., they seldom or never recover their liberty."

With the exception of the Lady Chapel at Durham Cathedral, St John's Chapel in the White Tower is the most beautiful of the Norman chapels in England, and it was owing to the excellent advice given by the Prince Consort that this splendid relic of Norman times has received, if not its former splendour, something of its pristine condition. Although no attempt has been made to re-decorate its walls and interior, it is now cleansed of the



Interior of St. John's Chapel.



rubbish which covered its floor, until the Prince called attention to the desecration with which it was treated until the middle of the nineteenth century.

Inclusive of the semicircular apse at its east end, the Chapel is 55 feet 6 inches long by 31 feet wide. It is divided into a nave and two aisles, which have four massive pillars on either side with varied capitals, supporting thirteen arches. The pillars are 2 feet 6 inches in diameter and 6 feet 6 inches high, not inclusive of their bases, which are 20 inches high, giving the pillars from the floor to the top of the capitals a height of 10 feet. Each capital is cut out of a solid block of stone. The stone ceiling of the nave is barrel shaped. The triforium is 7 feet 6 inches in diameter. The upper gallery was formerly used by the royal family, and communicated with the State rooms of the Palace. It is probable that the walls of this chapel were decorated with mural paintings and hung with tapestry, the windows to the east glowing with figures of saints and angels. Henry III., in 1240, ordered three stained glass windows for the chapel, and in one of these, that looking to the north, was pictured "a little Mary holding her child." In the two others, looking to the south, "the Holy Trinity, with St John, Apostle and Evangelist." The rood screen and Cross were also ordered by this King, and "two fair images" to be set up and painted, "et fieri faciatis et depingi duas ymagines centius fieri possint in capella." The latter were probably representations of St Edward holding a ring which he presents to the Patron of the Royal Chapel.

When the Reformation came in 1550, St John's Chapel was despoiled of all its artistic treasures by order of the Government. Its frescoes were coated over with white-wash, its stained glass windows were destroyed, and all its ecclesiastical ornaments were removed; in later times the Chapel became a repository for the Tower records. It was during Lord de Ros's Governorship in 1857 that the accumulated lumber of centuries was, as has already been

said, in consequence of Prince Albert's wish, cleared away from the Chapel. It had actually been proposed to turn this beautiful building into a military tailor's warehouse. Such was the honour bestowed on this sacred and beautiful English building comparatively only a few years ago. But in recent years it must be admitted that we have shown a more enlightened regard towards the relics connected with the history of our country, none of which is of greater interest, or more worthy of regard and veneration, than the old Norman Chapel of St John's in the Tower.

Royal scenes of pomp and mourning this ancient building has beheld within its mighty walls. All our Norman and Plantagenet kings here worshipped a God whose laws they seldom obeyed. Here lay in state the corpse of the White Rose of York, Elizabeth, the Queen of Henry VII. ; and here, those upon whom the honour of knighthood was to be conferred, passed their solemn all-night vigil, watching their armour.

The summit of the White Tower covers a space of 100 feet on the eastern side, by 113 on the north and south. The four turrets, the most conspicuous points in any view of the Tower, rise 16 feet above this leaden field, and each is crowned with pepper-box-shaped roofs made of lead. The turret crowning the south-eastern angle contains a chamber traditionally known as the prison of Joan of Kent. In the early years of the eighteenth century it was used as an observatory by Flambar, the Astronomer-Royal, and a contemporary of Isaac Newton, some years before the great Observatory was built at Greenwich.

Although cannon were mounted on the roof in Tudor days, the platform could not have supported very heavy artillery, as it was only built of shingle. As I have said elsewhere, no record has come down to us of the time when the turrets with their little pepper-castor tops were first placed there, but the Harleian MSS. prove that similar ones existed as far back as the reign of Henry V.

There is much difference of opinion as to the original mode of entrance into the White Tower. Probably the principal entrance lay on the south and river side of the Keep, near its western angle, for on the second floor there is a large opening on the exterior of the masonry which has parallel sides, and was doubtless formerly used as a doorway. Near this opening, and on the eastern side of the Keep, is a small door opening into the base of the well staircase. Both Mr Clark and Mr Birch believe that these doors formerly communicated with a building which stood on the south of the White Tower, having its outer entrance at the east end. This building would probably date back to the days of the Normans.

The main entrance of the White Tower opened out on the first floor of the Keep, whence a turnpike staircase led up to the second floor, and downwards to the basement with its dungeons. The mural corridors or passages in the thickness of the walls which encircle the State rooms, are so narrow that only one person could pass along them at a time, which would have been of great advantage in case of an attack on the building, for a small number of men could have defended the White Tower against a host of besiegers. The Normans showed a rare skill in the strategic construction of their strongholds. For instance, in the ruined Castle of Arques near Dieppe, a contemporary building, the plan of its Keep resembles in structure that of the White Tower. These Normans were master builders, and the skilful manner in which they concealed the entrances to their fortresses is well worth study. Their keeps were generally rectangular, and in no instance is the entrance of these towers on the ground floor, or in a conspicuous part of the building. At the Castle of Arques the entrance to the Keep is carefully concealed, as was the case with the White Tower, and is fully 30 feet above the level of the ground, besides being hidden and protected by a massive and lofty wall which forms a part of the Keep. A tortuous passage leads into the heart of the

building, but before it could be entered, a very long and almost perpendicular staircase had to be mounted. This staircase commenced in the thickness of the wall of one of the outer counter-forts, placed at the northern angle of the fortress, which wound along the inner face of the Keep, giving access to a landing, beyond which was the passage that led into the fortress. Before the kernel of the Keep could be reached, another narrow passage, cut out of the thickness of the wall, had to be passed; this passage was on the level of the first floor. This style of defensive construction was introduced by the Conqueror and his clerical architect, the quondam monk of the Abbey of Bec in Normandy, who ended his life as Bishop of Rochester; and to these two men we owe the solidity and time-defying strength of the great Norman White Tower.

In order to complete this Norman system of defensive architecture it was necessary to suppress all unnecessary openings, such as windows, in the lower stages of the massive square towers. Consequently, the Norman windows, which were only narrow slits in the masonry, called by the significant name of *meurtrières*, from the use made of them by the besieged to hurl missiles or pour boiling oil, or lead, upon the enemy beneath, were always restricted in numbers, and were always placed in the upper parts of the Keep. For this reason Sir Christopher Wren, by placing the large windows with their stone facings, now in the White Tower, completely destroyed one of the most characteristic features of its Norman workmanship, an extraordinary act of vandalism for so great an architect. In our day Salvin restored some of the Norman windows on the western side of the White Tower—those belonging to St John's Chapel—and one regrets that he did not carry out the restoration throughout the building, for in looking at any representation of the White Tower taken before the Great Fire, one sees how much the old Norman Keep has lost in character by Wren's tasteless substitution of Carolean for Norman windows.

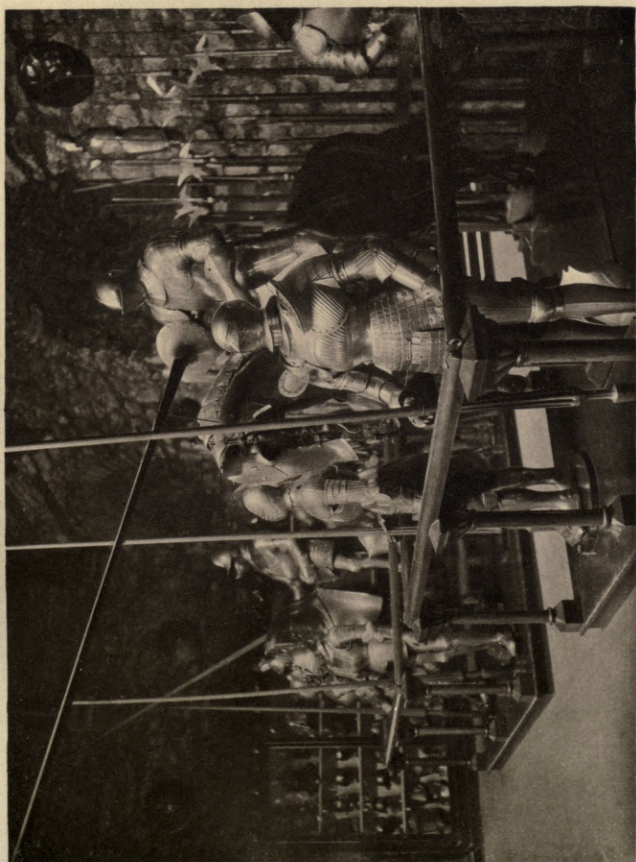
Of the prisoners of State who passed weary years within the White Tower, mention has already been made of Charles of Orleans. Stevenson's description in his "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," relating to the imprisonment of the Duke, gives a perfect word-picture: "In the magnificent copy of Charles's poems, given by our Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York on the occasion of their marriage, a large illumination figures at the head of one of the pages which, in chronological perspective, is almost a history of his imprisonment. It gives a view of London with all its spires, the river passing through the old bridge, and busy with boats. One side of the White Tower has been taken out, and we can see, as under a sort of shrine, the paved room where the Duke sits writing. He occupies a high-backed bench in front of a great chimney: red and black ink are before him, and the upper end of the apartment is guarded by many halberdiers, with the red cross of England on their breasts. On the next side of the tower he appears again, leaning out of the window and gazing on the river. Doubtless, there blows just then 'a pleasant wind from out the land of France,' and some ships come up the river, 'the ship of good news.' At the door we find him yet again, this time embracing a messenger, while a groom stands by holding two saddled horses. And yet further to the left, a cavalcade defiles out of the Tower; the Duke is on his way at last towards 'the sunshine of France.'"

Referring to his imprisonment in England at the trial of the Duke d'Alençon, the Duke said, "I have had experience myself, and in my prison of England, for the weariness, danger, and displeasure in which I then lay, I have many a time wished I had been slain at the battle where they took me."

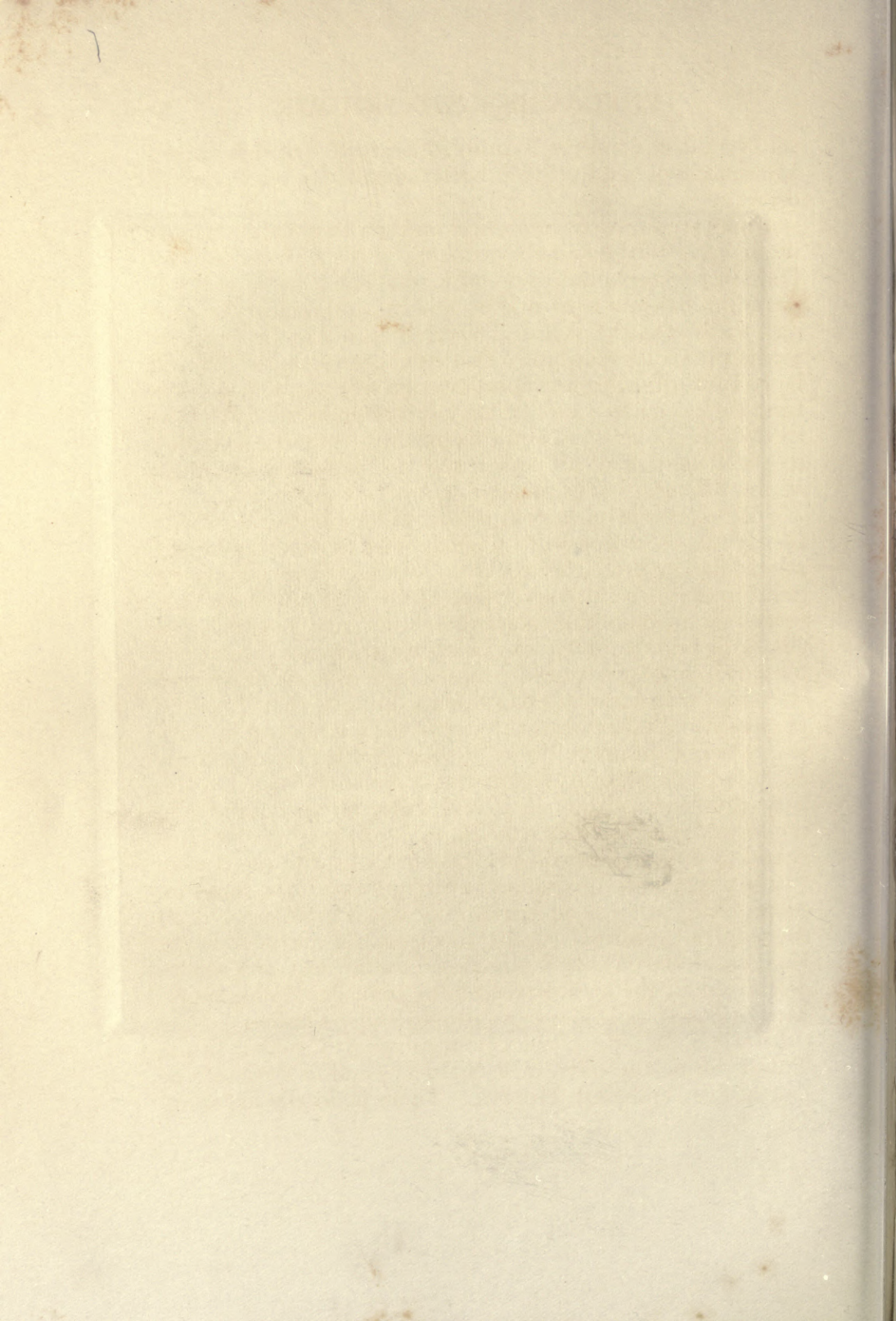
It was one of Joan of Arc's hallucinations that could Charles of Orleans be delivered from his captivity in England and restored to France, that country would be delivered from its conquerors. She declared that he was

specially favoured by the Almighty, and longed with all the strength of her great heart to restore him to her native land, and said that if there was no other way of freeing him, she would herself cross the sea and bring him back with her. When, after many years, Charles of Orleans was released, the heroic girl had met her martyrdom nine years before. It is a strange coincidence that whilst the Keep of the Tower held the French poet prince within its walls, another Royal captive, James the First of Scotland, was whiling away the days of his imprisonment by writing verses in the Keep of Windsor Castle.

Until quite recently, the collection of arms and armour stored in the White Tower and the adjacent galleries was in a disgraceful state of neglect, and even in a worse condition than that of mere neglect, for the custodians, in their ignorance, gave names and titles to the arms and armour which must have caused infinite amusement to visitors who possessed any knowledge of the subject. The middle-aged may recall the rows of so-called English kings, beginning with the Plantagenets and ending with the Stuarts, seated on wooden horses. If I mistake not, one of these was dubbed Edward I., and yet another mythical gentleman on his wooden steed played the *rôle* of a "Royal Crusader." These things were as genuine as Mrs Jarley's Waxworks. "Previous to the year 1826," write Britton and Brayley in their history of the Tower, "nothing could present a more incongruous mass of discordant materials than the Horse Armoury of the Tower of London. Armour of the time of Edward the Sixth was ignorantly appropriated to that of William the Conqueror: foot soldiers were ranged between the horsemen, and those humble ciceroni, the warders, ascribed to the various implements of war names and uses, alike unknown, either in ancient or modern warfare." But better times were at hand, and a great authority on ancient armour, and the owner of the finest collection of it in England, Dr S. R. Meyrick, undertook to arrange the armour in the Tower. Another expert in armour, J. R. Planché, Somer-



Howe and Foot Armour (XVIth Century)



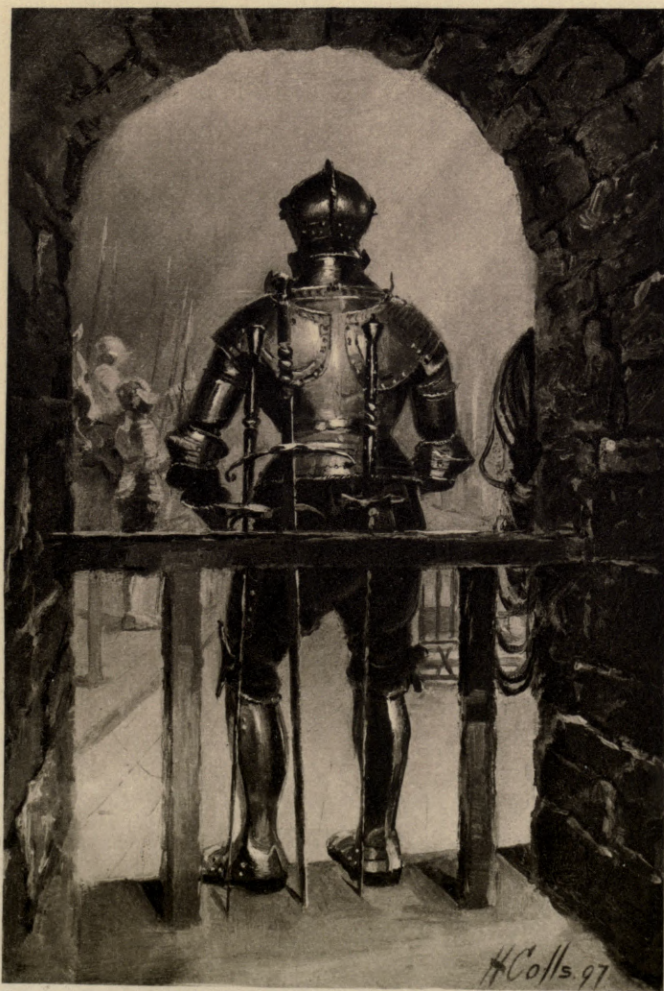
set Herald, and author of an able history of British costume, as well as of many clever burlesques and extravaganzas, drew up a catalogue. But a huge mass of rubbish and spurious armour were allowed even then to remain amongst the historic and genuine specimens. It is only since Lord Dillon undertook the great task, on which he is still engaged, of entirely re-arranging and re-cataloguing the arms and armour in the White Tower, that it can be properly studied and appreciated. The new catalogue, which will be a work of historic importance, is still unpublished, but from the accounts Lord Dillon has written of the collection, and which is published in the excellent "Authorised Guide" to the Tower and its contents, I am indebted for much of the following information.

Although not to compare in extent or importance with the great collections of Madrid, Vienna, or Turin, the armour in the White Tower must be, to an Englishman, of great interest, for, although none of the suits of armour date further back than the fifteenth century, and but very few single pieces are of an earlier epoch, there are among the former, suits of great beauty and of high historic value, and it is the only national collection of armour that England possesses. As far back as the year 1213 arms and military stores were kept in the White Tower. In that year Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, was commanded to surrender with the fortress "the arms and other stores within"; in the second year of Henry the Third's reign, a mandate was issued to the Archdeacon of Durham to send to the Tower "twenty-six suits of armour, five iron cuarasses, one iron collar, three pair of iron fetters, and nine iron helmets." In the reign of Edward II. we find that a certain "John de Flete, Keeper of the Wardrobe in the Tower," was ordered to deliver up all the armour therein to John de Montgomery. This armour had belonged to Montgomery's father.

Various documents are extant relating to armour in the Tower during the reign of Richard II., and in those of the fourth, fifth, and sixth Henrys. There is, in the library of

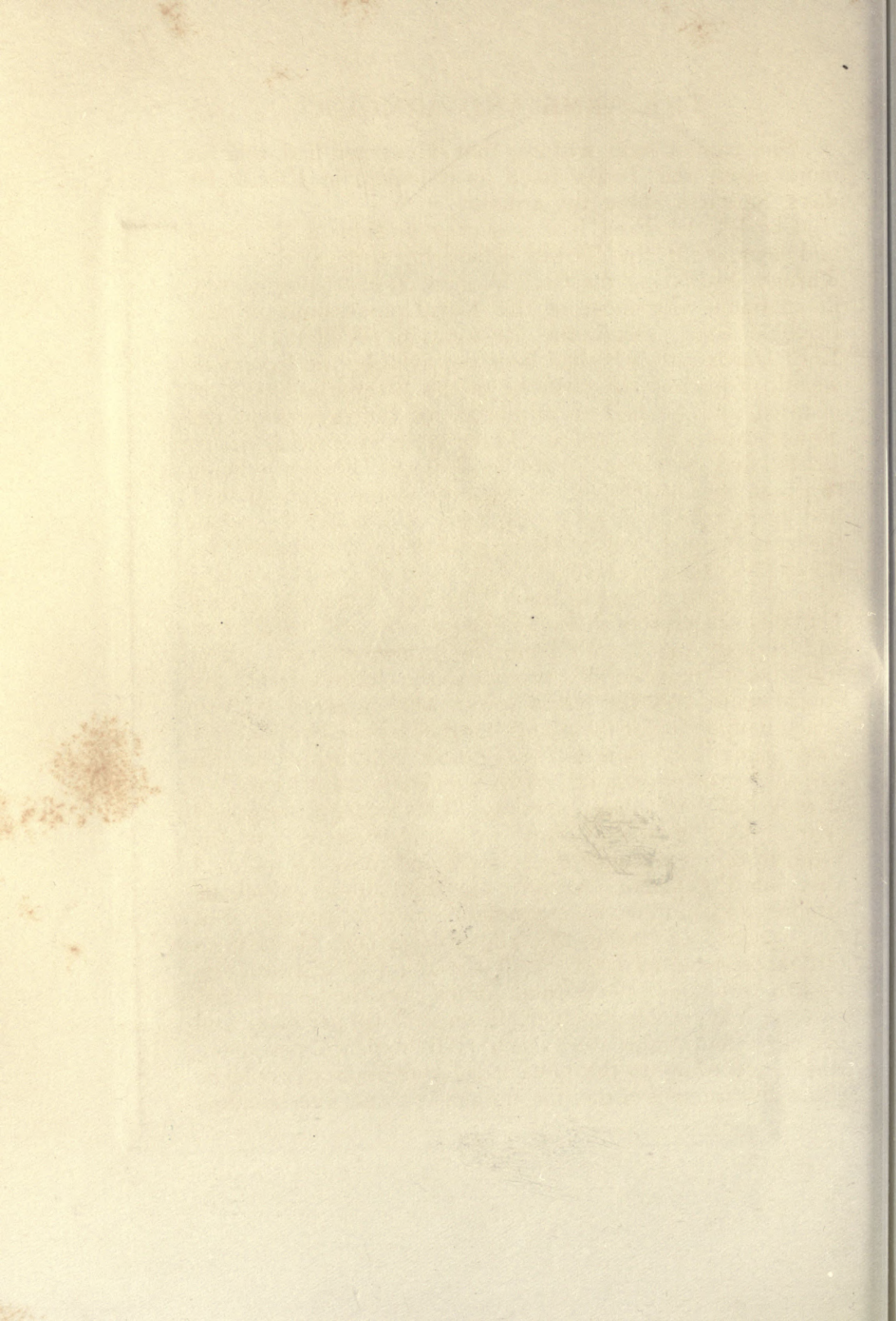
the Society of Antiquaries, an inventory in MSS. of the arms and ammunition kept in different castles in the kingdom, written in the first year of the reign of Edward the Sixth. In this work particular mention is made of some "brigandines" in the Tower. These were military jackets. Other offensive and defensive weapons are enumerated, such as targets, pole-axes, "great holy water sprinklers" (a kind of stave with a cylindrical-shaped end, "and with a spear-point at the top," according to Meyrick). In the reign of Elizabeth, we hear of cross-bows and arrows in the Tower, of "bow-stones" and of "slurbowes," as well as half-a-dozen different kinds of armour.

At the beginning of this notice of the White Tower, I mentioned Paul Hentzner's description of the armour he saw. He writes as follows:—"We were next led into the armoury, in which are these peculiarities: spears, out of which you may shoot; shields, that will give fire four times; a great many rich halberds, commonly called partuisans, with which the guard defend the royal person in battle; some lances, covered with red and green velvet, and the body-armour of Henry VIII. Many and very beautiful arms, as well for men as for horses in horse fights—(Hentzner probably means tournaments);—the lance of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, three spans thick; two pieces of cannon—the one fires three, the other seven balls at a time; two others made of wood, which the English had at the siege of Boulogne, in France. And by this stratagem, without which they could not have succeeded, they struck a terror into the inhabitants, as at the appearance of artillery, and the town was surrendered upon articles; nineteen cannons of a thicker make than ordinary, and in a room apart, thirty-six of a smaller; other cannon for chain shot, and balls proper to bring down masts of ships; cross-bows, bows and arrows, of which to this day the English make great use in their exercises; but who can relate all that is to be seen here. Eight or nine men, employed by the year, are scarce sufficient to keep all the arms bright."



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German Armour (XVIth Century)



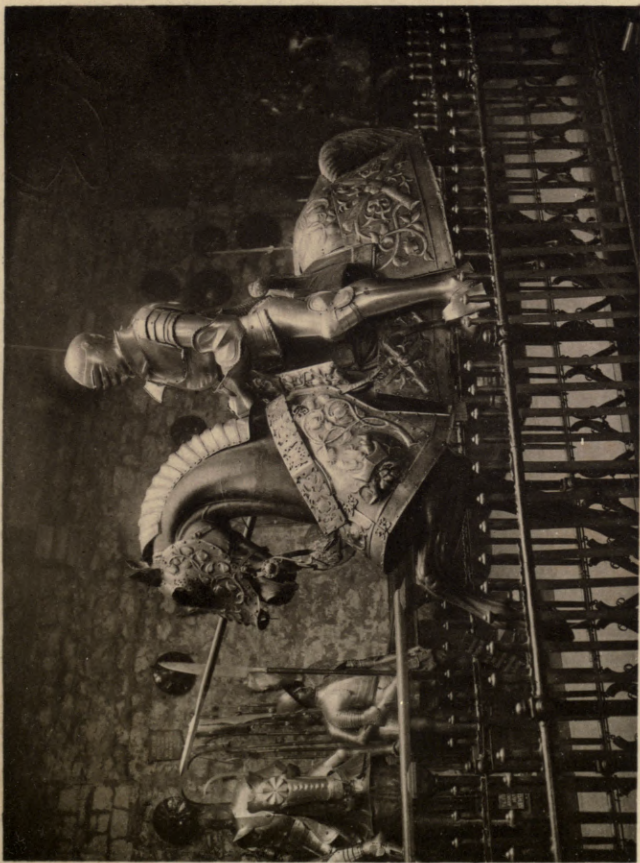
One cannot help wishing that Hentzner had told us more about the Tower itself as it looked in Elizabeth's days, and less about the armour.

Charles the First had a survey written of the arms and armour in the Tower when he succeeded to the Throne, but during the Civil War much of it disappeared, in common with most of the Royal possessions in that troubled time. After the Restoration, William Legge, Lord Dartmouth, who had been deprived by the Commonwealth of his post of "Master of the Armouries," was reinstated, and he had an inventory of the armour in the Tower drawn up in 1660. There is an interesting list in Britton and Brayley's Tower book of the different officers to whom the making of the military stores in the Tower had been entrusted, up to the time of Charles II., when the employment of the following ceased:—There was first the "Balistarius," who lodged in the Bowyer Tower, and who provided the cross-bows. In the reign of Henry III. this officer received a shilling a day and "a doublet and surcoat furred with lambskin" once a year. The "Attiliator Balistarum" provided the harness and accoutrements for the cross-bows: and received "seven pence halfpenny per diem and a suitable robe every year." Then came the "Bowyer," an inferior Balistarius; he also received a robe annually. After him came the "Fletcher," or maker of the flèches or arrows. This craftsman supplied arrows to the whole army. To him succeeded the "Galeator," the maker of helmets and head-pieces, and after him the Armourer, who made and supervised all the armour and military accoutrements in the Tower. But the greatest of these was the Master of the King's Ordnance, who, as far back as the reign of Edward the Fourth, provided all warlike stores for the Army and also the Navy. He received eleven shillings per diem, and his clerk and valet were each paid sixpence per diem, which, according to the present value of money, would be about five pounds a day for the master, and five shillings

for the two men. At the close of the reign of George the Third the following officers formed the Board of Ordnance:—First came the Master-General, chosen from among the Generals of the Army, “who by virtue of his office was Colonel-in-Chief of the Artillery and Engineers.” Next to him came the Surveyor-General, the head of all the store departments. Beneath him ranked the Clerk of the Ordnance; then the Store-keeper, the Clerk of the Deliveries; and, closing the list, a Treasurer and a Paymaster, both attached to the Ordnance Office.

Returning to the White Tower and its memories, the changes and revolutions that its massive walls have witnessed, rise before the mind. Merely glancing at the changes of fashion, as seen in the suits of armour in its armoury, one is carried back to the Middle Ages. And although the armour is all of a later time, the Norman barons in their steel-ringed surcoats and pointed helmets, as they are pourtrayed on the Bayeux tapestry, have been seen here. All the chivalry of England, from the time of the Normans down to our present Guardsmen with their bearskin head-dresses, are closely bound up with the old Norman fortress, and it should be remembered that from the end of the eleventh century up to the present day the Tower has always retained the rank and position of chief fortress and depository of arms in the realm, and so may still be regarded as the “Arx Palatina” of the British Empire.

The oldest armour in the Tower are some “bassinets” of the second half of the fourteenth century. Until the death of Henry VIII., the royal collection of armour was kept in the Palace at Greenwich, and the possessions of that monarch now form by far the finest portion of the Tower Armoury, consisting of several splendid suits of armour given him by the Emperor Maximilian. The best armour was made in Italy and Germany, and Henry, who loved a fine suit of armour almost as much as a handsome woman, had a number of skilled armourers sent



Nuremberg Armour (17th Century)



to England to work for him. As we see by Hentzner's narrative, foreigners of distinction were shown the collection of armour in the Tower as one of the principal sights of London. During the Civil War a great deal of the armour was carried away from the Tower, and but little of it was returned, even when the Restoration had become an accomplished fact.

The collection now occupies the two upper floors of the White Tower. On the lower floor are kept the more modern weapons and the Oriental armour, of which there is a great quantity. On the upper floor the far more interesting of the earlier weapons, and all the suits of foot and horse armour, are ranged along the walls and in rows down the middle of the hall, making an imposing show of mounted and unmounted mail-clad figures of men and horses.

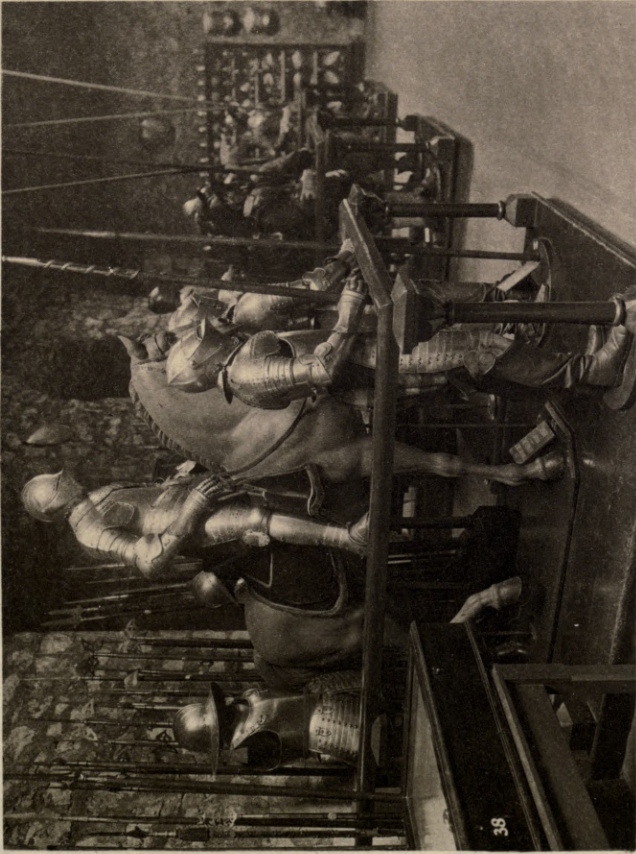
In the lower floor we will only take a glance at the Indian and Oriental arms and at the modern European weapons, as these are of little historical interest. There are, however, amongst them some relics of the so-called "good old days" worthy of inspection. These consist of a grim collection of instruments of death and torture. Here, for instance, are the thumbscrews, the bilboes, and the Scavenger's Daughter—in the last the victim was almost bent double in its iron embrace. Here, too, is an iron collar, very massive, with a row of iron spikes within its ring, which, when fastened round the sufferer's neck, must speedily have caused death. This horrible instrument is incorrectly stated to have been taken in one of the ships of the Armada, but Lord Dillon vouches for its having been used in the Tower long before the Spanish ships were seen in the Channel. Here, too, is a small model of the rack, the most general form of torture employed in the Tower during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when even women were cruelly torn almost limb from limb by its cords and pulleys. This toy rack does not give so vivid an impression of the torture as

does a small wood-cut from Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Here is also the block, with the axe. The latter was kept here as far back as the year 1687, so it is uncertain whether it is the axe that was used for the execution of the Duke of Monmouth and William, Lord Russell, but it is probable that it was the one used for beheading the rebel lords after the two Jacobite risings in Scotland, and it was undoubtedly used for decapitating Lord Lovat in 1747.

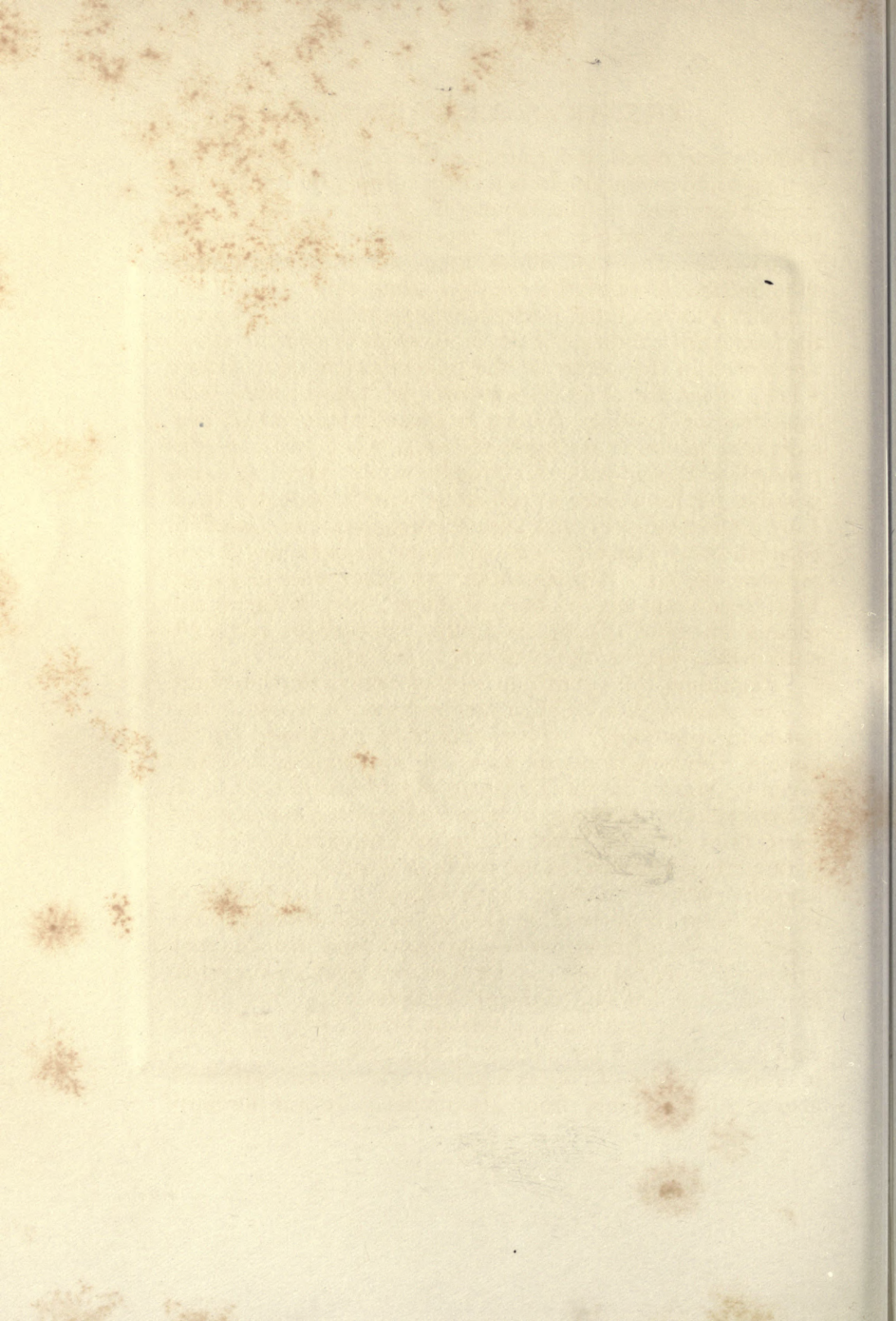
As regards the block, it appears to have been the custom for a new one to be made for each State execution, and although there is more than one mark made by the axe on the top of this block, it does not follow that it was used for more than one execution.

The upper floor is reached by a staircase in the south-eastern corner of the Tower. On reaching this upper floor a collection of spears of all sorts and sizes is seen. Among these is a formidable-looking weapon called a "holy water sprinkler," which consists of a staff with a wooden ball at the top, covered with long iron spikes. Another sinister-looking weapon is the "Morning Star," so named by the Germans, and certainly calculated to raise up many a star before the eyes of anyone who had the misfortune to be struck by it. Besides these there is a goodly array of partisans, halberds, and pole-axes. In the centre of this gallery is an equestrian figure clad in sixteenth-century armour which was made at Nuremberg, where the best armour in Germany was manufactured. The whole of the knight's armour, as well as the panoply of the horse, is ornamented with that quaint device, the Burgundian cross "ragule," and also the flint and steel pattern, the same that appears on the collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece: from these ornaments and devices it follows that this armour was made for one of the Burgundian princes, perhaps for the Emperor Maximilian, it having been given to Henry VIII. by that monarch.

There are many suits of armour which, until Lord



Horse and Foot Armour (XVIIth Century)



Dillon re-arranged and classified the collection, passed as genuine, and among them is a sham suit of armour worn by Lord Waterford at the famous Eglinton tournament—a tourney which ended by the competing knights taking shelter from the rain under their umbrellas. Another splendid specimen of the German armourers' work is the fluted suit for man and horse belonging to the early part of the sixteenth century. Two other suits of armour which are placed in the centre of the gallery belonged to Henry VIII.; they are of prodigious weight, and as they were intended for fighting on foot, it must have required considerable physical strength to walk when clad in this ponderous habiliment: it certainly would have been impossible for its wearer to run away with it upon his back. Lord Dillon believes that both these suits are of Italian or Spanish workmanship; one of them is made up of 235 separate pieces. Besides these, two other suits of Henry VIII.'s armour are in the collection; one of them still retains traces of gilding, and must have shone resplendently when worn by the bluff king.

Regarding the equestrian suit of armour in the centre of the gallery, Lord Dillon thinks "that it is one of the finest in existence." It was made at Augsburg by the famous German armourer Conrad Sensenhofer, and was given to Henry by the Emperor Maximilian in 1515. It is covered with devices, such as roses, pomegranates, and portcullises—the badges of Henry and Catharine of Arragon—the letters H and K stand out in bold relief on the horse armour. Engraved within panels are representations of scenes from the lives of St George and St Barbara. No finer example of the great German's art workmanship than this truly Imperial suit can be seen, not even in the great German, Spanish, and Italian collections.

Close to this stands a curious shield, one of eighty similar ones made for Henry VIII., with a pistol in the middle. Worthy of note is a helmet with a mask attached, also a gift to Henry from Maximilian. It was formerly

known as Will Somers's mask (the King's Jester), but recent research does not show that Somers ever used this ugly vizor. Here, also, is a very gorgeous suit of gilt armour which belonged to the Earl of Cumberland, one of Elizabeth's smartest courtiers, who fitted out at his own expense no less than eleven expeditions against the Spaniards. Noticeable, too, are the quaint double weapons—staves with pole-axes and gun-barrels attached; one of these has three barrels, a kind of gigantic early revolver which was called King Harry's Walking-Stick. Here are also ancient saddles used for tournaments. One of these belonged, and was probably used by Charles Brandon, Henry VIII.'s brother-in-law: much horse armour besides these tilting saddles is to be seen here,—“chaufons” and “bards” made of leather, known by the name of “cuir bouall,” and “vamplates,” worn when tilting to protect the hand, and into which the tilting spear was fastened. More suits of armour for men and horses are those which belonged to the Earl of Worcester in Elizabeth's time, and a still richer one, once worn by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, bearing all over it the badge of the rugged staff, and the double collars of the English order of the Garter and the French one of St Michael. The armour of another of Elizabeth's favourites is here, a suit which is believed to have belonged to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. To come to later times, and the House of Stuart, the most conspicuous of the armour of that period is a gilt suit which belonged to Charles I., but very inferior in workmanship and artistic excellence to the earlier work of the German armourers. There is also a small suit of armour made for Charles I., when a child. Here, too, are models of cannon made for Charles II., when he was Prince of Wales, and a richly decorated suit of armour given to Henry, Prince of Wales, by the Prince de Joinville.

Of all this display of arms and armour in the Tower, of which I have but touched upon the chief objects of historical and artistic interest, the “processional” axe is, to



Horse and Foot Armour (XVIIth Century)



my mind, by far the most interesting in regard to the Tower and its history, for it is the outward and visible sign of the part the "great axe," as Shakespeare called it, has played in our country's history, the symbol of its highest justice, whether it appeared with its edge turned towards or turned away from the prisoner: and what scenes in English history has not that steel reflected in its impassive surface. This axe is in itself an epitome of the history of the Tower, and consequently of England.

Beneath the western wall of the White Tower is a varied park of artillery. Here, placed side by side, are cannon taken from out the wreck the *Mary Rose*, a warship lost off Spithead in 1545, with others from the *Royal George*, which sank in the same place in 1782. Here is a Portuguese cannon made in 1594 and taken at the siege of Hyderabad in 1843; and guns made for Napoleon at Avignon, with the crowned N engraved upon them. What is curious amongst the old English cannon of the sixteenth century, is their being made of iron bars welded together and bound round with iron hoops. One of these belonged to the *Mary Rose*, and still holds within its barrel a stone shot. Here is also a breech-loading cannon made early in the sixteenth century, and two triple brass guns made for Louis XIV. bearing his device of the sun and the motto, "Ultima ratio regum." The old French and English mortars are also of interest, the earliest of the latter being dated 1686; one was used by William III. at the siege of Namur in 1695. There is a French mortar made by Keller, Louis's gun-founder at Douai, in 1683. In 1708 there were sixty-two guns on Tower Green and the river wharf: the latter were fired on festivals; they are now used for saluting from "Salutation Battery," which faces Tower Hill. Amongst these weapons of destruction one is almost certain to find a pair of venerable ravens hopping about; they are a pair of weird and eerie fowls, and one might imagine the spirit of some guilty wretch had been re-incarnated under their black feathers.

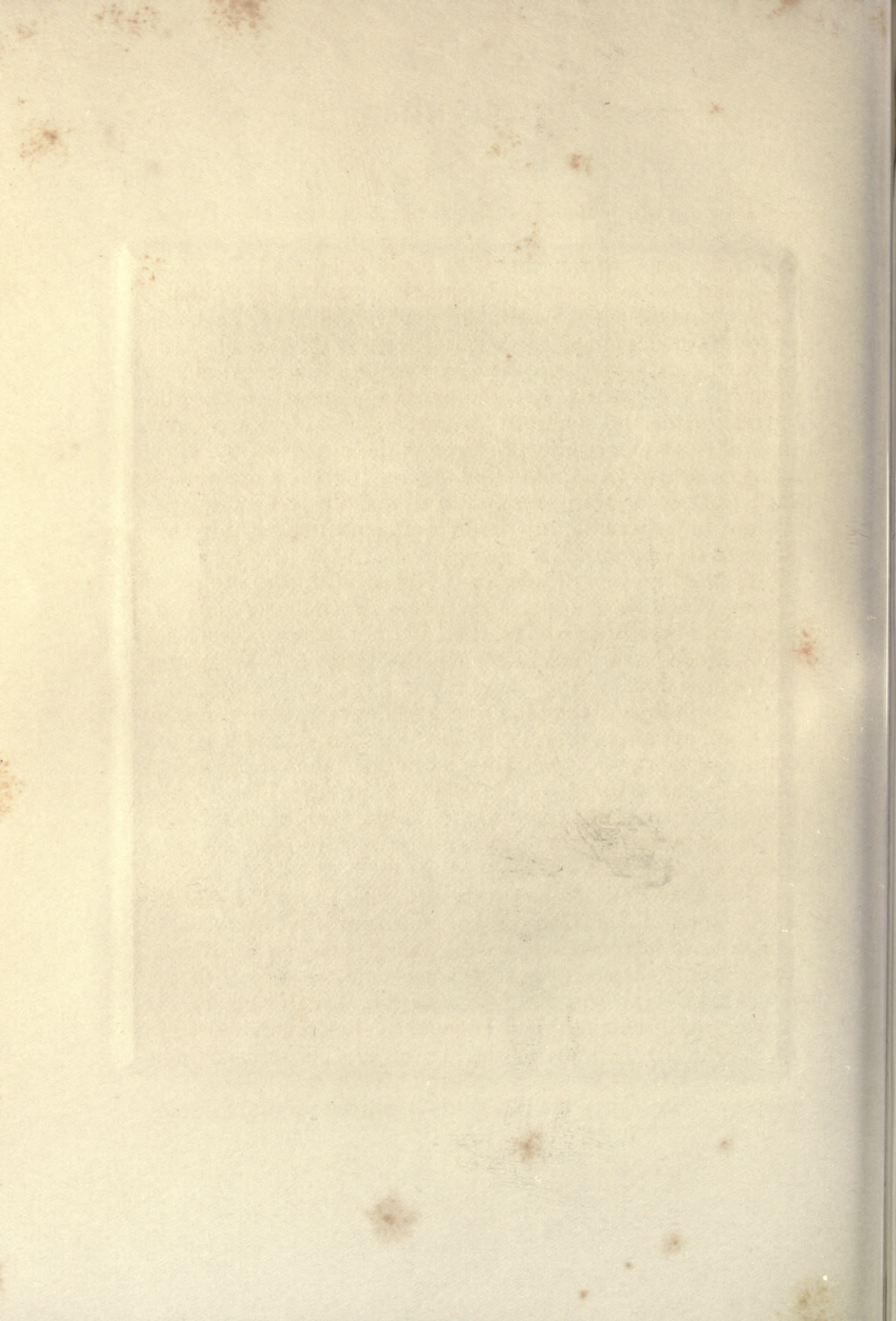
In Mr W. H. Hudson's book, entitled "Birds of London," these and other birds are described as follows :— "At the Tower of London robins occasionally appear in autumn, but soon go away. The last one that came, settled down and was a great favourite with the people there for about two months, being very friendly, coming to window-sills for crumbs, and singing every day very beautifully. Then one day he was seen in the General's garden wildly dashing about, hotly pursued by seven or eight sparrows, and, as he was never seen again, it was conjectured that the sparrows had succeeded in killing him. The robin is a high-spirited creature, braver than most birds, and a fair fighter, but against such a gang of feathered murderous ruffians, bent on his destruction, he would stand no chance.

"The Tower sparrows, it may be added, appear to be about the worst specimens of their class in London. They are always at war with the pigeons and starlings, and would gladly drive them out if they could. It is a common thing for some foreign bird to escape from its cage on board ship and to take refuge in the trees and gardens of the Tower, but woe to the escaped captive and stranger in a strange land who seeks safety in such a place! Immediately on his arrival the sparrows are all up against him, not to 'heave half a brick at him,' since they are not made that way, but to hunt him from place to place until they have driven him, weak with fatigue and terror, into a corner where they can finish him with their bludgeon beaks."

It is worthy of notice that no mention is made of the Tower in Domesday Book, London being altogether omitted from that work. Of all the Norman strongholds and castles which rose in London along the river-side, of Montfichet, Baynard's Castle, the old Palace at Blackfriars, or of Tower Royal, Stephen's palace in Vintry Ward, no trace remains, and of them all the great Norman keep of the Conqueror remains little altered in outward form from what it was eight centuries ago.



Horse and Foot Armour (XVIIth Century)



TOWER HILL

Tower Hill, which lies to the north-west of the Tower, is more closely allied with the history of the fortress than any other spot within the City boundaries, and the short space intervening between it and the entrance gate of the Tower was, in most cases, the final journey of the State prisoners condemned to death. Writing of Tower Hill, Stow, the antiquary, says it was "sometime a large plot of ground, now greatly straightened by encroachments (unlawfully made and suffered) for gardens and houses. Upon the hill is always readily prepared at the charge of the City, a large scaffold and gallows of timber, for the execution of such traitors or transgressors are as delivered out of the Tower, or otherwise, to the Sheriffs of London, by writ, there to be executed."

Hatton, however, describes Tower Hill in the reign of Queen Anne as "a spacious place extending round the west and north parts of the Tower, where there are many good new buildings, mostly inhabited by gentry and merchants."

The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex were responsible for State prisoners so long as they were within the City and county boundaries, and when such prisoners were taken through the streets of London from the Tower, the Sheriffs received them from the Lieutenant of the Tower at the entrance to the City, and gave a receipt for their persons.

The City officials, too, were responsible for the scaffold on Tower Hill, but in the reign of Edward IV. this scaffold was erected at the charge of the King's officers. Constant quarrels and disputes, however, arose on the subject of the boundaries between the City and the Lieutenant of the Tower, until the charge of Tower Hill was finally vested in the City. In the view of the Tower and its surroundings, to which I have so often referred, made by Haiward and Gascoyne in 1597, the scaffold is shown standing some

distance to the north of Tower Street : its site is now a pleasant garden, the place of execution being recorded by an inscription on a tablet placed on the grass plot within the railings.

Tower Hill is almost entirely associated with the shedding of blood, with the masked executioner, his block and axe, and has little historical interest besides, save that Lady Raleigh lodged in a house on the Hill with the child born to her in the Tower, after James I. refused to allow her to share her husband's imprisonment. William Penn, the Quaker, and founder of Pennsylvania—which he mortgaged for £6600 in his old age—was born on Tower Hill in 1644 ; Otway the poet died at the Bull public-house, it is supposed of starvation ; and it was at a cutler's shop on Tower Hill that Felton bought the knife with which he mortally stabbed George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, at Portsmouth.

STAINED GLASS IN THE TOWER

Of all the richly coloured windows placed in the chapel of St John in the White Tower by Henry III. and the brilliant glass in the church of St Peter ad Vincula, very little now remains, and the only coloured glass to be found in the Tower at the present day, as it was originally placed, is in the window of a little room used as the library for the Tower warders close to the Byward Tower—this room in one respect resembles the most famous library in the world, that of the Vatican, from the fact that no books are visible, they being all put away in cupboards—and this consists only of two royal badges in coloured glass. These royal arms appear to be of the time of James I., and although they have been much restored, that containing the three feathers of the Prince of Wales retains much of its old glaze and is a good example of emblazoned glass of the period. It may possibly have been intended for the cognisance of Prince Henry, or Charles I., when Prince of Wales.

A quantity of stained glass panels were found in the crypt of St John's Chapel, in which some interesting and valuable fragments, mostly incomplete in themselves, of heraldic glass of the sixteenth century and of small pictorial subjects, were mixed with modern and valueless glass of subordinate design. The whole was carefully examined by Messrs John Hardman, who separated the ancient from the modern glass, and using delicate leads to repair the numerous fractures of the former, and setting the various fragments in lozenges of plain glass, filled the right windows of the chapel with the following subjects:—

The first window in the south front, entering from the west, a coat of arms, with the words "Honi soit qui mal y pense" around it on the upper portion; a sepia painting in the centre, representing the Deity and two angels appearing to a priest, with flames rising from an altar. In the lower portion is another sepia painting with the Deity depicted with outstretched arms, one hand on the sun, the other on the moon, and the earth rolling in clouds at the feet. This is generally supposed to be emblematical of the Creation, but has been suggested as representative of the Saviour as the Light of the World.

The second window has a head and bust near the top, with a peculiar cap and crown. The centre is a sepia representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, and the guardian angel. At the bottom there is another sepia, depicting a village upon a hill, probably a distant view of Harrow.

The third window has at the top a figure of Charles I. in sepia; in the centre a knight in armour, skirmishing, and at the bottom what appears to be a holly-bush with the letters H. R.

The fourth window has a negro's head with a turban in the upper portion; in the centre a sepia of Esau returning from the hunt to seek Isaac's blessing, Rebecca and Jacob being in the background. Near the bottom is another sepia of the exterior of a church, probably Dutch.

The fifth window, and the last of the series facing south, has a coat of arms and motto like those in the first window; in the centre, a sepia of the anointing of David by Samuel, and near the bottom Jehovah in clouds, with the earth and shrubs bursting forth. This is probably emblematical of the Creation.

The south-east apsidal window has the coat of arms and royal motto as before, with two smaller coats of arms and the same motto below, a royal crown and large Tudor rose being near the bottom.

The eastern window (in the centre of the apse) has a crown with fleur-de-lys and leopards at the top, and in the centre the small portcullis of John of Gaunt and the wheat-sheaf of Chester. These are by far the best heraldic devices in the whole series of windows.

The north-east window has a very imperfect coat of arms with fleur-de-lys and leopards, as well as two other coats with the royal motto. There is also a device which might be taken to represent the letter M, but which is probably the inverted water-bottles of the Hastings family. Daggers are quartered upon the other coats of arms. At the bottom of this window is a Tudor rose and several fragments of glass much confused.

The glass has been placed in the windows with great care, the subjects being made as complete as the broken fragments permitted. Each of the eight windows is ornamented with leaded borders.

CHAPTER II

THE NORMAN AND PLANTAGENET KINGS

HENRY the First was the earliest of our kings to make use of the Tower as a State prison—Randulf Flambard, Bishop of Durham, having the distinction of being its first prisoner. Henry, it appears, in order to curry popularity at the beginning of his reign, had Flambard arrested, the Bishop—hated by the people for his rapacity—being accused of illegally raising the funds needed for the building of the fortress which was destined to become his prison. He was imprisoned with the King's sanction, but nominally by the will of the House of Commons, and thus inaugurated the long line of prisoners of State which, from the reign of Henry the First until the early years of the nineteenth century, the Tower never lacked.

Flambard had been the principal minister of Henry's predecessor, William Rufus. The Saxon chronicler, Vitalis, recounts that the Bishop was allowed while in the Tower, to keep a sumptuous table for himself and his servants, a privilege which enabled him to escape from his prison in the following manner. He obtained a rope which had been hidden in a wine cask, and after liberally regaling his keepers, whom he succeeded in fuddling with much wine, he made fast the rope to a pillar of a chamber in the White Tower, or to the bar of a window, and let himself slide down, reaching the ground in safety. It was a wonderful feat Flambard performed, for he held his pastoral staff in his hand as he descended the side of

the Tower. The rope proved too short and the Bishop had a fall of several feet, but apparently without being the worse for it. A swift horse, provided by his friends, took him to the coast, whence he succeeded in reaching Normandy. Some years after his escape he returned to his see at Durham, where he completed that splendid cathedral, also building many other churches and castles, amongst the latter being Norham Castle, whose stately ruins have been sung by Sir Walter Scott.

It is uncertain whether any of the Norman kings before Stephen made the Tower a place of residence. But in 1140 that monarch, during a gloomy period of private and public affairs, retired to the Tower with a large retinue and kept his court there during Whitsuntide.

“Early in the year,” writes Freeman in his “History of the Norman Conquest,” “after Matilda’s landing, an attempt had been made to make peace. At Pentecost the King held, or tried to hold, the usual festival in London; but this time his court was held to the east and not to the west of the city, not in the hall of Rufus, but in the fortress of his father.”

The custody of the Tower appears, soon after its completion, to have been made an hereditary office, granted by the sovereign to the family of Mandeville. In this year of 1140 the Tower was in the keeping of Geoffrey, grandson of that great Geoffrey de Mandeville, who had accompanied the Conqueror to England, and who had greatly distinguished himself at the Battle of Hastings. Stephen created the grandson Earl of Essex, but being himself taken prisoner soon afterwards at the Battle of Lincoln, the Empress Matilda gained de Mandeville over to her party, during Stephen’s captivity. By a charter, dated from Oxford in 1141, Matilda confirmed the Earl in all the possessions which he had inherited, whether in lands or fortresses, the custody of the Tower being included therein, Essex being given a free hand to strengthen and fortify it. A subsequent charter of the

same year gave him the special charge of the Tower, "with all lands, liveries, and customs thereto appertaining" (Dugdale's Baronage). According to Leland, de Mandeville constantly added to the fortifications of the Tower, but when he was defeated and taken prisoner at the Battle of St Albans he was obliged to surrender the Constablership into the hands of Stephen.

In 1153 the Tower was held for the Crown by Richard de Lucy, Chief Justiciary of England, in trust for Henry, Duke of Normandy, to whom, after Stephen's death, it reverted.

Matilda had offended the Londoners by refusing to abolish her father's laws, and by also refusing to restore those granted by Edward the Confessor, and, rising in arms, they drove the Empress from the city. Stephen having recovered his liberty, Matilda's power ceased shortly afterwards. After her flight the Londoners laid siege to the Tower, but it had been so strongly fortified by de Mandeville that he was not only able to defy the besiegers' uttermost efforts to effect its capture, but was able to make a sortie as far as Fulham, where he took the Bishop of London prisoner, "as then lodged there, being of the contrary faction" (Holinshed).

It is doubtful whether Henry the First ever lived in the Tower, or whether he added to its fortifications. Thomas à Becket is supposed to have wished to have been made Constable of the fortress as well as of Rochester Castle, which latter he is known to have held.

FitzStephen, in the reign of Henry the Second, describes the "Arx Palatina" as being then, "great and strong with encircling walls rising from a deep foundation, and built with mortar tempered with the blood of beasts." Probably the sanguinary aspect of the mortar used in the Tower buildings was owing to the use of pulverised Roman red tiles and bricks, of which a large quantity were most likely pounded into mortar.

When Richard Cœur de Lion left England for the Holy Land he entrusted the charge of guarding the Tower to Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, who was his Chancellor. This Bishop strengthened the fortress and deepened the moat. He had good reason for his work upon the fortress, for John, taking advantage of his brother's absence, besieged the Tower; but the Bishop, thinking discretion the better part of valour, yielded up his trust without attempting to defend it, and fled for safety to Dover Castle. John made over the Tower to the confederated nobles under the Archbishop of Rouen, who occupied it until Richard's return from the Holy Land.

In 1215, the Barons, who were then up in arms, aided by the London citizens, besieged the Tower, but although it was poorly garrisoned, their attacks were repelled. A year later, whilst the civil war was waging between John and his barons, the Tower was handed over to the French prince Louis by the rebellious nobles, who had invited him to take John's place as King of England, but Louis does not seem to have taken kindly to the position, and speedily returned to his own land. In 1217, Henry III. was reigning in undisputed possession of the realm, and to him belongs the credit of having done more towards making the Tower worthy of a royal abode, than any of his predecessors or successors upon the English throne. The most stately of its buildings, after the Great Keep, are due to his love of art and architecture. The Royal Chapel, the Great Hall, and the Palace chambers, which he either built or decorated, are frequently mentioned in the chronicles of Henry's reign, and were the outcome of his taste and love of magnificence.

In 1232 the Tower was given into the custody for life to the famous Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent. His constablership, however, was brief, he being supplanted by Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester, and imprisoned in the fortress he had formerly governed.

It was during the reign of Henry III. that the newly-

built tower over the Traitor's Gate twice fell. The first time this happened was on the night of St George's Day (23rd April) in 1240, and on the same anniversary in the following year the structure again sank into the moat. According to the historian Mathew Paris, the spirit of St Thomas à Becket was the cause of both these mishaps, the Saint returning from the home of the Blessed to the rescue of his beloved and persecuted London citizens, who had looked on the ever-increasing fortifications and massive walls of the royal stronghold, with much the same distrust and irritation as the fortress of the Bastille caused the Parisians.

Four years later, the son of the great Welsh chieftain and patriot, Llewellyn, was killed whilst attempting to escape from the White Tower in a similar manner as that by which Bishop Flambard had succeeded in ending his captivity. Mathew Paris relates that the unlucky Welsh prince was discovered at the foot of the White Tower with "his head thrust in between his shoulders." The rope by which he had hoped to escape had broken, and he had been dashed to death in the fall.

During his long and agitated reign Henry III. was frequently obliged to take shelter within the Tower from his rebellious subjects. When Simon de Montfort and the Barons rose against his rule and encamped themselves near Richmond, Henry took refuge in the Tower with his eldest son Edward's wife, Eleanor of Provence. Edward had been fighting Llewellyn in Wales, and hearing of the dangerous situation of his wife and father, hurried back to London, throwing himself into Windsor Castle. Eleanor of Provence made an attempt to join her husband at Windsor, but the London citizens were strongly on the side of the rebels, and when the Princess's barge reached London Bridge on its way down the river it was stopped by a rabble who pelted it with stones, mud, and rotten eggs, and heaped the foulest abuse upon its royal occupant, who was forced to take shelter once more in the Tower.

Edward is believed never to have forgiven the Londoners for this treatment of his wife, and his harshness to the city during his reign was probably due to this incident.

Two years afterwards the mutinous Barons seized the Tower, which they occupied until the Battle of Evesham, in 1264, enabled Henry to return to his favourite stronghold. Once again the King was driven into war by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, who summoned Otho, the Papal Legate, then within the Tower, to surrender it into his hands, declaring that the Tower "was not a post to be trusted in the hands of a foreigner, much less of an ecclesiastic." The Legate defied the Earl to do his worst, and refused to surrender either the fortress or himself into Gloucester's keeping. This priest appears to have been not only brave, but somewhat rash, for although the city was at that time in the power of de Clare, he left the Tower when a siege was imminent, and preached a sermon at St Paul's, inveighing against the Earl. A siege ensued, during which, according to Matthew of Westminster, a number of Jews, then within the Tower, defended one of its wards with great courage, and the King's army arriving opportunely, the fortress was saved from falling into the hands of the Earl.

CHAPTER III

THE EDWARDS

AT the close of Henry's troubled reign we find the Tower in the keeping of the Archbishop of York, a post he held while the young King, Edward the First, was absent upon an expedition in Palestine. Although this monarch was not often at the Tower, he added to its buildings, and strengthened its fortifications, which, after the two sieges they had lately undergone, no doubt stood much in need of repair, and it was during his reign that the fortress became the recognised place of incarceration for State prisoners, and the principal prison in the realm. The dungeons beneath the White Tower were crowded with hundreds of unfortunate Jews in 1278,—a strange way, it seems, of repaying these people for the courage and loyalty some of their brethren had so recently displayed in the reign of the King's father, in defending the same fortress against the King's enemies. These Jews—there were some six hundred of them—were imprisoned in the Tower on the charge of clipping and defacing the coin of the realm.

The prisons were often filled after Edward's campaigns, many captives being brought from Wales and from Scotland. Amongst the latter, after the defeat of the Scottish army at Dunbar in 1296, was King Baliol, with the Earls of Athol, Sutherland, Menteith, Ross, and others, Baliol's son, Prince Edward, with other Scottish chiefs and knights, being added to the former batch of State prisoners in the following year.

It was in 1305 that one of the greatest heroes of that or any other period was brought a prisoner to London, and one would give much to know with any certainty whether William Wallace was imprisoned or not in the Tower, and where he spent the last days of his glorious life. But it is a matter of uncertainty whether he ever entered the walls of that fortress. He appears, when brought to London, to have been lodged in a citizen's house in Fenchurch Street, whence he was taken to his trial at Westminster Hall; there he was impeached, and, as Holinshed has it, "condemned and thereupon hanged at Smithfield." Had Wallace been imprisoned in the Tower, Holinshed would probably have recorded the fact. The manner of the hero's death will ever remain a stain upon England and upon the memory of his judges. He was treated worse than a common felon; dragged in chains to the gallows, and killed with every detail of barbarous cruelty. Three other distinguished Scottish prisoners were imprisoned in the Tower in 1306, after the battle of St John's Town, before their execution. These were the Earl of Athol, Sir Simon Fraser, and Sir Christopher Seton. Their heads were placed on the turrets of the White Tower.

Not only did the dungeons of the Tower hold the King's enemies in this reign, but also many of his clergy and judges. Of the former was the Abbot of Westminster, with a following of eight of his monks, who were imprisoned upon the charge of having robbed the King's Treasury to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds—a prodigious sum in those days. Among the judges imprisoned in the Tower at this time (1289) were Ralph de Hengham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and the Master of the Rolls, Robert Lithbuy, with others, charged "with criminal partiality in the discharge of their offices"; they were only released after paying heavy fines.

The succeeding monarch Edward II., frequently

occupied the Tower, leaving his queen and children within the fortress for safety in 1322, whilst he invaded Wales; and it was in the Tower that his eldest daughter was born—Jane of the Tower, as she was styled on account of the place of her birth. She lived to marry David Bruce and to become Queen of Scotland in 1327. During this reign the once powerful order of the Knights Templar fell into unspeakable ruin, the Tower becoming the prison of all the knights of the order who had been arrested south of the Tweed, their Grand Master dying there. Besides these there were many prisoners of note taken in Scotland and Wales, and mention is made of a woman having been imprisoned there for the first time. The lady who gained this unpleasant celebrity appears to have richly deserved her incarceration. On the occasion of a visit made to the shrine of St Thomas at Canterbury by Queen Isabella and her retinue, the royal pilgrim, on her return journey to London, was obliged to crave the hospitality of the *châtelaine* of Leeds Castle in Kent. Lady Badlesmere, for such was the name of the lady of the Castle, not only refused to admit the royal party, but gave orders for it to be attacked, and several of the Queen's servants were killed. As a result of this conduct upon the part of the strong-minded Lady Badlesmere, Leeds Castle was taken, its governor hanged, and the inhospitable lady herself was conveyed to London, and occupied a prison in the Tower.

Amongst the Welsh prisoners in the Tower towards the close of Edward's reign were the two Lords Mortimer of Wigmore and of Chirk, the former of whom, making his escape and gaining France in safety, returned at the head of an army. Edward had thrown himself into the Tower, but fled to Wales when he heard that Mortimer and the Queen—his most implacable enemy—were in arms against him. The King was captured, and soon afterwards murdered at Berkeley Castle. Meanwhile Mortimer had seized the Tower and beheaded the Bishop

of Exeter, whom Edward had left in charge, had taken the keys from the Constable, Sir John Weston, and, releasing the prisoners, gave the Tower into the keeping of the citizens of London. After Edward the Second's murder, his son, the young King Edward the Third, was kept in a state of semi-captivity in the Tower by his mother, Queen Isabella, and her paramour Mortimer, Edward, however, soon showed the strength of his character, and, after capturing Roger Mortimer and his sons at Nottingham in 1330, carried them to the Tower, where they were promptly hanged.

The French and Scottish wars waged by the third Edward brought many State prisoners to the Tower. From France came the Counts of Eu and Tankerville, taken at the close of the siege of Caen in 1346, together with three hundred burghers of that town. From Scotland came David Bruce, with a large following of his nobles, Sutherland, Carrick, Fife, Menteith, Wigton, and Douglas, captured by Percy at the Battle of Neville's Cross in 1346. Froissart and Rymer describe the huge escort of twenty thousand armed men which guarded the captive Scottish King, mounted on a black charger, on his arrival at the Tower on 2nd January 1347, how the streets were crowded with eager sightseers, the City companies drawn up clad in their richest liveries, and Sir John Darcy, the Constable, receiving the King at the Tower gate. Bruce remained a prisoner in the fortress until he was liberated on the payment of an immense ransom, the companions of his imprisonment being the brave defender of Calais, Jean de Vienne, with twelve of its principal citizens, after the siege and capture of that city. Eleven years later, in 1358, another sovereign was a prisoner in the Tower, John, King of France, with his son Philip, remaining there for two years after the Battle of Poitiers, until the Treaty of Bretigny set them free in 1360.

A minute survey of the Tower had been made in 1336,

and in the following year orders were given by Edward for repairs therein, "on account," the King said, "of certain news which had lately come to his ears, and which sat heavy at his heart; the gates, walls, and bulwarks shall be kept with all diligence, lest they be surprised by his enemies." He ordained that the gates of the fortress should be closed "from the setting till the rising of the sun." But in spite of these royal commands, it appears that the Tower was allowed at this period to fall into disrepair; for, three years after these orders had been issued by Edward, we find him, on his second return from warring in France, landing secretly one November night at the Tower, and finding the place so ill-guarded that he had the Governor and some of the other officers imprisoned, amongst them being the Lord Chancellor, who combined that office with the Bishopric of Chichester. About this time Edward's Queen, Philippa, was brought to bed of a daughter in the Tower, but the little Princess, who was named Blanche, died in her infancy, and was buried in the Abbey Church of Westminster.

CHAPTER IV

RICHARD II.

As I have pointed out in the Introduction to this book, reliable historical details regarding the Tower are very meagre up to the date of the reign of Edward III., but with the reign of Richard II. the story of the Tower becomes of interest. Holinshed describes at some length the splendours of the new King's coronation. How the youthful monarch, who was "as beautiful as an archangel"—as the life-size portrait of Richard in Westminster Abbey proves—clad in white robes, issued from the Tower surrounded by a vast retinue of knights and nobles. He tells us of the streets through which the royal cortege took its way to the Abbey, all adorned with tapestry, the conduits running with wine, and the pageants performed in the principal thoroughfares. Shortly after this Wat Tyler's Rebellion broke out, and the young King with his mother sought refuge in the Tower. How the revolt ended is too well known to require telling here at length—how the mob surged angrily round the fortress, "at times," as Froissart writes, "hooting as loud as if the devils were in them," how Lord Mayor William Walworth advised Richard to sally forth and himself attack the rebel rout while they were asleep and drunk, and how the young sovereign decided to meet them at Mile End. How during his absence some of the rioters broke into the Tower, massacred the Archbishop of Canterbury, Simon of Sudbury, who, with Sir Robert Hales and some of the courtiers, had taken refuge in the Chapel in the White Tower, and

how these were butchered; of the pillage of the royal apartments and the insults which the King's mother, the widow of the Black Prince, was compelled to endure—all this has been told scores of times since old Froissart wrote his veracious account of these violences which read like a page from the French Revolution of 1789.

Yet, often as this tale has been told, it has never been more vividly described than by the pen of George Macaulay Trevelyan, who in this, his first work, "England in the Age of Wycliffe," has given grounds for believing that the literary mantle of his father and of his famous great-uncle has descended upon him. In this book are the following passages relating to the peasant rebellion in 1381. Of those who had taken shelter in the Tower in those days of terror, Trevelyan writes: "There was but one ark of safety, where many whose blood was sought had already taken refuge. Gower compares the Tower of London during this terrible crisis to a ship in which all those had climbed who could not live in the raging sea. It had been the King's headquarters for the last two days. It was from the Tower steps that he had been rowed across to the conference at Rotherhithe. His mother was with him in the famous fortress, as were Treasurer Hales and Chancellor Sudbury, for whose heads the rebels clamoured; his uncle Buckingham and his young cousin Henry, who was destined to depose him; the Earls of Kent, Suffolk, and Warwick; Leg, the author of the poll-tax commission, now trembling for his life; and, last but not least, the Mayor Walworth. But the noblest among them all was the tried and faithful servant of Edward III., the Earl of Salisbury, a soldier who had shared in the early glories of the Black Prince, a diplomatist who had dictated the terms of Bretigny to the Court of France; he seems to have held aloof in his old age from the intrigues of home politics, but in the imminent danger that now threatened his country he acted a part not unworthy of the name he bore. One man was absent

from this assembly of notables, who, if he had been present, would assuredly never have left the Tower alive. John of Gaunt had good reason to be thankful that, during the month when England was in the hands of those who sought his life, he was across the Border arranging a truce with the Scots.

“By the evening of Thursday, a great mob was encamped on St Catherine’s Hill, over against the Tower, clamouring for the death of the ministers who had there taken refuge. Sudbury was the principal victim whom they demanded. The most horrible of all sounds, the roar of a mob howling for blood, ever and again penetrated into the chambers of the Tower, where prelates and nobles ‘sat still with awful eye’ (Froissart). The young King, from a high turret window, watched the conflagrations reddening the heavens. In all parts of the city and suburbs, the flames shot up from the mansions of those who had displeased the people. Far away to the west, beyond the burning Savoy, fire ascended from mansions in Westminster; away to the north blazed the Treasurer’s manor at Highbury. Close beneath him lay the rebel camp, whence ominous voices now and again rose. Returning pensive and sad from these unwonted sights and sounds, the boy held counsel with the wisest of his kingdom, shut up within the same wall.”

Then follows the account of the attempted escape from the Tower of the Archbishop during the following night, or rather in the early dawn of the next day. Sudbury had resigned the Great Seal into Richard’s keeping; but this had no effect in calming the rage of the mob. In vain did the Archbishop attempt to break from his prison; but as he appeared on the Tower stairs, he was seen by the rebels from St Catherine’s Hill, and obliged to return. Trevelyan then goes on to describe the interview between Richard and his rebellious subjects at Mile End, when the young monarch conceded their demands, and granted them a general pardon. But meanwhile a great tragedy had taken place within the fortress. “The rebels,” continues Tre-

velyan, "broke into the Tower. Authorities differ as to the exact moment; some place it during, and some after, the conference at Mile End. But it is, unfortunately, certain that no resistance was made by the very formidable body of well-armed soldiers, who might have defended such a stronghold for many days even against a picked army. These troops were ordered, or at least permitted, by the King to let in the mob. It appears that part of the agreement with the rebels was that the Tower and the refugees it contained were to be delivered over to their wrath. The dark passages and inmost chambers of that ancient fortress were choked with the throng of ruffians, while the soldiers stood back along the walls to let them pass, and looked on helplessly at the outrages that followed. Murderers broke into strong room and bower; even the King's bed was torn up, lest someone should be lurking in it. The unfortunate Leg, the farmer of the poll-tax, paid with his life-blood for that unprofitable speculation. A learned friar, the friend and adviser of John of Gaunt, was torn to pieces as a substitute for his patron. Though the hunt roared through every chamber, it was in the Chapel that the noblest hart lay harboured. Archbishop Sudbury had realised that he was to be sacrificed. He had been engaged, since the King started for Mile End, in preparing the Treasurer and himself for death. He had confessed Hales, and both had taken the Sacrament. He was still performing the service of the Mass, when the mob burst into the Chapel, seized him at the altar, hurried him across the moat to Tower Hill, where a vast multitude of those who had been unable to press into the fortress greeted his appearance with a savage yell. His head was struck off on the spot where so many famous men have since perished with more seemly circumstance. The Treasurer Hales suffered with him, and their two heads, mounted over London Bridge, grinned down on the bands of peasants who were still flocking into the capital from far-distant parts."

Richard was again forced to take refuge in the Tower in 1387, in consequence of a revolt led by his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and other disaffected nobles, who, out of patience with the King's misgovernment, and detesting his ministers, who had alienated Richard from the more respectable of his subjects, succeeded in depriving him of legislative power. The government of the country was placed in the hands of a commission appointed by Gloucester, whereupon Richard flew to arms and summoned a Parliament which met at Nottingham. Gloucester and his adherents took the field with an army forty thousand strong, and in an action fought between them and the King's army at Radcot Bridge, the latter was defeated. Richard once more took shelter with his family in the Tower, the fortress being besieged soon afterwards. A truce, however, was called by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and negotiations were arranged for a meeting between the King and his nobles, of whom, after Gloucester, the Earls of Derby and Nottingham were the principal leaders. A conference was held in the Council Chamber of the White Tower, and some kind of agreement was arrived at, Richard returning to his palace at Westminster as soon as the proceedings terminated.

The King's most unpopular ministers were impeached, some of them being executed, one of them being his greatest friend, Sir Simon Burley, a valiant soldier who had been appointed Richard's governor by the Black Prince. Despite the tears and entreaties of Queen Anne, Burley was beheaded on Tower Hill. His death was never forgiven by the King; he had been a loyal and devoted friend and subject both to Richard's father and to himself, and he had served with great distinction throughout the wars of Edward the Third's reign. His execution was terribly revenged by Richard when he was able, once more, to act for himself.

Three years later, the Tower witnessed brighter scenes. Froissart tells us in his inimitable manner of a splendid tournament held in Smithfield, and commencing with a

State procession which left the Tower, and in which the King, his Queen, and the whole Court presented an imposing sight. But Richard was biding his time to avenge the death of his old friend Burley, and these brave shows and festivities were only used as a cloak for designs he had meditated carrying out from the day of Burley's execution by his rebel subjects. The time at length arrived—in 1396. His "good Queen," Anne of Bavaria, was dead, and Richard had taken as his second wife and Queen, Isabel of France—daughter of the mad King Charles—who was lodged in the palace at the Tower until her coronation. In the following year (1397) Richard obtained his revenge.

This was a *coup d'état*—I have the authority of Mr Gardiner for using the French term—by which he summarily arrested his uncle Gloucester, with the Earls of Warwick and Arundel. The shrift of these enemies of the King was a short one. The Duke of Gloucester* was taken to the Castle of Calais, and there he died, probably by the King's orders; the Earl of Warwick had received an invitation to meet the King at dinner at the palace of the Lord Chancellor, Edmund de Strafford, who was also Bishop of Exeter, which was in the Strand, near Temple Bar, with gardens running down to the river. When the dinner was ended, Warwick, on rising to take leave, was arrested, hurried to a barge, rowed up to the fortress, and placed in the tower which bore his family name. After a time, he was removed from the Beauchamp Tower to the castle rock of Tintagel in Cornwall, and thence to the Isle of Man, the King sparing his life, probably because of the public indignation that would have been roused by the execution of one who had, more than any other of the great nobles of his day, distinguished himself so highly in the French wars.

* Thomas of Woodstock, seventh son of Edward III., Duke of Gloucester and Aumarle, was born in 1355. He had held many important offices in the State. Froissart says he was "orgueilleux et présomptueux de manière." At the time of his death he was fifty-two years of age.

Arundel was brought to trial, pleading not guilty, and offering to prove his innocence of the charges brought against him by the ordeal of battle. No mercy, however, was shown him, and he was beheaded the same day that his sentence was pronounced. His death was lamented by many who knew his worth; he was a gallant soldier, and ten years before this fate befell him had commanded an English fleet which had defeated a French one. He was one of the greatest sons of the most illustrious house in the kingdom, and his prowess on land was as renowned as his success upon the sea.

On his way from the Tower to the scaffold on Tower Hill, Arundel asked that the cords with which his hands were tied might be loosened, in order that he might bestow the money he carried about him upon the people through whom he passed on his way to death. He was accompanied to the scaffold by the Earl of Nottingham, who was his son-in-law, and by Thomas Holland, the young Earl of Kent, his nephew, who apparently came to triumph over his downfall rather than to sympathise in the tragedy, for he is reported to have said to them, "It would have been more seemly of you to have absented yourselves from this scene. The time will come when as many shall marvel at your misfortunes as you do at mine," a prophecy soon afterwards fulfilled.

Arundel's body was buried in the Church of the Austin Friars in Broad Street in the City, a building once filled with splendid monuments to the illustrious dead, but of which no single one now remains. Among these monuments were those of Hubert de Burgh, of Edward Plantagenet, Richard the Second's half-brother, and many others, but none more illustrious, both by birth and renown, than Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. Whatever his relatives may have felt concerning the Earl's death, the great body of the people lamented and mourned him bitterly, regarding him as a martyr; and so much so, that they flocked in crowds to the church of Austin Friars



Site of the Scaffold on Tower Hill.



expecting miracles to be performed at his tomb. Richard, although outwardly rejoicing at the great Earl's death, is said to have had his nights disturbed ever after by fearful dreams, and his mind haunted by the wraith of Fitzalan.

After this sanguinary act of vengeance Richard seems to have lost all self-control. Mr Gardiner writes that, "It is most probable that, without being actually insane, his mind had to some extent given way." However that may be, it is certain that after the deaths of Gloucester and Arundel, Richard knew no peace; and in three short years he, too, lay in a bloody grave.

Richard dissolved Parliament the year after the murder of Gloucester and the execution of Arundel, appointing a Committee of twelve peers and six commoners, his personal adherents, to carry on the government of the country with himself. Like the first Charles he attempted to rule the realm without a Parliament, and by this act of autocracy destroyed himself. The Duke of Norfolk and Henry of Hereford had been banished during that memorable tournament at Coventry, which Shakespeare has immortalised in his great tragedy, and during the two succeeding years Richard ruled the land, a half-crazed despot.

In 1399 Hereford, who by his father's death, "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," had become Duke of Lancaster, returned to England from his banishment, having heard that the King had seized all his father's lands; and, in returning to claim his own, it chanced that he obtained the realm of England from his cousin Richard.

When Lancaster landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, Richard had betaken himself to Ireland, whence he returned in hot haste to England: he found his situation already desperate. Events moved swiftly, and on the 2nd of September 1399, Richard was taken a prisoner to London and placed in the Tower.

“Men's eyes

Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried God save him ;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head :
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strange purpose steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.”

The day after the gates of the fortress closed upon him, Richard's deposition was read in Parliament. Twenty-two years had passed since he had left the Tower for his coronation, surrounded by all the pomp of this world—himself the brightest figure in a brilliant pageant ; he was now throneless, a prisoner in the power of his cousin ; a broken-down and prematurely aged man, although still in the prime of life.

“On St Michael's Day (September 29) a deputation of prelates, barons, knights, and lawyers proceeded on horseback to the Tower, where they alighted ; King Richard came to them in the hall (probably the Council Chamber in the White Tower) when they were assembled. He was apparelled in his robes, the crown on his head, the sceptre in his hand. Standing there alone, he then spoke : ‘I have been King of England, Duke of Aquitaine, and Lord of Ireland about twenty-two years, which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown I resign here to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and I entreat him here in presence of you all to accept this sceptre.’ He then tendered the sceptre to the Duke, who, on receiving it, handed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised the crown from off his head, and said : ‘Henry, fair cousin, and Duke of Lancaster, I present and give to you this crown and all the rights dependent on it,’ and the Duke, accepting it, delivered it also to the Archbishop.” (From “The Story of the House of Lancaster,” by G. H. Hartwright.)

After the final tragedy in Richard's dungeon at Pomfret Castle, his corpse rested one night in the Tower, with the still beautiful face exposed, until the following day, when it was placed in St Paul's.

Shakespeare has dealt leniently with the character of Richard of Bordeaux. Doubtless the tragedy of his life made Shakespeare kinder to his memory than was warranted by sober history, for Richard was one of the worst of our English kings. The son of the heroic Black Prince and the grandson of Edward the Third, with the blood and traditions of Richard the Lion-Hearted, Richard inherited none of their great qualities, and was content to fritter away his life in petty acts of tyranny and oppression. England had been used to victory during the great reigns of the first and third Edwards; under Richard, the only success of the national arms was the defeat of the French fleet by Arundel, and Arundel was put to death by Richard. Proud, passionate, and tyrannical, the Black Prince's son threw away the love, respect, and loyalty which, for the sake of his father's memory, he had possessed to the fullest upon his ascent to the throne. And although he was only thirty-four at the time of his death, he had lived long enough to see the heartfelt affection of his people turn to dislike and contempt. But the glamour of his personal beauty, combined with the tragedy of his fall, inspired the greatest of our dramatists to perpetuate his memory in a manner which will ever touch the human heart.

"Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

CHAPTER V

THE LANCASTRIANS

NEITHER of the succeeding reigns—those of Henry IV. and of Henry V.—have left many traces upon the history of the Tower, although both these sovereigns occasionally lived within its walls, but in those days the fortress had become less of a Palace and more of a State prison. There was a picturesque ceremony, however, in the Tower on the eve of Henry the Fourth's coronation, when forty-six new knights of the Order of the Bath "watched their arms" throughout the night of the 11th of October (1399) in the Chapel of the White Tower.

With Henry of Lancaster the list of State prisoners recommences; Llewellyn, a relation of Owen Glendower's, coming there in 1402, being followed three years later by Owen's son Griffin, and other leaders of the Welsh, taken at the battle of Usk. Nor did Henry fail to visit his wrath upon offending priests, for in 1403 the Abbot of the Friar Preachers at Winchelsea, was interned in the Tower, with other ecclesiastics, charged with intending to incite the people to rebellion, and with having written "railing rimes, malicious meters, and taunting verses against the King"; their literary ability brought these unlucky priests to the gallows at Tyburn. But the most important prisoner of State whom we find in the Tower in Henry's reign, was Prince James of Scotland, the son and heir of Robert III. The young Prince, who was only nine years of age, was being sent to France to be educated, and, encountering heavy weather, was driven ashore at Flam-

borough Head in Yorkshire. Notwithstanding the fact that England and Scotland were then at peace, Henry seized the prince and his attendants, contrary to all the laws of justice and hospitality, imprisoning him within the Tower, together with the Earl of Orkney, who was accompanying him as his guardian. When the news reached King Robert of Scotland in 1406, he is said to have died of a broken heart, the young prince becoming *de facto* king of that country, but Henry still kept him a prisoner. After remaining for two years at the Tower, he was taken to Nottingham Castle, and it was not until the accession of Henry the Sixth that he regained his liberty, having been a prisoner for eighteen years.

Henry V. became King in 1412, and in the "Chronicles of London" is an account of the goodly array which accompanied the new monarch to the Tower, "and ayens hym was a gret rydyng of men of London, and brought hym to the Tower upon the Fryday, and on the morowe he rood through Chepe with a gret rought of lordes and knyghtes, the whiche he hadde newe made in the Towre on the night before, unto West^{mr.}"

An infamous law had been enacted against the followers of Wyckliffe in 1401, and during the hero of Agincourt's reign the Tower was full of these persecuted people; indeed, the one great blot upon Henry's memory is the barbarous treatment of the Lollards by the Church. Of these reformers Sir John Oldcastle (afterwards he bore the title of Lord Cobham in right of his wife) was the most distinguished. He had been one of the foremost warriors in the French campaigns, and appears in every way to have been an honour to his class. By the provisions of the iniquitous clerical decree of 1401, the Bishops were allowed a free hand in persecuting, to the death, all those who were suspected of following Wyckliffe's teaching; all preachers of his doctrine were liable to be arrested, as well as owners of heretical books. If the doctrines were not abjured, the Church had the power of

handing the culprits over to the officers of the Crown, and these, according to the legal enactment of this religious persecution, the "first legal enactment," as J. R. Green calls it in his history, "of religious bloodshed which defiled our Statute Book," could burn the offender alive, "on a high place before the people."

The first martyr to suffer for the purer faith in England was a priest of Lynn, William Sautre. Oldcastle was the head of these reformers, and although a personal friend of the young King, the Bishops allowed no ties of friendship, no valiant services for his country, to weigh in his favour, or to stand between them and their prey. They demanded the body of Oldcastle, alive or dead, and Henry reluctantly, but weakly, gave up his old friend into the power of the bloodthirsty prelates, Oldcastle being taken by force in his castle of Cowling. He was brought to the Tower but succeeded in making his escape, whereupon the Lollards, encouraged by once more having their chief at their head, rose in arms. They, however, were speedily defeated and a wholesale butchery ensued, thirty-nine of the more prominent amongst them being burnt or hanged. Oldcastle was brought a second time to the Tower and did not again escape from the clutches of the priests; they had their way, and burnt the gallant old knight, hung in chains over a slow fire, on Christmas Day 1417, at Smithfield, in front of his own house. "Oldcastle died a martyr," as Shakespeare pithily says. His life and death inspired Tennyson to write a noble poem on this heroic warrior-martyr.

It is almost as if Henry's early death, at the age of thirty-four, came as a judgment for allowing Oldcastle to fall into the hands of the priests; and the memory of the subduer of France will ever bear the dark shadow of Oldcastle's cruel murder. Although it would not be fair to the English clergy to compare them with their Spanish and French brothers in the matter of cruelty, they were not far behind them in their remorseless persecution of all

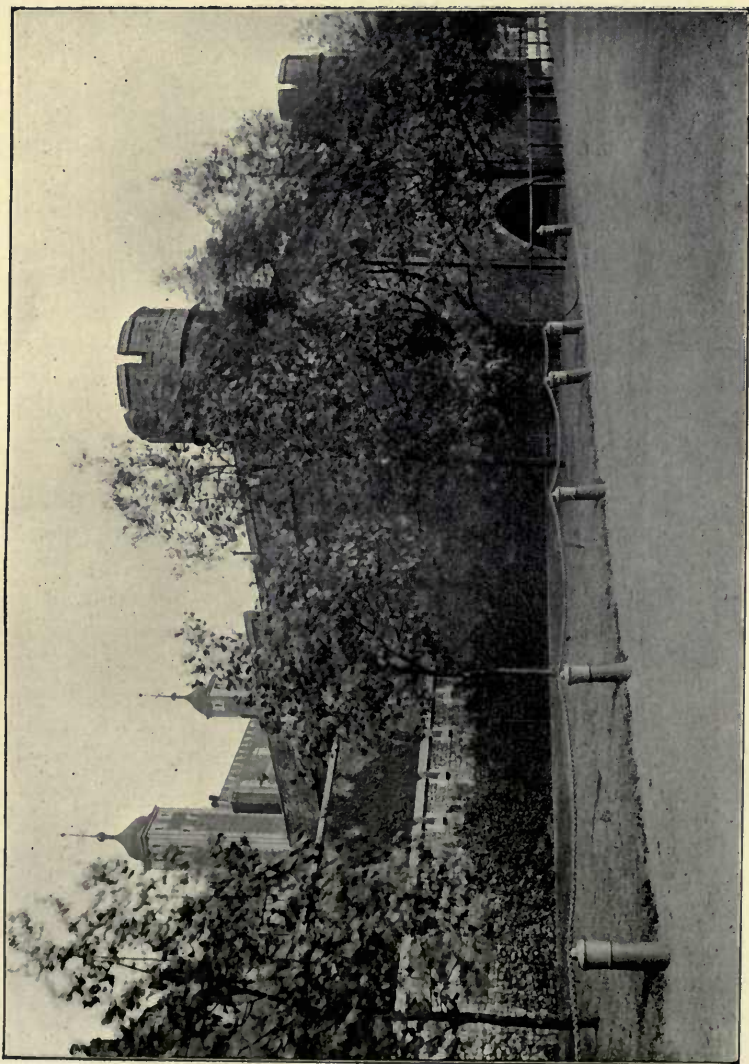
who dared to differ from their doctrines. Until the rule of the priest was forcibly extinguished by Elizabeth's adoption of the Reformed faith, executions and tortures which would have disgraced savages, formed part of the English Code. But in spite of the priests, the torture chamber, and the stake, the spirit of Wyckliffe and his followers was not quenched in the country; it always existed most strongly in the country towns, and when the persecution of Queen Mary and Bishop Bonner outraged the great bulk of the nation, the fires of reform, which had only smouldered, but which had never been extinguished, burst out into flame, and the hateful reign of the persecuting priest was finally and for ever overthrown.

The campaigns in France, like those in Wales and Scotland, added to the distinguished prisoners of State placed within the durance of the Tower walls by the fortune of war. Of the French came the Dukes of Bourbon and Orleans, with the Counts of Eu, Vendome, the Marshal Boucicourt, and many other knights after the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. I have made mention elsewhere of the famous imprisonment of the Duke of Orleans in the White Tower. He was released in 1440, on the payment of a ransom of fifty thousand pounds, a sum approximately ten times that of our present money value; but many of these French captives died in the Tower, among them the Duke of Bourbon and the Marshal Boucicourt.

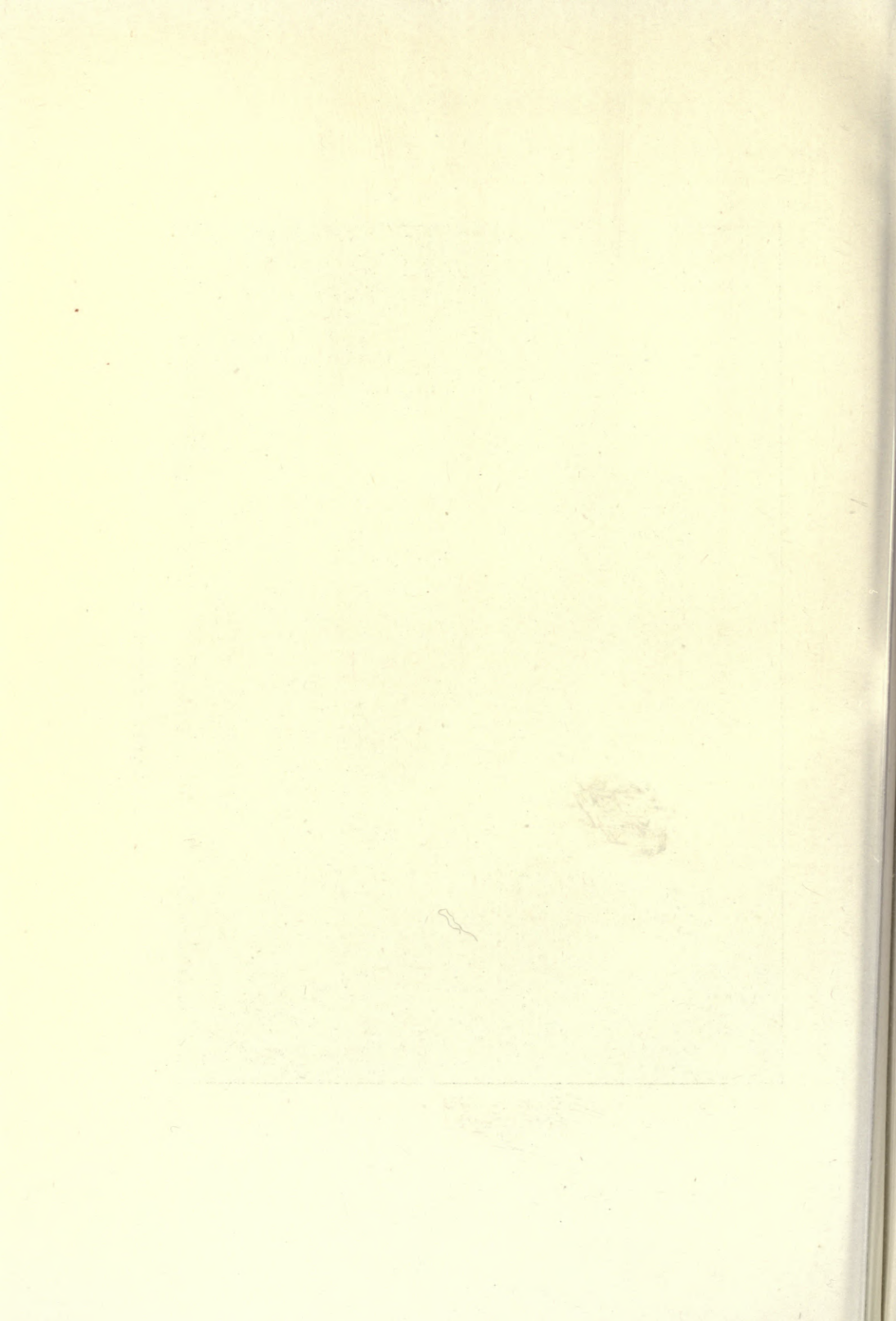
After the death of Henry V., and during the Protectorate which governed the country during the minority of Henry VI., the young King's guardian, the Bishop of Winchester, taking advantage of the absence of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the actual Protector, reinforced the garrison of the Tower, and on the Duke's return from France refused to admit him to the fortress, with the result that the aid of Parliament had to be invoked to arrange matters between the Duke and the Bishop. Throughout Henry's troubled reign the Tower was full of prisoners, some of them French and Scotch taken in the wars, and

amongst others Owen Tudor, the father of the future Henry VII. The Duchess of Gloucester, an aunt by marriage of the King, was also imprisoned in the fortress upon the charge of witchcraft and sorcery, a circumstance of which Shakespeare made signal use in his tragedy dealing with the unfortunate Henry's life.

In 1450, the Tower was again the scene of civil strife. In that year Jack Cade's insurrection took place, and with that insurrection the name of one of England's greatest nobles was connected, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. The history of his family was distinguished. His father had fallen at the siege of Harfleur; his eldest brother had died on the field of Agincourt, and two others had perished in the Battle of Jargeau. The Duke himself had willingly given himself up as a hostage for his youngest brother, who had been taken prisoner in France, where, however, he had died before his ransom could be collected. Suffolk had been a Knight of the Garter for thirty years at the time of the Cade rebellion, and throughout those three decades had served the King faithfully, both at home and abroad, as he told his accusers when he was brought before the Parliament at Westminster on a charge of high treason. But he had many enemies, and these vamped up the charge of treason against him on the ridiculous ground of his having laid up provisions and military stores at Wallingford Castle, with the intention of sending them to the French. Upon this absurd charge Suffolk was committed to the Tower, but as nothing could be proved against him he was shortly afterwards released, but sentenced to be banished the country. For some unexplained reason Suffolk was intensely disliked by the people, and all the misfortunes of the time—the English defeats in France and the unpopularity of the government of the day—were laid to his account by the populace. His end was pitiful. He had taken ship at Dover to cross to Calais, but was seized on board by the captain of another vessel named *Nicholas of the Tower*. On hearing the name of the ship Suffolk is said to have



St. Thomas's Tower, from the Wharf



lost all his fortitude, for it had been prophesied to him that if he "could avoid water and escape the danger of the Tower, he would be safe, and so his heart failed him." The old prophecy came true, for shortly after his capture his head was hacked off by several strokes of a rusty sword, and his body was cast upon the beach at Dover. Thus miserably perished William de la Pole, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of Suffolk, Duke of Dreux, Earl of Pembroke, Baron de la Pole of Wingfield, and other titles and dignities.

Jack Cade's insurrection was the beginning of a long series of civil strifes which at last broke out into the civil war that raged from 1450 to 1471; this was the War of the Roses, so called from the badges worn by the opposing factions, the Lancastrians wearing the Red, and the Yorkists the White Rose.

At the outset of the war, London was at the mercy of a riotous mob, headed by the redoubtable Cade, who had assumed the name of Mortimer. The charge of the Tower had been confided to Lord Scales and Sir Mathew Gough. Lord Saye, who was at this time Lord High Treasurer, was a prisoner in the Tower, an Order in Council having placed him there, as a means, it was hoped, of pacifying the rioters, who, however, attacked the fortress from the Southwark side of the river, aided by Cade and his followers, but retreated at nightfall across London Bridge. Scales, with the help of the Lord Mayor, made a sortie from the Tower, barricading the bridge, whilst Gough commanded the rebels' position across the water from the battlements of the fortress. At this juncture the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had taken shelter within the Tower, called for a general amnesty, and this being granted, the rebellion died out of its own accord, Cade being captured and killed by the Sheriff of Kent, and his followers dispersed to their homes. Meanwhile the King had sunk into a state of semi-idiocy, his mind, never a strong one, having doubtless been affected by the unceasing trouble around him;

besides, he was the grandson of Charles VI. of France, so that his mental condition is easily accounted for. The Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt, now took the foremost place in the Council, but after a short period of seclusion, Henry was again able to act as King.

CHAPTER VI

THE WARS OF THE ROSES

THERE is much that is tedious in the accounts of the Wars of the Roses. One battle is gained by the Lancastrians, and the next by the Yorkists, this continuing for years in a see-saw fashion. At first the war was not marked by much bloodthirstiness, but after the Battle of Towton no quarter was given on either side, the prisoners being murdered in cold blood, the most conspicuous amongst them being beheaded. This summary method of disposing of the captives accounts for the small number of State prisoners in the Tower during the twenty years of internecine warfare which almost annihilated the peerage. Here are a few of the principal battles fought throughout the length and breadth of England between 1455 and 1461. In 1458 was fought the battle of St Albans, in which Somerset was defeated and slain. In 1459 Lord Audley was slain by Salisbury, who gained the Battle of Blore Heath; in 1460 the Yorkists, led by Salisbury, Warwick, and March (afterwards Edward IV.), defeated the King at Northampton and took him prisoner; in the same year Margaret's army routed the Yorkists at Wakefield, where the Duke of York was killed, and Salisbury was beheaded at Pontefract. In 1461 the Lancastrians were defeated at the Battle of Mortimer's Cross by Edward, the son of the Duke of York, and the future King; and in that same year the decisive Battle of Towton was also gained by him, the Lancastrian cause receiving its death-blow. Three months later, Edward

was crowned by the style of Edward the Fourth, and his brothers George and Richard were made Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester respectively, whilst poor, harmless, half-witted Henry was proclaimed a traitor.

When Henry was told that he had no right to the style of King, he replied: "My father was King; his father also was King; I myself have worn the crown forty years from my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the like to mine. How, then, can my right be disputed?" "By force," they might have replied.

Queen Margaret, an infinitely more masculine being than the poor weak King, her husband, would not give up the struggle, and even after the Battle of Towton had destroyed the cause of her house, she raised its standard in the North. Warwick crushed her army, and after the Battle of Hexham in 1471, Margaret was forced to flee with her son. She is traditionally said to have owed her escape to a robber, on whose generosity she had thrown herself. Henry, meanwhile, was led a prisoner to the Tower, being treated, by Warwick's orders, with every indignity. His gilt spurs were struck off when he reached the fortress, and his legs tied to the stirrups of his horse, which was led round a tree in front of the Tower which then served the purpose of a pillory. Once inside his prison the fallen monarch appears to have been treated with some kind of humanity, being allowed to see some of his friends, the use of his breviary, and the company of a favourite bird and dog. His prison was in the Wakefield Tower, and in one of the chambers—now containing the Regalia—was the oratory in which tradition has it that he was murdered by Gloucester.

Later on Queen Margaret and her daughter-in-law, Lady Anne Neville, were also imprisoned in the Tower, but the Queen never saw her husband again, for although they were in the same building they were rigorously kept apart. After an imprisonment of five years, part of which

was passed at Windsor, Margaret was allowed to return to her own country, on the payment of a heavy ransom, where she died in 1482.

All through the Wars of the Roses the Tower had been the scene of some important events. When in 1460 the Earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and March arrived in London from Calais, Lord Scales was in command of the Tower. Scales was Lancastrian in his politics and sympathies, and after vainly attempting to keep the three Earls from entering the city, blockaded himself within the fortress; and it was only when the news of King Henry's having been taken prisoner came to his knowledge that Lord Scales surrendered his trust into the hands of the Yorkists.

The new King's coronation took place on St Peter's Day, the 29th June 1461. Edward arrived from the Palace of Sheen at Richmond three days before the ceremony, and took up his quarters in the Tower, being received at the gates of the fortress with much pomp and state. On the eve of his coronation he gave a great feast to his adherents, knighting thirty-two of them. According to the chronicler Fabyan's account, the new Knights of the Bath "were arrayed in blue gowns with hoods and tokens of white silk upon their shoulders," and they rode before the King in the procession which took its course from the Tower to the Abbey at Westminster. Edward soon showed his vindictive nature by imprisoning, within the Tower, as soon as he felt himself secure upon the throne, Henry Percy, the son and heir of the Duke of Northumberland. Besides Percy, Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, with his heir, were also placed in the Tower in 1462, with some other nobles and knights who had fought upon the Lancastrian side; of these Sir Thomas Tudenham and Sir William Tyrell were beheaded on Tower Hill.

King Edward's wife, Elizabeth Woodville, passed a few days in the Tower previous to her coronation in 1465, and both the King and Queen frequently lived in the

Palace of the fortress, the Queen passing the time there when Edward was occupied in putting down an insurrection in the North.

When the whirligig of events and Warwick, the "King-maker," brought back King Henry for a brief space of power, Elizabeth Woodville fled with her children to the Sanctuary at Westminster. The "King-maker" was defeated at the Battle of Barnet in 1471, and King Henry was brought back to the Tower once more a prisoner.

It was on Easter Sunday, in the year 1471, that Henry VI. re-entered the fortress for the last time. The fatal day of Tewkesbury was his doom, and Queen Margaret must be regarded as the cause of her luckless husband's death. Could they have changed their rôles in life, Henry would probably have died on the throne and have left sons to succeed him. At Tewkesbury, Edward, who had left the Tower in charge of Earl Rivers, his Queen's brother, again met Queen Margaret in arms, defeating her and taking her son prisoner. The death of this her only son, slain, it is said in cold blood, by the Duke of Gloucester, for whom she had waged unceasing war against the Yorkists, destroyed her last hopes. And on the 22nd of May 1471, the day after the triumphant Edward's return to London, her husband lay dead in the Wakefield Tower.

The manner of his death will never be known, but the crime has always been charged to Gloucester. A great authority (S. R. Gardiner) thus writes of the death of the sixth Henry: "There can be no reasonable doubt that he was murdered, and that, too, by Edward's directions." Of the earliest histories relating to Henry's death there are many and contradictory accounts. According to Polydore Vergil, Hall, Fabyan, Grafton, Holinshed, the Warkworth Chronicle, de Commynes, and Sandford, King Henry was murdered by Gloucester himself. Hume alone avers that "he (the King) expired in confinement, but

whether he died a natural death or a violent one is uncertain."

Thus at length the much-tried and weary King Henry of Windsor was at rest after so many sore buffetings, defeats, perils, and misfortunes; his life's pilgrimage was at an end.

" Good night, sweet Prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Henry's corpse was taken, according to Holinshed, "unreverently from the Tower" to St Paul's, where it remained one night, and was next day buried at Chertsey, "without priest or clerke, torch or taper, singing or saying." In later times Henry's remains were re-interred at St George's, Windsor. On the pavement to the right of the choir in that burying-place of our English kings, a flagstone bears written upon it in large letters, "King Henry VI."

We have now arrived at the most dramatic point in the history of the Tower. After Henry's death a very host of bloody deeds took place within the walls of the gloomy old fortress; murder succeeds to murder; and the blood of princes seems to ooze from beneath its prison doors.

The next royal victim was the King's brother, George, Duke of Clarence, "false, perjured Clarence." For him, however, one feels little pity, since he well merited to be called both "false" and "perjured." The old tale of his having been drowned in a barrel of Malmsey wine has been believed these four hundred years, and, as it cannot be disproved, it will serve as well as any other. It is the mystery which surrounds these murders committed in the dark towers of the old fortress, which adds not a little to their horror. An execution in broad daylight seems, compared with the unknown manner in which a prisoner was killed in some hole and corner of a dungeon, quite a cheerful event. One shudders at the thought of the helpless victim struggling in his death agony in the arms of his murderers.

Clarence's death took place on the 18th of February 1478, but even the place of his imprisonment is unknown. By some he is said to have been confined in the Bowyer Tower; but in Mrs Hutchinson's Memoir she has left on record that the Bloody Tower was the scene of his murder, and as she was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, the Lieutenant of the Tower in Charles the First's reign, her authority on the matter is a good one. The only contemporary, or nearly contemporary writers, in favour of the story of the Malmsey butt are Fabyan and de Commines. The former, a London citizen, writes: "The Duke of Clarence was secretly put to death and drowned in a butt of Malmsay within the Tower." Philip de Commines considered this to be a true version of the manner of the Duke's death. It has been suggested that Clarence was poisoned.

Edward IV., as has been said, lived a great deal in the Tower; he also increased its fortifications, and, according to Stowe's "Survey of London," built "a brick wall around a piece of ground on Tower Hill west from the Lion's Tower, now called the Bulwark." This fortification has long ago disappeared. Edward likewise, according to the same excellent authority, renewed the moat and made considerable general repairs to the buildings. He was the last of our Kings who added materially to the Tower.

With the appointment of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, to the office of Protector, after the death of Edward the Fourth, on 9th April 1483, the Tower plays a conspicuous part in the events which the next few years produced. Edward had left two sons; the elder, now Edward V., being twelve years old, his brother, Richard, Duke of York, being a year or two younger. Gloucester had the reputation of being an excellent soldier, and had not, as was the case with his brother Clarence, been disloyal to the late King. Whether he was hump-backed or whether, as some writers aver, he was scarcely less handsome than his handsome brothers, or whether one of his shoulders



View in the Inner Ward



was higher than the other, is not of much consequence ; for whether he was crooked or not in person, Gloucester was certainly crooked in character. If any faith can be put in the lineaments and expression of the human face, that of Richard, to judge by the portraits that have come down to us, was most evil. His face can be studied in the National Portrait Gallery. The close-set cruel eyes, the heavy nose, the thin white lips, the protruding jaw, are not inviting ; but the expression is even more remarkable—a mixture of cunning, boundless determination, and remorseless cruelty. Gloucester possessed, writes Mr Gardiner, “a rare power of winning popular sympathy, and was most liked in Yorkshire, where he was best known. He had, however, grown up in a cruel and unscrupulous age, and had no more hesitation in clearing his way by slaughter than Edward IV. or Margaret of Anjou.” Mr Gardiner is almost apologetic for Richard’s memory ; but there is a great difference, it seems to me, between being revengeful and even merciless in war, and in murdering either with one’s own hands or by those of hired assassins, one’s brother and one’s nephews. It was by shedding their blood that Richard was enabled to mount the throne which he usurped : of that there is no room for any reasonable doubt. That Shakespeare, in giving the worst character of any in his great series of historical plays to this monarch, is responsible for the popular opinion of King Richard is also indisputable, for we English take our history from these plays, and “crook-back’d” Richard will ever remain the deepest-dyed villain that ever wore the English crown. The great Duke of Marlborough confessed that all that he knew of English history had been learnt through Shakespeare’s plays, and with all truth the majority of his countrymen might say the same. It has also been said, “The youth of England take their theology from Milton and their history from Shakespeare ” ; and surely they might go further and fare worse.

It should, however, in fairness both to Richard and to

Shakespeare, be remembered that the character of the Royal villain in the play was drawn by one who wrote in the days of the Tudors, and at a time when the house of Plantagenet was not in good odour with the reigning Sovereign. Richard appears in three of the dramas—in the second and third parts of *King Henry VI.*, and as the hero or chief villain in that which bears his name when King: the important part played by the Tower in the usurper's reign is strongly marked by the poet placing four scenes of *Richard III.* within or near the fortress—twice as many as occur in any other of his historical dramas.

On the 13th of June 1483, Richard had the Archbishop of York, and Morton, the Bishop of Ely, together with Lord Stanley and Lord Hastings, arrested during a Council which he had summoned in the White Tower. Without any pretence of a trial, Hastings was led out of the Council Room by the soldiery whom Richard had concealed behind the arras, and, according to Fabyan, his head was struck off on a piece of timber which lay near St Peter's Chapel. "I will not dine till they have brought me your head," said Richard to Hastings, as he was being led away. The three other prisoners were placed in separate dungeons, the Archbishop and Stanley being released in the following July. Another victim was required by Richard. Lord Rivers, the late King's brother-in-law, like Hastings, had been a check upon Richard's designs for seizing the crown, therefore Rivers was executed, as was also Sir Richard Grey. There only now remained Gloucester's two nephews between him and the throne. At this particular time they were living with their mother, the Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, at Westminster, and it was only by the strongest persuasion, followed by threats, that the unfortunate Queen was induced to allow their uncle to take charge of them. Gloucester, having first placed the Princes in the Tower, declared them to be bastards, and as Clarence's children

were prevented by their father's attainder from coming into the succession, Richard openly declared himself the rightful King. He even went to the length of getting a preacher named Shaw to declare to the people that he alone was the legitimate son of the Duke of York, and that his brothers, the late King and the Duke of Clarence, were not his father's sons. Perhaps this attack on his mother's good name was the most odious of the many infamous acts of which Richard III. was guilty. On the 25th of June 1483 Parliament declared Gloucester the lawful heir to the throne, and on the 6th of July he was crowned as Richard III. But during that summer rumours as to the death of the sons of Edward IV. began to be spread abroad, and the King's name was linked with the report that they had met a violent death in the Bloody Tower.

In a wardrobe account for the year 1483 there is a long list of articles of dress delivered at the Tower for Richard's coronation. Among the dresses mentioned, we find that Richard had ordered the following elaborate costume:—"To our said Soverayne Lord the King for his apparail the vigil afore the day of his most noble coronation, for to ride from his Towre of London, unto his Palays of Westminster, a doublet made of two yerds and a quarter and a half of blue clothe of gold, wrought with netts and pyne-apples, with a stomacher of the same, lined oon ell of Holland clothe, and oon ell of busk, instede of green cloth of gold, and a longe gown for to ryde in, made of eight yerds of p'pul velvet, furred with eight tymbres and a half and 13 bakks of ermyn, and 4 tymbres, 17 coombes of ermyns powdered with 3300 of powderings made of boggy shanks, and a payre of short spurs with gilt." To describe these queerly named habits of "apparail," such as "tymbres," and "bakks of ermyn," and "boggy shanks," would require the knowledge of an antiquarian deeply versed in the costume of the Middle Ages, but this account of Richard III.'s coronation outfit

proves that he, at any rate, spared no expense in the decoration of his person, whether that was deformed or not.

His coronation was one of the most splendid on record up to that period in the annals of the English sovereignty. From the Tower to the Abbey he was followed by a cortege in which rode three dukes, nine earls, and twenty-two barons, besides a host of knights and esquires, all gorgeously arrayed. After the coronation festivities were ended, Richard went to Warwick, leaving the Tower of London in the charge of Sir Robert Brackenbury. Richard is supposed to have sent Sir Robert a message, which he received whilst attending mass in the chapel of the White Tower, asking him whether he would be willing to rid the King of the Princes. Brackenbury indignantly refused to have anything to do with such villainy, whereupon Richard relieved him of his charge of the Tower, and handed it over to James Tyrell, who hired the three murderers—Dighton, Green, and Forrest—these being admitted into the prison of the Princes in the Bloody Tower at night, when the double murder was accomplished. In describing the Bloody Tower, I have given an account of the place where this deed was done and the passage through which the murderers entered the prison.

The murderers were well rewarded—Richard Tyrell being appointed Governor of the town of Guisnes near Calais, also being given lands in Wales; Green obtained the Receivership of the Isle of Wight; Forrest's widow (so probably Forrest died soon after the crime) received a pension. Further, in order to protect all those who were concerned in the affair, Richard issued under his royal hand and seal a general pardon for all their former offences.

The innocent blood was, however, avenged in the following reign. In 1502 Tyrell was beheaded, not on the charge of murdering the Princes, but for aiding John



The Wakefield Tower, time of George III.

de la Pole to make his escape; this John de la Pole was Richard's nephew, upon whom he had settled the succession after his own death. Tyrell, it is said, confessed to the murder of the little Princes shortly before his execution. Dighton, who was hanged at Calais shortly after Tyrell's execution, also confessed his share in the murder, and his knowledge of the bodies of the children having first been buried by a priest near the Wakefield Tower, and subsequently in some other place unknown to him.

The earliest historian who wrote an account of this double murder was the French chronicler, Philip de Commines, a contemporary of Richard III. In his *Chronicles* occurs this passage relating to the King: "il fist mourir ses deux nepheux, et se fist roy appellé Richard III." Two contemporary English authors have also written to the same effect. The first of these is a Londoner named Arnold, who, in his "*Chronicles of the Customs of London*," states that in the year 1484 "the two sons of Kynge Edward were put to silence." The second is Fabyan, from whom I have already quoted in these pages. He writes, "Kynge Edward V., and his broder the Duke of York, were put under suer Kepyng within the Tower, in such wyse that they never came abrode after," and he adds, "common fame went that Kynge Richard hadde within the Tower put unto secrete deth the two sons of his broder Edward the IV." Sir Thomas More, in a history which he did not write himself, for it was written by Morton, the Bishop of Ely, but which More published, also asserts as a fact that the Princes were murdered. Polydore Vergil, Hall, Stowe, and Bacon have all written to similar effect.

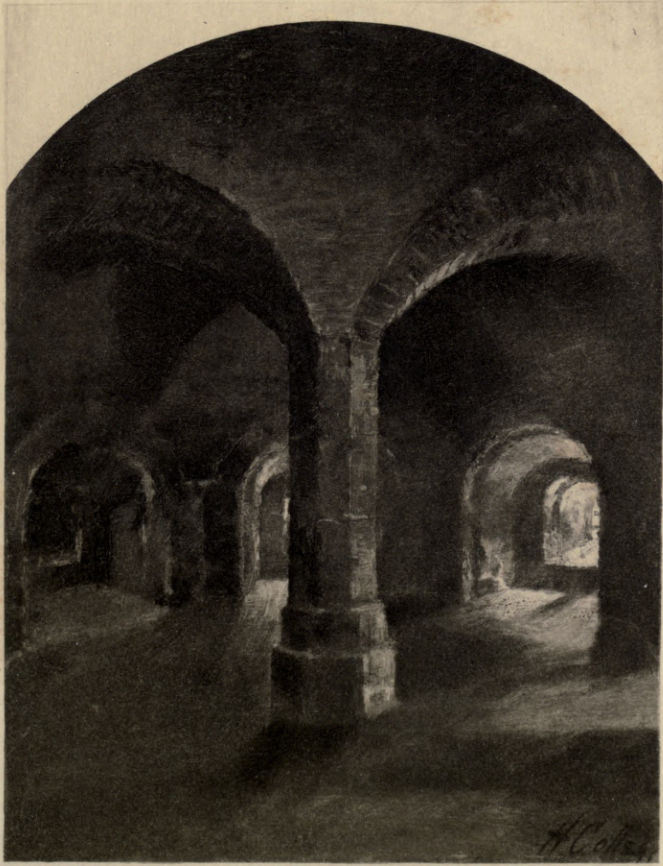
Horace Walpole amused himself—much in the same way as did Archbishop Whateley in later days—by writing a clever skit entitled, "*Historic Doubts of the Life and Reign of King Richard III.*," in which that amusing and prolific writer of gossiping letters casts

doubt on the very existence of such a being as King Richard III., which, if proven, would do away with the existence of the little Princes. But I imagine that "Horry" had as firm a belief that the Princes were destroyed by their uncle in the Tower, as the Archbishop had in the existence of Napoleon.

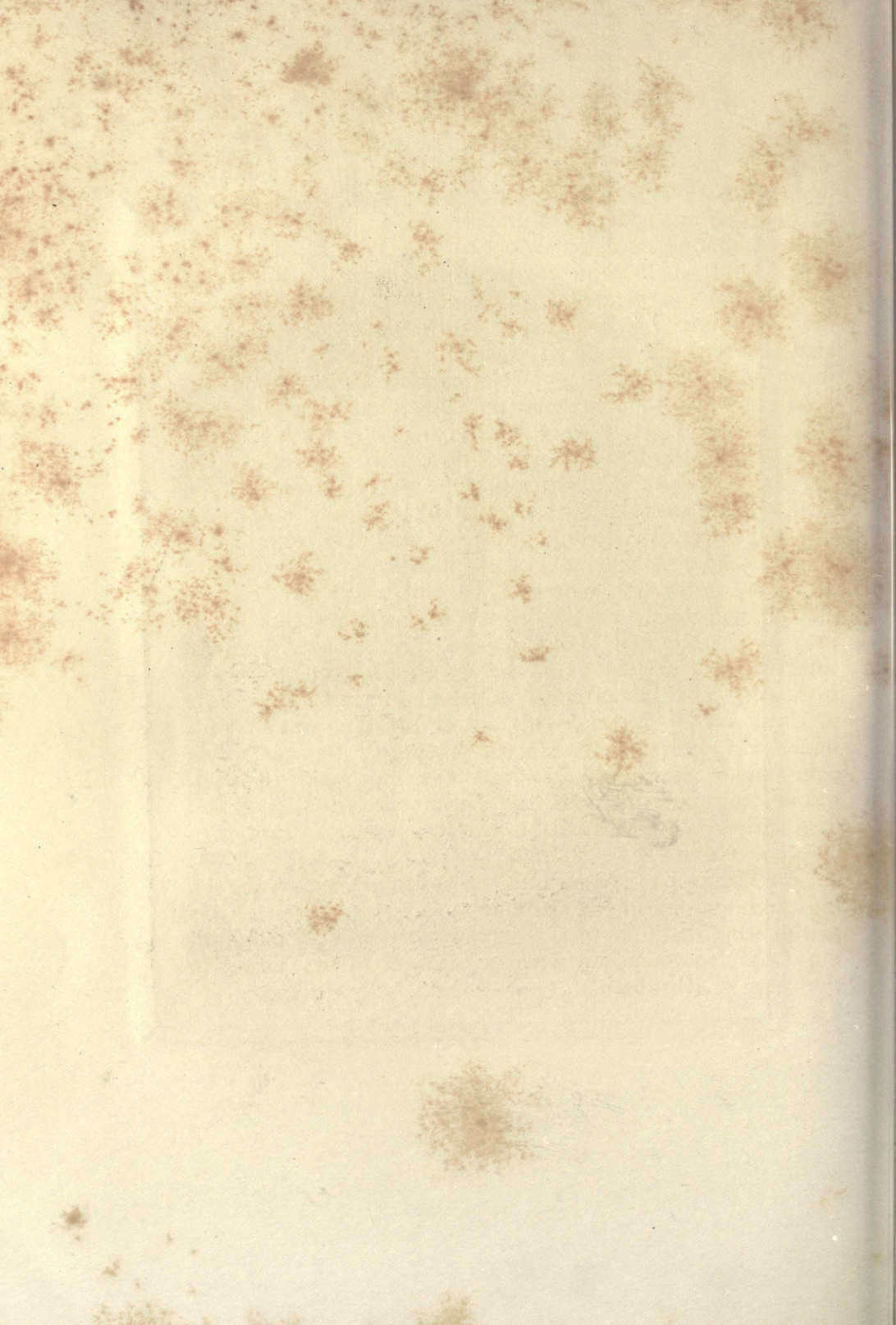
The tragic death of the sons of the fourth Edward has been a favourite subject both with poets and painters. Two of Paul de la Roche's finest paintings represent the brothers in the Tower, and one of Millais' most successful and characteristic works is a group of the two boy princes standing together on the prison stairs, and seeming to listen for their murderers' approach. And who does not recall, when thinking of that tragedy, the matchless pathos of the lines describing the scene as spoken by Tyrell in *Richard III.* :

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

A curious event occurred to one of the State prisoners in this reign, Sir Henry Wyatt—the father of the poet, Sir



Prison beneath the Wakefield Tower.



Thomas Wyatt, and grandfather of the Thomas Wyatt who lost his life for the part he played in the rebellion against Mary in favour of Jane Grey—was a Lancastrian in politics, and had been imprisoned in the fortress on more than one occasion; “once,” the Wyatt papers say, “in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved then, had not God, who sent a crow to feed his prophet, sent this and his country’s martyr a cat both to feed and warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and, as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her on his bosom to warm him, and, by making much of her, won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, ‘he durst not better it.’ ‘But,’ said Sir Henry, ‘if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?’ ‘I may well enough,’ said the keeper, ‘you are safe for that matter’; and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise; dressed for him, from time to time, such pigeons as his acater the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyatt, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or their hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere, but like Sir Christopher Hatton, with his dog, with a cat beside him.”

Sir Henry had the faithful cat portrayed with a pigeon in its claws offering it through the grated bars of his prison window. There is a similar story of a cat befriending Lord Southampton when a prisoner in the Tower in the reign of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER VII

THE TUDOR KINGS—HENRY VII.

WHEN Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, had become Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth, a relative calm settled over the Tower, as it did over the country generally. Not that State and ordinary prisoners ceased to enter the Tower gates, the former to die on the adjacent Hill, the latter at Tyburn, and some to be released. But we hear no more of midnight murders within its prisons, and with the baleful figure of Richard Plantagenet, such crimes ceased to cast their shadows on the scene of his many misdeeds.

The first notable State prisoner sent to the Tower by Henry VII. was Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the murdered Duke of Clarence. During the reign of Richard III., Warwick had been kept under surveillance at Sheriff Hutton Castle, in Yorkshire; but Henry had him brought to the Tower for greater security. There was some reason, from Henry's point of view, for this care; for Warwick, being descended from Clarence, the elder brother of John of Gaunt, had a better and more rightful claim to the throne than the first of the Tudors. So long as Warwick lived, Henry felt his seat insecure; and he seized the earliest opportunity for destroying him.

In 1487, Lambert Simnel, the son of an Oxford tradesman, had been declared by the Earl of Kildare and some malcontent English residents in Ireland, to be the Earl of Warwick. A conspiracy was at once formed to overthrow Henry, and a small army, partly recruited in Germany, and



All Hallows, Barking

partly formed by Irish troops furnished by Kildare, crossed St George's Channel. At Stoke, near Nottingham, this force encountered the Royal troops, and was completely defeated. Simnel was taken prisoner, and although the King publicly exposed his deception by showing the Earl of Warwick to the people, the Pretender was considered too insignificant for execution, and was relegated to the position of a scullion in Henry's kitchen.

Warwick could in no way be considered affected by this rising, although his mere existence gave it a *raison d'être*; but two years later, when Ferdinand of Spain refused to allow his daughter, Catherine of Arragon, to marry Henry's eldest son Arthur, on the ground that the Earl of Warwick had a prior right to the crown, the King ordered a trumped-up charge to be drawn up against the unfortunate Earl, of an attempt to escape from the Tower; and on this charge he was tried, condemned, and executed on the 28th of November 1499. With him ended the line male of the House of Plantagenet.

The records of the Tower are not entirely of the sombre colour of imprisonments and executions. In the month of November 1487, we read of the pageant that took place at the coronation of Henry's Queen, Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV.; their marriage united the rival factions of the White and Red Roses. A few days before her coronation at Westminster, Elizabeth had been brought to the Tower from the palace at Greenwich by water, in barges "freshely furnyshed with baners and stremers of silk, richly besene"; one barge was "a great red dragon, spowting Flamys of Fyer into the Temmys." She landed at the Tower Wharf, where the "Kyngs Hyghnesse welcomede her in suche maner and form as was to al th' Æstats, and other ther being present, a very good sight, and right joyous and comfortable to beholde," as writes a chronicler of the scene. The following day the Queen, being "rially appareld" in cloth of gold and damask, and a mantle of ermine, "her faire yelow hair hanging downe

playne byhynd her Bak, with a Calle of Pypes over it, and a Serkelet of Golde richely garnyshed with precious Stonys upon her Hede," was borne in a litter which was "coverde with Cloth of Golde of damaske, and large Pelowes of downe covered with lik Clothe of Golde," to the Abbey, through streets hung with tapestry and lined with "the crafts in their Lyveryes," through lines of children, "some arrayde like Angells and others lyke Vyrgyns, to singe sweete Songes as her Grace passed by" (Leland).

The most serious danger to the stability of Henry's monarchy was the insurrection brought about by the impostor Perkin Warbeck, a man who, by some writers, is said to have been a Florentine Jew, whilst by others he is declared to have been a Fleming. Warbeck gave out that he was Richard, Duke of York, the younger son of Edward IV., and that he had not been murdered in the Tower, but had escaped. In 1491 he landed at Cork with some followers. In Ireland he was supported by Desmond, and was also assisted from Flanders by Margaret of Burgundy. Until the year 1495, when he made a descent upon England, little was heard of him. By this time Henry, owing to his avarice and tyrannical form of government, had made himself extremely unpopular, and consequently his enemies gladly availed themselves of such an opportunity, as Warbeck's claim presented, of injuring the King. In an evil moment for himself, Sir William Stanley, who had so powerfully aided Henry in his victory at Bosworth, and who had placed the crown, taken from Richard the Third's dead body, upon his head, and whom Henry had made his Lord Chamberlain, declared that, "if he certainly knew" Perkin Warbeck to be the son of Edward IV., he would never draw his sword or bear arms against him. He was impeached upon a charge of uttering these words, and tried by a Council summoned by the King, who was then in residence in the Tower. He was found guilty, and executed on Tower Hill.

Meanwhile Warbeck was received in Scotland as the

rightful heir to the English crown, and James III. believed his story so firmly, and favoured him to such an extent, that he ordered his relative, Catherine Gordon, Lord Huntley's daughter, to marry the Pretender. Warbeck now styled himself Richard IV., and advanced into England with an army; but at the first reverse, he fled in panic, taking refuge in Ireland. In 1497 he made a second descent upon England; but after suffering defeat, and again taking to flight, he was finally made prisoner at the Abbey of Beaulieu in the New Forest, whence he was sent to the Tower, and hanged on the 23rd November 1499.

More festivities took place in the Tower in the year 1501, when the nuptials of Henry's eldest son, Prince Arthur, with Catherine of Arragon were solemnised there, the execution of the Earl of Warwick having at length enabled the Spanish King to give his consent to the match. The bride and bridegroom were little more than children, Arthur being fourteen, and Catherine a year older; but the marriage—that was to be so fruitful of trouble and death in the next reign—was solemnised with the greatest splendour, there being daily banquets within the walls, and daily tournaments without. In the next year, Sir James Tyrell met with his deserts for the part he had played in the murder of the little princes in the Tower, being beheaded on Tower Hill; he should have been hanged, but pleading his privilege of knighthood, he was allowed death by the axe. In 1503 Henry's Queen gave birth to a daughter in the Tower, but soon afterwards mother and child followed each other to the grave; and when six years had passed, Henry VII. himself was taken to that stately mausoleum which he had created in the Abbey of Westminster, and Henry VIII. reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER VIII

HENRY VIII.

AFTER succeeding to the throne, Henry VIII. passed a few tranquil days in the Tower, but his sanguinary nature soon showed itself, and his first victims were his father's most trusted counsellors. Having formed a new Council, Henry had Sir Henry Stafford (the Duke of Buckingham's brother), Sir Richard Empsom, and Edmund Dudley arrested, the former on some slight charge of disaffection of which he was able to clear himself, and the two others on the charge of extortion during the late reign.

Empsom and Dudley were disliked throughout the country, having been the tools of the late King's intense avarice, which became his consuming passion towards the close of his life; both men appear to have enforced his tyrannical policy with extreme harshness. Henry VIII. benefited by his father's miserliness, however, for the seventh Henry left the colossal sum, for those times, of one million eight hundred thousand pounds. His son, in order to obtain popularity at the beginning of his reign, gave up his father's ministers to gratify the popular clamour against them, and although Empsom and Dudley both deserved punishment, it was deemed necessary for form's sake not to condemn them without a specified charge. The Council was instructed, therefore, to trump up a charge of conspiracy against the King's person; and, upon this the two men were condemned and executed upon Tower Hill.

Henry then bethought himself of marriage, and took

to wife his sister-in-law, Catherine of Arragon, he being then only nineteen years of age, and Catherine five-and-twenty. For the first few years this appears to have been a happy union; but it was one much to be regretted, as it brought Mary Tudor into the world.

Henry possessed a handsome presence and a genial bluff manner, and as long as all went well with him, and his least wish was carried into instant execution, he could be amiable and even attractive. But his character was both cruel and crafty, and, in later years, these defects became more strongly marked. With old age and infirmity, he became more akin to a wild animal than to aught human; and although he was personally popular amongst the great bulk of the people, on account of his magnificence and prodigality, no greater tyrant ever sat upon the English throne.

Froude has in vain tried to whitewash Henry's character. The early years of his reign were indeed years of promise, but Henry must be judged, not by his promise, but by his life and deeds; and the butcher of Anne Boleyn, of More and Fisher, can only be regarded as a worthy colleague of the worst tyrants that have from their height of place been the curse and bane of their subjects.

Henry, with his love of show and splendour, gave himself and Catherine a gorgeous wedding ceremony. They had held their court at the Tower previous to their nuptials, and on the 21st of June the wedding took place. Never had the English court made so magnificent a show as at this time. The costumes of the men vied in splendour with those of the women, and many of the great nobles literally bore their fortunes upon their backs. The King blazed in a habit of crimson velvet, lined with ermine and covered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other gems. And as he rode through the streets, bare-headed, on a charger arrayed in damasked cloth of gold, he was surrounded and followed by a suite of knights and nobles, all in crimson velvet or scarlet cloth, Sir

Thomas Brandon, the Master of the Horse, being the most splendid figure in the procession next to the King. Brandon, the chronicler tells us, was arrayed in "tissue broudered with roses of fine gold, and having a massy balderick of gold." He led the King's spare horse by a silken rein, "trapped barde wise, with harneis broudered with bullion golde," and he was followed by nine children of honour, "apparelled in blewe velvet, poudered with floure delices of gold and chains of goldsmithes woorke, every one of their horses trapped with a trapper of the King's title."

The Queen's cortege was no less magnificent. Catherine was seated in a chariot drawn by two white palfreys, and was attired "in white satyn embroidered, her heire hangyng downe to her backe, and on her hedde a coronall, set with many rich orient stones." She was followed by a crowd of ladies riding white palfreys, dressed in cloth of gold and silver, these again being followed by an army of attendants.

The coronation was soon followed by executions; Henry seems to have required blood-shedding as a kind of relaxation, and to have caused it to flow with as much delight as he participated in the pomps and splendours of his regal state. His next victim, after Empson and Dudley, was Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. Although the only crime that could be brought against him was his consanguinity to the Blood Royal of the Plantagenets, it was quite a sufficient excuse for the King, and Suffolk was beheaded in 1513. He had been born in 1464, his father being John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and his mother Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Richard, Duke of York, consequently he was of the Blood Royal by his mother's side, and, through her, nephew to Edward IV. and Richard III. Edmund de la Pole had surrendered the Dukedom of Suffolk in 1493, but was attainted in 1504, imprisoned in the Tower in 1506, and executed seven years later. "Audacious,

strong and prompt in council" is the character given to Suffolk by a contemporary writer. The title of Duke of Suffolk was bestowed by Henry upon his brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, who had made such a fine figure at his marriage.

Half-a-dozen years passed, and again the Tower prisons were filled, some of the prisoners there having been concerned in a City riot. With these was a Dr Bell, charged with "inflammatory and seditious preaching." During this riot the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Roger Cholmondeley (whose effigy is in St Peter's Chapel), fired the Tower guns upon the City, but the damage done by the cannonade seems to have been very slight.

In 1521 a descendant of Edward II. was brought to the fortress; this was Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, who traced his descent from the grandfather of Richard II. through Anne the eldest daughter of Thomas of Woodstock. Wolsey, now all-powerful, hated Buckingham for the arrogance of his manner towards him, the Duke never troubling to conceal his contempt for the lowly born, but ambitious Cardinal. Wolsey's opportunity for being revenged upon the nobleman for his insolence came, when some ill-guarded expressions uttered by Buckingham were repeated to him; the Duke was immediately arrested and taken to the Tower. This was on the 16th of January 1521, and on the 13th of the following month he was tried on the charge of high treason and sentenced to death. Holinshed, in his Chronicle, describes how Buckingham was taken by water from the Tower to Westminster. A barge had been furnished for the occasion with a carpet and cushions, and when the Duke was brought back from Westminster in the same manner, but with the axe's edge turned towards him, he refused to take the seat which he had occupied on his way to his trial, saying to Sir Thomas Lovel, "When I came to Westminster I was Lord High Constable, and Duke of Buckingham, but now, poor Edward

Bohun." It is interesting to see how closely Shakespeare has followed Holinshed's description of this episode in Buckingham's condemnation, in his play of *Henry VIII.* :

Vaux. Prepare there, the Duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buckingham. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state will now but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun—

In Brewer's Introduction to the third volume of "Foreign and Domestic State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.," is the following interesting account of Buckingham's trial and execution :—

"As trials for treason were conducted in those days it was little better than a question of personal credibility, assertion against assertion ; and very few reasonable men could entertain doubts as to the issue. The King had already pronounced judgment, he had examined the witnesses, encouraged and read their correspondence, and expressed his belief in the Duke's guilt. Who was to gainsay it? Who should be bold enough to assert that the King had arrived at a false conclusion, and that such manners of procedure were fatal to justice? In a court also, constituted of men who were not lawyers by profession, who had received no training for such nice questions, who understood nothing of the salutary laws of legal evidence, what hope could there be for the accused? How could he expect that protection which not only innocence but guilt had a right to demand until the charge be fairly and fully proven? The only lawyer employed was the Attorney-General, on behalf of the Crown. But in those days Attorneys-General regarded themselves as the servants of the Crown, who had to earn their wages by establishing the guilt of the prisoner. So the Lords retired, and on their return into court the sentence of each peer was taken one by one. Then said

the Duke of Norfolk to the Duke of Suffolk, 'What say you of Sir Edward, Duke of Buckingham, touching this high treason.' 'I say that he is guilty,' answered the Duke, laying his hand upon his heart. Every peer made the same response; and against each of the names entered on the panel—a little scrap of dirty parchment, still preserved in the Record Office—there is to be seen to this day, in the handwriting of the Duke of Norfolk, 'Dicit quod est culpabilis.'

"Then was the Duke brought to the bar to hear his sentence. For a few moments he was overpowered by his situation. In the extremity of his agony, he chafed and sweat violently.* Recovering himself after a while, he made his obeisance to the court. After a short pause, a death-like silence! 'Sir Edward,' said the Duke of Norfolk, 'you hear how you be indicted of high treason, you pleaded thereto not guilty, putting yourself to the judgment of your peers, the which have found you guilty.' Then bursting into tears (he was an old man, and had faced death unmoved in the field of Flodden), he faltered out: 'Your sentence is, that you be led back to prison; laid on a hurdle, and so drawn to the place of execution; there to be hanged, to be cut down alive, your members cut off and cast into the fire, your bowels burnt before your eyes, your head smitten off, your body quartered and divided at the King's will. God have mercy on your soul. Amen.' The Duke heard this horrible sentence with proud dignity and composure. Turning to the Duke of Norfolk, he quietly replied, 'You have said, my lord, as a traitor should be said unto; but I was never one.' Then addressing the court, he requested that those present would pray for him, assuring them

* "When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And some thing spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience—"

Henry VIII., Act i. scene 4.

that he forgave them his death, and expressing his determination not to sue for mercy. In compliance with the custom of the time he entered his barge at Westminster stairs, and was delivered, on landing at the Temple, to Sir Nicholas Vaux and Sir William Sandys, by whom he was conducted through the city to the Tower. This was about 4 P.M. The trial had lasted some days, having commenced on a Monday, and on the following Friday (17th of May), between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, when the hills of Surrey were cloathed in their freshest verdure, and the then unoccupied banks of the Thames, steeped to the water's edge with the tender green and delicate blossom of the white thorn, the Duke's favourite flower, the sombre procession threaded its way through the dark passages of the Tower, and emerged upon the Green. Amidst the sobs and tears of the spectators, the Duke, led by the Sheriffs, mounted the scaffold with a firm and composed step. Turning himself to the crowd, he requested all men to pray for him, 'trusting,' he said, 'to die the King's true man; whom through his own negligence and lack of grace he had offended.' With this brief request, he kneeled at the block. There was a sudden glimmer for an instant in the air, then a dull thud, and the head rolled heavily from the body. The headsman wiped his axe; the attendants threw a cloak over the headless trunk, to conceal the blood which streamed in a torrent over the scaffold and dripped through the platform on the grass beneath. In rough frieze, barefooted and bareheaded, six poor Augustinian friars, shouldering a rude coffin, emerged from the shuddering and receding crowd. Gathering up the remains of the once mighty Duke of Buckingham, for the King, satisfied with his condemnation, had commuted the last extremities of the sentence, they carried the corpse to the church of the Austin Friars. The Duke in his lifetime had been kind to poor religious men, and this was the last and only office they could render him."



Queen Anne Boleyn
(From an Engraving after a portrait of the time.)



Thus closed the life of Edward Bohun, Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton.

Lords Montague and Abergavenny, and Sir Edward Nevil, were also committed to the Tower with Buckingham, being charged with having concealed their knowledge of his so-called treason; but they were all three liberated after an imprisonment of some months duration.

In the fifth volume of "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic," in the reign of Henry VIII. is the following memorandum of repairs made in the Tower during the summer of 1532:—"Work done by carpenters and taking down old timber, etc., at St Thomas's Tower; and for alteration in the Palace." "There has also been taken down the old timber in the four turrets of the White Tower; and the old timber of Robyn the Devil's Tower—that is, Julius Cæsar's Tower; and of the tower near the King's Wardrobe. Half of the White Tower is new embattled, coped, indented, and cressed with Caen stone to the extent of 500 feet." The return to this memorandum estimates the total expense of the alteration at £3593, 14s. 10d.

The Tower was again the scene of festivities when, in the month of May 1533, Anne Boleyn—to whom Henry had been secretly married on January 25 of the previous year—was taken there in state. Again, as five-and-twenty years previously, the old fortress put on its gala apparel and became splendid for the new Queen's coronation. The old chronicler Hall describes the wondrous scene of "marvellous cunning pageants," of the fountains running wine, "Apollo and the Muses, the Graces and all the Virtues, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and her children" welcoming the beautiful Queen, coming in all the glory of youth and loveliness from Greenwich to the Tower, where she landed at "five of the clocke, where also was such a pele of gones as hathe not byn harde lyke a great while before, and on her landing was met by the Kyng, who

received her with loving countenance, at the Posterne by the Water syde, and kyssed her."

The next day, through streets strewn with gravel and gay with tapestry, silks, and velvets, Anne wended her triumphal way to the old Abbey at Westminster. The order of Anne's coronation has been given at full length by Shakespeare in the scene in the Abbey in *Henry VIII.*:

"At length her grace, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saintlike
Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which performed, the choir
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung 'Te Deum.' So she parted
And with the same full state paced back again
To York Place where the feast is held."

(*Henry VIII.*, Act iv. scene 1.)

Three short years passed away and a pall of darkness falls over this brilliant scene, and Anne's regal state and "royal makings of a queen" are changed to the prison and the scaffold.

In September 1533, Anne brought a daughter into the world, the future Queen Elizabeth. In the following year Parliament passed an Act of Succession, devised by Henry, by which his former marriage with Catherine of Arragon was declared to be an unlawful one, and Anne's daughter was made successor to the Crown, thus excluding the Princess Mary from the succession. All the King's subjects were commanded to acknowledge this new Act, but the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whilst willing to obey the Act as an Act of Parliament, declined to allow that the King's marriage with the Spanish Princess was illegal. Henry, on hearing this, burst into one of his Tudor furies, and

both More and Fisher were, by his orders, sent to the Tower. At the same time Henry sent Commissioners through the length and breadth of England to suppress all the religious communities that refused to obey the Act, and also those who were not willing to conform to his new Law of Succession.

Thomas Cromwell was the principal agent in carrying out Henry's commands against the monasteries. No fitter man for the task could have been found. Risen from a humble station, Cromwell, who had been introduced to the King's notice by Wolsey, after his patron's fall had become private secretary to the sovereign; and in 1534 he was appointed Henry's Vicar-General in all matters appertaining to Ecclesiastical affairs.

One of the Orders of Friars, styled Friars Observant, had openly expressed their opinion concerning Henry's second marriage, and for this the Order was ruthlessly suppressed, many of its members being executed. The same fate befell the Carthusians, some of whom were imprisoned in the Tower for refusing to conform to the oath of this Act of Succession. The Prior of Sion Hospital was hanged as a felon, and many other priests and friars were put to death with every brutal detail appertaining to the manner of execution for high treason.

Among all these martyrs for their faith, none were more eminent for holy living than the aged prelate, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. He was in his seventy-ninth year when Henry ordered him to be imprisoned in the Tower; he appears to have been a frail, emaciated old man, and, to judge from the life-like drawing of him by Holbein, had the look of a man who has but a few years before him. So beloved was he in his diocese, that when the order came to remove him from his see, the whole city of Rochester turned out to bid its revered Bishop farewell. The grounds for the charge of treason that was brought against him were that he had listened to the prophecies of a woman known by the name of the "Nun

of Kent"; but Henry's real reason for ridding himself of Fisher was the Bishop's refusal to comply with the Act of Succession. Fisher, being a fervent servant of Rome, declared that Henry's first marriage had the sanction of the Pope, and consequently of the Church, and therefore could not be declared illegal and invalid. Neither would he acknowledge Henry's new title of "On earth supreme Head of the Church of England," a title assumed by the King in 1534. This combined refusal was, in the eyes of Henry and his Council, tantamount to a penal offence, and both More and Fisher were condemned and executed for denying the King's supremacy in the State.

Fisher was imprisoned in the Bell Tower on the 21st April (1534), and in the following November an Act of Parliament declared him to be attainted of high treason, and his Bishopric to be vacant. His household goods were seized and his library, which he had intended bequeathing to his College of St John's, Cambridge, was confiscated. In the chapel of that same College the good Bishop had prepared his tomb, which, however, was fated never to contain his shrunken frame. The aged Bishop suffered much from the cold of the winter, 1534-35, in his prison, and there is a piteous letter from him, still existing, addressed to Cromwell, in which he describes his hardships. "Furthermore," he writes, "I byseche you to be gode, master, unto me in my necessite; for I have neither shirt nor sute, nor yett other clothes that are necessary for me to wear, but that bee ragged, and rent so shamefully. Notwithstanding I might easily suffer that, if they would keep my body warm. But my dyett also, God knoweth how slender it is at any tymes, and now in myn age my stomak may nott awaye but with a few kynd of meats, which if I want, I decay forthwith, and fall into coafs and diseases of my bodye, and kan not keep myself in health." He then begs Cromwell to soften the King's heart on his behalf; he might as well have asked Cromwell to soften the nether millstone.



J. Fisher de Rochester
Episcopus

John Fisher Bishop of Rochester
(From the drawing by Holbein at Windsor.)



Bishop Burnet has written that news of Fisher's sufferings reached the ears of Pope Clement, who, "by an officious kindness to him, or rather to spite King Henry, declared him a Cardinal, and sent him a red hat. When the King heard of this, he sent to examine him about it; but he protested that he had used no endeavour to procure it, and valued it so little that, if the hat were lying at his feet, he would not take it up. It never came nearer him than Picardy, yet did this precipitate his ruin." Henry had sworn that before the cardinal's hat could arrive the Bishop should have no head upon which to place it.

When asked by the Lord Chancellor, after he had been declared guilty of high treason, what he had to say in arrest of judgment, the venerable old man answered: "Truly, my lord, if that which I have said be not sufficient I have no more to say; but only to desire Almighty God to forgive them who have condemned me, for I think they know not what they have done." The Chancellor then read out the sentence by which the Bishop was doomed, by the usual ghastly form of words, to a traitor's death. As Fisher was passing under Traitor's Gate, where he had been landed on his return to the Tower from his trial, he turned to his guard of halberdiers and said: "My masters, I thank you for all the great labours and pains which ye have taken with me to-day. I am not able to give you anything in recompense, because I have nothing left, and therefore I pray you accept in good part my hearty thanks." Those who were present were struck by the "fresh and lively colour in his face, as he seemed rather to have come from some great feast or banquet rather than from his trial and condemnation, showing by all his carriage and outward behaviour nothing else but joy and satisfaction." Three more days of prison and the good old man's troubles ceased.

At five o'clock in the morning, on the 22nd of June, the Lieutenant of the Tower awoke Fisher from his sleep, telling him that he had come with a message from the King—namely, that he was to die that day. "Well,"

answered the Bishop, "If this be your errand you bring me no great news, for I have sometime looked for this message. I most humbly thank his Majesty that it pleases him to rid me of all this worldly business, and I thank you also for your tidings. But pray, Mr Lieutenant," he added, "when is my hour that I must go hence?" "Your hour," said the Lieutenant, "must be nine of the clock." "And what hour is it now?" said Fisher. "It is now about five." "Well then, let me by your patience sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very little this night; and yet, to tell you the truth, not for any fear of death, thank God, but by reason of my great weakness and infirmity." "The King's further pleasure is," said the Lieutenant, "that you should use as little speech as may be upon the scaffold, especially as to anything concerning his Majesty, whereby the people should have cause to think otherwise than well of him and his proceedings." "For that," remarked the Bishop, in answer to this practical confession of the injustice of his sentence, "for that you shall see me order myself so, by God's grace, as that neither the King nor any one else shall have occasion to dislike what I say."

He then slept on for two hours more, when he rose and was helped to dress; a hair shirt, which he wore next to his body, he removed, replacing it with a clean white one. Upon his ordering his attendant to give him his best clothing, the latter remarked upon the care and attention that he was bestowing upon his dress that day. "Dost thou not mark that this is our wedding-day," said Fisher in answer, "and it behoves me therefore to be more nicely dressed than ordinary for the solemnity of the occasion."

At nine o'clock the Lieutenant called for him. "I will wait upon you straight," said the Bishop, "as fast as this body of mine will give me leave." He then called for his furred tippet, which he placed round his neck, "Oh, my Lord," said the Lieutenant, "what need you be so careful of your health for this little time, which you know is not

much above an hour." "I think the same," said Fisher, "but yet, in the meantime, I will keep myself as well as I can to the very time of my execution. For I tell you truly, though I have, I thank our Lord, a very good desire and a willing mind to die at this present, and so that of His infinite goodness he will continue it, yet will I not willingly incommode my health in the meantime one minute of an hour, but I will still continue the same as long as I can by such reasonable ways and means as God Almighty hath provided for me." With that, taking a little book in his hand—it was a Latin New Testament—that lay by him, he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and then went out of the chamber with the Lieutenant, being so weak that he could scarcely go down the stairs. For this reason he was placed in a chair, and carried by two of the Lieutenant's men to the Tower Gate, surrounded by a small number of guards. At the Gate he was to be delivered over to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex for his execution, but when the procession arrived there it had to wait until a messenger, who had been sent to the Sheriffs, returned to say whether those officials were ready to receive him. During this waiting the Bishop rose from his chair, and stood leaning against the wall with his eyes raised to the sky. Then he opened the Testament he was carrying in his hand, and said, "O Lord, this is the last time that I shall ever open this book, let some comfortable place now chance to me, whereby I, Thy poor servant, may glorify Thee in this my last hour!" Looking into the book, the first words he espied were these! "And this is the life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with thine own self." Fisher then closed the book, saying, "Here is learning enough for me to my life's end." From the Gate he was carried to the scaffold on Tower Hill, praying as he went, and

when several persons offered to help him to mount the steps, he turned to them and said, "Nay, masters, seeing that I am come so far, let me alone, and you shall see me shift for myself well enough."

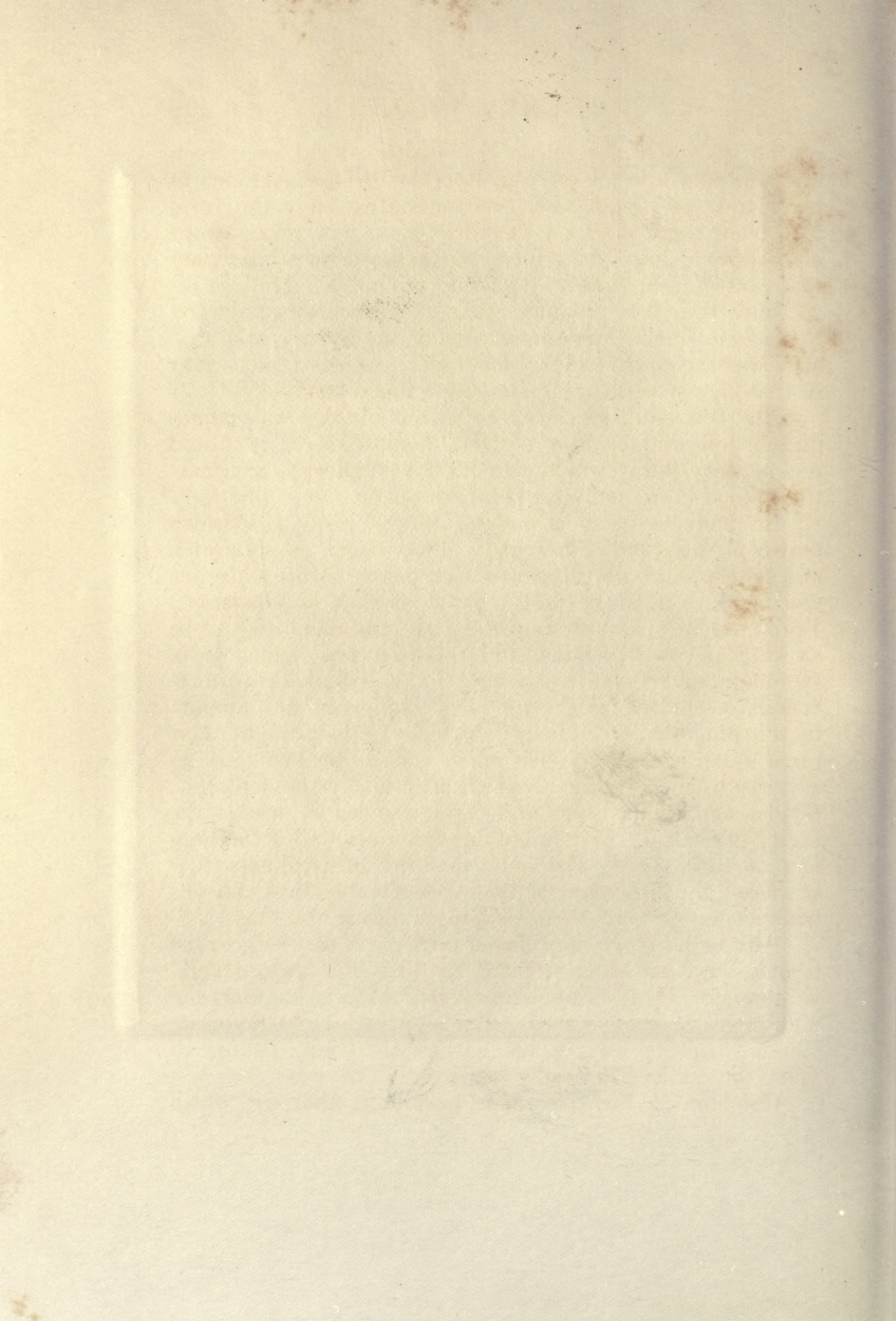
The sun shone brightly on the old man's face when, standing on the scaffold, with uplifted hands, he pronounced the words "*Accedite ad eum et illuminamini, et facies vestrae non confundentur.*" The headsman, as was the custom, knelt and asked the Bishop's forgiveness for the task he was about to perform. "I forgive thee with all my heart, and I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm with courage," answered the Bishop. Before kneeling down, he spoke a few words to the dense crowd gathered around the scaffold. He had come there, he said, to die for the Faith of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, he begged their prayers that he might be enabled at the point of death, and at the moment of the supreme stroke, to continue steadfast without wavering in any one point of that Faith. Then he prayed for the King, and for the realm, being so cheerful that he seemed glad to die, and "although he looked death itself in the human shape," according to one of the writers of the time, "his voice was full, strong, and clear." When on his knees before the block, the venerable Bishop repeated certain prayers, the *Te Deum*, and the Thirty-first Psalm, "*In te Domine speravi.*" Then the axe fell, and his head rolled on the scaffold. Thus died John Fisher, a true martyr to his Church and Faith, far worthier of canonisation than many enrolled in the long list of hagiology.

Henry was not content with merely putting this aged and venerable man to death, but, if Cardinal Pole is to be believed, he ordered the headless body of the Bishop to be treated with insult. It was left naked for hours on the scaffold, until some charitable soul with a touch of humanity, cast some straw over the poor remains of one who, but a short time before, had been among the best, if not the greatest of English Churchmen (Dr Hall's "Life

Tho. Moor L^r Chancelour



Sir Thomas More
(From the drawing by Holbein at Windsor.)



of the Bishop of Rochester"). Fisher's head was stuck upon a pike and placed on London Bridge. Dodd, in his history of the Church, recounts that after the head had been some days on the Bridge, it was taken down and thrown into the river, the reason for this being that rays of light were seen shining around it. Hall, in his "Life of the Bishop," states that "the face was observed to become fresher and more comely day by day, and that such was the concourse of people who assembled to look at it, that almost neither cart nor horse could pass."

The Bishop of Rochester's judicial murder was immediately followed by that of Sir Thomas More; it would not be easy to say which execution was the greater crime: their blood lies equally on Henry's soul.

In many respects a parallel might justly be drawn between More and Gladstone. Their fame as statesmen and scholars in both cases was European. More's life was equally pure, learned, and brilliant as that of Gladstone. Both men were as well known on the continent of Europe as in their own country, and the friend of Erasmus in Germany, and Colet in England, in the sixteenth century, was as celebrated as the friend of Dollinger and Hallam in the nineteenth. Their very faults only brought their great qualities into higher relief. More showed a stern severity to the Reformers which must always be deplored; Gladstone, in his Irish and foreign policies, proved the frailty of even the best intentioned motives. But the very fact of these being the only shadows of weakness that obscured the brilliancy of both these noble lives, speaks trumpet-tongued to their undying renown.

Although More had been one of Henry's greatest friends, and had been treated by him like a close companion—for Henry could appreciate More's humour and admire his learning—at the first sign of his old favourite standing in the way of his wishes, the monarch turned upon the subject in deadly rage.

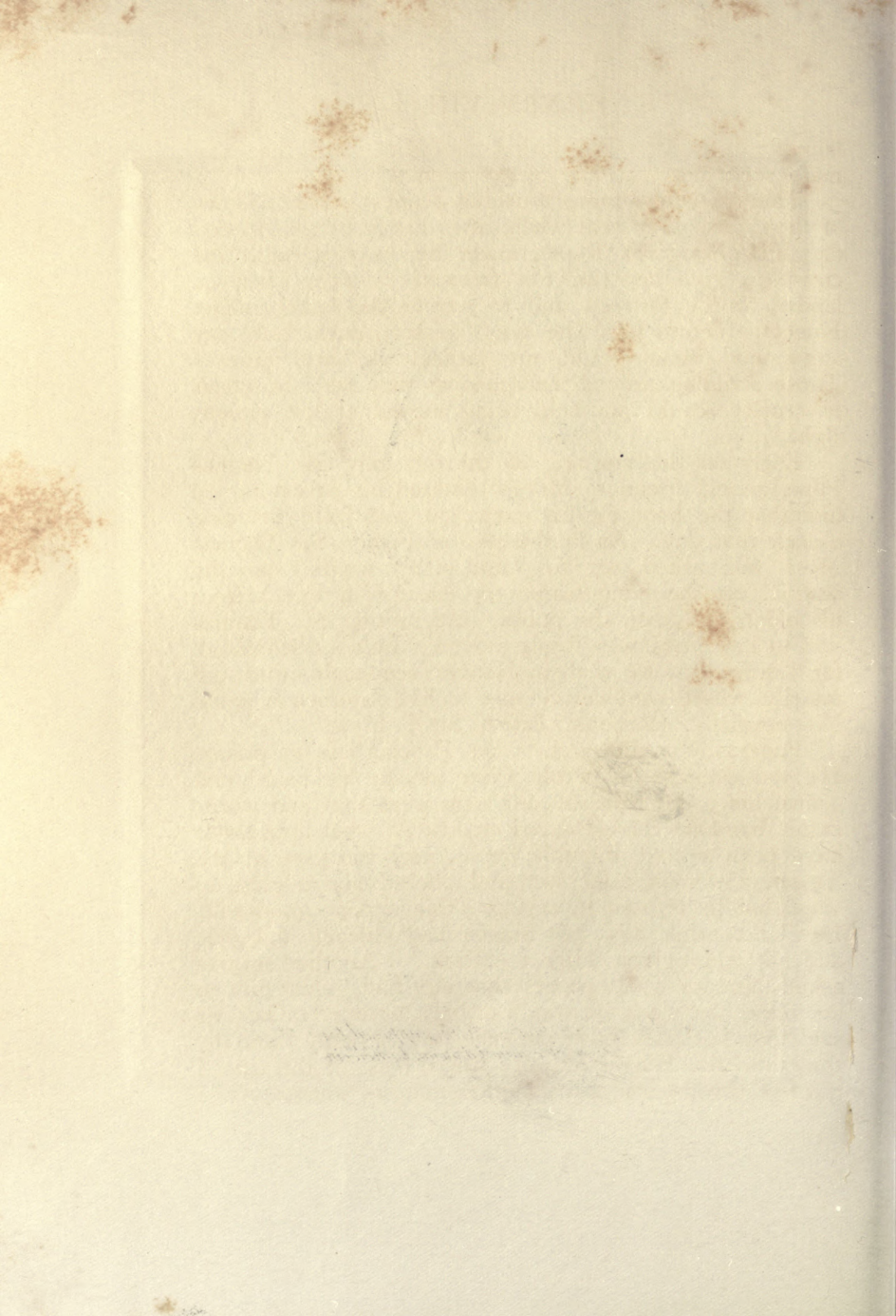
Condemned for the same reason as that for which

Fisher had been executed, More met his fate with similar firmness and cheerful courage. Neither complaint nor remonstrance troubled the serene calm of his demeanour throughout the last days of his beautiful life. After his condemnation, when he had been brought back from judgment to the Tower, the porter at Traitor's Gate asked for More's cloak as a perquisite. Sir Thomas gave him his cap as well, regretting that they were "not better." He was allowed one attendant in his prison, who was unable to read or write, and although Sir Thomas had no writing materials, he managed, with a coal in lieu of ink, to write a letter to his beloved daughter, Margaret Roper. That letter was full of the perfect peace that reigned in him, and of the affection he felt for her to whom he wrote; it concludes with these words,—“Written with a cole by your tender, loving father, who in hys pore prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor babes nor your nurses, nor your good husbands, nor your good husbands shrewde wyves, nor your fathers shrewde wyfe neither, nor our other frendes. And thus fare ye hartely well, for lack of paper. Thomas More, Knight.” Sir Thomas was allowed ink and paper after he had written this letter, and he passed the time of his imprisonment in writing a treatise on Our Lord's Passion; but his writing materials were then taken away from him, and he spent the rest of his days in prayer and meditation.

One day the Lieutenant asking him why he kept his prison room so dark, More answered, “When all the wares are gone, the shop windows are to be shut up.” Early in the next year (1535) his wife was allowed to see him; she urged him to conform to the King's wishes, but it is needless to say that he declined to do so. And when he was told that the King had been mercifully pleased to allow him, as having held the highest office in the realm, to be beheaded instead of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, Sir Thomas



*A Daughter of Sir Thomas More, supposed to be Mrs. Roper
(From the original drawing by Holbein)*



laughingly said, "God forbid the King shall use any more such mercy to any of my friends."

There are few more touching scenes in the history of the Tower than that when, after his final trial, More's daughter, Margaret Roper, made her way through the crowd to give her father a farewell embrace when he landed at the fortress, and to receive his last blessing. Kneeling before him, the poor creature could only say again and again, "Oh, my father! oh, my father!" Those standing around, hardened as they were to scenes of cruelty, could not help being moved at the piteous sight.

Early on the morning of the 6th July Sir Thomas Pope, an old friend of More's, entered his prison to tell him that the hour for his execution was fixed for nine o'clock that day. As in the case of Fisher, Sir Thomas More was asked not to "use many words" on the scaffold, for the King feared the effect of a speech from his old friend upon the public. At parting Sir Thomas said to Pope, who was deeply moved, "Be not discomfited, for I trust that we shall in Heaven see each other full merrily, where we shall be sure to live together in joyful bliss eternally" (Roper's "Life of Sir T. More").

Punctually at nine o'clock Sir Thomas left his prison. He was dressed in an old frieze cloak; his beard had grown long, and his face and form were thin and worn; in his hand he carried a red cross. At what appears to have been a kind of public-house, near the gate of the Tower, a woman came out and offered him a glass of wine, but he refused it, saying, "Marry, my good wife, I will not drink now, my Master had vinegar and gall, and not wine given Him to drink." Another woman asked him for some papers that she had given him to keep for her when he was Lord Chancellor: to her he said that she must have patience for an hour, "and by that time the King's Majesty will rid me of the care I have of thy papers, and all other matters whatsoever."

On reaching the scaffold he found it in a very shaky condition, and turning to the Lieutenant, he said, laughing, "I pray you, Mr Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." When on the platform he turned to the people, and, like Fisher, told them he had come there to die for the Holy Church and begged their prayers; then, kneeling down, he repeated the *Misere* to the end. When the executioner asked his forgiveness Sir Thomas, who meanwhile had risen from his knees, embraced him, saying, "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. I am sorry my neck is short, therefore strike not awry." He then bound a cloth which he had brought with him over his eyes, and placed his head upon the block. An instant before the axe fell he turned his head towards the executioner while he moved his beard, "Pity that should be cut," he said, "that has not committed treason."

The head was placed on London Bridge, but Margaret Roper obtained that sacred relic, and it was buried with her when she followed her beloved father in 1544, "to where beyond these voices there is peace." Both the bodies of Bishop Fisher and of Sir Thomas More were buried in St Peter's Chapel in the Tower, where they rest side by side.

One of the earliest inscriptions to be found on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower is that of Thomas Fitzgerald, who was known as "Silken Thomas," from the costliness of his attire. He was the eldest son of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, Lord-Deputy of Ireland. Earl Gerald had been summoned to London, leaving Thomas in Ireland as Deputy in his place during his absence. On arriving in London, the father was arrested and thrown into the Tower. When the news reached Thomas Fitzgerald he broke into open rebellion, and together with five of his uncles laid siege to Dublin Castle, and having captured Archbishop Allen, put him to death. Dublin Castle was defended by Sir J. White,

and would probably have fallen into the hands of the rebels had not the Earl of Ormonde raised the siege with a powerful force. In retaliation, the Castle of Maynooth, one of the Geraldine strongholds, was taken, and the garrison incontinently hanged by Lord Leonard Grey; when the news of this disaster reached Earl Gerald in the Tower, he died, it is believed, of a broken heart, on the 12th December 1534, and was buried in St Peter's Chapel. "Silken Thomas" surrendered with his five uncles, on the promise of a pardon, to Leonard Grey, who, oddly enough, was another of his many uncles, Lord Leonard's sister having married Earl Gerald. These Geraldines were imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, where, as we have seen, a fragmentary inscription cut by "Silken Thomas" is still visible in the principal dungeon. Despite the promise of pardon, Thomas and his uncles were all hanged at Tyburn, only one member of the Fitzgeralds, a youth, escaping the King's fury; and so great was Henry's anger, that he ordered Grey to be condemned to death for allowing the youth in question to save himself: Henry had determined to utterly extirpate the whole Geraldine race. The unfortunate Grey was beheaded, six years after these events occurred, on Tower Hill. "The fair Geraldine," sung by Surrey, was the sister of "Silken Thomas."

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN

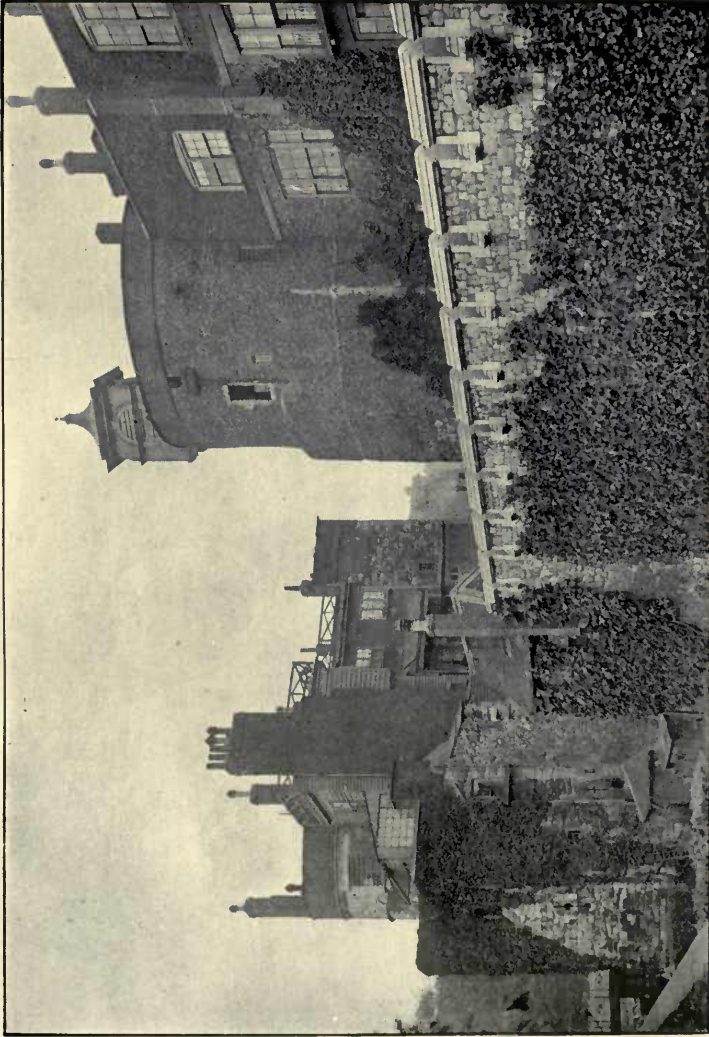
On May Day of the year 1536 a tournament was held at Greenwich Palace, at which great surprise was caused by the King leaving suddenly whilst the jousting was in progress. The next day Queen Anne Boleyn was arrested, and interrogated by some members of the Council, of whom her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, was the President. From Greenwich the Queen was brought to the Tower by water, arriving at five o'clock in the afternoon; with her came Secretary Cromwell, the Lord

Chancellor, Sir J. Audley, and the Constable of the Tower, Sir William Knighton. Her journey up the river and her reception at the grim old fortress were in bitter contrast with the triumphant progress she had made the day before her brilliant coronation. Arrived at the Tower, Anne sank upon her knees in prayer, and, rising, declared her innocence to those about her. She then inquired of the Constable where she was to be lodged, and was told that she would occupy the rooms in which she had lived at the time of her coronation three years before. "It is too good for me," said the poor Queen. She appears to have fallen into violent hysterics, "weeping a great pace, and in the same sorrow fell into a great laughing, and so she did several times afterwards," writes Knighton to Cromwell.

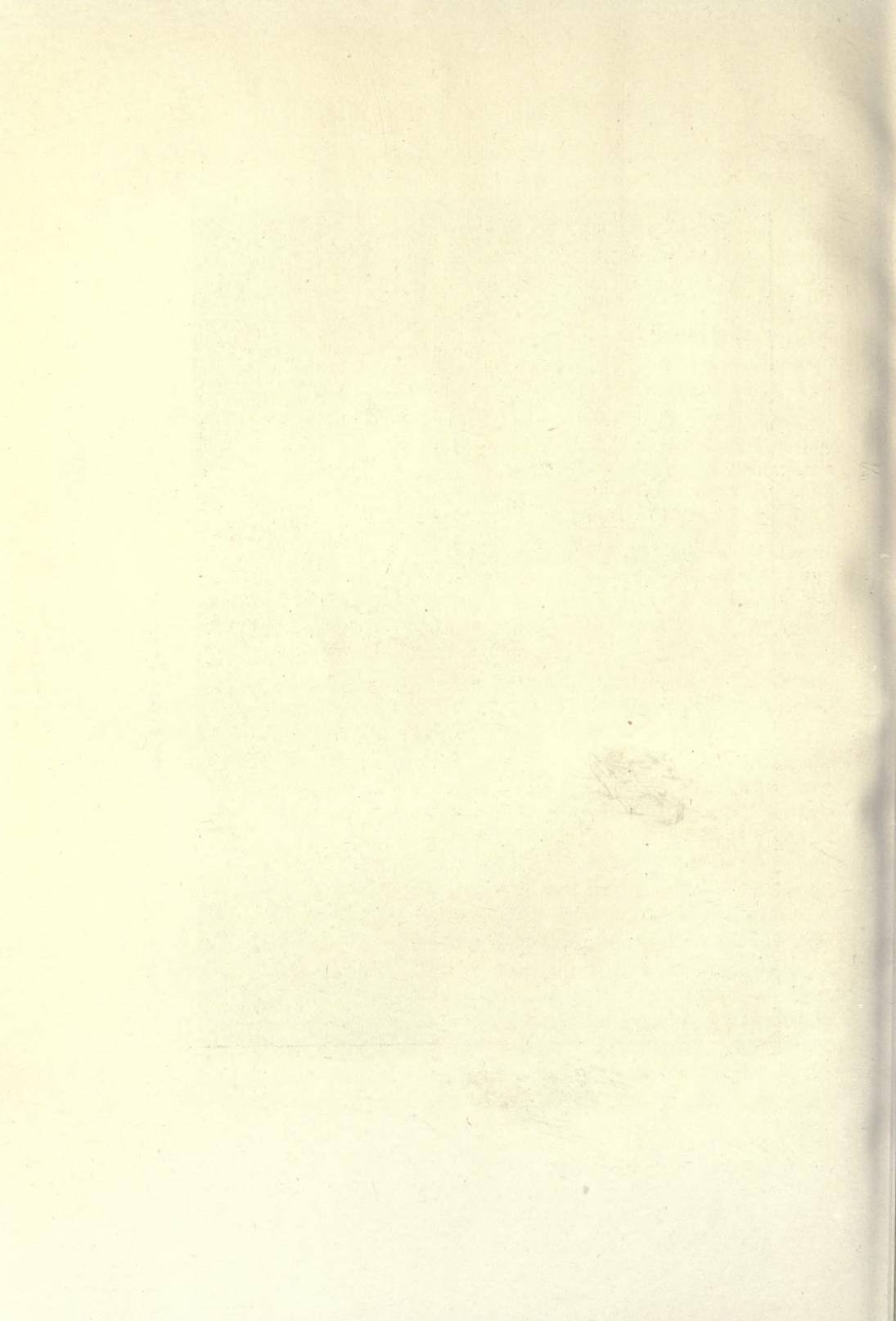
The Queen's sudden arrest must have fallen upon the Court like a bolt from the blue, although probably some of the courtiers had noticed Henry's growing *penchant* for Jane Seymour: Anne herself had seen it only too clearly, as well as the peril in which this new attachment of the King's placed her.

On the 3rd May, Archbishop Cranmer wrote as follows to the King:—"I think your Grace best knoweth, that next unto your Grace I was most bound unto her of all creatures living, and my mind is clean amazed, for I never had better opinion in woman than I had in her; which maketh me to think that she should not be culpable. I wish and pray that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent." But this would not have served Henry's purpose, even if the poor Queen could have proved her innocence. He was determined to be rid of her, and as quickly as possible, in order that he might satisfy his new passion, and all the Archbishops in Christendom would not have stopped him.

A letter, supposed by such good authorities as Sir Henry Ellice and Froude to be authentic, was written by Anne to the King from her prison. This letter was found amongst Cromwell's papers, being endorsed by the Secretary thus, "To the King from the Ladye in the



The Curfew Tower, from the Moat



Tower." It is too long to quote in its entirety, but concludes as follows:—

"Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and my judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame. Then you shall see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicions and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt lawfully declared; so that, whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed of an open censure; and mine offence being so openly proved, your Grace is at liberty, before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment upon me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto; your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion therein." (This pointed allusion to Henry's attentions to Jane Seymour was surely unfortunate?) "But if you have already determined of me; and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the joying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God that He will pardon your great sin therein and likewise my enemies, the instruments thereof; and that He will not call you to a straight account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at His general judgment seat, where you and myself must shortly appear; and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

"My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in straight imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will not so have to trouble your Grace any further; with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife, Anne Boleyn."

This does not read like the letter of a guilty person; it has a fine brave note running all through it, and the petition for the unfortunate men accused with her, shows Anne's unselfish nature in thinking of others in her own time of dire misfortune.

Knighton's wife, whose husband was the Constable of the Tower, was set to watch the Queen, and repeat all she said to her husband, who was in correspondence with Cromwell. In writing to the latter, Knighton says that

Lady Boleyn (Anne's aunt) and a "Mestrys Cosyn" were kept in the same room with the Queen; both of these ladies were Anne's bitter enemies, and they acted as spies upon the unhappy prisoner. "I have," writes Knighton, "everything told me by Mestrys Cosyn that she thynks mete for me to knowe."

The trial was held in the large room, called at that time the King's Hall, which is on the second floor of the White Tower, adjoining the Chapel of St John's. Here a gallery had been erected for the judges, and seats and benches for the Lords. The Duke of Norfolk, who presided, sat under the "clothe of estate," and represented the King as High Steward of England. By a singular coincidence Norfolk was uncle to both Anne Boleyn and the second wife whom Henry beheaded, Catherine Howard. At Norfolk's feet sat his son, the Earl of Surrey, both holding staffs in their hands—Norfolk that of the Lord High Steward, Surrey that of Earl Marshal. On the Duke's right hand sat the Lord Chancellor, and on his left the Duke of Suffolk, the peers occupying seats on either side of the chamber, in the order of their degree. Led by the Constable of the Tower and the Lieutenant (Sir Edmund Walsingham), the Queen was brought to the bar. Anne Boleyn's defence was admirable, and must have greatly disconcerted her judges, who knew that no defence, however convincing, could avail her; she was already sentenced by the King. Not one of these men, with their high-sounding names and titles, dared to give their vote in her favour. All, to a man, declared on their consciences that the Queen was guilty. Surely some of the innocent blood counted against these noble cowards as well as against their master, when their day of reckoning arrived. Norfolk, whose tears appear always to have been at command, wept "so that the water," writes Constantyne in his Memorial, "roune in his eyes," when he pronounced the sentence, which ran thus: "Because thou

hast offended our Sovereign the King's Grace, in committing treason against his person, and here attainted of the same, the law of the realm is this ; that thou shalt be burnt here within the Tower of London, on the Green, else to have thy head smitten off as the King's pleasure shall be further known of the same."*

According to Froude, Anne Boleyn's trial was conducted "with a scrupulousness without a parallel in the criminal history of the time." One can only wonder what kind of a trial that would be which was not conducted with the "scrupulousness" that characterised the proceedings in the King's Hall, under the Duke of Norfolk, when Anne Boleyn was condemned to die.

On the 17th of May the Queen was taken to Lambeth Palace, where she made her confession to Archbishop Cranmer, but, according to Bishop Burnet, any statements that she made then were induced by the prospect of saving her life ; but this cannot be proved.

Up to the last Anne appears to have maintained her cheerfulness and lightness of heart. Knighton writing to Cromwell tells him that, whilst dining with him, the Queen had announced her intention of going to Antwerp, as if she fully expected to be released. Another time she said to him, "If any man accuse me, I can say but nay, and they can bring no witness"; and also, "I think the King does this to prove me." In Burnet's "History" the following incident, which took place shortly before Anne's execution, and which I think goes far to prove her innocence of the charges brought against her, is recounted: "The day before she suffered, upon a strict search of her past life, she called to mind that she had

* There is a large number of records now in the State Paper Office, which are known as the "Baga de Secretis," and are the official papers connected with many of the most important State trials; these records are kept in ninety-one small bags or pouches, whence the name of the collection. They have been calendared in the third, fourth, and fifth Reports of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records. These interesting documents begin with the trial of Edmund Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, in 1499, and end in the year 1813. In Pouch Nine there are the reports of the trials of Anne Boleyn and her brother Lord Rochford.

played the step-mother too severely to Lady Mary (afterwards Queen Mary), and had done her many injuries. Upon which, she made the Lieutenant of the Tower's lady sit down in the Chair of State; which the other, after some ceremony, doing, she fell down on her knees, and with many tears charged the lady, as she would answer it to God, to go in her name, and do, as she had done, to the Lady Mary, and ask her forgiveness for the wrongs she had done her." Speede, alluding in his "History" to this scene, says, "as she cleared her conscience of the lesser crimes, so undoubtedly could she have done of the greater, if any had been committed."

In a long letter Knighton wrote to Cromwell on the 18th of May, he says that the Queen had sent for him to be present when she received the Sacrament in her prison. "And at my commyng," he writes, "she said, 'Mr Knighton, I hear say that I shall not dye affore noon, and I am very sory therefore; for I had thowtt to be ded by thys time and past my payne.' I told hyr it should be no payne it was so suttel, and then she said, 'I have heard say the executioner was very good and I have a lyttel neck,' and put her hand about it lawying hartely. I have seen many men and also women executed, and that they have been in grate sorrow; and to my knowledge thys lady hasse muche joy and plesur in dethe." One may infer from the tone of this letter that Knighton did not believe in Anne's guilt.

A little before noon on the 19th May, Anne Boleyn, accompanied by four of her ladies, came out of her prison on to Tower Green, attended by Sir William Knighton. Near the scaffold stood the Duke of Suffolk and the Duke of Richmond, the latter a natural son of the King's; there also were the Lord Chancellor and Secretary Cromwell, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London and Westminster; in all, about thirty persons gathered at the Tower that bright May morning to behold a sight that had never been witnessed in England before—the execu-



Traitors' Gate, from the River

tion of a Queen. Henry had given orders that the execution should be as private as possible, fearing the effect of the public sympathy with his victim, if many persons were admitted to see her die. To the very last Anne showed a steadfast courage, and may be said to have looked death fearlessly and without faltering in the face. After a few words full of resignation to her fate, and of forgiveness for those who had brought about her death, even for the chief of these, she said: "And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me." After she had finished speaking her ladies came to her and placed a bandage over her eyes, and left her, all weeping bitterly. Kneeling, but keeping her upright position of body, for on this occasion no block was used—and the headsman, who had been specially brought over from Calais, did his work with a sword—she received the stroke of death "with resolution," writes a contemporary and eye-witness, "and so sedately as herself to cover her feet with her garments." And thus, and without more to say or do, was her head stricken off, she making no confession of her fault, and only saying, "O Lord God, have pity on my soul."

When all was over, one of the ladies took up her head, the others the body, and covering them with a sheet, placed them in a chest which was ready for the purpose, and carried the remains to St Peter's Chapel, "where they say she lieth buried."

"Such," writes Lord de Ros in his "Memorials of the Tower," "was the end of this most unfortunate lady, who but three years before had entered the Tower in triumph as the idol of the King, and the admiration of all around her. Levities, which even now would be thought slight and pardonable, but which in that coarse and licentious Court could hardly deserve a moderate censure, were the only offences found against her, unless the extorted accusation of Smeaton was to be regarded as proof of any deeper guilt." At about

the time of Anne's execution, her brother, Lord Rochford, and three gentlemen of the Court, Brereton, Western, and Norris, were sentenced to death as accomplices in the crime of which she was accused. Mark Smeaton, a musician who, on the promise of pardon, had confessed his and the Queen's guilt whilst under torture, was hanged. The accusation against Anne Boleyn and her brother, Lord Rochford, consisted only of the charge that he had one morning entered his sister's chamber, and, whilst conversing with her in the presence of her attendants, had rested his hand upon the bed. Rochford died declaring his innocence, as did the other gentlemen who died with him. They were all buried in the churchyard of the Chapel of St Peter.

The day after Anne Boleyn's execution, Henry married Jane Seymour. There is a tradition that the King had ordered a gun to be fired from the roof of the White Tower, then mounted with cannon, which he could see from his palace, as a signal that Anne Boleyn had ceased to live.

When Queen Victoria visited the Tower for the first time, and was shown the place on the Green on which the scaffold had stood where Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn had been executed, and where the grass, tradition said, never grew, Her Majesty ordered the brass tablet that now records those tragic events, to be placed on the spot, with the words, "Site of the ancient scaffold: on this spot Queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded on the 19th May 1536."

The year 1537 saw the Tower full of prisoners, the result of the rising in the North, called the Pilgrimage of Grace. Thomas Cromwell's crusade against the religious endowments of the country, his spoliation of the monasteries, his wholesale butchery of the monks and friars, had stirred up a violent feeling of resistance in the north of England. A report had been spread that as soon as the monasteries had been ruined and destroyed, it would be the turn of the parish churches, and the people of Lincoln and Yorkshire took instant alarm. A zealous Roman



The Block and Axe



Catholic, named Robert Aske, headed the rebellion, bearing a banner emblazoned with the five wounds of Christ. The peril became so great that Henry found it necessary to send an army against the insurgents, the Duke of Norfolk being appointed its general. But Norfolk hesitated to bring matters to a crisis, and temporised. He promised that the grievances of the people should be heard, and a Parliament was summoned in the North to consider their complaints, and mend or end them. However, in 1537, Henry, breaking faith with the Pilgrimage of Grace, seized the ring-leaders, and established a Council in the North, which was a precursor, in cruelty and bloodshed, of Jeffreys' Bloody Assize in Devonshire, a century and a half later. Cromwell instituted a reign of terror. His commissioners tore down, among others, such incomparable buildings as Fountains, Rievaulx, and Jervaulx Abbeys; the sacred fanes were gutted, their roofs torn off, and the holy shrines abandoned to the bats and owls, serving as quarries for anyone who cared to cart away the materials. The Abbots and heads of these, and many other religious houses, were either hanged out of hand, or sent in droves to London, and placed in the Tower. Among many others, the Abbots of Rievaulx, Fountains, and Jervaulx, and the Prior of Bridlington, after being imprisoned in the Tower, were hanged as traitors at Tyburn. Two peers, Lord Darcey and Lord Hussey, who had taken part in the Pilgrimage of Grace, were beheaded, the former on Tower Hill, and the latter at Lincoln; Sir Robert Constable, Sir Francis Bagot, Sir Thomas Percy, the brother of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Stephen Hamilton, William Lumley, Nicholas Tempest, Robert Aske, and Sir John Bulwer, also suffered death, and, horrible to relate, the wife of the last was burnt at Smithfield.

Thomas Cromwell, in his treatment of women, resembled Judge Jeffreys, and, monstrous as is the fact of a woman being burnt to death in the reign of Henry VIII. for a

political offence, it is not quite so revolting as the case of Elizabeth Gaunt, executed in the reign of the second James for sheltering one of the followers of Monmouth after the Battle of Sedgemoor. Both Cromwell and Jeffreys were the obedient tools of their masters, who, to quote the great Duke of Marlborough's remark when describing James II., "This marble," he said, laying his hand on a marble chimney-piece, "is not harder than the King's heart."

Secretary Cromwell, having put down the rising in the North of the country in this ruthless fashion, turned his attention to the West, where there yet lingered, amongst the descendants of the great houses of de la Pole and Courtenay, the last hopes of the Yorkists. In order to accomplish his object of exterminating them, Cromwell required the services of a traitor; and this he soon found in the person of Sir Geoffrey de la Pole, brother of Viscount Montagu. How it was that Geoffrey turned traitor, and denounced his own kith and kin to Cromwell is not known, but his treachery threw into the Secretary's power not only his own brother, Montagu, but also Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, together with Sir Edward Nevill and Sir Nicholas Carew. They were charged with maintaining a traitorous correspondence with Cardinal Pole; and all perished on Tower Hill on 9th January 1539. Geoffrey's brother, Henry de la Pole, Lord Montagu, was the son of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, and the brother of Cardinal Pole. Born in 1492, he was consequently about fifty when he was executed. He had served in the Army, had fought in France, and had been one of the most conspicuous of Henry's followers on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He had married Jane Nevill, a daughter of Lord Abergavenny, but had no son to succeed him. Another of Geoffrey de la Pole's victims, Henry Courtenay, was one of the most distinguished of Henry's nobles. Three years previously he had commanded the Royal army, and only a few months before his own trial he had presided as High Steward of England

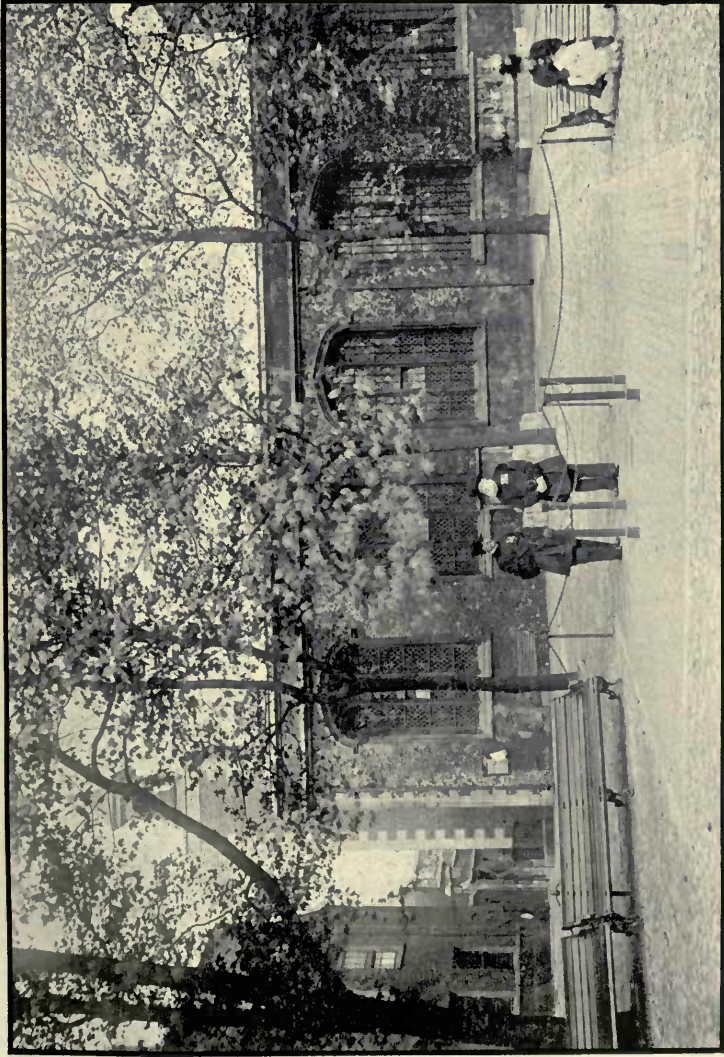
at the proceedings which had resulted in the condemnation to death of Lords Darcey and Hussey. He was son of the tenth Earl of Devonshire, and head of the great house of Courtenay, whose descent from the Eastern Emperors has been so eloquently set forth by Gibbon. His mother was imprisoned in the Tower at the same time as himself; she shortly afterwards died there. Courtenay was forty-five at the time of his execution. Geoffrey de la Pole's treachery brought him little good, for shortly after the death of his kinsmen we find him a prisoner in the Beauchamp Tower, where his name can still be seen carved with the date, 1562. He died there after Elizabeth's accession.

There is in the possession of Lord Donnington, an interesting portrait of a stately young lady in the costume of the days of Henry VII. The face is handsome and refined, although somewhat too long; the neck is finely formed, but this, too, is unusually long. In her jewelled left hand she holds a sprig of honeysuckle, or it may have been the intention of the artist to represent the broom flower, the French *genet* (*Planta Genesta*), the badge and origin of the name Plantagenet. This portrait represents Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, the daughter of the murdered Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV.; her mother was a daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, the King-maker. Thus, as the representative of the Plantagenets and of the Nevills, her position was second only to that of the reigning family. She had married Sir Richard Pole, and was the mother of Lord Montagu, of the distinguished prelate, Reginald Pole, who had fled to Rome, where a Cardinal's red hat awaited him, as well as of the traitor Sir Geoffrey. Born in 1470, Lady Salisbury was nearly seventy years old when, by Henry's orders, she was imprisoned in the Tower. There was no charge which could possibly be brought against the aged noblewoman, and she was kept more as a hostage on her son, the Cardinal's, account, than for any alleged cause of

offence. Her close relationship to the late dynasty was in reality her only crime, but this was sufficient to bring her grey head to the block.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his history of Henry VIII., tells the story of Lady Salisbury's horrible but heroic death as follows:—"Shortly after," Lord Herbert writes, alluding to the death of the Marchioness of Exeter, the mother of Courtenay, in the Tower, "followed the Countess of Salisbury's execution (27th May 1541), the old lady being brought to the scaffold, set up in the Tower, was commanded to lay her head on the block; but she, as a person of great quality assured me, refused, saying, 'So should traitors do, and I am none'; neither would it serve that the executioners told her it was the fashion, so turning her grey head every way, she bid him, if he would have her head, to get it as he could; so that he was constrained to fetch it off slovenly." Lingard quotes a passage from a letter of Cardinal Pole's in which he says his mother's last words were, "Blessed are they who suffer persecution for righteousness sake"; but, to judge from Lord Herbert's account of the frightful scene at her death, the poor old Countess, although she may have said these words at some period of her imprisonment, could scarcely have uttered them at its awful close. Henry appears to have added intentionally severe hardships to his kinswoman's imprisonment in the Tower, probably hoping that she would die in consequence, and save him the ignominy of butchering her in public. One of the Tower gaolers, named Phillips, writing to a member of the Privy Council about Lady Salisbury, says, "The Lady Salisbury maketh great moan, for that she wanteth necessary apparel, both for change, and also to keep her warm. Her gentlewoman, Mistress Constance, has no manner of change, and that she hath is sore worn" (Miscellaneous Exchequer Documents).

Lady Salisbury was Lady of the Manor of Christchurch in Hampshire, and there she had built a chapel in



St. Peter's Chapel and the Site of the Scaffold on Tower Green



the church, called after her the Salisbury Chapel. This building was adorned with elaborate carving and tracery wrought in Caen stone, her effigy being within the chantry, representing the Countess kneeling before the Trinity; beneath were a coat of arms and the motto, "Spes in deo est." Thomas Cromwell's Commissioners caused this chapel to be dismantled. The effigy was destroyed, but the chantry itself still remains as a memorial of the last of the Plantagenets. The aged Countess's mutilated remains were buried in St Peter's Chapel in the Tower.

Five years after the judicial murder of More and Fisher, their traducer and bitter enemy, Thomas Cromwell, who had been created Earl of Essex by Henry in 1540—only three months before his sudden fall—suffered death on Tower Hill. A parallel has been drawn between Cromwell and Jeffreys in their brutal administration of what they considered justice, and a second parallel might very fittingly be drawn between Henry's secretary and Maximilian Robespierre. Both sprang from the people; both rose to almost supreme power; both attained their ends by the force of their overwhelming ambition and intense determination of character; both were untroubled by any touch of pity or qualm of conscience; and both ended their lives upon the scaffold.

Very little is known of Cromwell's early years. He was the son of a blacksmith, and was born at Putney in 1490. At Wolsey's death he darted into power, and his influence with the King became stronger than even the Cardinal's had ever been. Cromwell once owned to Cranmer, after he had attained the position of the most powerful subject in the realm, that in early life he had been a "ruffian," and a ruffian he remained until his death on Tower Hill. Henry required an unscrupulous instrument to carry out his schemes in suppressing the religious orders, and in Cromwell he found a man as utterly lacking in principles as he himself. Cromwell was exactly what he described himself as having been in his youth to

Cranmer, but a ruffian without heart, feeling, or conscience. I have compared Thomas Cromwell to Robespierre, and the likeness can be even traced in their lineaments. There is an admirable engraving which has all the marks of being a faithful likeness of Cromwell in the "Herologia," and a portrait of him in the National Portrait Gallery, and in both the facial resemblance to Robespierre is remarkable. The features are of the ferret type, not brutal by any means, but the suggestion of the weasel in both faces is strongly marked. Cromwell made a close study of Machiavelli, and "The Prince" was his constant companion, philosopher, and guide; Cæsar Borgia could not have followed the precepts of the cynical Florentine more literally than did the ennobled son of the Putney blacksmith.

It was his aim to make the King supreme both in Church and State. In order to achieve this object, the Church was first pillaged, and when he and his master were glutted with the spoils of monasteries and abbeys, he turned his attention to the State, sweeping off the heads of those nobles whom he considered sufficiently independent in their views to resist the merging of the supreme power in the sovereign. For ten years—from 1530 to 1540—there was an English "Terror." Even Henry himself, who seemed to fear neither man nor God, feared Cromwell. It was Cromwell who was more responsible than Henry for the deaths of More and Fisher; it was Cromwell who, when the Pilgrimage of Grace took place, carried fire and sword into Yorkshire, and afterwards into Devonshire; it was Cromwell who instigated Henry to exterminate the families of de la Pole and Courtenay; it was Cromwell who threatened to destroy Cardinal Pole, although the latter had put the seas between himself and the terrible instrument of the King's enmity. "There may be found ways enough in Italy," he wrote to the Cardinal, "to rid a treacherous subject. When justice can take no place by process of law at home, sometimes she

may be enforced to take new means abroad." The Cardinal soon learnt what Cromwell meant by "justice at home," when the news reached him in Italy that Cromwell and the King had butchered his aged mother upon Tower Green. Shortly before his fall—and this fact of his career is similar to that of Robespierre—Cromwell had attained what was practically the supreme power. Besides being Earl of Essex, he was also Great Chamberlain of England, Vicar-General of the Church, the head of all foreign and domestic affairs, and President of the Star Chamber—the most supreme and most redoubtable council in the land, which corresponded in its power to the Council of the Ten at Venice.

Like Robespierre again, in private life Cromwell lived simply and without ostentation—a strong contrast this to his old master and patron, the magnificent Wolsey. Whether Cromwell possessed any redeeming points in his character history has not recorded, but his fall was singular, as sudden and as unexpected as had been his rise. It was brought about by a woman, although indirectly. Cromwell had arranged the marriage of Henry with Anne of Cleves, and when the King found that princess lacking in all the charms with which she had been accredited both by painters and courtiers, he not only spoke of her as "a Flanders mare," but visited his disappointment upon the negotiator of the marriage, and, from being Henry's most trusted adviser, Cromwell became the object of his royal master's implacable hatred.

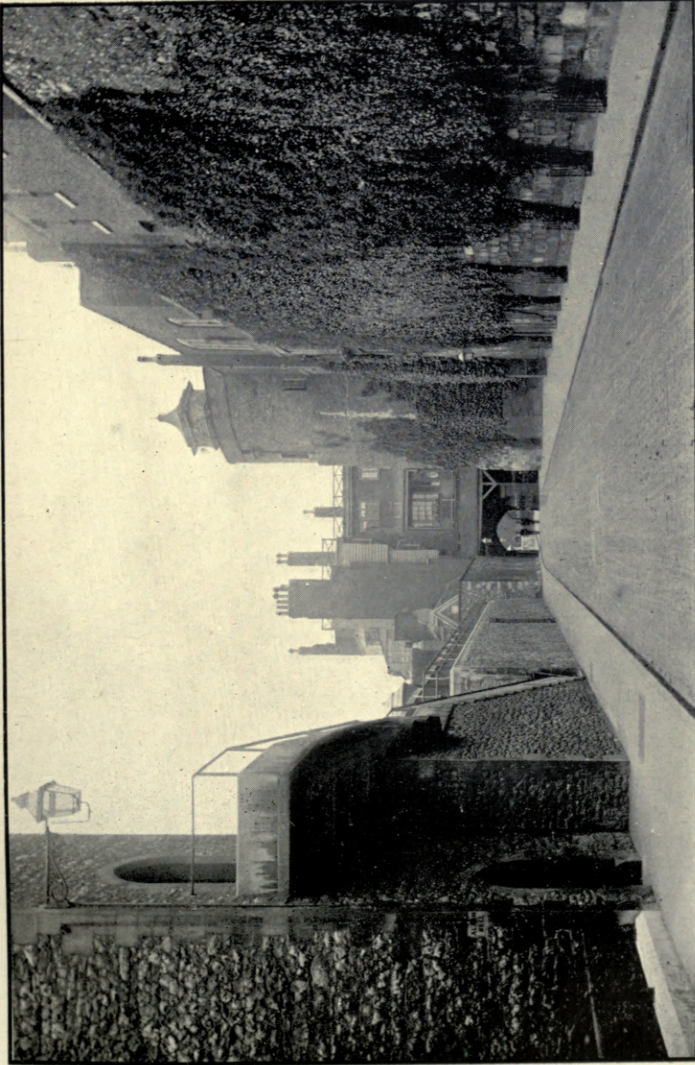
The old historian Stowe thus relates the fall of the newly created Earl of Essex: "The King's wrath was kindled against all those that were preferers of this match, whereof the Lord Cromwell was the chief, for the which, and for dealing somewhat too far in some matters beyond the King's good liking, were the occasions of his hasty death." On the 10th of June 1540, Cromwell, who had been in his place in the House of Lords the same afternoon, was arrested and placed in the Tower; so sudden

was the effect of Henry's rage. Cranmer, who appears to have been a true friend of the fallen Minister, wrote to Henry in his behalf, but with the usual result.

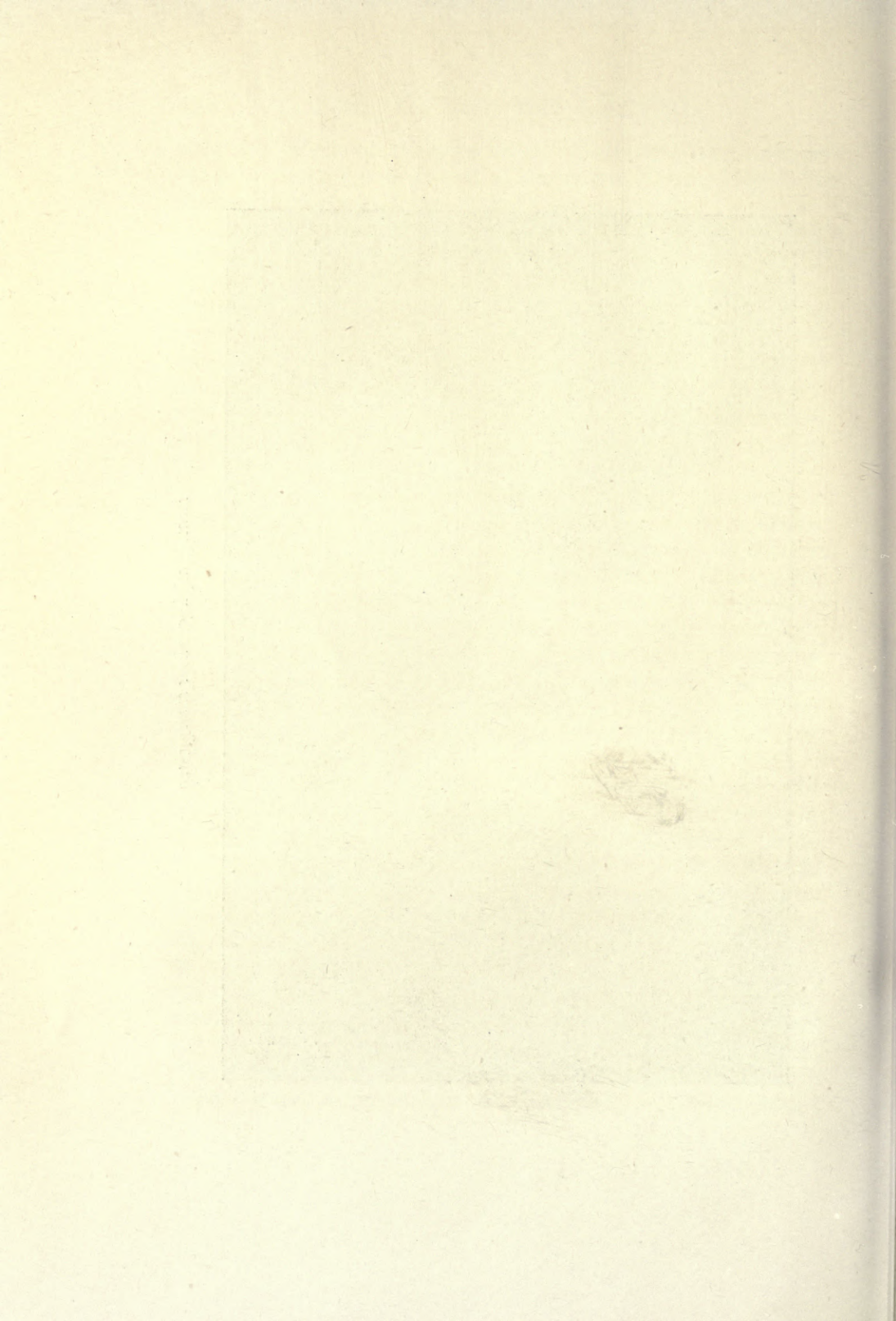
Foxe, the martyrologist, bears witness to the courage and unshaken firmness evinced by Cromwell during his imprisonment. On the 29th of the month he was condemned to death by both Houses of Parliament. The day after he wrote a piteous letter to the King, which ends thus, "Most Gracious Prince, I can say but mercy, mercy, mercy!" But Henry and mercy were strangers, and the former slayer of women and children must have bitterly regretted the little of the same quality that he had shown to others in the days of his power.

A month later he was beheaded. On his way to Tower Hill he met Lord Hungerford, bound on a similar errand—the distance from the Tower to Tower Hill takes but five minutes, walking very slowly—and whilst these two were making their way to their final earthly destruction, Cromwell appears to have encouraged his fellow-sufferer, who was complaining and bewailing the approach of death, as they faced the Hill together, and the grim shadow that was closing round them. "And so," writes Foxe, "went they together to the place of execution, and took their death patientlie."

What Cromwell said in his dying speech on the scaffold has been made uncertain by the garbled accounts of his words; but, to judge from these, he made a better exit from the world than his career in it would have led one to expect. The executioner was awkward, and, according to the chroniclers, Stowe, Hall, and Foxe, "very ungoodly performed his office." Cromwell was fifty years of age when his career thus ended. From the son of a blacksmith, and with no manner of advantages, he had risen from his humble surroundings at Putney to become an Earl, a Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Lord Great Chamberlain of England. He did much



St. Thomas's and Curfew Towers



evil, but he accomplished two good things for the benefit of his country, which should be put upon the other side of his account; he caused the Bible to be printed in English in 1538, and he instituted the system of parish registers, which he himself superintended.

The Lord Hungerford of Heytesbury, who has been mentioned as having been beheaded at the same time as Cromwell, had been accused of having persuaded some persons to prophesy how long the King would live. It was probably only a trumped-up charge, and certainly, if true, not of any greater offence than that of *lèse majesté*, but it was considered quite sufficient to bring the too curious inquirer to the scaffold. In the same year, as has already been stated, Lord Leonard Grey was executed.

An apparently justifiable execution took place in the year 1541, that of Lord Dacre, on Tower Hill, he being, according to Holinshed's Chronicle, guilty of murder.

Cromwell, although not a professed Protestant, had always protected the followers of that faith, but with his death they were again persecuted by Henry, and at the end of July 1541 three of the most prominent of the Lutherans, Dr Robert Barnes, Thomas Gerard, and William Jerome, were haled to the dungeons of the Tower, and thence dragged through the City on hurdles, and burnt at Smithfield. On the same day (30th July) Henry, with his almost incredible impartiality when engaged on persecution, caused four Roman Catholic priests—Doctor Abel, Fetherstone, Powel, and Cooke—to be burnt to death at the same place (Hall).

In the Beauchamp Tower is a carving, representing a bell, on which the capital letter "A" is cut. This is a rebus carved by the learned and unfortunate Dr Abel, while he was awaiting his trial and execution in this tower. Abel was a man of great learning, and had been domestic chaplain to Catherine of Arragon, and had offended the King by championing Catherine's cause during the trial of divorce between her and Henry. Below Dr Abel's

rebus appears the name of "Doctor Cooke, 1540," which is the inscription of Lawrence Cooke, Prior of Doncaster. These four priests were martyrs for the old faith, like More and Fisher, and many less known Roman Catholics, who preferred death rather than acknowledge Henry's supremacy in the Church of England.

QUEEN CATHERINE HOWARD

Six years after Anne Boleyn's execution upon Tower Green, another of Henry's Queens was led out from her prison in the Tower, to a similar doom on that same spot.

In the case of Queen Catherine Howard, one cannot, alas! feel that the poor victim was innocent of the charge which the King had brought against her. Catherine Howard was an erring woman, much to be pitied. She confessed her guilt both to Archbishop Cranmer and many Lords of the Council, to Suffolk, Southampton, and also to Thirlby, the Bishop of Westminster—the only Bishop who ever occupied that see.

On the 10th of February 1542 Queen Catherine Howard was brought from Sion House, where she and Lady Rochford had passed the winter in close confinement, to the Tower, and three days later both these unhappy ladies were beheaded on the scaffold on Tower Green. Both died with courage, and both confessed their guilt before the axe fell, for on this occasion the services of the Calais executioner were not called into requisition. An eye-witness of their deaths, named Otwell Johnson, in a letter written by him (and which is undoubtedly genuine, as Sir Henry Ellice includes it in his first series of "Original Letters"), declares that both victims "made the moost godly and chrystian end, that ever was hard tell of I thynke sins the world's creation." So the last act in these poor women's lives atoned for the evil of which they had been undoubtedly guilty. Weever, a contemporary, alludes

thus to the Queen's burial: "Within the choir of this chapel (St Peter's) lieth buried near the relics of the said Annie Bolleyn, the body of Katherine, the fifth wife of King Henry VIII., who, having continued his wife but the space of one year, six months, and four days, was attainted by Parliament and beheaded here in the Tower upon the 13th of February 1542." Lady Rochford shared her mistress's place of interment. Catherine Howard was but twenty-two years of age when her life closed so tragically. Culpepper and Dereham, who were charged with being the Queen's paramours, were hanged at Tyburn, and some of her relatives suffered imprisonment in the Tower on her account. Among these were her grandmother, "old Duchess of Norfolk," as Shakespeare calls her; Lord and Lady William Howard, and the Countess of Bridgewater, the daughter of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk. By a singular coincidence, the Duke of Norfolk, who had presided at the trial of Anne Boleyn, was uncle both to that unfortunate Queen and to Catherine Howard, and when the latter was attainted, he wrote thus to Henry: "The abominable deeds done by two of my nieces against your Highness have brought me into the greatest perplexity that ever poor wretch was in" (State Papers: Domestic Series). The "poor wretch" himself came within an ace of losing his own head by Henry's orders, and the King's death the day before that fixed for Norfolk's execution, alone saved him from perishing on the scaffold.

An unusual occurrence happened in the Tower in this same year of Catherine Howard's death, Arthur Lisle Plantagenet, Viscount Lisle, dying of joy, according to old Hall, on hearing that he was declared innocent of the charge upon which he had been placed in the Tower, that he had intended to betray the town of Calais. Arthur Lisle was a natural son of Edward IV., and had served in the Navy, of which he was a Vice-Admiral. He had been knighted and created Viscount Lisle in 1523, and given the Garter in the following year.

It is about this time that the first mention is made of that most uncomfortable dungeon in the White Tower, named from the smallness of its size, "Little Ease," Hall, in his "Chronicles," stating that one of the officers belonging to the Sheriffs of London was placed in this prison.

The disaster to the Scottish Army at Solway Moss in 1542 brought many Scottish prisoners to the Tower, thus repeating the history of the building during the reigns of the first and third Edwards. Among them were the Earls of Cassillis and Glencairn, Maxwell, Oliphant, and Somerville, together with some twenty knights; they were not long in the Tower, however, being sent to various places to undergo their terms of imprisonment.

ANNE ASKEW

One of the most memorable names connected with the Tower in the reign of Henry VIII. is that of Anne Askew, or Ascue, as it is sometimes spelt, the daughter of Sir William Askew, the head of an old Lincolnshire family. In early life she had married a Mr Kyme, so that when her persecution for her faith took place—a persecution which has immortalised her name—it would have been more correct to have called her by her husband's name; however, her maiden appellation has clung to her, and will always remain the one by which she is known. Kyme appears to have been a bigoted Roman Catholic, and his wife's strong attachment to the Reformed faith may have been increased by his conduct towards her, for he seems to have been a good-for-nothing fellow who made her life the reverse of a happy one. Amongst Anne's friends in London who belonged to the Reformed faith, was no less a person than Catherine Howard's successor as Henry's wife, Queen Catherine Parr. Anne, it appears, had some post about the Queen's person; at any rate, she was known

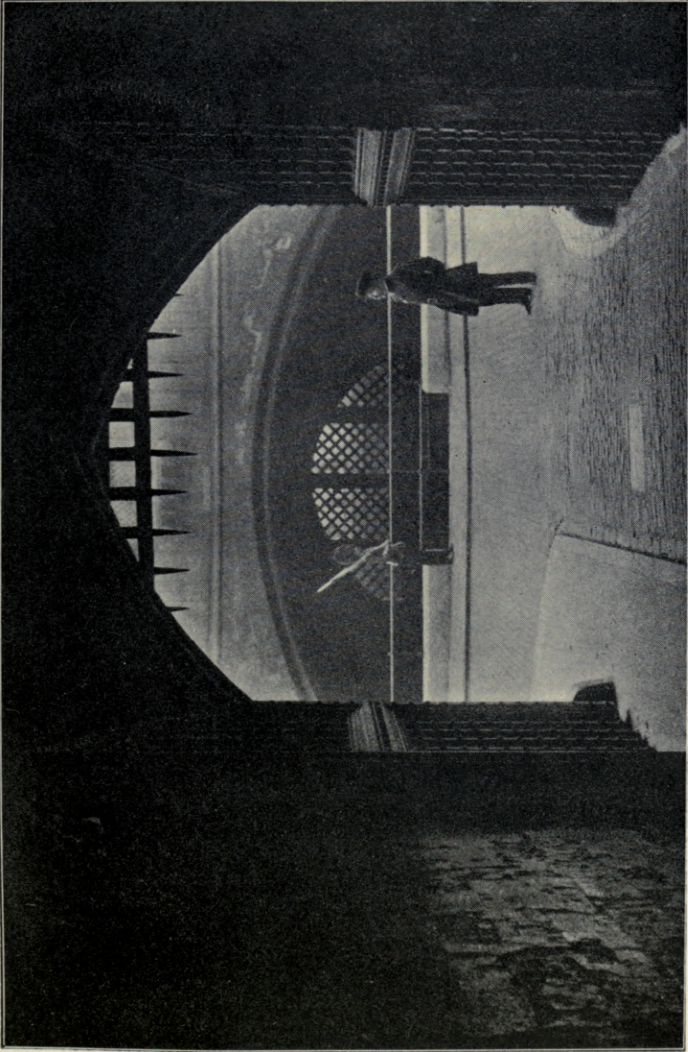
to many of the principal ladies of the Court. An Act known as "The Six Articles," which obtained the popular name of "The Whip with Six Strings," had been made law in 1539. The first clause of this Act ordained that whoever disagreed with the declaration of the Statute of Transubstantiation or the Real Presence, that the "Natural Blood Body and Blood of Christ" were present in the Sacrament, should suffer death by fire. Many men and women had been barbarously killed for denying the truth of this doctrine, and amongst those who suffered martyrdom was Anne Askew. To the horror of such a death Henry and his Council added that of torture, in order to force the victim to recant; torture, although illegal, was often, nay commonly, used in Henry's reign.

Lord de Ros's account of Anne Askew's sufferings and death are too interesting to need an apology for my quoting it here :

"In March 1545, she was summoned before an Inquest or Commission at the Guildhall, and subjected to a long examination by one Dare, when she displayed an intelligence and shrewdness, which, with her modest, gentle demeanour, drew the admiration even of her enemies. Being remanded to the Compter, she was shortly after brought before Bishop Bonner for examination, who exercised all his subtlety to entangle her in her replies; and at length drew out a written summary, in which he had grossly perverted their meaning, and desired her, after hearing it read, to declare whether or not she would subscribe to its contents. Her answer merits to be recorded, 'I believe,' she said, 'as much therof as is agreeable to the Holy Scriptures; and I desire that this sentence may be added to it.' Furious at what he called her obstinate evasions, Bonner was about to proceed to violent extremities, when by the interference of some powerful friend, and probably for other reasons, she was allowed to be released on the bail of her cousin, one Brittain, who, during the examination, at which he was present, had judiciously cautioned her 'not to set her weak woman's wit to his lordship's great wisdom.' We have no record of the cause, or rather pretext, of her being, about three months afterwards, again arrested. This time her husband, Kyme, was brought up along with her before the Privy Council, sitting at Greenwich. Wriothesley, the Chancellor, now undertook her examination, and chiefly on the great point of Transubstantiation, on which she firmly refused to abandon her own convictions, and was committed to Newgate; from whence she wrote some devotional letters, which show her to have

possessed considerable talent. Her next appearance was before the Council at the Guildhall, when, after an examination by a silly Lord Mayor (Martin), in which she entirely foiled him by her simplicity and good sense, she was plainly told, that unless she renounced her errors, and distinctly declared her acquiescence in the Six Articles, she must prepare to die; and, on her firm refusal, she was condemned, without any trial by jury, to be burned as an heretic. Meantime, instead of being sent back to Newgate, she was committed to the Tower, with a view to subject her to the torture of the rack, for which the gloomy seclusion of that fortress afforded greater convenience than the ordinary prison of Newgate, with the hope of inducing her to incriminate the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess of Sussex, the Countess of Hertford, and other ladies who were supposed to have assisted her with money for her support in prison. She was too high-minded and grateful to betray them; and whatever might have been the case, she declared that she had been chiefly kept from starvation by her faithful maid, who went out and begged for her of the 'prentices and others she met in the street.'

"The unhappy lady was now carried to a dungeon, and laid on the rack in the presence of the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir A. Knyvett, and Wriothesley, the Chancellor, Rich, a creature of Bonner, and a secretary, sitting at her side to take down her words. But when she endured the torture without opening her lips in reply to the Chancellor's questions, he became furious, and seizing the wheel himself, strained it with all his force, till Knyvett, revolting at such cruelty, insisted on her release from the dreadful machine. It was but in time to save her life, for she had twice swooned, and her limbs had been so stretched, and her joints so injured, that she was never again able to walk without support. Wriothesley hastened to Westminster to complain to the King of the Lieutenant's lenity; but the latter, getting into his barge with a favourable tide, arrived before him, obtained immediate audience, and told his tale so honestly and with such earnestness, that Henry's hard heart was softened for once, and approving his conduct he dismissed him with favour. A stronger reason for this may have been that the rack was regarded with such horror by the people as to be applied only in secrecy; and had Anne expired under it, and the fact became known, some violent outbreak might have been apprehended in the City. She was shortly afterwards carried to Smithfield and there burnt to ashes, together with three other persons for the same cause, in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Bedford, Sir Thomas Wriothesley, the Lord Mayor, and a vast concourse of people. One of the peers, learning that there was some gunpowder about the stakes, became frightened lest any accident should happen to himself from the faggots being blown into the air; but the Earl of Bedford assuring him that no such chance could occur, and that it was only to hasten the deaths of the sufferers, he remained looking on with the same barbarous indifference as the brutal mob who had assembled to witness the dreadful spectacle."



Traitors' Gate, from the Bloody Tower

Anne Askew's fellow-sufferers were named John Lascel's (? Lascelles), John Adams, and Nicholas Beleinian ; there is a woodcut of their martyrdom in Foxe's book.

Anne Askew's death appears to have been fraught with some danger to Queen Catherine Parr. Aware of the Queen's sympathy for Anne, and her leaning towards the Reformed faith, Wriothesley, the bigoted Lord Chancellor, went so far as to draw up a warrant for Catherine's arrest. Fortunately for the Queen she was warned of her danger, and either was actually frightened into a fever, or feigned illness. During an interview with the King, the suffering Queen so worked upon his feelings, that when Wriothesley appeared with a guard to take her into custody, Henry turned upon him, and, heaping the foulest abuse upon him, drove him from the presence (Speed's Chronicle). Luckily for Catherine Parr the days of Henry were near their end, or it is more than probable that she would have shared the fate of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard.

In 1546 peace had been made between England and France, and in order to ratify the treaty the French sent their Lord High Admiral to England, with the Bishop of Evreux, and some other nobles. Landing at Greenwich, they were conducted with great ceremony to the Tower—where a splendid banquet awaited them in the palace of the fortress—by the Earls of Essex and Derby in the royal barge. After leaving the Tower they proceeded to Lambeth Palace, and thence to Hampton Court, where the treaty was signed. These were the last guests of the Sovereign in the Tower. The last State prisoner to be executed in Henry's reign was the gifted and brilliantly endowed Earl of Surrey, the eldest son of Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, who, as I have said before, also narrowly escaped with his life.

Henry VIII., for the good of his people, was dying fast at the close of the year 1546. His once handsome and athletic form had become a bloated mass of corruption.

His nature, always cruel, became fiend-like during his later years, owing to his physical sufferings. He knew that death was gaining upon him rapidly, but whilst he lived he determined still to destroy, and when even in the very grasp of the King of Terrors, still sent out his death orders. No cause can be assigned for the King, while his wicked old life was fast ebbing away from him, ordering the death of Norfolk and his son Surrey. The only possible reason was that perhaps Henry feared they might wield too great an influence after his death, when his heir, Edward, should have become King.

Henry intended that his son's uncle, Lord Hertford, Queen Jane Seymour's brother, should be his sole guardian, and for a wretched pretext Norfolk and Surrey were arrested, imprisoned in the Tower, and sentenced to death. Of the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote in the preface to his great History: "Henry knew not how to value his deservings, having never omitted anything that concerned his own honour and the King's service." Despite his weakness for tears, Norfolk may rank amongst the English worthies, for he had done good service to the State, both in arms and council. He had commanded the English army at the Battle of Flodden, and had led another army during a second victorious war in Scotland; he had also led the English van in the war with France. In Ireland he had been one of the best and most just of the English Lords-Deputy. By the accident of birth the Duke was of the blood-royal, being descended from the Mowbrays; further than this, he had married one of the daughters of Edward IV., and two of his nieces had been Queens of England. For his own safety he was perilously near the steps of the throne, and his birth was too high, the story of his life too romantic, for Henry to tolerate his surviving himself, consequently, with reason or without, his death was determined upon; Henry was never troubled by lack of just cause. The dying King excused his treatment of the Duke and his son Surrey to foreign courts, by

giving out that they had conspired to take upon themselves the government of the State; this was a pure invention. Another and a still more ridiculous charge brought against them was that Norfolk and his son had quartered in their shield the royal arms of Edward the Confessor. This charge could not have hoodwinked the most simple, for it had been the custom of the Duke's family long before he himself was born to have these arms quartered upon their shield. However, on the 14th of January 1547, the House of Lords, without even the form of a trial, and without examining either the Duke or his son, passed a bill of attainder against them, and the end of the month was fixed for their execution.

While awaiting his trial in the Tower Norfolk appears to have been inclined—to make use of a racing expression—to “hedge,” as regarded his religious opinions. The Duke had always professed himself a Catholic, both by birth and conviction, but from his prison he sent a petition to the Lords of the Council in which, after asking their permission to have some books sent to him from Lambeth, he adds, “for unless I have books to read ere I fall asleep, and after I wake again, I cannot sleep, nor have done these dozen years. That I may have mass, and be bound upon my life not to speak to him who says mass, which he may do in the other chamber whilst I remain within. That I may be allowed sheets to lie in; to have licence in the daytime to walk in the chamber without, and in the night be locked in as I am now. I would gladly have licence to send to London to buy one book of St Austin, ‘de Civitate Dei,’ and one of Josephus, ‘de Antiquitatibus,’ and another of Sabellius, who doth declare most of any book that I have read, how the Bishop of Rome from time to time hath usurped his power against all Princes by their unwise sufferance” (“Seward's Anecdotes,” Ed. 1798).

Surrey was placed in the Tower at the same time as his father. Not only was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, a charming poet, especially when writing of love, of which

his verses addressed to the "Fair Geraldine" are perhaps his best, but he was also remarkable in the history of English literature as having been the first writer of blank verse in our language; he was also a distinguished soldier. But thirty years old when his fate came upon him, he was a national loss, and in killing Surrey, Henry destroyed one of England's most gifted sons. Not being a peer, Surrey was tried before a Common jury at the Guildhall on the 13th January 1547. He made a splendid defence where no defence was necessary, and where no defence, however eloquent, and no career, however blameless, would have saved him. With the axe's edge turned towards him he left the Guildhall for the Tower, and six days later one of the wisest, noblest, and most gifted heads that England possessed, rolled in the bloody sawdust of the scaffold on Tower Hill. Norfolk's life was only saved by the providential death of Henry VIII., which took place only a few hours before the time fixed for the Duke's execution. He remained a prisoner in the Tower until the reign of Mary Tudor, and lived to preside at the trial of the Duke of Northumberland, and again to take up arms when Wyatt's rebellion broke out, although then in his eightieth year. He died a natural death in his bed—a rare event with the heads of his house—in 1554, aged eighty-one. Norfolk had lived in the reign of eight English sovereigns—from the reign of Henry VI. to that of Mary Tudor.



Back of the Byward Tower

CHAPTER IX

EDWARD VI

THE boy King Edward VI. was only ten years of age when he succeeded to the throne. On the 30th of May 1547, he was brought in state to the Tower amidst an outburst of the people's gladness, which, considering all the troubles they had for so long endured under the savage rule of the late monarch, must have been heartfelt and genuine.

Near the town of Midhurst in Sussex are the ruins of one of the finest of the old Tudor mansions, Cowdray House, the old home of the Montagus. In the reign of Edward VI. Cowdray belonged to Sir Antony Brown, who held the proud office of Grand Standard Bearer of England. Here it was that the boy King in the year of his accession was entertained by Sir Antony, and in his precocious diary the little monarch wrote that he was "marvellously, yea, rather excessively banketted." Cowdray House—and that is my reason for writing about it here—contained a most interesting series of paintings upon its walls illustrating the events in the reign of Henry VIII. and that of his son, who was so "excessively banketted" within its halls. Among these paintings were representations of the siege of Boulogne by Henry VIII. ; the Field of the Cloth of Gold ; and a huge painting of the coronation of Edward VI., in which the long procession is seen wending its gorgeous length from the Tower to Westminster Abbey. All these paintings perished in the disastrous fire which destroyed Cowdray on the 24th of September 1793.

Fortunately, George Vertue copied these paintings and engraved the copies in the middle of the eighteenth century, the engravings being published by the Society of Antiquaries. Next to the Bayeux tapestry, nothing more interesting than these pictured records of English history have come down to us.

Among the pageants and devices with which the joyous Londoners graced the occasion when the young King rode through the festive streets, was a very quaint one, which Holinshed thus describes: "An argosine (a sailor) came from the batilment of Saint Poule's Church, upon a cable, beyng made faste to an anker at the deane's doore, liying upon his breaste, aidyng himself neither with hande nor foote, and after ascended to the middes of the same cable, and tumbled and plaid many pretie toies, wherat the Kyng and other of the peres and nobles of the realme laughed hartely." A few days before his coronation Edward had taken his place upon a throne in the Tower, and had had his little hand kissed by the peers, receiving the accolade of knighthood from the hands of his maternal uncle, the Protector Somerset. But whilst he received knighthood from one uncle, to another he gave lodging in the Tower. The latter was Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudley, Lord High Admiral of England. Lord Sudley—or as it is also written Sudeley—was an over-ambitious personage. He had married the late King's widow, Catherine Parr, and after her death, which he is supposed to have hastened, he began to pay very marked attentions to the Princess Elizabeth. Although one does not wish to allude to any scandal that may have attached itself in the gossip of the time to the name of that Princess, the flirtation—to give Elizabeth's conduct with the Lord High Admiral its mildest description—was at one time too notorious an episode in the future "Gloriana's" career to be wholly omitted from mention. Who has not read of the "high jinks" carried on between them? How on one occasion Seymour was found cutting the Princess's gown

“into a hundred pieces,” in the gardens of Hanworth, and how on another he had the audacity to pay Elizabeth a visit in her bed-chamber, on which occasion she “ran out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtains of her bed.” Seymour was certainly uncommonly handsome, and it is well known that Elizabeth was very impressionable in the matter of manly beauty. Probably Elizabeth’s chances of one day succeeding to the Crown may have helped to make Seymour so forward in his advances, but it was neither his flirtation with the Princess, nor his marriage with Catherine Parr, that brought about his ruin; he was discovered to be intriguing against his all-powerful brother, the Protector Somerset. A warrant was issued for his arrest on the 17th of January 1549, and he was taken to the Tower, in spite of his threat to poignard any person who dared to lay hands on him (“State Papers,” Dom. Ed. VI.). “By God’s precious soul,” he wrote, “whosoever lays hands on me to fetch me to prison, I shall thrust my dagger into him.” It is not recorded whether he carried his threat into execution. He was repeatedly interrogated whilst in the Tower, but without any effect, and on the 25th of February the bill of attainder against him was introduced into the House of Lords. On the 2nd of March it passed the Commons, and three days later received the royal assent; on the 15th, Goodriche, Bishop of Ely, communicated to Seymour that he was to suffer death on the 20th.

The Protector has naturally been greatly blamed for the part he took in bringing his brother to the scaffold, and there is a curious passage in a letter written by the Princess Elizabeth to her sister Queen Mary, shortly after she herself was sent a prisoner to the Tower, in which she says, “In late days I hearde my Lorde Somerset say, that if his brother had bine suffered to speke to him, he had never suffered; but the persuasions were made to him so gret, that he was brought in beleafe that he could not live safely if the admirall lived; and that made him give his consent

to his dethe." The young King's entry in his diary regarding his uncle's death is extremely laconic: "The Lord Sudley, admiral of England, was condemned to death, and died in March ensuing." Burnet in his "History" says, "What his behaviour was on the scaffold I do not find," and indeed no record, as was the case with so many of his distinguished contemporaries, has come down to us of his last moments, except that Strype in his "History" says, that just before the end the Admiral bade his servant, "speed the thing that he wot of."

This last message appears to have regarded two letters which he had written in the Tower, one to the Princess Elizabeth, and the other to the Princess Mary. They had been written in some kind of invisible ink, and, having no pen, he had written them with the point of an "uglet" which "he had plucked from his hose," and they had been sewn between the sole of one of his velvet shoes. "By this means these letters came to light, and fell into the hands of the Protector and Council. The contents of these tended to this end, that the two sisters should conspire together against the Protector, enforcing many matters against him, to make these ladies jealous of him, as though he had, it may be, estranged the King their brother from them, or to deprive them of the right of their succession. Both these papers Latimer himself saw, and repeated publicly in his fourth sermon before the King, though in the last edition of his sermons the passage is left out." The following, however, is the passage from Latimer's most strange discourse on the death of the Lord High Admiral, which he preached before the King regarding his uncle's death; a less charitable or courtly address is not often met with: "As touching the kind of his death, whether he be saved or no, I refer that to God. In the twinkling of an eye He may save a man or turn his heart. What he did I cannot tell, and when a man hath two strokes with an axe, who can tell but between two strokes he doth repent? It is hard to judge, but this I will say, if they will ask me what

I think of his death, that he died very dangerously, irksomely and horribly. He was a wicked man and the realm is well rid of him" ("Latimer's Sermons").

The death of his brother made the Protector still more disliked by the people; he was already unpopular by reason of his rapaciousness and the manner in which he attained great wealth by the seizure of Church property. The huge palace he had built by the riverside, and called after himself Somerset House, was a standing witness of his overpowering greed in the eyes of all men. In order to increase the size of this building he had committed desecration by pulling down a church, and casting away the human remains that had been buried within it; such an action in those days was considered by the populace as a crime.

The elder brother soon followed the younger along the same gloomy road to the grave, thus fulfilling the words of the chronicler Grafton, who, when Seymour died, had written, "It was commonly talked that the fall of one brother would be the overthrow of the other, as soone after it came to passe."

The Protector's fall was brought about by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, his rival. At a meeting convened at Ely House, Holborn, at which Lord St John, the President of the Council, Northumberland, Southampton, Arundel, and five other members of the Privy Council were present, the Protector's arrest was decided upon. When Somerset heard this startling news he took the young King from Hampton Court to Windsor, and prepared to defend himself by force to the last. His call to arms, however, met with no response; none of his former friends came forward in his support, and he felt that his cause was lost. Meanwhile the Privy Council had taken possession of the Tower and despatched Sir Philip Hoby as its messenger to the King at Windsor, with letters, "beseeching his highness to give credit to that which he should declare in their names; and the King gave him libertie to speak, and most gentlie heard all that he had

to saie, and trulie he did so wiselie declare his message, and so gravelie told his tale in the name of the Lords, yea therewithal so vehementlie and greevous so against the Protector, who was also there present by the King, that in the end, the Lord Protector was commanded from the King's presence" ("Grafton's Chronicle").

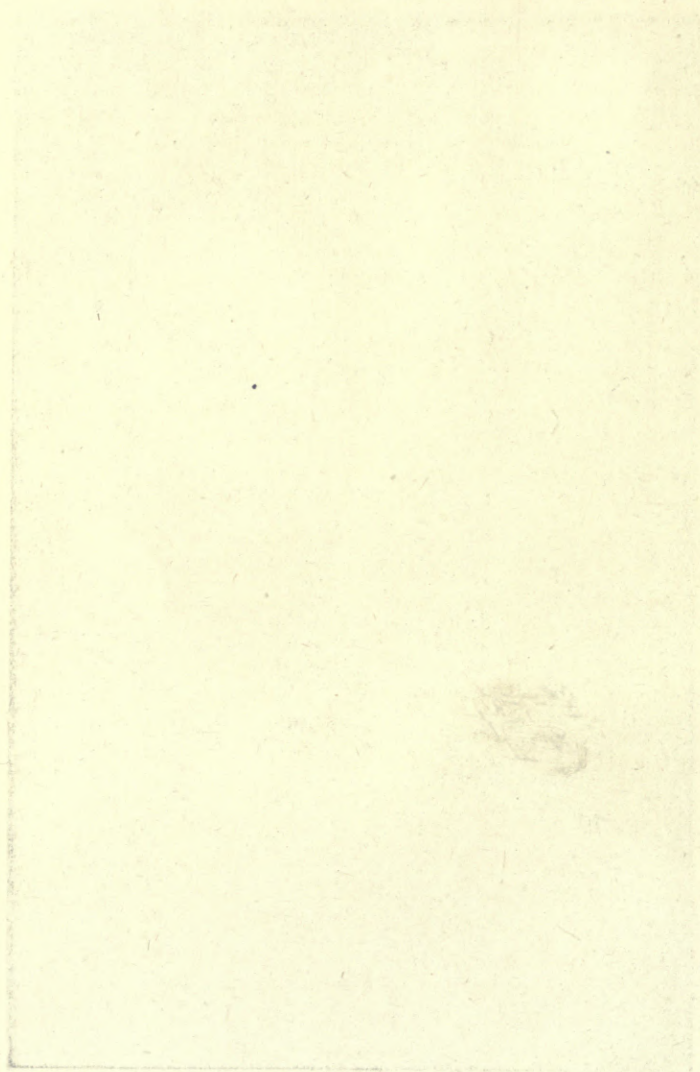
On the 12th of October, two days after the meeting of the Privy Council at Ely House, the Protector occupied the prison chamber at Beauchamp Tower. The once all-powerful Duke was brought to his knees in every sense of the term, for, on the 21st of January 1550, he actually signed a confession, kneeling before his nephew the King. Apparently, in consequence of this submission, Somerset was released from the Tower, as Edward records in his diary on the 6th of February, that his uncle "supped at Sir John Yorke's, one of the sheriffes of London, where the Lords assembled to welcome him"; and on the 31st of March he reappeared at Court, the King writing under that date, "My Lord Somerset was delivered of his bondes and came to court." On the 21st of April the King recorded, "It was granted that my lord of Somerset should have all his moveable goodes and leases, except those that be alreadie given."

Warwick, who had about this time been created Duke of Northumberland, had arranged a marriage between his eldest son, Lord Lisle, and Somerset's daughter, Lady Anne, in June 1550; but in spite of this alliance, the old feud between these enemies broke out again, with the result that on the 16th of October 1551, Somerset was again a prisoner in the Tower, on a charge of high treason. And that evening the royal diarist writes, "This morning none were at Westminster of the conspirators. The first was the duke, who came later than he was wont, of himself. After dinner he was apprehended." On this occasion Somerset's wife shared his imprisonment.

The indictment against the Duke was presented at the Guildhall on the 21st of November, a true bill being found



The King's House



by a jury of Middlesex. Strict orders were given to the Lord Mayor "to cause the citie to be well looked to and garded all to-morrow and the next night." Two days afterwards the King entered in his diary, "The Lord Treasurer (this was William Paulet, created Marquis of Winchester in 1555) apointed high stuard for the arraignment of the Duke of Somerset."

Stowe writes on the 2nd of December, "The sayde Duke brought out of the Tower of London, with the axe of the Tower borne before him, with a great number of billes, glaves, holbarges, and polaxes attending upon him; and was had from the Tower by water, and having shot London Bridge at five of the clock in the morning, so came unto Westminster Hall, where was made the middle of the Hall a new scaffold, where all the Lordes of the King's Counsaill sate as his judges, and there was he arraigned and charged with many articles both of treason and felony. And when, after much speeche, he had answered not guiltie, he in all humble manner put himself to be tryed by his peeres who, after long consultations among themselves, gave their verdict that he was not guiltie of the treason, but of the felony."

The King gave a long and very involved account of the Duke's trial in his diary, far too long to quote; at the close he writes as follows:—"So the lordes acquitted him of high treason and condemned him of treason felonious, and so he was adjudged to be hanged. He gave thanks to the lordis for their open trial and cried mercy of the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Erle of Pembroke for his ill meanings against them and made suet (suit) for his life, wife and children, servantes and dettes, and so departed without the axe of the Tower. The people knowing not the matter, shrieked half a dozen times so loud that from the halle dore it was heard at Charing Crosse plainely, and rumours went that he was quitte of all."

Grafton writes of the Duke's trial: "But nevertheless

he was condemned to death, wherof shortly after he tasted. The felony that he was condemned of was upon the statute made the last yere agaynst rebelles and unlawfull assemblyes, wherein among thinges is one branch that whosoever shall procure the death of any counsellor, that every such attempt or procurement shall be felonye, and by force of that statute the Duke of Somerset being, accompanied with certain others, was charged that he purposed and attempted the death of the Duke of Northumberland. After the Duke was thus condemned he was agayne returned to the Tower, through London, where were bothe exclamations, the one cried for joye that he was acquitted, the other cried out that he was condemned. But howsoever they cried he was conveyed to the Tower where he remained until the twenty-second daye of January next following." Burnet says that every-thing was done to prevent the young King taking the fate of his uncle to heart, there being many festivities at Court during the month, but the Bishop adds significantly, "he was not much concerned in his uncle's preservation."

The 22nd of January was a Friday, and at seven o'clock in the morning the fatal Hill was covered with a dense crowd, who had come out from all sides of London to see the Protector die. An eye-witness of the scene has left the following account of the Duke's execution:—

"Soon after eight o'clock of the morning, the Duke of Somerset was beheaded on Tower Hill. There was as gret company as have been syne: the King's gard behynde them with ther halbards and 1000 men with halbards of the priviledge of the Tower, Ratcliffe, Lymhouse, Whytechappell, Saint Katheryn, and Stretford, Bow, Hogston, and Shoerdyche, and ther were two sheriffs ther present seying the execuysion of my Lord" (Machyn).

Grafton adds that the Duke, "nothing changing voyce nor countenance, but in a manner with the same gesture that he partely used at home, kneeling down upon both

his knees, and lifting up his hands, erected himself unto God. And after that he had ended a few shorte prayers, standing up agayne, and turning himself unto the East syde of the skaffolde, he uttered to the people these words." Then follows a long speech in which the Duke rather praised himself for having upheld religion when he was in power. In the midst of his speech a great tumult arose, and Sir Anthony Browne of Cowdray was seen riding up the Hill, at the sight of whom loud cries of "Pardon! Pardon!" and "God save the King!" were raised by the people. Grafton continues his account thus: "The truth of this hurly-burly grewe hereof, as it was afterwards well knowen. The manner and custome is that when such executions are done out of the Tower, the inhabitants of certayne hamlets round about London, as Hogsden, Newynton, Shordiche, and others, are commanded to give their attendance with weapons upon the Lieutenant. And at this tyme, the Duke being upon the scaffolde, the people of one of the hamlets came late, and coming through the postern gate and espying the Duke upon the scaffolde, made haste and beganne to rounne, and cried to their felowes that were behind, 'Come away, come away.' The people sodainely beholding them to come rounning with weapons, and knewe not the cause, cried, 'Away, away,' by reason whereof the people roun every way, not knowing whither or wherefore." So great was the panic that many persons fell into the Tower moat. The Duke appears to have waited calmly until the disturbance ceased, and then resumed his speech. He gave a scroll to Dr Coxe, the Dean of Westminster, who attended him upon the scaffold, which probably contained a confession of faith. Coxe was afterwards made Bishop of Ely by Queen Elizabeth, after having been imprisoned in the Tower by Queen Mary, who deprived him of his Deanery, and it was to him that Elizabeth wrote her famous letter, "Proud Prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not

immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you."

After bidding farewell to his friends about him, Somerset gave himself over to the executioner, "and kneeling downe agayne in the straw untyed his shirtstrings, and the executioner coming to him, turned downe his collar rounde about his necke, and all other things which did let or hinder him. Then he, covering his face with his own handkerchiefe, lifting up his eyes unto heaven, where his only hope remained, laid himself downe alone, and there suffered the heavie stroke of the axe, which dispersed the head from his bodye, to the lamentable sight and grieffe of thousands that heartily prayed God for him and entirely loved him." Burnet declares that the people were generally "much affected by the execution," which was somewhat strange, seeing how deeply unpopular the Protector had been, "and many threw handkerchiefs into the Duke's blood, to preserve it in remembrance of him. One lady that met the Duke of Northumberland when he was led through the city in Queen Mary's reign, shaking one of these bloody handkerchiefs, said, 'Behold the blood of that worthy man, that good uncle of that excellent King, which was shed by thy malicious practice, it doth now begin apparently to revenge itself upon thee.'" In Edward's diary is this laconic entry on 22nd January (1551-52): "The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Towre hill between eight and nine a cloke in the morning." The boy-king was certainly not much "concerned," as Bishop Burnet remarked, for the fate of his uncle.

The Protector, like his brother the Admiral, was a singularly handsome man even in that age of handsome men, and according to Sir John Hayward, one of his contemporaries, was "courteous and affable." A French writer of the period is not so complimentary in his appreciation of the Duke of Somerset, writing that he was a "homme de quelque entendement, couvert et simulé

en ses actions, de la nature commune des Anglois, douce apparence, gracieuses paroles, et maligne volonté."

One of the invariable results of the fall of a party chief in these so-called "good old days," was that his most trusted friends and adherents fell after him; this occurred in the case of the Protector. The Earl of Arundel, Lords Grey and Paget, with others of his supporters, were sent to the Tower at the same time as the Duke, and of these, Sir Ralph Vane, Sir Michael Stanhope, Sir Thomas Arundel, and Sir Miles Partridge, were executed. Sir Ralph Vane had distinguished himself at the siege of Boulogne in 1544, where he had gained his knighthood, a distinction given in those times only for distinguished services on the field. James I. was the first monarch to prostitute this honour by making it a thing of sale. Vane had also fought in the Scottish campaign. "A man of fierce spirit," Hayward characterises him, "both sodaine and bold, of no evill disposition, saving that he thought scantnesse of estate too great an evill." Sir Ralph had in some manner offended the all-powerful Duke of Northumberland, and on some now unknown charge, he was lodged in the Tower in the March of 1551. He was released, but again imprisoned on a charge of conspiring with Somerset. He fled, hiding himself in a stable in Lambeth, but was re-arrested, and again placed in durance in the Tower. When examined by the Privy Council he showed a bold, even a defiant, front, "The time hath been," he exclaimed, "when I was of some esteeme; but now we are at peace, which repenteth the coward and the courageous alike," "and so with an obstinate resolution he made choice rather not to regard death than by any submission to intreat for life" (Hayward's Edward VI.). When found guilty and sentenced to death he said that his blood would make Northumberland's "pillow uneasy to him," and Edward hearing of Sir Ralph's replies to the Court, wrote in his diary under the date 27th January 1551-52, "Sir Ralph Vane was condemned of felony in

treason, answering like a ruffian." Sir Michael Stanhope was a cousin of Somerset's, a fact sufficient in itself to condemn him. Sir Thomas Arundel, another of the condemned knights, was of Lamberne in Cornwall, and had been one of Wolsey's attendants, being made a Knight of the Bath at Anne Boleyn's coronation. In 1549 he was appointed Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall. He had been accused of forming a conspiracy in Cornwall, for participation in which his relative, Humphrey Arundel, Governor of St Michael's Mount, had been hanged at Tyburn in 1549, but Sir Thomas had been released from his imprisonment, the charge against him not having been proved. Shortly afterwards, however, he was again thrown into prison, charged with complicity in the Somerset conspiracy, the nature of this fresh charge being indicated by King Edward's brief entry in his diary of 11th October 1551, "Sir Thomas Arrundel had ashured my Lord that the Tower was sauf." On the 16th October he was sent to the Tower, and Edward writes, "Arrondel was taken." Arundel was tried the day after Sir Ralph Vane, and also sentenced to die. These and the two others were all executed on the same day, 26th February 1552. Sir Ralph Vane—or, as it should be spelt Fane, for he belonged to the same stock as the Fanes, Earls of Westmoreland, but in those days of euphonious spelling, it is found as Vane, Fane, Perne, and even Phane—and Sir Miles Partridge were hanged, whilst Sir Thomas Arundel and Sir Michael Stanley were beheaded. "Ther body wher putt into dyvers new coffens to be bered, and heds, into the Towre in cases, and ther bered" (Machyn's Diary); the Earl of Arundel, Lords Grey and Paget were acquitted.

Edward's short reign of six years ended on the 6th of July 1553, and considering the brief time he occupied the throne, there was a sufficiency of blood shed upon the scaffold, through the machinations of those around him, to have pleased the insatiable Henry the Eighth himself.

CHAPTER X

MARY TUDOR

NORTHUMBERLAND had persuaded the dying King to pass over his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, in favour of Lady Jane Grey, the grand-daughter of Henry VII. by the marriage of Mary, daughter of that King, with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as well as cousin to the late King Edward VI., and his own daughter-in-law; and the Privy Council, immediately after Edward's death, had confirmed this measure. Northumberland's plan, in which he had induced Edward to acquiesce, annulled both the Statute of Succession and the will of Henry VIII., for not only did it set aside both the late King's sisters, but also the direct successors, to whom the crown would hereditarily fall, failing Henry's daughters. These were the descendants of Henry's eldest sister Queen Margaret, wife of James IV. of Scotland, who was represented by the girl Queen Mary Stuart, and, after her, by the descendants of Queen Margaret's second marriage with the Earl of Angus, who were represented by Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, Queen Margaret thus being grandmother to both Queen Mary Stuart and Lord Darnley. Henry VIII. himself, however, had passed over Queen Margaret's claims in his will, and had placed the children of his younger sister, Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, next to his daughter Elizabeth in the succession. The Duchess of Suffolk's daughter—Lady Frances Brandon—had married Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, by whom she had had three daughters,

of whom Lady Jane Grey was the eldest.* Dorset, who became Duke of Suffolk during the Protectorate, having been given his father-in-law's dukedom, was a fervent follower of the Reformed faith, his children sharing his religious beliefs.

The Duchess of Suffolk, Jane's mother, who was still alive at this time (1553) was passed over in Northumberland's scheme, since he had succeeded in wedding the daughter to his fourth son, Guildford Dudley, his firm expectation being that as the future Queen's father-in-law he would have the government of the realm in his own hands. But Northumberland's ambitious dream was a short one, and the awakening was terrible.

At the time of Edward's death Lady Jane Grey (Lady Jane Guildford as she should be called, but as was the case with Anne Askew, the paternal name has always been retained) was living at Sion House, a house belonging to her father-in-law, and here a deputation of the Council, headed by Northumberland, Suffolk, Pembroke, and others, went to pay their homage to the new Queen; on the 9th of July 1553, Lady Jane, or as she was now styled, Queen Jane, entered the Tower in state.

Jane Grey was but a girl of sixteen when the ambition of her relatives drew her from the retired and studious life that she loved, and forced her to take up all the perils and troubles that surround a throne. A more perfect creature, according to the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries, never gladdened God's earth. Her brow was lofty, her features were delicate and refined, bearing a winning sweetness and bright cheerfulness which made all those who were fortunate enough to approach her, at once

* On her father's side Lady Jane Grey's descent was as follows:—Thomas Grey was Queen Elizabeth Woodville's (the Queen of Edward IV.) eldest son by her first marriage to Sir John Grey, eighth Lord Ferrers of Groby in Leicestershire. Sir John was killed at the second battle of St Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry. His son Thomas Grey was created Earl of Huntingdon in 1471 and Marquis of Dorset in 1475. In the latter year he married Cicely, the daughter and heiress of William, Lord Bonville and Harrington. By this marriage he had a family of seven sons and eight daughters, and his grandson was the father of Lady Jane Grey.



*Queen Mary Tudor
(From a portrait at Latimer.)*



attached to her with a sentiment little short of devotion. Young as she was, her knowledge, even for those days when the daughters of great houses received an education which to us would appear almost encyclopædic, was prodigious. According to her tutors, Aylmer and Roger Ascham, Jane Grey knew Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, being able to both write and speak these languages. Besides, she knew something of Hebrew, Arabic, and even Chaldee. She was proficient in music, and could play upon a variety of instruments, singing to her own accompaniment. In addition to these accomplishments she wrote a beautiful hand—a rare talent for the time—and was a past mistress in the use of her needle.

Ascham's account of his visit to Lady Jane at Broadgate has often been quoted, but it will bear quoting again :

“Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire to take my leave of that noble lady, Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents the Duke and Duchess, and all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading the *Phaedron* of Plato in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlewomen would read a merry Tale of Boccaccio. After salutations and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she should lose such pastimes in the park. Smiling, she answered me, ‘All their sport in the park is but a shadow to the pleasure I find in Plato.’ However illustrious she was by fortune, and by royal extraction, these bore no proportion to the accomplishments of her mind adorned with the doctrines of Plato and the eloquence of Demosthenes.”*

With all her learning and her great accomplishments Lady Jane appears to have been entirely lacking in that

* I know of only one satisfactory portrait of Lady Jane Grey, and that belongs to Lord Beauchamp and is kept at Madresfield Court. By Lord Beauchamp's kindness I am allowed to reproduce that portrait, together with its companion picture of Lord Guildford Dudley.

provoking superiority and aloofness which, for want of a better word, we call "priggishness." She was indeed that rare creature, a perfect woman in mind, and character, and person.

Most unwillingly did Lady Jane comply with Northumberland's wishes. No crown could add to her happiness, which was not dependent upon this world's state or station, nor one bestowed by the tinsel and glitter of earthly power or riches, but a "peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience." Jane Grey was not known to the Londoners, and Northumberland was heartily disliked because of his arrogance and overbearing manners, so it was not surprising that when they entered the city on the 10th of July, as the Duke himself said afterwards in deep chagrin, "not a single shout of welcome or God speed was raised as they passed through the silent crowd on their way to the Tower," "With a grett company of lords and nobulls, and there was a shott of gunne and chambers as has nott been seen oft, between four and five of the clock" (Machyn). Jane Grey's reign was not a long one.

On the 14th of July, Northumberland had left the Tower with his sons to take command of the troops that had been despatched against Mary, who, in the meantime, had been proclaimed Queen throughout London, whilst the fleet at Yarmouth had also declared for her, a warrant being issued for the arrest of Northumberland as a consequence. The Duke was at Cambridge when he was taken prisoner; he showed great cowardice, throwing his cap up in the air when he saw that his hopes were useless, crying, "God save Queen Mary!" and furthermore, when the Earl of Arundel, who had been sent by Mary, appeared on the scene, the Duke literally grovelled on his knees before him. But his tardy loyalty and his entreaties availed him little, for on the 25th of July he was lodged a prisoner in the Tower, where only a month before his word had been the supreme command. On the 18th of the following month he was arraigned



Lady Jane Grey
(From the original portrait at Madresfield Court by Lucas van Heere,

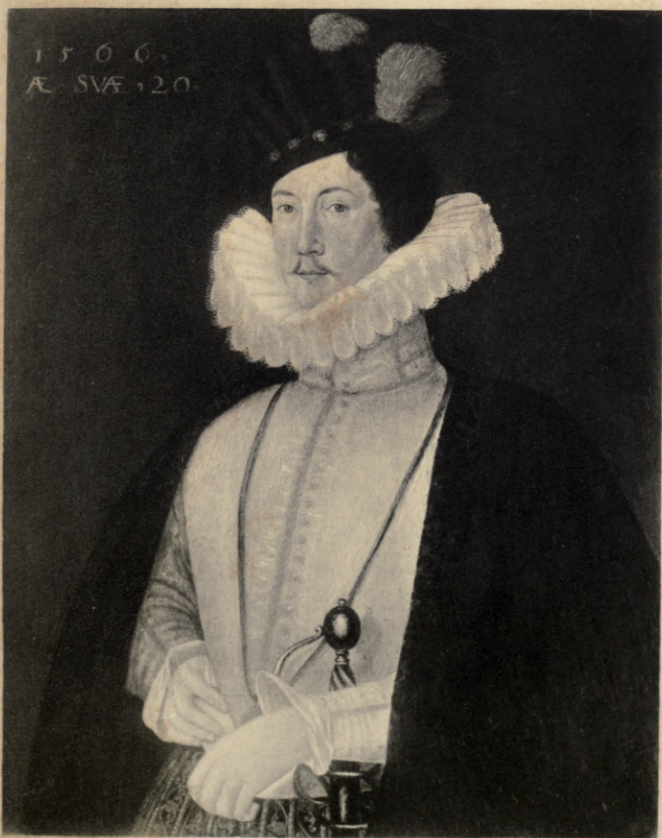
for high treason in Westminster Hall, the Duke of Norfolk, who acted as Lord High Sheriff, breaking his wand upon giving sentence, which was a signal for the court to break up. Northumberland was taken back to the Tower and occupied a room in the Beauchamp Tower, where several inscriptions cut by his sons and himself are to be seen to this day.

The day after he entered the Tower the Duke received a visit from Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, to whom he declared that he was a Roman Catholic at heart, and that he had always been a member of that faith. But although he "rattled" in his religion as well as in his politics, his facility of opinion was in vain. Gardiner was only too pleased to prove the Duke's apostacy by a public ceremonial in which the changeable nobleman was the principal actor. Mass was said in the Chapel of the White Tower in which the Duke took part, and, that ended, he made a public confession, and a formal recantation of his former religion.

To return to Lady Jane Grey. When the news of Northumberland's arrest at Cambridge reached the Tower, Lady Throckmorton, one of Lady Jane's gentlewomen, on entering the Presence Chamber in the Palace, found that the canopy of state, and all the other ensigns of royalty had been removed. The nine days' reign was at an end, and not unwillingly did Jane cease playing a part that she must have felt did not by right belong to her, and which must have been distasteful to her noble and upright nature. But a prison awaited both herself and her boy-husband, Guildford Dudley.

The tradition that Jane was imprisoned in the Brick Tower is incorrect, for at first she occupied a room in the Lieutenant's House, now the King's House, and later was removed to a house on the Green adjacent to the Lieutenant's lodging, then occupied by the Gentleman gaoler of the Guard, Nathaniel Partridge by name. When Northumberland was led from the Beauchamp Tower to abjure his religion in the White Tower, Stowe

writes that "Lady Jane looking through the windowe sawe the Duke and the reste going to the Church." Jane's feelings on learning Northumberland's apostacy in the vain hope of saving his life, have been recorded in an anonymous MS. of the time, now in the British Museum (Harleian MSS. No. 194). The writer, who dined on the afternoon of the same day (29th August) with Partridge at the Gentleman gaoler's house, met Lady Jane Grey there. After noting her graciousness to all present, he says that Lady Jane inquired whether Mass was being said in all the London churches, and on being answered that such was the case, she said that she did not think that so strange as the sudden conversion of the Duke, "for who would have thought," she said, "that he would have done so?" On someone remarking that probably he had done so in order to obtain his pardon, "Pardon," quoth she, "woe unto him! He hath brought me and our stock in most miserable calamity by his exceeding ambition. But for the answering that he hoped for his life by his turning, though other men be of that opinion, I utterly am not; for what man is there living, I pray you, although he had been innocent, that would hope of life in that case; being in the field against the Queen in person as general, and after his taking, so hated and evil-spoken of in the Commons? And at his coming into prison so wondered at, as the like was never heard at any man's time. Should I, who am young in years, forsake my faith for the love of life? But God be merciful to us, for he sayeth who so denieth Him before man, he will not know him in His Father's kingdom." Whether Lady Jane spoke thus at Partridge's dinner table is not possible of proof, "methinks the lady doth protest too much" for these to be the *ipsissima verba* of Lady Jane. Of her sorrow for Northumberland's cowardice and smallness of spirit in allowing himself to be made an exhibition for the glorification of Queen Mary's priests and creatures, there can be no doubt.



Lord Guildford Dudley
(From the original portrait at Madresfield Court by Lucas van Heere.)

The day after his recantation in the chapel of St John's, Northumberland was beheaded. With him there went to the scaffold on Tower Hill, Sir John Gates and Sir Thomas Palmer, both these knights having been concerned in his conspiracy. Still clinging desperately to the hope of being pardoned at the last moment, Northumberland continued, as he was led to death, to profess his zeal for the Roman Catholic faith, and in the speech he made to the crowd from the scaffold declared that he was a fervent Papist. His example was not followed by his fellow-sufferers, both of whom died with manly fortitude, meeting their fate with a calm and unflinching demeanour. Others who had been implicated in Northumberland's schemes, amongst whom were Lords Northampton, Warwick, and Ferrers, who had also been placed in the Tower, were pardoned, but their prisons were soon filled by fresh batches of captives. Of these new prisoners, the most important were Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ridley, Bishop of London, and the fortress was so full that these three prelates were obliged to share the same prison-chamber. On the 8th of March in the following year, the Bishops were taken from the Tower to their martyrdom at Oxford.

During the month of September in this year, Lady Jane was allowed to walk in the garden of the Palace, her husband, according to a chronicler of the time, also being given, with his brother, Lord Harry Dudley, what was called "the liberty of the leads" in the Beauchamp Tower. This meant that they were allowed to promenade on the outer passage running along the top of the wall which connects the Beauchamp with the Bell Tower.

Queen Mary had entered the Tower on the 3rd of August, practically in triumph, and there she held her court until after the funeral of her brother, the late king; Mary was again in the Palace of the fortress prior to her coronation, which took place on the 1st of October. On her first visit to the Tower in August she found, on

reaching Tower Green, a group of State prisoners who awaited her arrival on their knees. Among these prisoners of the late reign was the old Duke of Norfolk; near him knelt the young and handsome Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, who had passed most of his short life in the Tower. Here, too, was the Duchess of Somerset, imprisoned at the same time as her husband, who had so lately been beheaded on Tower Hill. Here, too, knelt the Bishops of Winchester and Durham, Gardiner and Tunstall. To all of these Mary spoke with some emotion; she had come as their deliverer, and for once she appeared a woman as well as a Queen. On the eve of her coronation Mary was accompanied to the Tower by her half-sister Elizabeth.

It is strange to picture three such strangely different women as Queen Mary, Elizabeth Tudor, and Lady Jane Grey, together within the walls of the fortress at this time. The first a Queen, who has left behind her a more hateful memory than many far worse women among monarchs; the second, then but a powerless and semi-captive princess, whose future fame as a sovereign and ruler might well excite the envy of the mightiest potentate, but who, as a woman, lacked all that is best and most admirable in her sex; and the third, an uncrowned girl-queen of but seventeen summers, whose fate has called forth the love and pity of thousands, and whose brief life and death are the brightest and saddest in all history.

Mary's coronation was marked by all the wonted splendour and elaborate ceremonial of such functions at such a period, and Holinshed has recorded that her head was so weighed down by her jewelled crown that "she was faine to bear up her head with her hand." A month later the State trials commenced.

On the 13th of November a remarkable procession passed through the Tower Gate, and wended its way through the streets of the City to the Guildhall. Preceded by the axe, borne by the Gentleman Chief Warder, first

came Thomas Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, followed by Lord Guildford Dudley and Lady Jane Grey, attended by two of her ladies. Lady Jane wore a dress of black from head to foot which is thus described by the chronicler Machyn :—"A black gown of clothe, turned downe, the cappe lyned with fese velvett, and edged about with the same ; in a French hoode, all black, with a black habilment ; a black velvet boke before her, and another boke in her hande open." This account does not give a very clear idea of Lady Jane's costume, but the curious reader, if he visits the National Portrait Gallery, will find a little full-face portrait of Lady Jane Grey as she then appeared, in which she is represented in this very dress, which she wore at her execution as well as during the trial.

The trial was held before the Lord Mayor of London, Thomas White, by special commission, the Duke of Norfolk presiding as High Steward. All the prisoners who pleaded guilty were attached for high treason, "for assumption of the Royal authority by Lady Jane, for levying war against the Queen, and conspiring to set up another in her room," and Lady Jane was sentenced "to be burned alive on Tower Hill or beheaded as the Queen pleases," the verdict being afterwards confirmed by Act of Parliament.* After sentence had been pronounced the prisoners were taken back on foot to the Tower.

During the few days that remained to Jane on earth, she was allowed to walk in the garden of the Palace, a three-cornered plot of ground enclosed on the north by the Queen's Gallery, on the east by the Salt and Well Towers, and on the south and river side by the Ballium wall, which ran from the Well to the Cradle Tower. Sad and solitary must these gardens have been in those dark December days, and the heart of Jane Grey must have been very heavy when she recalled the days of her free

* The minutes of this trial are in the *Baga de Secretis*, Pouch xxiv. in the Public Record Office.

and happy girlhood at Broadgate and Sion. Guildford Dudley was also allowed his daily walk on the wall passage between the towers, but he and his young wife were not to meet again on this side of eternity. At the last hour, however, permission was given that Dudley might bid farewell to Jane on his way to death on Tower Hill, but she, fearing the effect of such a supreme leave-taking for both, declined to avail herself of this sad opportunity.

If, after the trial, there had been any intention on Mary's part to pardon Lady Jane Grey, such intention was frustrated by the action of Jane's father, who, in an evil moment for himself and his children, joined in Wyatt's rebellion. Baker, in his chronicle, writing of these events, says: "The innocent lady must suffer for her father's fault, for if her father, the Duke of Suffolk, had not this second time made shipwreck of his loyalty, his daughter had perhaps never tasted the salt waters of the Queen's displeasure, but now on a rock of offence she is the first that must be removed."

A few days before the end, Jane wrote the following letters to her father, probably just before his own arrest, which took place on the 10th of February 1554. These letters bear no dates; this feminine fault of not dating her letters is the only one that can be found with gentle Lady Jane Grey.

"Father, although it has pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whome my life should rather have beene lengthened, yet I can soe patiently take it, that I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woful dayes, than if all the world had been given into my possession, my life lengthened at mine owne will. And albeit I am well assured of your impatient dolours, redoubled many wayes, both in bewaling your own woe, and especially as I am informed, my wofull estate, yet my deare father, if I may, without offence, rejoyce in my own mishaps, herein I may account myselſe blessed that washing my hands with the innocence of my fact, my guiltless bloud may cry before the Lord, Mercy to the innocent! And yet though I must needs acknowledge, that beyng constraynd, and as you know well enough continually assayed, yet in taking upon me, I seemed to consent, and therein greivously offended the Queen and her lawes, yet doe I assuredly

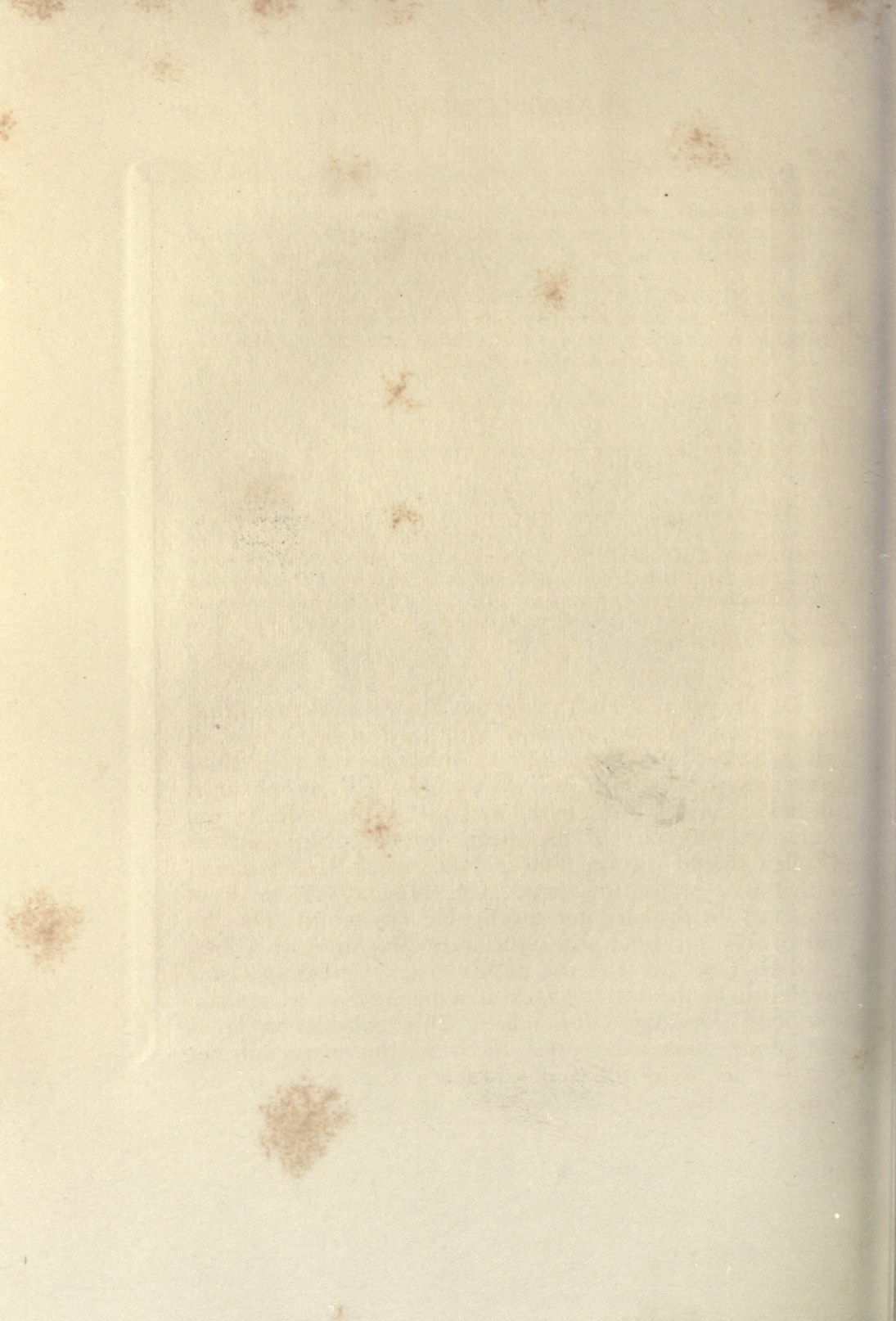


IANA GRAYA DECOLLATA.

Regia stupens tristi cinxi diademate crines
Rexna scđ omnipotens hinc meliora dedit

H. Holbein in.

T. V. Wijnards or.



trust that this my offence towards God is so much the lesse, in that being in so royall estate as I was, mine enforced honour never mingled with mine innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I presently stand, my death at hand, although to you perhaps it may seem wofull yet to me there is nothing that can bee more welcome than from this vale of misery to aspire, and that having thrown off all joy and pleasure, with Christ my Saviour, in whose steadfast faith (if it may be lawfull for the daughter so to write to her father) the Lord that hath hitherto strengthened you, soe continue to keepe you, that at the last we may meete in heaven with the Father, Sonn, and Holy Ghost.— I am, Your most obedient daughter till death,

“JANE DUDLEY.”

(*Harleian MSS., and Nichols' Memoirs of Lady Jane Grey.*)

Here is another of her letters to her father :

“TO THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

“The Lord comforte your Grace, and that in his worde, whearin all creatures onlye are to be comforted. And thoughe it hathe pleased God to take away two of your children, yet thincke not, I most humblye beseache your Grace, that you have loste them, but truste that we, by leavinge this mortall life, have wonne an immortal life. And I for my parte, as I have honoured your Grace in this life, wyll praye for you in another life.—Your Grace's humble daughter,

“JANE DUDLEY.”

On the 8th of February Queen Mary's favourite priest, Feckenham, had an interview with Jane in her prison, of which Foxe the martyrologist has recounted the details at great length; but, needless to say, Lady Jane remained unshaken in her firm faith, and in her attitude to the Reformed religion. It had been ordered that Guildford Dudley should die on Tower Hill, whilst Jane suffered within the walls the same day, Monday the 12th of February being fixed for the double execution. On the eve of this day Jane was sufficiently calm to write a long “exhortation” for the use of her sister, Catherine Grey, writing it in the blank pages of a manuscript on vellum, entitled “De Arte Moriundi.” This exhortation is as full of devotion and perfect faith in the mercy of her Saviour as were the beautiful lines she wrote to her father.

Although Guildford wished for a last interview with Jane on the morning of their execution, she was firm in deciding that "the separation would be but for a moment" as she is reported to have said, adding, that if their meeting could benefit either of their souls she would be glad to see her husband, but she felt it would only add a fresh pang to their deaths, and they would soon be together in a world where there would be no more death or separation. The last moments of this unfortunate lady were inexpressibly tragic. About ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th of February, Guildford Dudley was led forth from his prison to the scaffold on Tower Hill, being met at the outer gate by Sir Thomas Offley, and passing under his wife's windows as he crossed the Green. Bidding farewell to Sir Anthony Brown and Sir John Throgmorton, Guildford met his fate with high courage. His body was brought back to the Tower in a handcart, the head being placed in a cloth; and looking forth from her prison, Lady Jane was suddenly confronted with the remains of what a few minutes before had been her husband. But nothing could shake her fortitude, as the following account, taken from the Chronicles of Queen Jane and Queen Mary, shows:—

"By this tyme was ther a scaffolde made upon the grene over agaynst the White Tower for the saide Lady Jane to die upon. . . . The saide Lady being nothing at all abashed, neither with feare of her own deathe, which then approached, neither with the ded carcase of her husbände, when he was brought into the chappell, came forthe the Lieutenant (who was Sir John Bridges, afterwards Lord Chandos of Sudeley) leading hir, in the same gown wherein she was arrayned, hir countenance nothing abashed, neither her eyes mysted with teares, although her two gentlewomen Mistress Elizabeth Tylney and Mistress Eleyne wonderfully wept, with a boke in hir hand, whereon she praied all the way till she came to the saide scaffolde, whereon when she was mounted, this noble young ladie, as

she was indued with singular gifts both of learning and knowledge, so was she as patient and mild as any lamb at hir execution."

After praying for her enemies and herself, Jane turned to the priest Feckenham and inquired whether she could repeat a Psalm, and he assenting she repeated the fifty-first. She then handed her gloves and her handkerchief to one of her ladies, giving the book she had brought, to Thomas Bridges for him to give to his brother, Sir John. On a blank page of this book* she had written :

"For as mutche as you have desyred so simple a woman to wrighte in so worthye a booke, good mayster Lieufstenante, therefore I shall as a frende desyre you, and as a christian require you, to call uppon God to encline your harte to his lawes, to quicken you in his wayes, and not to take the worde of trewethe utterlye oute of youre mouthe. Lyve styll to dye, that by deathe you may purchas eternall life, and remember howe the ende of Mathusael, whoe as we reade in the scriptures was the longeste liver that was a manne, died at the laste ; for as the precher sayethe, there is a tyme to be borne, and a tyme to dye : and the daye of deathe is better than the daye of oure birthe.—Youres, as the Lord knowethe, as a frende,
"JANE DUDDLEY."

The chronicle of her death continues thus :

"Forthwith she untied her gowne. The hangman went to her to have helped her off therewith, then she desyred him to let her alone, turning towards her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also her frose paste" (this most singular term means a matronly head-dress) "and neckercher, geving to her a fayre handkercher to knytte about her eyes. Then the hangman kneled downe, and asked her forgiveness whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the strawe, which doing she sawe the blocke. Then she sayd I pray you despatche me quickly. Then she kneled downe saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me

* This book, a manual of prayers in square vellum, is now in the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. It is thought that Lady Jane had borrowed it from Sir John Brydges, carrying it with her to the scaffold, and there returning it to its owner by the hands of his brother, although, as the Lieutenant was present, it is difficult to understand why she did not give it to him personally.

downe?' And the hangman answered her, 'No, madame.' She tied the kercher about her eyes. Then feeling for the block, saide 'What shal I do, where is it?' One of the standers by guyding her therunto, she layde her head downe upon the block, and stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into thy handes I commende my spirite,' and so she ended" (Holinshed, and Chronicles of Queen Jane and Queen Mary).

No wonder that good old Foxe could not refrain from shedding tears when he recounted this tragedy, but sad as is the story of Jane Grey's death, her life and its close are amongst England's glories. Heroines are rare in all times and in all countries, but in Jane Grey we can boast of having had one of the truest and noblest of women, a perpetual legacy to us for all time. The name of Jane Grey shines out like some brilliant star amid the storm wrack that surrounds it on every side. Amidst all the bloodshed, crime, and cruelty of this sanguinary age of English history to read of that gentle spirit, that marvellously gifted, and most noble, pure, and gifted being, is like coming suddenly upon a beautiful white lily in the midst of a tangle of loathsome weeds.

Fuller, of "English Worthies" fame, has, in his quaint manner, summed up Jane Grey's life in these words: "She had the birth of a Princess, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor, for her parent's offences, and she was longer a captive than a Queen in the Tower." Both Jane and her husband were buried in the chapel of St Peter's of the Tower.

The news of the Queen's approaching marriage with Philip of Spain set half the country in a blaze. The men of Kent rose, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, as did those of Devon, led by Sir Peter Carew. As we have already seen, the Duke of Suffolk headed another rising in Leicestershire, but he was soon defeated and captured, and together with his brother Lord John Grey was taken to London and imprisoned in the Tower, on the 10th of

February, two days before his daughter, Jane Grey's, execution. It was only four months before, that Suffolk had received his daughter at the fortress as Queen of England, and he must have felt more than the bitterness of death at the thought that it was owing to his conduct in again leading an armed force against Queen Mary that Jane's life, as well as his own, were sacrificed.

Five days after Jane had met her death on a scaffold which stood close to her father's prison, he himself was taken to his trial at Westminster Hall. It was noted that when he left the fortress the Duke went "stoutly and cheerfully enough," but that on his return when he landed at the water gate, "his countenance was heavy and pensive." This is scarcely to be wondered at for he had been sentenced to death, and was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 23rd of the same month.

In the brief speech which he delivered to the people before his death the unfortunate Duke admitted the justice of his sentence, saying, "Masters, I have offended the Queen and her laws, and thereby I am justly condemned to die, and am willing to die, desiring all men to be obedient; and I pray God that this my death may be an example to all men, beseeching you all to bear me witness that I die in the faith of Christ trusting to be saved by his blood only, and by no other trumpery, the which died for me, and for all men that truly repent and steadfastly trust in him. And I do repent, desiring you all to pray to God for me that when you see my head depart from me, you will pray to God that he may receive my soul."

Of Suffolk, Bishop Burnet writes; "That but for his weakness he would have died more pitied, if his practices had not brought his daughter to her end."

Although it is probable that Suffolk's body was buried in St Peter's Chapel, his head is believed to be in the Church of the Holy Trinity in the Minories, a building which is within the ancient liberties of the Tower. The

Duke's town house was the converted convent of the church of the nuns of the order of Clares, so called after their foundress Santa Clara of Assisi. They were known as the "Sorores Minores," whence the name of the district—the Minories. This building had been made over to Suffolk by Edward VI., and the present church of the Holy Trinity actually stands upon the site of the old convent chapel. This interesting edifice is now (1899) threatened with destruction, and in a few years it is extremely probable that the ground upon which it stands will be covered with warehouses or buildings connected with the London and North-Western Railway.

The head was found half-a-century ago in a small vault near the altar, and as it had been placed in sawdust made of oakwood, it is quite mummified, owing to the tannin in the oak. There is the mark of the blow of a sharp instrument above the place where the head was severed from the neck, and Sir George Scharf, than whom a better judge of an historical head whether on canvas or in a mummified state, never existed, wrote of it thus: "The arched form of the eyebrows and the aquiline shape of the nose, correspond with the portrait engraved in Lodge's series from a picture at Hatfield; a duplicate of which is in the National Portrait Gallery." This grim *memento mori* may some day find its way to the Tower, where it would be an object of much interest, although, if Suffolk's ghost be consulted, it would perhaps plead for this melancholy relic of frail mortality to be placed in consecrated ground.

It was during Wyatt's rebellion that the Tower was attacked for the last time in its history. Wyatt had defeated a force commanded by the old Duke of Norfolk and Sir Henry Jerningham, at Rochester, and from thence marched on to Gravesend, where he was met by some members of the Privy Council who had been sent to find out the exact nature of his demands: "The custody of the Tower, and the Queen within it!" was his modest request.





Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk
(From the portrait by Joannes Cornelisz in the National Portrait Gallery)

Mary, cruel and bigoted as she was, had inherited the courage of the Tudors, and as Wyatt approached the City, resolutely refused to take shelter in the Tower as she was strongly urged to do, offering a pension of one hundred pounds a year (about £1000 of our money value) to any one who would bring her Wyatt's head. On the 3rd of February he arrived opposite to the Tower, cannonading the fortress from the Southwark side of the river, but without causing any hurt either to the buildings or to their defenders. In attempting to cross the river at London Bridge he was driven back, practically being compelled to retreat along the Southwark side as far as Kingston, where was the only other bridge by which he could gain the City and the Tower. Crossing this bridge, Wyatt now marched to the east upon a dark and stormy night; his men were worn out with fatigue, their spirits dashed by the recent repulse, and the consequence was that they melted away in shoals. Very few remained with him when he encountered the Royal troops drawn up at Hyde Park to bar his passage, and although he succeeded in pushing his way through the soldiers with a handful of his friends, he sank down utterly exhausted when he reached Temple Bar. The gate of the Bar was closed and he and his companions were immediately taken prisoners by Sir Maurice Berkeley.

There is a lengthy list of prisoners who were brought with Wyatt into the Tower, or shortly after his arrest. Amongst these were, Sir William Cobham and his brother George Cobham; Hugh Booth, Thomas Vane, Robert Rudstone, Sir George Harper, Edward Wyatt, Edward Fog, George Moore, Cuthbert Vaughan, Sir Henry Isley, two Culpeppers, and Thomas Rampton, who had been Suffolk's secretary. Wyatt was beheaded on the 11th of February, the day before Lady Jane Grey and her husband, stoutly maintaining to the end, even under the torture of the rack, that Elizabeth had had no cognisance of his insurrection and had played no part in it as Queen

Mary suspected. With all these prisoners the headsman and the hangman of the Tower had a busy time, and blood flowed freely on Tower Hill in the springtime of 1555. Some of these prisoners were, however, executed out of London. Sir Henry Isley and his brother suffered at Maidstone, the Knevets at Sevenoaks, and Bret, who had cannonaded the Tower during Wyatt's rebellion, was hanged in chains at Rochester.

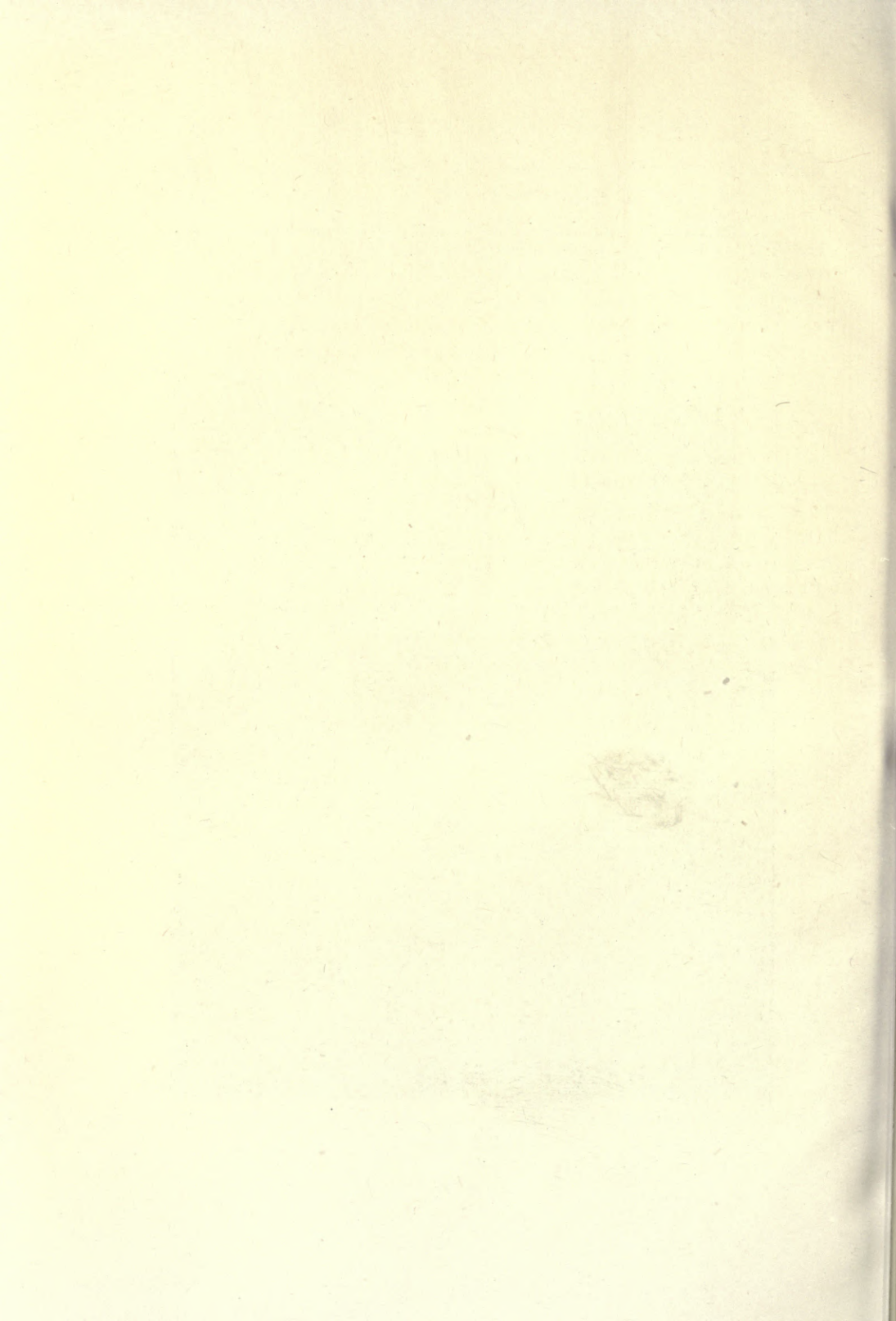
London in those days must have looked like some vast Golgotha. Gibbets were placed in all the principal streets, each bearing its ghastly load; and the decapitated heads and limbs of Queen Mary's victims were stuck over many gates of the town, standing up in horrid clusters, especially on London Bridge, the air being tainted far and near with these grisly fragments of mortality. London had indeed been turned into a shamble; it had become a veritable city of blood, a precursor of an African Benin.

Whilst these scenes were taking place in her capital, Mary wedded Philip of Spain at Winchester, vainly attempting to make herself attractive to that morose prince.

From some words let fall, it is said by Wyatt, Mary ordered three members of the Privy Council to go to Ashbridge in Hertfordshire where her half-sister, the Princess Elizabeth, was then living in a state of semi-captivity. These three Privy Councillors were Sir Richard Southwell, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis; they were accompanied by a guard of two hundred and fifty horsemen. On arriving late at night at Ashbridge they were told that the Princess was ill and was in bed, but they nevertheless forced their way into her bedroom. "Is the haste such," cried Elizabeth, "that you could not have waited till the morning?" Their answer was that they had orders to bring her hence, dead or alive, and early the next morning she was taken in a litter by short stages to London, the journey, however, taking six days to accomplish, the



Middle Tower



people showing the Princess the most marked sympathy as she passed along the roads. On reaching Whitehall, Elizabeth was closely confined, being examined there by the Council; a fortnight later she was taken by water to the Tower and landed at Traitor's Gate. Her proud attitude and indignant words on leaving her barge are well known, but, like most of her recorded sayings, are well worth repeating:—"Here landeth," she exclaimed on putting her foot on the stone steps of that historic gate, "as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but thee." She then seated herself, in spite of the heavy rain then falling, on a stone—some accounts have it on the steps themselves—saying with true Tudor determination, "Better sit here than in a worse place." And it was not until the Gentleman Usher burst into tears that she could be induced to rise and enter her prison.

Elizabeth once within the Tower, it became the more difficult for Mary and her Council to know how to act. Judging from her general character, Mary would have been only too ready to shed her sister's blood, but the Council were more humane than the Queen, and while the followers of Wyatt, and Wyatt himself, were being tortured in order to extract some admissions whereby Elizabeth might be incriminated, the Princess was kept in close confinement. But nothing could be proved against her. In vain the crafty Gardiner examined and cross-examined Elizabeth herself; for a whole month she was not allowed to leave her prison room, mass being said daily in her apartment;—this must have been intensely irritating to the proud spirit of the Protestant Elizabeth. At length her health broke down and she was permitted to walk in the Queen's Privy Garden, but always accompanied by the Constable of the Tower, the Lieutenant, and a guard of men. There is a story, and probably a true one, of a little boy, aged four, who was wont to bring the Princess flowers to brighten her prison room. On one occasion he

was watched as he left, and strictly questioned, with the result that the little fellow's kind attentions had to cease, by order of Sir John Gage, the Constable. Holinshed has narrated a quarrel that occurred between Elizabeth's attendants with her in the Tower, and the Constable. The latter had given orders that when her servants brought the Princess's dinner to the gates of the fortress they were not to be admitted, but were to hand over the provisions to the "common rascall souldiers." Elizabeth's servants strongly objected to this arrangement, complaining that the "rascalls" took most of the Princess's dinner themselves before it reached her, but the only satisfaction they obtained from Sir John was that "if they presumed either to frown or shrug at him" he would "sette them where they should see neither sonne nor moon." An application to the Privy Council forced the Constable to give way, but Holinshed remarks that he was not over-pleased at having to do so, "for he had good cheare and fared of the best, while her Grace paid for all."

It being impossible to prove anything against Elizabeth she was at length allowed to leave her prison. This she did on the 19th May 1554, under the charge of Sir Henry Bedingfield, and was taken to Woodstock. There is a tradition that when it was known in the City that the Princess had been released from the Tower, some of its church bells rang merry peals of joy, and that when she became Queen she gave those churches silken bell-ropes.

The Earl of Warwick and his three brothers, Ambrose, Robert, and Henry Dudley, were still confined in the Beauchamp Tower, but the Earl died on the 21st of October 1554, and his brothers were released in the following year. About the same time other notable personages were set free, in order, it is thought, to curry favour with the populace and make the Spanish match less unpopular. These included the Archbishop of York, Sir Edward Warner, and some dozen other knights and gentlemen.

Then came the religious persecutions which were carried on by Mary with zest, and it has been estimated that during her short reign, and during the three and a half years that the persecution of the reformers lasted, no less than three hundred victims perished at the stake. These martyrs, however, did not suffer in vain, "You have lost the hearts of twenty thousand that were rank Papists within these twelve months," wrote a Protestant to Bonner; and Latimer's dying words to his fellow-martyr, as he was being tied to the stake at Oxford, will never be forgotten in England, "Play the man, Master Ridley, we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out."

At length, on the 17th of November, Mary died, and the people had peace, the last political prisoners in the Tower in her reign being Thomas, second son of Lord Stafford, and some of his followers, who had raised a rebellion against Mary's government in the north of England. Stafford was beheaded on Tower Hill, and his followers were hanged at Tyburn.

CHAPTER XI

QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE important position occupied by the Tower at the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, and its connection with all branches of State affairs is shown by the great antiquary of that reign, John Stowe, who says it was "The citadel to defend and command the city, a royal palace for assemblies and treaties, a State prison for dangerous offenders, the only place for coining money, an armoury of warlike provisions, the treasury of the Crown jewels, and the storehouse of the Records of the Royal Courts of Justice at Westminster."

Elizabeth's imprisonment, four years previous to her accession, had not left kindly impressions of the Tower, and although her first visit to any royal palace after she became Queen on 28th November 1558, was to the fortress, she did not take up her abode there for any length of time, remaining at Somerset House, and at the palace at Whitehall, until Mary's funeral had taken place.

Three days, however, before her coronation, Elizabeth entered the Palace of the Tower, the crowning taking place on Sunday the 15th January 1559. Elizabeth's love of show and magnificence must have been amply gratified by the great pageant in which she was the central figure, the procession from the Tower to the Abbey being more brilliant than any in the history of the English Court.

Seated in an open chariot which glittered with gold and elaborate carvings, Elizabeth, blazing with jewels, passed through streets hung with tapestry and under triumphal arches, the ways being lined with the City companies in

their handsome liveries of fur-lined scarlet. In Fleet Street a young woman, representing Deborah, stood beneath a palm tree, and prophesied the restoration of the House of Israel in rhymed couplets, whilst Gog and Magog received her Majesty at Temple Bar.

Although the horrors of Smithfield and other *auto-da-fés* had ceased with Mary's reign, religious persecution on the part of the Reformers was all too rampant under Elizabeth. The new Queen inherited far too much of her father's nature to brook any kind of opposition to her wishes. She was a strange compound of the greatest qualities and the meanest failings. Endowed with prodigious statecraft, her vanity was no less immense, and her jealousy of all who came between herself and those whom she liked and admired, caused her not only to commit acts of injustice, but actual crimes. Her mind, which had a grasp of affairs of state and policy that would have done credit to a great statesman, had also many of the weaknesses and pettinesses of a vain, frivolous, and foolish woman. Elizabeth's conduct towards the unfortunate Catherine Grey, her cousin, and the younger sister of Lady Jane, shows the jealousy of her character in its worst light.

It was to Catherine Grey that Lady Jane, on the eve of her execution, had sent the book in which she had written the "exhortation." Lady Catherine had married Lord Herbert of Cardiff, but had been separated from him, being known by her maiden name. In 1560 she had met at Hanworth, the house of her friend the Duchess of Somerset, the latter's eldest son, Lord Hertford, the result of this meeting being that an affection had sprung up between them which was followed by a secret marriage, as it was known that Elizabeth would not approve of the match. The only confidante was Hertford's sister, Lady Jane Seymour, and the young couple—he was only twenty-two and she twenty—were married as secretly as possible.

Catherine, accompanied by Lady Jane Seymour, walked from the Palace at Whitehall—they were both ladies-in-waiting on the Queen—along the river side at low tide, to Lord Hertford's house near Fleet Street. Here the marriage took place, but, by a strange want of foresight or by some strange oversight, neither of the contracting parties were afterwards able to remember the name of the clergyman who married them, "with such words and ceremonies, and in that order, as it is there" (the Prayer Book) "set forth, he placing a ring containing five links of gold on her finger, as directed by the minister." The Hertfords afterwards described the minister as being of the middle height, wearing an auburn beard and dressed in a long gown of black cloth.

The newly-wed Lady Hertford was too nearly related to the Queen to be allowed to please herself with regard to whom she married, and when the time drew near when further concealment was impossible, the poor lady was in a terrible dilemma. Lord Hertford appears to have been the more timid of the two, for when he found that his wife was about to become a mother, he, dreading the Queen's anger, fled to France, leaving poor Lady Hertford to bear the brunt of Elizabeth's imperious temper alone. To complicate matters, Lady Jane Seymour, who throughout this adventure had been the young couple's only friend, died early in the year 1561. When concealment was no longer possible, Lady Hertford threw herself upon the mercy and generosity of her terrible mistress. But on being informed of what had happened, Elizabeth's anger knew no bounds, and poor Lady Hertford was at once sent to the Tower, where shortly after her arrival her child was born. Hertford now returned to England, and was promptly arrested, being also imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained for many a long year.

In the meantime the Queen declared that the marriage was illegal, and a Commission sitting upon the matter, consisting of the Primate, Parker, and Grindal, Bishop

of London, declared it null and void. Matters might perhaps have been arranged had not another child been born to the Hertfords. When Elizabeth heard that Lady Hertford had been again confined, her rage was ten times greater than before. She summarily dismissed the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Edward Warner, for having allowed the unfortunate couple to meet again, and ordered Hertford to be brought before the Star Chamber, when he was heavily fined and sent back to his prison, where he remained for the next nine years.

In the Wardrobe accounts of the Tower in the Lansdowne MSS. at the British Museum, there is a list of the furniture supplied to Lady Hertford in her prison. Tapestry and curtains are mentioned, also a bed with a "boulster of downe," as well as Turkey carpets and a chair of cloth of gold with crimson velvet, with panels of copper gilt and the Queen's arms at the back. All this furniture, which sounds very magnificent, is noted by the Lieutenant of the Tower as being, "old, worn, broken, and decayed," but in a letter he addressed to Cecil he wrote that Lady Catherine's monkeys and dogs had helped to damage it. One is glad to know that the poor lady was allowed her pets, however harmful to the furniture, to amuse her in her lonely prison, where she lingered for six years, dying there in 1567.

Considering Elizabeth's own experience of the amenities of imprisonment in the Tower one would have thought that she might have shown more mercy to her unfortunate kinswoman. In later years Hertford consoled himself by marrying twice again, both his second and third wives being of the house of Howard. His marriage with Catherine Grey was only made valid in 1606, when the "minister" who had performed the ceremony was discovered, a jury at Common Law proving it a *bonâ fide* transaction, and making it legal.

Another unfortunate lady who was a victim of Elizabeth's implacable jealousy was Lady Margaret Douglas,

who married the Earl of Lennox. The Countess, like Lady Catherine Grey, was one of Elizabeth's kinswomen, and owing to her near relationship her actions were a source of continual suspicion to the Queen. Lady Lennox suffered three imprisonments in the Tower; as Camden has it, she was "thrice cast into the Tower, not for any crime of treason, but for love matters; first, when Thomas Howard, son of the first Duke of Norfolk of that name, falling in love with her was imprisoned and died in the Tower of London; then for the love of Henry, Lord Darnley, her son, to Mary, Queen of Scots; and lastly for the love of Charles, her younger son, to Elizabeth Cavendish, mother to the Lady Arabella, with whom the Queen of Scots was accused to have made up the match." In the description of the King's House, reference has been made to the inscription in one of its rooms recording the imprisonment of the Countess of Lennox there; that inscription refers to her second incarceration in the Tower in 1565. Few women can have suffered so severely for the love affairs of their relatives as this unfortunate noblewoman.

The long struggle between Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, which only closed on the scaffold at Fotheringay in 1589, brought many prisoners of State to the Tower. Some of the earliest of these belonged to the de la Pole family, two brothers, Arthur and Edmund de la Pole, great-grandchildren of the murdered Duke of Clarence, being imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower in 1562, on a charge of conspiring to set Mary Stuart on the English throne. There are, as we have seen, several inscriptions in the prison chamber of the Beauchamp Tower bearing the names of the two brothers. These two de la Pole brothers ended their lives within their Tower prison, whether guilty or not who can tell?

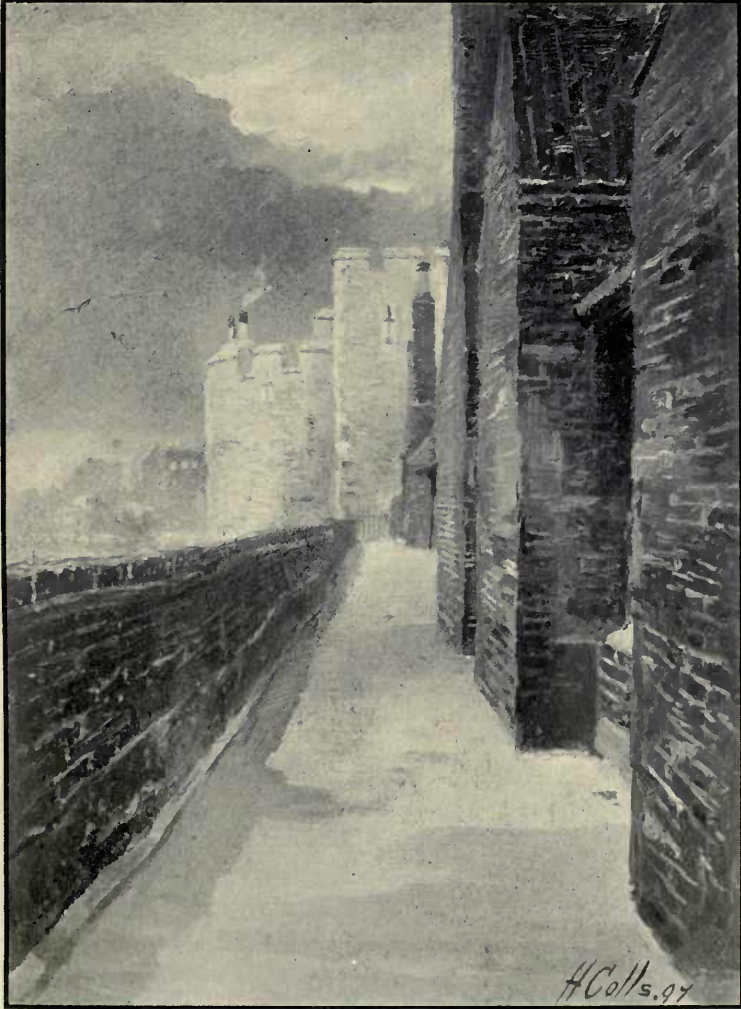
Few can realise the terrible and constant danger in which Elizabeth lived from the claim of Mary Stuart to the throne of England. Compared with France, England

at the close of Mary Tudor's reign was only a third-rate power, and never had the country sunk so low as a martial power as in the last years of her disastrous rule. We had no army, no fleet, only a huge debt, whilst the united population of England and Wales was less than that of London at the present time.

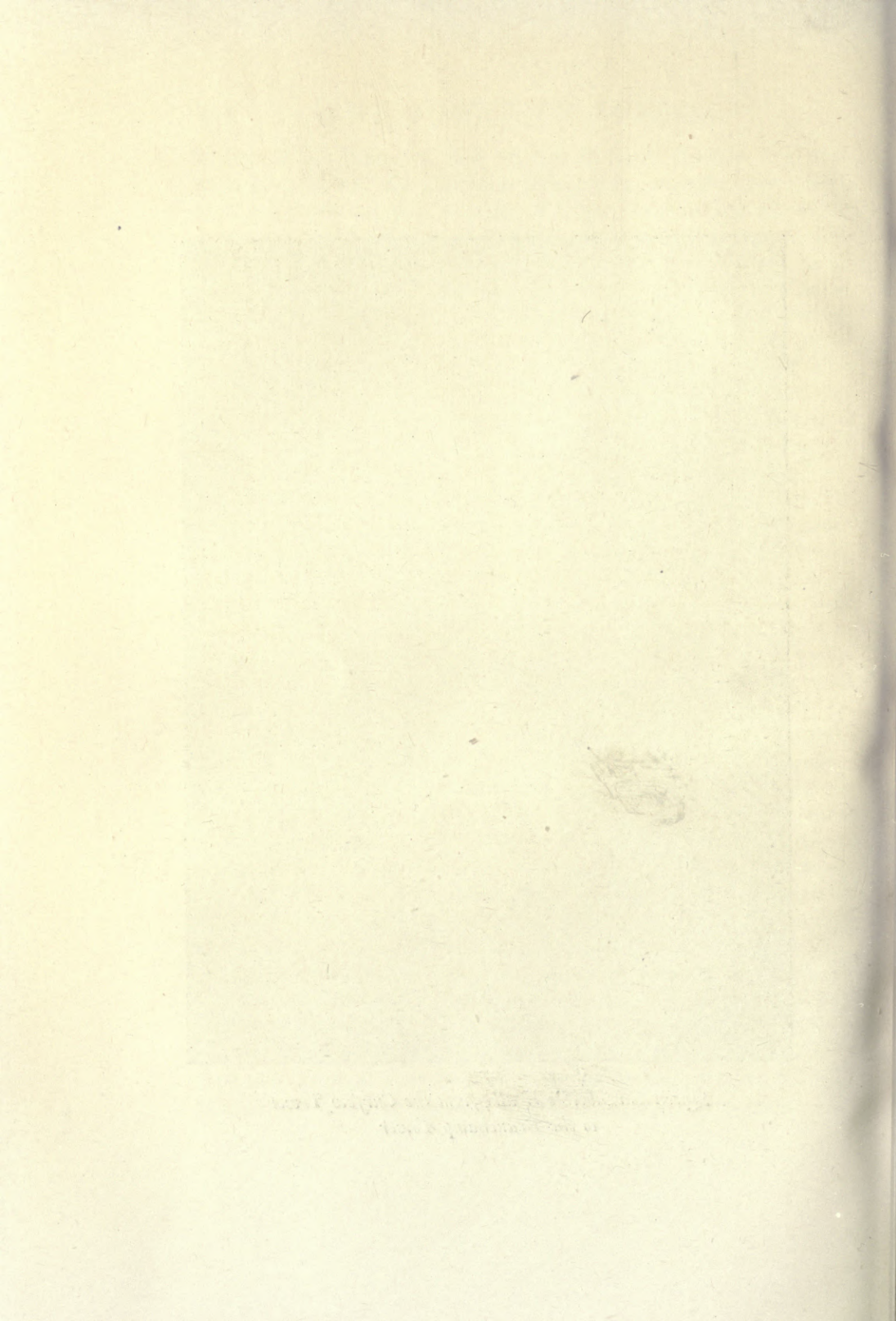
Motley has conjectured that at that time the population of Spain and Portugal numbered at least twelve millions. Spain possessed the most powerful fleet in the world, an immense army, with all the wealth of the Netherlands and the Indies wherewith to maintain them; consequently, when difficulties arose between France and England, Philip trusted that to save herself England would become a firm ally of Spain. But the Spanish monarch had left out of his reckoning the magnificent courage of England's Queen, and the indomitable pluck, and bull-dog determination of her subjects to hold their own. All this should be remembered when the stern repression of all and every kind of conspiracy is brought against Elizabeth and her principal advisers, of whom Walsingham and Burleigh were the foremost. It was a desperate position, only possible of being defended and upheld by desperate means. The horrors perpetrated by the Romish bishops in the name of religion whilst Mary Tudor reigned, had given the English but too vivid a suggestion of the fate that would befall their country if the King of Spain were again to become its ruler, either as conqueror or as King-consort. This terror was the principal cause of the passionate tide of patriotism that under Elizabeth stirred our glorious little island to its very foundations, and had it not been for the detestation of foreign rule there would not have been that universal rallying round the Queen and country in the hour of danger, which was the marked feature of our people during that courageous woman's reign.

A suspicion of conspiracy was sufficient in those days, electrical with perils for the Queen and the country, and on the 11th of October 1589 Thomas Howard, fourth

Duke of Norfolk, the son of the ill-fated Surrey, and the grandson of the old Flodden duke, was brought a prisoner to the Tower on the charge of high treason, his intended marriage with Mary of Scots constituting the charge against him. In the following month the Queen thus directed Sir Henry Neville to attend to Norfolk's safe-keeping in the Tower. "The Lieutenant is permitted to remove the Duke to any lodging in the Tower near joining to the Long Gallery, so as it be none of the Queen's own lodgings; and to suffer the Duke to have the commodity to walk in the gallery, having always of course the said Knollys in his company" (Hatfield Calendar of State Papers). Owing to the plague which raged in London in the following year, Norfolk was allowed to leave the Tower for his own home at the Charter House, still a prisoner; but he was soon back again in the fortress, a correspondence which he had carried on with Mary Stuart's adherents having been discovered. Others implicated in the undoubted conspiracy to set Mary on the throne, were the Earls of Arundel and Southampton, Lord Lumley, Lord Cobham, his brother Thomas Cobham, and Henry Percy; these were all arrested. On his return to the Tower, Norfolk was confined in the Bloody Tower. About this time a batch of letters, written by a Florentine banker named Ridolfi to the Pope and to the Duke of Alva, on the perpetually recurring subject of Mary's succession to the English throne after Elizabeth's dethronement, were intercepted by Elizabeth's government, with the result that a fresh batch of prisoners, with the Bishop of Ross, Sir Thomas Stanley, and Sir Thomas Gerrard amongst them, entered the fortress. These letters disclosed a conspiracy which was known under the name of the Italian Ridolfi, its prime instigator. Ridolfi, who was a resident in London, had crossed over to the Netherlands, where he had seen the Duke of Alva, informing that Spanish general that he had been commissioned by a large number of English Roman Catholic noblemen to send over



*Queen Elizabeth's Walk, from the Curfew Tower
to the Beauchamp Tower*



a Spanish army to drive Elizabeth from the throne, and place Mary Stuart in the sovereignty in her stead. The Duke of Norfolk would then marry Mary, and by these means the English would return to the benign sway of the Holy Father, and become the faithful subjects of the gentle Philip. Alva had suggested that Elizabeth should be got rid of before he himself came to London with his army, Philip entirely agreeing with his general as to the necessity for her removal.

The mere chance of a packet of letters being intercepted not only saved Elizabeth's life, but probably England as well from a terrible disaster.

The Ridolfi Plot conspirators were distributed in the various prisons of the fortress, in the Beauchamp and the Salt Towers, and in the Cold Harbour, much of the information regarding the conspiracy having been obtained from a young man called Charles Bailly, who was seized at Dover on his way to the Netherlands with a packet of treasonable letters. He was brought back to London, placed in the Tower and tortured, whereupon he confessed the names of several other persons implicated. Bailly left several inscriptions on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower where he was imprisoned.

On the 16th of January 1572 the Duke of Norfolk was taken from the Tower to Westminster to undergo his trial. He was charged with having entered into a treasonable conspiracy to depose the Queen and to take her life; of having invoked the aid of the Pope to liberate the Queen of Scots, of having intended to marry her, and for having attempted to restore Papacy in the realm.

The Duke, who was not allowed counsel, pleaded in his own behalf, attempting to prove that his intended marriage with Queen Mary of Scots would not have affected the life or throne of Elizabeth. "But," replied the Queen's Sergeant, Barham, "it is well known that you entered into a design for seizing the Tower, which is certainly the greatest strength of the Kingdom of England,

and hence it follows, you then attempted the destruction of the Queen." By his own letters to the Pope the Duke stood condemned, as well as by those written by him to the Duke of Alva, and to Ridolfi, in addition to others written from the Tower to Queen Mary by the Bishop of Ross. Norfolk was accordingly condemned, but Elizabeth appears to have wavered regarding the signing of his death warrant, for the Duke was her cousin. At length, however, the House of Commons insisted that the Duke must die for the safety of the State, and Elizabeth signed the warrant, and the 2nd of June was fixed for his execution.

The Duke wrote very appealingly to the Queen for pardon, beseeching her to forgive him for his " manifold offences " and " trusts that he may leave a lighter heart and a quieter conscience. " He desired Burghley to act as guardian to his orphaned children, and concluded his letter thus : " written by the woeful hand of a dead man, your Majesty's most unworthy subject, and yet your Majesty's, in my humble prayer, until the last breath, Thomas Howard. "

Fourteen years had passed since anyone had been executed on Tower Hill. The old wooden scaffold had fallen into decay, and it was found necessary to build a new one. Compared with former reigns the fact of no execution having taken place amongst the State prisoners for such a length of time does credit to Elizabeth's clemency, Norfolk being the first to die for a crime against the State during her long reign. The Duke has found apologists among historians, and has been regarded as a hardly-used victim of Elizabeth and her Ministers. But his treason to the Queen he had sworn to obey and defend was proved beyond all manner of doubt, and his particular form of treason was the worst, having no possible extenuation, since he plotted for the admission of a foreign army into the realm, composed of the most bloodthirsty wretches that ever desecrated a country, and led by a general whose



*Queen Elizabeth's Walk, from the Beauchamp Tower
to the Curfew Tower*

cruelty resembled that of a devil, and has left him infamous for all time.

Norfolk merited his doom, and the more illustrious his name and rank, the more grievous his fault. As to finding cause for pitying him on the ground of his attentions to Queen Mary, that, too, seems unnecessary. The Duke had never seen the Scottish Queen, nor is he likely to have felt much affection for a woman who had been implicated in her husband's murder, and had allowed herself to be carried off by that husband's assassin. Norfolk was accompanied to the scaffold by his old friend, Sir Henry Lee, the Master of the Ordnance.* Norfolk refused to have his eyes bandaged, and begging all present to pray for him, met his fate with calmness. "His head," writes an unknown chronicler (Harleian MSS.), "with singular dexteritie of the executioner was with the appointed axe at one chop, off; and showed to all the people. Thus he finyshed his life, and afterwards his corpse was put into the coffyn; appertaninge to Barkynge Church, with the head also, and so was caryed by foure of the lyeutenant's men and was buried in the Chappell in the Tower by Mr Dean (Dr Nowell) of Paules." The Duke's last words are worthy of remembrance. While reading the fifty-first Psalm, when he came to the verse, "Build up the walls of Jerusalem," he paused an instant, and then said, "The walls of England, good Lord, I had almost forgotten, but not too late, I ask all the world forgiveness and I likewise forgive all the world."

One of Queen Mary Stuart's most devoted adherents was John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, who, like Norfolk, had been deeply implicated in the Ridolfi conspiracy, and had been imprisoned in the Bell Tower. When tried for

* Sir Henry Lee was a great lover of jousts and tournaments, and was noted for his prowess in the lists. He died in 1611. His descendant, the present Lord Dillon, has inherited his ancestor's love of armour and all that appertains to the study of knightly panoply and weapons. The country owes Lord Dillon a debt of gratitude for the admirable manner in which he has classified and re-arranged the collection of arms and armour in the White Tower, and for the exhaustive and excellent catalogue of the same.

treason, the Bishop pleaded that being an Ambassador he was not liable to the charge; he was kept for two years in the Tower and then he was banished.

Priests, and especially those who were Jesuits, were very harshly dealt with at this time, the utmost rigour being shown to all who opposed the Queen's acts or intentions. We have one instance of this in the fate which befell that eminent theologian, John Stubbs, who had written a pamphlet against the proposed marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou, the brother of the King of France, Charles IX., and himself afterwards King of that country under the title of Henry III. Dr Stubbs was sentenced to have his right hand cut off by the hangman, the unlucky printers of his pamphlet being treated in the same barbarous manner. Immediately his hand was cut off, Stubbs raised his cap with the other, shouting, "God save the Queen!"; this truly loyal incident was witnessed by the historian Camden.

Besides the penalty of losing the right hand for writing or printing matter which might be disapproved by the Queen or her Council, the same punishment was awarded to any person striking another within the precincts of the royal palaces, of which the Tower was one. Peter Burchet, a barrister of the Middle Temple, had been committed to the Tower in 1573 for attempting to kill the celebrated Admiral Sir John Hawkins, whom he had mistaken for Sir Christopher Hatton. During his imprisonment he killed a warder, or attendant, by knocking him on the head with a log of wood taken from the fire. For this he was condemned to death, but before being hanged at Temple Bar, his right hand was cut off for striking a blow in one of the royal palaces. At this time Elizabeth found it essential to drastically assert her authority, and in 1577 an individual named Sherin was not only imprisoned in the Tower for denying her supremacy, but was afterwards drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, where he was hanged, disembowelled, and quartered. In that same year six other

poor creatures were treated in the same manner, after being imprisoned in the fortress, for coining. From 1580 until the close of Elizabeth's reign the penal laws were enforced with terrible rigour, owing to the invasion of the Jesuit missionary priests led by Parsons and Campion. Cardinal Allen's seminary priests were ruthlessly hunted down, and when caught, imprisoned, generally tortured, and invariably executed. The Cardinal, who had set up a seminary for priests at Douai, maintained a large and ever increasing staff of young men who were ready to sacrifice their lives in what they believed to be the cause of Heaven. The first to suffer of these was Cuthbert Mayne. Between Elizabeth and the Cardinal the war became fierce and sanguinary. Plot was met by counter-plot, and Cecil showed himself as astute and deep as any Jesuit of them all, the priests of Douai and Allen's Jesuits faring ill in consequence. Both Campion and Parsons had been at the English Universities, and both for a time succeeded in their mission of bringing over to their religion many from among the higher classes of this country. But Elizabeth's great minister proved too strong for them, and Campion was arrested and sent to the Tower, whilst Parsons sought safety on the Continent. Campion, with two other priests named Sherin and Brian, was hanged at Tyburn. Many of the imprisoned priests were tortured in the Tower; some were placed in "Little Ease," where they could neither stand up nor lie down at full length; some were racked, others subjected to the deadly embrace of the "Scavenger's Daughter," others being tortured by the "boot," or the "gauntlets," and hung up for hours by the wrists. Sir Owen Hopton, the Lieutenant of the Tower at this time, seems to have been a very hard-hearted gaoler, and on one occasion when he had forced some of these wretched priests, with the help of soldiers, into the Chapel of the Tower whilst service was being held, he boasted that he had no one under his charge who would not willingly enter a Protestant Church.

From 1580 onwards, the Tower was filled with State prisoners. In that year the Archbishop of Armagh and the Earls of Kildare and Clanricarde, and other Irish nobles who had taken part in Desmond's insurrection, were imprisoned in the fortress, and three years later a number of persons concerned in one of the numerous plots against Elizabeth's life were likewise sent there, among them John Somerville, a Warwickshire gentleman, and his wife, together with her parents, and a priest named Hugh Hall, declared to have designs to murder the Queen. Mrs Somerville, her mother, and the priest were spared; her husband committed suicide in Newgate, where he had been sent to be executed, and her father was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Smithfield. In the following year (1584) Francis Throgmorton, son of Sir John, suffered death for treason like his father, a correspondence between Queen Mary and himself having been discovered. In the month of January 1585, twenty-one priests lay in the Tower, but were afterwards shipped off to France. In this same year Henry Percy, eighth Earl of Northumberland, a zealous Roman Catholic, with Lord Arundel, the son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, were imprisoned in the Tower. But Northumberland killed himself, locking his prison door, and shooting himself through the heart with a pistol he had concealed about him, being supposed to have committed suicide in order that his property should not come into possession of the Queen—whom he called by a very offensive epithet—as would have been the case had he been attainted of treason. Arundel died in the Beauchamp Tower after a long imprisonment, as has been told in the account of that building. His death was no doubt owing to the severity of his confinement, combined with the austerities he thought it his duty to inflict upon himself; he certainly deserves a place in the roll of those who have died martyrs to their faith.

Another conspiracy against the Queen's life came to light in this same year, when a man named Parry was

arrested on a charge of having received money from the Pope to assassinate Elizabeth, a fellow-conspirator named Neville being taken at the same time, it being alleged that they intended to shoot the Queen whilst she was riding. Neville, who was heir to the exiled Earl of Westmoreland, hearing of that nobleman's death abroad, turned Queen's evidence, hoping by this treachery to recover the forfeited Westmoreland estates. His confederate was hanged, and although Neville escaped a similar fate, he remained a prisoner for a considerable time in the Tower.

Axe and halter once more came into play in extinguishing what was known as the Babington Plot in 1586. Elizabeth had never run a greater peril of her life, and it was owing to this plot that Mary Stuart died on the scaffold at Fotheringay on the 8th of February in the following year. Anthony Babington was a youth of good family, holding a place at Court, and, like many other of Elizabeth's courtiers, belonged to the Roman faith, the Queen being too courageous to forbid Roman Catholics from belonging to her household. The soul of the plot was one Ballard, a priest, who had induced Babington, with some other of his associates, also of the Court, to adventure their lives in order to release Mary Stuart, and to place her upon the throne after having got rid of Elizabeth. Walsingham, with his lynx-eyed prevoynance, discovered the plot, and Ballard with the rest were arrested, tried and condemned. According to Disraeli the elder (in his "Amenities of Literature") the judge who presided at the trial, turning to Ballard, exclaimed, "Oh, Ballard, Ballard! What hast thou done? A company of brave youths, otherwise adorned with goodly gifts, by thy inducement thou hast brought to their utter destruction and confusion." Besides Ballard and Babington, thirteen of these young conspirators were executed—to wit, Edward Windsor, brother of Lord Windsor, Thomas Salisbury, Charles Tilney, Chidiock

Tichburn, Edward Abington, Robert Gage, John Travers, John Charnocks, John Jones, John Savage, R. Barnwell, Henry Dun, and Jerome Bellarmine. Their execution, accompanied with all its horrible details, lasted for two days, Babington exclaiming as he died, "Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!" On the second day the Queen gave orders that the remaining victims should be despatched quickly without undergoing the attendant horrors of partial hanging, drawing, and quartering.*

Mary's execution followed in the next year, but it was Elizabeth's secretary, Davison—he had been appointed about this time co-secretary with Walsingham—who had to bear all the odium of her death, Elizabeth accusing him of having despatched the death-warrant without her sanction. She sent him to the Tower and caused him to be fined so heavily that he was completely ruined in consequence. Another scandalously unjust imprisonment in the Tower of a loyal and faithful servant of the Queen, was that of Sir John Perrot, a natural son of Henry VIII. Perrot was a distinguished soldier, and had acted as Lord-Deputy in Ireland, where, by his justice and humanity and clear common-sense, he had done much to restore order and comparative prosperity to that distracted island. Sir John Perrot was cordially hated by the Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, who was particularly noted for his skill in dancing, this hatred having been aroused, it is said, by Perrot remarking that the Lord Chancellor "had come to the Court by his galliard." This criticism resulted in Perrot's being arrested, after being summoned from Ireland on a trumped-up charge of treason, and committed to the Tower in 1590. At his trial two years later, nothing could be proved against him except a few idle words that he had uttered concerning the Queen, and which had been repeated to her; nevertheless he was

* These executions took place on the 20th and 21st September 1586. Seven on the first day, and the remainder the next. The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields, which at that time had not been laid out, was the scene of these horrible barbarities.

found guilty. When brought back to the Tower, Sir John exclaimed angrily to the Lieutenant, Sir Owen Hopton, "What! will the Queen suffer her brother to be offered up as a sacrifice to the envy of my strutting adversary?" On hearing this, the Queen burst out into one of her finest Tudor rages, and swearing "by her wonted oath," as Naunton writes, "declared that the jury which had brought in this verdict were all knaves, and that she would not sign the warrant for execution." So Sir John escaped the headman, but the gallant knight died that September in the Tower, Naunton thus describing the close of his life: "His haughtiness of spirit accompanied him to the last, and still, without any diminution of courage therein, it burst the cords of his magnanimitie." In his youth Perrot had been distinguished for his good looks and strength of body. "He was," writes Naunton, "of stature and size far beyond the ordinary man; he seems never to have known what fear was, and distinguished himself by martial exercises." During a boar hunt in France in 1551, it was related of him that he rescued one of the hunters from the attack of a wild boar, "giving the boar such a blow that it did well-nigh part the head from the shoulders."

From a memorandum drawn up by Sir Owen Hopton for the use of his successor, Sir Michael Blunt, in the Lieutenancy of the Tower in 1590, we find that the following prisoners were at that time confined in the fortress:—James Fitzgerald, the only son of the Earl of Desmond, who had come from Ireland as a hostage, Florence Macarthy, Sir Thomas Fitzherbert (who died in the Tower in the following year), Sir Thomas Williams, the Bishop of Laughlin, Sir Nicholas White, Sir Brian O'Rourke, "who hath the libertie to walk on the leades over his lodging," and Sir Francis Darcy. All these prisoners were connected with the war in Ireland, or were suspected of conspiring against the Queen and her government.

The year 1592 is a memorable one in the life of the

great Sir Walter Raleigh, for it was then that he began his long acquaintance with the prisons of the Tower, and from this time until his execution a quarter of a century later, Raleigh's days were mainly passed within the walls of that building.

Raleigh's first imprisonment in the Tower was owing to his marriage with Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the Queen's ladies, and the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton. Raleigh had wooed, won, and wedded his wife without Elizabeth's knowledge or consent. The Queen, then over sixty years of age, was still as jealous and as vain as any young girl of sixteen, and for any of her favourites—and Raleigh at this time was the principal one—to marry without her august permission, and especially to marry one of her ladies, was in her eyes a most heinous crime, an aggravated form of *lèse-majesté*, and it was only by the most fulsome flattery, the most grovelling abasement, that Sir Walter gained his freedom. In a letter from Sir Arthur Gorges, a cousin of Raleigh's, to Sir Robert Cecil, there is an account of an extraordinary scene enacted by Sir Walter whilst in the Tower. "I cannot choose," writes Gorges, "but advertise you of a strange tragedy that this day had like to have fallen out between the captain of the guard and the lieutenant of the ordnance, if I had not by great chance come at the very instant to have turned it into a comedy. For upon a report of Her Majesty's being at Sir George Carew's, Sir Walter Raleigh having gazed and sighed a long time at his study window, from whence he might discover the barges and boats about the Blackfriars stairs, suddenly he brake out into a great distemper, and swore that his enemies had on purpose brought Her Majesty thither to break his gall in sunder with Tantalus's torment, that when she went away he might see death before his eyes, with many such like conceits. And as a man transported with passion, he swore to Sir George Carew that he would disguise himself, and get into a pair of oars to cure his

mind with but a sight of the Queen, or else he protested his heart would break. But the trusty jailor would none of that, for displeasing the higher powers, as he said, which he more resented than the feeding of his humour, and so flatly refused to permit him. But in conclusion, upon this dispute they fell flat to choleric outrageous words, with straining and struggling at the doors, that all lameness was forgotten, and in the fury of the conflict, the jailor he had his new periwig torn off his crown, and yet here the struggle ended not, for at last they had gotten out their daggers. Which when I saw, I played the stickler between them, and so purchased such a rap on the knuckles, that I wished both their pates broken, and so with much ado they stayed their brawl to see my bloody fingers. At first I was ready to break with laughing to see them two scramble and brawl like madmen, until I saw the iron walking, and then I did my best to appease their fury. As yet I cannot reconcile them by any persuasions, for Sir Walter swears, that he shall hate him for so restraining him from the sight of his mistress, while he lives, for that he knows not (as he said) whether ever he shall see her again, when she is gone the progress. And Sir George on his side, swears that he would rather lose his longing, than he would draw on him Her Majesty's displeasure by such liberty. Thus they continue in malice and snarling; but I am sure all the smart lighted on me. I cannot tell whether I should more allow of the passionate lover, or the trusty jailor. But if yourself had seen it, as I did, you would have been as heartily merry and sorry, as ever you were in all your life, for so short a time. I pray you pardon my hasty written narrative, which I acquaint you with, hoping you will be the peacemaker. But, good sir, let nobody know thereof, for I fear Sir Walter Raleigh will shortly grow to be Orlando Furioso, if the bright Angelica persevere against him."

Here is a portion of a letter written by Sir Walter himself to Sir Robert Cecil, which the writer evidently

wished should be shown to the Queen. "My heart," he writes, "was never broken till this day, that I hear the Queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire, in so many journeys, and am now left behind her in a dark prison, all alone." (This "dark prison" from which Raleigh writes, was probably the Brick Tower; in later years Sir Walter was to become acquainted with other prisons in the Tower.) "While she was yet at hand," he continues, "that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less, but even now my heart is cast into the depth of all misery. I, that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure face like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus"—Alas! Sir Walter!

How long, in spite of the above fulsome letter, the Queen would have kept "her love-stricken swain," as Raleigh called himself, within the Tower there is no knowing, if it had not been for the accident of his good ship, the *Roebuck*—which had escaped from the Spanish fleet sent to capture her—falling in, off Flores, with some great East Indian carracks bound for Lisbon. When the *Roebuck* had taken the great Spanish ship, the *Madre de Dios* and brought her into Dartmouth with a huge treasure on board, which Raleigh himself estimated at half-a-million pounds, Elizabeth's covetousness completely overmastered her resentment, and "her love-stricken swain" was set at liberty in September 1592, to arrange the disposal of the Spanish treasure—of which the Queen took the lion's share.

Two attempts to poison Elizabeth were discovered in 1594. The first of these dastardly schemes was concocted by the Queen's physician, a Spaniard or Portuguese named Lopez, who had been bribed by the Spanish governors of the Netherlands, Fuentes and Ibara, to administer poison to his royal mistress in some medicine. This plot is said

to have been discovered by Essex. Lopez and two of his confederates met the fate they deserved, after being imprisoned in the Tower. According to Camden, Lopez declared on the scaffold that "He loved the Queen as much as he did Jesus Christ." This sentiment coming from a Jew was received with much merriment by the spectators at the execution. The second plot was much more curious.

Walpole, a Jesuit priest, had bribed a groom in the royal stables, named Edward Squire, to rub some poison on the pommel of the Queen's saddle, but, as may be supposed, the poison had no harmful effect, and priest and groom, being convicted, were hanged at Tyburn.

The last year of the sixteenth century saw the fall of one of Elizabeth's most brilliant courtiers, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. After forty years of stern repression, Ireland, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, had become more Irish than ever. All the cruelties committed in that country by the Government of the Queen, cruelties in which Raleigh played so flagrant a part, had not crushed the Irish, and a larger army of occupation was found necessary.

Essex and Raleigh were bitter enemies. The chief cause of their dissension was the treatment of the Irish, Raleigh advising that they should be completely trodden under foot, whilst Essex urged a show of justice and some degree of goodwill towards the country and its inhabitants; but the favour shown by the Queen to both these remarkable men was also an additional cause for their mutual jealousy. Both were extremely self-willed, and their immense egotism, and lust for place and power, was the common ruin of each of them.

Essex was the youngest and last of that brilliant combination of soldier, statesman, and courtier, that added to the glory and charm of those "spacious days."

Robert Devereux had many personal claims to Elizabeth's good will. Strikingly handsome in face and form, he shone equally in the Court or in the field, and both by birth and marriage he was related to some of the most

prominent persons attached to the Court. His father had been a personal friend of Elizabeth's; his step-father was the Earl of Leicester; Sir Francis Knollys was his grandfather; Walsingham his father-in-law; Lord Hemsdon was his great-uncle, and the all-powerful Burleigh his guardian. To us Essex's most conspicuous merit was that Shakespeare called him his friend. The poet was closely linked in the bonds of friendship both with Essex and with his dearest friend Southampton, and their fall is thought to have thrown the shadow of their misfortunes over the drama composed about the time of Essex's execution, and Southampton's disgrace and imprisonment. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* had been written in honour of Essex's marriage, and the only two books of verse that Shakespeare published had been dedicated to Southampton; and it was probably to the latter that the Sonnets were addressed, if he was not their actual inspirer.

On the eve of Essex's disastrous expedition to Ireland, Shakespeare referred to his friend in the prologue of Act v. of the play of *Henry V.* After "broaching rebellion in Ireland," Essex is thus referred to:

"Were now the general of our gracious empress
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him!"

But the poet's prophecy was not to be fulfilled; for two years after the declamation of these proud lines foretelling Essex's glory, both their subject and Southampton—who had accompanied Essex to Ireland as Master of the Horse—were charged with treasonable conduct and neglect of duty. Thus Shakespeare lost his two most influential friends by one and the same fatality.

Essex, half mad with rage and disappointment at his failure, and smarting under the bitterness of mortified vanity and ambition, and under what he considered the



HIC TVVS ILLE COMES GENEROSA ESSEXIA NOSTRIS
 QVEM QVAM GADEMVS REBVS ADESSE DVCEM.



ingratitude of the Queen, lost his self-control. Raleigh, he believed, had poisoned Elizabeth's mind against him, quite forgetting his own insolences to his Sovereign on many occasions. Had he not during one of his outbursts of temper exclaimed in the hearing of some of the people attached to her person, that Elizabeth was as crooked in her mind as she was in her body? Essex must have been well aware that the aged monarch would never pardon such a speech; and it was probably one of the chief causes which led her to sign the warrant that consigned her former favourite to the scaffold.

Enraged at the charges brought against him and the failure of the Irish expedition, Essex formed a wild plot to seize the Queen's person, being assisted in the scheme by Southampton and some other hot-heads, amongst them, Rutland, Sandys, Cromwell, and Monteaule; with these were a band of about three hundred armed men. Although Essex was immensely popular with the Londoners, the sober citizens had no idea of imperilling their lives and possessions in such a harum-scarum adventure as this promised to be. Consequently Essex and his friends found no support, and instead of seizing the Queen and upsetting the Government they themselves were taken prisoners after a short siege in Essex's town-house. Early in February 1601 Essex with Southampton passed under Traitor's Gate.

Essex occupied a prison in the Tower which owes its name to his having spent the last days of his short and brilliant life within its walls. On the 19th of February, Essex and Southampton were taken to their trial at Westminster Hall, and there were both adjudged guilty of high treason.

It appears that up to the last Essex expected a reprieve, as he took no leave of his family or of his friends. Lady Essex appealed to Cecil for her husband's life, and Cecil perhaps might have saved him, had it not been—one regrets to write it—that Raleigh strongly urged

the great minister by letter, to carry out the sentence (Lansdowne MSS. and Ellis's "Original Letters") and the law took its cruel course. Essex was so beloved by the people that, perhaps, for fear of an attempted rescue by the Londoners when they saw their favourite led out to die, his execution was arranged to take place within the gates of the fortress instead of upon Tower Hill. Camden indeed states that it was Essex's own desire to die within the walls of the Tower, his reason for doing so being that the "acclamations of the citizens should have heven him up," whatever that meant. He himself admitted that so long as he lived the Queen's life would not be in safety, a most suicidal remark to make, but which he made nevertheless to Cecil four days before the end.

The following account of Essex's last evening upon earth, and of his death, was written by an eye-witness of the execution, and is taken from the Calendar of State Papers (Dom. Series, 1598-1601).

"Feb. 25. 112.—Account of the execution of the Earl of Essex at 8 A.M. in the Tower.

"On Tuesday (24th February) night, between ten and twelve o'clock, he opened his window and said to the guards, 'My good friends, pray for me, and to-morrow you shall see in me a strong God in a weak man; I have nothing to give you, for I have nothing left but that which I must pay to the Queen to-morrow in the morning.' When he was brought from his lodging by the Lieutenant, he was attended on by three divines, and all the way from his chamber to the scaffold he called to God to give him strength and patience to the end, and said: 'O God, give me true repentance, true patience, and true humility, and put all worldly thoughts out of my mind'; and he often entreated those that went with him to pray for him.

"Being come upon the scaffold which was set up in the midst of the court, he was apparelled in a gown of wrought velvet, a satin suit, and felt hat, all black; and first turning himself towards the divines, he said, 'O God, be merciful

unto me, the most wretched creature on the earth,' and then turning himself towards the noblemen that sat on a form placed before the scaffold, he vayed his hat, and making reverence to the Lords, laid it away, and with his eyes most attentively fixed up to Heaven, spoke to this effect: 'My Lords, and you my Christian brethren who are to be witnesses of this my just punishment, I confess to the glory of God that I am a most wretched sinner, and that my sins are more in number than the hairs of my head; that I have bestowed my youth in pride, lust, uncleanness, vainglory and divers other sins, according to the fashion of this world, wherein I have offended most grievously my God, and notwithstanding divers good motives inspired unto me from the Spirit of God, the good which I would I have not done; and the evil which I would not I have done; for all which I humbly beseech our Saviour Christ to be the Mediator unto the Eternal Majesty for my pardon; especially for this my last sin, this great, this bloody, this crying and this infectious sin, whereby so many, for love of me, have ventured their lives and souls, and have been drawn to offend God, to offend their Sovereign, and to offend the world, which is as great grief unto me as may be. Lord Jesus, forgive it us, and forgive it me, the most wretched of all; and I beseech Her Majesty, the State, and the Ministers thereof, to forgive it us. The Lord grant Her Majesty a prosperous reign, and a long one, if it be his will, O Lord, grant her a wise and understanding heart; O Lord, bless her and the nobles, and ministers of Church and State. And I beseech you and the world to have a charitable opinion of me for my intention towards Her Majesty, whose death, upon my salvation and before God, I protest I never meant, nor violence to her person; yet I confess I have received an honourable trial, and am justly condemned. And I desire all the world to forgive me, even as I freely and from my heart forgive all the world.

“ And whereas I have been condemned for my religion,

I was never, I thank God, Atheist or Papist, for I never denied the power of my God, not believing the word and scriptures, neither did I ever trust to be justified by my own works or merits, but hope as a true Christian for my salvation from God only, by the mercy and merits of my Saviour Jesus Christ, crucified for my sins. This faith I was brought up in, and therein am now ready to die; beseeching you all to join with me in prayer, not with eyes and lips only, but with lifted-up hands and minds, to the Lord for me, that my soul may be lifted up above all earthly things, for now I will give myself to my private prayer; yet for that I beseech you all to join with me, I will speak that you may hear.'

"Then putting off his gown and ruff and presenting himself before the block, he was, as it seemed, by one of the chaplains encouraged against the fear of death; to whom he answered, that having been divers times in places of danger, yet where death was never so present nor certain, he had felt the weakness of the flesh, and therefore desired God to strengthen him in that great conflict, and not to suffer the flesh to have any rule over him.

"Preparing to kneel down, he asked for the executioner, who on his knees also asked his pardon, to whom he said, 'Thou art welcome to me; I forgive thee; thou art the minister of true justice.' And then, with eyes fixed up to Heaven, he began his prayers, 'O God, creator of all things and judge of all men, thou hast let me know by warrant of thy word, that Satan is then most busy when our end is nearest, and that Satan being resisted, will fly, I humbly beseech thee to assist me in this my last combat, and since thou acceptest even of our desires as of our acts, accept of my desires to resist him as with true resistance and perfect grace; what thou seest of my flesh to be frail [strengthen?] and give me patience to be as becometh me, in this just punishment inflicted upon me by so honourable a trial. Grant me the inward comfort of thy Spirit; let

the Spirit seal unto my soul an assurance of thy mercies ; lift my soul above all earthly cogitations, and when my life and body shall part, send thy blessed angels to be near unto me, which may convey it to the joys in Heaven,' then saying the Lord's Prayer, he iterated this petition, 'As we forgive them that trespass against us,' saying, 'As we forgive *all* them that trespass against us.'

"Then one of the divines put him in mind to say over his belief, which he did, the doctor saying it softly before him, and added these words, 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul ; into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.' He was likewise remembered by the divines to forgive and pray for his enemies. Whereupon he beseeched God to forgive them as freely as he did, 'because,' said he, 'they bear the image of God as well as myself.'

"Asking what was fit for him to do for disposing himself to the block, and his doublet being taken off, after he had asked the executioner whether he would hinder him or no in a scarlet waistcoat, he bowed himself towards the block, and said, 'O God, give me true humility and patience to endure to the end, and I pray you all to pray with me and for me, that when you shall see me stretch out my arms and my neck on the block, and the stroke ready to be given, it would please the everlasting God to send down his angels to carry my soul before his mercy seat,' and then lifting up his eyes devotedly towards Heaven, he said, 'Lord God, as unto thine altar I do come, offering up my body and my soul for a sacrifice, in humility and obedience to thy commandment, to thy ordinance, and to thy good pleasure, O God, I prostrate myself to my deserved punishment.' Lying flat along the boards, his hand stretched out, he said, 'Lord, have mercy upon me, thy prostrate servant,' and therewithal fitting his head to the block, he was willed by one of the doctors to say the beginning of the 51st Psalm, Have mercy upon me, O God, etc., whereof he said two verses ; the executioner being prepared he uttered these words, 'Executioner, strike home. Come,

Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus, and receive my soul ; O Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' In the midst of which sentence his head was severed by the axe from the corpse at three blows, but the first deadly, and depriving all sense and motion.

“The noblemen present at his death were the Earls of Cumberland and Hertford, Lords Bindon, Darcy, Compton, and Thomas Howard, Constable of the Tower, Sir John Peyton, lieutenant with fifteen or sixteen partizans of the guard, and three divines, Messrs Montfort, Barlow, and Ashe Ashton.”

Writing of Essex's death, Stowe says, “The body and the head were removed into the Tower, put into a coffin ready prepared, and buried by the Earl of Arundel and Duke of Norfolk in the Church of St Peter.” The above reads as if Essex's remains had been buried by Arundel and Norfolk, but it is of course intended to convey the fact that the body of the Earl was placed alongside their graves.

There is a ghastly story told by G. S. Brandés in his work on Shakespeare, in which the Duke de Biron, Henry III. of France's envoy to Elizabeth, relates a conversation he held with Elizabeth about Essex, in which she jested over her departed favourite ; the Queen opened a box and took out of it Essex's skull which she showed to Biron. This story has no shadow of proof or foundation, for had Essex's head been taken out of the historic soil in which it mouldered in St Peter's Chapel, and been given to the Queen, such an extraordinary proceeding would have been recorded ; besides Elizabeth was not a monster, as such conduct with which Biron here credits her, would proclaim her to be.

Raleigh, at his own execution and speaking on the edge of the grave, solemnly denied that he had rejoiced over the death of Essex. He had, he acknowledged, watched the execution of his rival from the windows of the Armoury, those at the north end of the White Tower, which commanded a view of the scaffold—“where I saw him,” Sir

Walter said, "but he saw not me, and my soul hath been many times grieved that I was not near to him when he died because I understood afterwards that he asked for me at his death, to be reconciled to me." Thus at the early age of thirty-three ended the noble and gifted Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and Eu, Viscount Hereford and Bouchier, Baron Ferrers of Chartley, Bouchier and Louvain.

When quite a youth Essex had married Frances, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and his son Robert, born in 1592, lived to lead the army of the Parliament against Charles the First.

Contemporary writers have extolled Essex's charm of character and beauty of person. Sir Robert Naunton, in his "Fragmenta Regalia," writes that "there was in this young lord, together with a most goodly person, a kind of urbanity or innate courtesy." So popular was Essex with the Londoners that he scarcely ever quitted the capital without a poem or song being sung and sold in the streets. After Essex's death Raleigh, who, probably owing to his arrogance, was never a favourite with the citizens, was hooted by the mob, as were also Bacon and the other judges who had condemned the Earl. Even Elizabeth's own popularity paled after Essex's death, and she was ever after coldly received whenever she appeared amongst her lieges.

Southampton was kept a prisoner in the Tower until released by the order of James I. in the month of April 1603. During his imprisonment, a favourite cat of his appeared suddenly in his room, having come to his master by way of the chimney, and after his deliverance Southampton had his portrait painted with his faithful friend beside him. At Welbeck Abbey there are two portraits of this nobleman, and in one of them the cat appears by its master's side.

Of the other conspirators in Essex's plot, Sir Christopher Blunt, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Gilley Merrick, and Henry

Cuffe were executed, the first four being beheaded, and the two last hanged at Tyburn. Cuffe, who was Essex's private secretary, appears to have been the principal instigator in the scheme for kidnapping the Queen; the other prisoners were pardoned.

For a long time the Queen hesitated to sign her old favourite's death warrant; but finally wrote her name upon the fatal document, and by so doing probably shortened her own time on earth, for after Essex's execution she fell into a state of morbid dejection which never lightened till the end. Her last days were lonely and full of terror, if not of despair. There are few accounts more tragic in history than the description given by those who saw the poor, painted old woman at this time—half delirious as the shades of death closed around her, thrusting a sword through the tapestry of her chamber, or lying on the ground propped up with cushions, refusing all nourishment, and having no one near her to whom she could turn for one loving look or tender word. There is no truth in the popular tale of the ring which Elizabeth is supposed to have given to Essex to be returned to her in any time of trouble, and detained until too late by Lady Nottingham.

Thus in domestic trouble and bloodshed closed the great Queen's reign. When Elizabeth mounted the throne England was wretchedly weak and distracted, and apparently almost in the grasp of the huge Spanish octopus, the baleful arms of which were closing in around her. When the great Queen died, England was self-reliant and powerful. Elizabeth had not only been regarded by her own people with pride and admiration, but all Europe proclaimed her greatness. Bacon truly said that little or nothing was wanting to fill up the full measure of Elizabeth's felicity; she had triumphed over all her enemies; and her bitterest foe, Philip of Spain, had gone to his grave five years before her own death, beaten and discredited, and like his so-called Invincible Armada, a wreck and a derision. The only other European sovereign who in any way could

be compared with Elizabeth, and who survived her, was Henry of Navarre; and he had called Elizabeth his "other self." In the next generation Cromwell, a still greater man than Henry IV. of France, speaking of Elizabeth said, "Queen Elizabeth of famous memory; we need not be ashamed to call her so."

END OF VOL. I.

to compare with the results of the survey for the
 year of 1883, and to find out the general
 state of the country. The results of the survey
 for the year of 1883 are as follows: The
 total number of acres surveyed was 1,234,567
 and the total value was \$1,234,567.

The results of the survey for the year of 1884
 are as follows: The total number of acres
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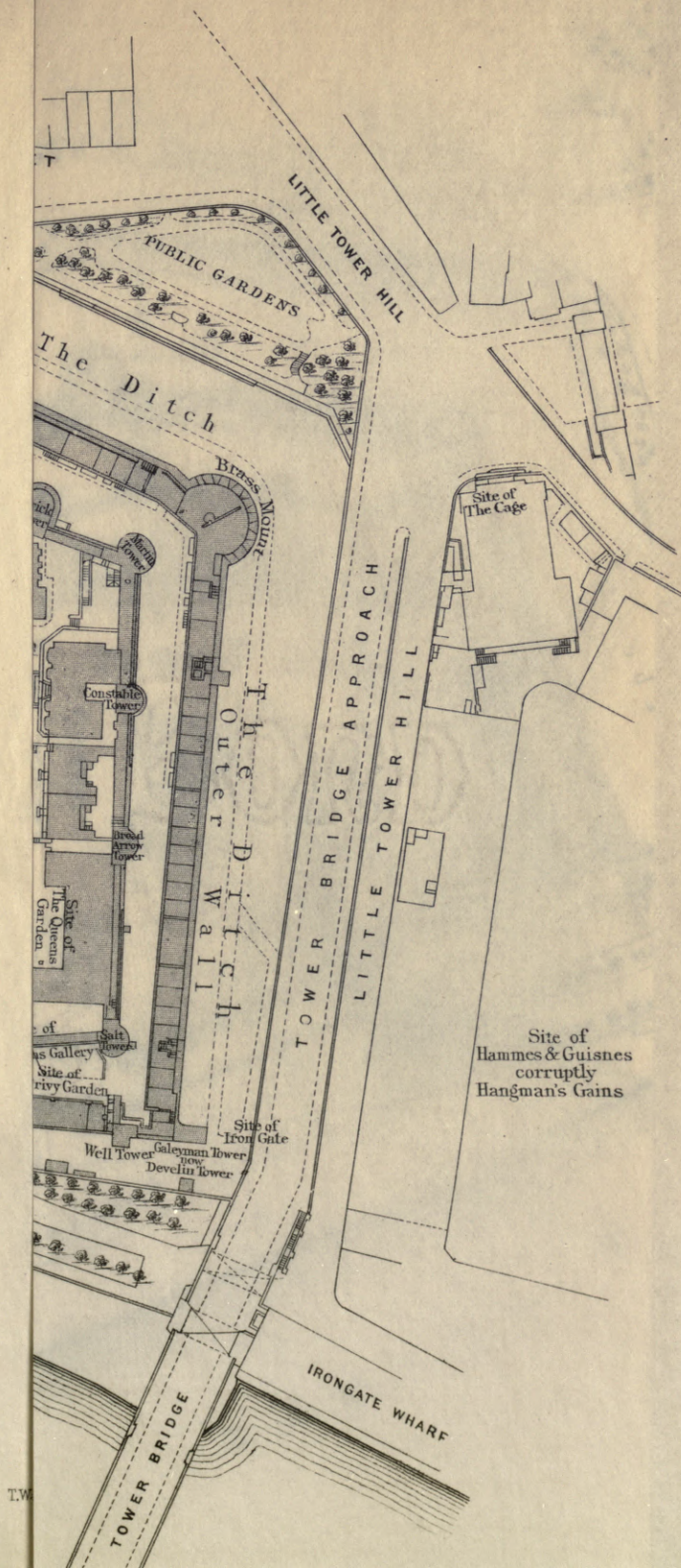
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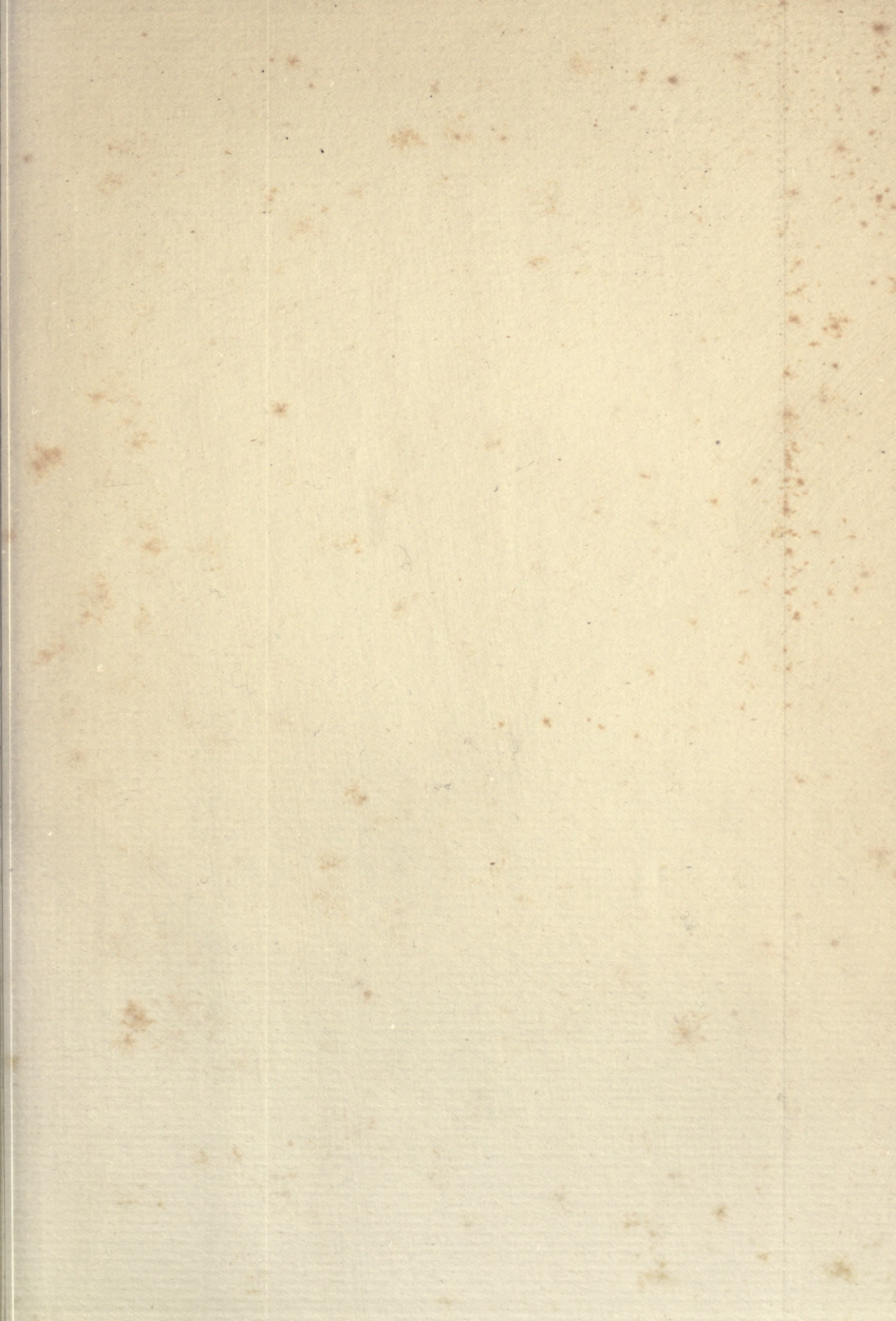
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T.W



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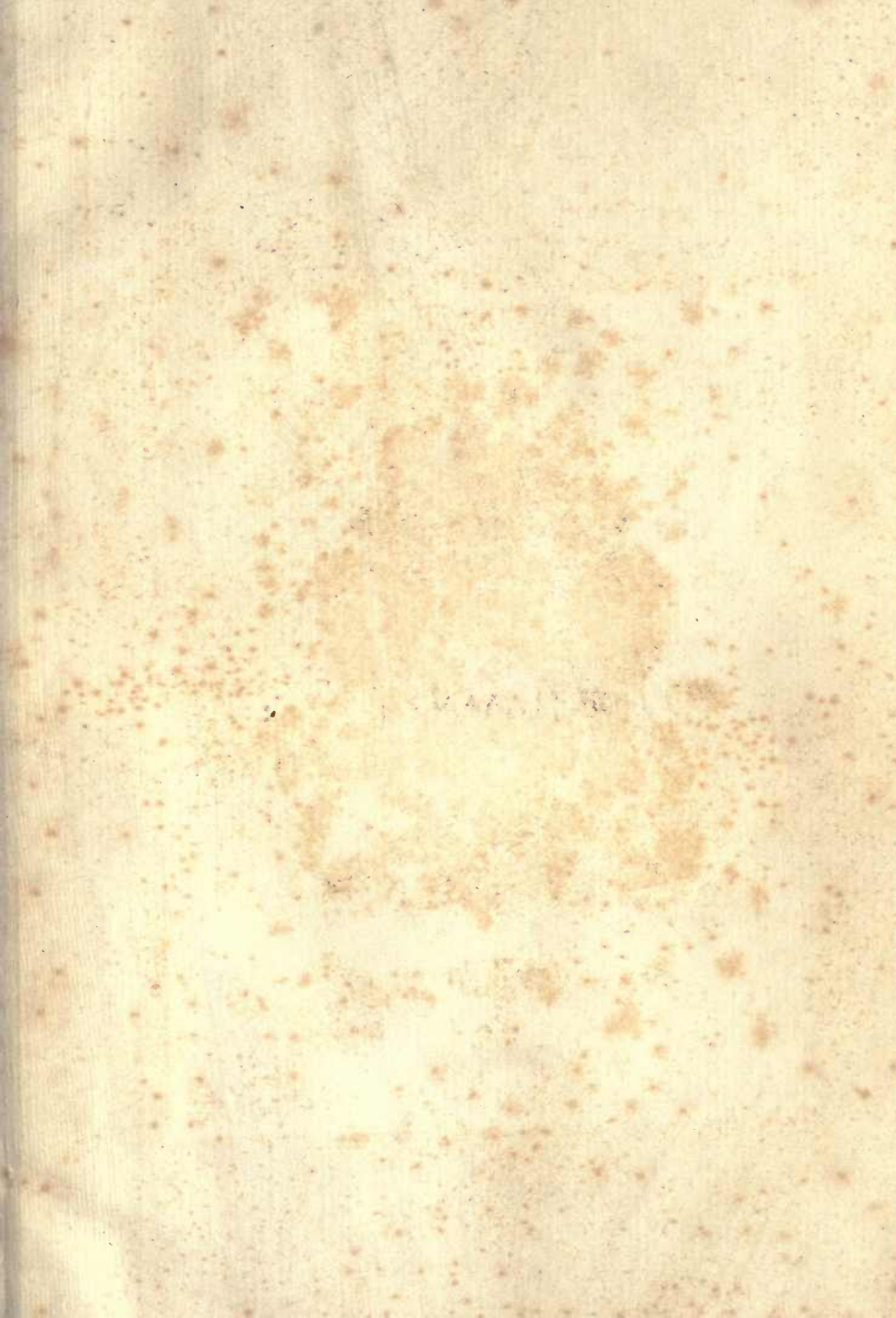


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THE TOWER OF LONDON

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*View of the Tower in the time of Charles I.
(From an etching by Hollar)*

THE TOWER OF LONDON

BY

LORD RONALD SUTHERLAND GOWER, F.S.A.

ONE OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

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THE TOWER

CHAPTER XII

THE STUARTS—JAMES I.

IN Nichols's "Progresses," that mine of information regarding James I., his court and times, it is related that James paid his first visit to the Tower on 3rd May 1603, "when His Majesty set forward from the Charter House and went quietly on horseback to Whitehall where he took barge. Having shot the bridge, his present landing was expected at the Tower stayres, but it pleased His Highness to passe the Towre stairs toward St Katherines, and there stayed on the water to see the ordinance on the White Tower (commonly called Julius Cæsar's Tower) being in number twenty pieces, with the great ordinance on the Towre wharfe, being in number 100, and chalmers to the number of 130, discharged and shot off. Of which, all services were sufficiently performed by the gunners, that a peale of so good order was never heard before; which was most commendable to all sorts, and very acceptable to the King."*

* The Venetian envoy Scaramelli, writing to the Doge from London on the 15th May 1603, says, "Et fra tanto non entrera sua Maestà in Londra, ma solamente prenderà il possesso della Torre ad uso antico, come del Trono et fondamento regale, essendovi in essa il Tesoro, et le Armi, ciò è tutte le forze del regno," which translated is, "Meantime his Majesty will not enter London, but will only take possession of the Tower, according to ancient custom, as the Throne and the foundation of the royal power, for in the Tower are the treasury and the armoury—that is, all the strength of the realm." Two years later (on December 8th, 1605) Nicolo Molini, the Venetian Ambassador in England, writes to Venice about the Tower, "It is a most remarkable fact in this country, that if a nobleman is put in the Tower, he either loses his life or ends his days there." I am indebted to my friend, Mr Horatio F. Brown, for these two interesting notices which he found in the Venetian State Paper Records.

Owing to the plague then raging in London, the customary procession at the coronation was omitted, although the King rode in state from the Tower to Westminster, preparatory to the opening of his first Parliament on 15th of March 1605, as the Londoners had made their welcome for him ready. In Mr Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare," he states that Shakespeare, with eight other players of the King's company of actors, "walked from the Tower of London to Westminster in the procession which accompanied the King in his formal entry into London. Each actor received four and a half yards of scarlet cloth to wear as a cloak on the occasion, and in the document authorising the grant, Shakespeare's name stands first on the list." This is the only time that we can positively know that Shakespeare was ever at the Tower; but his frequent introduction of the fortress into his historical dramas makes it certain that he must often have visited a place so full of dramatic episodes and historical memories.*

Four months earlier, while staying at Wilton, news had reached James of a plot to place the crown upon the head of Lady Arabella Stuart, and a large batch of alleged conspirators were taken to the Tower in consequence. Among them was Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Cobham, and his brother, George Brooke, Thomas Lord Grey

* Among the contemporary dramatists of Shakespeare, reference to the Tower is made by Peele, Decker, Webster, and Heywood. Peele, in his play of "Edward I.," where Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, mentions how his father broke his neck in attempting to escape from what he calls "Julius Cæsar's Tower." Decker and Webster refer to the fortress in their "Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt," and to Guildford Dudley and Jane Grey; Heywood, in his tragedy of "Edward IV.," recounts the murders of Clarence and the sons of Edward, and refers to Queen Elizabeth's imprisonment in the Tower in his "History of Queen Elizabeth." There are also allusions to the Tower and to Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and to Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, in the "Doubtful Plays." The above information I have obtained from that rare scholar and critic, Dr Furnival. Probably scattered about the country are many other inscriptions recording the connection with the Tower of the dead, commemorated as was Sir Edward Walsingham on his tomb by his son Sir Thomas, in the church of St Nicholas at Chislehurst in Kent:

"A knight, sometime of worthie fame,
Lyeth buried under this stonie bower;
Sir Edmund Walsingham was his name,
Lieutenant he was of London Tower."



Procession from the Tower in the days of the Stuarts.



State Procession from the Tower in the days of the Stuarts.

de Wilton, Sir Griffin Maskham, Sir Edward Parham, Bartholomew Brookesby, Anthony Copley, and two priests named Weston and Clarke. This conspiracy, if it deserves the name, and for which Raleigh was for the second time sent to the Tower, owed its existence to the unlucky Arabella, daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother of Darnley, and consequently James's first cousin on the mother's side.

Arabella Stuart was also related to the Tudors, and this double relationship to the reigning sovereign and to the late Queen was her greatest misfortune, and the cause of her untimely death. She appears to have been amiable, refined, virtuous, and good-looking, but of a somewhat frail physique and countenance, to judge by the excellent miniature which Oliver painted of her. That her mind was not a strong one is very evident, and one cannot be surprised that she became insane under the burden of her misfortunes.

Lady Arabella was made use of as a tool by James's enemies, and at Lord Cobham's trial it was conclusively proved that she had no share in any of the schemes which had the placing of herself on the throne for their object. Had it not been for her unfortunate marriage she would probably have ended her life in peaceful obscurity. This unhappy lady disliked the life of a court, and had lived principally with her grandmother, old Lady Shrewsbury, "Bess of Hardwicke," as that much-married and firm-minded dame was nicknamed, in her beautiful homes of Chatsworth and Hardwicke Hall, in Derbyshire. In the last year of Elizabeth's reign, Arabella, whose hand had been asked in marriage by many suitors, and amongst them by Henry IV. of France, and the Archduke Mathias, met, and fell in love with William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hertford, and had been kept in close confinement by the Queen in consequence.

The plot to place Lady Arabella on the throne was regarded as dangerous by the court, owing to James's

unpopularity, which was not surprising, for at that time everything Scottish was cordially detested by the English. The Scotch had been as inimical to us as either the French or the Spaniards, and for a far longer period, whilst the Scottish alliance with France had added still more to the national dislike. Neither was the new King's appearance one to win the admiration of his new subjects, for a more ungainly individual had surely never appeared out of a booth at a fair. The English were as susceptible then, as they are now, to the outward appearance of their rulers, and even Henry VIII., for all his tyranny and cruelty, was popular among the people on account of his fine presence; and when Elizabeth appeared in public, all aglow with splendour, her lieges shouted themselves hoarse with delight, and worshipped that "bright occidental effulgence." What a contrast to these was James Stuart. With his huge head, and padded shanks, his great tongue lolling from out his mouth, his goggle eyes, and rolling gait, and the incomprehensible, to English ears, jargon of Lowland Scotch which he spoke, his was not a very kingly figure, and he made anything but a favourable impression upon his new subjects. It appears that Raleigh, at the time of James's arrival, let fall some remarks which were repeated to the King, to the effect that it would be well not to allow the Scottish locusts to eat too much of the Southern pastures. It has been supposed that Raleigh, at a meeting at Whitehall, proposed to found a republic, and Aubrey, a contemporary writer, even gives his words, "Let us keep the staff in our own hands, and set up a commonwealth, and not remain subject to a needy beggarly nation." Raleigh met the King for the first time at Burleigh, when James, who prided himself on his wit, said to Sir Walter, that he thought but "rawly" of him; it is a vile pun, but is interesting as showing the way in which his contemporaries pronounced Raleigh's name.

Cecil, who had brought Essex to the scaffold, now lost no time in bringing Raleigh, Essex's rival, to the

Tower, and on the 20th of July 1603, the prison gates of that fortress once again closed upon the founder of Virginia, on a charge of treason, based on the Arabella Stuart conspiracy, nor did they open for him until twelve years had passed. On the following day Raleigh attempted to stab himself with a table-knife, for he seems to have been maddened by his treatment by James and Cecil. In November the plague was so violent in London, that the Law Courts were transferred to Winchester, and it was to that city that Sir Walter and his fellow-prisoners were taken and tried on a charge of "attempting to deprive the King of his crown and dignity; to molest the Government, and alter the true religion established in England, and to levy war against the King."

George Brooke, a brother of Lord Cobham's, and two priests were found guilty and executed, Lords Grey de Wilton, Cobham, and Raleigh were respited, and were taken back to their prison in the Tower. Cobham never regained his liberty, he was a ruined man, and died probably in the Tower. The place of his burial is unknown.

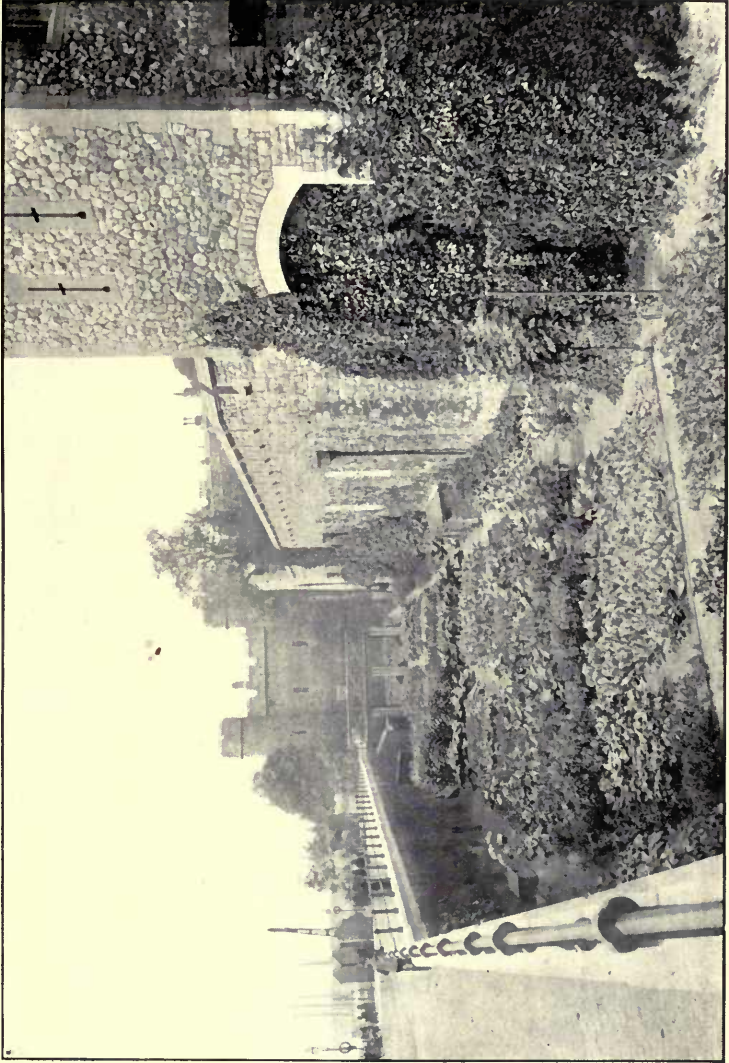
The de Cobhams were an early family of importance in the twelfth century, and from the thirteenth to the sixteenth one of the most powerful in the south of England. Henry de Cobham was summoned to Parliament in 1313. The direct line ended in Joan de Cobham, who married five times; her third husband was Sir John Oldcastle, commonly called Lord Cobham, *jure uxoris*, but inaccurately, for he was summoned to Parliament under his own name, Oldcastle.

In descent from Joan was Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, attainted first of James the First. He was born 1564, and succeeded to the title 1596-7, and shortly after installed Knight of the Garter. He married Francis Howard, daughter of the Earl of Nottingham, and widow of the Earl of Kildare. He was committed to the Tower December 16th, 1603, tried, and condemned to death, and actually brought out to be executed, but had been

privately reprieved beforehand by James the First, who played with Cobham and Gray, and their companions, as a cat would with mice. After fifteen years' rigorous confinement in the Tower, his health failed, and he was allowed out, attended by his gaolers, to visit Bath. This was in 1617, and was taken so ill on his way back he had to stay at Odiham, Hants, at the house of his brother-in-law, Sir Edward Moore. He died, with very little doubt, in the Tower, January 24th, 1619, but the place of his burial has been undiscovered. He had been well supplied with books, for the Lieutenant of the Tower seized a thousand volumes at the time of his death of "all learning and languages." In a letter from Sir Thomas Wynne to Sir Dudley Carlton (State Papers, Dom Jac, 1st vol., 105), 28th of January 1619, occurs this passage: "My Lord Cobham is dead, and lyeth unburied as yet for want of money; he died a papist." This probably was only gossip. While in the Tower he was allowed eight pounds a week for maintenance, but very little of this ever reached him, it probably was absorbed by his keepers and the Lieutenant. During his long imprisonment Lady Kildare never troubled herself further about him. She lived comfortably, first at Cobham, and afterwards at Cophall, Essex.

By the will of George, Lord Cobham, 1552, the Cobham estates, by an elaborate settlement, were strictly entailed, so that Henry, Lord Cobham, only had a life interest, and the King could not seize them; and probably it was to that fact he owed his life, for the King could possess them during his life, but not alienate them.

Unfortunately, the next heir was the son of George Brooke, executed for treason at Winchester, Lord Cobham's brother, who, at the time of his uncle's death, was an infant of tender age, and without friends, so negotiations were carried on with the next in succession, Duke Brooke, a cousin of Lord Cobham's, and this man parted with his prospective rights to the King for about £10,000, which



The Moat looking West

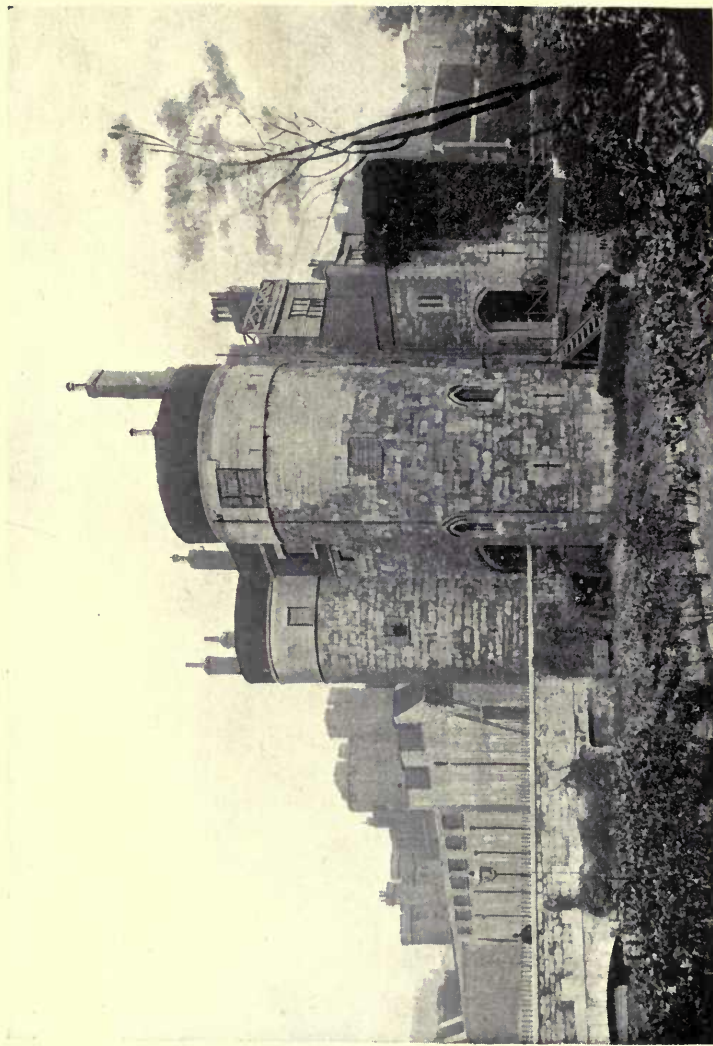
enabled this "specimen of King craft" to enter into possession. Duke Brooke, dying soon after, Charles Brooke, his brother, parted with several other manors to Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. None of these transactions were legal; Henry, Lord Cobham, was not dead, nor the children of George Brooke, William, and his two sisters, Frances and Elizabeth. For some reason they were "restored in blood," but with the express proviso they should not inherit any of the property of their fathers or their uncles; nor was William to take the title of Lord Cobham. And this was all done with the connivance of Cecil, Lord Burleigh, brother-in-law to Henry, Lord Cobham. No wonder William Brooke became a devoted Parliamentarian in the next reign, and died fighting against the King at Newbury, 1643. Many letters of Henry Brooke have been preserved while in the Tower: "To my very good Lord and Brother-in-law, Lord Burleigh." He must both have been clever and learned, for during his captivity he translated Seneca's treatises, *De Providentia*, *De Ira*, *De Tranquillitate*, *De Vita Beata*, and *De Paupertate*: the original manuscript of one, *De Providentia*, is in the library at Ufford Place, Suffolk, the seat of his representative, Edward Brooke, Esq., written in a beautifully fine hand. Raleigh and Cobham's "treason" was that known as the Main or Spanish Treason, one of the supposed objects of which was to place the Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne.

Lord Grey de Wilton, a young man of great promise, died in St Thomas's Tower in 1617, after passing nine years in the Brick Tower. Lord Grey had made an eloquent defence during his trial, which lasted from eight in the morning until eight at night, during which, according to the Hardwicke State Papers, many "subtle traverses and escapes," took place. When Grey was asked why judgment of death should not be passed against him, he replied, "I have nothing to say." Then he paused a little, and added, "And yet a word of Tacitus comes into my mind,

'non eadem omnibus decora,' the house of the Wiltons have spent many lives in their Princes' service and Grey cannot beg his."

For the next twelve years the Tower was Raleigh's home, and not till he had succeeded in bribing King James's favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by the payment of a large sum of money, did he again obtain his liberty. Before settling down in the Tower, and while the plague was still raging, Raleigh, with his wife and son, were taken to the Fleet Prison on several occasions. At length they were placed in the not uncomfortable rooms in the Bloody Tower, which he, with his family and servants, must have quite filled, for besides Lady Raleigh and her son Carew, there were two servants named Dean and Talbot, and a boy, who was probably a son of Talbot's. Their imprisonment was not absolutely rigid, for they were allowed the visits of a clergyman named Hawthorne, a doctor, Turner, and a surgeon, Dr John, as well as those of Sir Walter's agent, who came up from Raleigh's place, Sherborn, so that he was kept in touch with his affairs; one or two other friends were also admitted. In addition to these privileges Sir Walter was allowed the run—the liberty as it would be called then—of the Lieutenant of the Tower's garden, which lay at the foot of the Bloody Tower, as has already been mentioned in the description of that place.

In 1604 the penal laws against the Roman Catholics were re-enacted by Parliament, and in the following year the famous Gunpowder Plot was discovered, with the consequence that in the month of November of that year the Tower received many of the principal conspirators, and still more of those individuals who were in some way or other concerned in it. Foremost amongst the latter were the aged Earl of Northumberland, Henry Percy, and with him were Henry, Lord Mordaunt, Lord Stourton, and three Jesuit priests, Fathers Garnet, Oldcorn, and Gerrard. Northumberland, besides having to pay an enormous fine,



The Byward Tower and Moat from the Wharf

was kept a prisoner in the Tower for sixteen years; Mordaunt and Stourton were also heavily fined and remanded to the fortress during the King's pleasure; Fathers Garnet and Oldcorn were hanged—the former at St Paul's, in the usual manner, after being cruelly tortured, the latter at Worcester. As for the third priest, Gerrard, I have in another part of this work described the treatment he endured and his escape from the Tower.

Of the active conspirators, besides Guy Fawkes—who was executed with Thomas Winter, Rookwood, and Keyes in Old Palace Yard—Sir Everard Digby, the father of the accomplished Sir Kenelm, Robert Winter, Grant, and Bates, were drawn on hurdles to the west end of St Paul's Churchyard, where they were done to death in the approved fashion of execution for high treason.

Guy Fawkes and most of his fellow-prisoners while in the Tower had been placed in the subterranean dungeons beneath the White Tower. Fawkes, besides being tortured by the rack, was placed in "Little Ease," in which horrible hole he is supposed to have been kept for fifty days. Father Oldcorn was imprisoned in the lower room of the Bloody Tower, whilst Father Fisher was in the White Tower; Northumberland, the "Wizard Earl," as he was called on account of his leaning towards chemical experiments, was lodged in the Martin Tower.

Until the month of August in that year (1605), Sir Walter Raleigh's imprisonment in the Bloody Tower had not been very stringent. Sir George Harvey had filled the position of Lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir George and Sir Walter were on friendly terms. His lodging, for a prison, was comfortable enough; his wife and son were still with him, Lady Raleigh having been confined of a second son about this time. In addition to the attendance of his servants and the visits of his friends, as I have mentioned before, he was allowed to have all the books he required for the great literary labour that now began to occupy much of his time. When not working in his

little garden by the Tower, or experimenting with his chemicals and decoctions in a small outbuilding which he had built in the garden, or taking exercise on the wall terrace which overlooked the wharf and the river beyond, he would be writing at his "History of the World," that wonderful fragment which is one of the marvels of our literature.

Unfortunately for Sir Walter, his friend Sir George Harvey, with whom he often dined and passed the evening, ceased being Lieutenant at this time, being succeeded by Sir William Waad. Raleigh's feelings towards the new Lieutenant appear to have resembled those of Napoleon to Sir Hudson Lowe. Waad, who had been Clerk of the Council, on his side seems to have had a personal dislike to the great captive over whom he was placed in charge, and to have done all he could—and he had the power of doing a great deal—to render Raleigh's life as unpleasant and galling as possible. For instance, Waad ordered a brick wall to be built in front of the terrace where Raleigh walked, so that the captive could no longer watch the passing life beneath him on the wharf or river. Then Waad complained to Cecil of Raleigh making himself too conspicuous to the people who passed beneath the Bloody Tower, and, not content with annoying Sir Walter, pestered Lady Raleigh, and deprived her of the poor satisfaction of driving her coach into the courtyard of the fortress, a privilege that had hitherto been allowed her. In these and many other petty ways the new Lieutenant contrived to make himself as unpleasant as he possibly could to Raleigh and his wife.

During the alarm consequent upon the Gunpowder Plot, Raleigh was examined by the Council, probably in the Lieutenant's, now the King's House, but naturally nothing could be found to implicate him with the conspiracy, and the King had to bide his time before he could bring his great subject to the block. In 1610, for some unknown reason, Sir Walter was kept a close

prisoner in his tower for three months, and Lady Raleigh was taken from him.

In Disraeli's "Amenities of Literature" is the following interesting description of those friends of Sir Walter who shared his pursuits and studies in the Tower :—

"A circumstance as remarkable as the work itself" ("History of the World") "occurred in the author's long imprisonment. By one of the strange coincidences in human affairs, it happened that in the Tower Raleigh was surrounded by the highest literary and scientific circle in the nation. Henry, the ninth Earl of Northumberland, on the suspicion of having favoured his relation Percy, the Gunpowder Plot conspirator, was cast into this State prison, and confined during many years. This Earl delighted in what Anthony Wood describes as 'the obscure parts of learning.' He was a magnificent Mæcenas, and not only pensioned scientific men, but daily assembled them at his table, and in these intellectual communions, participating in their pursuits, he passed his life. His learned society was designated as 'the Atlantis of the Northumberland world'! But that world had other inhabitants, antiquaries and astrologers, chemists and naturalists. There was seen Thomas Allen, another Roger Bacon, 'terrible and tho' vulgar,' famed for his 'Bibliotheca Alleniana,' a rich collection of manuscripts, most of which have been preserved in the Bodleian; the name of Allen survives in the ardent commemorations of Camden, of Spelman, and of Selden. He was accompanied by his friend Doctor Dee, but whether Dee ever tried their patience or their wonder by his 'Diary of Conferences with Spirits' we find no record, and by the astronomical Torporley, a disciple of Lucretius, for his philosophy consisted of stones; several of his manuscripts remain in Sion College. The muster-roll is too long to run over. In this galaxy of the learned the brightest star was Thomas Hariot, who merited the distinction of being 'the Universal Philosopher'; his inventions in algebra Descartes, when in England, silently adopted, but which Dr Wallis afterwards indignantly reclaimed; his skill in interpreting the text of Homer excited the grateful admiration of Chalman when occupied by his version. Bishop Corbet has described

'Deep Hariot's mine
In which there is no dross.'

"Two other men, Walter Warner, who is said to have suggested to Harvey the great discovery of the circulation of the blood, and Robert Huer, famed for his 'Treatise on the Globes'—these, with Hariot, were the Earl's constant companions; and at a period when science seemed connected with necromancy, the world distinguished the Earl and his three friends as 'Henry the Wizard and his three Magi.' . . . Such were the men of science, daily guests in the Tower during the imprisonment of

Raleigh; and when he had constructed his laboratory to pursue his chemical experiments, he must have multiplied their wonders. With one he had been intimately connected early in life, Hariot had been his mathematical tutor, was domesticated in his house, and became his confidential agent in the expedition to Virginia. Raleigh had warmly recommended his friend to the Earl of Northumberland, and Sion House became Hariot's home and observatory."

The elder Disraeli has argued that Raleigh could not possibly have written the whole of that large tome, "The History of the World," himself, for want of books of reference whilst in the Tower. But as his friends supplied him with books, and he himself had probably taken copious notes for the work while living in the old home of the Desmonds at Youghal, in Ireland, where a remnant of the old Desmond library is still existing, the argument can scarcely be considered proved. The late Sir John Pope Hennessy has pointed out in his work on "Raleigh in Ireland," that, by an odd coincidence, the son of the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, whose lands Raleigh held in Ireland, was a fellow-prisoner of Sir Walter's in the Tower during his first imprisonment in the fortress during Elizabeth's reign. Desmond died in prison in 1608, and was buried in St Peter's Chapel. Raleigh had this youth's sad fate in his mind, it seems, when he wrote from the Tower, "Wee shall be judged as we judge—and be dealt withal as wee deal with others in this life, if wee believe God Himself."

An almost contemporary historian, Sir Richard Baker, refers to Raleigh's imprisonment in the following quaint manner:—"He was kept in the Tower, where he had great honour; he spent his time in writing, and had been a happy man if he had never been released." A strange description, surely, of what is generally understood by the term, "happy man."

Henry, Prince of Wales, seems to have been the only member of his family who appreciated Sir Walter, frequently visiting him at the Tower. On one of the occasions when he had left him, the young prince remarked to



*Arabella Stuart,
(From a Contemporary Miniature.)*

one of his following that no king except his father could keep such a bird in such a cage. The Prince's mother, Queen Anne, seems also to have shown some interest in Raleigh's fate, and to have tried to induce her miserable husband to set him free.

In 1611 Arabella Stuart was brought a prisoner into the Tower, and with her, Lady Shrewsbury. When the news of Arabella's marriage with young William Seymour reached the King, her fate was sealed, for by this marriage the half-captivity in which she had lived was changed into captivity for life; and few of James the First's evil actions, and they were not a few, were more mean or cowardly than his treatment of his poor kinswoman, Arabella Hertford.

She had never been known to mix in politics, and if she had any ambition, it was the noble ambition of wishing to lead a pure life away from an infamous court. Poor Arabella used to declare that although she was often asked to marry some foreign prince, nothing on earth would induce her to marry any man whom she did not know, or for whom she had no liking.

At Christmastide of 1609, James, hearing a rumour that seemed to point to Arabella being married to some foreign prince, had sent her to the Tower, releasing her when he discovered that his fears were groundless, and giving his consent to her marrying one of his subjects should she wish to do so. Unfortunately, Arabella took advantage of the King's consent, trusting to his word, but she found to her bitter cost how hollow and false that promise was. In the following February (1610) she plighted her troth to William Seymour, both probably relying upon the Royal word. Whether James had forgotten that Seymour was a probable suitor for Arabella's hand when he gave his promise cannot be known, but Arabella could not have made a more unlucky choice, as far as she herself was concerned, for the Suffolk claims had been recognised by Act of Parliament; and the same Parliament which

had acknowledged James the First could not alter the order of succession, and, consequently, William Seymour being the grandson of Lord Hertford, by his wife, Catharine Grey, was in what was called the "Suffolk Succession." His marriage to Arabella brought her still nearer to the Crown, and any children born of the marriage would have had a good chance of succeeding to the throne.

The young couple were summoned to appear before the Council, and were charged to give up all thoughts of marriage. But, in spite of King and Council, they were secretly married in the month of May 1611—a month said to be unlucky for marriages. Two months afterwards the news reached the King, and the storm burst over the unlucky lovers. Arabella was sent a prisoner to Lambeth Palace, and her husband to the Tower. From Lambeth Arabella was first removed to the house of Mr Conyers at Highgate, and thence she was to be sent to Durham Castle in charge of the Bishop. At Highgate, however, she fell ill, or pretended to fall ill, and the famous attempt made to escape by herself and her husband took place.

By some means she procured a disguise in the shape of a wig and male attire, with long, yellow riding-boots and a rapier, and thus accoutred, on the 4th of June she rode to Blackwall, where she had hoped to find her husband, but, failing in this, she rowed with a female attendant and a Mr Markham, who had accompanied her from Highgate, to a French vessel lying near Leigh, which took them on board. Seymour, also disguised, escaped from the Tower by following a cart laden with wooden billets. He got away unperceived, and managed to reach a boat waiting for him by the wharf at the Iron Gate, but, on arriving at Leigh, they found the French ship, with Arabella on board, had put out to sea. The weather was against the ship in which Seymour was sailing making Calais, and he had to go on to Ostend, where he disembarked.

Meanwhile, a hue and cry rang out from London.



Lady Arabella Seymour.

Sweet brother
every one forsakes me but
those that cannot helpe me.
Your most unforhunate sister
Arbella Seymourne

Her Autograph from the Original in the Possession of John Thane.



King's messengers galloped in hot haste from Whitehall to Deptford, and orders arrived at all the southern ports to search all ships and barks that might contain the runaways; a proclamation was issued to arrest the principals and the abettors of their flight. A ship of war was sent over to Calais, and others were despatched along the French coast as far as Flanders to intercept the fugitives. When half-way across the Channel, one of these vessels, named the *Adventurer*, came in sight of a ship crowding on all sail in order to reach Calais; the wind, meanwhile, had dropped, and further flight was impossible. A boat was lowered from the *Adventurer*, the crew who manned it being armed to the teeth. A few shots were exchanged, and the flying vessel, which proved to be French, was boarded, and the poor runaway was taken back to the English man-of-war; on board of her *Arabella* was made a prisoner, and as a prisoner was landed at the Tower, never to leave it again until her luckless body was taken from it for burial at Westminster.

James made as much ado about this attempted escape of the Hertfords as if he had discovered a second Gunpowder Plot. And not only did he have all those who had been concerned in *Arabella's* flight seized and imprisoned in the Tower, but kept the Countess of Shrewsbury and the Earl strict prisoners in their house, and ordered the old Earl of Hertford to appear before him.

From all appearances William Seymour showed a lack of courage at this time, not unlike the husband of Lady Catherine Seymour in the last reign, for he remained abroad while the storm with all its fury fell and crushed his young wife. Poor *Arabella* lingered on in her prison till death released her from her troubles on the 25th of September 1615. She had been kept both in the Belfry Tower and in the Lieutenant's House, but had lost her reason some time previous to her final release both from durance and the world. Her body was taken in the dead of night to Westminster Abbey, and placed below the coffin of Mary

Queen of Scots. Mickle, the author of "Cumnor Hall," and "There's nae luck about the house," is credited with having written the touching ballad on Arabella Stuart, which is included in Evans's "Old Ballads."

" Where London's Tower its turrets shew,
So stately by old Thames's side,
Fair Arabella, child of woe,
For many a day had sat and sighed.
And as she heard the waves arise,
And as she heard the black wind roar,
As fast did heave her heartfelt sighs,
And still so fast her tears did pour."

William Seymour survived Arabella for nearly half-a-century ; he married again, his second wife being a sister of the Parliamentary general, the Earl of Essex, the son of Elizabeth's favourite and victim. In 1660 Seymour became Duke of Somerset, and lived just long enough to welcome Charles II. He had shown far more loyalty to Charles I. than he had done to poor Arabella Stuart.

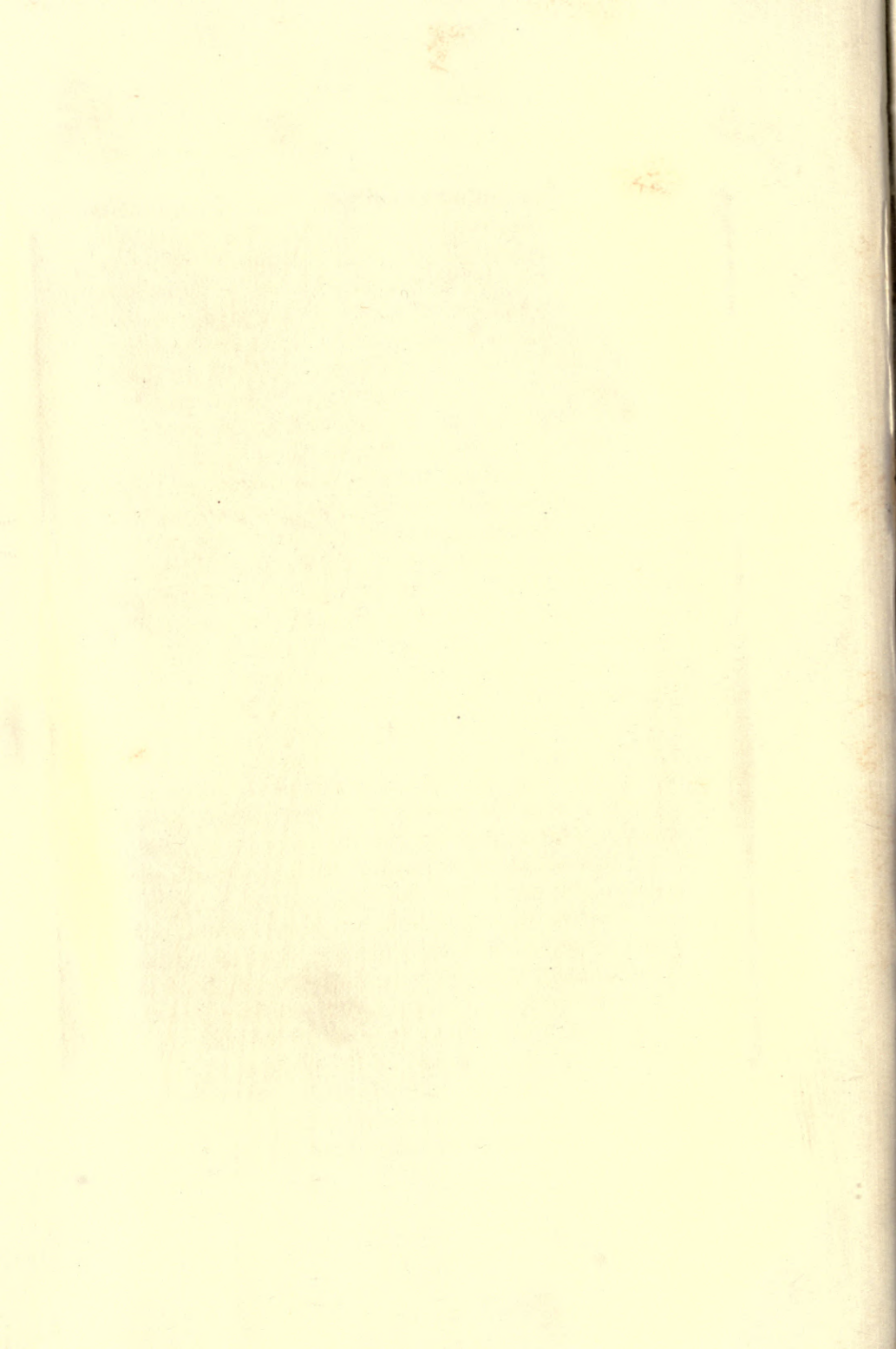
In 1613, Sir William Waad, to the great delight of Raleigh, as well as of the other prisoners in the Tower, vacated his post as Lieutenant. He had been charged with the theft of the unfortunate Arabella's jewels, but his dismissal was also connected with a still more tragic story—the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury—a murder which throws a very lurid light upon the doings of James the First's court and courtiers. Two years before Arabella's death, the Tower had been the scene of a most foul murder. Scandalous as was the court of James, murder had not yet been associated with it, but in the year 1613 the fate of Sir Thomas Overbury added that dark crime to its other villainies.

Macaulay has compared the court of James the First to that of Nero ; it would have been more correct to have likened it to that of the Valois, Henry III. Although it was never proved, there were strong suspicions that the somewhat sudden death of Henry, Prince of Wales, was



The portraiture of Robert Carr, Earle of Somerset, Vicount Rochester, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter &c. And of the Lady Francis his wife.

*The Earl & Countess of Somerset.
(From a Contemporary Print.)*



brought about by poison, and there is no doubt that poison was made use of by James's courtiers, as the death of Overbury proves. Sir Thomas Overbury was the confidant of the King's worthless favourite, Robert Carr, a handsome youth who had been brought by James from Scotland in his train, and whom he had knighted in 1607. James had also given Raleigh's confiscated estates to his favourite two years after making him a knight, and in 1614 created him Lord Rochester and Earl of Somerset, as well as Lord Chamberlain. Overbury belonged to a Gloucestershire family, and had travelled on the Continent, whence he returned what was then called "a finished gentleman." Overbury and Carr were firm friends, and it was probably on the recommendation of the latter that James knighted Overbury in 1608. When, however, Somerset determined to marry the notoriously improper Lady Frances Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and the girl-wife of Lord Essex, from whom she was separated, Overbury most strongly persuaded his friend from committing such a rash action. His attitude coming to the knowledge of Lady Frances, she vowed to avenge herself upon Sir Thomas, and carried her threat to its bitter execution. On some frivolous pretext Overbury was sent to the Tower; Lady Somerset, as Lady Frances had become, notwithstanding Overbury's advice, now determined to rid herself of the man she mostly feared. With the help of a notorious quack, and of a procuress, Mrs Turner, with whom she had been brought up, she set about the task of consummating her revenge. Poison was supplied by Mrs Turner, with which the unfortunate Overbury was slowly killed; but as the drug—it is believed to have been corrosive sublimate—did not act sufficiently quickly, two hired assassins, named Franklin and Lobell, were called in, and stifled the victim with a pillow. Sir William Waad at this time had ceased to be the Lieutenant, through Lady Essex's influence, and had been succeeded by Sir Gervase Elwes, a creature of Somerset's, who was not only cognisant of Overbury's

death in the Bloody Tower, where he was confined, but even aided Lady Somerset in her crime. Mrs Turner was the inventor of a peculiar yellow starch which was used for stiffening the ruffs worn at that time; she wore one of these ruffs when she was sentenced to die for her participation in this murder by the Chief-Justice, Sir Edward Coke, and was also hanged in it at Tyburn in March 1615, with the natural consequence that yellow starched ruffs suddenly ceased to be the fashion. Lady Somerset was also tried, and although found guilty of Overbury's murder, received a pardon from the King, but she and her husband, Somerset, spent six years as prisoners in the Tower, where they occupied the same rooms in the Bloody Tower which shortly before had been tenanted by the wife's victim. Sir Thomas Overbury was buried in St Peter's Chapel, his grave lying next to that of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

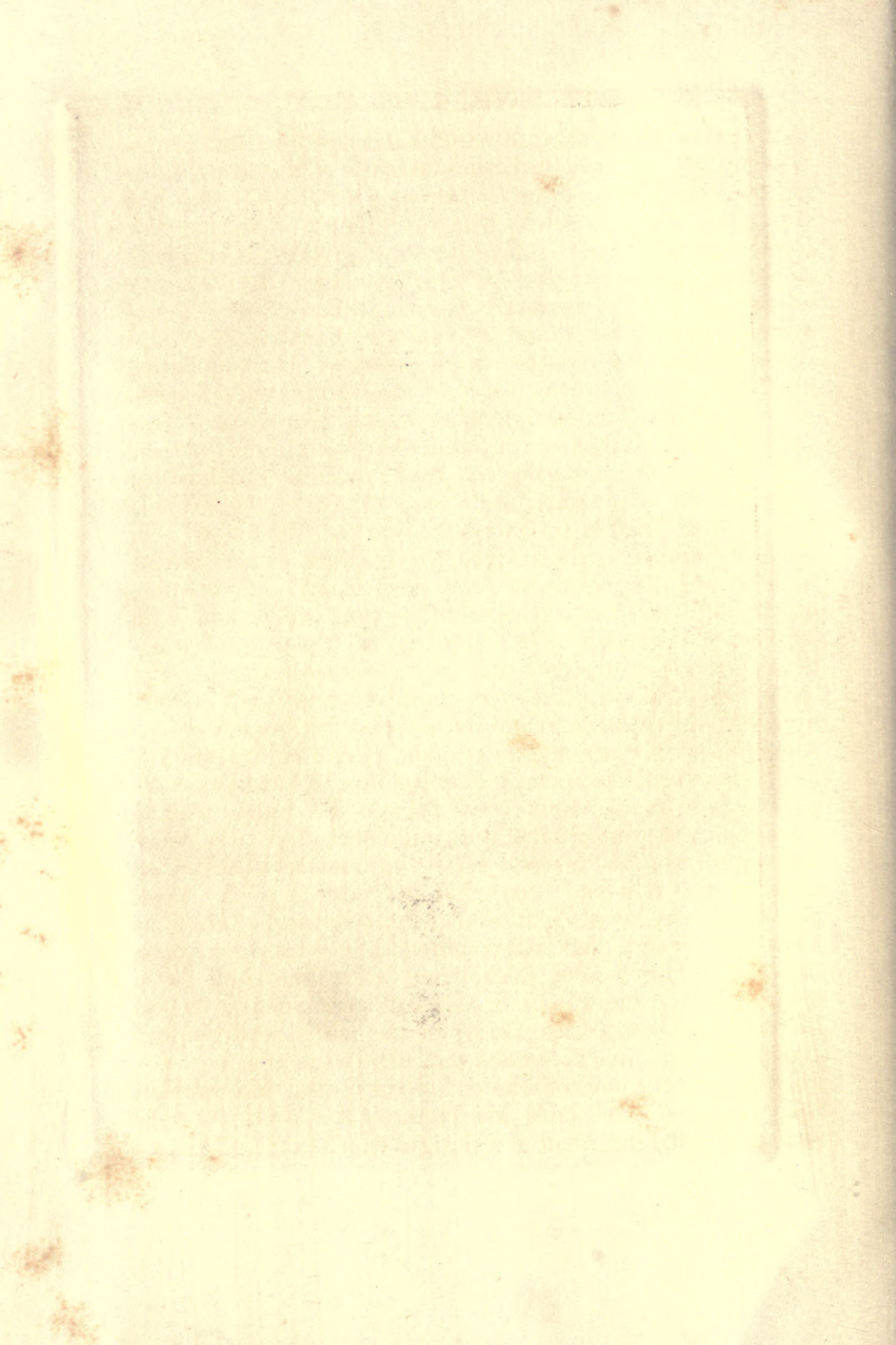
Prince Henry's death in 1612 was a terrible loss to Raleigh. The Queen had already tasted Sir Walter's famous cordial or elixir, and when her son was given up by the physicians, Anne implored them to try Raleigh's specific medicine, which, according to its inventor, was safe to cure all diseases save those produced by poison. Henry was already speechless when the elixir was administered to him, but after he had swallowed one or two drops he was able to utter a few words before he expired. What was the nature of this wonderful mixture of Raleigh's cannot now be ascertained, although Charles II.'s French physician, Le Febre, prepared what was believed to be the actual concoction and wrote a treatise upon it. Some of its ingredients were indeed awful, the flesh of vipers forming one of them, and it speaks much for the strength of James's Queen that she survived the taking of this terrible physic.

Raleigh had intended dedicating his history to Prince Henry, but after that young Prince's death he seems to have lost his former zest in the work. There is a story



The true and lively portraiture
of the honourable and learned Knight
S^r. Walter Raleigh.





told that he threw part of the manuscript into the fire on hearing that Walter Burr, the publisher of the first edition in 1614, had been a loser by bringing it out. Of that first part Mr Hume, in his "Life of Raleigh," writes, "The history, as it exists, is probably the greatest work ever produced in captivity, except Don Quixote. The learning contained in it is perfectly encyclopædic. Raleigh had always been a lover and a collector of books, and had doubtless laid out the plan of the work in his mind before his fall. He had near him in the Tower his learned Hariot, who was indefatigable in helping his master. Ben Jonson boasted that he had contributed to the work, and such books or knowledge as could not be obtained or consulted by a prisoner, were made available by scholars like Robert Burhill, by Hughes, Warner, or Hariot. Sir John Hoskyns, a great stylist in his day, would advise with regard to construction, and from many other quarters aid of various sorts was obtained. But, withal, the work is purely Raleigh's. No student of his fine, flowing, majestic style will admit that any other pen but his can have produced it. The vast learning employed in it is now, for the most part, obsolete, but the human asides where Raleigh's personality reveals itself, the little bits of incidental autobiography, the witty, apt illustrations, will prevent the work itself from dying. To judge from a remark in the preface, the author intended at a later stage to concentrate his history with that mainly of his own country, and it would seem that the portion of the book published was to a great extent introductory. Great as were his powers and self-confidence, it must have been obvious to him that it would have been impossible for a man of his age (he was in his sixtieth year when he began the work) to complete a history of the whole world on the same scale, the first six books published reaching from the beginning of the world to the end of the second Macedonian war. In any case," adds Mr Hume, "the book will ever remain a noble fragment of a design, which could only have

been conceived by a master-mind." And who, recalling those mighty lines on death with which Raleigh bids farewell to his great work, but will agree with the above admirable criticism of the work?

"O Eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise thou hast persuaded: what now none hath dared thou hast done; and whom the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words: 'Hic Jacet.'" How noble, too, are the introductory lines to Ben Jonson, wherein he commends the serious study of history:

" . . . that nor the good might be defrauded, nor the great so cured;
But both might know their ways are understood,
And the reward and punishment assured."

No wonder that James disapproved of such sentiments and said of the "History," "it is too saucy in censuring the acts of princes."

To Raleigh, more than to any other of the great Elizabethan heroes, does England owe her mighty earth-embracing dominion. Sir Walter never ceased to urge the expansion of the empire, nor wearied in his efforts to make the English fleet the foremost in all the seas, not only as a check to Spain, but in order that the colonial possessions of the kingdom might be increased; and he, more than any of our great soldier-statesmen deserved those noble lines of Milton: "Those who of thy free Grace didst build up this Brittanick Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter islands about her, stay us in this felicitie."

In 1616 Raleigh was allowed to leave the fortress, but, as I have said before, in order to obtain his liberty he had been obliged to bribe George Villiers and his brother, who had roused James's cupidity by persuading him that if Raleigh were allowed to lead a fresh expedi-

tion to the West Indies, he might return with a great treasure of which James would take the lion's share. A warrant, dated the 19th of March of this year, was drawn up, giving Raleigh permission to go abroad in order that he might make the necessary arrangements for his voyage. The twelve years of imprisonment had sadly marred and aged the gallant knight, but his spirit was as bold and courageous as ever, and he employed the first days of his liberty in revisiting his old London haunts; many changes must have struck him in the city. In Visscher's panoramic view of London, taken from Southwark nearly opposite to St Paul's, a very clear general impression may be gained of the appearance of the English capital in that year of sixteen hundred and sixteen, the year when Shakespeare was dying at Stratford-on-Avon, when Raleigh was on his way to his last journey across the Atlantic, and when Francis Bacon was writing his famous essays in Gray's Inn. Those quaint, circular, Martello-like buildings in the foreground are the Globe and Swan theatres, with the Bear Garden close by; but the former theatre, in Visscher's view, is not the one so intimately connected with Shakespeare, for that was burned down in 1613, and the building represented here is the new one erected upon its site. Opposite to the Swan Theatre, on the Surrey side of the river, are Paris Garden Stairs, where was a much frequented ferry, Blackfriars Bridge now spanning the river where this ferry once used to ply. There was also a theatre at Blackfriars, and Shakespeare and his players must often have used the ferry on their way from the Globe Theatre across the river from Blackfriars, where the poet lived. In front is old St Paul's, towering over all the surrounding buildings and dwarfing the highest; scores of spires and towers break the skyline as the eye follows the panorama towards the west, where stands the former old London Bridge, covered along its sides with picturesque houses. So large and

massive are the great blocks of gabled buildings that span the bridge, that it presents the appearance of a little town crossing the river, such as is the Ponte Vecchio at Florence in little. The gates at its ends are covered with men's heads, stuck all over their roofs like pins upon a pincushion. More steeples and towers crown the opposite bank, and as the eye travels farther eastward it is arrested by the Tower, with its encircling wall, and its river wharf all covered with cannon. The river is alive with vessels of every shape and size, State barges and little pinnaces, great galleons and small craft, appear in all directions, some with, some without sails. Beyond, the distant hills of Middlesex and Essex are dotted with villages and hamlets, whilst on the heights of Highgate cluster a group of windmills. It is a wonderful panorama that the old Dutch artist has handed down to us. Looking at it we see the same scene, the same picture of time-honoured churches and palaces, the noblest river in the world flowing beneath them, and bearing on its shining surface all the pleasure, commerce, industry, and travail of old London, that Shakespeare did, when, standing near his theatre at Bankside, he gazed upon that shifting scene. All is changed now, except the Tower. The great Gothic cathedral of St Paul's and most of its surrounding churches, whose towers and spires helped to make old London an object of beauty, perished in the great fire which swept over the city fifty years after Visscher drew his panorama. Old London Bridge escaped the fire, and indeed remained until 1834, although the houses clustering over it had been removed at the close of the reign of George II., and the only prominent building in the panorama which Shakespeare or Raleigh would now be able to recognise, could they look across the rivers Styx and Thames, would be the great White Tower with its surrounding lesser towers and battlements. All the rest, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," has passed away for ever.

But to return to Sir Walter Raleigh. He invested all that remained of his own and his wife's fortunes in furnishing the expedition to Guiana, which proved so disastrous, on which he now embarked. On his return, a ruined man and a prisoner, he expressed his amazement at having thus in one desperate bid placed his life and all that he possessed in that unlucky venture. But before Raleigh had left England, Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, had told his master, the King of Spain, that Raleigh was a pre-doomed man. For James had not only revealed every detail relating to the Guiana expedition to Gondomar, but on condition that if any subject or property belonging to Spain were touched he had promised to hand over Raleigh to the Spanish Government in order that he might be hanged at Seville. To assure Gondomar of his good faith, James actually showed the ambassador a private letter written him by Raleigh, in which the exact number of his ships, men, and the place where the great silver mine was said to be located on the Orinoco, were all set forth. As the Spaniards claimed the whole of Guiana, it was evident that if Raleigh landed there he must infringe upon the Spanish possessions, and thus place himself, according to James's promise to Gondomar, in the power of his enemies.

The expedition sailed from England at the end of March 1617, from Plymouth, and consisted of fourteen ships and nine hundred men. But its story was one of continued disaster, and on the 21st of June 1618, writing to his friend Lord Carew, Raleigh gives a detailed account of all his misfortunes. In the postscript he adds: "I beg you will excuse me to my Lords for not writing to them, because want of sleep for fear of being surprised in my cabin at night" (even on his own ship he was a prisoner, the crew having mutinied) "has almost deprived me of sight, and some return of the pleurisy which I had in the Tower has so weakened my hand that I cannot

hold the pen." Sir Walter's eldest son was killed gallantly fighting in Guiana.

Then followed a miserable time, and on his road to London the hope of life at times impelled him to attempt escape, but he was doomed to drink the bitter cup of his King's ingratitude to the dregs. On the 10th of August he again entered the Tower where so much of his life had been spent, and which was now to be his last abode on earth.

The next day the Council of State met to decide upon Sir Walter's fate, and incredible as it seems, it was actually debated whether Raleigh should be handed over to the tender mercies of the Spaniards or executed in London. Surely if what passed on this earth could have been known to Elizabeth, she would have burst her tomb at Westminster to protest against this abomination, this unspeakable shame and disgrace to the name of England.

James was now all impatience to get rid of Raleigh as quickly as possible; he trembled at the threats of Gondomar, and had the sapient monarch not given his word that Raleigh should die? The great difficulty before the Council, however, was to find a pretext for condemning Raleigh to death. Bacon and his colleagues racked their wise brains to invent a cause by which he could be found guilty of high treason. At length the Lord Chief-Justice, Montagu, with a committee of the Council decided that the King should issue a warrant for the re-affirmation of the death sentence given at Winchester in 1603, by which it might be made valid and carried out. Sir Walter pleaded that the King's commission appointing him head of the Guiana expedition with powers of life and death, invalidated the former sentence and its punishment, both in the eyes of justice and of reason. But Sir Walter was overruled. On the 24th of October the warrant for the execution was signed and sealed by the King, and four days later Sir Walter was taken from the Tower to the King's Bench. He



*Entrance to the Bloody Tower and Steps leading
to Raleigh's Walk*

was then suffering from ague, and having been roused from his sleep very early had not had time to have his now snow-white hair dressed with his usual care. One of his servants noticed this as he was being taken away, and telling him of it, Raleigh answered, smiling, "Let them kem (comb) it that have it," then he added, "Peter, dost thou know of any plaister to set a man's head on again when it is cut off?"

The end being now so certain and so near, the bright courage of the man returned; there was no shrinking with the closing scene so close at hand. He was not brought back to the Tower after his condemnation, and he passed his last night upon earth in the Gate House at Westminster, close to which the scaffold stood in Old Palace Yard. He had a last parting that evening with his devoted wife, his "dear Bess," but neither dared to speak of their only remaining son—that would have been too bitter a pang for them to bear. Sir Walter's last words to his wife were full of hope and courage: "It is well, dear Bess," he said, referring to Lady Raleigh having been promised his body next day, the only mercy allowed her by the Council, "that thou mayest dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive." Then she left him. During the long hours of that last night, he composed those beautiful lines which will last as long as the language in which they are written:

"Even such is time! who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust:
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from that earth, that grave, that dust,
The Lord shall raise me up I trust."

Raleigh wrote these lines in a Bible which he had brought with him from the Tower.

Carlyle has summed up Raleigh's life and death in the following pregnant lines, in his "Historical Sketches":—

"On the morning of the 29th of October 1618 in Palace Yard, a cold morning, equivalent to our 8th of November, behold Sir Walter Raleigh, a tall gray-headed man of sixty-five gone. He has been in far countries, seen the El Dorado, penetrated into the fabulous dragon-realms of the West, hanged Spaniards in Ireland, rifled Spaniards in Orinoco—for forty years in quest a most busy man; has appeared in many characters; this is his last appearance on any stage. Probably as brave a soul as lives in England;—he has come here to die by the headman's axe. What crime? Alas, he has been unfortunate: become an eyesore to the Spanish, and did not discover El Dorado mine. Since Winchester, when John Gibb came galloping (with a reprieve), he has been lain thirteen years in the Tower; the travails of that strong heart have been many. Poor Raleigh, toiling, travelling always: in Court drawing-rooms, on the hot shore of Guiana, with gold and promotions in his fancy, with suicide, death, and despair in clear sight of him; toiling till his brain is broken (his own expression) and his heart is broken: here stands he at last; after many travails it has come to this with him."

Sir Walter Raleigh died a martyr to the cause of a Greater Britain; his life thrown as a sop to the Spanish Cerberus by the most debased and ignoble of our kings. Raleigh's faults were undoubtedly many, but his great qualities, his superb courage, his devotion to his country, his faith in the future greatness of England, were infinitely greater, and outweighed a thousand times all his failings. The onus of the guilt of his death—a judicial murder if ever there was one—must be borne by the base councillors who truckled to the King, and by the King himself who, Judas-like, sold Raleigh to Spain.

Some less interesting State prisoners occupied the Tower towards the close of the inglorious reign of James Stuart. Among these were Gervase, Lord Clifford, imprisoned for threatening the Lord Keeper in 1617. Clifford committed suicide in the Tower in the following year. About the same time, Sir Thomas Luke, one of the Secretaries of State, and his daughter, were imprisoned in the Tower on the charge of insulting Lady Exeter, whom they accused of incest and witchcraft, but, whether the charges were true

or false, they were soon liberated. James's court seems to have combined all the vices, for Lord and Lady Suffolk were also prisoners in the fortress about the same time, accused of bribery and corruption.

To the Tower also were sent the two great lawyers—Lord Chancellor Bacon, and Sir Edward Coke—the former for having received bribes, the latter for the part he had taken in supporting the privileges of the House of Commons. Here, also, two noble lords, the Earl of Arundel and Lord Spencer, were in durance, owing to a quarrel between them in the House of Lords, when Arundel had insulted Spencer by telling him that at no distant time back his ancestors had been engaged in tending sheep, to which Lord Spencer responded: "When my ancestors were keeping sheep, yours were plotting treason." The dispute seems scarcely of sufficient importance to have sent both disputants to the Tower.

In 1622 the Earl of Oxford and Robert Philip, together with some members of Parliament, were sent to the fortress for objecting too publicly to the suggested marriage of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., with a Spanish princess; and the Earl of Bristol was also in the Tower for matters connected with the same projected alliance. It was not always safe to have an opinion of one's own under James the First.

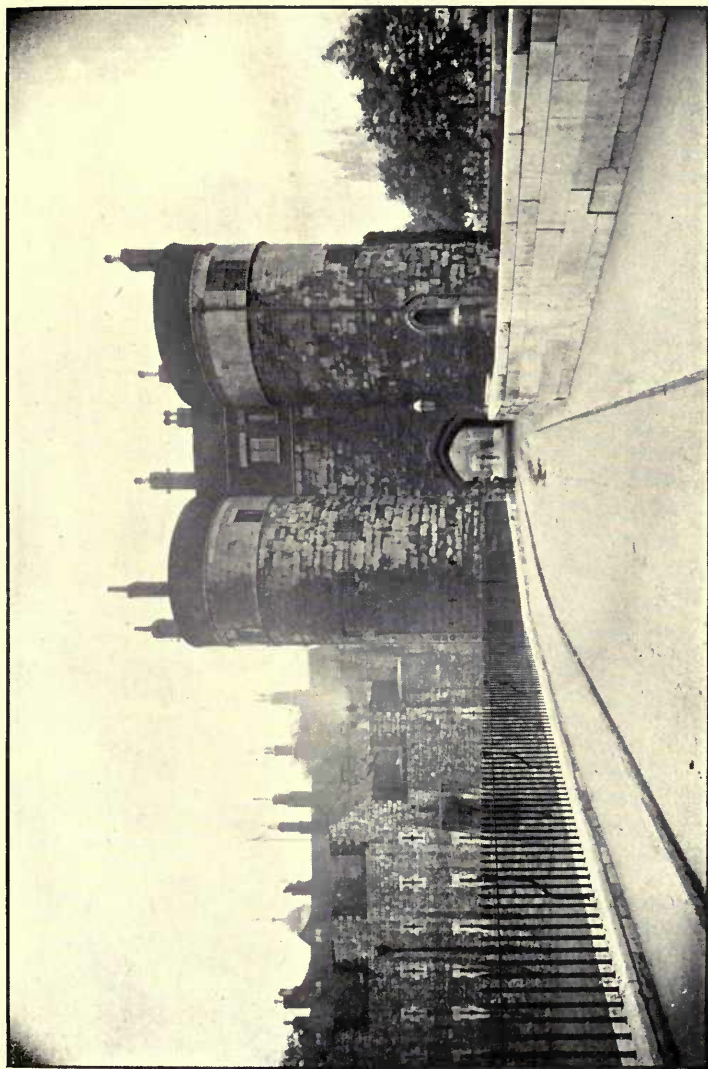
The last State prisoner of mark to be sent to the Tower in James's reign was Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, who had been found guilty of receiving bribes in his official capacity as Lord High Treasurer.

CHAPTER XIII

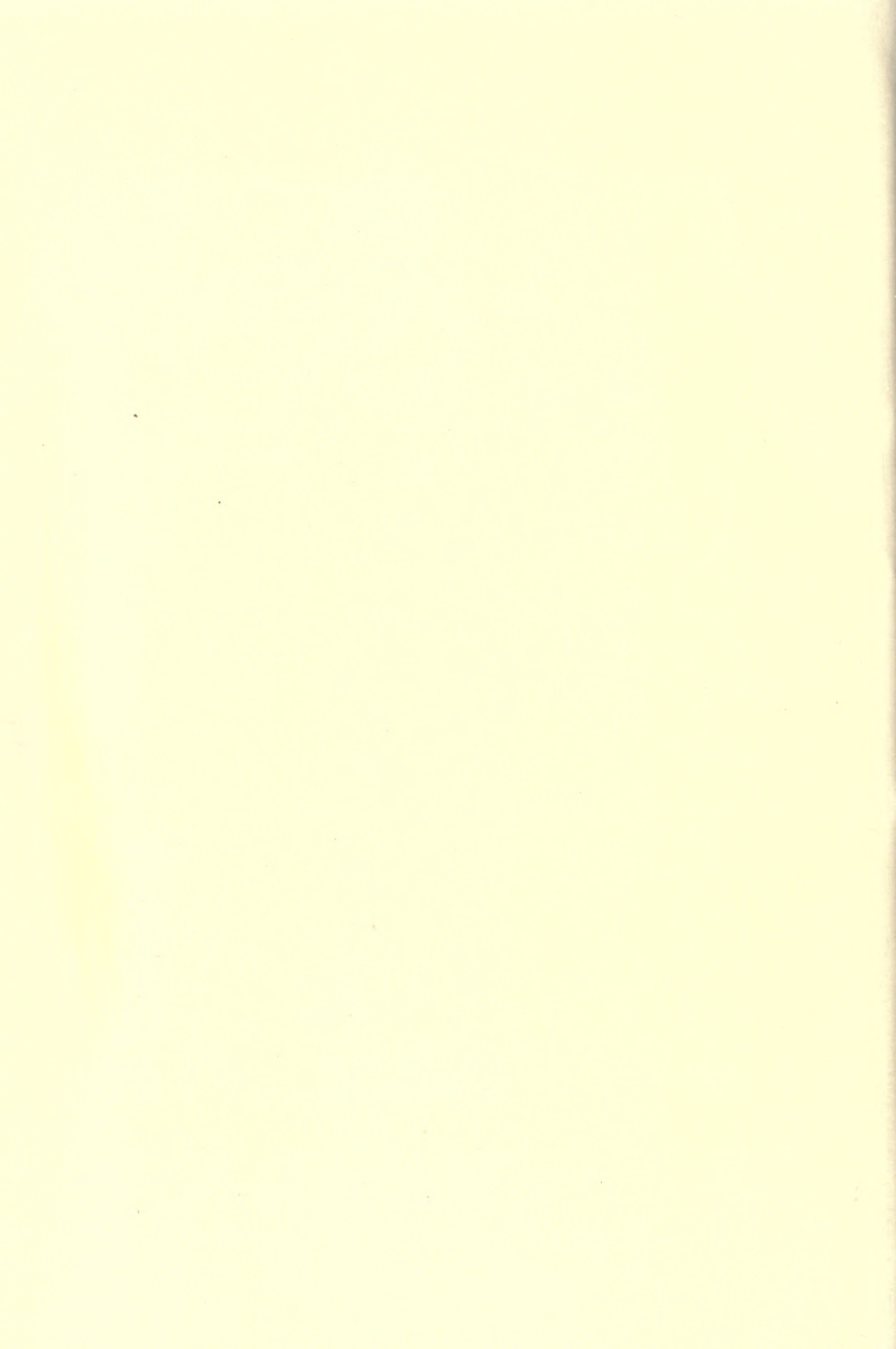
CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH

WITH the close of the reign of James I. the Tower ceased to be a royal residence—the Stuart kings, in fact, never passing more than a night or two in the old fortress prior to their coronation, after which they only visited it on very rare occasions. James himself only occupied the Tower-Palace on the eve of opening his first Parliament; and as the plague had broken out in the city at the time of Charles the First's coronation, that king did not even stay the previous night in the building, nor does he appear ever to have visited the fortress during the whole of his stormy reign of four and twenty years.

A very remarkable man occupied a prison in the Tower early in Charles's reign. This was Sir John Eliot, "fiery Eliot" Carlyle calls him. He was first of that noble band of patriots who defied Charles's tyranny, and had been sent to the Tower in the winter of 1624-25 for censuring Buckingham during Charles's second Parliament, but he remained there only a short time. In the March of 1628, however, Eliot, with a batch of independent members of the House of Commons—amongst whom were Denzil Holles, Selden, Valentine, Coryton, and Heyman—was again imprisoned in the Tower. Eliot had boldly declared that the "King's judges, Privy Council, Judges and learned Council had conspired to trample under their feet the liberties of the subjects of the realm, and the liberties of the House." Denzil Holles and Valentine were the two members who had kept the Speaker in his chair by



The Byward Tower



main force ; the others were committed to prison for using language reflecting on the King and his Ministers. For the following three months these members of Parliament were kept in close confinement in the fortress, books and all writing materials being strictly kept from them. In May, Sir John Eliot was taken to Westminster, where an inquiry was held but no judgment given. After his return to the Tower, however, Eliot was allowed to write letters, and was also given "the liberty of the Tower," and permitted to see a few friends. In the month of October Eliot and the others were taken to the chambers of the Lord Chief-Justice, and thence to the Marshalsea Prison, a change which he jokingly described as having "left their Palace in London for country quarters at Southwark." Then they were tried, and Eliot, being judged the most culpable, was fined two thousand pounds, and ordered to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. As for the fine, Eliot remarked that he "possessed two cloaks, two suits of clothes, two pairs of boots, and a few books, and if they could pick two thousand pounds out of that, much good might it do them." The fearless member never quitted the Tower again, for a galloping consumption carried him off two years after he had written the above lines. There can be no doubt that this consumption was not a little owing to the harsh treatment he endured. In 1630 he wrote to his friend Knightley, alluding to rumours of his being released. "Have no confidence in such reports ; sand was the best material on which they rested, and the many fancies of the multitude ; unless they pointed at that kind of libertie, 'libertie of mynde.' But other libertie I know not, having so little interest in her masters that I expect no service from her." His prison was frequently changed, and many restraints were put upon him, for, on the 26th of December, he writes to his old friend, the famous John Hampden, that his lodgings have been moved. "I am now," he says, "where candle-light may be suffered, but scarce fire. None

but my servants, hardly my sonne, may have admittance to me; my friends I must desire for their own sake to forbear coming to the Tower." Poor Eliot was dying fast in the year 1632, but his last letter to Hampden, dated the 22nd of March, is full of his old brave spirit, and the gentle humour that distinguished this great and good man. The letter concludes thus: "Great is the authority of princes, but greater much is theirs who both command our persons and our will. What the success of their Government will be must be referred to Him that is master of their power." The doctor had informed the authorities that any fresh air and exercise would help Eliot to live, but all the air they gave him was a "smoky room," and all the exercise, a few steps on the platform of a wall. On the 27th of November Eliot died, "not without a suspicion of foul play," wrote Ludlow some years afterwards.

Eliot's staunch friends, Pym and Hampden, moved in the House for a committee "to examine after what manner Sir John Eliot came to his death, his usage in the Tower, and to view the rooms and place where he was imprisoned and where he died, and to report the same to the House," a motion which shows how matters had changed for the better since the days of Elizabeth, none of whose Parliaments would have dared thus to question the treatment of State prisoners.

The blame of his untimely death—for he was but forty-two—rests upon those who let him die by inches in his prison as much as if they had beheaded him on Tower Hill. John Eliot died a martyr in the cause of constitutional liberty as opposed to monarchical autocracy. Eliot's son petitioned the King to be allowed to remove his father's body to their old Cornish home at St Germain's, but the vindictive and narrow-minded monarch, who would not even forgive Eliot after death had intervened, refused the prayer, writing at the foot of the petition, "Lett Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of the parish where he died." No stone marks the spot where he is

buried, and his dust mingles with that of the illustrious dead in St Peter's Chapel in the Tower, but his name will be remembered as long as liberty is loved in his native land.

We now come to a period of quite another sort.

In Carlyle's "Historical Sketches," John Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, is thus described:—"Short, swart figure, of military taciturnity, of Rhadamanthian energy and gravity. . . . Passing along Tower Hill one of these August days (in 1628) Lieutenant Felton sees a sheath-knife on a stall there, value thirteen pence, of short, broad blade, sharp trowel point." We know the use Felton made of that Tower Hill knife on his visit to Portsmouth, where Buckingham was then about to set sail for his second expedition to La Rochelle; how he stabbed the gay Duke to the heart, exclaiming, as he struck him: "God have mercy on thy soul!" how he was promptly arrested, brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower.

The reason, or reasons, for Felton killing Buckingham have never been made clear. He appears to have been a soured religious fanatic, but the crime was doubtless owing to some fancied injustice regarding his promotion in the army; and it has been thought that it was merely an act of private vengeance, rather than one of political significance. But after his arrest a paper was found fastened in Felton's hat, with the following writing upon it:—"That man is cowardly, base, and deserveth not the name of a gentleman or soldier, that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the sake of his God, King, and his countrie. Lett no man commend me for doing of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it, for if God hath not taken away our hearts for our sins, he would not have gone so long unpunished.—Jno. Felton." A sentiment which goes to show that Felton assassinated Buckingham with the fanatical idea of benefiting his country.

So hated was Buckingham by the people, that Felton passed into the Tower amid blessings and prayers. He

was placed in the prison lately occupied by Sir John Eliot in the Bloody Tower, and before his death made two requests—one, that he might be permitted to take the Holy Communion, and the other that he might be executed with a halter round his neck, ashes on his head, and sackcloth round his loins. On being threatened with the rack in order to induce him to give the names of his accomplices, Felton said to Lord Dorset that, in the first place, he would not believe that it was the King's wish that he should be tortured, it being illegal; and, secondly, that if he were racked, he would name Dorset, and none but him—a capital answer. When he was asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he answered: "I am sorry both that I have shed the blood of a man who is the image of God, and taken away the life of so near a subject of the King." As a last favour, he begged that his right hand might be struck off before he was hanged. He suffered at Tyburn, and his body was gibbeted in chains at Portsmouth. "His dead body," writes Evelyn, "is carried down to Portsmouth, hangs high there. I hear it creak in the wind." An eye-witness describes Felton as showing much courage and calm during his trial and at his death, and Philip, Earl of Exeter, who attended the execution, declared that he had never seen such valour and piety, "more temperately mixed," as in Felton's demeanour. This is surely one of the strangest mysteries in our history.

Prisoners still continued to come to the Tower, and in 1631, Mervin, Lord Audley, was executed on Tower Hill for a crime not of a political nature. Six years later a very distinguished ecclesiastic, John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, was imprisoned for four years within the Tower walls. Williams, who was a Privy Councillor, had repeated some remarks made by the King, in which His Majesty had advocated greater leniency in the treatment of the Puritans, and was accused of revealing Charles's private conversation, and being an enemy of Laud's was

very hardly dealt with in consequence. He was deposed from his bishopric, fined £10,000, and imprisoned in the Tower, where he caused some surprise, if not scandal, by not attending the church services in the fortress. However, after his release, Williams was reconciled to the King, and in 1641 became Archbishop of York. He had been successively Dean of Salisbury and Dean of Westminster, and had succeeded Bacon as Lord Chancellor in 1621, just before he had been appointed to the See of Lincoln. Williams certainly belonged to the Church Militant, and during the Civil War defended Conway Castle most gallantly for the royal cause. At the end of December 1641, he was back again in the Tower, with ten other Bishops who had protested that, owing to their being kept out of the House of Lords by the violence of the mob, all Acts passed during their absence were illegal. The Peers arrested the protesting Bishops on a charge of high treason; and on a very cold and snowy December night they were all sent to the Tower, where they remained until the May of 1642.

Lord Loudon, who had been sent by the Scottish Covenanters to Charles, had a narrow escape of leaving his head on Tower Hill in 1639. According to Clarendon, a letter was discovered of a treasonable nature, signed by Loudon, addressed to Louis XIII. of France, and Charles ordered Sir William Balfour, by virtue of a warrant signed by the royal hand, to have the Scottish lord executed the following morning. In this terrible dilemma Loudon be-thought him of his friend, the Marquis of Hamilton, and gave the Lieutenant a message for that nobleman. Now it was one of the privileges of the Lieutenant of the Tower that he could at any time, or in any place, claim an audience with the sovereign. Hamilton persuaded Balfour to go with him to Charles, but on arriving at Whitehall, they found that the King had already retired for the night. Balfour, however, taking advantage of his privilege, entered the room with Hamilton, and together they besought

Charles to re-consider his decision, pointing out to him that Loudon was protected by his quality as Ambassador from the Scotch. The King, as was his wont, was obdurate. "No," he said; "the warrant must be obeyed." At length the Marquis, having begged in vain, left the chamber, saying, "Well, then, if your Majesty be so determined, I'll go and get ready to ride post for Scotland to-morrow morning, for I am sure before night the whole city will be in an uproar, and they'll come and pull your Majesty out of your palace. I'll get as far as I can, and declare to my countrymen that I had no hand in it." On hearing this, Charles called for the warrant and destroyed it. Loudon was soon afterwards released (Oldnixon's "History of the Stuarts").

Now comes the story of the last days of one of Charles's most noted counsellors—last days that, as in the case of many before him, were passed within the grim precincts of the Tower, and were the prelude to execution. On the 11th of November 1640, the Earl of Strafford was at Whitehall laying before Charles a scheme for accusing the heads of the parliamentary party of holding a treasonable correspondence with the Scotch army, then encamped in the North of England. Whilst he was with the King the news reached him that Pym at that very moment was impeaching him in the House of Commons on the charge of high treason. Strafford at once made his way to the House, but was not allowed to speak, and shortly afterwards heard his committal made out for the Tower. At the same time Archbishop Laud was arrested at Lambeth Palace, and carried off to the great State prison. "As I went to my barge," Laud writes in his diary, "hundreds of my poor neighbours stood there and prayed for my safety and return to my home." But neither he nor Strafford were ever to return to their homes. Perhaps Strafford's life might have been saved had it not been for the King's action, for when it became known that Charles had plotted with the hope of inducing the Scottish army

to march on London, seize the Tower and liberate Strafford, the great Earl was practically doomed. The city rose as one man, a huge mob surging round the Houses of Parliament and the Palace of Whitehall, shouting "Justice."

For fifteen days Strafford faced his accusers and judges at Westminster Hall, his defence being a splendid piece of oratory. He proved that on the ground of high treason his judgment would not count, and his judges were compelled to introduce an Act of Attainder in order to convict him; but for the next six months he was kept in the Tower, uncertain as to his ultimate fate until the 12th of May 1641, when the Bill of Attainder was passed by the Lords.*

Charles had sworn to Strafford that not a single hair of his head should be injured; but on the Earl writing to him and offering his life as the only means of healing the troubles of the country, the King yielded, and deserting his minister, gave his assent to the execution, and signed the warrant.

On the following morning Strafford was led out to die. There is no more dramatic episode in the great struggle between Charles and his people than that when Strafford, amidst his guards, passed beneath the gateway of the Bloody Tower, where, from an upper window, his old friend, Archbishop Laud, gave him his blessing. The Archbishop, overcome, sank back fainting into the arms of his attendants. "I hope," he is reported to have said, "by God's assistance and through mine own innocency that when I come to my own execution, I shall shew the

* In a series of fac-simile letters of illustrious personages published by John Thorne in 1793, is the following from Strafford to his wife. It is dated from the Tower the 4th February 1640—but this date is evidently a mistake, and 1641 must be the year:—

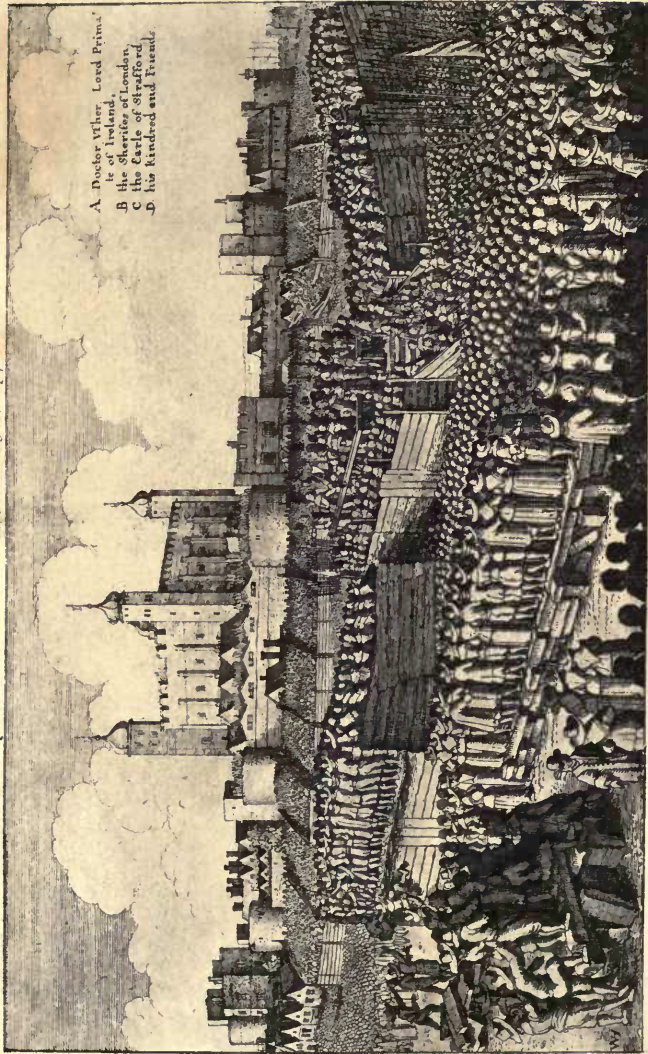
"Sweet Harte," he writes, "it is long since I writt unto you, for I am here in such trouble as gives me little or noe respectt. The Charges now cum in, and I am now able, prayse God, to tell you, that I conceive there is nothing Capitall, and for the rest I knowe at the worste his Ma.ty will pardon all without hurting my fortune, and then we shall be happy by God's grace. Therefore, comfourt your self, for I trust these cloudes will pass away, and that we shall have faire weather afterwardes. Farewell.—Your loving husband,
STRAFFORD."

world how much more sensible I am to my Lord Strafford's loss than I am to my own."

Knowing how bitterly Strafford was hated by the people, the Lieutenant of the Tower invited him to drive to Tower Hill in his coach, fearing he might be torn to pieces if he went on foot. Strafford, however, declined the offer, saying, "No, Mr Lieutenant, I dare look death in the face, and I trust the people too." With the Earl were the Archbishop of Armagh (Ussher), Lord Cleveland, and his brother, Sir George Wentworth. On reaching the scaffold Strafford made a short speech, followed by a long prayer, and giving his final messages for his wife and children to his brother, said: "One stroke more will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and will separate me from my dear brother and all my friends; but let God be to you and to them all in all." He then removed his doublet, and said, "I thank God that I am no more afraid of death, but as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." Then placing a white cap upon his head, and thrusting his long hair beneath it, he knelt down at the block, the Archbishop also kneeling on one side and a clergyman upon the other, the Archbishop clasping Strafford's hands in both his own. After they had left him Strafford gave the sign for the executioner to strike by thrusting out both his hands, and at one blow, "the wisest head in England," as John Evelyn, who was present, says, "was severed from his body." On that night London blazed with bonfires, and the people rejoiced as if in celebration of some great victory.

The great Earl's mistake was in serving and trusting such a king as Charles. Later on it transpired that Charles had a plan of removing Strafford from the Tower by throwing a hundred men into the fortress, thus relieving the Earl, and keeping possession of the Tower as a check upon the city. In pursuance of this plan, on the 2nd May 1641, Captain Billingsby with a force of one hundred

THE TRUE MANNER OF THE EXECUTION OF THOMAS EARLE OF STRAFFORD LORD
Lieutenant of Ireland, upon Tower-hill the 5th of May, 1647.



Execution of the Earl of Strafford, May 12th 1641.



men presented himself at the gates of the Tower, but Sir William Balfour refused to admit them, and the King's scheme for taking the fortress fell to the ground.

The first beginnings of a Tower regiment, according to Mr J. H. Round, was the appointment of two hundred men as Tower Guards in 1640. In November of the same year Charles promised to remove this garrison, but he did not do so until the city offered to lend him £25,000, on the condition that these troops should be taken away, as well as the ordnance from the White Tower, which was a perpetual menace to the safety of the city. Aersen, the Dutch Ambassador, writing to his Government about this time, says, "le dessein semble aller sur le tour." Still the King would not withdraw the soldiers or the cannon, and then the House of Lords expostulated with him, but Charles excused his breach of faith by saying that his object was merely to insure the safety of the stores and ammunition in the fortress.

After his plot to seize the Tower had been made public, the train bands belonging to the Tower Hamlets occupied and garrisoned the fortress. These train bands, as well as those of Southwark and Westminster, were distinct from the city train bands. On the 3rd of January 1642, the King made another attempt to garrison the Tower with his own troops, which also proved a failure. On this occasion Sir John Byron entered the fortress with a detachment of gunners and disarmed the men of the Tower Hamlets, but the city train bands came to the rescue, and Byron, with his gunners, had to beat a retreat. When, in 1642, the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Conyers, resigned his charge, the Parliament conferred the Lieutenancy upon the Lord Mayor of London. Later, in 1647, when the city had taken the side of the Parliament against the King, Fairfax was appointed Constable; the Constables had succeeded each other according to the chances which brought the King or the Parliament to the top, thus Lord Cottrington had been replaced by Sir

William Balfour, and he in his turn had given room to Sir Thomas Lumsford, a "soldier of fortune," writes Ludlow of him in his "Memoirs," "fit for any wicked design." Lumsford, so uncomplimentarily referred to by Ludlow, was supposed to be willing to act according to the King's good pleasure, and succeeded in making himself so unpopular with the Londoners, that they petitioned the House of Lords to beg the King to place the custody of the Tower in other hands, the Lord Mayor saying he could not undertake to prevent the apprentices from rising were Lumsford allowed to remain in office; so Charles unwillingly gave the keys of the fortress to the care of Sir John Byron. Byron, in his turn, was succeeded by Sir John Conyers, who had distinguished himself in the Scottish wars and had been Governor of Berwick; and after Conyers followed Lord Mayor Pennington,* "in order," as Clarendon writes, "that the citizens might see that they were trusted to hold their own reins and had a jurisdiction committed to them which had always checked their own." From 1643 to 1647 the Tower remained in the hands of the Parliament. In the latter year the army obtained the mastery, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Commander-in-Chief, became its Constable, under him being Colonel Tichbourne as Lieutenant of the fortress. Shortly after the King's execution, however, Fairfax resigned his post of Constable, none other than Cromwell, himself, stepping into the vacant place.

But we must return to Archbishop Laud, who for four years was a prisoner in the Bloody Tower in the prison chamber over the gateway of that gloomy building.

In his diary, the Archbishop has left a minute account of a domiciliary visit paid him by William Prynne in 1643. The Archbishop's trial being determined on by the House

* Sir Isaac Pennington was a fishmonger, and elected Alderman of the Ward of Bridge Without, January 29th, 1638; and became Lord Mayor, 1641-42. He was one of the Commissioners who sat upon the trial of Charles I., for which he was condemned to death at the Restoration, but was not executed. He was sent to the Tower August 25th, 1660, where he died on the 17th of the following December.

of Lords, Prynne was commissioned by the Peers to obtain Laud's private papers. "Mr Prynne," writes the Archbishop, "came into the Tower with other searchers as soon as the gates were open. Other men went to other prisoners; he made haste to my lodging, commanded the warder to open my doors, left two musketeer centinels below, that no man might go in or out, and one at the stairhead. With three others, which had their muskets already cocked, he came into my chamber, and found me in bed, as my servants were in theirs. I presently thought on my blessed Saviour when Judas led in the swords and staves about him."—This surely is rather a bold comparison for an Archbishop to make?—"Mr Prynne, seeing me safe in bed, falls first to my pockets to rifle them; and by that time my two servants came running in half ready. I demanded the sight of his warrant; he shewed it to me, and therein was expressed that he should search my pockets. The warrant came from the close committee, and the hands that were to it were these: E. Manchester, W. Saye, and Seale, Wharton, H. Vane, Gilbert Gerard, and John Pym. Did they remember when they gave their warrant how odious it was to Parliament, and some of themselves, to have the pockets of men searched? When my pockets had been sufficiently ransacked, I rose and got my clothes about me, and so, half ready, with my gown about my shoulders, he held me in the search till half-past nine of the clock in the morning. He took from me twenty and one bundles of papers which I had prepared for my defence; two Letters which came to me from his gracious Majesty, about Chartham and my other benefices; the Scottish service books or diary, containing all the occurrences of my life, and my book of private devotions, both which last were written through with my own hand. Nor could I get him to leave this last, but he must needs see what passed between God and me, a thing, I think, scarce offered to any Christian. The last place that he rifled was my trunk, which stood by my bedside. In that he

found nothing, but about forty pounds in money, for my necessary expenses, which he meddled not with, and a bundle of some gloves. This bundle he was so careful to open, so that he caused each glove to be looked into. Upon this I tendered him one pair of gloves, which he refusing, I told him he might take them, and fear no bribe, for he had already done me all the mischief he could, and I asked no favour of him, so he thanked me, took the gloves, bound up my papers, left two centinels at my door, and went his way."—(From "Troubles and Trials of Archbishop Laud.")

Prynne, whose ears Laud had been the means of cutting off some half-dozen years before, must have enjoyed this visit to his old foe. On the 10th of March 1643, the Archbishop was brought to his trial in Westminster Hall, but amongst all the charges brought against him none could be considered as proving him guilty of high treason. Serjeant Wild was obliged to admit this, but said that when all the Archbishop's transgressions of the law were put together they made "many grand treasons." To this Laud's counsel made answer, "I crave you mercy, good Mr Serjeant, I never understood before this that two hundred couple of black rabbits made a black horse."—(In Archbishop Tennyson's MSS. in Lambeth Library. Quoted by Bayley.)

Laud's trial lasted for twenty days, the chief accusation brought against him being that he had "attempted to subvert religion and the fundamental laws of the realm." The outcome of the trial was that Laud was beheaded on Tower Hill on 10th of January 1644. Laud was a strange compound of bigotry and intolerance, of courage and of devotion to what he considered to be the true Church, and of which he seemed to regard himself as a kind of Anglican Pope. His life and character are enigmas to those who study them, and his death became him far better than his life had done.

Carlyle, in a delightful passage in his posthumously



WILLIAM LAUD

*Aerts Bisschop van Cantelbury, binnen Londen
Onthalt den 10 Ianuary. Anno 1645*

Art. Pieters Excuat

published "Historical Studies," writes: "Future ages, if they do not, as is likelier, totally forget 'W. Cant,' will range him under the category of Incredibilities. Not again in the dead strata which lie under men's feet, will such a fossil be dug up. This wonderful wonder of wonders, were it not even this, a zealous Chief Priest, at once persecutor and martyr, who has no discernible religion of his own?" "No one," said Laud, when told of the day on which he was to die, "no one can be more ready to send me out of life than I am to go." Indeed, no one could have left life in a calmer or more tranquil manner than did the Archbishop. It must be a great support to have a sublime opinion of oneself, and if ever man had a sublime opinion of himself it was Laud. The comparison he made in his diary, and which I have already quoted, between his Saviour and himself—between Prynne-Judas and Laud-Christ—proves the ineffable self-conceit of the prelate.

The fact that he himself was notoriously indifferent, if not callous, to the sufferings of others, has destroyed all the sympathy that might have been felt for this strange character in his fall and tribulations. For a mere difference of opinion Laud would order ears to be lopped off, noses slit, and brows and cheeks to be branded with red-hot iron. His best and most enduring monument is the addition he made to St John's College at Oxford, of which he was at one time the president, and in whose chapel his remains were re-interred, after resting for a time in the Church of All Hallows, Barking, and in the library of which his spectre is said to be seen occasionally gliding on moonlight nights, between the old bookshelves.

After the month of August 1642, when Charles had unfurled his standard at Nottingham, the Tower, although nominally still in the King's possession, was in reality held by the Parliament; and its prisoners were those who were opposed to the representatives of the people. Among these was Sir Ralph Hopton, who had protested against

a violent address made by the Parliament against Charles, Sir Ralph having declared that his fellow-members "seemed to ground an opinion of the King's apostacy upon less evidence than would serve to hang a fellow for stealing a horse." This remark brought him to the Tower, where he was soon joined by another member of Parliament, Trelawney (or Trelauney), who had informed the House of Commons that they could not legally appoint a guard of troops for themselves without the King's assent, under pain of high treason (Clarendon).

Sir Ralph, afterwards Lord Hopton of Stratton, distinguished himself later in the war in the West of England, where he had much success, and with the help of Sir Beville Grenville, gained a signal victory over the Parliamentarians at Stamford Hill, near Stratton, in Cornwall. Fairfax, however, ultimately proved too strong for him, and finally Hopton left England, dying at Bruges in 1652.

Besides these, Sir Thomas Bedingfield and Sir James Gardner were committed to the Tower by the House of Lords, "for refusing to be of the counsel of the Attorney-General," whilst the Earl of Bristol and Judge Mallet followed them to the fortress, "merely for having seen the Kentish petition." This petition was drawn up by the principal inhabitants of that county, praying, "that the militia might not otherwise be exercised in that county than the known law permitted, and that the Book of Common Prayer, established by law, might be observed." Lord Bristol soon obtained his liberty, but Mallet was kept a prisoner for two years on the charge of being "a fomentor and protector of malignant factions against the Parliament" (Clarendon).

In the same year, Sir Richard Gurney, Lord Mayor of London, was sent to the Tower on the charge of having caused the King's proclamation against the militia, and for suppressing petitions to Parliament, to be published in the city. Sir Richard was dismissed from his mayoralty, and imprisoned during the pleasure of the House. Another

Lord Mayor, loyal to the cause of the King, Sir Abraham Reynoldson, was, six years later, also a prisoner in the Tower; but his incarceration lasted only two months, whilst Gurney, it seems, remained for several years in the fortress. The Parliament meted out heavy punishment for "opinions," Lord Montagu of Boughton, the Earl of Berkshire, and some Norfolk squires, being likewise sent to the Tower on a charge of favouring the King's side, and of being hostile to the Parliament. In 1643 Justice Berkeley was imprisoned by order of the Lords on a charge of high treason, and also a Mr Montagu, a "messenger" from the French Court to the King.

At this time whole batches of Cavaliers began to be frequently brought to the Tower. Of these, Sir William Moreton, who was captured at the fall of Sudeley Castle, of which he was the governor, remained a prisoner until the Restoration, when he was made a judge. Another was Daniel O'Neale, who had greatly distinguished himself on the royal side in the Scottish war, and later in England. He was committed to the Tower on the invariable charge of high treason, but, like Lord Nithsdale, about half-a-century later, he managed to break his prison in female attire, and succeeded in reaching Holland, whence he returned to serve under Rupert as a lieutenant-colonel in the Prince's cavalry. According to Clarendon, O'Neale became a celebrated adept in court intrigue in the time of Charles II.

In this year (1643), Sir John Conyers was in command of the fortress, having received the charge from the Parliament in the hope that he would be gained over to that side. On being asked to take the command of the Parliamentary army, Conyers, however, declined, his refusal causing so much annoyance to the leaders of that party that he thought it more prudent to resign his charge of the Tower, being, as Clarendon puts it, too conscientious, "to keep His Majesty's only fort which he could not apply to his services." His place, as has already

been said, was given to Sir Isaac Pennington, Lord Mayor of London.

In 1644, Sir John Hotham, and his son, Captain Hotham, who had been imprisoned in the Tower in the preceding summer on the charge of intending to surrender the town of Hull to the King, were both beheaded on Tower Hill. Hotham may be described as the Bazaine of the Parliament. The town of Hull was the greatest magazine of arms and ammunition in England. Charles had in vain summoned Hotham, who was the Governor for the Parliament, to surrender the town, and on his refusal had declared him a traitor. There is little doubt that both Hotham and his son were Royalists at heart, and both were convicted of having entered into a correspondence with the King's party in order to come to terms for the surrender of the town and arsenal to the Royalist forces.

Another governor—Sir Alexander Carew, who held Plymouth for the Parliament—was beheaded in the same month as the Hothams for a like "intention." Carew is said to have been decapitated with the same axe with which Strafford was killed, and it was reported that at the time of Strafford's trial, Carew had said that sooner than not vote for the Earl's death, he would be ready to be the next man to suffer on the same scaffold, and with the same axe: a wish which was literally fulfilled. (Dugdale's "Short View of the Late Troubles.")

By one of those strange vagaries of fortune which are the characteristic of the history of this period, and in which the Tower played its accustomed part of imprisonment, George Monk, the future Duke of Albemarle, and one of the makers of our history, was imprisoned in the Tower for three years after his capture by Fairfax at the siege of Nantwich. He was a colonel at the time, and only regained his freedom by consenting to take the command of the Parliamentary forces sent to Ireland (Ludlow's Memoirs).

Two of Monk's fellow-prisoners, Lord Macquire and

Colonel MacMahon, who had both been fighting on the Royalist side in Ireland, made a desperate attempt to escape from the Tower in this same year (1644). They succeeded in sawing through their prison door and lowered themselves by a rope, which they had been enabled to find through directions written on a slip of paper that had been placed in a loaf of bread, sent to them by some of their friends. They got down into the moat, across which they swam, but were taken on the other side and hanged at Tyburn in February 1645, although Macquire pleaded that, as an Irish peer, he had the right of dying by the axe and not by the halter. For allowing the escape of these officers from their prison chamber the Lieutenant of the Tower was fined heavily.

That splendid cavalier, "Old Loyalty," as he was proudly called, John Paulett, Marquis of Worcester, who had defended Baring House so long and so well, came a prisoner into the Tower in this same year, accompanied by Sir Robert Peake, who had aided him in the defence of his home, and who had also been taken prisoner after the storming of the place. They were followed by Sir John Strangways, who had been taken at the siege of Cardiff. In 1647 Sir John Maynard, Serjeant Glynn, the Recorder of London, and the Lord Mayor, Sir John Gayre, with some of his aldermen and sheriffs, were in the Tower, and amongst the Royalists who were brought to the fortress as Charles's fate was closing over him, were the Earl of Cleveland, Judge Jenkins, Sir Lewis Davies, and Sir John Stowell.

At the time of the King's death on the scaffold in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, many of his most devoted adherents were close prisoners in the Tower, among them being James, Duke of Hamilton, one of Charles's closest friends, who had made a rash attempt to invade England in 1648, and, meeting Cromwell, was defeated and made prisoner at Uttoxeter. For fellows in misfortune the Duke had George Goring, Earl of

Norwich, Lord Capel, and the Earl of Holland—taken after the surrender of Colchester Castle—and Sir John Owen. The imprisonment of captured Royalists by the Parliament was but too often the prelude to their execution, but before the Duke and Lord Holland were beheaded, much interest was made to save them—more particularly Lord Holland; but Cromwell was obdurate, and they were both put to death in New Palace Yard. Lord Capel had succeeded in getting out of his prison. There is an interesting account of his escape and recapture given by Lord Clarendon in his "History," and, although lengthy, may be quoted here as throwing an interesting light upon those times of revolution. "The Lord Capel, shortly after he was brought prisoner to the Tower from Windsor Castle, had, by a wonderful adventure, having a cord and all things necessary conveyed to him, let himself down out of the window of his chamber in the night, over the wall of the Tower, and had been directed through what part of the ditch he might be best able to wade. Whether he found the right place, or whether there was no safer place, he found the water and the mud so deep, that if he had not been by the head taller than other men, he must have perished, since the water came up to his chin. The way was so long to the other side, and the fatigue of drawing himself out of so much mud so intolerable, that his spirits were near spent, and he was once ready to call out for help, as thinking it better to be carried back to the prison, than to be found in such a place, from whence he could not extricate himself, and where he was ready to expire. But it pleased God that he got at last to the other side, where his friends expected him, and carried him to a chamber in the Temple, where he remained two or three nights secure from any discovery, notwithstanding the diligence that could not be used to recover a man they designed to use no better. After two or three days a friend whom he trusted much, and who had deserved to be trusted, conceiving he might be more

secure in a place to which there was less resort, and where there were so many harboured who were every day sought after, had provided a lodging for him in a private house in Lambeth Marsh; and calling upon him in an evening when it was dark, to go thither, they chose rather to take a boat they found ready at the Temple Stairs, than to trust one of that people with their secret, and it was so late that there was only one boat left there. In that the Lord Capel (as well disguised as he thought necessary) and his friend put themselves, and bid the waterman to row them to Lambeth. Whether, in their passage thither, the other gentleman called him 'my lord,' as was confidently repeated, or whether the waterman had any jealousy by observing what he thought was a disguise, when they were landed, the wicked waterman undiscerned followed them, till he saw into what house they went; and then went to an officer and demanded: 'What he would give him to bring him to the place where Lord Capel lay?' And the officer promising to give him ten pounds, he led him presently to the house, where that excellent person was seized upon, and the next day carried to the Tower."

Lord Capel was after this sentenced to be hanged, but this was commuted to his being beheaded, the sentence being carried out in front of Westminster Hall on the 9th March 1649. Clarendon writes of him as being, "the noblest champion his party possessed; a man in whom the malice of his enemies could discover very few faults, and whom his friends could not wish better accomplished." Arthur Capel had been created Baron Capel of Hadham in Hertfordshire by Charles I., and his son, Arthur, was created Earl of Essex by Charles II., coming, as we shall see, to a tragic end in the Tower in that monarch's reign.

Sir John Owen, that gallant Welsh knight, who had fought long and valiantly for the Royal cause, was taken prisoner at the engagement near Llandegas, and was imprisoned with the Duke of Hamilton and his fellow-

Cavaliers at Windsor Castle before going to the Tower. At his trial Owen told his judges "that he was a plain gentleman of Wales, who had been taught to obey the King; that he had served him honestly during the war, and finding that many honest men endeavoured to raise forces whereby he might get out of prison, he did the like." When he was condemned to be beheaded, he made his judges a low bow and said: "It was a great honour to a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords; for, by God," he added, "he was afraid they would have hanged him." But the gallant old Cavalier did not lose his head, for Ireton stood up in the House and said that although the noble lords who had been condemned to death had many advocates, plain Sir John Owen had not one to speak for him. Ireton interceded so well, that Sir John was pardoned, and after a few months' imprisonment in the Tower, was released. He went back to his beloved country, where he died in 1666, and rests in the church of Penmorven, in his native county of Carnarvonshire.

The execution of the other Cavaliers caused much indignation, and, as was the fashion of the times, some pamphlets were written on the subject against those in power, Colonel John Lilburne being the most prominent of the pamphleteers. He, with three other writers, Walwayn, Prince, and Overton, were sent to the Tower by order of the Parliament for writing against its authority. Lilburne was banished the country, the others were liberated. The Colonel, who was known as "Freeborn John," was a born pamphleteer, and no amount of prisons or pillories stopped his output of what was certainly seditious matter. There is a strong resemblance between "Freeborn John" and the French pamphleteer, Rochefort, of our own time, for whatever Government was in power he opposed it by his writings. In later life he became a Quaker, because he was determined to enjoy what he considered "Christian Liberty."

The Parliament met with considerable opposition from the Lord Mayor of the city. In 1648 Lord Mayor Sir Abraham Reynardson was kept prisoner in the Tower for two months, because he refused to publish in the city the Ordinance of the House of Commons, abolishing the title of King. Sir Abraham was one of the city worthies. He had been Master of the Merchant Taylors Company in 1640-41, and had filled the highest civic post in the city for six months prior to his imprisonment, and had valiantly resisted the "turbulent disorders," and the tyranny of the Rump Parliament, which had tried in vain to force the Corporation of London to follow its commands. Sir Abraham was not only imprisoned, but was also fined £2000, and degraded from the office of Lord Mayor. Reynardson's generosity was great, and he is reported to have spent £20,000 whilst he was Lord Mayor, not inclusive of the heavy fine. But his loyalty to the Crown was unshaken, and he most willingly suffered both loss of office and fortune in the Royalist cause. His portrait, recently acquired by the Company of Merchant Taylors, is one of the most interesting features of their splendid hall. Sir Abraham was re-elected to the Lord Mayoralty on the return of Charles II. (see C. M. Clode's "Memoirs of Sir A. Reynardson"). The list of Royalist prisoners gained additions almost every month. At this time an agent of the young King's, named Penruddock, was in the Tower with Sir John Gell, Colonel Eusebius Andrews, and Captains Benson and Ashley. Colonel Andrews, an old Royalist, was beheaded on Tower Hill; Gell, who was a Parliamentary General, and who left some interesting memoirs of the Civil War, was released after an imprisonment of two years. Benson was hanged at Tyburn, and Ashley was liberated. All these were suspected of plotting against the Parliament, and to them may be added Lords Beauchamp, Bellasis, and Chandos, committed to the Tower by the Council of State, "upon the suspicion of designing new troubles." Lord Howard

of Escrick and a minister named Love were in the Tower at the same period—the former, who was a member of Parliament, being imprisoned on a charge of bribery whilst contesting the city of Carlisle; he was dismissed the House and fined £10,000. The minister, Christopher Love, had been a preacher at St Anne's, Aldersgate, and St Lawrence's, Jewry, and was the author of many theological works. After the death of Charles the First he became as violent a Royalist as he had been a republican, and was found to be in correspondence with Charles the Second. His pardon was eagerly begged by many London parishes, and by no less than fifty-four of the clergy, but all they could get was a respite for a month, and Love was beheaded in July 1651. His execution caused much stir, as is proved by the fact that a Dutch allegorical engraving was made of the scene, an engraving which, after those of the executions of Strafford and Laud, is the earliest representation of an execution on Tower Hill in existence. Lord Clarendon writes that "when Love was on the scaffold he appeared with a marvellous undauntedness." In the same year, after the Battle of Worcester, the Tower was filled with the captured Royalists from that disastrous fight. With these came the Earls of Lauderdale, Kelly, and Rothes, General Massey and General Middleton, the earls being soon removed to Windsor Castle, where they remained prisoners until the Restoration. The two generals were enabled to escape from the Tower, and joined Charles in Paris, "to the grief and vexation of the very soul of Cromwell," writes Clarendon. These constant escapes from the Tower during the power of the Parliament and the Commonwealth would seem to point to great laxity in its protection, or to sympathy on the part of its guardians with the prisoners.

In the September of the following year the famous Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, and Earl of Glamorgan, was a prisoner of the Commonwealth in the Tower. It was he who, with much show of probability,

is supposed to have come within reasonable distance of inventing the steam-engine. He published in 1665 a book with a long title, which may be abbreviated into "A Century of Invention," which Horace Walpole unkindly called "an amazing piece of folly." Worcester died in 1667, and the model of his steam-engine is supposed to have been buried with him.

During the closing years of the Protectorate most of the State prisoners in the Tower were those implicated in schemes for assassinating Cromwell. One of these schemes, in 1654, brought Lord Oxford, Sir Richard Willis, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, and his brother, John Gerrard, with other Cavaliers, to the fortress, charged with belonging to a set of conspirators who aimed at taking the Protector's life. It was proved that they had met at a tavern where it was proposed to kill Cromwell, seize the Tower, and proclaim Prince Charles king. One of the conspirators, named Fox, turned what would now be called king's evidence, with the result that two of his fellow-conspirators were executed—Vowel, who was hanged at Charing Cross, and John Gerrard, who was beheaded on Tower Hill.

In the following year Cromwell made a raid among the officers of the Cavalier party, many of whom were seized and cashiered, Major-General Overton being sent to the Tower. Two other generals came there to bear him company in the same year, Generals Penn and Venables. They had made a disastrously unsuccessful expedition to the West Indies, which so exasperated Cromwell that on their return he ordered both of them to be imprisoned. A year later the Lieutenant of the Tower was ordered to release "one that goes by the name of Lucy Barlow, who for some time hath been a prisoner in the Tower of London. She passeth under the character of Charles Stuart's wife; and hath a young son whom she openly declareth to be his; and it is generally believed; the boy being very like him; and both the mother and child provided for by him" ("Mer-

curis Politicus," 1656). This Lucy Barlow was better known later on as Lucy Walters, and her son, who was then, and for some time to come, known by the name of James Crofts, became Duke of Monmouth.

Clarendon describes at some length the strange story of the death in the Tower, in 1657, of Miles Syndercombe, once an intimate friend of Cromwell's, but who for some unknown reason became involved in one of the many plots for assassinating the Protector. Syndercombe was sentenced to death, and it being expected that an attempt at his rescue might take place, he was most carefully guarded in his prison. On the morning of the day fixed for the execution, however, Syndercombe was found dead in his bed, but nevertheless the corpse was dragged at a horse's tail to the place of execution, a stake being driven through it after it was buried: Cromwell's enemies accused him of having caused his former friend to be poisoned.

Cromwell, who, with all his natural courage lived in constant terror of assassination, in 1658 ordered all Royalists to live twenty miles away from London, and sent Colonel Russell, Sir William Compton, and Sir William Clayton, together with Henry Mordaunt, Lord Peterborough's brother, to the Tower. Mordaunt had been in the young King's employment, and, with a Dr Hewet, was put upon his trial for conspiracy. Mordaunt was acquitted, but Hewet was found guilty, and beheaded on Tower Hill. Another eminent Royalist, Sir Henry Slingsby, a great Yorkshire magnate who had fought for Charles, was also beheaded in the same year.

During the short interval that elapsed between the death of Cromwell in September 1658 and the return of Charles II. in May 1660, the Tower contained many important prisoners. Among them were Lady Mary Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and another lady, a Mrs Sumner, both of whom appear to have been mixed up in Mordaunt's conspiracy against Cromwell, as well as a Mr Ernestus Byron and a Mr

Harlow for the same cause. Other Royalists then in the fortress were Lord Falkland, Lord Delaware, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lords Falconbridge, Bellasis, Charles Howard, and Castleton, who had all taken part in a Royalist rising in Cheshire under the leadership of Sir George Booth. None of these, however, suffered more than a short imprisonment.

While the faction of the Parliament was making a desperate stand against the military party in the government of the country, an attempt was made by the former to seize the Tower. "The Lieutenant, Colonel Fitz, had consented that Colonel Okey, with 300 men, should be dispersed in the vicinity prepared for the enterprise, promising that on a certain day he would cause the gates to be opened at an early hour for the passage of the Colonel's carriage, at which time Colonel Okey with his men, embracing the opportunity, might seize the guards and make themselves masters of the place. This plot, however, was discovered, and on the night before its intended execution Colonel Desborough being despatched from the Army, with a body of horse, changed the guards, seized the Lieutenant, and placed a fresh garrison in the Tower under the command of Colonel Miller" (Ludlow's "Memoirs").

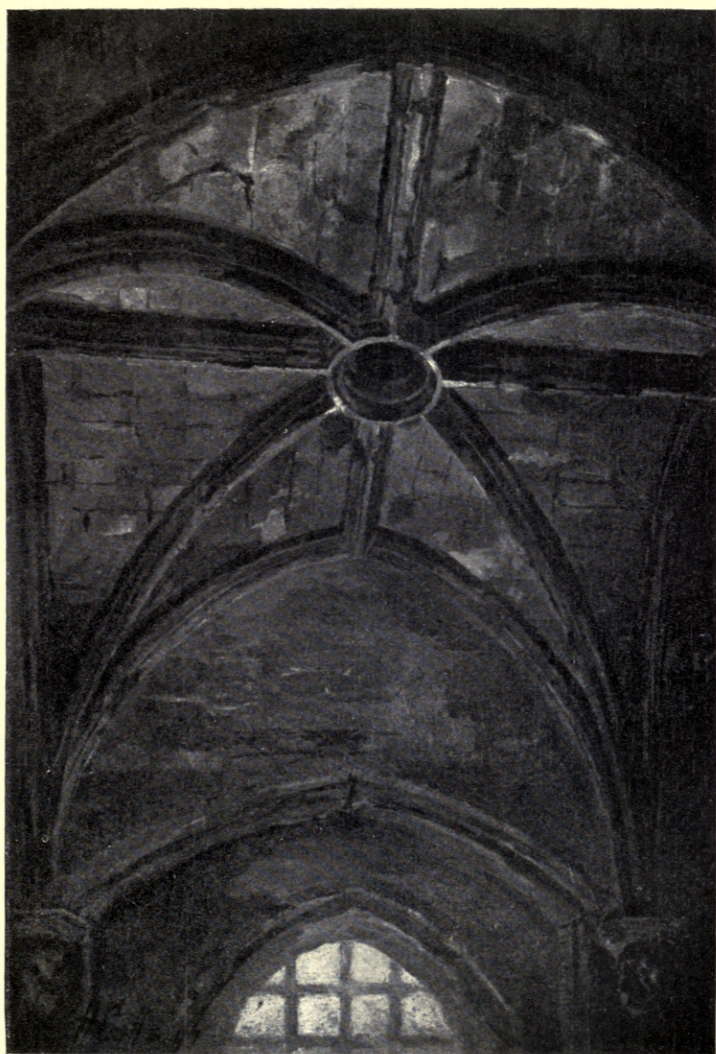
Shortly after this episode, and during a disturbance amongst the soldiers there, Lenthal, the Speaker of the House of Commons, proceeded to the Tower, and removing the Lieutenant, who had been appointed by the Committee of Safety, conferred the government of the fortress upon Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper. But when General Monk declared for the King, that officer seized the fortress in the name of his royal master, released many of the prisoners, and placed in it a garrison commanded by Major Nicholson.

It was now the turn of the Royalists, and in the month of March 1660, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge and Colonel John Lambert were placed in the Tower because they had

opposed Monk's design for the restoration of the King, an event which showed the other members of the Committee in which direction the wind was blowing, and they made an attempt to secure the Tower by victualling the fortress, with the intention of standing a siege if it were necessary. Ludlow proposed that a force of two thousand men should join Colonel Morley's regiment in the Tower, that the building itself should be stored with provisions for six months, and that two thousand sailors should also be placed within its walls as an additional security for its defence. This scheme, however, came to nothing.

Samuel Pepys has given a description of how Lambert escaped from his prison in the Tower, "The manner of the escape of John Lambert out of the Tower, as related by Rugege:—That about eight of the clock at night he escaped by a rope tied fast to his window, by which he slid down, and in each hand he had a handkerchief; and six men were ready to receive him, who had a barge to hasten him away. She who made the bed, being privy to his escape, that night, to blind the warder when he came to lock the chamber door, went to bed, and possessed Colonel Lambert's place and put on his night-cap. So, when the said warder came to lock the door according to his usual manner, he found the curtains drawn, and conceiving it to be Colonel Lambert, he said, 'Good-night, my lord.' To which a seeming voice replied, and prevented all further jealousies. The next morning, on coming to unlock the door, and espying her face, he cried out, 'In the name of God, Joan, what makes you here? Where is my Lord Lambert?' She said, 'He is gone; but I cannot tell whither.' Whereupon he caused her to rise and carried her before the officer in the Tower, and (she) was committed to custody. Some said that a lady knit for him a garter of silk, by which he was conveyed down, and that she received £100 for her pains."

Lambert was, however, retaken by Colonel Ingoldsby in Warwickshire, together with some other Roundhead



Vaulting in the Cradle Tower

officers who had joined him, and he was again placed in the Tower. At the Restoration he was banished to Guernsey, where he remained a prisoner until his death in 1683. Lambert had a high military reputation amongst the Roundheads, and had contributed greatly to the victory at Naseby, as well as defeating the Royalists both in Scotland and in the Midlands: his fame was such that Cromwell was supposed to have been somewhat jealous of his successes.

CHAPTER XIV

CHARLES II.

IMMEDIATELY after the return of Charles II. in the month of May 1660, the trials and executions of the late King's judges began. The first of the regicides to be sent to the Tower was Major-General Thomas Harrison, who was committed for high treason on 19th May, and on the 11th of the following October, drawn on a hurdle to Charing Cross, and there hanged and quartered. Harrison, who was the son of a Nantwich butcher, and had been bred for the law, had been useful to the Protector in keeping down the Presbyterian faction. He died stoutly asserting the righteousness of the cause for which he suffered. The same fate befell Gregory Clement and Colonel John James, both members of the High Court of Justice which had condemned Charles I. Clement had succeeded in hiding himself in a house near Gray's Inn, but was discovered and brought before the Commissioners of the Militia, to whom, however, he was not known by sight. He would probably have escaped, when it chanced that a blind man came into the room as Clement was quitting it, and recognised him by his voice, upon which Clement was arrested and sent to the Tower (Ludlow's "Memoirs"). Among the other regicides confined within the Tower during that summer were Colonel Bamfield, Colonel Hunks, Colonel Phair, Francis Corker, Captain Hewlet, and John Cook, the last of whom had conducted the prosecution against the King. Hewlet was accused of having been one of the masked executioners at Whitehall, but this was never proved.

James Harrington, the author of the political romance called "The Commonwealth of Oceana," was imprisoned in the Tower early in this reign. He became insane, and was transferred from prison to prison. His book, by which he was made famous, laid down a plea for a lasting republic, the government of which was to be maintained by rotation. This unhappy author died in 1677, and was laid near Sir Walter Raleigh in St Margaret's, Westminster.

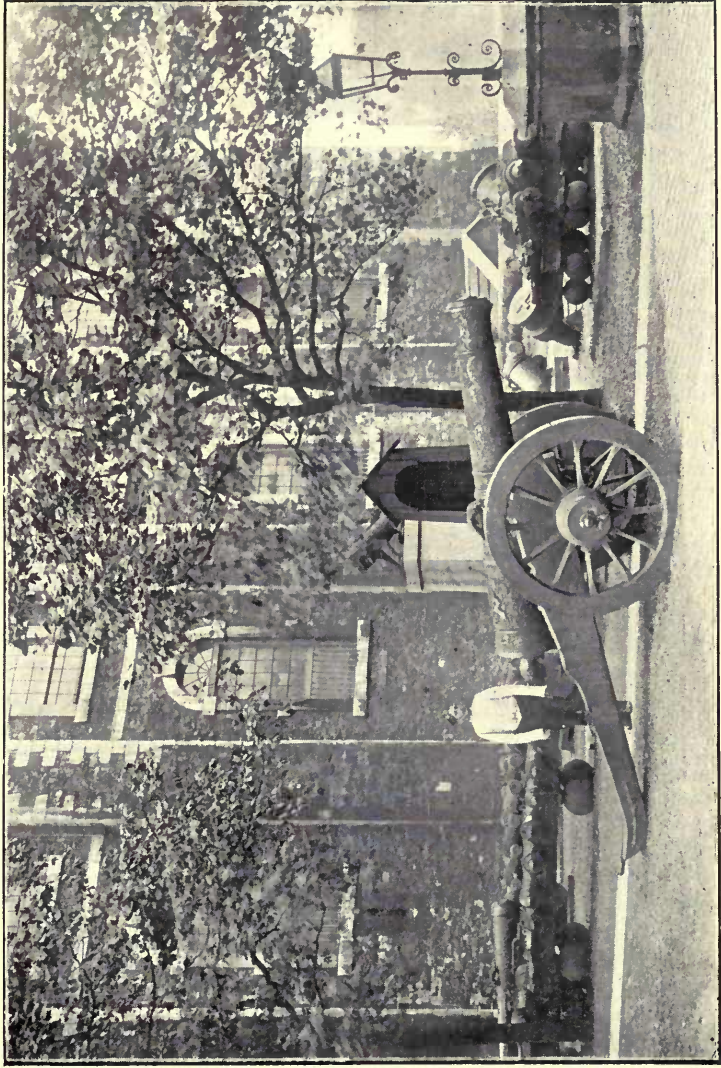
In the same summer of Charles's restoration, the Marquis of Argyll, who was shortly afterwards beheaded at Edinburgh, was a prisoner in the Tower charged with high treason, and with having sided with Cromwell; with him was the Marquis of Antrim. The Laird of Swinton was another prisoner of this year, being imprisoned upon various charges, one of which was that he intended to kill the King whilst pretending to be touched by Charles for "the evil"—*i.e.* scrofula; and also for deserting the army at the Battle of Dunbar.

The next illustrious name that one comes to in the portentous annals of the Tower is that of Sir Harry Vane, whose death was a monstrous injustice, Charles confessing as much when he himself said of Vane that "he was too dangerous a man to let live, if we can honestly put him out of the way." Although Vane had much to do in bringing Strafford to his death, he was not in any way concerned with the execution of Charles I., and had, on the contrary, always been opposed to that great mistake. However, in the month of July 1660, he was sent to the Tower, whence he was taken to be imprisoned in the Scilly Isles, then brought back to the Tower in March 1662, and beheaded on Tower Hill in that same year. At his trial he had pleaded Charles's promise of a "merciful indemnity to all those not immediately concerned in his father's death," which should, at any rate, have saved Sir Harry from the scaffold. But Vane was too good a man for Charles to tolerate, and his execution was a judicial murder of the basest kind. Both Houses of Parliament had voted

for an Act of Indemnity in Vane's favour, but they were over-ruled by the King and his creatures. Pepys took the trouble to rise early on the morning of the 14th of June to see Vane's execution. "Up by four o'clock in the morning and upon business in my office. Then we sat down to business, and about eleven o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower Hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Harry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriffe and others there, and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him (reporters?) to be given to the Sheriffe, and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done." Sir Harry had been a thorn in Cromwell's flesh, and the Protector's exclamation, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" is historical.

To return to the year 1660, Colonels Axten and Hacker, the latter of whom had commanded the guard at the King's trial and at his execution, together with one of his judges, Thomas Scott, were hanged at Charing Cross.

In October of the same year, Henry Martin, one of the most prominent of the regicides, was imprisoned for life, and died twenty years later in Chepstow Castle. Another was General Edmund Ludlow, author of the "Memoirs," who died in Switzerland, after an exile of thirty-two years. Some twenty persons in all were executed in the most brutal fashion, while the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and the greatest sailor that England ever had before Nelson, Blake, were torn from their graves in the Abbey, gibbeted at Tyburn, and buried beneath the gallows, Cromwell's head having been cut from the body and stuck up on Westminster Hall.



Old Cannon and Mortars on the west side of the White Tower

Charles's government respected neither the dead nor the rights of nations in the matter of taking vengeance upon the late King's judges.

On the 22nd of April 1661, Charles left Whitehall in state for the Tower, to prepare for his coronation in the Abbey the following day, as was the custom. Charles the Second was the last of our sovereigns to sleep in the Tower on the eve of his coronation, he being lodged that night in the royal apartments on the southern side of the White Tower, the greater part of the Palace, including the Great Hall, having been pulled down during the Protectorate.

We will let Pepys recount the procession from the Tower—where, as was also the custom, Charles had created a number of Knights of the Bath—to Whitehall. “Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters, and his son and wife, and Sir W. Penn, and his son and I, went to Mr Young's, the flagmaker, in Corne-hill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of the day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-clothes, among others my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave show of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarkable were the two men that represented the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops came next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being the Master of the Horse; the King, in a most rich and embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow

the vintner (Wadlow was the original of 'Sir Simon the King,' the favourite air of Squire Western in 'Tom Jones') at the Devil in Flete Streete, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. Then followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows, one of which over against us I took much notice of, and spoke to her, which made good sport among us. Glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome with it. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window."

Another contemporary writer says: "Even the vaunting French confessed their pomps of the late marriage with the Infanta of Spain (the wedding of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Spain) at their Majesties' entrance into Paris, to be inferior in state, gallantry, and riches, to this most glorious cavalcade from the Tower."

The same year that saw the coronation of Charles witnessed a strange form of punishment to three prisoners in the Tower. These were Lord Monson, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Robert Wallop, who were imprisoned for holding republican views. They were sentenced to lose their rank, to be drawn on hurdles to Tyburn from the Tower and back again, and imprisoned for life.

A large number of other political prisoners were sent to the different prisons throughout the country, and many were also shipped off to the Pacific Islands, where they were sold as slaves. Perhaps the worst case of any was that of three of the late King's judges who had escaped into Holland. They were seized in that country by an emissary of the English Government, and, against all the laws of nations, brought back to England, imprisoned in the Tower, and suffered death as felons. These three

STEEPLE IN SOUTHWARKE IN ITS FLOURISHING CONDITION BEFORE THE FIRE. Reproduced by the author of Page 3.

D O N



*London before the Great Fire.
(From an Engraving by Hollar.)*

men were Colonel Okey—whom we mentioned as having attempted to seize the Tower after Cromwell's death—Colonel Barkstead, and Miles Corbet. They were executed in April 1662. Barkstead had been knighted by Cromwell, the Parliament had entrusted him with the custody of the Tower, and he had also acted as Major-General of London. He is supposed to have enriched himself whilst head of the Tower, by exacting money from the prisoners in his keeping. His head was placed over the Traitor's Gate in the Tower. Although he and his companions may have deserved their fate, the manner of their seizure reflects the greatest discredit upon the government of Charles, which, as I have already said, neither respected the rights of the living nor revered the dead.

Between the years 1660 and 1667, some necessary repairs were undertaken in the Tower, some five hundred pounds being expended thereon. In 1680 more extensive repairs were made, owing to reports made by members of the House of Lords who had been appointed by the King in Council, to inquire into "repairs and other works to be done, in and about the said Tower of London, for the safety and convenience of the garrison therein" (Harleian MSS.). An elaborate report was drawn up, the estimate for the necessary alterations amounting to £6097, 2s., but like most of the important undertakings at that time, little, if anything, was accomplished. The order for these repairs issued by the Treasury stated that the above sum would be provided "so soon as the state of His Majesty's affairs would permit": but knowing the state of Charles's "affairs," we may be sure nothing came of it.

During the Great Fire of 1666, the Tower ran the most perilous risk in all its history of utter destruction, and it was only by the timely blowing up of the buildings which abutted on the walls of the fortress and by the side of the moat, that the historical structure was saved. The conflagration began at midnight on the 1st September

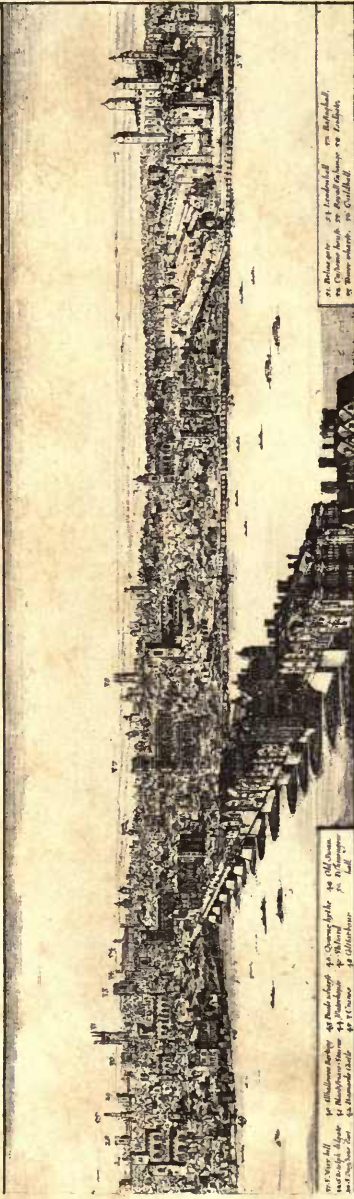
in a house in Pudding Lane, not far from where the monument erected in its commemoration now stands. Pepys, that most invaluable of chroniclers and domestic historians, then lived in Seething Lane, Crutched Friars. "Lord's Day, 2nd September," he writes: "I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places (perhaps Pepys mounted to the top of the White Tower), Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me. And there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire in this and the other side of this and of that bridge." On the seventh of this September Pepys bears witness to the King's energy in bringing assistance to the sufferers by the conflagration. "In the meantime," he writes, "his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the Graffs (?), which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire, and attacked the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond expression, for several miles about the country."

Charles certainly showed the Stuart courage as well as resourcefulness at a crisis, for there can be little doubt that he was chiefly instrumental in saving the Tower, by ordering the blowing up of the dangerous buildings attached to its walls.

In Hollar's panoramic view of London before and after the Great Fire, here reproduced, it will be seen how very close was the approach of the conflagration to the walls of the ancient fortress. Another danger threatened the Tower in this same year, a Captain Rathbone, with some other officers, having formed a plan for scaling the outer walls, and killing Sir John Robinson,* after securing the

* Sir John Robinson was a clothworker, and elected Alderman of Dowgate, December 18th, 1655, and chosen Sheriff, June 24th, 1657. He was removed to Cripplegate, December 7th, 1658, and made Lord Mayor in 1662, being appointed Lieutenant of the Tower on September 22nd, 1663. He was the eldest son of the Reverend William

APPEARETH NOW AFTER THE SAD CALAMITIE AND DESTRUCTION BY FIRE. In the Year M. DC. LXVI.



For the City of London
 and the Liberties thereof
 by W. Verelst, Surveyor of the City
 and the Liberties, 1667
 and R. Kneller, Surveyor of the
 City of London, 1668

For the City of London
 and the Liberties thereof
 by W. Verelst, Surveyor of the City
 and the Liberties, 1667
 and R. Kneller, Surveyor of the
 City of London, 1668

Printed and Sold by W. Verelst, Surveyor of the City of London, 1667

London after the Great Fire,
 (From an Engraving by Hollar)

gates. It was one of the Anti-Royalist plots with which the period was so rife, and, like the majority of them, ended in failure; Rathbone and his gang were taken prisoners and promptly hanged at Tyburn.

Among other prisoners there at this time was Thomas, Lord Buller of Moor Park, incarcerated for having challenged the Duke of Buckingham to a duel, and also the Marquis of Dorchester, for "quarrelling with and using ill language to that duke"; the latter was likewise in the Tower, and not for the first time. On this occasion Buckingham was charged with treasonable correspondence and with stirring up a mutiny in the Army. Few persons of the time were so frequently made acquainted with the prison chambers of the Tower as this roystering ne'er-do-well, "that life of pleasure, and that soul of whim," George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was, in all, five times confined in the Tower, his first visit having been paid during the Protectorate because he had married Fairfax's daughter, an event that greatly enraged Cromwell. In 1666 he was imprisoned for insulting Lord Ossory, the son of the Duke of Ormond, in the House of Lords. But he was never a prisoner for long, the last occasion being when, together with Shaftesbury, Wharton, and Salisbury, he opposed the "Courtiers' Parliament." All four were sent to the Tower, but Buckingham, after making a humble apology, was released. On leaving the Tower he passed under Shaftesbury's windows; the latter had refused to submit. "What," said Shaftesbury to Buckingham, "are you leaving us?" "Why, yes," answered Buckingham, "such

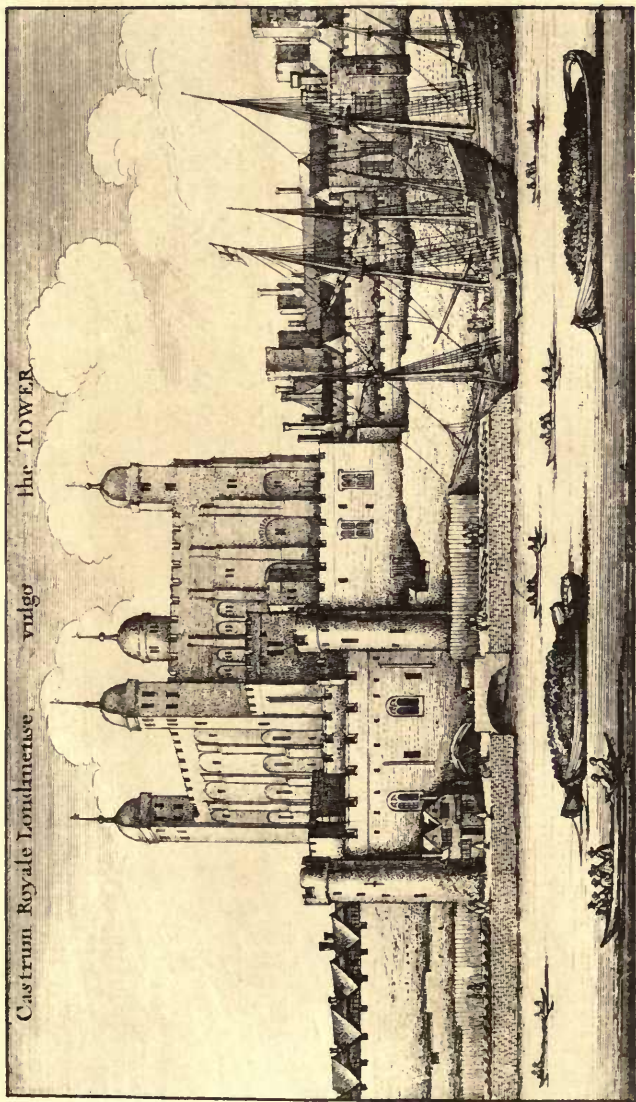
Robinson, Archdeacon of Nottingham, and was knighted at Canterbury on 26th May 1660, and created a baronet in the June of the same year. . . . He was a nephew of Archbishop Laud, and married Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore, a knight and an alderman. He was Lieutenant of the Tower from 1661 to 1678. King Charles II. and his Queen, the Queen-mother and the Duke and Duchess of York, dined with him at the Clothworkers' Hall, where he kept his mayoralty on the 23rd of June 1663. The pageant performed by his Company at his inauguration was entitled "London's Triumph." The *Gazette* of April 23rd to 26th, 1666, contains an account of the trial of certain persons for high treason for conspiring to kill him and other officers of the Tower, and to fire the city. He was a benefactor to the Clothworkers' Company, who still preserve his portrait in their hall.

giddy fellows as I am can never stay long in one place."

Constantly in trouble, Buckingham was so boon a companion of the King's that Charles could not long let him remain out of his sight, whatever the follies of which the Duke might have been guilty. Another of these brilliant but dissipated friends and courtiers of Charles II. who was sent to the Tower, was the infamously famous John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He was there in 1669 for having abducted Elizabeth Mallet, "la triste heritière," as Grammont calls her. Ultimately Rochester married the lady, and she made a most devoted wife to a most worthless and unfaithful husband.

Charles had been greatly irritated by the preference of the beautiful Frances Stuart, "la Belle Stewart" of Grammont, for the Duke of Richmond, and his rival had to pass three weeks in the Tower in consequence of the Royal jealousy. The Duke, however, had his way, and married the fair Frances after eloping with her. Another of Charles's courtiers was placed in the fortress in 1665, Lord Morley, for having killed a Mr Hastings. Morley was a noted duellist, and also what was afterwards termed a "Mohawk," and aided by one, Bromwich, had murdered his victim in a street brawl.

Pepys, we have noted, was often in and about the Tower during these years, but the most interesting entry in his diary relating to the fortress, belongs to the year 1662. Under the date of the 20th October he writes: "To my Lord Sandwich, who was in his chamber all alone, and did inform me that an old acquaintance hath discovered to him £7000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for the discovery, my lord two, and the King the other three, when it is found; and the King's warrant to search, runs for me and one Mr Lee. So we went, and the guard at the Tower Gate making me leave my sword, I was forced to stay so long at the alehouse close by, till my boy run home for my cloak. Then walked to Minchen



*The Tower in the time of Charles II
(from an etching by Hollar)*



Lane, and got from Sir H. Bennet the King's warrant for the paying of £2000 to my lord and other two of the discoverers. After dinner we broke the matter to the Lord Mayor, who did not, and durst not, appear the least averse to it. So Lee and I and Mr Wade were joined by Evett, the guide, W. Giffin, and a porter with pickaxes. Coming to the Tower, our guide demanded a candle, and down into the cellars he goes. He went into several little cellars and then out-of-doors to view, but none did answer so well to the marks as one arched vault, where after much talk, to digging we went, till about eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing, yet the guides were not discouraged. Locking the door, we left for the night, and up to the Deputy Governor, and he do undertake to keep the key, that none shall go down without his privity.

November 1st. To the Tower to make one trial more, where we staid several hours, and dug a great deal under the arches, but we missed of all and so we went away the second time like fools. To the Dolphin Tower. Met Wade and Evett, who do say that they had from Barkstead's own mouth." Pepys and his fellow treasure-hunters then paused in their operations, but on the 17th December we read in the Diary, "This morning were Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design upon the Tower, but it raining, and the work being done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next." And this is the last we hear of the Tower treasure, and for all that we know that £7000 is still under some vault in the old building, hidden in the "butter firkins" in which it was supposed to have been placed.

Three years after the Great Fire, Pepys gives an account of a visit he paid to his friend Sir William Coventry on the 11th of March 1669, when he went to see him in what was then called "My Lord of Northumberland's Walk," a place not now to be identified, which had at its end an iron shield with the Earl's arms engraved upon it and holes in which to place a peg for every turn

made by the pedestrian during his walk : this must have been the prison exercise of the so-called "Wizard Earl," Raleigh's friend.

Pepys visited his friend Sir William Coventry very frequently when the latter was imprisoned in the Tower. Sir William had, through the medium of Henry Savile, challenged the Duke of Buckingham to a duel in March 1669, and three days after the challenge Savile was committed to the Gate House Prison, and Coventry to the Tower.

Savile was a gentleman of the Duke of York's, who, being indignant at the slight put upon him by being sent to the Gate House, asked if he might not be sent to the Tower, and his wish was granted. Pepys was unremitting in his attentions to his old friend Coventry, although by constantly seeing him he was placing himself in the black books of Charles and the Duke of York. We find him calling, on March 4th, upon Coventry in his prison in the Brick Tower when he was in charge of a son of "Major Bayly's, one of the officers of the Ordnance," again on the following day he visits him and finds Coventry, "with abundance of company with him." The visits were continued on the following days until the 16th of the same month, after which Coventry was liberated. The stir his imprisonment had made, and the number of visitors who called upon him—in one day some sixty coaches stood waiting outside the Tower Gates for those who called on Sir William—had much annoyed the King, the Duke of York, and Buckingham. Sir William Coventry, of whom Bishop Burnet writes that he was "a man of great notions and eminent virtue; the best speaker in the House of Commons, and capable of bearing the chief ministry, as it was once thought he was very near it, and deserved it more than all the rest did," after this quarrel with Buckingham and his imprisonment in the Tower retired from public affairs, going to Minster Lovel in Oxfordshire, and dying at the age of sixty, in 1686. He had been Secretary of



COLL. BLOOD

Colonel Blood.
(From a Contemporary Engraving.)



the Admiralty, and twice member for Yarmouth, and in 1667 had been one of the Commission of the Treasury.

There is a blank in the list of commitments to the Tower between the years 1668 and 1678. They are supposed to have been lost, but we know that the year after Pepys' friend Sir John Robinson had ceased to command in the Tower, the gossiping diarist himself was a prisoner within the walls, having been in some way concerned in the so-called Popish Plot of 1679. It is greatly to be deplored that no account of Samuel's experiences in the Tower have come down to us, for his diary ends ten years before this date: Pepys was in the Tower from the month of May 1679 until the following February. His expenses, however, have been recorded:—"For safe keeping of Sir Anthony Deane and Mr Pepys, from and for the 22nd day of May 1679 unto and for the 24th of June 1679, being four weeks and six dayes, at £3 per week, ancient allowance, and 13s. 4d. per weeke, present demands, according to the retrenchments, £6, 9s. 6d." (Bayley's "Tower of London.")

Among other prisoners in the Tower in this reign was Nathaniel Desborow, or Disbrew, as his name is sometimes written. Desborow was Cromwell's brother-in-law, "clumsy and ungainly in his person," and, a born plotter, he hated all who were placed above him. He had been made Chancellor of Ireland by his nephew Richard Cromwell, but nevertheless he helped to pull down the Protector's son and successor from his short-lived position. There were many others besides, imprisoned for political and non-political offences, and of the latter was Stephen Thomson, who was imprisoned for "stealing and conveying beyond the seas the sole daughter and heiress of Sir Edmund Alleyn, deceased, she being an infant."

The most sensational event that occurred in the Tower during the reign of Charles II. was the attempt made by a ruffian who called himself "Colonel" Blood to steal the Crown and Regalia. Blood, half sailor, half highwayman,

and a complete scoundrel, was about fifty years old when, in the month of May 1671, he made what was literally a dash for the Crown. Blood appears to have served under Cromwell, and consequently styled himself "Colonel"; after the war he became a spy of the Government, and a short time before his performance at the Tower he had almost succeeded in having the old Duke of Ormond hanged on the gallows at Tyburn.

At this time Sir Gilbert Talbot held the appointment of "Master of the Jewel House." The allowance for this charge had been reduced, and, as a kind of compensation, the Master had permission to allow the public to inspect the Regalia, then kept in the Martin Tower, or Jewel Tower, as it was then called, a fee being charged which became the Master's perquisite. Three weeks before Blood made his attempt, he had called at the Martin Tower disguised as a clergyman, "with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle." He was accompanied by a woman whom he represented as his wife. The lady requested permission to see the Regalia, but soon after being admitted to the Tower complained of "a qualm upon her stomach," and old Talbot Edwards, who had been an old servant of Sir Gilbert's, and had been placed by him in charge of the Regalia, called to his wife to look after the *soi-disant* Mrs Blood. That lady having been given something to remove her "qualms" was, together with her husband, most profuse in the expression of her gratitude to the old keeper and his wife, and promised to return upon an early occasion.

The next time Blood came to the Tower he was alone, bringing some gloves for Edwards's wife as a token of gratitude for the kindness shown to "Mrs Blood." On this occasion he informed Edwards that he had a young nephew who was well off, and in search of a wife, and suggested that a match might be arranged between him and their daughter. Blood was invited to bring his nephew to make the acquaintance of the young

lady, and it was arranged that the old couple should give a dinner at which the meeting should take place. At the dinner Blood took it upon himself, being still in his clerical disguise, to say grace, which he did with great unction, concluding with a long-winded oration, and a prayer for the Royal family. After the meal he visited the rooms in the Tower, and seeing a fine pair of pistols hanging on the wall, asked if he might buy them to give to a friend. He then said that he would return with a couple of friends who were about to leave London, and who were anxious to see the Regalia before leaving, it being decided that he should bring them the next morning. That day was the 9th of May, and at seven in the morning old Talbot Edwards was ready to receive his reverend friend and his companions, who soon put in an appearance. Blood and his confederates had arms concealed about them, each carrying daggers, pocket pistols, and rapier blades in their canes.

They were taken up the stairs into the room where the Regalia was kept, but immediately they had entered, the ruffians threw a cloak over Edwards's head and gagged him with a wooden plug, which had a small hole in it so that the person gagged could breathe; this they fastened with a piece of waxed leather which encircled his neck, and placed an iron hook on his nose so as to prevent him from crying out. They swore they would murder him if he attempted to give an alarm—which the poor old fellow could scarcely have done under the circumstances. But the plucky old keeper struggled hard, whereupon they beat him upon the head with a wooden mallet, and stabbed him until he fainted. The villains, thinking they had killed him, then turned their attention to rifling the treasures in the room. One of them, Parrot, put the orb in his breeches pocket, Blood placed the Crown under his cloak, and the third began to file the sceptre in two pieces, it being too long to carry away without being seen. At this moment steps were heard;

Edwards's young son having just returned from Flanders in the very nick of time. The thieves dashed down the stairs past the young man who was coming up, carrying with them the orb and crown, the sceptre being left behind in the hurry of their flight. The pursuit was immediate; young Edwards had brought with him his brother-in-law, a Captain Beckman, and the latter hearing cries of "Treason! Murder!" from the terrified women in the Tower, and the cry "The Crown is stolen!" rushed after Blood and the two other men. These had meanwhile crossed the drawbridge between the Main Guard at the White Tower and the Wharf; at the bridge a warder had tried to stop them, but Blood fired his pistol, and the man, although not wounded, fell to the ground, and they dashed past him. At St Katharine's Gate, near which horses were in waiting for the thieves, Beckman overtook them; Blood again discharged his pistol but missed his pursuer, who ducking his head, promptly seized the sham clergyman, from under whose cloak the Crown fell to the ground, rolling in the gutter. Then followed what the *London Gazette* of the day called a "robustious struggle," Blood ultimately being secured, remarking that "It was a gallant attempt, for it was for a Crown!"

When the Crown fell to the ground, some of the gems came loose from their settings, and a large ruby, which had belonged to the sceptre, was found in Parrot's pocket. Little harm, however, was done, except to the poor old keeper, who was nearly eighty years of age and had been terribly injured; he was soon past all suffering, and was buried in the Chapel of St Peter's, where his gravestone can still be seen.

After his capture Blood occupied a prison in the White Tower for a short time, but the King soon sent for him. And although it is not, and cannot be known, whether Charles was an accessory or not in the attempted theft, or whether Blood knew too much of the King's affairs,

yet, whatever the reason, Blood was not only pardoned but rewarded, the King giving him a pension of £500 a year, and bestowing upon him landed estates in Ireland, the "Colonel" becoming one of the most assiduous of the Whitehall courtiers. Whether Charles also rewarded Blood's accomplices is not recorded, but none of them were ever punished for the attempted robbery. John Evelyn recounts meeting Blood at court on the 10th of May 1671. "How he came to be pardoned," he writes, "and ever received into favour, not only after this but several other exploits almost as daring, both in Ireland and here, I never could come to understand. This man had not only a daring, but a villainous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well-spoken, and dangerously insinuating."

Charles the Second, always in want of money, might very possibly have commissioned Blood, after he had stolen the Crown, to pawn or sell its gems in Holland or elsewhere, and the thieves could then have divided the spoil. There can be little doubt that had not young Edwards and his brother-in-law arrived at the Tower when they did, Blood and the two, or others, would have got safely away with the jewels. The plot had been admirably planned, and only the accident of the return of the keeper's son, which Blood could not possibly have foreseen, prevented its successful accomplishment.

In later years Blood is said to have become a Quaker—not a desirable recruit for that most respectable body, one would imagine. He died in 1680, and has had the honour of having had his bold, bad face placed in the National Portrait Gallery; it fully bears out Evelyn's description of the "villainous unmerciful" look of the man.

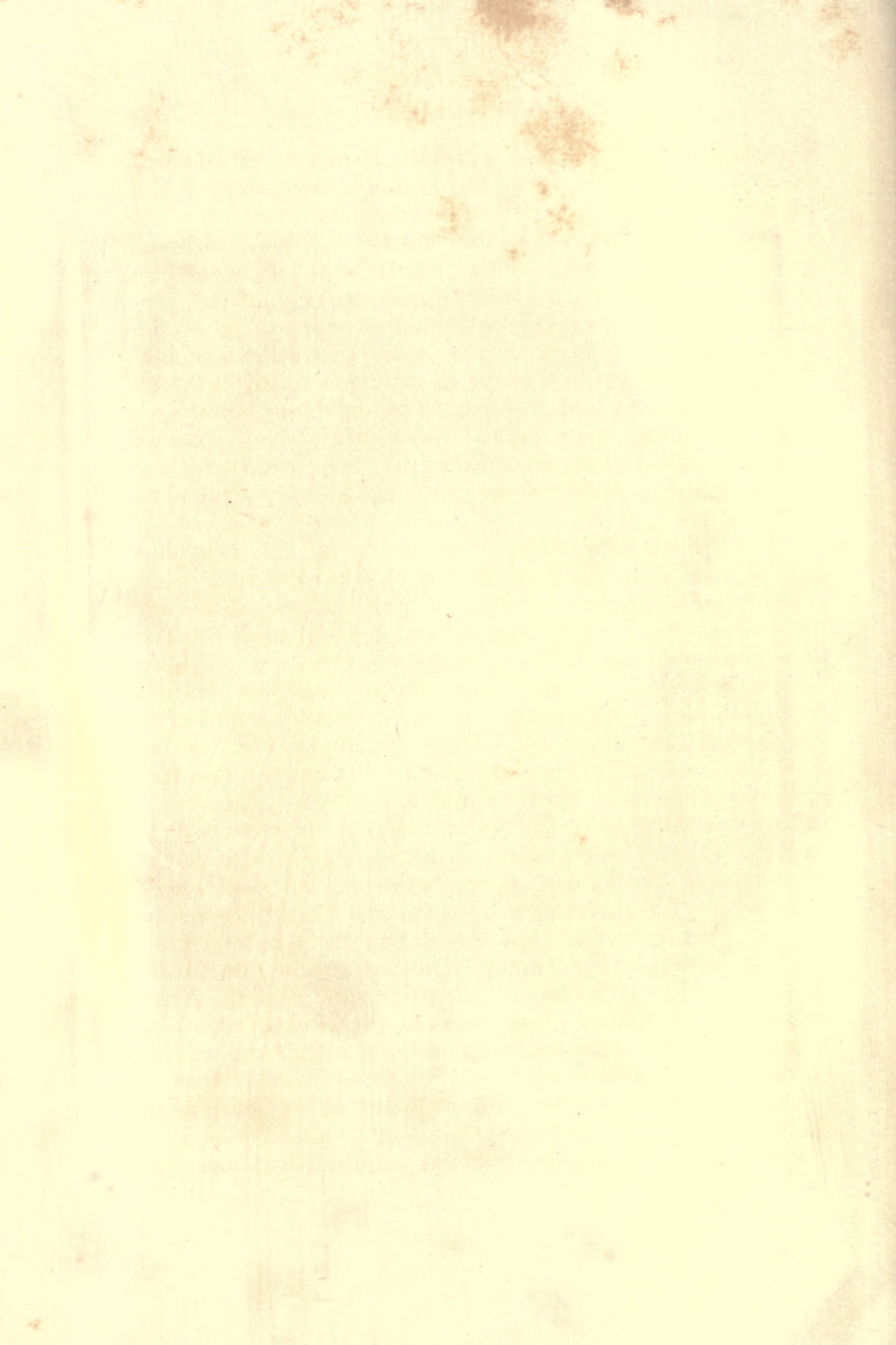
A very different individual from Blood, who was also in the Tower about the same time, was William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. He had been imprisoned for no offence, unless that of writing a pamphlet on Unitarianism could be considered a punishable crime. William Penn's

father, the celebrated Admiral, Sir William, had accused the Duke of York of showing cowardice in a sea fight with the Dutch, and the son's pamphlet was made the stick with which to beat the father. Young Penn passed some months in the Tower, where he wrote his famous work, "No Cross, no Crown." Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, was sent to the Tower to see, and to convert, the young Quaker from his errors in belief, but Penn only said to the prelate: "The Tower is to me the worst argument in the world," and Stillingfleet found that he could make no impression.

In 1678, William Howard, Viscount Stafford, a Roman Catholic peer, was accused of being concerned in the Popish Plot, that monstrous tangle of lies, invented, for the greater part, by the infamous Titus Oates. Stafford was accused by Oates, with four other Roman Catholic peers, of being mixed up in the plot to overthrow the King, and to place the Duke of York upon the throne. From his place in the House of Lords Stafford had declared his innocence of the charge, but he was committed to close imprisonment in the Tower in the month of October (1678), remaining a prisoner until the month of November 1680, when he was tried at Westminster Hall, Titus Oates being the principal witness against him. In Reresby's "Memoirs" it is said that Charles wished to save Stafford, whom he knew to be innocent; but his mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, whom Reresby believed to have been bribed, prevented the King from acting in the matter as he would otherwise have done, and Charles allowed an innocent man to be judicially murdered in order not to thwart his mistress's wishes. Stafford was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 29th of December 1680, the crowd hooting him on his way to the scaffold, for Titus Oates's infamous accusations had made any Roman Catholic an object of hatred to the populace. On Stafford asking one of the Sheriffs, of the name of Cornish, to interfere, the latter brutally replied: "I am ordered to stop no man's



*William, Lord Russell.
(From the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.)*



mouth but your own." So fervently, however, did Stafford proclaim his innocence on the scaffold, that many of the spectators, "with heads uncovered, exclaimed: 'We believe you, God bless you, my Lord!'" "He perished," writes Sir J. Reresby, "in the firmest denial of what had been laid to his charge, and that in so cogent and persuasive a manner, that all the beholders believed his words, and grieved his destiny." The same tribunal which had condemned Stafford, three years after his death reversed the attainder they had pronounced against him, it having, in the meanwhile, been proved that Stafford had perished an innocent man, done to death by the false witness of the villain Oates. Lord Stafford was buried in the Chapel of St Peter's.

The Rye House Plot brought two of the best and noblest heads in England to the block—William, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney. Both suffered death for the good cause of the liberty of England. Russell was the proto-martyr in that faith, Sidney the second.

England under Charles the Second was fast drifting back into the worst of the tyrannies that had darkened her former history. The King, as he proved on his death-bed, was a Roman Catholic in religion, and although professing to belong to the Church of England, moved in the steps of his brother James, who was an avowed Papist; and the country was rapidly becoming, politically, a dependency of the French King, and, in religion, a fief of the Pope. The four most conspicuous Englishmen who clearly saw the danger that threatened the freedom, both civil and religious, of England, and who had done their utmost to save their country—patriots in the best sense of that much-abused term, were at the time of the discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683, either out of the country or in prison.

Shaftesbury, after an imprisonment of five weeks in the Tower, had crossed to Holland after his liberation in November 1681. The news of his acquittal had been re-

ceived with great rejoicings in the city, Reresby writing that "the rabble lighted bonfires." The Duke of York, according to Lenthall, expressed his indignation publicly at "such insolent defiance of authority such as he had never before known." But Shaftesbury's friends and admirers had a medal struck in honour of his liberation, on one side being the Earl's portrait in profile, and on the other a view of London taken from the Southwark side of the Thames, with the sun casting its rays over the Tower from out the clouds; above is inscribed the word, "Laetamur," with the date 24 of November 1681 beneath. This medal gave rise to Dryden's satirical poem called "The Medal," in which he compares Shaftesbury to Achitophel.

Russell, Sidney, and Essex were arrested and placed in the prisons of the Tower. They suffered death in the cause of constitutional liberty, as against the arbitrary power of the King, and also for wishing to exclude the Duke of York from the succession to the throne after his brother's death. This plan was quite distinct from the Rye House Plot—a plot that arranged for the assassination of the King and the Duke of York on their road to Newmarket races.

Russell and Sidney were betrayed by Lord Howard of Escrick, and although warned of his danger, Russell, unlike Shaftesbury, refused to flee, saying he had done nothing to make him fear meeting the justice of his country. However, on entering the Tower, he seems to have had a foreboding of his fate, for turning round to his attendant, Taunton, he said he knew that there was "a determination against him to take his life, for the devil is unchained." "From the moment of his arrest," writes Bishop Burnet, "he looked upon himself as a dying man, and turned his thoughts wholly to another world. He read much in the Scriptures, particularly in the Psalms. But, whilst he behaved with the serenity of a man prepared for death, his friends exhibited an honourable anxiety to

save his life. Lord Essex would not leave his house, lest his absconding might incline a jury to give more credit to the evidence against Lord Russell. The Duke of Monmouth offered to come in and share fortunes with him, if it would do him any service. But he answered, 'It would be of no advantage to him to have his friends die with him.'

During the fortnight which elapsed between his arrest and his sentence, Russell's devoted wife did all that was humanly possible to save her husband's life, and the night before the trial she wrote to him: "Your friends believe I can do you some service at your trial. I am certainly willing to try; my resolution will hold out, pray let yours. But it may be the Court will not let me. However, do let me try." Lady Russell not only tried, but succeeded in being of assistance to her husband during his trial, which took place in Westminster Hall on July 13th, 1683. Lord Russell asked his judges if he might have "some one to help his memory," as he put it, and the request being granted, "My wife," he said, "is here to do it." And all through that long summer day, whilst he was being tried for his life, Lady Russell sat by her husband's side writing down notes of the evidence, and giving him her advice. When the news came, during the course of the trial, that Essex had been found in the Tower with his throat cut, Russell burst into tears. He wept for the fate of his friend, whilst his own misfortunes only made him appear the more serene and indifferent to the malice of his enemies. Jeffries, who presided, took care in his charge to the jury to turn Essex's untimely end into an additional proof of Russell's guilt.

Essex had been arrested soon after Russell, and on the same charge, that of being concerned in the Rye House Plot, and was accused of high treason. Taken from his seat at Cassiobury to the Tower, he was placed in the same room which was occupied by his father. It is described in the depositions placed before the Commissioners

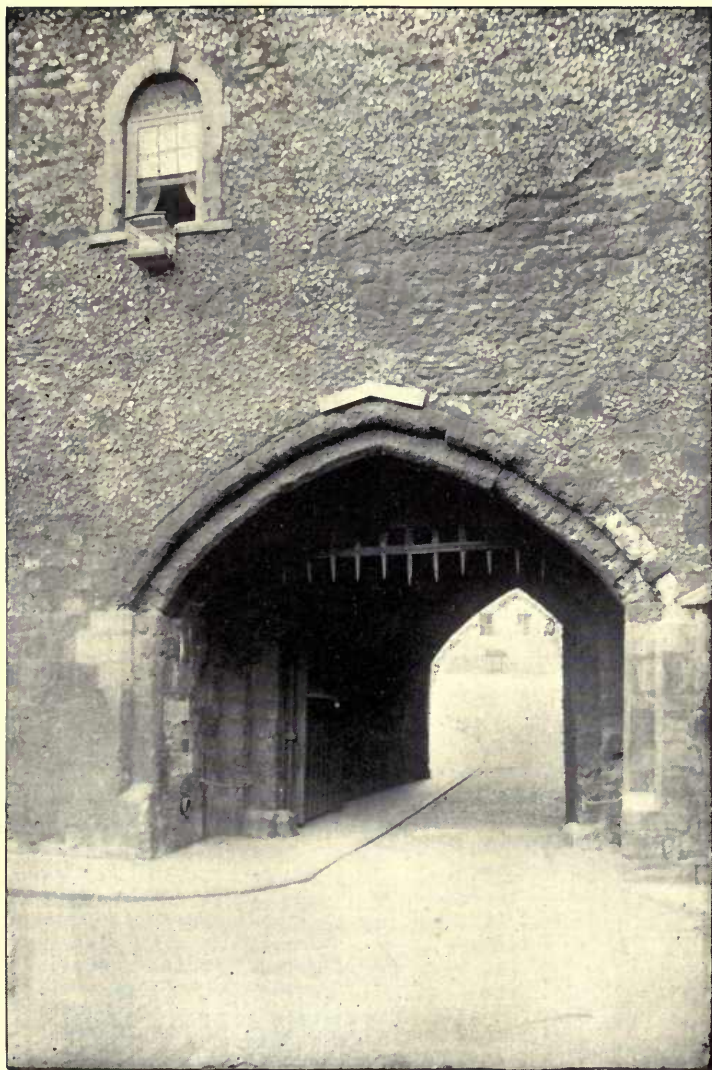
in William the Third's time, as being "on the left hand as you go up the mound, after passing the Bloody Tower Gate." In Dalrymple's history it is stated that Essex was confined in the same room which his father, Lord Capel, had occupied, and in which Lady Essex's grandfather, the Earl of Northumberland, had killed himself in Elizabeth's reign. To this prison Essex was brought in the month of July in the year 1683—a year so fatal to some of England's truest patriots—and there, as has already been stated, he was found with his throat cut. Whether Essex died by his own hand, or by the hands of others, will never be known. On the whole, the evidence points to suicide; and this is the opinion of the most trustworthy authorities, such as Green and Gardiner.

Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, had been one of the most popular of the liberal leaders in the country. He had held high offices in the State, he had been Ambassador from the court of Charles II. to that of Copenhagen, he had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and, for a short time, Prime Minister. The only son of the gallant Lord Capel of Hadham, who had been executed by Cromwell, Essex had every reason to expect some gratitude from the son of the man for whose sake his father had given his life. But with the Stuarts the sense of gratitude was an unknown quantity, and Essex was doomed to share the fates of his friends, Russell and Sidney, accused by the same traitor who had betrayed both them and himself. On the day of Essex's death, the King and his brother James had been visiting the Tower, a place in which neither of them had set foot for a dozen years. After James's flight at the Revolution, it was eagerly believed that this visit was in some way connected with Essex's death. In a curious contemporary print, Essex is seen being murdered by three well-dressed individuals, the position in which his body was found after death being also shown at the same time. In the depositions alluded to above, the sentry at the prison door stated that two men had entered the room



Arthur Comte d'Essex





Gate and Portcullis in the Bloody Tower

on the morning of the Earl's death, that an alarm was given by Essex's valet when he found his master's body on the floor of the closet next his bedroom with his throat cut. Two children deposed that they had seen a hand throwing a razor out of the Earl's window, that a woman then left the house and picked it up. A sentry, named Robert Meek, who had made some remarks tending to prove that Essex had met with foul play, was found dead soon afterwards in the Tower moat.

Bad and heartless as were both the King and his brother James, none can believe that they would commit a cold-blooded murder themselves; and had they hired others to do so, the fact of the brothers having gone that same morning to the fortress gives the idea of murder high improbability, and Essex's death will remain one of the many unsolved tragic mysteries of the Tower. That the authorities believed the theory of suicide is proved by the register of St Peter's in the Tower, in which is the following entry: "Arthur, Earl of Essex, cutt his own throat within the Tower, July 13, 1683. Buried in this Chapel."

But to return to Lord Russell. After his condemnation, and during the few days that were left to him on earth, Russell was visited by Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, as well as by Bishop Burnet, both of whom urged him to sign a paper declaring his adherence to the principle of non-resistance, which they declared to be an article of Christian faith. Russell said, in answer, that he had always believed in the right of a nation to defend its religion and liberties when they were threatened, expressing his willingness to give up his life in their defence; and if he erred in this, "God," he said, "would forgive him, as it would be the sin of ignorance." He also told the prelates that both he and Lady Russell were agreed on this subject, and that nothing could alter their views. Lady Russell was fighting in these days to save the life she valued far above her own; but all was useless; it was

a hopeless struggle. "I wish," said Lord Russell, "that my wife would give over beating every bush for my preservation"; but he added, "if it will be any consolation for her after my death to have done her utmost to save me I cannot blame her."

On the 19th of July, two days before the day fixed for his execution, Russell wrote a letter to the King that was not to be delivered to Charles until after the writer's death. In that letter he assured the monarch that "he had always acted for the best interests of the Crown, and that if he had been mistaken he hoped the King's displeasure would be satisfied with his death, and would not extend to his widow and children." The following day he received the Blessed Sacrament from Tillotson. "Do you believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith as taught by the Church of England?" asked the Dean; and Russell assenting, "Do you," continued the Dean, "forgive all your enemies?" "With all my heart," answered Russell. Then after reading and signing the paper which he intended to give to the Sheriff on the scaffold—his farewell to his country—Russell sent for his wife, who came at once, bringing with her their three children. "Stay and sup with me," he said to her, "let us eat our last earthly food together." At ten o'clock that night the parting between these two took place. "Both," writes Burnet, "were silent and trembling, their eyes full of tears which did not overflow. When she had left, 'Now,' said he, 'the bitterness of death is past.' Then he broke down: 'What a blessing she has been to me, and what a misery it would have been if she had been crying to me to turn informer and to be a Lord Howard.' And then he praised his devoted wife to the good Bishop as she deserved to be praised, for a nobler, more loyal or devoted wife than Rachel, Lady Russell, is not to be found in all history."

Some of the things Russell said to Burnet on that last evening of his life are well worth recording. Speaking of death he said, "What a great change death made, and

how wonderfully those new scenes would strike on a soul." He had heard, he told Burnet, "how some persons who had been born blind were struck when, by the couching of their cataracts, they obtained their sight; but what," said he, "if the first thing they saw were the rising sun?"

Lincoln's Inn Fields was the place chosen for his execution, the scaffold being erected not far from his own house. This was on the 29th of July, and when the Sheriffs arrived to take him they found Russell quietly winding up his watch. "Now," he said, "I have done with time, and must think henceforward of Eternity." He then gave the watch as a souvenir to Burnet, that good old Bishop of Salisbury who had clung so closely to his friend in his trials as to a beloved brother, and to whom we owe the touching account of that friend's last days upon earth.

On the 7th of December of this same year, Algernon Sidney was executed on Tower Hill, having been condemned to death by a picked jury and the infamous Chief-Justice Jeffreys, on the trumped-up charge of conspiring against the life of Charles; only one witness appeared against him, but he was condemned by his writings, which were certainly strongly republican; yet, considering what the rule of the second Charles had become, a man of Algernon Sidney's lofty spirit, with his love of freedom, could not have written or thought otherwise. It has been well said of him that not only did he write from his judgment but also from his heart, and he informed his readers of that which he felt as well as that which he knew. He was condemned principally for the treatise in which he advocated the rights of subjects, under certain contingencies, to depose their king, and although this paper had never been published, or, in fact, printed, it was sufficient material for Jeffreys, who bullied the jury into a committal against Sidney. Algernon Sidney's life had been as noble as was his name, but his unbending republican principles had made him the *bête noire* of both Charles and James, and any evidence by which he could

be entrapped into a charge of treason was welcome to them. When he came forth from the Tower to die in the cause of liberty, "Englishmen," as Dalrymple has finely written, "wept not for him as they had done for Lord Russell, their pulses beat high, their hearts swelled, they felt an unusual grandeur and elevation of mind whilst they looked upon him." One of the Sheriffs asked Sidney if it was his intention to make a speech upon the scaffold, to which he answered, "I have made my peace with God, and have nothing to say to man," adding, "I am ready to die, and will give you no further trouble." His last prayers were for "the good old cause." When his head lay on the block, the executioner asked him if he would raise it again. "Not till the general resurrection; strike on!" And these were Algernon Sidney's last words.



James, Duke of Monmouth.
(From a Contemporary Engraving.)

CHAPTER XV

JAMES II.

DURING the four years in which James the Second misgoverned England, the most interesting events connected with the Tower were the tragedy of the Duke of Monmouth's death, and the imprisonment of the Seven Bishops.

James was the first of our sovereigns to omit passing the night previous to his coronation in the Tower, and the fortress now ceased entirely to be a royal residence, being given over to the uses which it still fulfils.

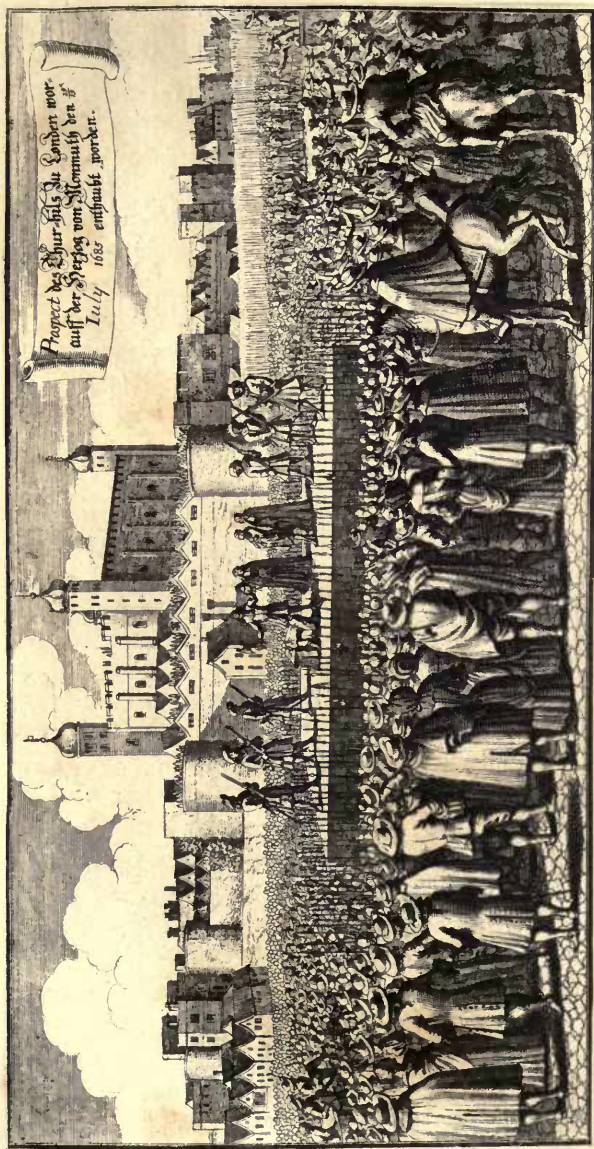
After the Duke of Monmouth's capture near the New Forest, on the 13th of July 1685, after his luckless attempt to wrest the Crown from James at Sedgemoor, he, with Lord Grey of Wark, was brought to London and imprisoned in the Tower, the warrant for his committal being thus worded: "James, Duke of Monmouth, 13 July, for High Treason in levying war against the King and assuming a title to the Crown." Monmouth had married Lady Anne Scott, daughter of the Earl of Buccleuch, when he was only fourteen years of age, but the union does not appear to have been a happy one. When the Duchess came to take her last leave of him after his condemnation, the interview is said "to have passed with decency, but without tokens of affection"; the prisoner's heart was elsewhere. Monmouth had no lack of clergymen to see him pass out of the world at the close of his short and wasted life, for during the day and night before he died, four ecclesiastics were in attendance upon him, and they never left him till the end.

These were Tenison, then Vicar of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, but afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and Primate; Turner, Bishop of Rochester; Hooper, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; and the saint-like Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. When Tenison reproached the Duke for the want of feeling he had shown towards his wife, Monmouth replied that "his heart was turned against her, because in his affliction she had gone to the play and into public companies, by which I knew she did not love me." The woman he loved best, and with whom he had been living, was Lady Harriet Wentworth, the daughter of Lord Cleveland.

Accompanied by the four clergymen, Monmouth left the Tower on the morning of the 15th of July, at ten o'clock; the writ for the delivery of the Duke's body to the Sheriffs is still to be seen in the Record Office, being addressed to Sir William Gostling and Sir Peter Vanderpatt, and endorsed by them on receiving the Duke from the charge of the Lieutenant of the Tower.

Monmouth passed on foot through a lane of soldiers, preceded by three officers, who carried pistols and accompanied him on to the scaffold. The Duke's appearance caused a commotion in the crowd which had come to see him die; he had always been a favourite with the people, his personal beauty probably being the principal reason for his popularity; and he was also regarded as a kind of hero on the Protestant side, as opposed to James the Second and the Romish priests. The populace had recently given him the title of "King Monmouth."

The scaffold was all draped in black. Monmouth made no speech to the people, but only conversed with the clergymen near him; but he had prepared the following statement, written on a sheet of paper, which he gave to one of the Bishops:—"I declare that the title of King was forced upon me, and that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world I do declare that the late King told me he



Prophet des Thur-
hals zu London vor
auff der Straß vom Stommath den 31
July 1685 enthaupt worden.

Execution of the Duke of Monmouth, July, 1685.



was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope that the King who is now, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this 15 July 1685. Monmouth." This extraordinary statement was also signed by the four clerics and the two Sheriffs.

"Pray do your business well," Monmouth said to Jack Ketch, the headsman. "Do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard you struck him four or five times; if you strike me twice, I cannot promise you not to stir." Unfortunately poor Monmouth was even worse served by the executioner than Russell had been, and it was not until the blows had been repeated five times that the once beautiful head was separated from the body. Jack Ketch was almost torn to pieces by the horrified and furious mob.

It is almost incredible to believe, did one not know the baseness of James's character, that he had two medals struck in commemoration of Monmouth's execution—"savage medals," as they were appropriately called. "Thus," writes John Evelyn of Monmouth's death, "ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father, and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit; an excellent soldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, seduced by knaves, who would have set him up only to make a property, and taken the opportunity of the King being of another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He failed and perished, had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him great riches and a second Dukedom in Scotland."

The son of that Marquis of Argyll who had raised the standard of rebellion in Scotland in conjunction with Monmouth's rising in England, and who was beheaded in Edinburgh in the same year, was a prisoner in the Tower for some weeks. The following is the entry with reference to him taken from the Tower records:—"25 June 1685. Archibald Campbell, son to the late Marquis

of Argyll, upon suspicion of dangerous practices to the State. Signed by his Majesty's command. Sunderland." The young man was, however, discharged on the 19th of the following October. After his liberation he went to Holland, returning to England with William III., when he was created first Duke of Argyll.

The Stuarts had solemnly vowed to rule England in the Reformed and Protestant faith, but within a quarter of a century of their restoration, the Church of Rome had not only been allowed by them to recover many of its privileges, but Roman Catholicism had become the religion of the King and court. James had set aside the Test Act, a measure passed by Parliament in 1663, which required every individual in the civil and military employment of the State to take the oath of supremacy and allegiance, to declare against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to declare in favour of the doctrine of the Sacrament as taught by the Church of England. By annulling this act James re-admitted Roman Catholics to any office in the country, both in civil and military situations. Four Roman Catholic peers were added to the Privy Council; priests and Jesuits flocked into the country in great numbers, and Mass was publicly celebrated in the Chapel Royal. London again saw the almost forgotten costumes of the different religious orders, the brown-robed Franciscans, and the white-robed Carmelites, whilst the Jesuit priests opened a school at the Savoy. At the same time the King added largely to the standing army, and a camp of thirteen thousand men was established at Hounslow, destined, if James thought necessary, to keep the capital in check. Whilst James was thus trying to coerce his subjects to the Roman Catholic religion, the Protestants across the Channel were being persecuted by Louis; for by a strange coincidence—if not by a pre-arranged plan—the same year that saw the violation of the Test Act in England, witnessed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in France, with the result that



*Contemporary Portraits of
The Duke of Monmouth & others.*



thousands of French reformers were driven from their homes and crossed to England—a living proof of the curse that a bigoted and arbitrary ruler could be to his subjects.

In the succeeding year, 1686, James attempted to gag the English Church. The King had appointed two Roman Catholic priests to high preferments—Massey to the Deanery of Christ Church, and Parker to the See of Oxford; and when the English clergy protested from their pulpits against these appointments, James summoned an Ecclesiastical Commission, at the head of which he placed Jeffreys. The first action of this Commission was to suspend Compton, Bishop of London, who had refused to suspend the Dean of Norwich (Sharpe), one of the offending preachers against the Papist appointments made by the King.

In 1687 Oxford had the high honour of bringing about the Revolution, which saved England from a fresh tyranny and led to the final overthrow of the Stuart princes.

James intended to place a Roman Catholic, of the name of Farmer, over the Fellows at Magdalen College; but the College, instead of accepting this nominee of the King, chose one of their number, Hough, for their head. Whereupon, the Ecclesiastical Court, with Jeffreys at its head, declared the Magdalen election null and void, and Parker, the Bishop of Oxford, James's nominee to that see, was forced upon Magdalen as its President. Parker died in 1688, and James again appointed a Roman Catholic bishop *in partibus*, Bonaventure Giffard, to take his place. Previously, the King had visited Oxford, and after abusing the Fellows for their independence, had expelled five-and-twenty of them. These arbitrary measures led to a clerical revolt throughout England. In the April of the following year, James issued a form of indulgence, which he ordered to be read in all the churches. By this form the King hoped to unite the Roman Catholics with the Protestant Nonconformists under the banner of "liberty of conscience"

against the Church, and thus make the Church herself assist in her own defeat by the use of his ecclesiastical supremacy (Wakeman's "History of the Church of England").

The clergy protested, and six bishops, with Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at their head, drew up a petition to the King, protesting against the form. The petition was most humble; it stated that the petitioners considered this Declaration of Indulgence to religious dissenters to be founded "upon such a dispensing power as hath often been declared illegal by Parliament, and particularly in the years 1662 and 1672, and in the beginning of your Majesty's reign; and in a matter of so great moment and consequence to the whole nation, both in Church and State, your petitioners cannot, in providence, honour, or conscience, so far make themselves parties to it as the distributors of it all over the nation, and the solemn publication of it once again, even in God's House, and in the time of Divine Service, must amount to in common and reasonable contention."

The King read the petition, scowled, and returned it to Sancroft, saying angrily: "I did not expect this from the Church of England!" adding, "If I change my mind you shall hear from me; if not, I shall expect my commands shall be obeyed."

Three weeks afterwards the Bishops and the Archbishop were summoned to appear before the Privy Council. Jeffreys insolently inquired whether they were ready to give recognisances to be tried for misdemeanours before the Court of the King's Bench, and waiving their plea of being Peers of Parliament, he refused the prelates bail, and had them committed to the Tower. In order to avoid the demonstration in the Bishops' favour, which both James and Jeffreys dreaded if they were taken through the streets of the city, they were conveyed to the Tower in the royal barge along the river. But their passage to the fortress was one long ovation, and as the barge approached the



*The Seven Bishops.
(From a Contemporary Print.)*



Tower, numbers of people rushed knee-deep into the water to receive the blessing of the prelates, and, on their arrival, even the warders received them kneeling at the landing-place.

As the Seven Bishops passed under St Thomas's Tower, and landed at the Traitor's Gate, the bells of St Peter's Chapel were ringing for evening service. Passing over the green, they entered the chapel and attended the service. The appropriateness of the second lesson struck all who were present, being a chapter in the 2nd of Corinthians—"Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed: but in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in distresses, in imprisonments."

A most uncomfortable week must have been passed by these Reverend Fathers of the Church in the Tower, for they were all crowded together in the by no means spacious Martin Tower. On the 15th of June they were taken from the Tower to the bar of the Court of King's Bench—on this occasion they were admitted to bail. Their trial began a fortnight later, taking place in Westminster Hall, and was one of the most memorable of the great historic events that that building has witnessed. When the verdict of "Not guilty" was pronounced, the old oak roof of William Rufus's hall re-echoed with the shouts of the people gathered below; it was a moment, as Wakeman has eloquently written in his "History of the Church of England," "unparalleled in the history of English courts of law. The crowd within and without Westminster Hall broke into a frenzy of enthusiastic joy. Men fell upon each other's necks, and wept and shouted and laughed and wept again; and amid the cheers of men and the boom of cannon the heroes of the Church passed in safety to their homes."

The names of these seven "humble heroes" who had so nobly stood up in defence of the rights of the Church of England and of the liberty of their land, were Sancroft,

the Primate; Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; William Lloyd, Bishop of St Asaph's; John Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough; Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol; and Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely. Sancroft had been promoted from the Deanery of St Paul's to Canterbury after the death of Archbishop Sheldon, and had helped much in the rebuilding of St Paul's. He left a fine library to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, of which he had been master. Thomas Ken was famous for his unaffected piety, and the beautiful hymn he composed. Lloyd helped Bishop Burnet to write his "History of the Reformation." Lake had fought in the army of Charles I., and had been Bishop of Man and Bishop of Bristol, before occupying the See of Chichester; Trelawney was successively Bishop of Bristol, Exeter, and Winchester; and Francis Turner had been Dean of Winchester, a position he had held, together with the Bishopric of Rochester, before being preferred to Ely.

Compared with these men the State prisoners in the Tower in the reign of James II. were not of much interest. After Monmouth's rebellion, Lord Stamford, with Lord Delamere and Charles Gerrard, "commonly called Lord Bandon," were prisoners in the fortress. Sir Robert Cotton and John Crewe Offleigh were in the Tower charged with "dangerous and treasonable practices," and also Mr J. Cook, a member of the House of Commons, "for his indecent and undutiful speech, reflecting on the King and the House of Commons."

A strange case was that of Sir Bevil Skelton, who was a prisoner in September 1688, and "who had been recalled from France for exceeding his instructions in certain political transactions," for not only was he speedily released, but was made Governor of the Tower, an appointment which caused much dissatisfaction. This appointment was the last of James's unpopular acts, and when, three months later, the King fled the country, the



The Seven Bishops going by Water to the Tower.

House of Lords removed Skelton from his post, and gave the keys of the Tower into the custody of Lord Lucas.

On the 11th of December 1688, James left Whitehall, a King without a crown, and as he crossed the Thames to reach Lambeth, he dropped the Great Seal into the river, hoping thereby that everything would fall into confusion for the want of that symbol of legitimate authority. The curious Dutch engraving representing the amiable act of the last of our male Stuart monarchs gives a view of old London Bridge, and the Tower beyond, looming large against a wintry sky. On the same day that James threw away the Great Seal of England, his Lord Chancellor, the justly detested Jeffreys, was taken, in the disguise of a common sailor, in a small house at Wapping, as he was about to go on board a collier which would have taken him to Hamburg. Once in the power of the mob, Jeffreys' life was in deadly peril, and he suffered severely at the hands of the people, but was finally rescued and taken before the Lord Mayor, who, poor man, died in a fit soon after the terrible judge had been brought before him, more revolting in his abject terror of death than even during the Bloody Assizes in the West, when he had condemned shoals of men and women to tortures and death with jibes and ghastly pleasantry. Protected by two regiments of the City trainbands, Jeffreys was taken into the Tower on the 12th of December, and given in charge of Lord Lucas, the Governor. The warrant of Jeffreys' arrest, which is unique, is among the Tower records, and runs as follows:—"We, the peers of this Realm, being assembled with some of the Privy Council, do hereby will and require you to take into your custody the body of George, Lord Jeffreys (herewith sent to you), and to keep him safe prisoner until further order; for which this shall be your sufficient warrant." This warrant is signed by thirteen peers, including the Bishop of Winchester.

James having fled, and the Great Seal being at the

bottom of the Thames, there was no King or Parliament existing at the time the warrant was made out. Jeffreys was half dead with terror when the coach in which he was taken to the Tower entered its gates. All the way from the Mansion House he had implored the soldiers about him to preserve him from the furious rabble that surged around the carriage with ferocious cries of a well-merited hatred. This brute, who had sent scores of innocent people to the block and the gallows, who had rejoiced, like the fiend he was, at the sufferings of his victims as they left his presence for the gibbet, or the plantations, to be sold as slaves, now attempted to excite pity for himself amongst those persons who came to see him in the Tower, by telling them that he had only acted as he had done by the orders of King James, and that James had chidden him for showing too much clemency.

Jeffreys was only forty years old when he was taken to the Tower, but he soon wasted away, tormented, one might imagine, by the spectres of those whom he had destroyed, and of the thousands whom he had made desolate. Whether he died from drinking brandy to excess or not, is of little moment, but according to Oldnixon, his body "continued to decay" until the 19th of April 1689, when he died at the age of forty-one. He had been Chief-Justice at thirty-five, and Lord Chancellor at thirty-seven. No one looking at his portrait in the National Portrait Gallery would imagine that the melancholy-looking and distinguished young man, with his long, flowing wig, could be the most cruel, vindictive, and unmerciful judge with whom the English Bench has ever been cursed.



de K. vucht by macht. wyt het hof met de segels van Ryck.



CHAPTER XVI

WILLIAM AND MARY

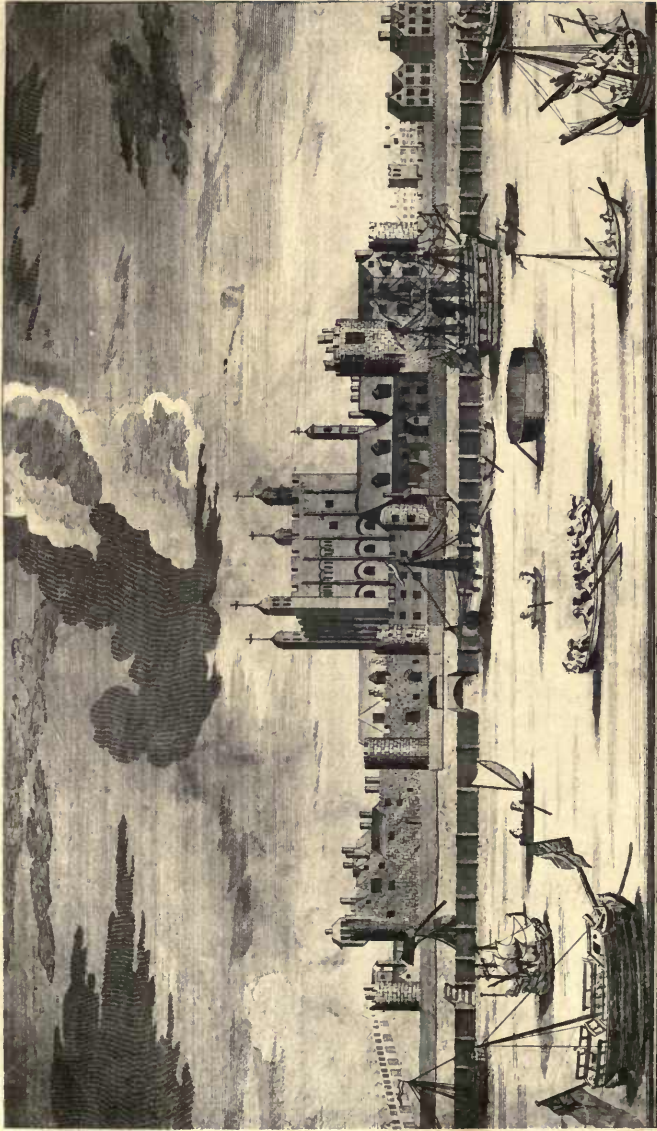
ONLY one prisoner of State suffered death during the twelve years of the joint reigns of William of Orange and Mary. This was Sir John Fenwick, who had been implicated in a plot to assassinate William, and being found guilty of high treason, was beheaded on Tower Hill on 28th January 1697.

There were, however, a number of more or less unfortunate important State prisoners at different times in the fortress, the most interesting of these being the future Duke of Marlborough, for "abetting and adhering to their Majesties' enemies." In Lord Wolseley's admirable history of that great soldier's life, we read under the date of 5th May 1697: "Marlborough was kept a close prisoner in the Tower, no one being allowed to see him except by order of the Secretary of State. His wife left the Princess Anne at Sion House in order to be near him in town, and she left no means untried to obtain his release. There still exist many orders signed by Lord Nottingham granting her permission to see him in prison, the earliest being dated five days after his committal, and worded 'for this time only.' A Mr Chudleigh was a frequent visitor; the first order of admission given him was to see Marlborough in presence of a warder, 'for this time only.' Later on, we find an order addressed to Lord Lucas, the Constable of the Tower, signifying the Queen's pleasure that friends and relatives of the prisoners lately committed should have access to them from time to time. They were sub-

sequently allowed to dine together, when all dread of invasion had passed away. Marlborough, in the Tower, had fewer friends than ever, but his wife makes honourable mention of Lord Bradford, who not only refused to sign the warrant which committed him to prison, but paid him a visit when there. . . . Writing to Lady Marlborough, Princess Anne says: 'I hear Lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told of it, for methinks it is a dismal thing to have one's friends sent to that place.' . . . 'At length, on June 15, Marlborough was brought before the Court of King's Bench on a writ of habeas corpus, and released from the Tower upon finding bail for £6000 for his appearance when required.'" ("Life of Marlborough," vol. ii.)

The same charge of "abetting and adhering to their Majesties' enemies," upon which Marlborough had been imprisoned, was brought against Lord Brudenell, the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Robert Thorold, and Colonel Langston.

In the same year the ruffianly head of the gang of "Mohawks," Lord Mohun, who figures in Thackeray's "Esmond," was twice in the Tower for having committed two assassinations—the first, that of the actor William Mountford, whom Mohun had murdered in a quarrel over the celebrated actress, Mrs Bracegirdle; and the second, when, with Edward, Earl of Warwick, he had helped to kill one Richard Coate. In 1695, Sir Basil Firebrace was in the Tower, as well as the Earls of Salisbury, Peterborough, and Arran, with Lord Montgomery, all imprisoned on the charge of being concerned in Jacobite plots. With these were Sir Edward Hale, Sir Thomas Jenner, Lord Castlemaine, Lord Forbes, Colonel Lumley, Captain Shackerley, Lord Preston, Sir Richard Cleaver, Sir Robert Hamilton, and Edward Griffin, upon whom James conferred a barony whilst he was imprisoned in the Tower, a title James had no more right to bestow than Griffin had



View of the Tower in the time of James II



to receive. Griffin, it seems, owed his imprisonment to an accident. He was in active correspondence with the court at St Germain, and had ordered a large pewter bottle to be made with a false bottom, in which to conceal letters. Late one night he gave this bottle to his cook with directions to have it soldered. Whilst this was being done, a packet of letters was discovered in the false bottom directed to James II. The cook was immediately seized, and Griffin, with his wife, was sent to the Tower, whence, however, he made his escape, but soon afterwards surrendered himself to the authorities. He died in the Tower in 1710.

The affection and loyalty inspired by the Stuarts brought many prisoners to the Tower, refusal to take the oath of allegiance to the joint sovereigns being answered by the authorities with confinement in the fortress, on the charge of "abetting and adhering to their Majesties' enemies." Of these, Francis Cholmondeley, Lord Yarmouth, and some others, were there in 1690, the names of Lords Newburgh, Clancarty, Tyrone, Morley, Monteagle, Dartmouth, Cahir, the Earl of Clarendon, Major-General Dorrington, and General Maxwell, also figure on the list, but against these no specific charge is now apparent. Two years afterwards a Mr Henry Grey, a member of the House of Commons, was there, accused of taking bribes, as well as Lord Falkland; and the Earl of Torrington's defeat by the French fleet off Beachy Head was punished by an enforced residence in the State prison.

That the fortress was crowded with prisoners towards the close of William's reign is apparent by two papers which, by the kindness of Mr Birch, the Curator of the Soane Museum, I have been allowed to copy here, but it must be added that out of all the State prisoners in the Tower under William's rule only one suffered the extreme penalty of the law. The papers are as follows:—

THE TOWER OF LONDON

At the Committee for ye Affaires of Ireland in ye Councill Chamber att
Whitehall, Aprill the 15 1695.

It is ordered by their L^{ds} that Sir Christopher Wren Surveyr
Genl. of his Majities Works doe repaire to the Tower of London to
view Beauchamp Tower and Bloody Tower and report what it will
cost to Repaire and putt them in a condition to hold Prisoners of
State. Sir Christopher Wren is also to surveigh the ground behind
the Chapell in the Tower where it is proposed to Erect some build-
ings for keeping prisoners, and to report in like manner what it will
cost and how many prisoners it can be made to hold, and he is
further to consider of the annexed Draught proposed for the Erecting
the Said Buildings, and give his opinion upon it, or else make such
other Draught as he shall think fitt, and Lay the same together with
his report upon the whole matter before the Committee as soon as
conveniently may be.

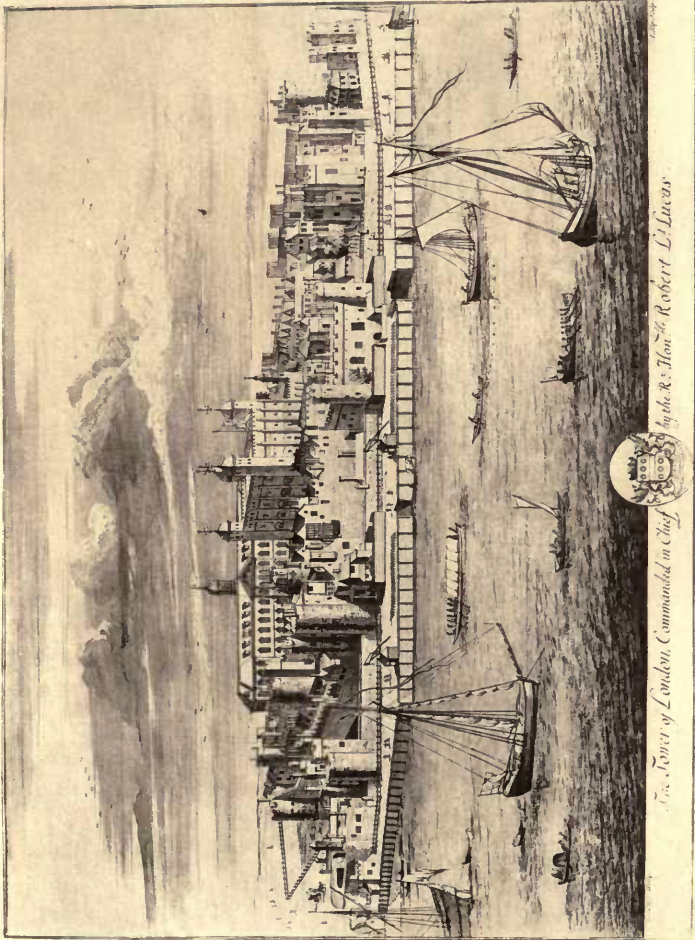
WM. BRIDGEMAN.

To Ye Rt Honble ye Committee of Councill for the Affaires of Ireland.
May it please yr L^{ts}.

In obedience to yr L^{ts} Order of the 15th instant, that I should view the
severall places in the Tower therein mentioned—viz. Beauchamp
Tower and ye Bloody Tower and report wt Expense will put them
in condition to hold prisoners of State and what number they will
hold I have accordingly viewed the same and report that both the
said places were put the last summer in better repair than they have
been in many years being whited, mended, and made strong, but to
make them fitt for prisoners of State, if by that Expression it be
intended that they should be wainscotted and made fitt for hangings
and furniture it may cost £200 or much more but with such walls,
windows and winding stairs they never can be made proper with any
cost without rebuilding. I have also in pursuance of y^r L^{ts} Order
viewed the place behinde the Chappell and considered and do
approve the annex'd draught proposed to be built wch I take to
be as Large as ye place will afford containing 15 square and if it be
well built in 3 storeys, Cellars and garretts it will cost £600. As to
the number of Prisoners the place may hold I can only report wt
number of rooms each place contains. Beauchamp Tower hath
a large Kitching 2 large rooms and 2 small servants rooms. Bloody
Tower hath a kitching one room and one closset. The new building
may contain 9 single rooms, besides cellars and garretts and a
kitching all wch is humbly submitted.

CHR WREN

Aprill 17 1695.



By the R. Hon. to Robert L. Lucas



The Tower of London, Commanded in Chief

CHAPTER XVII

QUEEN ANNE

FEW prisoners of any degree were committed to the Tower during the reign of Anne, except during the first year of her rule, when the Continental wars brought some French prisoners of war, who were confined there. In 1712, however, the famous Sir Robert Walpole was committed to the Tower "for high breach of trust and notorious corruption." Walpole's committal was entirely due to political intrigue, and his disgrace and imprisonment closely resembled that of the Duke of Choiseul in the reign of Louis XVI., when half of the French society of the day flocked to the fallen Minister's house at Chanteloup. Walpole's apartment in the Tower was crowded all day long with a succession of smart folk, among whom the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, with whom the Queen had broken off her former great intimacy, were conspicuous; Godolphin, Somers, Sunderland, and Pulteney, Earl of Bath, were also frequent visitors.

Three years after Walpole had left his rooms in the Tower they were occupied by George Granville, Earl of Lansdowne—a nobleman of strong Jacobite proclivities. He was a poet as well as a Jacobite, and finding Walpole's name written on the window of the room, he wrote beneath it the following distich:—

"Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene ;
Some, raised aloft, come tumbling down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again."

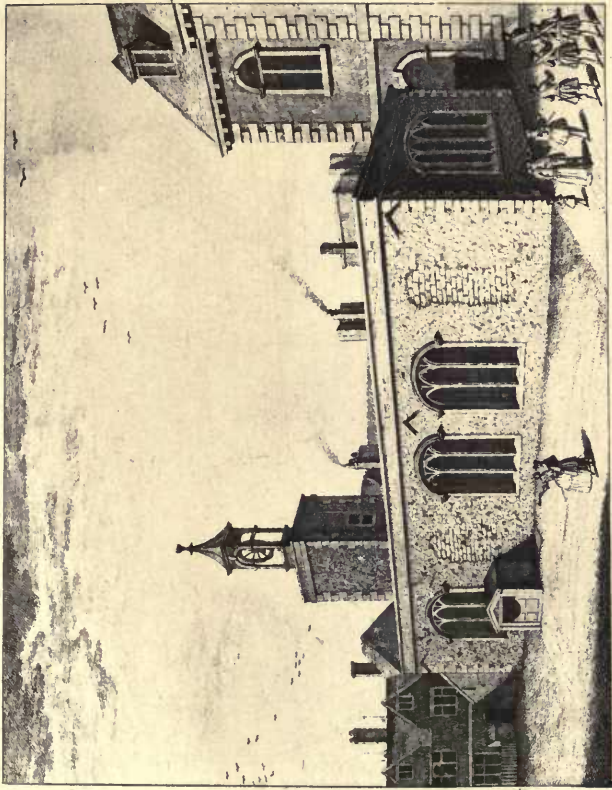
It may be interesting at this place to recall some of the incidents connected with the Mint in the Tower.

Few persons on reading the name of John Rotier, which is placed on the commemoration brass tablet in the Chapel of St Peter's in the Tower bearing the names of the illustrious dead there buried, would probably have an idea of his claims to distinction. So little artistic interest is connected with the old fortress that Rotier's name deserves more than a passing mention.

John Rotier, or Roettier, belonged to a family of medallists, and was the son of an Antwerp jeweller who had been of considerable assistance to Charles II. during his exile. Rotier came over to England soon after Charles returned, and, on the recommendation of the King, was received into the Mint under Simon the chief medallist. In the year 1662, Rotier, with his two brothers, became the King's medallist, with quarters in the Tower. Pepys often came to see the three brothers at work, and was much interested in 1667, when Rotier was engaged in making a new medal for Charles, in which the figure of Britannia was being taken from the beautiful face and form of Miss Stuart, one of Charles's mistresses, and afterwards Duchess of Richmond; this is the same figure, with a little alteration, that appears on our copper pence at the present day. Rotier had also made a Great Seal for Charles, and on the accession of James he made that monarch's coronation medal.

The King's profile appears on the obverse of this medal, and on the reverse is a trophy of armour, with ships in the background, and the words "Genus Antu Antiquum" engraved above. It appears to be an excellent likeness, the determined lines of obstinacy and self-will which marked James's face being admirably rendered. When William came to the throne of his father-in-law Rotier fell into disgrace, being supposed to be a Jacobite, a not unnatural supposition, seeing his connection with both James and Charles. But what was more alarming than

THE SOUTH-EAST PROSPECT OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. PETER IN THE TOWER.



This Chapel is well frequented, especially on the Festivals of St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. Andrew the Apostle, when the King and Queen, with the Nobility, and the Courtiers, are present. It is also frequented by the Students of the University of Cambridge, who come to the Chapel to receive the Degrees of Bachelor, Master, and Doctor. The Chapel is situated in the Tower of London, and is one of the most beautiful and ancient Churches in the Kingdom.



To George Holmes Esq.
Surveyor of the Works in the Tower of London.
 This Plate is humbly inscribed by the Proprietors, R. W. & W. H. BONS.



any supposition of Jacobite sympathies was a rumour that the exiled King had returned, and was lying concealed in Rotier's lodgings: he was promptly accused of stealing some dies from the Mint, and of striking coins for the service of James.

A Committee of the House of Commons sat on the poor medallist, its decision being that "It is too great a trust and may be of dangerous consequence for the said Roettier to have the custody of the dies, he being a Roman Catholic and keeping an Irish Papist in his house, and having the custody of the said dies, it lies in his power to let them out when he pleases, or to coin false money in the Tower. That the Lord Lucas has complained that the Tower is not safe while so many Papists are entertained in Roettier's house." All Roettier's dies and puncheons were accordingly seized, and he himself was driven from the Tower. He appears to have returned, however, in 1703, just after a visit he had received from Sir Godfrey Kneller, who had been sent to him by Queen Anne to execute a medal of her Majesty, which, however, the old medallist was unable to perform; he died shortly afterwards, and was buried in St Peter's Chapel.

In an interesting article by Mr W. J. Hocking in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1895, entitled "Money-making in the Tower," there is some curious information respecting the Mint once established in the Tower. Mr Hocking says that coining operations have been carried on in the Tower in every reign since the Conquest, save in those of Richard I. and Edward V. It is even possible that the Romans struck their money in the Tower, for Constantine had a mint working in London, the treasurer of which bore the title of Praepositus Thesaurorum Augustinium. In Edward the Third's reign it was enacted that all moneys, wherever coined, should be made in the same manner as in the Tower. James I. was present at the trial of the Pix in the Tower,

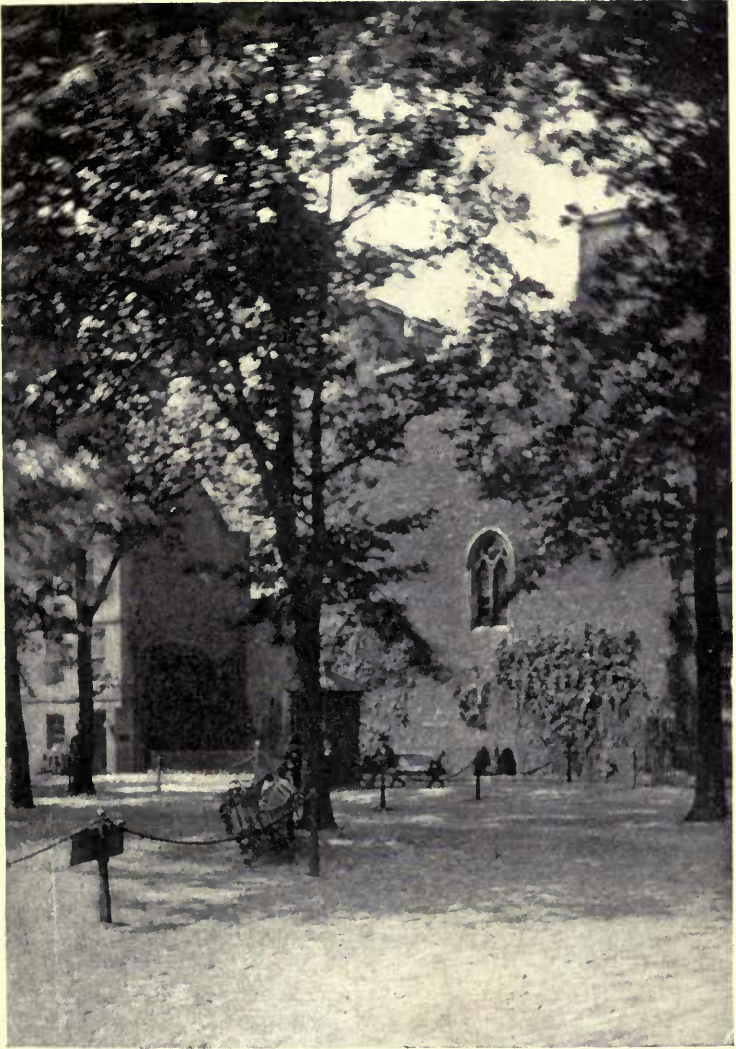
and "diligently viewed the state of his money and mint."

Money was coined in fifteen places at least, besides the Tower, in the reign of Charles I. It was during his tenure of the crown that Nicholas Briot, a French engraver, worked at the Tower, the money then turned out being said to be the finest in the world.

After the Restoration small steel rolling-mills were set up in the Tower driven by horse and water power, the cost of striking one year's coinage being £1400. The new milled coinage was a great improvement on the old hammered coins. It was at this time that the great English medallist Simon's "Petition Medal" was produced. This came from a competition, between him and Roetier; the latter won the competition, and consequently made the puncheons and dies for the new coinage. Simon was infuriated by his defeat and spoke some hasty words which, being repeated to Charles, caused his dismissal. Some twenty of Simon's "petition medals" were struck, with the legend round their edges as follows:—"Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this his tryall piece with the Dutch (Roetier's), and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully order'd and more accurately engraven, to relieve him." For one of these medals as much as £500 has been given by a firm of London coin-dealers, so rare is the piece.

The punishment meted out to coiners and clippers of coins in this reign was incredibly barbarous. In those so-called "good old times" in one day seven men were hanged and a woman burned for clipping and counterfeiting the current coin.

A Coinage Act was passed by Parliament in 1696, and under its provisions all the old hammered money was called in, melted in furnaces near Whitehall, and sent in ingots to the Tower, to reappear in the new milled form. That wonderful man, Sir Isaac Newton, was made Master of the Tower Mint, and the number of mills being increased



The Beauchamp Tower

by his advice, in a few months, owing to his energy, a time of great commercial prosperity ensued. In 1810 the new Office of the Mint was opened on Little Tower Hill, where it still remains.

The following is taken from Mr Hocking's article on the Tower Mint:—

“On the morning of December 20th, 1798, James Turnbull, one Dalton, and two other men were engaged in the press-room swinging the fly of the screw-press, while Mr Finch, one of the manager's apprentices, fed the press with gold blank pieces, which were struck into guineas. At nine o'clock Mr Finch sent the men to their breakfast. They all four went out; but Dalton and Turnbull returned almost directly. And while the latter held the door, Turnbull drew a pistol and advanced upon Mr Finch, demanding the key of the closet where the newly-coined guineas were kept. Finch, paralyzed with fear and surprise, yielded it up. An old gentleman who was in the room expostulated; but both were forced into a sort of passage or large cupboard and locked in. Turnbull then helped himself to the guineas, and managed to get off with no less than 2308. For nine days he effectually concealed himself in the neighbourhood, and then, while endeavouring to escape to France, was apprehended. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. In his defence he cleared Dalton from any willing complicity in the crime.” Turnbull was executed at the Old Bailey.

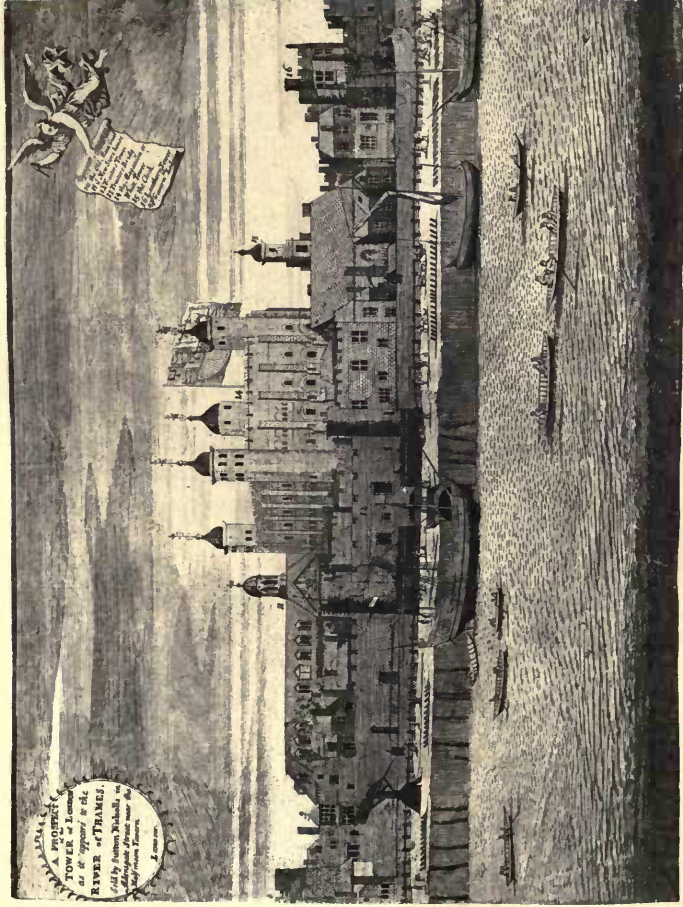
CHAPTER XVIII

GEORGE I.

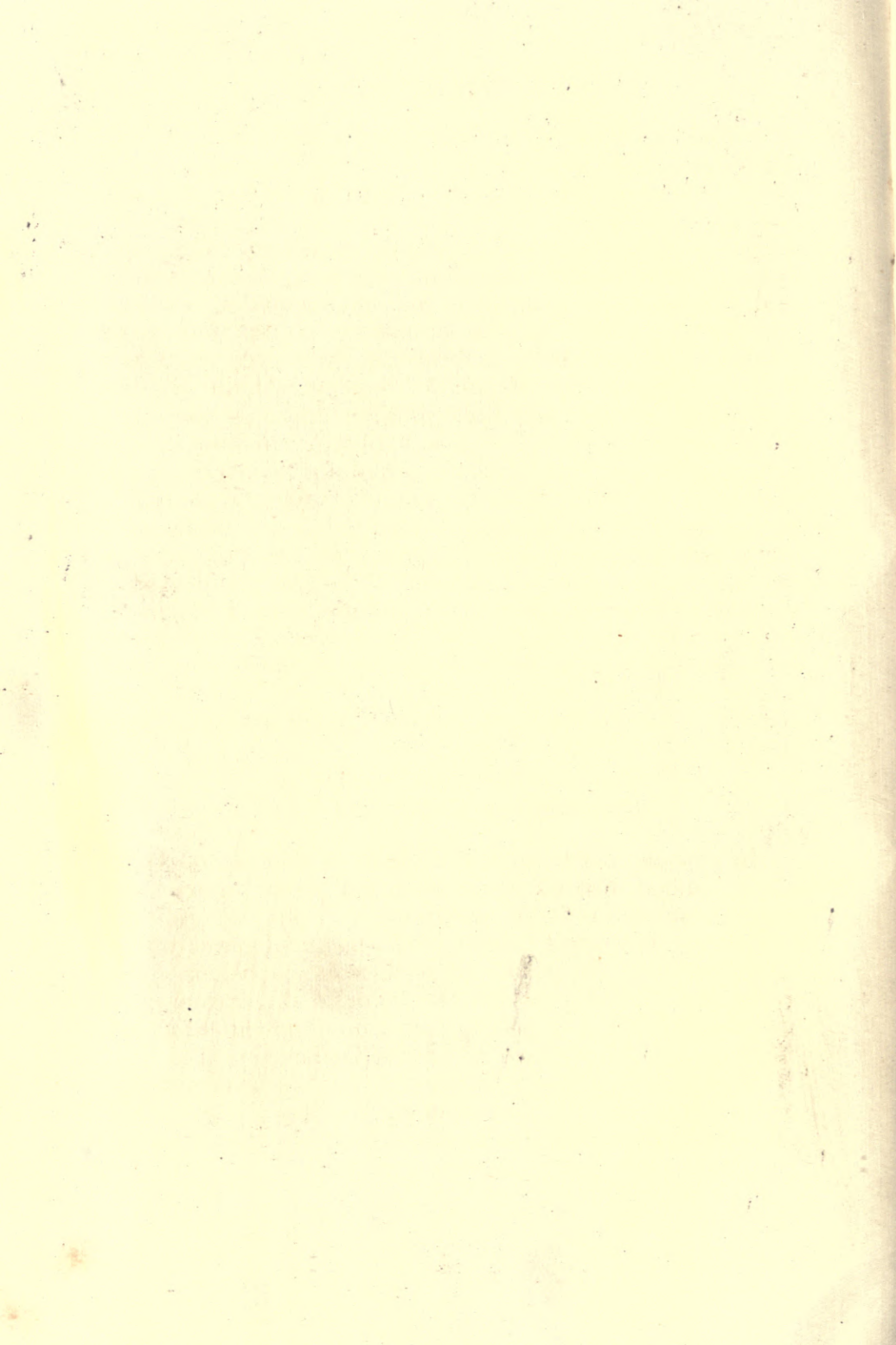
WITH George the First the Whigs came into power, and soon after the new King's accession, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and the former Lord Treasurer, was sent to the Tower on the charge of having advised the French King as to the best means for capturing the town of Tournai. Harley had resigned his Treasurer's staff three days before Queen Anne's death, and on the 10th of June 1715, he was impeached by the Commons, of whom only a short time before he had been the idol, and committed to the Tower. His courage never wavered, although he was left to languish for two years in the fortress, and at length, on petitioning to be tried, he was acquitted in July 1717. He died seven years later, aged sixty-two. Lord Powis and Sir William Wyndham soon followed Lord Oxford to the Tower, but the latter was very shortly after set at liberty without even undergoing a trial. Wyndham was member for the county of Somerset from 1708 until his death in 1740; he had been Secretary of State for War and Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Anne, as well as Master of the Buckhounds. His talents and his eloquence made him one of the foremost men of that brilliant age, and Pope sang his praises :

“How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit ;
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The Master of his passions and our own ?”

Another distinguished prisoner at this time in the Tower



View of the Tower in the time of George I



was George Granville, Lord Lansdowne of Bideford. Descended from that race of heroes, the Grenvilles of the West, of whom Admiral Sir Richard of the *Revenge* was the most famous, and grandson of Sir Bevil Grenville, killed at the Battle of Lansdowne, George Granville belonged by race and conviction to the party of the Stuarts, and, too proud to seek safety in flight, as did so many of his contemporaries at the accession of the House of Hanover, he remained in England, and even protested from his place in the House of Lords against the Bill for attainting Ormonde and Bolingbroke. Strongly suspected of favouring the cause of James Stuart, Lansdowne was accused of having taken part in a plot for raising an insurrection in the West Country, where his name was a pillar of strength, "being possessed," as Lord Bolingbroke said, "now with the same political phrenzy for the Pretender as he had in his youth for his father." The plot was discovered, and at the close of September 1715, Lansdowne and his wife were committed to the Tower and kept there in close confinement until all danger of insurrection had passed away, and until the rising in the North had been crushed. In Queen Anne's time, Lansdowne had been sung as

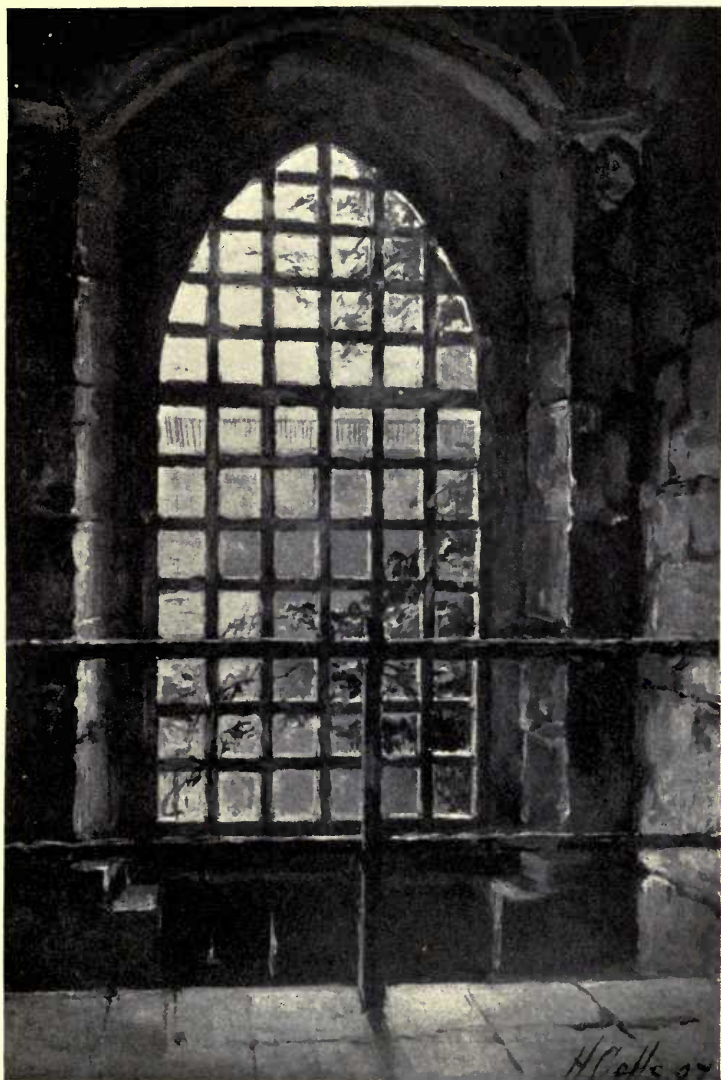
"Trevanion and Granville as sound as a bell
For the Queen and the Church and Sacheverell."

In 1710 he had succeeded Walpole as Minister for War, but he prided himself more upon his literary gifts than upon those of his birth and rank, or upon his political eminence. He wrote poetry, sad stuff, and plays which were worse than his poems, for in these he out-Wycherlyed Wycherley. The plays of the days of the Restoration not excepted, there is nothing more indecent in theatrical literature than Granville's "The Old Gallant."

The famous rising in Scotland in 1715 in favour of the son of James II., the Chevalier de St George, or, as his adherents called him, James the Third, brought many of

the leaders of that ill-starred rebellion to the Tower, and some to the block. Of the latter the young Earl of Derwentwater was the most conspicuous. James Radcliffe, Lord Derwentwater, was the only Englishman of high birth who took up arms for the Jacobite cause in this rebellion of 1715. He appears to have been a youth of high merit, and was only twenty-six when he was persuaded to throw life and fortune on the side of the Chevalier. One who knew him writes "that he was a man formed by nature to be generally beloved." His connection with the Stuarts was possibly brought about by the fact that his mother, Mary Tudor, was a natural daughter of Charles II., and also that he was a Catholic by birth. He was a very wealthy landowner, with vast estates, which, after his execution, were given to Greenwich Hospital. They brought him in, including the mines, between thirty and forty thousand pounds a year, a great fortune in those days. His home, from which he derived his title, was situated in the most beautiful of the English lakes, the lovely Lake of Derwentwater in Cumberland, and was called Lord's Island.

Derwentwater had been taken prisoner at Preston, with six Scotch noblemen, William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, Robert Dalziel, Earl of Carnwath, George Seton, Lord Wintoun, William Gordon, Lord Kenmure, William Murray, Earl of Nairn, and William Widdrington, Lord Widdrington. They were brought up to London with their arms tied behind them, their horses led by soldiers, and preceded by drums and music, in a kind of trumpety triumph, and imprisoned in the Tower. Much interest was made on their behalf in both Houses of Parliament; in the Commons, Richard Steele pleaded for them, and in the Lords, a motion for reading the petition presented to both Houses, praying the King to show mercy to the prisoners, had only been carried against the Ministry by a majority of nine. An address was presented to George the First, praying him to "reprieve such of the condemned



Window in the Cradle Tower

lords as deserved mercy." To this petition George, or rather, his Prime Minister, Robert Walpole, answered that the King would act as he thought most consistent for the dignity of the Crown and the safety of the people, thus virtually rejecting the address. Many of those who had places in the Government and had voted against the Ministry were dismissed from their offices.

The trial of the Jacobite lords commenced on the 9th of February, and lasted ten days. Wintoun, the only one of the prisoners who pleaded "not guilty," was the only one pardoned; the others were condemned to death, Lord Cowper, the Lord High Steward, pronouncing sentence on the 29th of February as follows:—"And now, my Lords, nothing remains but that I pronounce upon you, and sorry I am that it falls to my lot to do it, that terrible sentence of the law, which must be the same that is usually given against the meanest offenders in the like kind. The most ignominious and painful parts of it are usually remitted by the grace of the Crown, to persons of your quality; but the law in this case being deaf to all distinction of persons, requires that I should pronounce, and accordingly it is adjudged by this Court, 'That you, James, Earl of Derwentwater, William, Lord Widdrington, William, Earl of Nithsdale, Robert, Earl of Carnwath, William, Viscount Kenmure, and William, Lord Nairne, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came, and thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hang'd by the neck, but not till you be dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your face; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!'"

Widdrington and Carnwath were released by the Act of Grace in 1717, and Lord Nairne was subsequently pardoned, the four remaining noblemen being left to die.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the 24th of February, Derwentwater and Kenmure were brought out of the Tower in a coach and were driven to a house known as the Transport Office, on Tower Hill, facing the scaffold, which was draped in black cloth; there they remained whilst the final preparations for their execution were being carried out.

The first to be led out was young Lord Derwentwater; as he mounted the scaffold steps his face was seen to be blanched, but beyond this he showed no other sign of emotion in that supreme moment, and when he spoke to the people it was with a firm voice and a composed manner. After praying for some time he rose from his knees and read a paper in which he declared himself a faithful subject of the Chevalier St George, whom he said he regarded as his rightful King. There was some roughness upon the surface of the block, which Derwentwater perceiving, he bade the executioner plane it smooth with the axe. He then took off his coat and waistcoat, telling the headsman to look afterwards in the pockets, where he should find some money for himself to pay him for his trouble, adding that the signal for the blow would be when for the third time he repeated the words, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul," by stretching out his arms. He was killed at one stroke. Thus perished in his twenty-eighth year a man who was loved by all who knew him, rich and poor, and whose memory still lingers in his beautiful northern lake country in many an old song and ballad.

There is a curious legend connected with Derwentwater's death to the effect that after his execution, the peasantry rose and drove Lady Derwentwater from Lord's Island, believing that it was at her instigation that her husband had joined the Jacobite rising; a ravine near their old home, through which Lady Derwentwater is supposed to have fled, still goes by the name of the "Lady's Rake." On the night of his execution a brilliant "aurora borealis" lighted the northern skies of Derwent-



*The Earl of Derwentwater.
(From a Contemporary Engraving.)*

water, which the people in that district interpreted as being a signal of Heaven's displeasure at the death of the popular young Earl; and the aurora is still called in the North, "Lord Derwentwater's Lights."

After the scaffold had been cleaned, and every mark of the first execution removed, Lord Kenmure was brought out from the house in which he had waited whilst Derwentwater was being put to death, and came on the scaffold accompanied by his son, two clergymen, and some other friends. Kenmure, unlike Derwentwater, belonged to the Church of England. He made no formal speech, but expressed his sorrow at having pleaded guilty. He told the executioner that he should give him no signal, but that he was to strike the second time he placed his head upon the block. It required two blows of the axe to kill him.

Kenmure had married the sister of Robert, Earl of Carnwath, who was one of his fellow-prisoners, but who was respited and pardoned. By judicious management, Lady Kenmure was able to save a remnant out of the forfeited estates of her husband, and, later on, George the First returned part of the family estates to her and her children.

Some of the crowd who had gone to Tower Hill that morning in the hope of seeing three of the Jacobite lords beheaded, must have been surprised when only two appeared; the third doomed man, Lord Nithsdale, had made his escape from the Tower a few hours before his fellow-captives were led out to die.

Lord Nithsdale's escape on the eve of his execution reads more like a romance than sober history. But it was his wife who made the name famous for all time by her devotion and undaunted courage. All hope seemed lost after the Address for Mercy had been rejected by the King, and all idea of respite had indeed been abandoned except by the brave Lady Nithsdale, who was the daughter of William, Marquis of Powis, and was born about the year 1690. On hearing of the capture of her

husband at Preston, Lady Nithsdale had ridden up to London from their home, Torreglas, in Dumfriesshire, through the bitter winter weather, and, although not a strong woman, had endured all the hardships of the long journey and the anguish of anxiety regarding her husband, with heroic courage.

Before leaving Torreglas she had buried all the most important family records in the garden. Accompanied by her faithful Welsh maid, Evans, and a groom, she rode to Newcastle, and thence by public stage to York, where the snow lay so thick that no mail-coach could leave the city for the south. Nothing daunted, Lady Nithsdale rode all the way to London. On her arrival in the capital, her first object was to intercede for her husband with the King. She went to St James's Palace, where George was holding a drawing-room, and sat waiting for him in the long corridor on the first floor, through which the King would pass after leaving his room before entering the state rooms. Lady Nithsdale had never seen George the First, and in order to make no mistake, she had brought a friend, a Mrs Morgan, who knew the King by sight. When George appeared, "I threw myself," Lady Nithsdale writes, "at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But seeing that he wanted to go off without taking my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands, but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me on my knees, from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the Blue Ribands who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat from my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell to the ground in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away from grief and disappointment."

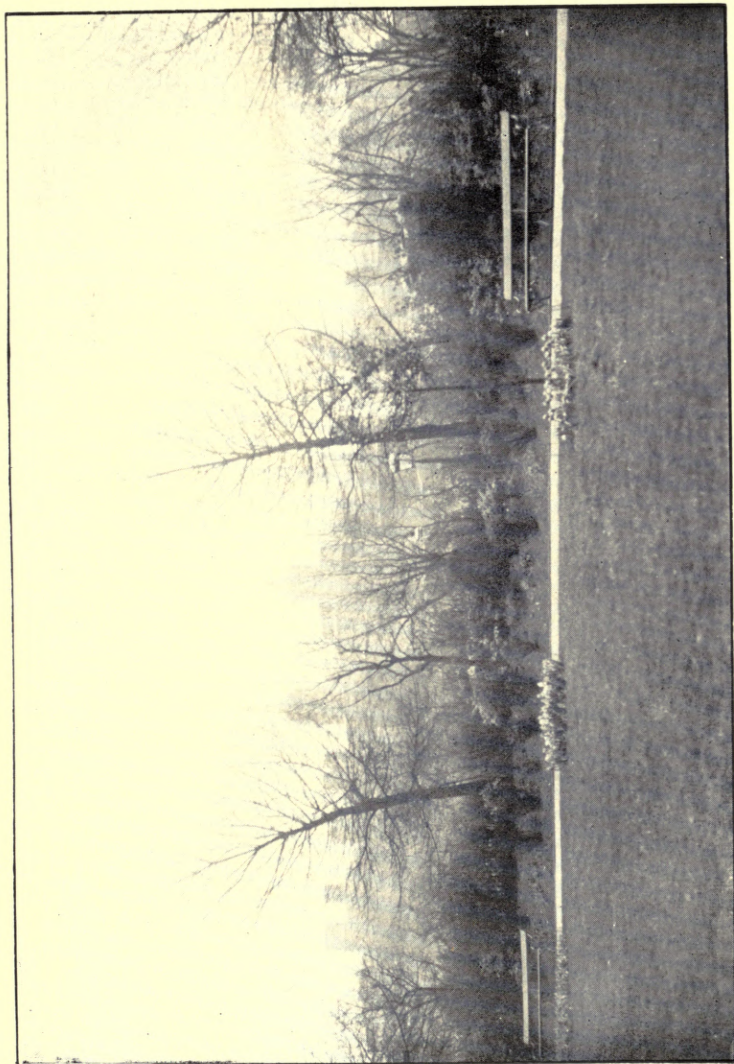
There was no time to be lost, and after this last chance

of obtaining a hearing from King George had failed, Lady Nithsdale knew that she, and she alone, could save her husband's life. To this almost hopeless task she now devoted all her mind and all her courage.

Returning to the Tower, where she had already been on several occasions, she pretended to be the bearer of good news. On this occasion she only remained long enough to tell Lord Nithsdale the plan she had formed for effecting his deliverance, after which she returned to her lodgings in Drury Lane. There she confided her plan to her landlady, a worthy soul, named Mills, and prevailed upon her to accompany her to the Tower, together with Mrs Morgan, after some arrangement had been made in their costumes, to which "their surprise and astonishment made them consent," writes Lady Nithsdale, "without thinking of the consequences." On their way to the fortress Lady Nithsdale entered into the details of her plan. Mrs Morgan was to wear a dress belonging to Mrs Mills over her own clothes, and in this dress Lady Nithsdale would disguise her husband, and so transformed, he could make his way out of the Tower. It was a bold scheme, and was admirably carried out in every detail.

On arriving at the Governor's, now the King's, House, where Lord Nithsdale was imprisoned, Lady Nithsdale was only allowed to bring one friend in at a time, and first introduced Mrs Morgan, a friend, she said, of her husband, who had come to bid him farewell. Mrs Morgan, when she had come into the prisoner's room, took off the outer dress she was wearing over her own, and into this Lord Nithsdale was duly introduced. Then Lady Nithsdale asked Mrs Morgan to go out and bring in her maid Evans. "I despatched her safe," she writes, "and went partly downstairs to meet Mrs Mills, who held her handkerchief to her face, as was natural for a person going to take a last leave of a friend before his execution; and I desired her to do this that my lord might go out in the same

manner. Her eyebrows were inclined to be sandy, and as my lord's were dark and thick, I had prepared some paint to disguise him. I had also got an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers, and rouged his face and cheeks, to conceal his beard which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go out quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been, and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and in passing through the next room, in which were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, 'My dear Mrs Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is. I am to present my petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone, for to-morrow it is too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened me the door. When I had seen her safe out, I returned to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so that as he had the same dress that she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candle might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, whilst he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone, bewailing the negligence of my maid Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then I



The Tower from Tower Hill

said, 'My dear Mrs Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you; you know my lodging, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the door, and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk, but I continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such a consternation, that he was almost out of himself, which, Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling Lord Nithsdale anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we certainly should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to Mr Mills, who by this time recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security, brought Lord Nithsdale to it. In the meantime, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return upstairs and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise in my distress. When I was in the room I talked as if he had been really present. I answered my own questions in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it, and walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber

might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord formal farewell for the night, and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent, on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that if the Tower was then open, when I had finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring more favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant, as I passed by (who was ignorant of the whole transaction), that he need not carry in candles to his master, till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first." What an admirable wife was Lady Nithsdale, and what a devoted maid to her was her "dear Evans."

Lord Nithsdale got safely out of London in the suite of the Venetian Ambassador,—whose coach and six were sent some days after his escape to Dover,—disguised in the livery of one of the Ambassador's footmen. From Dover he succeeded in getting to Calais, and later on to Rome.

Although Lady Nithsdale had succeeded in rescuing her lord from the scaffold, her self-devotion did not end there, her task, she thought, was still incomplete. In spite of the personal peril she herself ran if found in England or over the border, for the King was mightily annoyed at the ruse by which she had snatched her husband from the jaws of death, Lady Nithsdale determined to protect her son's estates, which, owing to the attainder of his father, were now Government property. Her first step was to recover the papers she had hidden in the garden at Torreglas. "As I had hazarded my life for the father,"

she writes, "I would not do less than hazard it for the son." Attended by the faithful Evans and her groom, who had accompanied her upon the memorable ride from York to London, Lady Nithsdale returned to Dumfriesshire. Having arrived safely at Torreglas, she put a brave face upon her errand, and invited her neighbours to come and see her as if she had been sent by the Government itself. On the night before these invitations were due, this most astute and courageous lady dug up the family papers in the garden, sending them off at once to a place of safety in the charge of a trusty retainer. Before day broke she had again started on her return journey to the south, and while the Dumfries justices were laying their wise heads together, and consulting whether they should or should not give orders for the seizure of Lady Nithsdale, she had put many miles between herself and them. When the good folk of Dumfries arrived at Torreglas, they found that the lady they sought in the name of the law had given them the slip.

It is pleasant to picture the impotent rage of George Rex when he heard of this second defiance of his kingly authority; he declared that Lady Nithsdale did whatever she pleased in spite of him, and that she had given him more trouble than any other woman in the whole of Europe.

Lady Nithsdale joined her husband in Rome, where they lived many years together, he dying in 1749, and his devoted wife following him to the grave soon afterwards. She rests in the beautiful Fitzalan Chapel, near Arundel Castle. One hopes that the faithful Welsh maid, Evans, was with them till the end. According to Lord de Ros, Lady Nithsdale's portrait, painted by Godfrey Kneller, still hangs in her Scottish home. "Her hair," he says, "is bright brown, slightly powdered; with large soft eyes, regular features, and a fair complexion. Her soft expression and delicate appearance give little indication of the strength of mind and courage she displayed.

Her dress is blue silk, with a border of cambric, and over it a cloak of brown silk."

Another of the Jacobite lords, Wintoun, also escaped from the Tower. Little is known regarding the manner in which he broke his prison and thus cheated the headman, but it is supposed that he managed to saw through the bars of his window, having previously bribed his gaoler to let him be free and undisturbed in his work of filing the iron. In his case there were no romantic details, or, if there were any, they have not come down to us. Of Lord Wintoun's escape, Lord de Ros writes: "Being well seconded by friends of the cause in London, he was conveyed safely to the Continent."

Another large batch of prisoners who were suspected of being Jacobites came into the Tower in the year 1722, the most notable of them being Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Lords North, Orrery, and Grey, Thomas Layer Corkran, Christopher Layer, and an Irish clergyman named Kelly. Of these, the last was the only one executed on the charge of high treason.

The plot in which these persons of varying degrees were accused of being implicated, was to seize the Tower, and raise a rebellion in favour of the Chevalier, an idea which goes to show that the old fortress was even as late as the days of our first Hanoverian sovereign regarded as an essential to the assumption of the supreme power in the country. Atterbury was attainted and banished, after undergoing a strict imprisonment, which he endured with much patience from the 24th of August 1722, until the 18th of January in the following year.

"How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour;
How shines his soul unconquered in the Tower,"

as Pope has sung it. Atterbury never returned to England, dying after eight years of exile in France.

In 1724 the Earl of Suffolk was committed to the



Middle Gate

Tower "for granting protection in breach of the standing orders of the House of Lords," whatever that crime may have been, and in the following year Lord Chancellor Macclesfield was imprisoned there "for venality and corruption in the discharge of his office."

CHAPTER XIX

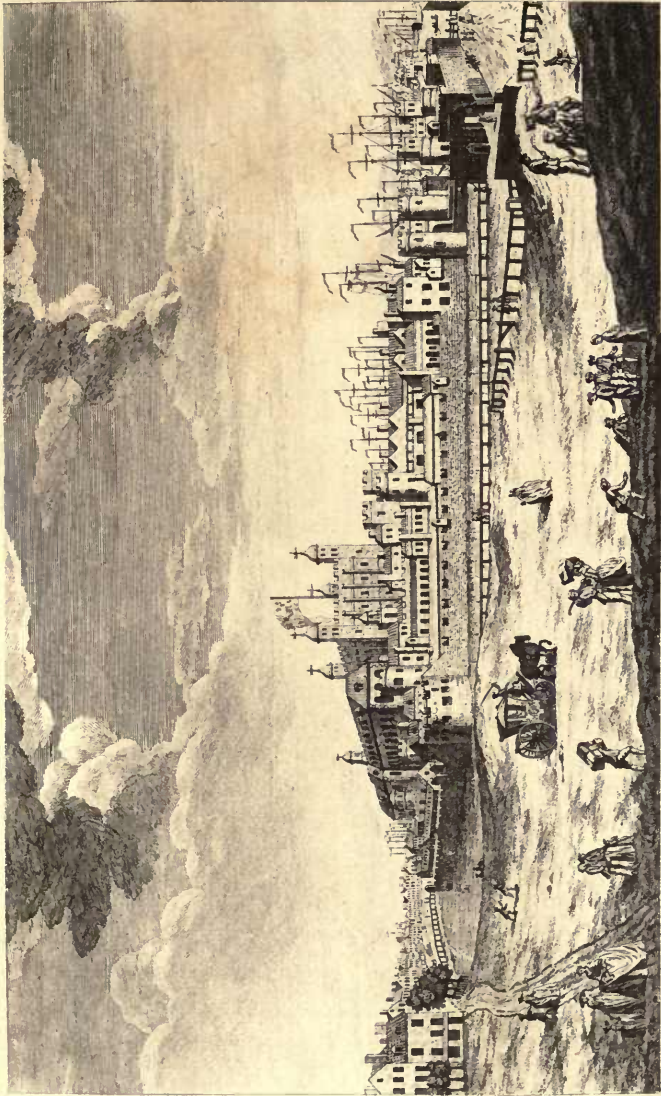
GEORGE II.

BEFORE coming to the year 1746, when the old fortress was the scene of the imprisonment and death of the Jacobite leaders of the rebellion of 1745, it will be necessary to enter at some length into the treatment of some obscure Scotch prisoners who, shortly before the great outbreak in Scotland, were put to death in the Tower. The story of the deaths of these unfortunate men has never appeared in any account of the Tower and its prisoners, and I am therefore all the more anxious to give as full an account as I have been able to find of that event. It was owing to the kindness of Mr Gardiner, who placed in my hands a pamphlet with illustrations of the time, describing the fate of the brothers Macpherson and Shaw, that I became aware of this tragic story.*

This triple execution, which, as I have said, took place shortly before the Jacobite rising in Scotland in the "'45," may have had something to do with the strong feeling against the English Government which prevailed in the North; it was certainly one of those acts by which governments make themselves and their ministers odious. And the execution on Tower Green in 1744 may well have caused the unpopularity, not to say hatred, amongst the Scotch of the English Government.

The only reference I have been able to find to this

* The pamphlet has been copied *in extenso*, and will be found in the Appendix. The illustrations, with the exception of one which I was allowed to reproduce by the kindness of Mr Birch, the Curator of the Soane Museum, were also lent me by Mr Gardiner.



A Month that Year of the Tower of London? — View of the city, North-west of the Tower de Londres.

event are two short passages in Hume and Smollett's "History of England" (vol. xi. page 164), and the other in a letter from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann ("Walpole's Letters," vol. i., Letter LXXIV.).

"King George was in Germany," writes Hume, "the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of the British army, was employed in Flanders, and great part of the Highlanders were keen for insurrection; their natural feelings were, on this occasion, stimulated by the suggestion of revenge. At the beginning of the war, a regiment of those people had been formed and transported with the rest of the British troops to Flanders. Before they were embarked, a number of them deserted with their arms, on pretence that they had been decoyed into the service by promises and assurances that they should never be sent abroad; and this was really the case. They were overtaken by a body of horse, persuaded to submit, brought back to London, pinioned like malefactors, and tried for desertion; three were shot to death *in terrorem*, and the rest were sent to the plantations. Those who suffered were persons of some consequence in their own country, and their fate was deeply resented by the clans to which they belonged. It was considered a national outrage, and the Highlanders, who are naturally vindictive, waited impatiently for an opportunity of vengeance."

So far, the historian upon the subject. This is the letter-writer's account of the matter. "We are," writes Walpole to Mann on the 19th May 1743, "in more confusion than we care to own. There lately came up a highland regiment from Scotland to be sent abroad. One heard of nothing but their good discipline and quiet disposition. When the day came for their going to the water-side, one hundred and nine of them mutinied, and marched away in a body. They did not care to go to where it would be equivocal for what King they fought. Three companies of dragoons are sent after them. If you happen to hear of any rising, don't be surprised—I shall

not, I assure you. Sir Robert Monroe, their Lieutenant-Colonel, before their leaving Scotland, asked some of the Ministry: 'But suppose there should be any rebellion in Scotland, what shall we do for these eight hundred men?' it was answered, 'Why, there would be eight hundred fewer rebels there.'

It seems to have been a scandalous act on the part of the Government to have drafted these Scottish soldiers to Flanders immediately upon their arrival in London, after they had promised that they should not be taken on foreign service. And the cruelly harsh treatment meted out to the deserters, and the execution of the three men, must have stirred up a strong feeling of hatred in Scotland against George the Second's Government—a hatred which burst into open flame in the "'45."

The next event in the history of the Tower is the imprisonment and execution of the Scotch Jacobite lords after the rebellion of 1745. For more than a score of years the old fortress had been free of political prisoners, and Tower Hill had seen no more executions. The blood of the "Rebel Lords," as they were called, was the last that dyed the scaffold in England. These "Rebel Lords" were the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl of Cromarty, and Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Tullibardine had already taken up arms for the cause of James in 1715, and when he was taken prisoner after the "'45," was a broken-down, elderly man whose life was drawing to a close, and who was so feeble that, when the standard of Prince Charles was unfurled at Glenfinnan, he had to be supported by men upon either side whilst he held the flagstaff. His father, the Duke of Athol, had obtained leave from George I. to will his title and estates to his second surviving son, James, who succeeded to the dukedom in 1729. Tullibardine had meanwhile fled to France, but in 1719 made a desperate attempt to raise the clans at Kinsale. He was defeated by General Wightmore at Glenshiel, and a proclamation was issued for his



Scotch Prisoners entering the Tower 1742



apprehension, together with the Earl Marischal and the Earl of Seaforth. A reward of two thousand pounds was promised for the capture of any of these noblemen. During the next twenty-six years Tullibardine's life was passed in France. On the 25th of July 1745, he landed with Prince Charles at Borodale, and, as it has been said, it was he who unfurled the Prince's standard on the 19th of August at Glenfinnan.

After the defeat of the Pretender's forces at Culloden, Tullibardine fled to Mull, but he was too broken in health even to attempt escape from the English troops sent out for his capture, and finally surrendered himself to Buchanan of Drumskill. Taken first to Dumbarton Castle, and then to Edinburgh, he was sent from the latter place to London by sea. On his arrival at the Tower, Tullibardine was in an almost dying state, and Lord Cornwallis, the Governor, was allowed by the following order, to send a Dr Wilmott to attend "the person formerly called Marquis of Tullibardine, a prisoner in your custody, from time to time as he shall desire during his indisposition, provided the same to be in the presence of you or the Lieutenant." On the 9th of July this staunch Cavalier died in the Tower, thus escaping a public execution; he was only fifty-eight years old. He was buried in St Peter's Chapel. William, Earl of Kilmarnock, who was head of the family of Errol, had fought at Culloden, and was taken prisoner with Lord Balmerino. These, together with the Earl of Cromarty, who had been captured at the castle of Dunrobin, in Sutherland, were brought to London by sea, the warrant which committed them to the Tower being dated the 28th of July.

The following letter from Mrs Osborn, the famous Dorothy Osborn's great-niece by marriage, and a daughter of the first Lord Torrington, and wife of John Osborn, of Chicksands, in Bedfordshire, to her son, Sir Danvers Osborn, dated 9th December 1745, gives an interesting picture of the state of public feeling. She writes of the "most shameful panick" which had seized London on the

news of the advance of the Scottish army. People were hurrying from their country houses for shelter in the capital, and bringing their plate with them wherever they could. This "panick" lasted for four days, and then came the news of the retreat from Derby northwards, and people went home again. She says: "The Prisoners come to the Tower a fryday, 'tis not yet clear if the Pretender's brother is there. They have strong suspicion still, but the Ministry don't choose to talk about it." In the following June, Mrs Osborn writes from Kensington: "'Tis thought 'twill be August before the Lords can be try'd. After some forms are past, the Peers must have 20 days notice. Lady Cromarty is in town, has been at the Tower to enquire after her lord. She was at Williamson's, and cryd most bitterly, but no one is suffered so much as to look up at the windows. They were all brought into Williamson's, and from there one by one conducted to their apartments. No one knows where the other is, and they are kept very strict, since the King of France has ordered a most insolent Letter, and takes himself to be King of England to forbid us punishing the Rebels. Is the Prelates got off or not?" asks Mrs Osborn, adding rather cold-bloodedly: "I wish they could have been beheaded at Edinburgh, and not make such a long piece of work as the forms will do here."

The trial of these "Rebel Lords" took place at Westminster Hall with much ceremonial. The Lord High Steward, Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, arrived from Ormond Street, attended by a train of gentlemen-at-arms, Black Rod and Garter King at Arms supporting him. He was received by the guard in Old Palace Yard, "by drums beating as to the Royal family." The peers were in their robes, and the grand old Hall was filled to its utmost limits with a vast crowd of spectators. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, says: "I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever saw; you will easily guess it was the

trial of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine. A coronation is a puppet show, and all the splendours of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes, and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; the three parts of Westminster Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar amidst the idle curiosity of the crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the Royal Family was there, which was a proper regard for the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches, frequent and full. The Chancellor was Lord High Steward, but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister (Henry Pelham) that is no Peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers in a manner for their orders: and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. Lord Kilmarnock is past forty, but looks younger. He is tall and slender, with an extremely fine person; his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation. But when I say this, it is not to find fault, but to show how little fault there is to be found. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw; the lightest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have

his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. When they were brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go, old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me!' At the bar he played with his fingers upon the axe, while he talked with the gentleman gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see, he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. When the trial began, the two Earls (Kilmarnock and Cromarty) pleaded guilty, Balmerino not guilty, saying he would prove his not being at the taking of the Castle of Carlisle, as was said in the indictment. Then the King's Counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable. Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their house, and returning, demanded of the judges whether, one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord Steward asked the Peers severally whether Lord Balmerino was guilty. All said, 'Guilty upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. On Wednesday the prisoners were again brought to Westminster Hall, at about eleven o'clock, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock, with a fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation."

The executions were fixed to take place on the 18th of August, the news being broken to Lord Kilmarnock by his friend, Mr J. Foster, a clergyman. When old Balmerino was told by the Lieutenant of the Tower, General Williamson, of the fatal day, he was at dinner with his wife (Margaret, daughter of Captain Chalmers). "Lady Balmerino," writes Williamson, "being very much

surprised, he desired her not to be concerned at it, his lady seemed very disconsolate, and rose immediately from table, on which he started from his chair, and said 'Pray, my Lady, sit down, for it shall not spoil your dinner.' 'The brave old fellow,' as Walpole calls Lord Balmerino, and with justice, turned upon the General, 'Lieutenant,' he said, 'with your damned warrant you have spoiled my Lady's dinner.'"

The following account of the execution of the Jacobite leaders is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the month of August 1745, and appears to have been the most accurate and the most detailed:—

At six o'clock a troop of lifeguards, and 1000 of the footguards—being fifteen men out of each company, marched from the parade in St James's park thro' the city to Tower-hill, to attend the execution of the Earl of Kilmarnock and the Lord Balmerino, and being arrived there were posted in lines from the Tower to the scaffold, and all around it. About 8 o'clock the Sheriffs of London, and their under sheriffs and their officers, *viz.* six sergeants at mace, six yeomen, and the executioner, met at the Mitre Tavern in Fenchurch Street, where they breakfasted, and went from thence to the house, lately the Transport Office, on Tower-hill near Catherine's Court, hired by them for the reception of the said lords, before they should be conducted to the scaffold which was erected about thirty yards from the said house.

At ten o'clock the block was fixed on the stage and covered with black cloth, and several sacks of sawdust up to strew on it; soon after their coffins were brought, covered with black cloth, ornamented with gilt nails, etc. On the Earl of Kilmarnock's was a plate with this inscription, "Gulielmus Come de Kilmarnock decollatur 18 Augusti 1746. Etat suae 42," with an Earl's coronet over it, and six coronets over the six handles; and on Lord Balmerino's, was a plate with this inscription, "Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino decollatur 18 Augusti 1746. Etat suae 58," with a baron's coronet over it, and six others over the six handles. At a quarter after ten the Sheriffs went in procession to the outward gate of the Tower, and after knocking at it some time, a warder within asked, "Who's there?" The officer without replied, "The sheriffs of London and Middlesex." The warder then asked, "What do they want?" The officer answered, "The bodies of William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino," upon which the warder within said, "I will go and inform the Lieutenant of the Tower," and in about ten minutes the Lieutenant of the Tower with the Earl of Kilmarnock, and Major White with Lord Balmerino, guarded by several of the warders, came to the gate; the prisoners were then

delivered to the Sheriffs who gave proper receipt for their bodies to the Lieutenant, who as usual said, "God bless King George!" to which the Earl of Balmerino assented by a bow, and the Lord Balmerino said, "God bless King J——s." Lord Kilmarnock had met Lord Balmerino at the foot of the first stairs, he embraced him, who said to him, "My lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." Soon after the procession, moving in a slow and solemn manner, appeared in the following order:—

1. The Constable of the Tower.
2. The Knight Marshal's men and Tipsters.
3. The Sheriffs' Officers.
4. The Sheriffs, the prisoners, and their chaplains. Mr Sheriff Blachford walking with the Earl of Kilmarnock, and Mr Sheriff Cockayne with the Lord Balmerino.
5. The Tower Warders.
6. A guard of musqueteers.
7. The two hearses and a mourning coach.

When the procession had passed through the lines within the area of the circle formed by the guards, the passage was closed, and the troops of horse who were in the rear of the foot in the lines wheeled off, and drew five feet deep behind the foot, on the south side of the hill facing the scaffold. The lords were conducted into separate apartments in the house, facing the steps of the scaffold; their friends being admitted to them. The Earl of Kilmarnock was attended by the Rev. Mr Foster, a dissenting minister, and the Rev. Mr Hume, a near relative of the Earl of Hume; and the chaplain of the Tower, and another clergyman of the Church of England, accompanied Lord Balmerino; who on entering the door of the house, hearing several of the spectators ask eagerly "Which is Lord Balmerino?" answered smiling, "I am Lord Balmerino, gentlemen, at your service." The parlour and passage of the house, the rails enclosing the way thence to the scaffold, and the rails about it, were all hung with black at the sheriff's expense. The Lord Kilmarnock in the apartment allotted to him, spent about an hour at his devotions with Mr Foster, who assisted him with prayer and exhortation. After which Lord Balmerino pursuant to his request, being admitted to confer with the Earl, first thank'd him for the favour, and then ask'd, if his lordship knew of any order signed by the Prince (meaning the Pretender's son) to give no quarter at the battle of Culloden! And the Earl answering No, the Lord Balmerino added, nor I neither, and therefore it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders! The Earl replied he did not think this a fair inference, because he was informed, after he was prisoner at Inverness, by several officers, that such an order, signed by George Murray, was in the Duke's custody; "George Murray!" said Lord Balmerino, "then they should not charge it on the Prince!" Then he took his leave, embracing Lord Kilmarnock, with the same kind of noble and generous compliments, as he had used before, "My dear Lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that



*The engraving of Tower
 showing the towers to
 the north of the town as
 in the present view*

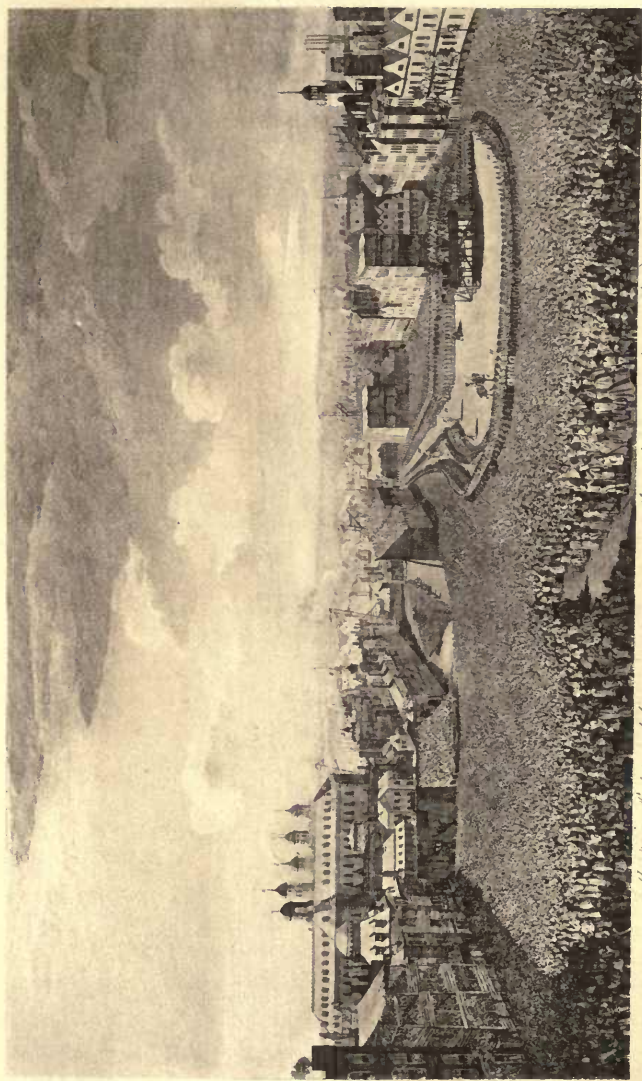
A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF TOWER HILL and the Place of EXECUTION
of the LORDS KILMARNOCK and BALMERINO on Monday 15 of August 1796

*The view of the hill and
 the execution place
 as they appear in
 the present view*

I cannot pay the reckoning alone; once more, farewell for ever!" His persone was tall and graceful, his countenance mild, and his complexion pale; and more so as he had been indisposed. He then returned to his own room. The Earl then, with the company kneeling down, join'd in a prayer delivered by Mr Foster; after which having sat a few moments, and taken a second refreshment of a glass of wine, he expressed a desire that Lord Balmerino might go first to the scaffold; but being informed this could not be, as his lordship was named first on the warrant: he appeared satisfied, saluted his friends, saying he would make no speech on the scaffold, but desired the minister to assist him in his last moments, and then accordingly with other friends, proceeded with him to the scaffold. The multitude who had long been expecting to see him on such an awful occasion, on his first appearing upon the scaffold, dressed in black with a countenance and demeanour, testifying great contrition, showed the deepest signs of commiseration and pity; and his lordship at the same time, being struck with such a variety of dreadful objects at once, the multitude, the block, his coffin, the executioner, the instrument of death, turned about to Mr Hume, and said, "Hume, this is terrible," tho' without changing his voice or countenance. After putting up a short prayer, concluding with a petition for his Majesty King George, and the royal family, in vindication of his declaration: in his speech, his lordship embraced and took a last leave of his friends. The executioner, who before had something administered to keep him from fainting, was so affected by his lordship's distress, and the awfulness of the scene that, on asking his forgiveness, he burst into tears. My Lord bade him take courage, giving him at the same time a purse with five guineas, and telling him that he would drop his handkerchief as a signal for the stroke. He proceeded, with the help of his gentlemen, to make ready for the block, by taking off his coat, and the bag from his hair, which was then tucked up under a napkin cap, but this being made up so wide as not to keep up his long hair, the making it less caused a little delay; his neck being laid bare, tucking down the collar of his shirt and waistcoat, he kneeled down on a black cushion at the block, and drew his cap over his eyes, in doing which, as well as in putting up his hair, his hands were observed to shake; but either to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he happened to lay both his hands upon the block, which the executioner observing, prayed his lordship to let them fall, lest they should be mangled, or break the blow. He was then told that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, upon which he rose, and with the help of a friend took it off, and the neck being made bare to the shoulders, he kneeled down as before. In the meantime, when all things were ready for the execution, and the black bays which hung over the rails of the scaffold having, by direction of the Colonel of the Guard, or the Sheriffs, been turned up that the people might see all the circumstances of the execution; in about two minutes (the time he before fixed) after he kneeled down, his lordship dropping his handkerchief, the executioner at once severed the

head from the body, except only a small part of the skin, which was immediately divided by a gentle stroke; the head was received in a piece of red baize, and, with the body, immediately put into the coffin. The scaffold was then cleansed from the blood, fresh sawdust strewed, and, that no appearance of a former execution might remain, the executioner changed such of his clothes as appeared bloody.

In the meantime Lord Balmerino was waiting for his own end with that imperturbable courage which never seemed to desert him. He talked cheerfully with his friends, and drinking a glass of wine, blithely asked them to drink to his "ain degrae ta haiven." When the under-sheriff came to summon him to the scaffold the old lord interrupted him by asking how the executioner had done his work upon Lord Kilmarnock, and remarking that it was well done, turned to his friends and said, "Gentlemen, I shall detain you no longer," immediately proceeding to the scaffold, "which he mounted with so easy an air as astounded the spectators." He wore the uniform in which he had fought at the battle of Culloden, a blue coat turned up with red, with brass buttons, and a tie wig. Having walked several times round the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and going up to the coffin lying ready to receive his body, he read the inscription, saying, "It is right"; then he carefully examined the block which he called his "pillow of rest." He required his spectacles to read the speech he had prepared, and "read it with an audible voice, which, so far from being filled with passionate invective, mentioned his Majesty as a prince of the greatest magnanimity and mercy, at the same time that, thro' erroneous political principles, it denied him a right to the allegiance of his people." This speech was duly handed over to the Sheriff, and when the executioner came forward to beg Lord Balmerino's pardon, as was the custom, the staunch old nobleman said, "Friend, you need not ask me forgiveness, the execution of your duty is commendable!" Then he gave him three guineas, adding, "Friend, I never was rich, this is all the money I have now, and I am sorry I



11-200 - Representation of *vienna-aria*, as it appears from a point of view on the
C. *Waltz* and *Allegro* with the *cast* of *Schubert* and the *Acad. Performance* near *Schubert*.

cannot add anything to it but my coat and waistcoat." These he himself placed upon his coffin, together with his neckcloth, and putting on a plaid cap, declared that he died a Scotchman. He next bade farewell to his friends, and then looking down upon the crowd said to a gentleman who stood near him, "Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold, but remember, sir, that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble, if I should shew any signs of fear." As he passed the executioner he took the axe from his hand and felt the edge, and, returning it to the man, clapped him on the shoulder to encourage him. Turning down the collar of his shirt he showed the man where to strike, bidding him "do it resolutely, for in that would consist his kindness." After giving the Tower warders some money, he asked which was his hearse, and ordered the driver to bring it nearer. "Immediately," says the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "without trembling, or changing countenance, he again knelt at the block, and having with his arms stretched out, said, 'O Lord, reward my friends; forgive my enemies—and receive my soul,' he gave the signal by letting them fall, but his uncommon firmness and intrepidity, and the unexpected suddenness of the signal, so surprised the executioner, that though he struck the part directed, the blow was not given with strength enough to wound him very deep; on which it seemed as if he made an effort to turn his head towards the executioner, and the under jaw fell and returned very quick, like anger and gnashing the teeth; but it could not be otherwise, the part being convulsed. A second blow immediately succeeding, the first rendered him, however, quite insensible, and a third finished the work. His head was received in a piece of red baize, and with his body put into the coffin, which, at his particular request, was placed on that of the late Marquis of Tullibardine in St Peter's Chapel Church in the Tower, all three Lords lying in one grave."

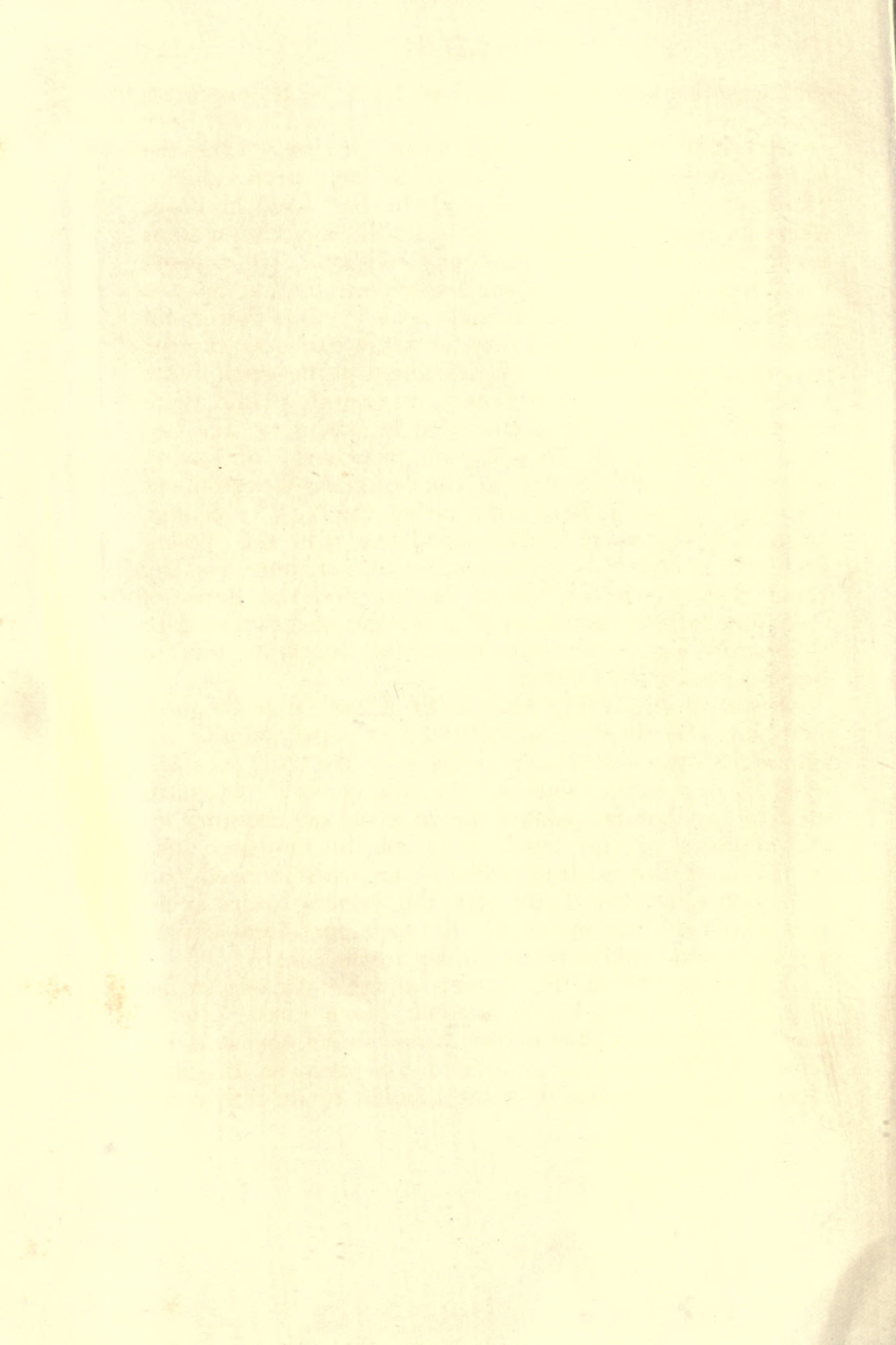
At the close of that year the brother of the ill-fated

Earl of Derwentwater, Charles Radclyffe, was also executed on the same spot. He came very gallantly to the scaffold dressed "in scarlet trimm'd with gold, a gold laced waistcoat, and white feathers in his hat." He was actually Earl of Derwentwater, his coffin in St Giles's in the Fields bearing the inscription, "Carolus Radclyffe, Comes de Derwentwater, decollatur, 8 Dec. 1746, Ætis 53. Requiescat in Pace." But although the Derwentwater estates had only been confiscated to the Crown for his life a clause in a later Act of Parliament directed that "the issue of any person attainted of High Treason, born and bred in any foreign dominion, and a Roman Catholic, shall forfeit his reversion of such estate, and the remainder shall for ever be fixed in the Crown, his son is absolutely deprived of any title or interest in the fortune of that ancient family to the amount of better than £200,000." Charles Radclyffe, was the younger brother of James, Earl of Derwentwater, and with him had been taken prisoner at Preston, and condemned to death after trial and conviction. But he had been respited, and it was thought would ultimately have been pardoned, had he not escaped from his prison in Newgate. He went to France, and following the Pretender to Rome, was given a small pension by that prince, and this was literally all that he had to live upon. Later, he returned to Paris, and there he married the widow of Lord Newburgh, by whom he had a son. He came to England in 1733, but went back again to France and accepted a commission from Louis XIV., "to act as officer in the late rebellion." But before he could reach Scotland on board the *Esperance*, he, his men, and several other Scotch and Irish officers were captured by an English vessel, and Charles Radclyffe ended his unfortunate career as intrepidly as he had lived it, on Tower Hill.

By this time the axe had almost done its work in England, and Tower Hill was to see only one more head laid upon the block—that of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat,



*The Effigie of the late CHARLES RATCLIFFE Esq.
who was beheaded on little Tower Hill, Monday Decemb^r 6th
1746. for being concern'd in the Rebellion in the Year 1715.*



who was the last of the Jacobite lords to be executed. Lord Lovat's long life had begun in 1667, and it had been as wild and vicious as it had been lengthy. Like the Regent Orléans, he might very justly have been called a "fanfaron de vice." In his youth he had lived in Paris, where he had become a Roman Catholic, if such a man as Lovat could be said to have any religion. He enjoyed what was probably a unique experience in that he was imprisoned both in the Bastille and in the Tower, for although there is no authority for saying that he was the only man who underwent imprisonment in the great State prisons of England and of France, on the other hand, there is also no authority for saying that he was not. He had been in the Bastille in 1702, on the charge of having betrayed a Jacobite plot to the English Government. Although not actually in arms during the "'45" rebellion, Lovat had kept up a correspondence with the Young Pretender; and this correspondence cost him his life. When captured at the Isle of Moran, after the Battle of Culloden, he was so infirm that he had to be carried to Edinburgh in a litter, and thence in the same way to Berwick, and so to London.

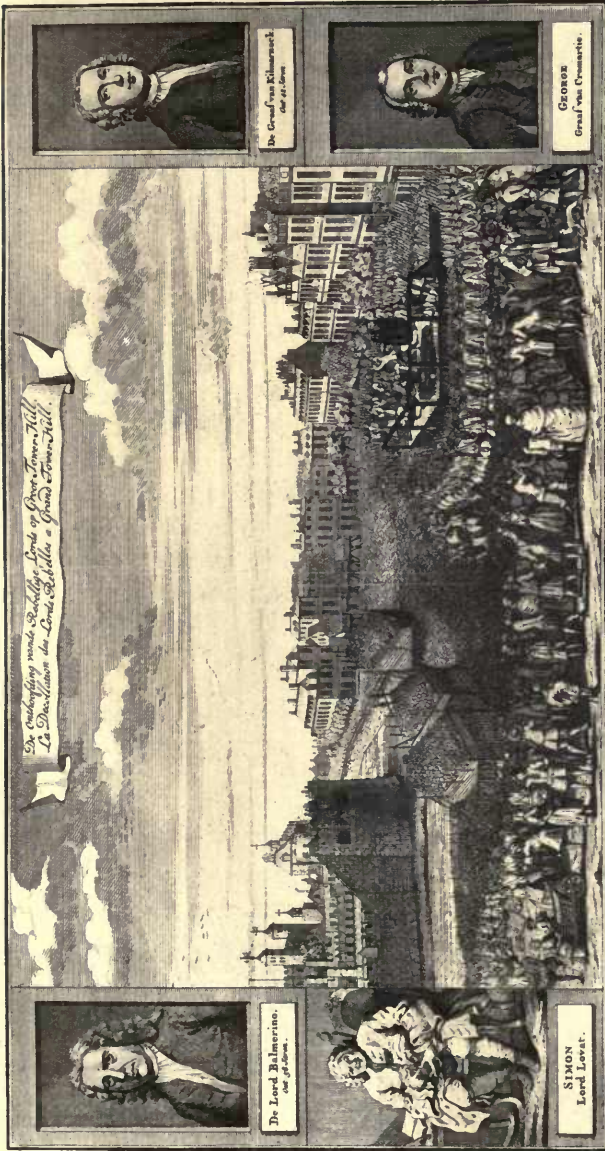
It was at the White Hart at St Albans that Hogarth met him, and there it was that great artist painted the admirable little full-length portrait of the old Jacobite, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. Hogarth used to say that he painted Lovat as he sat counting up the numbers of the rebel forces on his fingers. The engraving of this portrait, taken by the artist himself, had an immense success at the time, the printing press being kept employed day and night, and for a considerable time Hogarth made twelve pounds a day by its sale.

Lovat arrived at the Tower on the 15th of August 1746, and according to the account given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that month, came "in an open Landau driven by six horses, guarded by a party of Liguier's Horse, and accompany'd in the Landau by an officer—

he passed through the streets he seemed very unconcerned, but coming on the hill, he turn'd his eyes towards the scaffold erecting for beholding the execution of the lords, and lifting up his hands, said, 'A few days, and it will be my awful fate!'"

The whole aspect of Tower Hill, with the exception of the appearance of the old fortress and its outer walls, has been entirely changed since Lovat saw it with the huge scaffoldings being erected for the spectators of his companions' executions—and for his own a few months later. The house into which they were led to await their death no longer exists. It occupied the north-east corner of Catherine's Court, and was formerly the Transport Office. From a raised platform, which was flush with the scaffold, the Jacobite lords walked from the house, which stood immediately opposite to the spot where so many remarkable men have perished by the axe of the headsman. During the last few years the actual site of the scaffold has been marked by a tablet in the garden that now surrounds the place of execution, where the axe had done its work from the time of Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, the son of the Duke of Clarence, to that of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. With the latter ended the long list of State executions on Tower Hill, which, during five centuries, had stained its soil with some of the noblest blood in the country.

On the 18th of December, Lovat was taken from the Tower to the House of Lords, where the articles of his impeachment were read to him. The best account of the trial is undoubtedly that contained in one of the many letters written by Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Writing on the 20th of March 1747, Walpole says: "I have been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you about it. It lasted seven days; the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced he made no defence. The Solicitor-General (Sir William Murray), who was one of



De Graf van Kilmarnock
1746



GEORGE
Graf von Cromartie.



De Lord Balmerino
1746



SIMON
Lord Lovat.

Execution of the Rebel Lords 1746



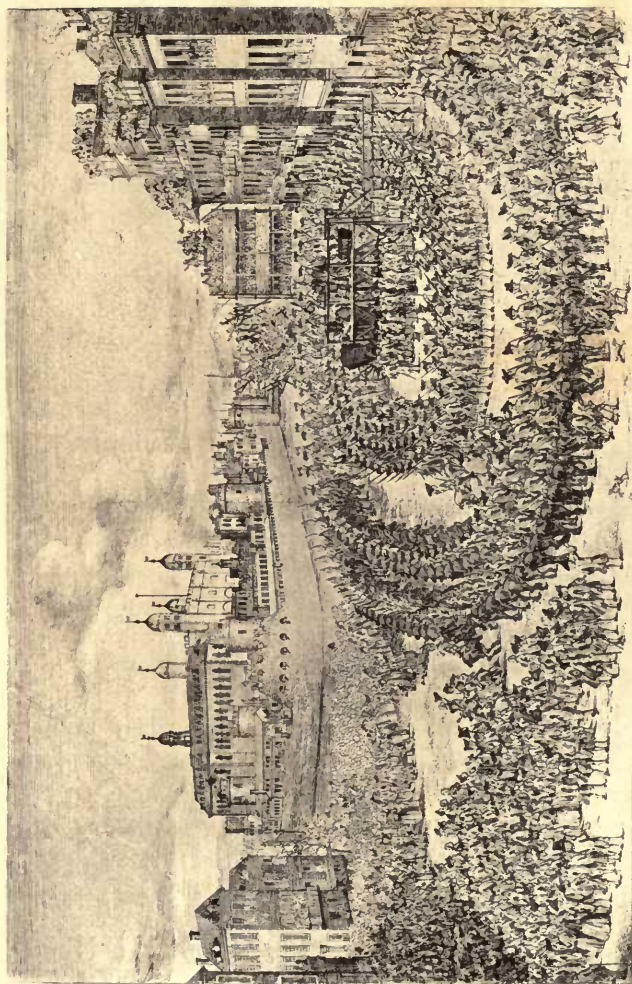
the managers of the House of Commons, shone extremely. The Attorney-General (Sir Dudley Ryder), who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last indecent.

“When he came to the Tower, he told them that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘but they were inexperienced; they had not broke so many gaols as I have.’ At his own home he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, ‘We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece.’ He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with rats, he replied: ‘What do you say, that you are so haunted with Ratcliffes?’ The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said: ‘You ugly old dog, don’t you think you will have that frightful head cut off?’ He replied: ‘You ugly old —, I believe I shall!’ At his trial he affected great weakness and infirmities, but often broke out into passions; particularly at the first witness, who was his vassal. He asked him how he dared to come thither; the man replied, to satisfy his conscience. The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh, even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar: ‘Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m’en soucie guère.’ When he withdrew, he said: ‘Adieu, my Lords, we shall never meet again in the same place!’ He says he will be hanged, for his neck is so short and bearded that he should be struck in the shambles. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but

tyranny and villany, wound up by buffoonery, took off all edge of concern."

Thursday, April 9th, was the day fixed for Lovat's execution, and shortly before he arrived on Tower Hill one of the scaffoldings built for the spectators of his execution, and which held nearly a thousand people, suddenly collapsed, eight or ten persons being killed outright, whilst many others had broken legs and arms. Whatever may be thought of the action of the Hanoverian Court in beheading the rebellious Jacobite lords, there is no doubt that a richly-deserved punishment was meted out to Lovat. Forty years before, at the last session of the Scottish Parliament, previous to the union of the two countries, Lord Belhaven had declared in a memorable speech, that Captain Fraser, as Lord Lovat then was, 'deserved, if practicable, to have been hanged five several times, in five different places, and upon five different accounts at least, as having been a traitor to the Court of St James's, a traitor to the Court of St Germain's, a traitor to the Court of Versailles, and a traitor to his own country of Scotland; that he deserved to be hanged as a condemned criminal, outlaw, and fugitive, for his treatment of the widow of the late Lord Lovat's sister. Nay, so hardened was Captain Fraser, that he erected a gallows, and threatened to hang thereon the lady's brother, and some other gentlemen of quality who accompanied him, in going to rescue her out of that criminal's cruel hands.'" This was in 1706, and to judge by all accounts of Lovat's career in the next forty years, he deserved to be hanged yet five times more, "if practicable."

Lovat waked about three o'clock on the morning of his execution, and was heard to "pray with genuine emotion." He was very cheerful, and having ordered his wig to be sent to the barber, "that he might have time to comb it out genteely, he sat down to a breakfast of minced veal," ordering coffee and chocolate for his friends, whose health he drank in wine and water. When the



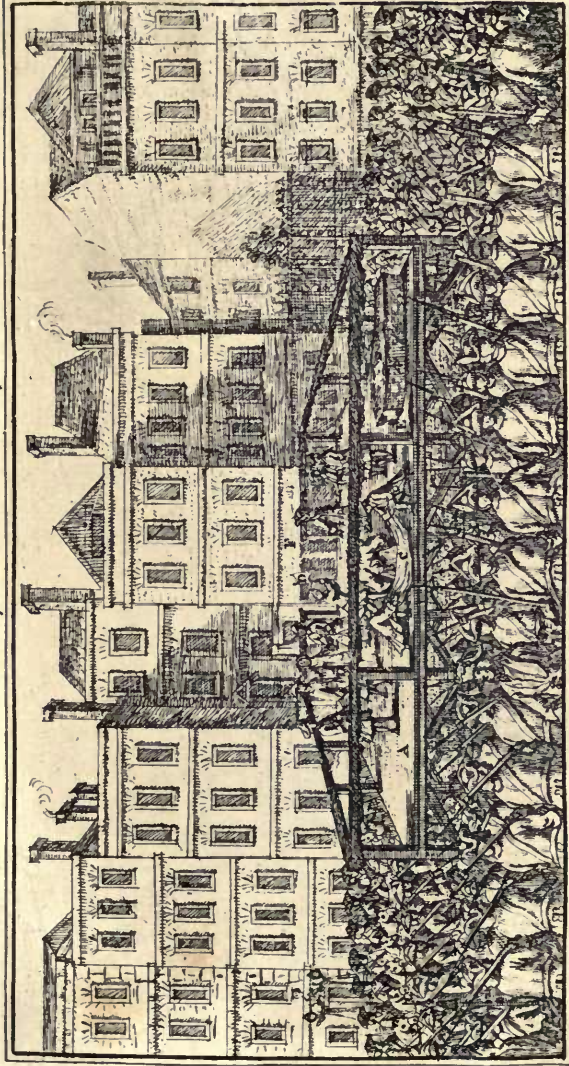
*The north west prospect of the Tower of LONDON
at the time of Execution, of the rebel Lords, in 1746;
with a particular View of the falling of a Scaffold, whereby above fifty lost their lives and were doubled
at the Execution of Lord Lovat*



Sheriff of London came to demand his body, he responded to the call with alacrity, saying, "I am ready"; and on his way downstairs accepted General Williamson's invitation to rest in the Lieutenant's room, and asked him in French if he could "take leave of his lady, and thank her for her civilities. But the General told his lordship in the same language that she was too much affected with his lordship's misfortunes to bear the shock of seeing him, and therefore hoped his lordship would excuse her." From the Lieutenant's house, Lord Lovat was conveyed in the Governor's coach to the Outer Gate, where he was delivered over to the Sheriffs, who took him in another coach to the house which had already served as the last resting-place of Lords Balmerino and Kilmarnock on the way to the scaffold. Here a room had been got ready for him, hung with black cloth and with sconces. At first his friends were denied admittance, but upon Lord Lovat applying to the Sheriffs, leave was granted. During the time of waiting Lovat thanked the Sheriffs for "their favours," and desired that his clothes might be given up to his friends with his body, also asking that his head might be received in a white cloth, and put into the coffin. This was promised, as well as that the holding up of the head at the corner of the scaffold should be dispensed with. Lord Lovat was assisted up the steps of the scaffold by two warders, and looking round on the great multitude of people, exclaimed, "God save us! why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head, that cannot go up three steps without three bodies to support it." Then seeing that one of his friends looked very unhappy, he slapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Cheer up thy heart, man, I am not afraid, why should you?" Like old Lord Balmerino, he felt the edge of the axe, and examined his coffin, upon which was inscribed: "Simon Fraser Dominus de Lovat, Decollat April 9, 1747. Ætat Suae 80." After repeating some lines from Horace and Ovid, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "he called his solicitor and agent in

Scotland, Mr Wm. Fraser, and presented him with his gold-headed cane, and said: 'I deliver you this cane in token of my sense of your faithful services, and of my committing to you all the power I leave upon earth,' and then embraced him. He also called for Mr James Fraser, and said, 'My dear James, I am going to Heaven, but you must continue to crawl a little longer in this evil world.' And taking leave of both, he deliver'd his hat, wig, and clothes to Mr William Fraser, and desired him to see that the executioner did not touch them; he ordered his cap to be put on, and unloosing his neckcloth and the collar of his shirt, he kneeled down at the block, and pulled the cloth which was to receive his head close to him. But being placed too near the block, the executioner desired him to remove a little farther back, which, with the warders' assistance, was immediately done; and his neck being properly placed, he told the executioner he would say a short prayer, and then give the signal by dropping his handkerchief. In this position he remained about half a minute, and then, throwing his handkerchief upon the floor, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body, which was received in the cloth, and together with his body put into the coffin, and carried in the hearse back to the Tower, where it remained until four o'clock, and was then taken away by an undertaker, in order to be sent to Scotland, and deposited in his own tomb in the church of Kirkhill; but leave not being given, as was expected, it was again brought back to the Tower, and interred near the bodies of the other lords. Lord Lovat, in a codicil to his will, had ordered that all the pipers from John o' Groats to Edinburgh were to play before his corpse, for which they were to have a handsome allowance, and though he did not expect this wish to be complied with, yet he said that he hoped that the good old women of his country would sing a 'coronach' before him." The legend that Lovat's ghost, in a monk's dress, appeared during a tempest with its head under its arm, probably had its

A REPRESENTATION of the Execution of Lord LOVAT.



A. The Scaffold. B. Lord Lovat's head on a Block. C. Cloth to receive the Head. D. The Executioner with his Axe. E. The Coffin. F. The House from which he came on the Scaffold. Execution of Lord Lovat 1746



origin in this desire of his to have a great Scottish wake at his funeral, and also to his once having worn the dress of a Jesuit priest in one of his adventures at St Omer; of this there is a curious contemporary print.

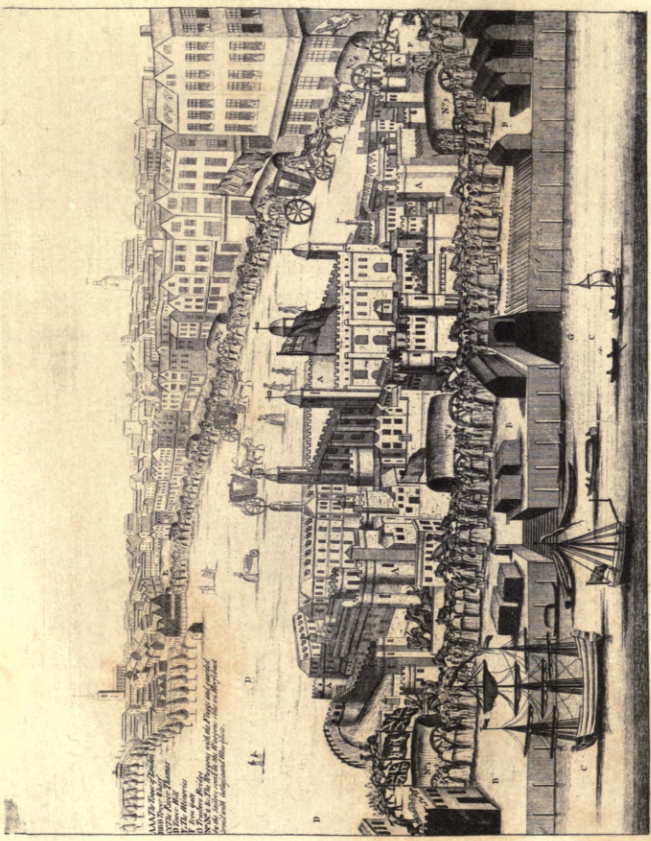
Lord Cromarty was pardoned, owing to the exertions of his wife, who petitioned every member of the Privy Council, and had fallen in a swoon at the feet of George II. at Kensington, in the very act of presenting him with a petition for mercy. Her prayer was more graciously received by that sovereign than Lady Nithsdale's petition had been by his father. It is said that a son born to Lady Cromarty about this time had the mark of an axe upon its neck.

The block, now in the Armoury of the Tower, is undoubtedly the one upon which Lovat was beheaded, and is declared to have originally been made for his execution. The axe which stands beside it was used to behead him, as well as the other Jacobite lords who suffered death in 1746, but whether it was used previous to these executions cannot be ascertained with any certainty.

Although Lord Lovat was the last person beheaded in England, a peer was hanged at Tyburn after being imprisoned in the Tower in the last year of the reign of George II. This was Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, who had murdered his steward, Johnson, in cold blood. Probably if this crime had been committed in these days Lord Ferrers would have benefited by a more merciful dispensation. That he had been insane on several occasions is certain, and he had been wilder and more reckless in his manner of life than could be accounted for by anything short of madness, his fits of wild rage clearly pointing to a disordered brain. He had married a harmless and amiable woman, the daughter of Sir V. Meredith, and she, unable to live with such a brutal husband as Ferrers proved himself to be, had obtained a judicial separation. Ferrers was wildly extravagant, and it was owing to his debts that the unfortunate lawyer, Johnson,

who had been appointed by a special Act of Parliament to manage the Shirley estates, was made the steward of the property. Ferrers had repeatedly sworn that he would rid himself of this agent and steward, and having enticed him to his house, deliberately shot the poor man as he knelt begging for his life. Ferrers was arrested, and brought to the Tower under a guard of constables. A stranger procession than that of Lord Ferrers to his prison can scarcely be imagined. He was in his own carriage, a landau drawn by six horses, and was dressed in "a riding frock, wearing boots, and a jockey cap." In this costume he appeared before the House of Lords in February 1760. He was imprisoned in the Middle Tower, two warders being in an adjoining room, whilst two sentries kept guard at the foot of the Tower stairs. There he remained for the two months which elapsed before his trial. On the 5th of May he was hanged at Tyburn, with all the pomp and circumstance that in those days clung to the death of a criminal if he were a nobleman. Being an Earl, Lord Ferrers was allowed to be strangled out of existence by a silken instead of a hempen rope, and although the sentence of his execution included the order that his body was to be dissected, the order was dispensed with.

Lord Ferrers was taken from the Tower in his own carriage, drawn by six horses, to the gallows. He wore a superb dress, a pale-coloured silk coat edged with silver lace, and was accompanied by grenadiers, and horse and foot guards, his carriage being followed by some of the coaches of members of his family, and his hearse, which was also drawn by six horses. The streets were so crowded to see this unusual sight, that it took the procession three hours to reach Tyburn from the Tower. Lord Ferrers went out of the world in a far more becoming manner than he had lived in it. He regretted, he said, not to have been allowed to be executed on Tower Hill, where his ancestor, the Earl of Essex, had been beheaded.



Waggons going into the Tower with treasure taken from the Spaniards (temp. George II)



If he actually made this remark, he could not have been aware that his ancestor had not been beheaded on Tower Hill, but within the Tower walls, on the Green. To judge by his portrait, painted by the French portrait painter, Andran, Lord Ferrers had a bullet-shaped head, and must have closely resembled the ordinary type of jockey when he appeared in his riding-boots and jockey cap before his peers at his trial.

One of the greatest naval achievements of the last century must not be omitted from the story of the Tower during George the Second's reign. The great Spanish treasure, worth a million and a half of dollars, captured by Lord Anson, with his ship, the *Centurion*, on the 20th of June 1743, was brought to the Tower the following year. Two rare old engravings are here reproduced, in which the treasure-laden waggons are being haled by the joyous crowd up Tower Hill. Since the days of Elizabeth, when the ships of Drake and Raleigh despoiled the fleets and merchantmen of the Spaniards, no such spoil as this had rewarded British prowess.

CHAPTER XX

GEORGE III.

THE first political prisoner to enter the Tower in the reign of George the Third was John Wilkes, the notorious member for Middlesex. On the 30th of April 1763, Wilkes was imprisoned in the Tower under a warrant signed by Lords Egremont and Halifax, the charge against him being, that he had written and published the *North Briton* newspaper, the forty-fifth number of which was styled "a most infamous and seditious libel." Wilkes, however, was only kept for a week in the fortress, the Lord Chief-Justice (afterwards Lord Camden) deciding that the offence for which he was committed to prison, "was not an offence sufficient to destroy the privilege of a member of Parliament, that it was unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void."

The next prisoners of note also made the acquaintance of the inside of the fortress indirectly through the Press. They were no less personages than the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Brass Crosby, and one of his Aldermen, Oliver, both members of Parliament. They had held a messenger to bail, who, under the Speaker's warrant, had apprehended the printers of the *London Evening Post*, and had afterwards been charged by the arrested printer with assault and false imprisonment. The Lord Mayor and his Alderman attempted to justify themselves before the House of Commons by claiming the City privileges,* but,

* See Appendix.



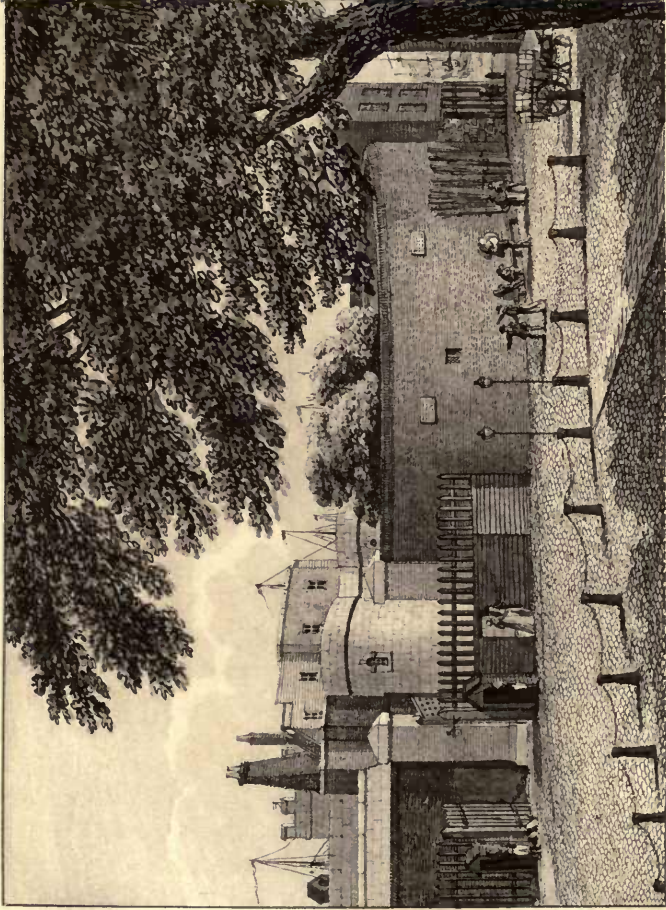
West Front of the Tower in the time of George III

nevertheless, they were kept in durance vile in the Tower until the 23rd of July, when, Parliament being prorogued, they obtained their liberty, after a confinement of four months' duration. Their liberation was regarded as a popular triumph, and celebrated with much rejoicing.

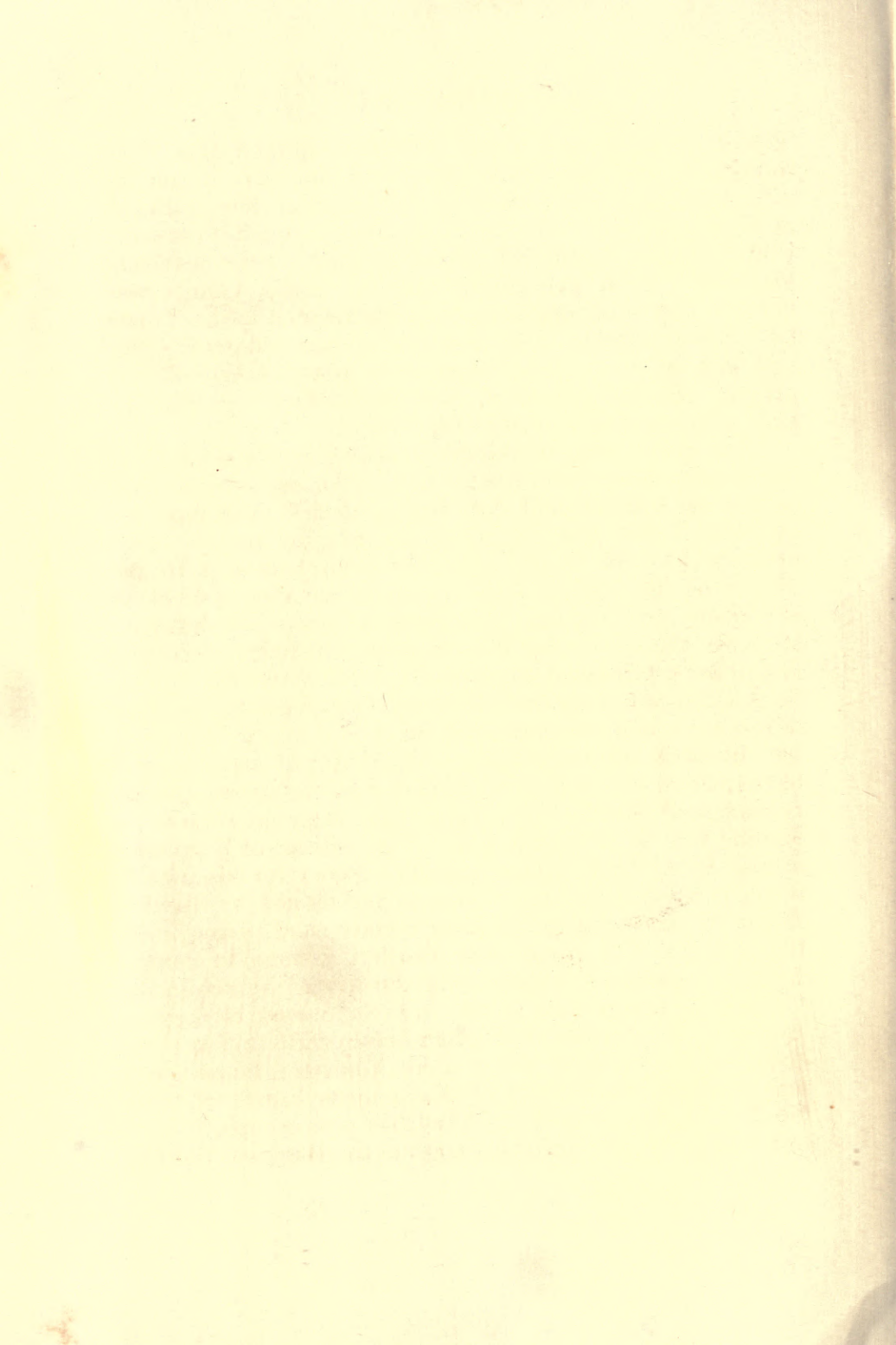
During the American War many of the Tower guns, and a quantity of the ammunition stored there, was sent across the Atlantic, and used against the so-called "rebellious colonists."

In June 1780, that half-crazed fanatic, Lord George Gordon, was a prisoner in the Tower, charged with the instigation of the "No Popery" riots, which for a time had placed London in peril of mob-rule, and caused great loss of life and property by fire and pillage. After a trial which lasted twenty-one hours, Lord George was declared not guilty. A few years later, however, he was doomed to end his life in Newgate prison. At the same time that Lord George was a prisoner in the fortress, the Earl of Pomfret was committed there for having challenged the Duke of Grafton to fight a duel. In the following year a French spy, named Henry Francis de la Motte, was in the Tower on a charge of high treason. He was found guilty, and hanged at Tyburn on the 23rd of July. In 1794 the coalition between Pitt and the Whigs took place, and soon afterwards Pitt carried two Bills through Parliament, one of which was to the effect that mere writing, speaking, or preaching against the King's authority was tantamount to treason; the other forbade all political meetings, unless advertised beforehand, and permitted their dispersal by any two justices of the peace. These very coercive measures over-reached themselves, and juries would not convict persons charged with offences under their clauses. Horne Tooke, "Parson Tooke," as he was familiarly called, the celebrated wit, was the most brilliant of a set who desired more civil and religious liberty in England, and with this object they formed themselves into a society for the propaganda of their opinions, holding

meetings, and making use of existing societies, clubs, and associations. Tooke, Jeremiah Joyce, a clergyman, and private secretary to Lord Stanhope, Thomas Hardy, a shoemaker, John Thelwall, Bonney, Richter, and Lovatt, were all arrested and placed in the Tower, and brought before the Privy Council on a charge of high treason. These so-called reformers were eight weeks in the fortress. At length the trials took place, Hardy being acquitted, to the great delight of the populace, the reformer shoemaker becoming the hero of the hour. Tooke was tried at the Old Bailey, and he also was acquitted, as were the rest of the prisoners. In 1798, Arthur O'Connor, the editor of the *Press*, an Irish Nationalist newspaper, with John Alley, John Burns, and James O'Coighley were placed in the fortress on a charge of maintaining a traitorous correspondence with the French Directory. O'Connor and his companions, it seems, had been entrusted by the Society of the United Irishmen with a mission to the French Directory in the month of March 1798, but on their way to Paris they were arrested at Margate by Bow Street runners, although they had bribed a fisherman with £150 to take them across the Channel. On their luggage being searched, uniforms, arms, and a large sum of money were found. They were immediately brought back to London, and lodged in separate prisons in the Tower, but the trial was held at Margate, and James O'Coighley, who seems to have been made the scapegoat, was hanged on Pennenden Heath. Lord Thanet, who was a friend of O'Connor's, was present at the latter's trial at Maidstone, and with him were Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sir Francis Burdett, and Samuel Whitbread. During the trial O'Connor made a bolt for freedom, springing out of the dock, and forcing his way through the court; he almost succeeded in escaping. A free fight ensued, and in the *melee* Lord Thanet was arrested, and on the charge of aiding and abetting the prisoner O'Connor to escape, and with resisting the officers of the law, was sent off to the



Entrance to the Tower Menagerie in the time of George III.

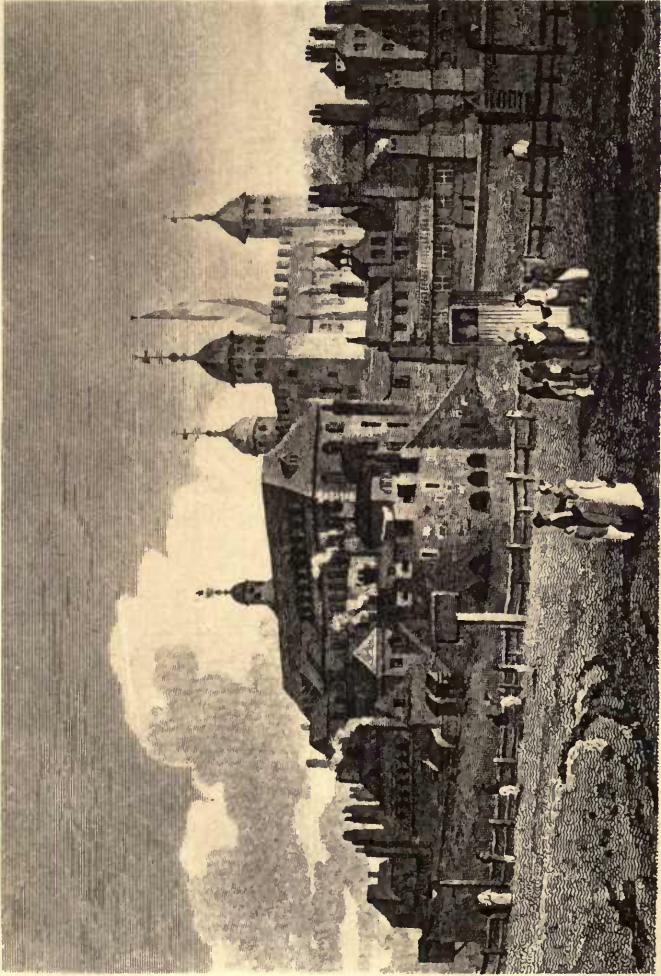


Tower. At his trial Lord Thanet remarked that, "he thought it only fair that O'Connor should have a run for it." Lord Thanet was tried at the Court of King's Bench in May 1799, and with him a barrister named Ferguson, who had also shown his sympathy with O'Connor during his trial. Both were found guilty. Lord Thanet was fined £1000, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the Tower for twelve months; Ferguson had to pay a fine of £500, and was ordered to be imprisoned in the King's Bench prison. Sackville Tufton, Earl of Thanet, was the last peer who was imprisoned in the Tower.

Ten years after this another prisoner was brought to the Tower amidst wild scenes of popular excitement, such as the old fortress had not witnessed since the mob led by Wat Tyler had surged about its grey walls. This prisoner was Sir Francis Burdett, who was sent to the Tower on the 10th of April 1810, for an alleged libel on the House of Commons in a letter addressed to his constituents, the electors of Westminster, which had appeared in Cobbet's "Political Register." In this letter Sir Francis denied the power of the House of Commons to imprison delinquents, and this statement was voted by the House to be "libellous and scandalous." Burdett had made himself obnoxious to the Ministers of his day by his strong Liberal politics, and they at once made this letter an excuse for venting their hatred upon him. The House of Commons during an all-night sitting passed an order for his attachment, and a warrant was drawn up and signed by Speaker Abbot to arrest the too popular baronet, and place him in the Tower. For some days Burdett refused to comply with the Speaker's warrant, and the longer he refused to be arrested the greater became the excitement throughout London. Free fights took place between the military and the mob, the windows of the Tory Ministers' houses were smashed, and the electors of Westminster mustered round Sir Francis's house in Piccadilly (that now occupied by his noble-hearted and charitable daughter the Baroness Burdett-

Coutts) in their thousands. These protested their devotion to their beloved member, and their determination to prevent his being taken to prison. At length Burdett was obliged to surrender to the officers, who forced their way into his drawing-room, and being placed in a coach, was driven by way of the north of London, by Moorfields and the Minories, to the Tower. On Tower Hill the mob seemed inclined to attempt a rescue, but fortunately no conflict occurred, and Sir Francis was safely conducted to his prison, in a house near to that occupied by Colonel Mathew Smith, who was acting in the place of the Lieutenant of the Tower, General Vernon, the latter being too infirm to attend to his duties. Lord Moira, the Constable of the Tower, was present when Sir Francis arrived at the fortress. As the soldiers who had escorted the Liberal member for Westminster to the Tower were returning to their quarters there was a collision between them and the mob, and on Tower Hill the military were obliged to charge the people, many being killed; two more people were killed in Fenchurch Street, whilst riots broke out in several places in the metropolis. Burdett's imprisonment lasted for ten weeks, he being set at liberty when Parliament was prorogued on the 21st of June. In order to avoid a fresh demonstration he was taken down the river to his villa at Wimbledon. In later years Sir Francis changed his politics and became a steady Whig, but for thirty years he was the most popular member of Parliament that ever sat for Westminster.

Ten years again elapsed before the Tower opened its gates to receive prisoners, these being Thistlewood, with his crew of cut-throats, Ings, Harrison, Davidson, Wilson, Tidd Kamment, and Brunt, who were imprisoned in the fortress in 1820, for plotting to assassinate the members of the Cabinet whilst they were dining at Lord Harrowby's in Grosvenor Square. This was the plot known as the Cato Street Conspiracy, from the meeting-place of this band of desperadoes being in a house in that street,



The Tower from Tower Hill in the time of George III.



where they were taken after a stubborn resistance. Thistlewood was imprisoned in the Bloody Tower, and was the last prisoner to occupy its gloomy dungeon, for with him and his associates the Tower ceased to be a prison of State, and it is to be hoped will ever remain so. Ings and Davidson were placed in St Thomas's Tower; the others in the Byward, Middle and Salt Towers. Thistlewood and five others were hanged in front of Newgate; the remainder were sentenced to transportation for life.

CHAPTER XXI

THE LATE REIGNS

DURING the late reigns there is little that calls for record in the history of the Tower: happy is the land that has no history. But for the fire in 1841, which destroyed the ugly old Armoury of William III.'s time, and the dastardly attempt made in 1885 to blow up the White Tower, no events of much interest have happened. The old fortress, however, has undergone much structural alterations and needed restoration, in which, although great mistakes have been made, as must inevitably be the case when such a group of old buildings as those in the Tower are touched, the result, on the whole, has benefited the appearance of the fortress, and above all, aided the preservation for future ages of the noblest and most historical group of buildings that exists in our land. May they endure: may they be venerated by future generations of our race as they deserve to be.

The following narratives concern the two events just named.

THE FIRE OF 1841

On the night of Saturday, the 30th of October 1841, the great Armoury, or storehouse, to the east of St Peter's Chapel, was completely gutted. The fire broke out in the Bowyer Tower, which abutted on the Armoury; an overheated flue in a stove is supposed to have been the cause. The Armoury had been commenced in the reign of James



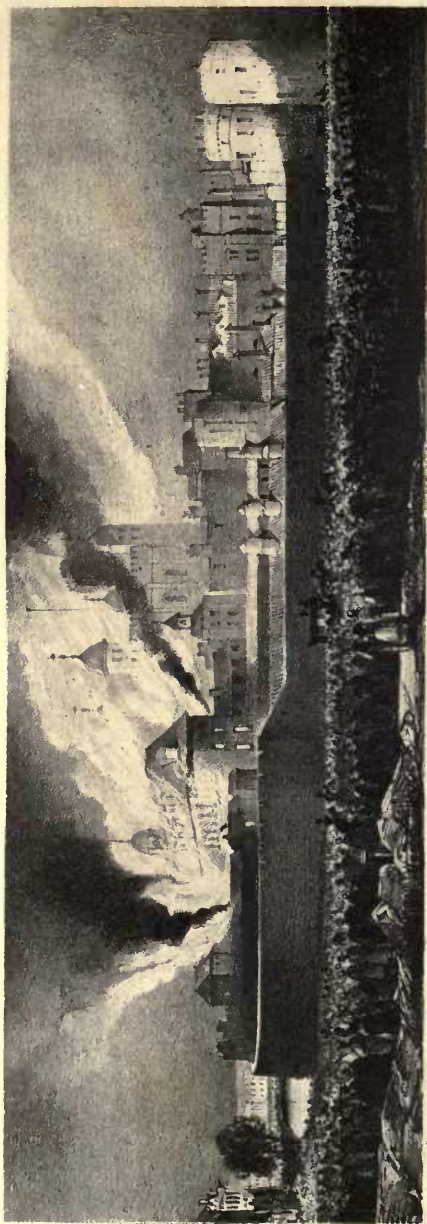
Sketch of the Fire at the Tower in 1814.

II. and completed in the reign of William and Mary, to whom, when it was finished, a banquet had been given in the great hall of the building. This hall, which occupied the whole length of the first floor, was afterwards used as a storehouse for small arms, 150,000 stands of which were destroyed by the fire; besides these, were numbers of cannon and trophies taken in the field. The loss caused by the conflagration was estimated at £200,000. The Regalia was saved from the Martin Tower by one of the superintendents of the Metropolitan police, named Pierce, an incident of bravery which Cruikshank perpetuated in one of his finest etchings. Accompanied by the Keeper of the Jewels and his wife, Pierce, with some other officials, broke the bars of the cage behind which the Royal jewels were kept, with crowbars, and then at great personal risk he managed to squeeze himself through the narrow opening thus made, handing out the crown, orb, and sceptre to those outside. The silver font was too large to pass through the opening, and it was necessary to break away another bar of the grating. Repeated cries from the outside now warned the party to leave the Jewel Room, as the fire was rapidly gaining upon the tower, but Pierce remained until he had secured the whole of the Regalia. The heat inside was so intense that some of the cloth upon which the Crown jewels rested was charred. "Some public reward to Mr Pierce," writes Chamber, in his "Book of Days," "who had so gallantly imperilled himself to save the Regalia of the United Kingdom, would have been a fitting tribute to his bravery. But no such recompense was ever bestowed."

A contemporary account of the disaster in George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, edited by Laman Blanchard, gives the following description of the destruction of the Armoury:—"There stood the keeper himself, his wife at his side, partaking the peril; and the warders whom he had summoned to the rescue. We must, however, pourtray the stifling heat and smoke; the clamour of the soldiers outside the closed

portal, which the fires of the Armoury were striving to reach; nor the roar of the still excluded flames, the clang of the pumps, the hissing of the water-pipes, the gathering feet and voices of the multitude. They are beyond the pencil. The pressure from without increased. Again the clamours rose high, and the furnace heat rose higher. But the keeper abided his time—the crowbars were raised in a dozen hands awaiting his word. It was given! The first blow since the days of King Charles descended on the iron fence; and Queen Victoria's crown safely deposited in its case, and sheltered therein from smoke and flame, and the common gaze, was removed to the Governor's house. Orbs, diadems, and sceptres—dishes, flagons, and chalices—the services of court and of church, of altar and of banquet, were sent forth in the care of many a sturdy warder, gallant John Lund being the leader. The huge baptismal font, soon to be called into use for the Prince of Wales, was last removed. The Jewel Room was as bare as if Blood the First had left nought behind him for Blood the Second. How must the spectators have gazed on the bright procession, as from window, and roof, and turret, the Armoury blazed out upon it! . . . Next in sublimity to the spectacle of the blazing pile, was the scene afterwards presented, when, as the fire lessened, and the smoke cleared off, the whole space of the enormous armoury was opened to the straining eye—a sight of awe and wonder. Above was the sky of a November morn, and below, covering the immense sweep of the floor, heaps of fused metal, of dimensions scarce to be credited, with bayonet points bristling up everywhere, close-set and countless, like long blades of grass."

The buildings destroyed in the fire were the Armoury, a hideous William III. building, the upper part of the Bowyer or Chevenor Tower, which was also hideous and modern. The only relic of much interest destroyed in the Armoury was the wheel of Nelson's ship *Victory*; the arms destroyed were modern, and were all soon replaced.



The Conflagration as seen from Tower Hill before the destruction of the Tower of London.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

View as Saturday night October 30th 1661

PUBLISHED BY W. SHOENEN N^o. 87. ST. MARK'S



The present Gothic barracks were built upon the site of the Armoury, and were opened in some state in 1845 by the great Duke of Wellington, who was then Constable of the Tower. These barracks, which were completed in 1849, were named after the Duke; they are loopholed for musketry, and will hold 1000 men. North-east of the White Tower is a modern castellated building which is used by the officers of the garrison; further to the south-east are the Ordnance Office and Storehouses. The area of the Tower within the walls is twelve acres and a few poles, and the circuit outside the moat is one thousand and fifty yards.

THE FENIAN ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE WHITE TOWER ON THE 24TH OF JANUARY 1885

Three explosions took place in London on Saturday, the 24th of January 1885, during what the Irish Fenians called the "Dynamite War." Two of these occurred in the Houses of Parliament, the third in the White Tower.

The mine, or rather, infernal machine, was laid in the Armoury, and was placed between the stands of arms in the Banqueting Room, both that chamber and the Council Room being injured by the explosion.

Saturday being one of the days upon which the Tower is free to visitors, the old building was full of people, the Banqueting Room being well filled with women and children when the explosion took place, at two o'clock—the same time as that at which the explosion at the House of Parliament occurred. The cries of the people in the room were most distressing, and immediately the charge exploded, the Banqueting Room was ablaze, the flames communicating themselves to the floor above. Since the fire in the Tower in 1841, a fire brigade had been stationed in the building, and numerous fire extinguishers, such as

small manuals and hydrants, were kept in readiness, and although two of the London fire brigades were telephoned for, the military, with the aid of hoses and hydrants, had already checked the spreading of the flames. The actual amount of damage done, happily, fell far short of what might have been expected, considering the force of the explosion, and the great age of the building attacked. The windows and casements were nearly all blown out, the flagstaff at the top of the White Tower was blown away, the floor was burnt, and the face of the clock was damaged; and this was the extent of the hurt caused by the dastardly attempt to wreck the White Tower. The report of the explosion is described as being like the firing of a heavy piece of artillery, being followed by a flame of fire that rose up through the open well that communicates between the second and third floors in the centre of the two halls. This flame was immediately succeeded by a shivering of all the glass in the windows, the crashing of the woodwork, and the falling of hundreds of rifles from the armoury racks, while a dense cloud of dust darkened the interior of the building, and made it impossible for the visitors or officials to discover where the explosion had occurred. A wild panic ensued, and as the dust gradually cleared away, the people rushed in a wild helter-skelter down the staircase, and poured out of the Tower. Meanwhile, the warders and police arrived to the succour of the injured, whom they had to draw out from beneath the wreckage. Directly after the explosion the bugles sounded the assembly, and the Grenadiers, who formed the garrison, turned out. Lord Chelmsford, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and General Milman, its Major, caused flying sentries to be posted at every avenue and point of egress admitting to the Tower. Orders were given to close the gates, and no one was to be allowed to leave the fortress under any pretext. The perpetrator of the outrage was a scoundrel, who, two years before, had been concerned in the outrage of a similar nature on the Underground



George Cruikshank



Breaking into the Strong room in the "Jewel Tower"
and Removal of the Regalia, on the night of the Fire, Oct 30, 1841

Railway, when bombs had been placed at Charing Cross and Praed Street stations. He was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude with hard labour, and was released in the month of March 1899. That the White Tower escaped, and the people in it, with so little injury, was a miracle, for the charge of dynamite was a strong one.

Crime, like history, repeats itself. Amongst the manuscripts kept at Hatfield House is the following declaration:—

“1593-4 Feb. 6. John Danyell, Irishman, came to me, Richard Young, the 6th day of February 1593, and gave me to understand of a plot that is pretended for the firing of the Tower—viz. that there is a vault wherein brimstone doth lie, and there is gunpowder under it. And he says that there is a trap door that doth stand much open, and is purposed that two men like labourers shall come in as though they were workmen in the Tower, and shall cast certain balls into the vault where the brimstone lieth, and in a short time it will take fire and consume all.”

From this it will be seen that the intention of one criminal in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was carried out by another nearly three hundred years later, in the reign of Queen Victoria.

THE END.

APPENDICES



THE GREAT COURT OF THE TOWER.

APPENDIX I

DISPUTES BETWEEN THE CITY OF LONDON AND THE OFFICIALS OF THE TOWER AS TO THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE TOWER

“This dispute as to the Liberties and Privileges of the Tower began as early as 1465-66, the fifth of Edward IV. Early in Queen Elizabeth’s reign it was renewed; the points of controversy are referred to in the above letter (a letter from the Lord Mayor to the Lords of the Council complaining of the conduct of Sir William George, Porter of the Tower of London, regarding his usurpation of the Liberties and Franchises of the City by ‘compelling poor victuallers strangers, coming to London by ship or boat with fish, fruit, or such victuals, to give him such a quantity as pleased him to take, as two or three cod-fish from each boat, etc., without payment. Such as refused he caused to be imprisoned in the Tower, whereby the victuallers were discouraged to come to the City, and their number decreased, to the great hurt of the markets and the victualling of the City, especially at this present time of Lent’). The Council referred the question to the consideration of the Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen’s Bench (Sir Christopher Wray), the Lord Chief of the Common Pleas (Sir Edward Anderson), and the Master of the Rolls (Sir Gilbert Gerard), who gave their opinion upon some of the privileges claimed by the Lieutenant, but not upon the question of boundaries. They reported with respect to the claims of freedom from arrest by action in the City, and protections granted by the Lieutenant to officers and attendants in the Tower, and not obeying writs of *habeas corpus*; that in their opinion, persons daily attendant in the Tower, and serving the Queen there, should be privileged, and not arrested on any plaint in London, but this should not apply to writs of execution or *capias utlagatum*; that the Lieutenant ought to return every *habeas corpus* out of any court at Westminster, so that the justices before whom it should be returned might either remand it with the body, or retain the matter before them, and deliver the body. They further gave their opinion that the claim of the Lieutenant, that if a person privileged in the Tower were arrested in London, he might detain any citizen found within the Tower until the other was delivered, was altogether against the laws of the realm. The Lords of the Council

made an order settling these controversies, which was dated from Nonsuch, October 3rd, 1585. The question of boundaries still remained in dispute. Stowe quotes documents, which he says he had seen among the Records in the Tower, from which it would appear that the bounds in controversy were at Little Tower Hill, the Postern, and East Smithfield on one side, and on the other the extent of Tower Hill, and towards Barking Church. The City claimed the Postern Gate in the end of the London Wall by the Tower, and houses built near to the Wall and Postern; all the void ground within the Postern Gate—viz. the whole hill and ground where the scaffold for the execution of traitors stood, and where the Sheriffs of London received prisoners from the Tower to be executed (from which place the boundary stone had been removed), with the Watergate and the gardens under the London Wall. The City also claimed that the whole ground and soil called Tower Hill without the Postern Gate, being parcel of East Smithfield, was theirs. They likewise objected to the Lieutenant holding pleas in the court of the Tower, that being only a Court Baron, and not a Court of Record; also to the exactions taken in the name of prize of victuallers bringing victuals, fuel, and other things by water. The Lieutenant disputed the original position of the Postern in question, and asserted that the City's proofs brought from their own manuscripts, etc., were insufficient to dispossess any subject, much less the King. He also submitted the presentment made by an inquest held anno 27 Henry VIII., before Sir Anthony (William) Kingston, High Constable of the Tower, which stated that the bounds began 'at the Watergate next the Ramshead, in Petty Wales; and so streyched North unto a Mudwall called Pykes Garden, on this side of Crutched Friars; and so strait East unto the Wall of London, with nine gardens above the Postern, and above the *Broken Tower*, right unto the midst of Hog Lane End, and so strait unto the Thames, and so six foot without the Stairs at the East-gate of the Tower towards St Katherine's.' In the reign of King James the Second the subject was again before the Privy Council, who on the 12th May 1686, directed the boundaries to be ascertained, which was done, and the broad arrow in iron, with the date, set on the houses. On the 13th October in the same year a warrant was issued by King James the Second, for a charter to be prepared for confirming the same. This Charter, dated 10th June 1687, exempted the limits defined in the schedule (and which were practically those claimed by the Lieutenant) from the jurisdiction of the City, and of the Justices, etc., of Middlesex; directed that the Governor of the Tower, or his deputies, should execute and return all writs, processes, etc., within the limits; that a Session of the Peace should be held four times a year within the Liberty of the Tower, and that the Justices of the Peace should have power to commit traitors, felons, etc., to Newgate. It also established a Court of Record within the Liberties, the Steward of the Court being the Coroner, the Governor of the Tower having the appointment of the officers. Whilst the duties of the Justices of the Peace, as defined by the charter, have been from time to time added

to by the Acts 13 George II. cap. 19. sec. 7, 37 George II. cap. 25, sec. 13-16, and by sundry licensing Acts, their powers have been limited by the Police Act (10 George IV. cap. 44) and supplementary Police Acts. The Central Criminal Court Act, 4 and 5 William IV. cap. 36, included the Liberty of the Tower within the jurisdiction of that Court, and took away the power of its Justices to try at their Sessions offences under the Act. This, however, has been somewhat modified by subsequent Acts."

APPENDIX II

The
Behaviour *and* Character
of

Samuel M'Pherson, } and { *Farquar Shaw,*
Malcolm M'Pherson, }

the
Three Highland Deserters ;
who were

Shot at the Tower, July the 18th, 1743.

with

Some Observations on the *Conduct* of a certain *Stranger*, who advised
the Prisoners to wave any Defence they had, and to plead guilty.

Also

*A plain Narrative of the Original Institution of the Regiment, now com-
manded by my Lord S——. Containing an Impartial Account of the
Rise and Progress of the late Mutiny in that Regiment.*

To which is added,

The two Petitions which they sent to the Lords of the *Regency*,
and to the Dutchess of *Richmond*.

By the Clergyman of the Church of *Scotland*, who conversed with them
in their own Language from the Time of their Sentence till their
Execution.

*Nil turpe committas neque coram aliis neque tecum maxime
omnium reverere teipsum.*

London

Printed for M. Cooper in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1743

Price Six-pence.

The
Behaviour and Character
of the
Three Highlanders,
Who were Shot, on July 18th, 1743.

The many inconsistent and scandalous Reports that are spread about Town, both in Print and Conversation, concerning the Characters and Behaviour of the three unhappy young Men who suffer'd in the Tower of *London* on *Monday* the 18th of *July*, make it necessary as well for Information of the Public, as out of Charity to their Memories, to publish the following Sheets.

The Author of this Tract thinks it necessary to premise, that he means not in the Relation he intends to make of this Affair, either to justify the Crime for which these Men suffer'd ; or, in the least, to arraign the Justice of the Court-Martial in their Proceedings ; or tax the Sentence with Severity ; but, from a Motive of Christian Charity and Love for Truth, means to remove from the Character of the Deceased, such false Aspersion as are cast upon them, either by the Malice or Ignorance of some, who think it not only necessary for the Vindication of public Justice, to represent these unhappy Men as Mutineers and Deserters, but must paint them as Men void of every other Virtue, and addicted to the grossest Vices.

In order to give the Reader a just Idea of this Corps of Men, it will not be improper to go back as far as their original Institution, by which we shall be the better enabled to form a just Notion of their Character.

Few that are in the least acquainted with the History or Constitution of *Scotland* but know, that anciently all the Lands in that Kingdom were held of the Crown by Military Tenures, or Knights Service ; and that the Vassals of these great Men held their Lands of them by the same kind of Tenures.

By this Means, the Nobility of that Kingdom had always a Number of Men ready to bring into the Field, either in defence of their *Sovereign*, or to decide their own private Quarrels with one another, at which the Crown always conniv'd (for political Reasons) until both Parties were reduced to an equal and moderate Share of Power.

This Practice of Subjects deciding their private Quarrels by the Sword, obtained anciently all over *Britain* and most other Countries, until Civil Polity and more wholesome Laws prevailed : and still remained in the *South* parts, and towards the Borders of *Scotland*, till

near the Time of the Union of the Crowns in the Person of King *James* the First, when the chief Men in those Parts were diverted from their private Animosities, by their necessary Attendance on the Court, now removed at a greater Distance from them.

However, this Spirit of Family Feuds still prevailed in the *Highlands*, and more remote Parts of *Scotland*, who, by their Distance from the Court, were unacquainted with the Manners of the civiliz'd Part of the Nation.

The inferior Chieftains in these Parts still determined their mutual Quarrels as usual: and in revenge of any Affront, made Incursions and Depredations into the Estates of one another, or connived at their Followers doing so, to the great Discouragement of Industry, and Disturbance of the public Peace.

In this Situation were Things in that Part of the Country about the Time of the Union of the Kingdoms, when the Government very wisely, by the Act called the *Clan-Act*, abolished these Tenures, and for preventing these Depredations last mentioned, raised several Independent Companies in the *Highlands*, the command of which were given to some of the most considerable Gentlemen in that Corner, such as Lord *Loveat*, Laird of *Grant*, *Lochnell*, *Farah*, etc., all men of Distinction and Weight, who were willing to engage their Personal and Family Influence, as well as that of their Companies, for suppressing those Quarrels, and settling a Civil Polity in the Country.

When this Levy was made, the Officers took a special Care that none should be enlisted into that Service, but the Sons of the wealthiest and most reputable Farmers in the Country; and the second and younger Sons of some of the lesser Vassals were not asham'd to enlist in a service calculated for restoring of Peace, and establishing Liberty and Property in their Country. And as they were allowed to occupy their own Farms or follow any other Occupation, except upon Muster-Days, or when they were actually employed in pursuit of Robbers, or Disturbers of the public Peace; they, instead of receiving Bounty-Money, made Interest with the Officer to be admitted.

In this Shape they continued till they were Regimented, under the Command of the Honourable the Earl of *Crawford*, a Nobleman, whose Character was every way agreeable to them, and made little or no Alteration in their Circumstances.

When we have taken this View of their Original and History, down to the Period of their being Regimented, it will be no Matter of Surprize to find the private Men of that Regiment differing much in their Manners

from those of other Corps, if we consider that when they entered the Service it was impossible for them to have the least Apprehensions of ever being obliged to leave their own Country where most of them had Farms or other Concerns, and looked upon themselves, and I believe were esteemed by the Country, only as a regulated Militia, at least till such Time as they were Regimented, which was only a few Years ago.

The Earl of *Crawford* enjoyed that Regiment but a short time, when it was given to their present Colonel the Honourable Lord *Semple*.

They were quartered last year, the one half of them at *Inverness*, and the other at *Perth*; some Time in Spring the Regiment was informed by their officers that they were to be reviewed at *Musselburgh*, a village within four miles of *Edinburgh*, and afterwards to return to their quarters.

Accordingly they had a Rout given them to that place, and arrived there; but were told they were not to be reviewed there, but at *Berwick* upon *Tweed*; when they came to this place, they were told that his Majesty designed to review them in Person at *London*, and that then they would all return to their Families.

When they arrived at *London*, and found that his Majesty was gone, the Regiment were universally dissatisfied, that after so long a March they were disappointed of the Honour of being reviewed by his Majesty.

Some Time after their coming here a Report was currently spread that the Regiment was to be sent to some Parts of the *West-Indies*, and broke or divided amongst the Colonies; which raised in the private Men, who believed this Report, a very great Animosity against their Officers, whom they groundlessly blamed for not informing them truly where they were to go before they carried them from their own Country; and not allowing them Time to settle their Concerns, of which some had very considerable, which they were obliged to leave in great Disorder, they thought the Interest of the Government did no ways require that they, more than any other Regiment in *Britain* should be left ignorant of the Rout they were to take, and by that means be disappointed of an Opportunity of settling their private affairs in a manner suitable to so long an Absence; that they had been so long settled in that Country without any View of being so suddenly called from it, that it amounted to as great a Hardship on them (comparatively speaking) as it would be to the Militia of the City of *London* to be shipped for the *Indies* on an Hour's Warning.

The Officers took pains to allay this flame, by assuring the Men that so soon as the Review was over they would be allowed to return Home.

But when the Report of their Embarkation prevailed, they were out of

all Patience, and looked upon the Design of sending them to *Flanders* only as a Blind to get them on board, in order to ship them really for the *West-Indies*.

Tho' their Officers attempted to undeceive them, yet they had been disappointed so often, and filled so long with Hopes of going Home, that they had no Credit with them.

Add to this, that there was another Complaint pretended for the Ground of their Discontent, that some small Arrears were due to them, that they had all been obliged to use their own Swords, and that their Cloathing, especially their Shoes and Plaids, were remarkably deficient, these last not being worth Six-pence *per* Yard; whereas they used to be allowed Plaids of more than double that Value.

This Spirit continued after the Review, when the Discontented agreed upon *Tuesday* Night after to meet at *Finchley Common*, where a great Number of them convened and waited till their Number increased. In this interval some of their Officers came up, and by their persuasions a great Number returned; However, about a 100 of them continued their first Resolution of returning to their own Country.

Here it is remarkable that the Night was so dark that they scarce could distinguish Faces, or make any Computation of their Number, and that *Malcolm M'Pherson*, one of the Deceased had never hitherto given any Consent to go away, but came within some Distance of the Place where the Men were assembled, and with another in Company, continued irresolute what Course to take until the coming up of the Officers had raised some Ferment, upon which he came into the Crowd, and allowed himself to be hurried along without knowing where he was going.

Next Morning when by Day-Light they could discern their Number, and not finding the Desertion so general as they expected, *Samuel M'Pherson*, another of the Deceased, advised the whole Body strenuously to return to their Duty, which Advice he continued to inculcate during their March to *Lady Wood*; and in a short Time after they came there, he applied to a Justice of the Peace to propose terms of surrender; and during all their Stay there, used his utmost Endeavours to prevent Things coming to the last Extremity.

At last being in some Hopes of a Pardon by the Intervention of his Grace the Duke of *Montague*, to whom Application was made in their behalf, they surrendered on Discretion, in which *Samuel M'Pherson* was the most instrumental, as will be acknowledged by the Officers to whom he surrendered.

They were brought soon after to the Tower, and a Court Martial appointed to try them.

The first Day the Court Martial sat, a Person, a Stranger to all the Prisoners, came to the Grate, and pretending a great deal of Concern for their Misfortunes, advised them not to mention on their Trial any complaint they might have against their Officers, intimating, that he was certain such a Plea would not avail them, and without serving them would expose their Officers.

That the wisest Course they could follow for their own Safety, would be to acknowledge their Guilt, and plead mercy of the Court Martial, which he assured them would effectually work their Deliverance that no Punishment would be inflicted on them, and at the same Time presented them with a Petition which he had already drawn, addressed to the Court Martial in these terms, and they very frankly relying on these assurances signed and delivered the same to that honourable Court.

One of their Officers came next day to the Tower, and inculcated the same Doctrine into the Prisoners that the Stranger had done before, assuring them that they would all be liberate in a short time, when all Justice should be done them.

The Prisoners were examined before the Court Martial one by one ; the Questions asked them were to this Purpose, Was you enlisted? Have you taken the Oaths? Have you received your Pay? Had you your Cloathing regularly? To all which they answered in the Affirmative: They were asked if they had any Complaints against their Officers, they all answered in the Negative, and in general pleaded nothing in Alleviation of their Crime before the Court Martial, but Inadvertency, and that they were moved to it by a Report which prevailed of their being sent to the *West-Indies*, and into a Climate destructive of their Health.

I cannot help in this Place to take notice of the remarkable Officiousness of this Stranger. He takes upon him without being asked, or the least apparent Interest in the Prisoners, to advise them in Matters of the last Consequence to them, their Lives and Reputation ; has the Rashness to prejudice the Opinion of the Honourable the Court Martial in a Point of Law, which is at least a moot Point amongst the Lawyers themselves.

How unreasonable was it for any Man to pretend to determine what Weight any Plea would have before a Court of Judicature determining in a Case of Life and Death ; and how unjust to the Prisoners, to advise them to conceal any Circumstance in their Case that might have the smallest Tendency towards alleviating their Crimes, or raising the smallest Motions of Compassion towards them in the Breasts of their Judges !

Suppose there had been but little Weight in the Plea of their Want of Pay, yet still it was a Circumstance closely connected with their Crime, without which it was impossible to form a just Judgment of the Heinousness of that Action. For, it must be granted on the one hand, that a Soldier who deserts and cannot plead Want of Pay, etc., is less excusable, and consequently deserves a greater Degree of Punishment than he who has such a Pretence; this must be granted, tho' it should be admitted on the other hand, that there is not so much in this Plea, as to skreen the Criminals totally from Punishment; But how much, or little is in it, is a Case few wise Men will determine dogmatically, especially against the Prisoner, since History, either antient or modern, does not afford any one Instance of Capital Punishments inflicted on Soldiers who mutinied for Want of Pay.

It is true, the Pay they want is but small; by their own Account ten or twelve shillings, some less, some a trifle more, which I mention out of Justice to the Officers, because it was currently reported in Town that the Deficiency was much more considerable. But however trifling this and their other Complaints may seem to Men not concerned, yet I cannot but reckon it barbarous to have advised them to conceal these Circumstances, the Relation of which could not be supposed to have been capable of making the Court Martial less merciful to the Prisoners, if it had not the contrary effect.

But however that Plea was waved, and did not fall under the cognizance of the Court Martial who made their Report, the Consequence of which was, that on *Tuesday* the 12th, a Warrant was directed by their Excellencies the Lords of the Regency to the Governor of the Tower, for the Execution of *Samuel M'Pherson*, *Malcolm M'Pherson*, both Corporals, and *Farquar Shaw*, a private Centinel, all three of the Number of the Deserters, upon *Monday* the 18th of *July* last.

Having thus impartially traced this Meeting from its Rise to this Period, it remains that we give some Account of the Character and Behaviour of these three unfortunate Criminals from the Intimation of their Sentence to their Execution.

Samuel M'Pherson, aged about twenty-nine Years, unmarried, was born in the Parish of *Laggan* in *Badenuck* and Shire of *Inverness*; his Father still living, is Brother to *M'Pherson of Breachie*, a Gentleman of a considerable Estate in that County, and is himself a Man of unblemished Reputation, and a plentiful Fortune.

Samuel was the only Son of a first Marriage, and received a genteel Education, having made some Progress in the Languages, and studied for some Time at *Edinburgh* with a Writer (that is, an Attorney), until about

six Years ago he enlisted as a Volunteer in Major *Grant's* Company, where he was much respected both by the Officers and private men, and was in a short Time made a Corporal.

Malcolm M'Pherson, aged about 30 Years, and unmarried, was likewise born in the same Parish of *Laggan*, was Son of *Angus M'Pherson of Driminard*, a Gentleman of Credit and Repute, who bestowed upon *Malcolm* such Education as that Part of the Country would afford. He enlisted about seven Years ago in my Lord *Loveal's* Company, where his Behaviour recommended him to the Esteem of his Officers, and was soon made a Corporal.

Farquar Shaw, aged about 35 Years, unmarried, was born in the Parish of *Rothmurchius* in *Strathspey*, and Shire of *Inverness*. His Father, *Alexander Shaw*, was an honest Farmer, but gave his Son no Education, as living at a Distance from Schools, and not in a Condition to maintain him elsewhere; *Farquar* lived some time by droving, but meeting with Misfortunes in that Business, was reduced, and obliged, for Subsistence, to enlist in this regiment, where he has lived till now without any Reproach.

The Sentence was intimated to them upon *Tuesday* before their Execution. This unexpected Change of their Fortunes, from hopes of Life and Liberty, to that of a short Preparation for a violent Death, very much shock'd their Resolution; but *Samuel* less than any of them: When the Warder went to acquaint *Samuel* of this melancholy News, he carry'd with him two Centinels, for fear any Accident might happen; and after expressing his Concern for being the Messenger of such unhappy News, acquainted him, he must die. He started with Surprize; and asked, with some Emotion, *How must I die? You are to be shot, Sir.*—Then he reply'd, pretty composedly, *God's Will be done; I have brought this upon myself.* He then asked, If he might be allowed Pen and Ink; and when the Post went for *Scotland?* The Warder told him the Night; but that he could not live to receive any Return: He said, he did not want any. He very pleasantly gave the Warder what Weapons he had, which were only a small Penknife and a Razor: and before the Warder parted with him seem'd to have assumed his ordinary Calmness of Mind; and he and the other two, after some Reflection, and the Conversation of the Clergy (who from this time attended them) were reconciled so much to their Circumstances, as to be able to bear the thoughts of Death with great Decency, and Christian Resignation to the Will of God.

Samuel owned he had been active at the Beginning of the Sedition; but he could not help sometimes thinking, that the great Pains he took to influence the Men to return to their Duty afterwards, in a great Measure, alleviated his first Crime.

Malcolm, to the last declared that he never advised any Person to go away; on the contrary, that he never was resolved himself, till the moment he joined the Men in their March from *Finchley Common*, and then his Reflection was so short, that he scarce knew what he did.

Farquar Shaw, in the same manner, declared, That he was no way active in raising the Meeting: That he never advis'd any Man to desert; deny'd that he presented his Piece to any of the Officers, as it was reported. He owned, that he might have utter'd some very passionate and indecent Expressions to some of the Officers who commanded him to return; but that these expressions did not import a threatening to strike any of them.

But notwithstanding that they all three imagin'd themselves no more guilty than the rest of the Prisoners, yet they never once utter'd the least Reflection against the Sentence, the Court Martial, or the Lords of the Regency; in short, they did not Attribute their Death to anything else but the divine Providence of God, to which they chearfully submitted, and acquitted all Mankind of their unhappy End; of which *Farquar Shaw* gave a lively Instance: It being reported to him, that one Serjeant *Mc.Bean* had deposed before the Court Martial, that he (*Shaw*) had presented his Piece to him, when he commanded him to return to his Duty; and that this Deposition had determined the Court Martial to fix upon him in particular; he sent for the Serjeant, and very calmly questioned him concerning this Fact; Who told him that he had never been an Evidence against him, but own'd, that he told some of his Officers, that he (*Shaw*) had threaten'd to strike an officer who commanded him to return to his Duty; and that it was probable, the Colonel might receive this Intelligence from the Officers, and that by this means it might come to the Knowledge of the Court Martial: The Serjeant express'd his Regret, that he should be any way instrumental to his misfortunes. But *Shaw*, in an affable Manner, desir'd him to give himself no Uneasiness on that Head: That he had neither Spite nor Ill-will at him for what he had said, but would die in perfect Love and Friendship with him, and all Mankind: That he had sent for him on purpose to make his Mind easy and not to trouble himself with needless Reflections, since he heartily forgave him; and accordingly parted with him in the most friendly and amicable manner and frequently after express'd to me his Concern for the Serjeant, lest his Reflections on himself should prejudice him, or make him uneasy. This behaviour of his, to the Man whom he was convinc'd had been the principal Cause of his Death, must argue a most charitable, forgiving, and generous Temper and Disposition of Mind, very seldom to be met with in Men of more elevated Stations in Life.

They all three were Men of strong natural Parts, and religiously disposed both from Habit and Principle, the natural Result of a good

Example and early Instruction in the Doctrine and Precepts of Christianity; for I received from all of them a great deal of Satisfaction when I examined them on the Grounds of our holy Religion; and even *Shaw*, who was perfectly illiterate and could neither read nor write, was ignorant of no Christian Doctrine necessary to Salvation, or from whence he could draw Comfort in his present Circumstance. They were educated, and died Members of the Church of *Scotland*, tho' they cheerfully embraced the Opportunity of receiving the Sacrament from the Hands of the Reverend Mr. *Paterson*, who officiated for the Chaplain of the Tower, after the Form of the Church (*sic*) *England*, on the *Sunday* preceding their Execution.

As their Notions of Religion were sincere, so they expressed the greatest Regard for Honesty and Integrity, and thanked God, tho' they were great Sinners, that his restraining Grace had enabled them to avoid all vicious and prophane Courses or the offering any Injury to their Neighbours in their Persons or Properties; that they hoped they had not only the Approbation of (*sic*) of a good Conscience, but the Testimony of their Officers, Friends and Acquaintance, that they have lived all their Life-time without Scandal to themselves, or Reproach to their Friends, until this unhappy Period, when Rashness, without any Mixture of Malice, Cowardice, or Disaffection to his Majesty's Person or Government, had brought their Lives to this miserable Catastrophe.

They applied themselves diligently to the Duty of Prayer and reading the Scripture, from the Time of their Sentence, which they said they had but too much and too long neglected.

When they were all three brought to one Ward near the Place of Execution, about four o'Clock that Morning, they expressed the greatest Affection and Sympathy for one another, each regretting the case of the other two more than his own; at the same time encouraged one another to Constancy of Mind, and a dutiful Resignation to the Hand of God.

Samuel M^r Pherson ordered three Coffins to be made of fifteen Shillings Value each, for which he paid; and *Malcolm* made a Will, which he deposited in the Hands of three of his own Name among the *Highland* Prisoners, some Days before their Execution.

These three were admitted to visit the Prisoners, who told them that they thanked God that they had got the better of the Fears of Death, and were prepared to embrace it cheerfully; that they thought their Case better than that of their Fellows, as they were leaving this World in Hopes of Eternal Peace and Happiness, whilst they were to remain here exposed to new Temptations and new Troubles in distant and unknown Countries, where they would not enjoy Life, but a lingering Death. They applied by Petition to several Persons of Quality, of which the two following are true Copies.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices.

The humble Petition of *Samuel M'Pherson, Malcolm M'Pherson,*
and *Farquar Shaw.*

May it please your Lordships,

That, whereas your poor Petitioners lie under Sentence of Death for Mutiny and Desertion, and have nothing to hope (under the Almighty) but from your Lordships' Favour on our Behalf, which we do most humbly intreat. And as we are sincerely sorry for our base Conduct and Misbehaviour, and it being our first Crime, we hope for your Lordships' kind Indulgence, which should we be so happy as to obtain, we do sincerely promise to retrieve this our Misconduct by a steady Attachment to our most gracious Sovereign King *George*, by defending him and his Royal House with all our Power, where and in whatever manner we shall be directed.

Samuel M'Pherson.
Malcolm M'Pherson.
Farquar Shaw.

To her Grace the Dutchess of Richmond,

The humble Petition of *Samuel M'Pherson, Malcolm M'Pherson,*
and *Farquar Shaw.*

May it please your Grace,

That, whereas your poor Petitioners lie under Sentence of Death for Mutiny and Desertion, and have nothing to hope (under the Almighty) but from your Grace's charitable Intercession to the Lords Justices on our Behalf, we do most humbly intreat your Grace's good Offices. And as we are sincerely sorry for our base Conduct and Misbehaviour, and it being our first Crime, we hope for your Grace's kind Indulgence, which, should we be so happy as to obtain, we do sincerely promise to retrieve this our Misconduct by a steady Attachment to our most gracious Sovereign King *George*, by defending him and his Royal House with all our Power, where and in whatever manner we shall be directed.

Samuel M'Pherson.
Malcolm M'Pherson.
Farquar Shaw.

Upon the *Monday* Morning the Governor ordered them to put on their Shrouds below their Cloaths, which when done, they immediately began to pray, and continued in that Exercise very devoutly and fervently till six o'Clock, when they were called out to Execution. They walked to the Place close up to the Chapel in the Tower without expressing the least Horror or Despondency in their Gait or Countenance, but with a Christian Composure and Resignation of Mind. Here *Samuel M'Pherson*

standing on the Plank which was appointed for them to kneel on, with an assured Countenance and in an audible Voice, in his own Language, addressed his Fellow-Prisoners that were drawn up round the Place of Execution, in this Manner :

My Friends and Countrymen,

You are not Strangers to the Cause of my Sufferings with these my Companions ; I hope the Anguish you must feel at the Sight of this shocking Scene, will be the last of your Punishment ; for I am convinced you must think it a Punishment to see us bleed : But my Blood, I hope, will contribute to your Liberty ; That Thought affords me as much Satisfaction as a Soul prepared to take a Flight to Eternity can receive from any Earthly Concerns.—Take Example from our unfortunate Ends, and endeavour to conduct yourselves so, both before God and Man, as your Lives may be long, and your Deaths natural. Next to your Duty to God, discharge what you owe your King and Country ; wipe off this Reproach by a steady Loyalty to his Sacred Majesty, and a respectful and obedient Conduct towards your Officers.

Having uttered this Speech, he, with his Cousin *M'Pherson* and *Shaw*, kneeled down, whilst the Reverend Mr *Paterson* and myself joined in Prayer, kneeling before them on a Plank : When Prayers were over, their Faces were cover'd ; when Eighteen Soldiers, in three Ranks, (Twelve of whom were appointed to do the Execution, and the other Six for a Reserve, had been kept out of Sight for fear of shocking the Prisoners) advanced on their Tiptoes, and with the least Noise possible, their Pieces ready cock'd for fear of the Click disturbing the Prisoners, Serjeant-Major *Ellisson*, (who deserv'd the greatest Commendation for this Precaution) waved a Handkerchief as a Signal *to present* ; and, after a very short Pause, waved it a second time as a Signal *to fire* ; when they all three fell instantly backwards as dead ; but *Shaw* being observed to move his Hand, one of the Six in Reserve advanc'd, and shot him thro' the Head, as another did *Samuel M'Pherson*. After the Execution, an Officer order'd three of the Prisoners, Name-sakes of the Deceased, to advance and bury them ; whom they presently stripp'd to their Shrouds, put them in their Coffins, and buried them in one Grave, near the Place they were shot, with great Decency. The Officers on Duty appeared greatly affected, and three Hundred of the Third Regiment of *Scotch* Guards, who were drawn up in three Lines in the Shape of a half Moon, attended the Execution, many of whom, of the harden'd Sort, were observed to shed Tears.

Thus ended this melancholy Scene, which raised Compassion from all, and drew Tears from many of the Spectators. They had by their courteous Behaviour, gained so much upon the Affections of their Warders, the Inhabitants of the Tower, and others that conversed with them, that none

were so hard-hearted as to deny them their Pity, nay, nor hardly had any Resolution to see them executed.

What made this Spectacle still more moving was, that Mixture of Devotion, Agony, and Despair that was seen in the Faces and Actions of the remaining *Highland* Prisoners, who were ranged within side the Guards. When Prayers began, they all fell on their Knees and Elbows, hanging their Heads and covering their Faces with their Bonnets, and might easily be observed that they could not refrain from the loudest Lamentations. Such a number of young Men, in so suppliant a Posture, offering their Prayers so fervently to Heaven, with such Marks of Sorrow for the Fate of the unhappy Criminals, had a prodigious effect upon the Spectators, and I am hopeful will influence the Practice and Conversation of all that saw them; and to the Praise of these poor Men, (take from them the Account (*sic*) their heinous transgression of Mutiny and Desertion) I believe their courteous and modest Behaviour, their virtuous and pious Principles, and religious Disposition, would be no bad Pattern for Men above the Rank of private Centinels, and ought to be a severer Reproof to many who live here, and have all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and the Example of a polite Court; that Men they esteem barbarous, inhabiting a distant and barren Country, should outdo them in real politeness, that is, in the Knowledge and Practice of the Doctrines of Christianity.

From hence we may remark, that those who published or propagated so many scandalous Reports of these unhappy young Men, must either have taken little Pains to inform themselves of the Truth, or must be possessed of little Charity, when they load their Memory with so many Assertions no way connected with their Crime. But, as this Relation is published from the Prisoners' own Mouths, and attested by a Person whose Profession and Character ought to screen him from the Imputations of Partiality or Falsehood, it is hoped these Impressions will wear off of the minds of the Public, and give place to sentiments of Charity for their Crimes, and Compassion for their Sufferings.

Magna est Veritas, et prævalebít.

FINIS

THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY

JOHN B. BOWEN

AND

JOHN W. BOWEN

EDITED BY

JOHN W. BOWEN

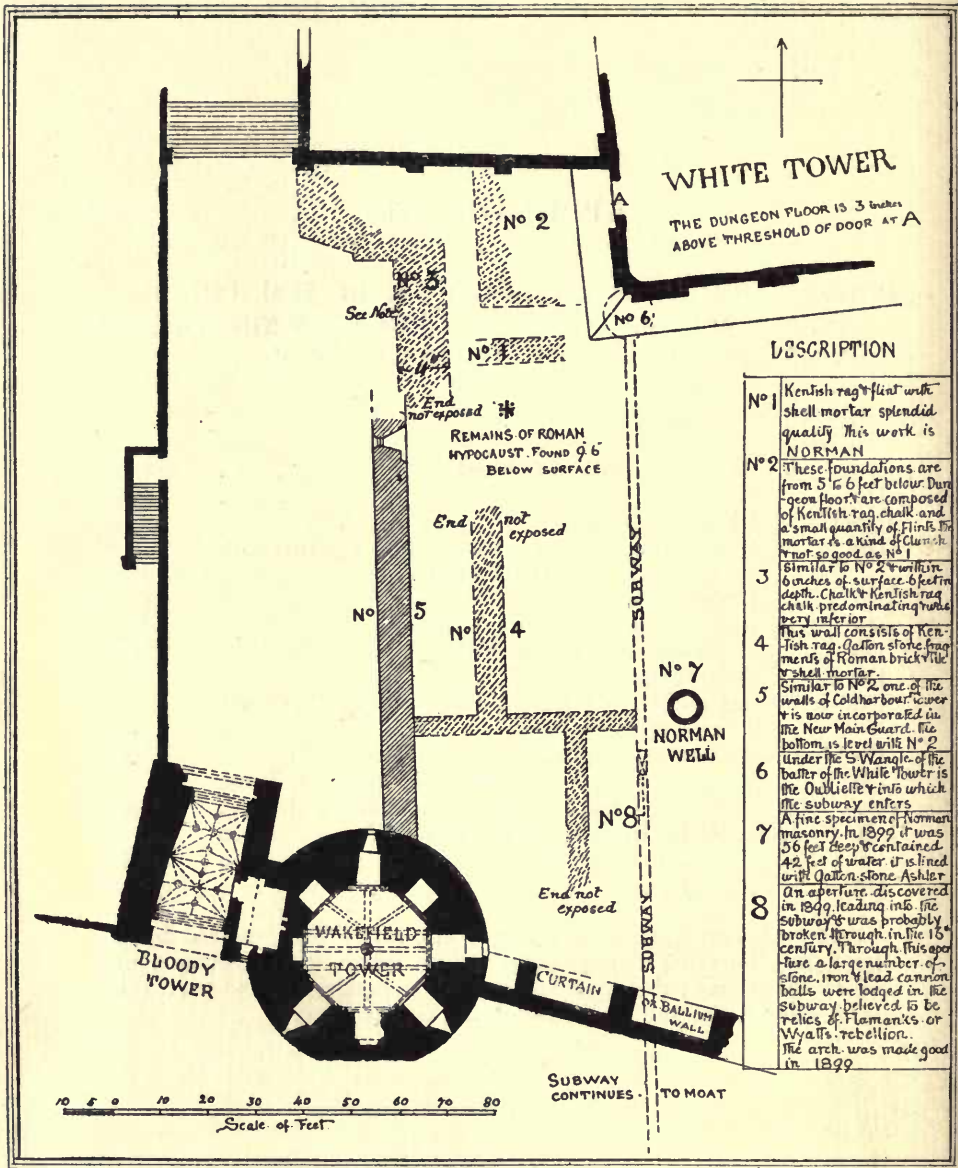
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY

APPENDIX III

DATES OF RESTORATIONS CARRIED ON BY H.M. OFFICE OF
WORKS AT THE TOWER OF LONDON TO THE PRESENT
TIME. For DETAILS SEE APPENDICES IV.-V.

Under whose direction works executed.		
Salvin.	Beauchamp Tower, restored	1852
Do.	Salt Tower „	1856
Taylor.	Chapel Royal „	1876
Do.	Restoration of wall on River Front together with the Cradle and Well Towers	1878
Do.	Broad Arrow Tower	1881-2
Do.	Restoration of Lanthorn Tower	1882-3
Do.	Do. Ballium Wall	1886
Do.	Well Tower	1887
Do.	Restoration of Ballium wall between Wakefield and Lanthorn Tower	1888
Do.	Restoration of S.W. Turret of White Tower	1895
Do.	Restoration of S.E. Turret and base of White Tower, S. and E.; also Stone Stairs on the S.	1896
J. R. Westcott.	North Wing of King's Tower lifted 15 in. on E. front; restored	1898-9
Do.	Bloody Tower	1899-1900

Note.—Certain new buildings have also lately been erected by the War Office, including a new Main Guard, which is a permanent eyecore to the Tower; this ugly building was completed in the year 1900, and stands on the site of the old Main Guard.



PLAN SHOWING RECENT DISCOVERIES AT THE TOWER.

APPENDIX IV

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT THE TOWER

SINCE the time when the late Prince Consort interested himself in the restoration and preservation of the Tower, the Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings have cleared away, from time to time, all useless and modern portions which obscured certain parts of the ancient fabric. This work was actually begun in the lifetime of the Prince Consort, under the superintendence of Mr Salvin, who still continues to be consulted on all the more important restorations. The works are now under the superintendence of Mr John Taylor, the Surveyor to the Commissioners, who is aided by Major-General Milman, Major of the Tower and the resident military commander, all designs being submitted to the Sovereign before being carried into execution. The various restorations, especially those of the Beauchamp Tower and St Peter's Chapel, have been described in the body of this work.

During the year, a range of buildings which stood against the east side of the White Tower, and believed to have been built in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, were pulled down, and it was found that the outer walls were of the period generally assigned to the building, but that the inner or west wall was of brick. This building, which extended on the south side from the south-east turret of the White Tower to what was formerly the Wardrobe Tower, and thence in a north-westerly direction with a return wall to the north-east turret of the White Tower,—had been so altered and patched that it no longer possessed any architectural or antiquarian interest, and was entirely removed, except those portions of the south walls and the ruins of the Wardrobe Tower, which form the north wall of the Tower Armoury, erected in 1826.

Whilst this work of demolishing was being carried out, an interesting discovery was made, Roman tiles and mortar being found, worked up into the materials of which these walls were built. At the south-east corner, and adjoining the remains of the Wardrobe Tower, a portion of Roman wall was disclosed, having three courses of bonded tiles showing above the surface of the *débris*. This piece of wall is in a direct westerly line with the old city wall, shown in a plan of the Tower made in 1597, the demolished buildings likewise appearing on this plan, which can be seen in the office of the Commissioners of Works. Two inferences are

possible from the discovery of this Roman work; either it is part of the old city wall or the remains of a Roman building, and if it is satisfactorily proved to be Roman, it will practically settle the contested point as to whether there was ever a Roman fortress on the site of the White Tower or not. Holinshed, in the third Book of his history of England, quoting both Leyland and Fabian, says, that Belins, who began to reign conjointly with Brennus as King of Britain, which was "about the seventh year of Artaxerxes, the seventh king of the Persians, builded a haven with a gate within the city of Troinovant, now called London. This gate was long after called Belins gate, and at length, by corruption of language, Billingsgate. He builded also a castle westward from this gate (as some have written) which was long time likewise called Belins Castell, and is the same which we now call the Tower of London." It was pointed out in the first volume of this work that Fitzstephen declared the White Tower to have been built by Julius Cæsar, and that the mortar used in the building was "tempered with the blood of beasts," but the Roman habit of mixing powdered tiles with their mortar, may have given rise to this theory. Stowe, in his survey of London about 1076, says, that William the Conqueror caused the present White Tower to be erected at the south-east angle of the city wall, which would be the actual spot where the fragment of the recently discovered Roman wall now stands.

On removing the southern wall of this building, it was found that it was built up to, and not bonded into the south-east turret of the White Tower, which forms the apse of St John's Chapel. When it was taken down, the original stone-work of the White Tower was laid bare. It is quite honeycombed by age, Sir Christopher Wren having, of course, been unable to reface it as he did the exposed portions of the Tower.

The Cradle Tower, which is the third tower on the southern side of the outer Ballium wall, the others being the Develin and the Well Towers, was opened out and restored in the year 1878. Before its restoration, the southern wall was closed up, the only apertures being two loopholes. There was nothing to indicate that it ever had any connection with the moat, and the only access to the interior was on the north side, within the Ballium wall. It was used as a gunpowder store, and was only one storey in height, no trace remaining of the second storey which originally existed. The first step taken was to remove the whole of the masonry which had been built up against the Tower; this disclosed the old front as well as an arch on the south side. The return walls extended ten feet, and were built with their southern face in the moat, having two half arches turned against the moat wall, and when the masonry blocking up the arch in the south wall and these two half arches was removed, it at once became evident that formerly the water in the moat had flowed through the half arches and across the centre arch. By clearing away this masonry the wall of the moat itself was disclosed, and was found to be of an earlier date than the architecture of the Tower itself. On the ground floor there is a chamber with a finely groined roof of the late thirteenth



*The White Tower, showing the Exterior of St. John's Chapel
and remains of the Roman Wall*



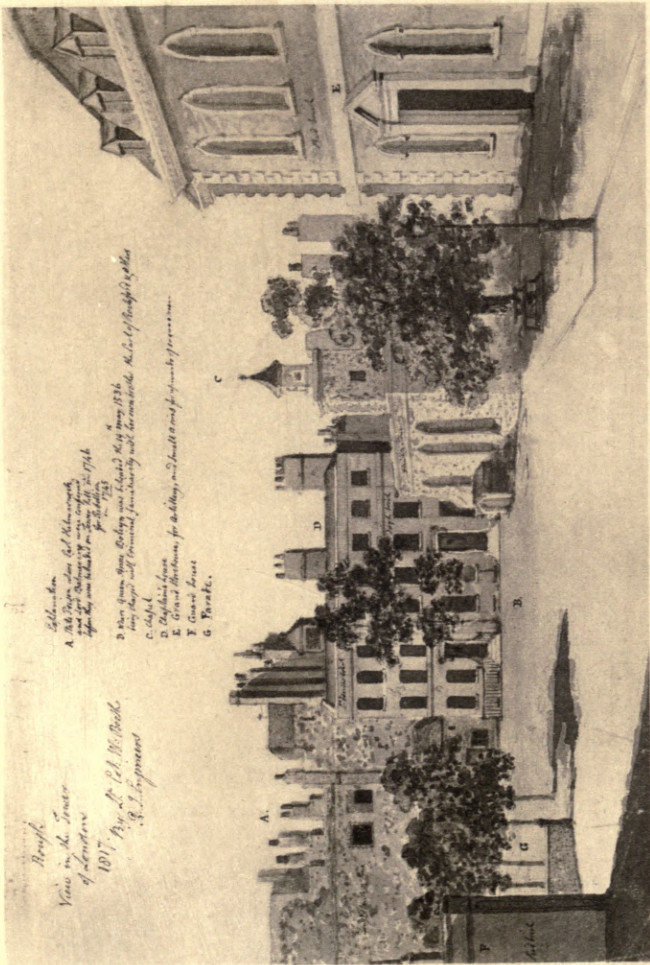
or early fourteenth century. The following is the actual restoration done to the Cradle Tower. The wall built up in the moat under the centre arch and under the two half-turned arches has been cleared away, and the outer walls have all been restored to their original condition. An additional storey and turret have been erected on the same plan as the old building. The corbels in the groined roof of the ground floor chamber, which were broken off, have been replaced by new ones copied from a single corbel that remained. A wooden grating, after the pattern of an old doorway in the Byward Tower, has been fitted to the central arch, whilst the space between that arch and the moat has been boarded over.

A further discovery was made during the restoration of this tower. In the space between the bridge over the moat to the east of the Cradle Tower and the Well Tower, stood a modern building used as a storehouse by the Ordnance Department, and this being pulled down, excavations in its foundations, made by the Board of Works, have disclosed a brick paving and some loopholes in the outer Ballium wall, which has helped to identify this space as the site of the garden belonging to the Queen's apartments, when the royal palace stood within the Tower walls. This palace occupied the space bounded by a line running exactly from the south angle of the White Tower to the Broad Arrow Tower, thence south along the inner Ballium wall to the Salt Tower, thence west to the Wakefield Tower, and north to the south-west angle of the White Tower. A portion of this space is now occupied by the Ordnance Stores and the Control Office. Nearly opposite to, and to the west of the Cradle Tower, and on the south side of the royal Palace, stood the Lanthorn Tower (now rebuilt). The Queen's apartments extended from the Lanthorn Tower to the south-east angle of the White Tower, and the space recently cleared, formed the Queen's private garden, the loopholes in the Ballium wall bounding the garden on the south side giving a view of the river.

From these discoveries it would appear that the Cradle Tower was the entrance to the Queen's apartments from the river, and the opinion is confirmed by the fact that the inner faces of the walls on which the centre arch stands, are worked and pointed as outside facing, probably to withstand the action of the water as they would be covered when the moat was full. There is space above the arch for a portcullis and grooves in the jambs, but it is not large enough for portcullis slides. In the entrance on the north or land side, however, both the space and grooves show that there was a portcullis there, and the chamber on the east side has no outlet, except into the centre chamber or gateway—from which it would seem that it was a guard-room for the use of a warder while on duty at the gate. And the name of the Tower strengthens this idea, "Cradle" being the old Saxon word "cradel," meaning a movable bed. The hypothesis is that there was a hoist or lift by which a boat, after passing through the archway, was lifted on to the floor of the gateway. On comparing the groining of the chamber with the groined chamber

in the Well Tower, the greater beauty of that in the Cradle Tower is at once apparent, which would point to its being part of a royal dwelling. It is also nearly opposite the site of the Lanthorn Tower, which was the entrance to the Queen's apartments. The access to and from the Thames and the Queen's apartments of the Palace, would be from the Cradle Tower to the moat, under St Thomas's Tower and through Traitor's Gate, and would be the only communication with the river. In 1641 the Cradle Tower appears to have been used as a prison, according to "A particular of the Names of the Towers and Prison Lodgings in his Majesty's Tower of London, taken out of a paper of Mr William Franklyn, sometime Yeoman Warder, dated March 1641," in which appears, "Cradle Tower—A prison lodging, with low gardens where the drawbridge was in former times."

The War Office have determined to build stores on the Queen's gardens, and consequently the loopholes in the old Ballium wall will be blocked up. The site will thus be lost for further investigation, and as the Office of Works has no power to prevent these works being carried out, all that has been exposed of one of the most interesting portions of the older part of the Tower will be lost.



View in the Town
of Aberdeen
1817.

By A. Col. W. Beale,
G. J. Thompson

Edinburgh.
A. The Town House, built by James
Guthrie Esq. in 1745.
B. The Town House, built by James
Guthrie Esq. in 1745.
C. The Town House, built by James
Guthrie Esq. in 1745.
D. The Town House, built by James
Guthrie Esq. in 1745.
E. The Town House, built by James
Guthrie Esq. in 1745.
F. The Town House, built by James
Guthrie Esq. in 1745.
G. The Town House, built by James
Guthrie Esq. in 1745.

View of St. Peter's Chapel in 1817.



APPENDIX V

THE BLOODY TOWER

OWING to serious signs of weakness in the upper portions of the walls of the Bloody Tower, it was considered an absolute necessity to carefully renew the Kentish Rag facing in various places. The work has been thoroughly well executed stone by stone, all the old stones that were sound being re-used, and the whole of the walls have been greatly strengthened by what is technically known as "tying in." It was found that the Tower had been repaired in this same manner about the time of Henry VIII., and probably on more than one occasion. The heart of the walling is in excellent preservation, and is the original Norman Transitional masonry with a liberal proportion of chalk. The parapet has been restored to its original embattlemented character. A brick wall, which had closed the historical entrance to Raleigh's Walk for the last hundred years, has been cleared away, leaving the passage open as in the days of Cranmer and Raleigh; this wall was built to prevent the south-west angle of the Tower falling down, and was an economical vandalism on the part of the authorities of the time. Another act of vandalism was committed by some former occupant of the Tower, who had cut out a cupboard for blacking brushes in the solid masonry immediately behind the springing of the large arch over the portcullis, thereby seriously jeopardising the stability of the arch; happily this has been remedied by the recent restoration. A fine arch over the northern portcullis that had completely disappeared, has been replaced, and early English Gothic windows of stone with lead lights have been fixed throughout the Tower, in the room of the Georgian windows with common double-hung deal sashes. Stone chimney-stacks have also taken the place of the incongruous chimney-stacks of brick, and a very interesting octagonal stone turret, which had been patched with brick, has been restored to its original condition. This turret is circular inside, and is about five feet in diameter; a curious internal window was found about a foot higher than Raleigh's Walk, and as it answers no purpose, it is supposed that it was used for supervising the prisoners. In a jamb of the recess immediately over the northern portcullis several inscriptions were brought to light, but of these only the letters R. D. were legible,

which, seeing the acquaintance that both Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, or Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, had with the Tower, has not unnaturally led to the conclusion that the initials belong to one or other of these royal favourites.

The Bloody Tower is of the Norman Transitional period, but the groining as well as the gates on the south side—those on the north side have been removed—are Tudor. The massive bottom rails of these gates were destroyed to allow of an injudicious raising of the road surface many years ago. It is said that the road was raised from two to three feet, probably to overcome some difficulty of draining, but whatever the reason, the fine gates suffered both in effect and materially. On the west front of the Tower there is an early English doorway which has been "Tudorised," its outer arch being modern Norman Transitional.

The original freestone used in the building of the Bloody Tower was procured from the neighbourhood of Red Hill, and in the old records is called "Rygate" stone. It is known at the present time as Gatton, but the quarries are no longer worked. The fine old arches over the main entrance are still in this "Rygate" stone, an interesting survival, since the whole of the external stone dressings in this material on the Tower were superseded by Caen stone from Normandy in the reign of Henry VIII. This was a deplorable error of judgment, for notwithstanding the enormous amount of Caen stone used throughout the Tower in this reign, scarcely a trace of it now remains. The modern restorations to the interior have been carried out in the "pinny bed of Chilmark," a stone closely resembling the Rygate or Gatton stone, but much more durable, whilst Kelton stone from the neighbourhood of Rutland has been employed for the battlements and other external dressings. All the main walling was carried out in Kentish Rag stone, which was procured from the contractor who built the new guard buildings for the War Department. In the records of Henry VIII.'s time, this Kentish Rag is called the "hard stone of Kent." The stone used in those days was undoubtedly superior to that used by Salvin over fifty years ago, as is shown by the comparison between the restored Beauchamp Tower and the White Tower. Soft stones, such as Caen or Bath, absorb a great deal of moisture, and their injudicious use consequently hastens the decay of any building in which they are used. Much of the mischief in the Bloody Tower was doubtless caused by the decay of the Caen stone, and also the neglect in pointing the joints. It is generally thought amongst those most concerned, that the restoration of the Bloody Tower is the most careful and complete of any of the works of preservation carried out in the old fortress, and it is now judged to be safe from all fear of collapse.

APPENDIX VI

STAINED GLASS IN THE TOWER

A QUANTITY of stained glass panels were found in the crypt of St John's Chapel, in which some interesting and valuable fragments, mostly incomplete in themselves, of heraldic glass of the sixteenth century and of small pictorial subjects, were mixed with modern and valueless glass of subordinate design. The whole was carefully examined by Messrs John Hardman, who separated the ancient from the modern glass, and using delicate leads to repair the numerous fractures of the former, and setting the various fragments in lozenges of plain glass, filled the eight windows of the Chapel with the following subjects:—

The first window in the south front, entering from the west.—A coat of arms with the words "Honi soit qui mal y pense" around it on the upper portion; a sepia painting in the centre representing the Deity and two angels appearing to a priest, with flames rising from an altar. In the lower portion is another sepia painting with the Deity depicted with outstretched arms, one hand on the sun, the other on the moon, and the earth rolling in clouds at the feet. This is generally supposed to be emblematical of the Creation, but has been suggested as representative of the Saviour as the Light of the World.

The second window has a head and bust near the top, with a peculiar cap and crown. The centre is a sepia representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, and the guardian angel. At the bottom there is another sepia depicting a village upon a hill, probably a distant view of Harrow.

The third window has at the top a figure of Charles I. in sepia; in the centre a knight in armour, skirmishing, and at the bottom what appears to be a holly bush with the letters H. R.

The fourth window has a negro's head with a turban in the upper portion; in the centre a sepia of Esau returning from the hunt to seek Isaac's blessing, Rebecca and Jacob being in the background. Near the bottom is another sepia of the exterior of a church, probably Dutch.

The fifth window, and the last of the series facing south, has a coat of arms and motto like those in the first window; in the centre, a sepia of the anointing of David by Samuel; and near the bottom, Jehovah in clouds,

with the earth and shrubs bursting forth. This is probably emblematical of the Creation.

The south-east apsidal window has the coat of arms and royal motto as before, with two smaller coats of arms and the same motto below, a royal crown and large Tudor rose being near the bottom.

The eastern window (in the centre of the apse) has a crown with fleur-de-lys and leopards at the top, and in the centre the small portcullis of John of Gaunt and the wheatsheaf of Chester. These are by far the best heraldic devices in the whole series of windows.

The north-east window has a very imperfect coat of arms with fleur-de-lys and leopard, as well as two other coats with the royal motto. There is also a device which might be taken to represent the letter M, but which is probably the inverted water bottles of the Hastings family. Daggers are quartered upon the other coats of arms. At the bottom of this window is a Tudor rose and several fragments of glass much confused.

The glass has been placed in the windows with great care, the subjects being made as complete as the broken fragments permitted. Each of the eight windows is ornamented with leaded borders.

APPENDIX VII

LIST OF THE CONSTABLES OF THE TOWER

Geoffrey de Mandeville		
William de Mandeville		
Geoffrey de Mandeville *		1140
Richard de Lacy		1153
Garnerius de Isenei		
William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely		1189
Walter de Coutances, Archbishop of Rouen		1192
Roger Fitz Renfred		
Roger de la Dane	}	During the reign of John.
Geoffrey de Mandeville		
Eustace de Greinville		
Archbishop of Canterbury		
Walter de Verdun		
Stephen de Segrave		
Hugh de Wyndlesore		
Randulph, Bishop of Norwich		
John de Boville		
Thomas de Blunvil		
Thomas Fitz Archer		
Ralph de Gatel		
Hubert de Burgh	1232	
W. de St Edmund		
Geoffrey de Crancumb	}	During the reign of Henry III.
Hugh Giffard		
Archbishop of York } jointly		
Bertram de Crioyl }		
Peter de Vallibus		
John de Plessitus		
Peter de Blund		
Aymor Thorimbergh		
Inbert Puglys		
Richard de Culworth		
Richarde de Tilbury		
Hugh le Bigod	1258	

* The office had been hereditary, but ceased to be so under Stephen.

John Mansel	}	During the reign of Henry III.
Hugh le Despenser		
Roger de Leyburn 1265		
Hugh Fitz Otho		
John Walerand } jointly		
John de la Lind }		
Alan la Touch		
Thomas de Ippegrave		
Stephen de Eddeville		
Hugh Fitz Otho		
Walter, Archbishop of York	}	During the reign of Edward I.
John de Burgh		
Anthony Bek		
Ranulph de Dacre		
Ralph de Sandwich		
Ralph de Berners		
Ralph de Sandwich		
John de Crumwell		
Roger de Swynneston		
Stephen Segrave		
Bishop of Exeter	}	During the reign of Edward III.
John de Gisors		
Thomas de Wake		
John de Crumwell		
William de Monte Acuto		
Nicholas de la Beche		
Robert de Dalton		
John Darcy } father and son		
John Darcy }		
Bartholomew de Burghersh		
Robert de Morley	}	During the reign of Richard II.
Richard de la Vache		
Alan Buxhill		
Sir Thomas Murrieuse		
Edward, Earl of Rutland		
Ralph de Nevill		
Edward, Duke of Albemarle		
Thomas de Rempston		
Edward, Duke of York		
Robert de Morley		
John Dabrichcourt	}	During the reign of Henry V.
William Bourghchier		
Roger Aston		
John, Duke of Exeter	}	During the reign of Henry VI.
James Fienes, Lord Say		

John Lord Taploft, Earl of Worcester	}	During the reign of Edward IV.
John, Lord Dudley		
Richard, Lord Dacre		
John Howard, Lord Howard Marquis of Dorset		
Sir Robert Brackenbury	}	During reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.
Earl of Oxford		
Sir Thomas Lovel		
Sir William Kingston		
Sir John Gage		
Lord Clinton *		
Sir Edward Bray		
Lord Howard of Walden		
Lord Coltington		1640
General Sir Thomas Fairfax		1647
Sir John Robinson		1660
James, Earl of Northampton		1678
Lord Allington		1680
George, Lord Dartmouth		1684
Lord Lucas		1688
Charles, Earl of Carlisle		1715
Henry, Earl of Lincoln		1724
Charles, Duke of Bolton		1724
Henry, Viscount Lonsdale		1726
Montague, Earl of Abingdon		
Algernon, Earl of Essex		
Richard, Earl of Rivers		
George, Earl of Northampton		
John, Earl of Leicester		1731
Charles, Lord Cornwallis		1741
Lord George Lennox		
Marquis Cornwallis		1785
Francis, Marquis of Hastings		1806
Arthur, Duke of Wellington		1826
Viscount Combermere		1852
Sir John Fox Burgoyne		1865
Sir George Pollock		1871
Sir William Gomm		1872
Sir Charles Yorke		1875
Sir F. Fenwick Williams		1881
General Sir R. C. Dacres		1881
Lord Napier of Magdala		1886
General Sir Daniel Lysons		1890
Sir Frederick C. Stephenson		1898

* Appointed by Lady Jane Grey's party. There is no record of Constables during the reign of Elizabeth, Sir John Gage being restored to office at Mary's succession.



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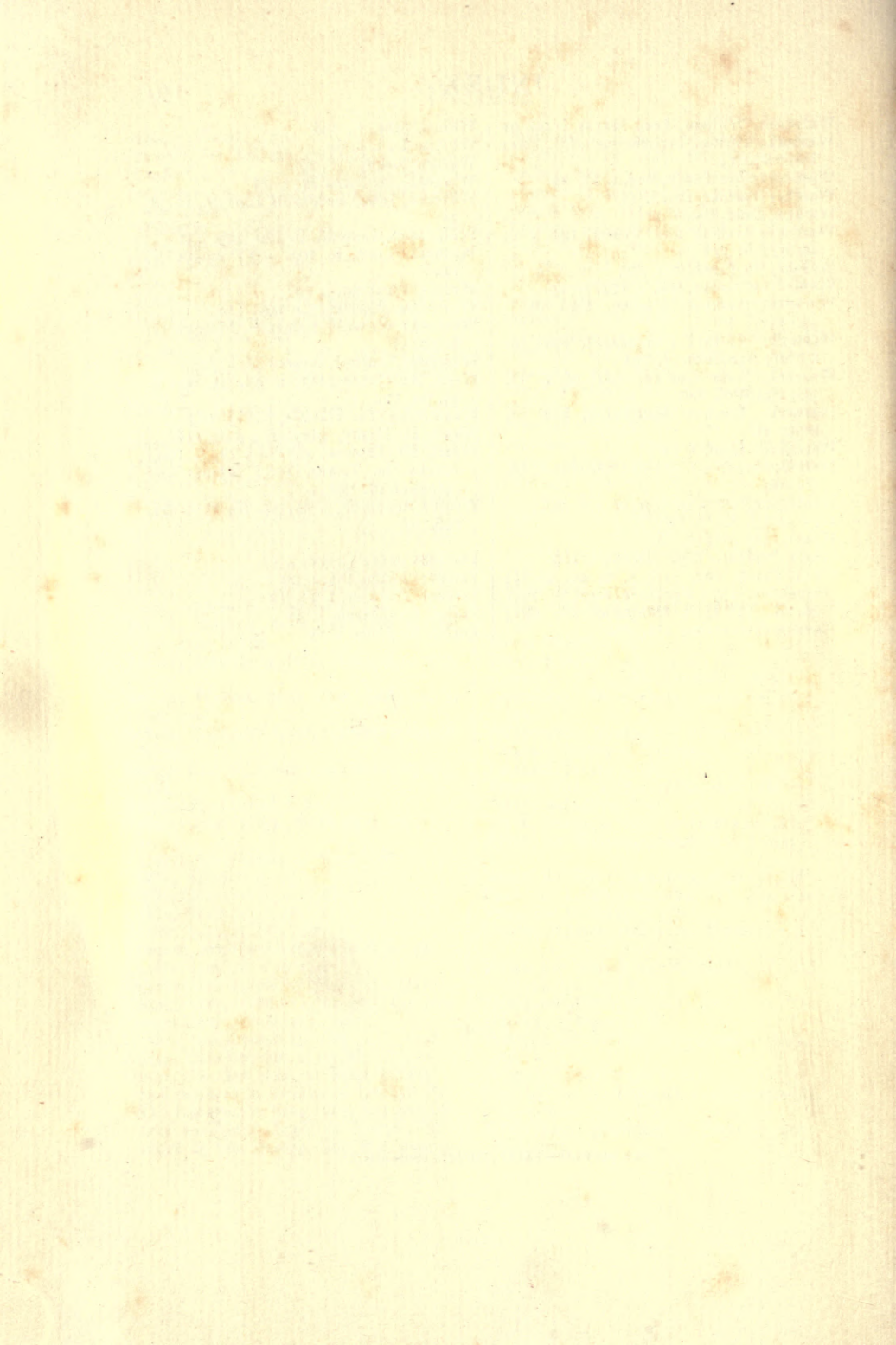
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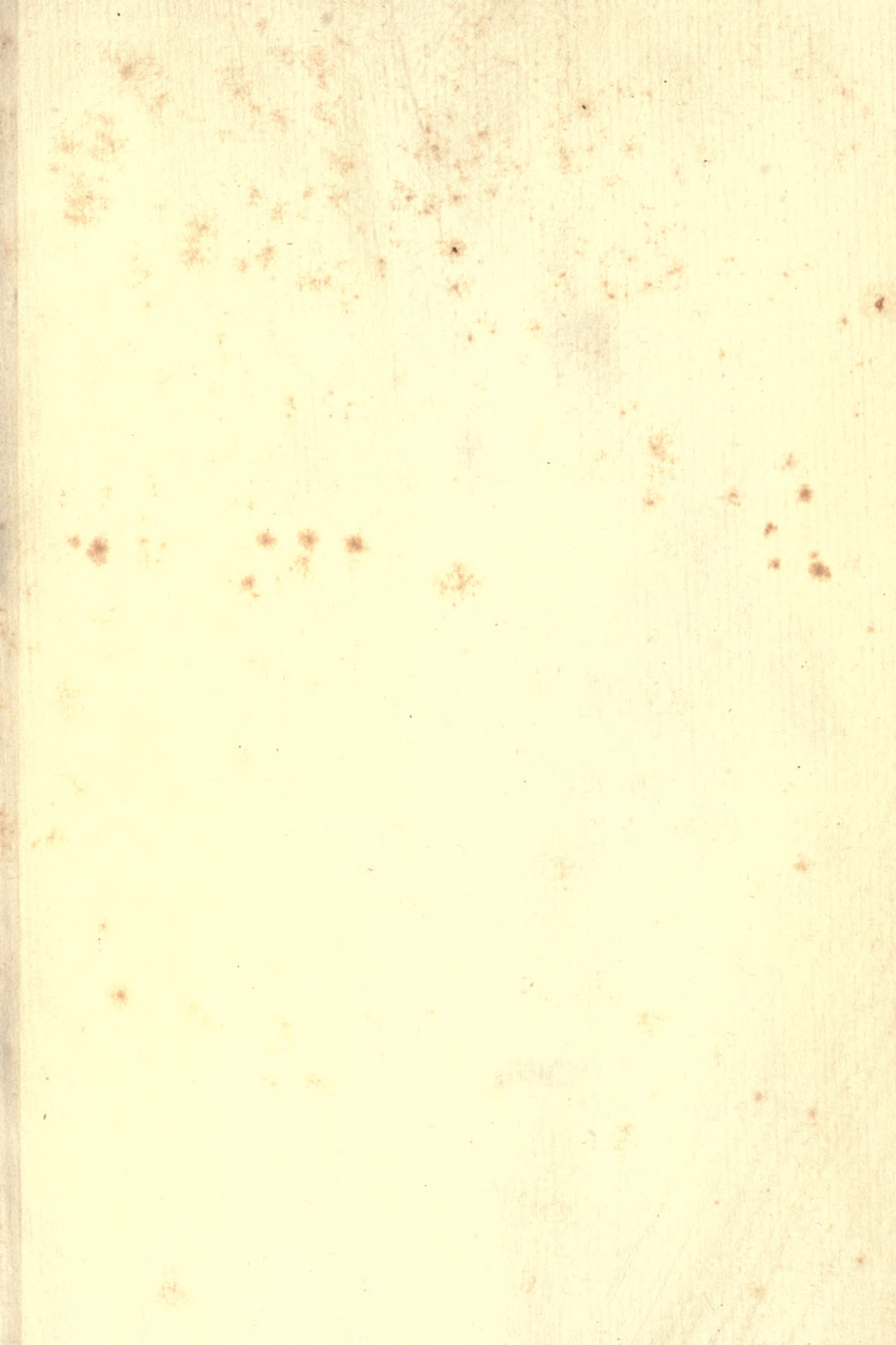
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