HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM

THE FALL OF WOLSEY
TO THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

VOLUME X.

ELIZABETH.

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CHAPTER LVII.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

AS the summer of 1571 passed away, each week had brought fresh information on the intended invasion of England. The confessions which had been forced out of Baily in the Marshalsea and the Tower had revealed the general fact that a treasonable correspondence was going forward between the Netherlands, the Bishop of Ross, and other parties whose names were concealed behind a cipher. Sir John Hawkins had penetrated into the confidence of Philip himself, and had linked the conspiracy with the person of the Queen of Scots; and details of Ridolfi's commission, with the formidable but still vague intimation that he had declared himself the representative of three-quarters of the English nobility, had been collected by the Florentine ambassador at Antwerp, and communicated to Elizabeth.[1]

[1] 'In Flanders, by the ambassador of a foreign prince, the whole plot of this treason was discovered, and by a servant of his brought to her Majesty's intelligence.'—Speech of the Solicitor-General (Sir Thomas Bromley). Trial of the Duke of Norfolk. The Spanish account identifies the ambassador and intimates that the communication was

The Government was thus warned to prepare; yet it was not easy to determine on the measures which it would be wise to adopt. The Queen could not order a general arrest of the aristocracy; and disaffection in a greater or less degree existed over the whole country. The upper classes were deeply opposed to the revolutionary Protestantism which Cecil and his friends were supposed to desire to introduce among them, and were agitated with a fear, which amounted to a disease, of a disputed succession after Elizabeth's death. She could not throw herself on the patriotism of the nation, as her father did when Pole was preaching a crusade. In the absence of any distinct act which could be openly charged against Mary Stuart, it was unsafe to take her out of the hands of Lord Shrewsbury. Whatever doubts might be entertained of Shrewsbury's fidelity, Elizabeth thought it necessary to her position to be still able to tell Europe that the Queen of Scots was residing with a nobleman notoriously favourable to her.

Nor could Cecil, with his utmost efforts, succeed in tracing the conspiracy distinctly to any English subject. As successive fragments of information came to his hands, he sent again and again for the Bishop of Ross, to cross-question and threaten him; but, although the

brought to England circuitously through the Duke of Florence.

'Un Embajador que estaba en Anvers descubrió la misma platica y negociacion de Ridolfo, y todas sus instrucciones y advertencias, que dió al Duque de Florencia su señor, el qual lo escribió muy á la larga á la Reyna de Inglaterra.'—Avisos de Londres á Don Guerau de Espes: *MSS. Simancas.*

whole affair from the beginning had been the Bishop's contrivance, he bore the examination without flinching. He pleaded his privilege as ambassador to keep secret whatever passed between himself and his mistress. He admitted that he had commissioned Ridolfi to sue for help to her party in Scotland. 'If there was any further matter in hand,' he said, 'no doubt it proceeded from the Pope himself, who was well known to desire ardently the recovery of England to the Church, and would use all means possible to that effect.'[1]

The suspicions of Cecil were not removed; he knew too much to be so easily deceived. The Bishop was not set at liberty, and was sent down to the Fens in charge of the Bishop of Ely; but still nothing had been discovered on which resolute action was possible. Country gentlemen from all parts of England visited the Duke of Norfolk at Howard House, and went to and fro without interruption. The Duke himself was so slightly guarded, that 'at any time he could leap on horseback at his back door and ride away, and send word to the Queen that he was gone.'[2] His influence was supposed to be so great 'that the Queen's power was nothing by the side of his,'[3] and that alone and without Alva's assistance he would soon be able to dictate his pleasure to her.

Thus the Spanish ambassador remained sanguine that all would still go well. The war with the Turks in

[1] The Bishop of Ross before the Council at Hampton Court, August 8: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] MSS. Hatfield, August, 1571.

[3] Ibid.

the Mediterranean had interfered with the departure of the Duke of Medina, but the delay, if tantalizing, would not be necessarily fatal. The refugees at Louvain expected that with the coming spring at latest they would be at home again, purging their country of the stains of heresy; and the traitors in the Queen's household kept them constantly informed of every movement in the English Court.[1]

The young Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine had been at Brussels with Alva, and it was understood that if the French Government took the side of England the Guise faction would revolt. Lord Derby was said to have Catholic service in his household without disguise, and to be casting cannon in the Isle of Man. Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex, were believed to be waiting only for Norfolk's instructions to rise at a moment's notice: and the Queen was thought to have lost her only chance of saving herself by trifling with France, and by neglecting at the same time to form a league with Count Louis and the German princes.[2]

So matters stood when an insignificant accident threw the Duke of Norfolk into Cecil's power. A

[1] 'The rebels all expect to be in England next spring with the Duke of Alva, and then they will spoil the new ministers heretics of all they have and hang them and not leave one of them alive. They all came of Luther; and the devil came to Luther by night to tell him what he should say. They say the Queen of England is no righteous Queen and ought to be put away. If the weather is fair they have news from the Court of all that passes there every two days.'—Report of Conversation at the Earl of Westmoreland's table, by Henry Simson: *Border MSS.*, October 8.

[2] Avisos de Inglaterra, September 1: *MSS. Simancas.*

stream of money was being continually poured into Scotland to support the Marian faction there. From Rome, Madrid, and the Low Countries large sums had been repeatedly sent over; and France, as long as it was uncertain of Elizabeth, could not afford to be behind the rest. At the end of August, in reply to an urgent demand from the Queen of Scots, a letter of credit for 2000 crowns was forwarded for her use through La Mothe, and the ambassador handed it over to the Duke to be sent on to Lord Herries. Six hundred pounds were sealed up in a bag, with instructions in cipher that the money was to be delivered to one of the Lowthers, by whom it would be conveyed across the Border; and the Duke's two secretaries—Higford, of whom nothing further is known, and Barker, an old favourite of Anne Boleyn—were directed to send the bag and its contents to the Duke's agent in Shropshire, a man named Banister. A Shrewsbury merchant, who had been in London making purchases, was returning home. Higford desired this person to take charge of it, telling him that it was fifty pounds' worth of silver, which the Duke was forwarding to his steward. The merchant, who suspected nothing, had almost reached Shrewsbury when the weight of the bag struck him as unusual. He opened it, found gold and a ciphered letter, and immediately returned to make known his discovery to Cecil.[1] It was just at the moment when Fitzwilliam had re-

September.

[1] Relacion de la prision del Secretario del Duque de Norfolk, September 3: *MSS. Simancas.* Examination of Higford and Barker: MURDIN.

turned the last time from Spain. Cecil, more than ever vigilant and especially watchful of Norfolk, sent at once for Higford and required him to decipher the paper. Higford hesitated, and said that he could not do it without the key; afterwards, being required to produce the key and being threatened with the rack, he said that it would be found under the mat at the door of his master's bedroom. Sir Henry Neville was despatched to look for it, and found there, not the key of which he was in search, but another letter in cipher also—the letter, unfortunately for the Duke, which the Queen of Scots had written to him preparatory to the mission of Ridolfi. The fresh mystery produced fresh suspicion. Higford, being again menaced with torture, read the first cipher from memory, and this established beyond doubt that Norfolk, who had sworn to Elizabeth 'to deal no further in the Queen of Scots' causes,' was corresponding with and assisting her friends in Scotland.[1] Sir Thomas Smith and Doctor Wilson, the Master of the Court of Requests, waited upon the Duke and told him that a bag which he had sent to Shrewsbury had miscarried, and asked him for an explanation of its contents. The Duke, not knowing that his cipher

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[1] 'The words of the ticket deciphered':—

'You shall receive sealed up in a bag by this bearer, Mr Brown of Shrewsbury, £600 in gold, which must be presently sent to Lowther to be conveyed into Scotland to the Lord Herries, to be sent by him forthwith to Lidington and Grange. This money is shifted for at this present only to relieve their friends, which otherwise for want of money are like enough to revolt; and therefore the more speed must be used herein, which I pray you do by all possible means.'—Endorsed by Sir T. Smith, to Lord Burghley, September 2: *MSS. Domestic.*

had been read, repeated the story that he was sending money to his steward on private affairs of his own. The lie was more alarming than the truth; and, as it was likely that he would attempt to fly, Sir Ralph Sadler was summoned out of his bed at midnight and sent with a company of the Queen's guard to take charge of him. The other secretary was arrested, and, being ignorant also of what Higford had done, contradicted both him and his master. The Duke was examined a second time: he was told that there was reason to believe the money to be intended for the Scots, and was pressed to be open about it. He reasserted his own explanation with so much positiveness that even the seasoned Sadler, with Higford's confession in his hands, listened with amazement and consternation.[1]

Cecil was now satisfied that he was in the track of important discoveries. The examinations, so far as they had gone, were laid before the Queen, and Elizabeth 'being assured by Norfolk's manifest untruth that his offences were the greater and more dangerous,' gave orders for his removal to the Tower, 'there to be secluded strictly from intelligence with any persons which she knew would be in many ways attempted.'[2]

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[1] 'The Duke absolutely and expressly denieth all with such constant asseveration and earnest protestations, as if it be true that Higford has confessed, which indeed hath such appearance of truth as for my part I believe it to be true as yet, then is the Duke a devil and no Christian man.'—Sadler to Burghley, September 5: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Sadler to Burghley, September 5: *MSS. Domestic.*

Cowardice was not a common fault in an English nobleman: the first Peer in the land, the head of the proud House of Howard, and the aspirant for the hand of England's expectant Queen, fell upon his knees when the warrant was brought to him and cried for mercy like a poltroon. Mounted 'on a footcloth nag' between Sadler and Sir Thomas Smith, and attended only by their own servants, he was led through the streets to the Tower gates amidst a crowd of women and idle boys and girls, and he was locked into a room with a set of questions to read and think over and prepare for a third examination in the morning.[1] His first step was to compromise himself still more fatally. He wrote a note to some one at Howard House desiring that all his ciphers might be collected and burnt. He gave it to an attendant at the Tower whom he believed that he had bribed. The attendant carried it to the Lieutenant, by whom it was passed on to Burghley.[2]

From this moment discovery succeeded discovery with breathless rapidity. The method of inquiry, however inconsonant with modern conceptions of justice, was adapted excellently for the outrooting of the truth. In quiet times the prisoner is more considered than the State. The commonwealth is in no danger though isolated crimes be undiscovered or unpunished, and the possible suffering of one innocent person is held to be a greater evil than the occasional escape of the

[1] Sadler, Smith, and Wilson to Burghley, September 7: MURDIN.

[2] Avisos de Londres, September: *MSS. Simancas.*

guilty. But the change is less due to moral improvement than to the conditions of our present life; and if we shudder at the cruelty which wrenched confessions out of strained limbs and quivering muscles, it is no less true that Elizabeth's government would have come to a swift end if her ministers had been embarrassed with modern scruples. Banister was sent for from Shrewsbury and racked. Barker yielded to terror and told all that he knew. By his directions the key was found between two tiles on the roof of Howard House which unlocked the letter of the Queen of Scots Each victim when he tried to equivocate was confronted with the acknowledgments of his companions, or left with papers of questions so worded as to exhibit most strongly the hopelessness of further concealment. The Duke, who was abject from the first, redeemed his infamy in some slight degree by endeavouring to shield Mary Stuart. He poured out streams of unmeaning eloquence to Elizabeth and Burghley, for ever asseverating his innocence, enlarging the circle of his admissions only when forced by the confessions of his secretaries, and then wildly charging them with having sold his blood and with endeavouring to buy their own pardon at the expense of his life. The Catholic nobles lay still, paralyzed by the sudden energy of the Court, doubting the effect on Alva of the Duke's imprisonment, and lacking courage to risk their lives by rising alone in his defence. The courtiers, the crew of traitors whom Elizabeth persisted in keeping about her person, dared not openly speak for him, but worked

secretly to baffle the inquiry, gave him notice of the questions which would be asked him, and advised him as to what he should answer.[1]

But no clue which they could give him sufficed in the labyrinth in which he was involved. He staggered from falsehood to falsehood as thread by thread his connection with Ridolfi was ravelled out. First he swore that he had never spoken with or seen Ridolfi, then he said he had spoken with him once but only on personal business. Afterwards he allowed that Ridolfi had suggested treason to him, but he vowed that he had refused to listen, and he insisted positively that he had never heard from Ridolfi since the latter left England. Here too he was unable to escape fro the merciless

[1] On the 23rd of September Sir Owen Hopton, the Lieutenant of the Tower, enclosed the following note to Burghley, which one of the servants had been detected in attempting to deliver into the Duke's hands:

'We received yours though not at that length that was desired. Your friends at Court dare not deal. There are two ways to receive intelligence, both I hope trusty. You shall hear this day of something that stands you upon to be very circumspect how you do confess, for in confessing there may be much peril. Your case, for anything we can yet learn, groweth very hard. Therefore it standeth you in hand to comfort yourself as ye may; and God comfort you. We hear not whether you have well looked at the covering of your book [23].'—Sir Owen Hopton to Burghley: *MSS. Hatfield.*

The last sentence with the number refers probably to a cipher which was found on the back of a Bible in the Duke's room.

The complaints of the treachery in the Royal household are constant. Three-quarters of the courtiers, men and women, were in Mary Stuart's interests, and supplied her friends with information. One of Cecil's agents wrote three or four weeks later to him:—'The Papists in the realm find too much favour in the Court. As long as that continueth, practising will never have end. The double-faced gentlemen, who will be Protestants at Court, and in the country secret Papists, frigidam suffundunt.'—Thomas Ashton to Burghley, October 23; *MSS. Domestic.*

Cecil. Charles Baily, it will be remembered, confessed to two letters which he had brought over addressed with the ciphers 30 and 40, which the Bishop of Ross said that he had burnt, but which in fact had been forwarded to their destination. The figures hitherto had been undeciphered, but the rack now dragged out the truth. Cobham admitted the theft of Baily's packet and the trick by which Cecil had been partly duped. The secretaries gave up the names and 30 was found to have been the Duke of Norfolk, and 40 his brother-in-law, Lord Lumley. By the middle of October the Government had full possession of the entire secret. The remaining noblemen who had been prominently concerned in the conspiracy were traced out one after another. Lumley was sent to the Marshalsea, Southampton to the Tower, and Arundel placed under a guard at his own house. The part which the Queen of Scots had played was revealed in her own letters, of which Barker had betrayed the key. Orders went down to Sheffield that her servants should be reduced, and that she herself should be committed to close imprisonment. Shrewsbury immediately obeyed. He informed her that her transactions with Ridolfi were discovered; and he added, as a message from Elizabeth, 'that her intentions and practices against the Queen and the realm did deserve a sharper dealing, as time would shortly make clear to all the world.'[1]

October.

Norfolk's 'soft and dastardly spirit' never showed

[1] Mary Stuart to La Mothe, September 8: LABANOFF, vol. iii. | Notes in Cecil's hand, October 22: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

in sharper contrast with Mary Stuart's than at this moment of their common danger. The Queen of Scots replied, in her own most haughty style, 'that she had come to England as a free Princess relying upon promises which had been repeatedly made to her, and instead of friendship and hospitality she had found a prison. It was true, therefore, that she had applied to the King of Spain to replace her on her own throne. Those who said that she had done more were false villains and lied in their throats. The Duke of Norfolk was the Queen of England's subject, and for him she had nothing to say. For herself, she was a free Princess, the Queen of England's equal, and was answerable neither to her nor to any other person.' In Lord Shrewsbury's presence she called her secretary to her, and bade him go tell the King of France how he had seen her treated. She wrote to Cecil to say that she had loyally kept to the engagements into which she had entered with him and Sir Walter Mildmay, and was ill rewarded for her good faith. She wrote to La Mothe that her life was in danger. If his master intended to move in her behalf, he must do it then or never. She took leave of her dismissed attendants as if she was never to see them more, and she asked for a priest to prepare her for the death which she professed to expect.[1]

Neither anger nor pathos moved Shrewsbury, who,

[1] Mary Stuart to La Mothe, September 8, September 18; to Cecil, September 9; to the Archbishop of Glasgow, September 18: LABANOFF, vol. iii.

whatever may have been his past hesitation, was now determined to be faithful to his mistress. Mary Stuart's correspondence was effectively crushed. A lad was detected in bringing dangerous letters to her concealed in a staff. She was at once confined to a single room, the bolts were taken off the doors, and she was watched day and night. Even the linen of herself and her ladies was passed to the wash through the hands of male inspectors, the women of the castle being all devoted to her, and the observance of common decorum being no longer safe or possible. Shrewsbury told Cecil that 'those should buy her dearly who should get her from his hands; if five thousand men tried to rescue her he would give them such a banquet as they should repent that they had come to Sheffield.'[1]

The Bishop of Ross was then called up again from the country. Cecil had waited till the case was complete against him. Elizabeth's tenderness to the sovereign rights of the Queen of Scots had permitted him to remain at the Court with the privileges of an ambassador. He had abused his liberty to be the arch-contriver of a gigantic conspiracy, and the law officers of the Crown, when consulted by Cecil, gave as their opinions, first, that the representative of a prince or princess lawfully deposed possessed no privileges at all; and secondly, that an ambassador who could be proved to have moved a rebellion in the country to which he was accredited, had forfeited his protection and might

[1] Shrewsbury to Cecil, October 24: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

be proceeded against as a private person.[1] Thus fortified, the council ordered that the Bishop should be brought back to London. They told him briefly that his practices had been fully discovered, and that unless he answered truly to the questions which would be put to him, 'he should be made to suffer to the example and terror of all others.'

The Bishop was a brave man: on his way up out of Cambridgeshire he had received a message from La Mothe that the Duke had confessed to no particulars, and that he might stand out in a general denial. He assumed a high tone. He declared that he had done nothing of which they had a right to complain. He was privileged, and if he had exceeded his commission he was only answerable to his mistress. Cecil replied sternly that his answer had been anticipated and provided for, and that his privileges were not to be respected. He was allowed two days to consider what he would do, and he was supplied with proofs that La Mothe had been mistaken, and that much, if not all, of the transactions with Ridolfi was really known. Had he been aware that Elizabeth had refused to allow him to be tortured, he might have remained obstinate;[2] but he saw before

[1] Opinions on the privileges of Ambassadors, October 17: MURDIN.

[2] The Spanish story says that the Bishop was tortured. 'Al Obispo de Ross,' says a correspondent of the Spanish Court, 'han dado tormento y forçadole á declarar todo lo que le preguntáron tocante al Duque de Norfolk.' But to the regret of Doctor Wilson, one of the examiners who believed that the rack might have been applied to good purpose, it never came to this extremity.

'The Bishop of Ross,' says Wilson 'when he found it useless to conceal the truth, confessed much, and would have confessed more, both he and others, if they had been more

him the rack and perhaps the scaffold, and when the time allowed him had elapsed, he followed the example of the secretaries, and confessed to all which was important that he knew.

The secrets of the last four years were thus one by one cleared up. The Bishop, for the first time, explained fully to Cecil the private history of the conference at York; the original design for the Norfolk marriage; the manœuvres to suppress the letters and prevent an exposure which would stain his mistress's character. He admitted his own and the Duke's connection with the rebellion of the North, and described the causes which had prevented it from spreading. He mentioned the plan which had been formed for breaking up the Parliament and seizing the Queen's person; and finally for bringing the Spaniards to Harwich. He did not conceal the names of the noblemen who had specially committed themselves with promises to join in the insurrection. Finally, he wrote to the Queen of Scots to tell her that all was over, and advised her to do as he had done, and give up conspiracies. 'He was very sorry,' he said, 'that they had ever meddled with such things.' 'The discovery had been made by God's providence, that for the future her Majesty might trust only in God and her good sister;' and while making a clean breast of it, he admitted to Doctor

November.

straitly used, and by duresse enforced to reveal the secrets of those horrible dealings. But such is the mildness of our gracious Sovereign, that she had rather hazard her own person than yield to such extreme dealings, although necessity never so much required the same.'—T. Wilson to Cecil, July 31, 1573: *Flanders MSS.*

Wilson her share in the murder of Darnley.[1] It was not the least of Mary Stuart's misfortunes, that being accepted by the Pope as a confessor for the Catholic faith, she was able to dwell exclusively on the meritorious aspect of her character; to forget that it had other and less favourable features, and to expect the memory of the general world to be as unretentive as her own. She was unhappy also in her exaggerated belief in the power of her own eloquence, in her expectation that her pathetic and passionate words would pass at all times for current coin, although her letters so frequently miscarried; and protestations of love and confidence could be contrasted too often by the persons to whom they were addressed, with expressions of contempt and hatred. An accident of this kind befell her in the midst of her present troubles. After chafing for a month, she sent off one of her usual rhetorical appeals to Elizabeth; and a few days later she wrote to La Mothe, declaring that Elizabeth was all falsehood and treachery, that she would rather perish than yield, and again entreating France to take her and Scotland under their protection.[2] The second letter fell into Burghley's hands. It told him nothing new, but it told him how vain was the hope that Mary Stuart could be other than herself. In this humour she was to learn that the Bishop of Ross had given way, that he had

[1] The Bishop of Ross to the Queen of Scots, November 8; Doctor Wilson to Burghley, November 8: *Hatfield MSS. Printed by* MURDIN.

[2] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, October 29; to La Mothe, November 7: LABANOFF.

admitted the true character of Ridolfi's mission, and that her protestations of integrity had been thrown away. There, in plain words, in the handwriting of her own agent, was the intimation that he had made a full confession, and the mask could be worn no longer. Shrewsbury placed the Bishop's letter in her hands. 'The hand,' she said, 'was Esau's hand, but the voice was Jacob's; the Bishop had held the pen, but some one else had guided it.' Then bursting into rage, she cried, 'that the Bishop of Ross was a flayed and fearful priest, who had done as they would have him do;' for herself, 'they should find her to be a Queen, and to have the heart of a Queen, with other words of her wonted miscontented manner;'[1] France and Spain, she said, would come and deliver her, and the turn of her enemies should come.

Alas! France was but congratulating itself that the discovery of her danger might frighten Elizabeth into a renewed desire to marry one of its princes; and Alva, on the news of Norfolk's arrest, had driven Ridolfi from the Court, and had determined to leave to God the settlement of a matter in which the Pope assured him that God was profoundly interested. It was with the utmost unwillingness that either the Pope or Philip could part with a project on which their imagination had dwelt so passionately. Alva laid the fault on Ridolfi. Ridolfi complained at the Vatican, that the fault was Alva's in refusing to allow the letters which

[1] Shrewsbury to Cecil, November 23, 1571; Sadler to Cecil, January, 9, 1572: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

he had written from Brussels, on his return from Spain, to be delivered. The Pope still urged Philip, and Philip, still harping upon God, believed that it was not yet too late. Angels, he thought, would fight for the good cause, and he could not stand by while the Catholics were persecuted into apostasy; Hawkins too, the great admiral, was on their side, and was himself an army; if there was danger in making the venture, there was danger and dishonour also in remaining passive.[1] But neither Pope, nor King, nor trust in Hawkins, could move the resolve of Alva; whose only anxiety was to shake himself free from the clamours and complaints of the refugees.[2]

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[1] Philip to Alva, September 14.

[2] 'The affair is upset,' Alva wrote to Don Juan at Rome, 'and for the present nothing can be done. The Queen has arrested all the noblemen who would have assisted us. For my own part, I looked for nothing better with such light people to deal with. You will explain to his Holiness how things stand, and you will let him see that my fear of what has actually taken place was the cause of the caution with which I proceeded. To run hastily into ill-concerted enterprises stains our reputation, turns our hands against ourselves, and injures rather than benefits the service of God. God, it is clear, can bring about His own purposes without man's assistance. I doubt not He will put His hand to the work when we least look for it, and will reward his Holiness for the zeal which he has shown in His cause by bringing about a happy end to these troubles in his Holiness's lifetime.

'At present his Holiness and I bear the whole blame in England, and although the Queen is not acting as in justice she ought to do, yet she has made it impossible for us to attempt anything with a hope of success. I have gone to a great expense in preparing for the expedition. His Majesty bade me spare nothing, and all is lost. I fear we have been betrayed by the French. M. de Foix, a few days before he left England, told a friend in confidence that the Duke of Norfolk was about to be arrested. Had the Duke been equal to the work, he might now have been in the place of those who have thrown him into the Tower and will cut off his head. You shall hear

From Spain there was no longer hope, and the Queen of Scots' expectations from France were not likely to be improved, as the Spanish character of the conspiracy in which she had been involved became more fully revealed. The superstitions of Anjou had been worked upon by the Cardinal of Lorraine, but if Anjou continued obstinate, there was still Alençon; and the discovery of the precipice on which she was standing appeared to reawaken Elizabeth to the importance of the arguments by which Cecil was pressing the marriage upon her with one or other of the brothers. M. de Foix had come to England in August, to talk her out of her objections, and had returned to Paris with imperfect success; but the council, one after another, impressed upon her their conviction that she ought to overcome her reluctance. Sir Walter Mildmay spoke of it as 'the weightiest cause she had ever had in hand;' Sussex trusted that 'she would now see that she must look to herself, and make France sure by a husband;' and she appeared so far moved as to allow Cecil to inform Walsingham that the religious difficulty was not insuperable. Walsingham consulted de Foix. After mature consideration they both agreed that it would be unwise to 'wade further' with Anjou. Eliza- October.

all that happens, and you will beg his Holiness, as far as possible, to keep our secret and deny everything. A confession on our part will be the final destruction of those poor Catholics.'—Alva to Don Juan de Cuniga: *MSS. Simancas.*

Cf. Don Juan to Philip, November 28: Ibid.

The transcripts of these and all the other Simancas documents of which I have made use are deposited by the consent of the Trustees in the British Museum.

beth 'might find herself forsaken,' 'an opinion which would prove dangerous.' It would be better to assume that negotiation to have come to an amicable end, and 'to hide the imperfections of both parties, not knowing what would follow.'[1] Mary Stuart's intrigues with Spain however had created a violent exasperation at the French Court, had given a fresh impulse to the war party, and made the King and the Queen-mother more anxious than ever for Elizabeth's alliance. To all entreaties to send help to Mary Stuart in Scotland, the King now returned only cold denials. The Admiral was sent for to Paris: Catherine de Medici took him in her arms and kissed him, and Charles received him as if among his subjects there was not one whom he so much honoured.[2] The Queen-mother, after being assured by Walsingham that no wanton or needless objections would be raised, resolved formally to propose Alençon in the place of his brother; and she desired La Mothe to tell Elizabeth that, although religious differences had interfered with the marriage which she had before hoped to arrange, she had another son who would be troubled with no scruples. Anjou was seventeen years younger than the Queen of England, Alençon was two years younger than his brother; and de Foix feared that the substitution 'would but breed disdain;' but Elizabeth was far too adroit to make so poor a use of her advantage. Her wish was to escape

[1] Walsingham to Cecil, September 26 and October 8: *MSS. France.*

[2] La Mothe Fénelon au Roy, September 30: *Dépêches*, vol. iv. La Roy au M. de la Mothe Fénelon, October 20: Ibid., vol. vii.

marriage but secure a league; and the effect produced by the new offer was to make her now pretend to an extreme eagerness for the marriage with Anjou, which she knew, or believed, that Anjou's obstinacy would make impossible. Leicester echoed the Queen, and made a parade of disinterestedness: he declared that he as well as his mistress were aware of the necessity for the marriage, and that all concessions should be made to secure it.[1]

The manœuvre answered the purpose. The French Court perhaps desired to persuade itself of Elizabeth's sincerity; for the present the two Governments appeared every day to be drawing closer together; and the prospect of interference from France in behalf of Mary Stuart was more remote than ever. A regret may be permitted only that Elizabeth had so slight a sense of the obligations of her position and so small a capacity for self-sacrifice. The nation had reason to congratulate itself that the Anjou negotiations failed: but Alençon was an innocent boy, and the ridicule which attaches to unequal marriages in private life has no place in marriages of State. Although it must remain uncertain whether the infernal bigotry

November.

[1] 'I find now a full determination in her Majesty to like of marriage, and to my judgment she is resolved not to refuse any reasonable conditions that shall be offered by that King for Monsieur. So she earnestly and assuredly affirms to me, and would have you signify the same, with all that has passed about it hitherto, by some discreet messenger to the Admiral, begging him to forward the matter. She has opened her mind partly also to the Count Montgomery, who has this day taken his leave and is departed to deal with the Admiral.'—Leicester to Walsingham, December 6: DIGGES.

which burst loose in the following year in Paris could have been held under effective restraint, yet those who saw that crisis coming upon them believed at the time that by the marriage of the Queen of England with one of these Princes, and by that alone, fetters would have been forged of sufficient strength to bind it. The attention of the people would have reverted to the old current; national enthusiasm would have taken the place of religious bigotry; and France and England, linked together by a stronger bond than words, would have freed the Netherlands from Spain. The Catholic States of Germany could have been swept into the stream of the Reformation, and Europe might have escaped the thirty years' war, and the Revolution of '89.

If it be supposed that public interest, however great, could not have required the Queen to devote her person and happiness in a union which she disliked, there is no excuse for the false and foolish trifling which exhausted the patience and irritated the pride of the Royal family of France, and weakened the already too feeble barriers which were keeping back the tide of Catholic fury.

The reader will always turn with pleasure from Elizabeth's matrimonial insincerities. At home she submitted more entirely to Cecil's guidance, and thus bore herself with a dignity and a wisdom more becoming in an English Sovereign.

It appeared beyond doubt that the body of the Peers had in various degrees been parties to the Ridolfi con-

spiracy. Many causes had been at work among them —some were Catholic, some semi-Catholic, whose differences with Rome were merely political; and deeper with most of them than any religious feeling was the dread of a disputed succession. They had examined, and had not dared to challenge, the proofs which connected Mary Stuart with the Kirk o' Field tragedy; but excuses could not be wanting where there was a wish to find them. The Queen of Scots was young, she had been led away; others were as guilty as she was; and, guilt or no guilt, the sacred blood of the Plantagenets was in her veins, and she was next of kin to the Crown. As Elizabeth refused to marry and refused to name a successor, they had passed from discontent to treason. They had meditated an open rebellion, which all elements of dissatisfaction—civil, social, political, and religious—had united to stimulate, and they had invited a foreign Power to assist them in overthrowing the Queen's Government and the liberties of their country at a single blow. A scheme of the same kind had been formed in the past generation by the Marquis of Exeter, the Nevilles, Lady Salisbury, and her traitor sons. Elizabeth's father, supported by the hearty confidence of the people, had called the whole nation under arms, and had struck the heads of the chief conspirators from their shoulders before their projects were matured. The position of the present Government was far more precarious. The progress of the revolution had fostered a crop of discontents which then were in their germ. The Catholics throughout all

Europe had recovered from the paralysis into which they had been thrown by the first burst of the Reformation. A general spirit of disloyalty had penetrated every section of society: the leaders were arrested, but a dangerous humour was abroad, in the North especially, which at any moment might break again into flame;[1] and, since Pembroke's death, Elizabeth had no one in her council who could be relied on to command in the field with any general sympathy from the country. Her ministers were chiefly civilians who had risen from the ranks with the new order of things. Leicester was detested and despised, and was half a traitor to boot; Bedford was in bad health; Bacon was a mere lawyer; Cecil was infinitely able and infinitely popular with the Protestants, but he was not a soldier, and by the Catholics he was as much hated as Cromwell had been. If it came to blows it might well be doubted whether men like these could hold their ground against the retainers of the hereditary English chiefs, around whose persons was concentrated the traditional loyalty of centuries. Such men as Norfolk and Arundel were as sovereigns in their own counties. To the Howards and Fitzalans the Tudors themselves were but the mushroom growth of yesterday; and to attempt to crush treason by force when the leading nobles were at the

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[1] 'The people have been put in comfort of a change, and now they stand but looking for one that would say Hisse. These counties are most apt to evil, as where the practising Papists have most their conventicles.' —Thomas Ashton of Shrewsbury to Burghley, October 23: *MSS. Domestic.*

head of the conspiracy, was only one degree less dangerous than to pass it over unpunished.

Norfolk was the chief offender. Norfolk was the intending husband of the Queen of Scots. Norfolk had given the commission to Ridolfi, and his crime was surrounded with every circumstance of ignominy and dishonour. He, an English nobleman, had pledged his word to his Sovereign, deliberately meaning to break it. Calling himself a Catholic to the Pope, he had sued for a dispensation to conceal his creed the better to betray the Protestants who trusted him. For the fanatic who conceives that he has a duty to God which supersedes his earthly allegiance, some kind of respect is not impossible—but no plea of religion can take the stain out of treachery. Nor among Norfolk's many-sided protestations was it easy to distinguish truth from falsehood. He was a Catholic to the Pope and the King of Spain; while he swore to Elizabeth and Burghley that he would be sooner torn with horses than forsake the faith in which he had been brought up. Which were his real convictions, or whether he possessed any real convictions, remains after all uncertain. With Arundel, Southampton, Lumley, and the Stanleys, both prudence and a natural disinclination to severity induced Elizabeth to pause. Norfolk she determined to bring to trial. A commission was appointed to revise the evidence against him and draw up his indictment. The exposure of his falsehood would, it might be hoped, compel even the unwilling Peers for very shame to admit his guilt.

December. Meantime there was another ambassador whose complicity came out with no less clearness than that of the Bishop of Ross. Doctor Man had been dismissed with scanty courtesy from Madrid; Sir Henry Cobham had been received by Philip with studied insolence. There was an opportunity for repaying the Spanish Court in kind, and ridding England of a minister whose residence had been one continued plot against the throne. Don Guerau was summoned before the council. He was told that his practices had been discovered: in the three years which he had spent in England he had never ceased to trouble the quiet of the realm; the Queen would no longer endure his presence, and he must be gone without delay.[1] Don Guerau, savage with disappointment, turned on Burghley, and said he was the cause of all the unkindness between his master and the Queen. But Burghley was now supreme again. The order was coldly repeated, and he was allowed four days to prepare for departure.

There were two sides to the question. The ambassador, looking back over the history of the same three years, might well believe that the balance of right was in his own and in his master's favour. He knew, better than Elizabeth herself, the reluctance with which the King of Spain had accepted the quarrel which had been forced upon him, and the earnestness with which he had resisted the importunities of the Court of Rome and his own subjects. His coasts had been plundered, his

[1] Words to be said to the Spanish ambassador, December 14: *MSS. Spain.*

commerce destroyed, his colonies outraged by English desperadoes, in whose adventures the Queen herself was an interested shareholder. The seizure of his treasure at Plymouth and Southampton was an act of piracy on a gigantic scale, committed by the Government itself. The English harbours had been the home of the Dutch privateer fleet; ships built in England, armed in England, and manned by Englishmen, had held the Channel under the flag of the Prince of Orange; and if Alva attempted to interfere with them they were sheltered by English batteries. Their plunder was sold openly in the markets, the royal purveyors being occasional purchasers; and Dover had been made a second Algiers, where Spanish gentlemen had been set up in chains for public auction. The King of Spain might have held himself free in equity from all obligations to a Government which set at nought the usages of civilized nations; and Don Guerau could have seen no sin in endeavouring to bring into power the old nobility, the hereditary friends of the House of Burgundy. The legitimate remedy however was open war, and Philip and his councillors had stained their honour and their cause by preferring the assassin's dagger. To the same ill resource the ambassador, now at his last extremity, applied himself. The mine which had been dug and loaded so carefully had been discovered and harmlessly sprung; the excommunicated Queen, the insolent Burghley, the heretics, and the buccaneers, had once more triumphed; Norfolk was to be tried for his life; the experienced Spaniard could not hope that the Queen of Scots would

be spared; he was himself ordered away in disgrace, yet one bold stroke might repair everything. Cecil—the false, lowborn, but most dexterous Cecil; the arrogant islander who believed that England united might defy the power of the whole world [1]—Cecil was the soul of Elizabeth's government: were Cecil gone all might yet be saved.

In times of civil commotion there are never wanting persons who, under the influence of vanity, are ready for the most desperate enterprises. There were present in London, and known to the Spanish ambassador, two young gentlemen from Norwich named Berney and Mather, who, after drifting about Europe in various services, had come to England to take part in the rebellion. Kenelm Berney had gone abroad to escape justice for some previous murder. Mather had been secretary successively to Sir Henry Norris and to Sir N. Throgmorton in France. His father was a merchant in good circumstances: he had himself glittered about Courts, pushing himself by all ways into notoriety, and with such a hunger for what he called fame that, as one of his brother secretaries said of him, 'he could content himself with nothing less than shaking a king-

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[1] 'Hombre de baja gente, astuto, falso, mentiroso, y lleno de todo engaño, grande herege, y tan vafio Ingles que cree todos los Principes Christianos no ser parte por hacer dafio al Señor de aquella Isla; este trae la massa de los negocios, en los quales con gran diligencia y astucia y con no tener fe ny palabra, cree sobrepusar á todos los otros ministros de Principes, y en parte ha salido hasta ahora con su intento.'—Relacion dada por Don Guerau de Espes; *MSS. Simancas.*

dom.'[1] On a smaller scale he resembled Thomas Stukely, and like Stukely had thought of Ireland as a field for his ambition, when the Ridolfi conspiracy came in his way and gave him the opportunity for which he was looking.

Being Berney's fellow-townsman, and knowing him to be ready with his hand, he sent for him from France, and the two friends were looking about them for some means of employing their talents. Like the rest of the Catholics, they bewailed the misfortune which had placed so poor a creature as the Duke of Norfolk at their head.[2] As time passed on and the chances of insurrection grew fainter, Mather became restless and impatient, and accident or intention brought him in contact with the Italian secretary of the Spanish ambassador named Borghesi, who had perhaps been ordered to look out for a fit person for Don Guerau's purpose. Alva had pointed to Elizabeth as the mark to be aimed at; but Elizabeth was difficult to get at, and Don Guerau had come to think the Queen was but the cipher to which Burghley was the governing number. One night in the autumn Borghesi brought in Mather to his master, and the ambassador receiving him as a Catholic gentleman who would sympathize in the general disap-

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[1] —— to Sir William Fitzwilliam, March 5, 1572. *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] 'Mather, sitting by the fireside, said the Duke was a beast and a coward that when he was in his country he did not take arms. Then he might have married the Scotch Queen and have altered the State.' —Confession of Kenelm Berney: MURDIN.

pointment, began to talk of Scotland and the noblemen in the Tower and Burghley and Burghley's policy. Burghley, he said, 'held the helm and did all in all;' and then with a glance at his guest exclaimed, 'Men must all die, and a noble death is better than a shameful life. Oh for some man of spirit who would kill that wretch and cut him in pieces!'[1]

1572. January. The fire was thus lighted, and Borghesi, as Mather left the house, threw fresh fuel upon it. 'It was a fine thing to die sword in hand,' he said; 'and if Burghley was taken away, all would go well.' Mather asked him if he thought it could be done: Borghesi said that a resolute man could do it with ease. 'Then,' cried Mather, 'I will do some service to the common cause, or it shall cost me my life.'[2] He went home to his companion swelling with hope and pride, and together they sat into the night talking of 'how good it was to have a name and die famous.' They reminded one another of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh and of the mean men who governed England, while sparks of metal like themselves were passed by without employment. Regicide in some aspects presented the most temptation. 'To kill a Sovereign would make their fame immortal.' 'The Queen's Beefs' were poor creatures, whom a handful of determined men could easily dispatch, and the rest of the household were 'perfumed minions such as

[1] The ambassador said, 'Perche un huomo ha da morire, è meglio prender una honorata morte che vivere una vituperiosa vita. Bisogna che qualche huomo di spirito ammazza e taglia in pezzi,' adjoining thereto an injurious word, 'poltrono.' —Confession of Mather, January 8: *MSS. Hatfield.*

[2] Ibid.

the vile woman kept about her to feed her fantasy.'[1] But Don Guerau kept them to the easier and in his eyes no less important business of killing Cecil; and to this they addressed themselves. The four days' grace allowed Don Guerau were for some cause extended, and gave him the chance of staying in England till the deed was done. Three times in the first week in January the assassins were lurking in the garden of Cecil House where Burghley was accustomed to walk. They observed his study window and the position of his head when he sat at work as a mark for a blunderbus. Horses were kept saddled on both sides of the Thames, and a boat lay ever ready at the stairs at Charing Cross. Yet day passed after day and Cecil still lived, and it seemed as if Chapin Vitelli had rightly judged the English character. Some disease of conscience or want of boldness in a bad cause made Englishmen the worst conspirators in the world. The preparations for flight required confederates, and one of them, or perhaps Mather himself in an interval of remorse, wrote to Cecil to put him on his guard.[2] The warning brought no inform-

[1] Confession of Mather, January 8: *MSS. Hatfield.*

[2] Mather claimed to have been the writer after his arrest, perhaps to save his life, as he could feel satisfied that no one would come forward to dispute his pretensions. The letter itself is at Hatfield, written in a bold, remarkable hand, and endorsed by Cecil, 'A letter brought by the post in London.' It was addressed, 'To my Lord of Bourlay at the Court in haste.' The contents were as follows:—

'My Lord,—Of late I have upon discontent entered into conspiracy with some others to slay your Lordship, and the time appointed. A man with a perfitt hand attended you three several times in your garden to have slain your Lordship. The which not falling out and continuing in the former mischief, the height of your study window is taken

ation to the intended victim. He had already discovered what it told him, for his own traitorous agent of the Marshalsea, Herle, had found his way among the confederates. They had a week in which they might have done their work, but they let it pass, and it was then too late. Cecil calmly watched them till he had the clue in his hands to all their proceedings; and then a company of the City Guard dropped upon the nest, and Mather, Berney, and their friends were transferred to the Tower dungeons. The Spanish ambassador had been forced to leave London before their capture, but he had lingered at Canterbury under pretence of waiting for letters from the Duke of Alva; and on him too the ever-present eye was fixed, penetrating, when least he dreamed of it, into his inmost secrets. Sir John Hawkins, who was still in the eyes of Philip and his ministers the faithful servant of Holy Church and the Queen of Scots, was sent with Sir Francis Knowles to take charge of him as far as Calais. He persuaded the ambassador that he had duped Cecil into giving him the appointment that he might be of use to his Catholic friends, and

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towards the garden, minding if they miss these means to slay you with a shot upon the terrace, or else in coming late from the Court with a pistolet. And being touched with some remorse in so bloody a deed, in discharge of my conscience before God, I warn your Lordship of their evil and desperate meaning, and would further declare their whole meaning if I should not be noted of infidelity, being so near and dear to me as they are. For the thanks I deserve I shall, I doubt not, best receive them hereafter at your hands at more convenient time when these storms are past; but lastly, I require your Lordship, in God's name, to have care of your safety.'

the harassed Don Guerau opened his heart to Hawkins in return.[1]

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[1] The following letter, written by Don Guerau from Canterbury to Philip, shows, besides its general interest, how entirely he was free from suspicion of Hawkins's treachery:—

'The Queen and council, or rather the Lord Burghley who alone rules all, sent a secretary to tell me I must leave London on Christmas Eve, alluding repeatedly with sufficient discourtesy to our treatment of Doctor Man. I said what I thought necessary, but I was obliged to comply. I waited nine or ten days at Gravesend, where I was joined by Hawkins and Fitzwilliam, who came with orders from the Queen to see me across to Calais. Hawkins, who is sincerely anxious to serve your Majesty, is of great use to me—far different from Knowles, who is an accursed heretic and communicates daily by post with the Lord Burghley. The Queen means to try the Duke of Norfolk at once, and that is the cause of my being sent with so much haste out of the country. I have said that without permission from your Majesty or the Duke of Alva I will not go unless I am forced. So that I am still here, the posts flying to and fro, and Burghley insisting that I am making excuses for remaining. This gentleman is so frightened that nothing can reassure him. He has received threatening letters, and he tells the Queen that if I am in England during the trial, the country will not be safe. The Queen means to sell all property of ours which is in her hands. The owners may have it at the price at which it will be valued. If your Majesty or the Duke of Medina will send commissioners with unlimited powers something may be done; but the sale at all events will go forward. It is all done in contempt of your Majesty; and if this league with France come to anything, they will deal even worse with us. Messengers pass every hour between Paris and London; and that King has, without doubt, offered to make an alliance, offensive and defensive, with England. The details only remain to be settled. Walsingham writes everything to Hawkins, and Hawkins tells it to me and shews me the council's letters. The thing is at present incomplete, and it may be prevented yet if his Holiness will exert himself. If not, means must be found to prevent the English from getting good by it. It is said here that the King of France gave money secretly to Lord Fleming to be used in the defence of Edinburgh, not wishing to offend his old friends among the Scots till he has made sure of this Queen.

'Situated as I am, and with so many eyes upon me, I shall not be able to communicate at present with the prisoners in the Tower, but I

Thus all parties to the intended murder, the instigator and the instruments, were alike in Cecil's hands; and one morning, while the ambassador was still putting off his departure in the hope of hearing great news from Mather, he was confounded by an intimation from Sir Francis Knowles that a conspiracy had been discovered, and that his secretary's presence was required in London. He was 'greatly appalled,' especially when he was told further that Mather had been arrested and had made a full confession. He tried to shield Borghesi, but Knowles gave him to understand that the man was wanted, not to be punished, but only to answer certain questions. Don Guerau smiled grimly,[1] complained of his grievous handling, and submitted. In a few days his secretary was restored uninjured, and he made his way to Brussels to join the English refugees in once more entreating the Spanish leader to move before it was too late.

The Duke of Alva was most unwilling to allow himself to be addressed upon the subject, fearing perhaps that it would injure the few chances of life which remained to the unfortunate Norfolk. The refugees pressed to be heard however; and at length Westmoreland, Egremont Radcliff, Morley, and a throng of

will take care that they shall soon know that they have a friend in your Majesty. Meantime, we must look to those of our party who are still at liberty and learn their intentions.

'As soon as I am out of this country I will write at length to your Majesty of all which I think may be done, and by what means, in case of rupture with the French, we may transfer the war hither.'

[1] 'He smiled somewhat, although it seemed to be risus Sardonicus mixed with some fear.'—Sir F. Knowles to Burghley, January 16: *MSS. Spain.*

priests were admitted to an audience with the Countess of Northumberland at their head, and presented their petition.[1]

It was the old story of persecution and tyranny. Alva's opinion of the English Catholics, never favourable at best, was at its lowest ebb. Elizabeth still lived—Burghley still lived—and none of those confident boasters had had the courage to remove them out of his path. Had they been unanimous, under the existing circumstances he would have been deaf to their remonstrances. His unwillingness at that moment was encouraged by Leonard Dacres and his friends, whose hate for Norfolk reconciled them to the probability of his execution, and who were persuading Alva to lend them troops and money for an expedition to Scotland.[2] The Duke replied with cold courtesy that he was a servant, and could not act without his master's orders; and the unfortunates, unable to part with their cherished hopes—unable to understand how a conquest which every one but lately had imagined to be so easy should have suddenly become impossible—carried their supplications to Philip.

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[1] Sanders, in a letter to the Earl of Northumberland, says that 'the Countess was forced to press upon the Duke's Grace even against his will.'—*MSS. Flanders.*

[2] 'Leonard Dacres, who, as it is reported, liketh well of the proceedings against the Duke of Norfolk, hath had of late conferences with the Duke of Alva. It is said he hath gotten grant of three thousand men well appointed, which shall shortly be conveyed to Scotland, with certain great pieces of artillery, and a promise of so much money as shall be sufficient to pay them during three months.'—John Lee to Burghley, February 4; *MSS. Flanders.*

'They had insisted from the beginning,' they said, 'that there would be no quiet in Flanders till England was again Catholic, and events had proved that they were right. The country was distracted. The Queen was despised as a 'harlot,' and hated for the obstinacy with which in refusing to allow the succession to be settled, she exposed her subjects to the chances of civil war at her death. Should the Queen of England be deposed and killed, she had no heirs to avenge her quarrel, while the Queen of Scots was pitied and loved, and had a son to inherit her rights. The merchants were furious at the ruin of their commerce; Ireland was disaffected; and in England there was not a fortified port or an experienced soldier. They had but to land with the King of Spain's authority for the whole people to flock to them. The Queen's own troops would desert her: one victory, and all was their own. An army of priests would go back with them to feed their starving flocks; and as Elizabeth had made Flanders serve her turn, so Philip might make use of England. There was needed but a little money and a little courage, and the King might provide Don John of Austria with a kingdom, and Spain with better neighbours. He might crush the Flanders rebels, reconcile half Europe to the Church, save his own credit, and restore God to His honour.'[1]

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[1] Reasons to persuade the King of Spain to invade England, February, 1572: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS. Don Guerau supported the petition with a memoir which he had ineffectually submitted to the Duke of Alva. 'Flanders,' said Don Guerau, 'can never be at peace till the Go-

So the poor Catholics pleaded, to little purpose. Philip was willing to help them, but allowed himself to be guided by Alva; and Alva had not the slightest confidence in men who talked as if England was at their devotion, yet were unable to set foot upon its soil unless escorted by an army of strangers. It was universally believed that the Queen of Scots would now be executed; and Spain would not move to save her. The appeals of the Archbishop of Glasgow to Charles and Catherine were equally in vain. Mary Stuart's head would be a cheap price for the English alliance,[1]

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vernment of England is changed. Cecil would have had open war with us had not others on the council prevented him. He seized the treasure to drive our army into mutiny for want of their pay—'para incommodar quanto fuese posible el pagamento del ejercito á Flandes.' He encourages the pirates in plundering our commerce. He has turned the restitution treaty to smoke, and he is now at work at an alliance with France. Cecil rules everything. The council, part of them, have good intentions, but they are without power. The Queen is weak and timid. She dare not rule her council. The council rules her, and Cecil rules the council. They insult our ministers; they practise with our rebels; and his Majesty has so long borne with their injuries that they believe now that he dare not or cannot resist them. His Majesty is bound to rouse himself. His interest requires that the Government of England be in friendly, and if possible, in Catholic hands; for the Catholics will hold France in check and cease to trouble Flanders. The arrest of Norfolk and the other Lords may make the difficulty greater, but if the Duke lives things will remain as they are. If they kill him, he has a son who is growing to manhood, and the others are too numerous to be made away with. Plymouth may be taken and fortified at any moment, and the King has but to say the word for Ireland to revolt.'—Memoir forwarded by Don Guerau, February 8: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] 'En estos' (the King and his Queen-mother) 'no halla el dicho Embajador amparo ny asistencia alguna, aunque le dan mil esperanzas, pero todo son mentiras, dandole á entender no solamente que proveeran esto y otro, pero que lo han ya proveydo y halla ser todo falso, y ya no sabe que hacerse.'—Secretario

and Walsingham prayed that Elizabeth would see her opportunity and relieve herself and her country of that danger for ever.[1] Once again Mary Stuart's life depended on the resolution of Elizabeth; and if the opinion of Don Guerau was correct, that Elizabeth was a cipher in the hands of Burghley, the best grace she had to look for was a priest to make her ready for her end.

Norfolk's turn came first however; and with him Burghley could write that 'the Queen would deal more substantially than many did imagine.'[2] Among the Peers by whom the Duke would have to be tried, many would inevitably have to take their seats as his judges who were in heart as guilty as himself; but care was taken that there should be at least a majority on whose loyalty Elizabeth could depend. Lord Shrewsbury was named High Steward for the same reason for which he was chosen to be the Queen of Scots' guardian. Twenty-six noblemen formed the court over which Shrewsbury presided; and in the list almost every Peer was included who had been created by the Queen, or owed his station to her father and the Reformation. Hertford, who for two years had been in disgrace and forbidden to sit in Parliament, was restored to his

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Aguilon à Felipe II^do^, December 5: TEULET, vol. v.

[1] 'Surely so long as that devilish woman liveth, neither her Majesty must make account to continue in quiet possession of her crown, nor her faithful servants assure themselves of safety of their lives. God open her Majesty's eyes to see that which may be for her best safety.'—Walsingham to Cecil, January 30: *MSS. France.*

[2] Burghley to Walsingham, December 7: DIGGES.

honours. Reginald Grey, the representative of the ruined family of Grey de Ruthyn, was made Earl of Kent for the occasion;[1] and of the Queen's own relations, Lord Hunsdon alone was absent, being unable to leave Berwick.[2]

The occasion was extremely critical. With a shaking throne, an uncertain people, and in the midst of the great Catholic reaction which was threatening all over Europe to overwhelm the work of the Reformers, it was no light matter to erect again a court of treason, to re-open the chapter of political trials and executions, which it had been Elizabeth's honourable distinction to have hitherto held closed. However great and however evident were Norfolk's offences, he was the highest English subject, and the crime for which he was to be brought to the bar was no crime at all in the eyes of half the nation. To leave him unpunished, or to try him and to fail in obtaining a verdict, would be equally fatal. To prepare the way with the public, a compendious account of the conspiracy and its discovery was drawn up and published; and another step was taken of

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[1] 'La Reyna ha creado un nuevo Conde de Kent para tener su voto seguro.'—Don Guerau to Philip, January 7: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] The Peers who tried Norfolk were the Earls of Shrewsbury, Kent, Sussex, Warwick, Pembroke, Worcester, Huntingdon, Bedford, Hertford, Leicester, Lords Clinton, Burghley, Mountjoy, Wentworth, Mordaunt, Chandos, St John of Bledsoe, Hereford, Howard of Effingham, Grey de Wilton, Sandys, Burgh, St John, Rich, Norton, Buckhurst, and Delawarre. Of these, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Clinton, Mordaunt, Howard, Grey de Wilton, Sandys, Burgh, St John, and Rich were in Ridolfi's list.

far more importance, which, though too long delayed, was still in time to be of use.

As careful of the Queen of Scots' honour as she had been careful of her life, Elizabeth had been contented to endure the misconstruction of Europe, to allow a vague belief to spread that the evidence produced against her at Westminster was incomplete, and to give her a chance of recovering the fair fame which she had so foully blotted.

Elizabeth had not only refused, against the advice of her wisest ministers, to publish the story in her own defence, when it would have silenced the murmurs of the Catholic world, but she had forced the Scots to suffer also the disadvantage of a doubtful cause. Now, at length, she withdrew her prohibition. A narrative of the events which had led to the Queen of Scots' deposition was drawn up by George Buchanan.[1] Versions of the casket letters in French and Latin were attached to the narrative, and the whole was printed under the title of 'The Detection of the Doings of Mary Queen of Scots, touching the Murder of her

[1] The vituperative eloquence which has been poured upon Buchanan's 'Detectio' has failed to expose a single serious error in it, and in the few trifling points where a question can be fairly raised upon Buchanan's accuracy, is it clear that the fault does not lie after all in the inadequate information of his critics? The book has been called slanderous from the completeness of the case which it establishes. The sentimentalism which cannot tolerate the notion of the Queen of Scots' guilt denounces the evidence against her as forged. But to denounce is not to prove. The account which was now published was the deliberate plea of Protestant Scotland at the bar of Europe; and as the passionate aspect of the story gives place to calmer consideration, it will receive at last the authoritative position which it deserves.

Husband, and her Conspiracy, Adultery, and Pretended Marriage with the Earl Bothwell.' Copies were circulated in Scotland, England, and the European Courts. La Mothe complained to Elizabeth, but the Queen declined to interfere.[1] She had shielded the Queen of Scots too long for her own safety, and Mary Stuart's mode of recognizing the obligation was not calculated to encourage her to persist further. Sir Thomas Smith, who had gone to Paris to assist Walsingham in the negotiation of the league, explained to the French council, that the time for forbearance was passed; that the English Government was now resolute; and that if the Queen of Scots gave any more trouble, the difficulties about her would be promptly ended.[2]

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[1] Among the copies sent to France one was given to 'one Montaigne of Montpellier,' supposed then to be writing 'The Universal History of the Times.'—Killigrew to Cecil, January 10. Montaigne had been a pupil of Buchanan. 'The Universal Story' was perhaps merged in the work of his friend de Thou.

[2] 'I was fain to declare unto them all her behaviour, her adulteries, the killing of her husband twice (if it might be) with poison, and as some say strangling, besides fire and gunpowder, the shameful marrying of her adulterer and murderer of her husband who had a wife living, her deposing by the nobility and Act of Parliament. Yet the Queen's Majesty would not believe it, but had it heard again in London; and though the thing was too manifest, yet for respect that she was a Queen of her alliance, her Majesty would not condemn her and would not absolve her. They seemed at last so persuaded that they durst not deny her evil deeds and deservings, but because she was married here and of parentage, the King could know no other King nor Queen in Scotland but her; and if she had done evil there was somewhat to be borne because she was kept so long in prison.

'That is true, quoth I,

'Flectere si nequeo Superos
Acheronta movebo;'

but if the Devil be called to help, it is reason she has the Devil's reward. In sum, rather than this should trouble the treaty, or the realm of Scotland be in longer dissention for this cause, or the Queen my mistress

With these precautions, and with the gauntlet as it were flung down to Catholic Europe, Westminster Hall was once more prepared for a trial for High Treason. On the 16th of January, at half-past eight in the morning, Lord Shrewsbury, with the Peers, Judges, and Lords of the council, took their places; a lane was formed through the crowd at the lower part of the hall, and the Duke was led in between the Lieutenant of the Tower and Sir Peter Carew; the Tower Chamberlain following with the axe reversed.

The Duke was not so wholly degenerate but that in public and on great occasions he could bear himself in a manner worthy of his blood; as he came forward to the bar he ran his eyes rapidly over the noblemen who were to try him, bit his lip, and drew himself haughtily up.

The indictment charged him with conspiring the deposition and death of the Queen, with having endeavoured to bring foreign armies into England, to change the Government, and alter the religion established in the realm; with having sought to marry the Queen of Scots, knowing that she laid claim to the

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should not once have an end of the mischief and hurt that she hath hitherto brought, I know one expedient that shall soon make an end of this debate. Her Majesty shall follow the advice of her council, the wise men of her realm. She shall take her head from her shoulders as justly she may do.

'This appalled them so much, they had no more to say but that they thought better of the Queen's clemency and gentleness than so, although they could not deny that the Scotch Queen had deserved no such thing at her Majesty's hands, and they thought her guilty of all that was laid to her charge.'—Sir T. Smith to Burghley, January 17: *MSS. France.*

crown, contrary to his allegiance, contrary to the Queen's command, and in violation of his own plighted word.

In detail he was accused of having assisted the rebels who had fled to Scotland after the late insurrection; of having in the March preceding sent Ridolfi to Rome, to Spain, and to the Duke of Alva, to concert measures for an invasion; and of himself intending to raise a fresh rebellion in England. He had corresponded since Ridolfi's departure both with him and the Pope, and had received 'promises of help and assistance in the said wicked enterprise for the setting up of the said Mary late Queen of Scots.'

The Duke, being required to plead, demanded the assistance of counsel. It was objected that in cases of high treason counsel was not allowed; but he said that the indictment was complicated; 'he found himself entangled in a herd of laws,' so that he did not know to what he was to answer; and he referred to the trial of Sir Humphrey Stafford, to whom, in a similar case, the indulgence for which he asked had been conceded.

Chief Justice Dyer replied that the precedent was not applicable: Stafford had been taken out of sanctuary,[1] and counsel had been heard merely on the question whether the protection was legitimately violated.

The Duke, with a slight protest, submitted to the

[1] A° 1. Hen. VII. Stafford and his brother had held out against Henry VII. for a few months after Bosworth. Finding their cause hopelessly lost, they took refuge in a sanctuary near Abingdon, from which they were forcibly removed and were hanged at Tyburn.

judgment of the court, and inquired whether he must plead to the whole indictment, or to the parts of it separately, and whether all the offences with which he was charged were equally treason.

Dyer said, that if the facts were proved, each and all would bring him within the compass of the law

On this answer the Duke said he was Not Guilty, and would be tried by God and his Peers—only, he continued—addressing himself to the Lord Steward, 'he trusted he might have justice, and not be overlaid with speeches. Had he so pleased, he needed not to have been standing where he was; but he had preferred rather to abide his trial, than by a cowardly running away to leave a gap open to his enemies to slander him.' Trusting to the absence of direct proof against him, he argued that he ought not to be pressed with circumstantial evidence. He said that he was unlearned and uneloquent, and that his memory was weak. He was ready and able to encounter only special charges of literal treason.

But a prisoner was not to be allowed to dictate the form of his prosecution. The case was exceedingly elaborate, involving the history of his proceedings from the time when he was sent as Commissioner to York; and the story is too well known to the reader to require repetition. It is enough to say, that the Government was acquainted with every important fact in the whole of it. The Duke fought over each detail, with a minuteness which showed that he had undervalued his powers. The confession of the Bishop of Ross was read to him.

He said the Bishop was a false Scot, and cared not how many innocent Englishmen he might bring to destruction. He was reminded of his promise to deal no more with the Queen of Scots. He could not deny that promise, and he could not deny that he had broken it. It was proved also that after leaving the Court in Hampshire he had listened to a proposal to seize the Tower, and had gone down to Norfolk with a half-formed intention of rebellion.[1]

One witness only was produced in court, Lord Shrewsbury's stepson, Richard Cavendish, Leicester's agent with the Queen of Scots, who finding that times were changing turned round upon his friends and swore that the Duke had told him beforehand of the intended rising in the North.

To this the Duke answered that Cavendish was a lying slave; but the conviction was left upon the court, and as the reader knows with entire justice, that he was aware of the Earls' purpose and at least had not revealed it.

Ridolfi's commission came next. To those who have

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[1] Among other fragments of evidence which came out upon the trial, it appeared that the Duke had been playing with 'a blind prophecy,' something like Owen Glendower's 'clipwinged dragon and finless fish.' The words are:—

'In exaltatione Lunæ Leo succumbet, et Leo cum Leone conjungetur et catuli eorum regnabunt.' The Duke had interpreted them thus:—

'At the exaltation of the moon, which was the rising of the Earl of Northumberland, 'the Lion,' the Queen's Majesty, shall be overthrown. Then shall the Lion be joined with the Lion—*i.e.* the Duke of Norfolk with the Queen of Scotland, for they both bore lions in their arms, and their whelps shall reign.'—Trial of the Duke of Norfolk: *State Trials*, vol. i.

seen what that commission contained, and the exquisite baseness which it revealed in Norfolk's character, the evidence with which the portions of it known to the Government were brought home to him can have but little interest. Either treason is an imaginary crime, or few political offenders have deserved the scaffold more emphatically than the Duke of Norfolk. The commission itself however never reached the hands of the council. They knew no more than its general purport, the sketch of it contained in the letters of the Queen of Scots which had been found under the mat, and as much as could be learned from the confessions of the secretaries and the Bishop of Ross. The Duke denied everything, and swore that both the Bishop and his secretaries were lying. He was asked to explain, if he was innocent, the letters which he had written to them from the Tower entreating them not to confess. He was of course silent. The confessions all agreed, and not a doubt remained that the troops of Alva had been invited with the Duke's consent to land at Harwich.

Wilbraham, the Attorney of the Wards, who was conducting this part of the case, used the opportunity to touch the eternal chord of English national pride.

'If the Duke of Norfolk had been a true man,' he said, 'and angry at the matter as he now pretendeth, and had done his duty, though they had come, these Walloons, they might have been so beaten of the old English fashion as they were never so swinged in their lives.'

'This point,' says an eyewitness, 'Mr Attorney

spoke with such a grace and cheerfulness of heart and voice as if he had been ready to be one at the doing of it, like a hearty true Englishman, a good Christian, a good subject, a man enough for his religion, prince, and country.'

'The Duke,' the Attorney continued, with less rhetoric but more point—'the Duke said that the witnesses had spoken falsely, but their evidence had been taken separately in a great variety of complicated details, and it was all entirely consistent. Of what value, on the other side, was the Duke's assertion? He had broken his oath as Commissioner at York, he had broken his promise to the Queen, he had denied in his examinations what he had afterwards admitted to be true; it was not for the Duke of Norfolk to stand upon discrediting of witnesses and advancing his own credit which he had so much decayed.'

The prosecution closed, and Shrewsbury asked the Duke what more he had to say. And what could he say? If indeed the Queen of Scots was an innocent woman—and the Duke, if any one, knew the truth about her—he might have appealed to the broad principles of justice; he might have proclaimed, in the face of England and the Peers, the cowardice which had stained her with crimes of which her accusers themselves were guilty. He might have denounced Cecil, Bacon, Sadler, Knowles, Elizabeth herself, as knaves and hypocrites, and he would have carried with him the sympathies of the world. He was not standing before a Secret Tribunal in the dungeons of the Tower. He

was at the open bar at Westminster Hall, in the presence of the English nation, and the words that he uttered there might be carried to every fireside in the land. Had no other evidence survived, were there no letters, no witnesses, no sworn depositions of those who had lived through the whole of that Scottish tragedy and knew it in all its parts, the silence of Norfolk at this the supreme moment of his own fate and Mary Stuart's, would be proof sufficient against her in the minds of all persons who can think upon the subject with reasonable modesty. The Duke knew the truth, and the truth made him dumb; he could but say that he trusted to God and his own consciousness of loyalty.

The Lords withdrew, the High Steward remaining in his chair. The winter day had long departed. The Hall was faintly lighted with pine torches. At eight o'clock, after an absence of an hour and quarter, they returned, and one by one gave in the fatal verdict of Guilty on all the counts. The counsel for the Crown prayed sentence; and Shrewsbury, in the usual dreadful terms, told the Duke that he must die. Then, perhaps for the first time, his misdeeds came home to him. Conspiracy had presented itself to him in the disguise of piety and chivalry. He had dreamed of saving his country from the upstarts who were dragging the crown into ignominious alliance with revolution and heresy, of laying to rest the threatening spectre of civil war, and settling the vexed succession question. The sleep was broken, the vision was faded, and there remained only

the axe, the scaffold, the masked headsman, and six feet of earth in the chapel of the Tower.

'This is the judgment of a traitor,' he said, 'and I shall die as true a man as any that liveth.' He beat his breast wildly. 'Do not ask for my life,' he cried, 'I do not desire to live. My Lords, as you have put me out of your company I trust shortly to be in better company; only I beseech you intercede with the Queen for my children and for payment of my debts. God knows how true a heart I bear to her Majesty, how true a heart to my country, whatever this day has been falsely objected to me. Farewell, my Lords.'[1]

He was led away from the bar. The High Steward broke his rod, and the trial was over, and a loud cry rose from the crowd, 'God save the Queen.' It was expected that the resolution which had brought Elizabeth so far would have carried her on to the conclusion, and that the execution would not be postponed beyond the usual time. The Duke evidently was without hope: face to face with death, he thought no more of the creed to which he had told the Pope he was secretly devoted, and he desired that John Foxe, the martyrologist, his old teacher, might prepare him for his end. Lord Burghley considered that hesitation would be extremely dangerous. 'No better hope could be given to the evil,' he said, 'than to see justice forborne against the chief offenders in so perilous an enterprise. It would be imputed to fear, to lack of power in the Queen's hand by God's ordinance,'

[1] Skipwith to Burghley, January 17: *MSS. Domestic.*

and in the highly wrought condition of Catholic imagination, 'to the Scottish Queen's prayers and fastings.'[1]

But Elizabeth, among many faults, had two qualities which were extremely honourable to her. She detested political executions, and much of her popularity was attributed by her to the cessation of the scenes which had made Tower Hill so hideous.[2] She possessed, besides, an insensibility truly regal to personal fear. Never at any time in her whole career was she driven by panic into cruelty. She had lived too long in the expectation of death to be frightened at the sound of it.

The very weakness of Norfolk's nature touched her. She let herself hope from the constancy of his denials that he had been less guilty than he seemed; and as he had accused Barker of perjury, she desired that he should be confronted with him. The Duke flinched from the ordeal,[3] but Barker was re-examined by Knowles and Wilson, and made the most of every point which could tell in his master's favour. He blamed the Bishop of Ross, he blamed Southampton, Montague, Lumley—every one more than the Duke; he said that they were for ever complaining of the Duke's backwardness.[4]

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[1] Notes in Cecil's hand: *MSS. Hatfield.*

[2] 'The Queen's Majesty has been always a merciful lady, and by mercy she has taken more harm than by justice, and yet she thinks she is more beloved in doing herself harm.' —Burghley to Walsingham, January 23: DIGGES.

[3] 'The Duke hath told me he would in no case be brought face to face with Barker for talking of that matter.' — Skipwith to Burghley, January 20: *MSS. Domestic.*

[4] 'When I brought the Duke the instructions from Ridolfi, he said if the Princes would help the Queen of Scots they might, but we were subjects; and if such a thing should come he saw another inconvenience, for then some should have that they long looked for, and that was, to rise

The Bishop of Ross, when again questioned, admitted that Norfolk had been forced into a position which he had not sought and from which he would have broken had he possessed the courage. It was thought that rebellion would fail without his help and sanction, and he had drifted from step to step without his will if not against it.[1] The Catholics laid the blame of their failure upon him;[2] and although Elizabeth's judgment remained unaffected as to the broad bearings of his conduct, she dwelt upon every favourable feature of the story. She allowed him to know that she thought of him with pity, and the Duke poured out upon her a stream of that voluble emotion which weak natures have so easily at command. 'He loved her Majesty,' he said, 'with such transporting affection that he would not spare his own

for religion; and then, as I remember, he named the Lord Montague, 'wherewith,' said he, 'I will never deal to die for it. As touching the Queen of Scots, I am bound to her in honour. If I can comfort or quiet her I will; but to say I will hazard my house and my friends, I will not. Therefore I would to God she would leave this passionate writing, and that the Bishop of Ross should not give ear to any such troublous practices, for it is time that must help her and nothing else; and I doubt not but in time the Queen's Majesty will deal with her to her contentation.'

'The Bishop of Ross divers times was on hand with this matter, and as I remember, said he would be one himself and venture his cragge; and when he saw my Lord utterly denying it, he said, 'Well then my Lord will do nothing, and so nothing shall come of him. But there is no remedy but patience, and as for the Queen, my mistress, she is no castaway: if he will not do for her there be enough that will.''—Confession of Barker, January 23: *MSS. Domestic.*

[1] Confession of the Bishop of Ross: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] 'They said at Rome if the Duke had had in him that which they looked to have found in him, things had been far otherwise than they were.' — R. Beseley to Burghley, January 27: *MSS. Domestic.*

son's life if danger might rise by him to her Highness. He had done ill, but not all the ill with which he was charged; and she would find in time that Norfolk was not really such a traitor as he had given her too much cause to believe him.'[1]

February. Elizabeth was not deceived by all this nonsense. The Duke meant it perhaps when he wrote it, and he would mean something else when temptation came to him from the other side. But there were other considerations which inclined her to be merciful. 'When she speaketh of the danger,' wrote Burghley, 'she concludeth that justice should be done; when she speaketh of his nearness of blood, and his superiority in honour, she stayeth.' On the 9th of February she signed a warrant for the execution. The following Monday was fixed for it. The scaffold was prepared, and Tower Hill, at the appointed time, was choked with spectators. But on the Sunday night she sent for Burghley, and told him that the thought of Norfolk's death was too dreadful to her. She issued orders for his respite, and 'the expectation of the people was answered' only by the appearance of Berney and Mather.[2] The Duke, in a flood of tears, prayed 'that he might be able to make recompense for such over-

[1] Norfolk to Elizabeth, January 23: MURDIN. The Duke talked to Sir Henry Skipwith in the Tower in the same tone. He said that 'to his eternal infamy he had dealt with the Queen of Scots and had broken his promise to his Sovereign; but he vowed to God that if he was now offered to have that woman in marriage and choose that or death, he would rather have death a hundred times, and took his Saviour to witness of it.'—Skipwith to Burghley. Ibid.

[2] Burghley to Walsingham, February 11.

much mercy, if it were with the last drop of his heart's blood.'[1] 'The Peers, he said, had done their duty, but mercy had overcome justice; and if his breach of promise had not too much discredited him, he hoped that the delay of execution was meant to tell him that he was to live.'[2]

It was but too certain that Elizabeth was relapsing into her habitual indecision. The experienced Sadler wrote that 'the discredit which would grow of inconstancy at such a time, in a matter of such moment, was so great, that all good subjects mourned and lamented, and the evil rejoiced and took comfort, thinking either that God had taken from her the power to punish, or else that she was afraid.'[3] The Queen's plain-spoken cousin, Lord Hunsdon, was even more decided in his disapprobation.

'Her Majesty's carelessness of herself,' he wrote to Burghley, 'doth not only amaze me, but gives me to think it but labour lost to be so curious for foreign affairs, and so negligent for the preservation of her own person, the destruction whereof is the only thing which the enemies seek and desire; for the compassing whereof no practice shall be omitted, or convenient time foreslowed. Although God has miraculously revealed the same, it follows not that He will do so still, the rather because He so mercifully discovers these practices to her, and she so carelessly neglects to provide for the

[1] Skipwith to Burghley, February 28: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Declaration of the Duke of Norfolk, February 26: MURDIN.

[3] Sadler to Burghley, February 27: MURDIN.

danger thereof. This carelessness cannot come of herself, and therefore is the more to be feared; for naturally there is none but if they knew of any that determines and conspires their death, but they will seek all the ways and means they can to prevent the same in such sort as they may sleep without fear; and thus, what is it for her Majesty, who knows the malice of her enemies to be so great, as there shall be no practice left unsought for nor unexecuted; and yet, as I fear, she is made to believe she is in no peril. God grant, that if any do so persuade her, they be not such as would rejoice at her fall. The world knows her to be wise, and surely there cannot be a greater point of wisdom than for any to be careful of their own estate, and especially the preservation of their own life. How much more needful is it for her Majesty to take heed, upon whose life depends a whole commonwealth, the utter ruin of the whole country, and the utter subversion of religion. And if by her negligence or womanish pity these things happen, what she hath to answer for to God she herself knows. God forbid that any should advise her to be bloody, if her surety may be without blood; but if matters fall out so that she cannot be sure without it, better for some members to be cut off than the whole body to perish. My Lord, I know you to be wise and careful of her estate. Let not the fear of offending others cause you to suffer her to run headlong into her own destruction. Let her remember the wise and politic government of all her predecessors, and of all the princes of the world, which is to spare none which

shall dare touch God's holy anointed; no, not their own sons, if any be so unnatural.'[1]

Remonstrances like these, with the return at intervals of her own wiser judgment, produced some effect upon Elizabeth. More than once she repeated her order for the drawing of the warrant. At the beginning of April she said distinctly that her hesitation was at an end, and that the execution should take place.[2] But the uncertainty in herself, and the influence of her favourites, once more undid her purpose. The time of grace was extended indefinitely, and the unhappy Norfolk persuaded himself that the bitterness of death was passed.

Nor with the lady at Sheffield could she any more resolve what to do. When the conspiracy was first discovered, neither Mary Stuart nor her friends expected any kind of mercy. Leaving vengeance out of sight, not a prince in Europe, on mere grounds of policy, would at that period have spared a competitor for the crown who had tried the game of rebellion and had failed. Both Alva and Philip had expressed their fears, that if the plot was found out, she would be executed, and they did not pretend to think that her execution would be unjust. A Sovereign who in Elizabeth's circumstances ventured to dally with her danger, was considered forsaken of God and given over to destruction. But time passed on, and except close

[1] Hunsdon to Burghley, March 20: *MSS. Border.*

[2] Warrant for the execution of the Duke of Norfolk, April 9: *MSS. Hatfield.*

confinement and the suppression of her correspondence, Mary Stuart experienced no further inconvenience. Buchanan's 'Detectio' was published; Elizabeth announced at last that she could never more be restored to Scotland, and she was publicly termed 'the late Queen;' but there was no talk of bringing her to trial as well as the Duke; no private assassins came down to Sheffield to do the work which but for English interference would have been completed at Lochleven; and at last, at Christmas, just before Norfolk was brought to the bar, she tried the effect of a letter, in the hope of saving him. Notwithstanding the wrongs which she had suffered, she said, she could not forget that Elizabeth was her nearest relative, who had once seemed to love her. She had listened, poor fool that she was, and had laid herself open to be injured through her confidence, and she had been rewarded with slander and imprisonment. She had said from the first, that if the Queen of England would not help her, she would seek assistance elsewhere; she had but kept her word, and had done no wrong in keeping it. But she had wished to be Elizabeth's friend, and she wished it still. She was ready still to forget and forgive all her injuries if Elizabeth would restrain her anger and hurt no one on her account; she would be glad if they might be reconciled before the convulsion which was approaching in England burst out, and it was too late. 'Do not think I flatter you, out of fear for myself,' she said. 'You may make a dishonourable profit out of my life, if you please to take it from me; but my heart is my

own; I have done my duty in laying these considerations before you, to prevent the mischief which may otherwise ensue. God move you to listen, to his glory, your own credit, and the public good.'[1]

Elizabeth took no immediate notice of a letter which, after the admissions of the Bishop of Ross, implied too much contempt for her understanding; but, when Shrewsbury was summoned to London to the trial, Sadler took his place at Sheffield, and took the occasion to point out to the Queen of Scots 'that no prince, having such matter against her as the Queen of England had, would have used her so graciously.' She said, in reply, that she had done nothing against the Queen of England—nothing that the Queen of England could resent. She knew nothing of Ridolfi. The Bishop of Ross was a lying priest, and she was innocent of all practices. What Norfolk might have done she could not say: Norfolk might answer for himself.[2]

It was difficult to see what she hoped to gain by such words, for Sadler was not a man to be fooled out of his convictions by hard swearing. When Shrewsbury returned he brought with him Elizabeth's answer.

The Queen of Scots, she said, complained of injuries. She had herself been the first to do wrong, by laying claim to the crown. The Queen of England might have retaliated by taking her own crown from her with the consent of her subjects. When she

[1] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, December 25: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

[2] Sadler to Cecil, January 9; *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

was afterwards dethroned, imprisoned, charged with murder, adultery, and maintaining the Earl of Bothwell, the Queen of England had saved her life; and now the Queen of Scots reproached her because she was not at liberty to stir more rebellions, to bring in foreign armies, and compel the Queen of England to allow her to marry the Duke of Norfolk. She had promised the Queen of England to think no more of that marriage; but she had pursued it without intermission; and no reasonable person could believe that she was not seeking to deprive the Queen of England of crown and life. The injuries were all on one side and the benefits on the other; and 'indifferent persons marvelled more that the Queen of Scots' proceedings were not avenged after other sort than merely detaining her in the realm' with an expensive establishment. Foreign princes could not honourably assist her to recover her kingdom, when she had abandoned it upon causes, of which it would provoke her to grief and impatience to be reminded. The Queen of England desired to treat her kindly and favourably, but she must first give some proof of the goodwill she professed to entertain—by deeds as well as words; and at once, and as a first step, she must ratify the treaty of Leith.[1]

It was sharp winter weather when Shrewsbury came back to Sheffield with this message. He brought permission with him to relax the strictness of the Queen of Scots' confinement; and when she was first allowed

[1] The Queen of England to the Queen of Scots, February 1: Burghley's hand, abridged: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

to go outside the castle door, 'she plunged over her shoes into the snow.'[1] Untamed and intractable as the eagle of her own mountains, she pined for liberty; and there was but one price which she would not pay for it. Sweet as was the air, and the open sky, and freedom, the hope of revenge was sweeter. Could she even then have abandoned her conspiracies, accepted the friendship which she affected to desire, and ceased to dream of revolutions, a few years, a few months perhaps, would have seen her clear of all her troubles. But it was not in her nature to submit: her proud spirit would sooner break than bend, and she could not part with the visions of triumph on which she had feasted in imagination so luxuriously.

The strictness of the watch over her was no sooner relaxed, than Shrewsbury found her again bribing his servants, smuggling letters out of the house to her friends abroad—busy incessantly at the old work. The net had to be drawn tight again. Her people were briefly told, that if there was more of such work they would be sent to London and hanged;[2] and 'the Lady' had to fall back upon her 'stormy manners and threatenings;' 'never so unquiet since Shrewsbury had the care of her.' The Earl understood her character at last. He 'so deciphered her doings,' that she exhausted the respect which he had long continued to entertain for her. One good effect resulted from her eternal restlessness—she had made the Catholic Shrewsbury loyal

[1] Shrewsbury to Burghley, February 14: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Shrewsbury to Burghley, February 24.

to his own Sovereign; and of the Queen of Scots 'he made no more account than the laws required.'[1]

Driven in upon herself, and for the present deprived of other weapons, the Queen of Scots could only have recourse to her matchless power of sarcasm. If she could not hoodwink Elizabeth, she might at least wound and sting her.

'It was not her fault,' she said, 'if the Queen of England persisted in complaining of her assumption of the title. She had always professed herself willing to abandon her present claim if her place in the succession was acknowledged. The Queen of England said that she ought to be grateful to her for having declined the offer of the Scotch crown. She was sorry she had been so remiss in acknowledging the obligation; but it was the first time that she had heard of it. If the Queen of England had received such a proof of her subjects' treason, she was surprised that the Queen of England should have supported them; but she thanked her, at all events, for such valuable information. As to saving her life, the Queen of England had been the chief maintenance of those who had threatened it; and her good offices therefore amounted to little. Her own gratitude in the matter was due, she conceived, first to God, and then to the King of France. That the Queen of England had interceded for her she had never heard, except from the Queen of England herself;

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[1] Shrewsbury to Burghley, March 4 and March 9: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

and, looking back over the whole transaction, she could not feel her obligations to be great. She had been told that shortly before the Earl of Murray's death the Queen of England had proposed to replace her in his hands—with what intentions she left her good sister to settle with God. As to the expense of her maintenance, she had not the slightest desire to eat the Queen of England's bread. The Queen of England might be relieved of it at any moment by restoring her to the crown which she had assisted her subjects to take from her. The Queen of England complained that she had attempted to bring strangers into Scotland. She was Queen of that country, and if she had accepted the assistance of neighbouring princes to put down rebels who had themselves been assisted by strangers against their Sovereign, the Queen of England had nothing to complain of. The Duke of Norfolk had been recommended to her as a husband by some of the Queen of England's own ministers. It was hard to expect her to know that it was against the Queen of England's wishes. Her Majesty said that in other countries she would have been treated less leniently. She did not see very well how this could be. She had come into England on the Queen's invitation; she had been held a close prisoner ever since; and her subjects had been allowed to scatter libels over Europe against her. She supposed now that the Queen of England was advised to put her to death. She did not expect the Queen of England would venture on such a step; but fear of death should not make her do what otherwise she

would not have done.[1] She had required an acknowledgment that she stood next to her Majesty in the succession to the crown, and the English nobility had made the same demand in her name. She was willing to give all necessary securities for the Queen of England's safety, and they could then be friends instead of enemies.'[2]

Even this language failed to irritate Elizabeth into severity. It seemed as if she desired by the extremity of forbearance to wear out the interest of English gentlemen in Mary Stuart's fate and fortunes—to give her scope and rope to convince the most fanatic and incredulous of the real character of the idol on which their hearts were set.

And as it was with the Queen of Scots, so it was with Scotland.

The failure at Stirling and the death of Lennox continued to weaken further the failing strength of Mary Stuart's party. The Regency had fallen to the Earl of Mar, who was personally popular. The murder of the father of Darnley had reawakened the higher conscience of the people, and the Hamiltons, compromised in each of the three great crimes of the past years, became more and more detested. The slightest action, or even a purpose decidedly announced on the part of England, would have completed their overthrow. The Castle of Edinburgh would have surrendered, and the unfortunate Scotland, for two years now given over to anarchy, would have been restored to order and peace.

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[1] *i.e.* ratify the treaty of Leith.

[2] Declaration of Mary Stuart, February 14, abridged: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

On the first discovery of the Ridolfi conspiracy, Elizabeth yielded as usual to an impulse of good sense. She wrote to Mar to say that the late practices for setting on fire both the realms having by God's goodness been brought to light, he should have no further cause to doubt her intentions; she would assist him in bringing all Scotland to the obedience of the King; and she had empowered Hunsdon to treat with him on the course to be pursued.[1]

Mar at once moved from Stirling to Leith to prepare to besiege the Castle. Hunsdon and Drury sent word to Maitland that further resistance was useless. Their mistress intended to interfere at last to real purpose; and if they refused to surrender, 'there was force imminent upon them utterly for their extermination.'[2] The Castle party were well supplied with money and provisions. They had no fear of the Regent, and the Gordons in the North had just gained what passed at the time for a considerable success. In two skirmishes Adam Gordon had cut up and destroyed the whole clan of Forbes. Lady Forbes shut herself up with her children and servants in Towie Castle. Adam Gordon came under the walls, broke an opening through them with pick and crowbar, and flung in blazing faggots of brushwood. The children, choking with 'the reek,' sprang over the battlements, were caught on pikes, and tossed back into the flames. Mother, family, household,

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[1] Elizabeth to the Earl of Mar, October 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Drury to Maitland, October 6: *MSS. Scotland.*

all perished, save one woman who struggled through the fire and escaped.[1]

The 'victory' secured Aberdeenshire for the present to Lord Huntly; and Alva, though out of humour with England, was still thinking seriously that he might effect something in the Northern kingdom. Lord Seton, supported by Leonard Dacres, had so far worked upon him that the Aberdeenshire coast had been carefully surveyed, and one or two places with accessible harbours had been selected to be fortified.[2] If Elizabeth sent men and guns to reduce Edinburgh Castle, their hopes in this quarter would instantly disappear, and it was necessary, if possible, to amuse her with negotiations to give time for the Spaniards to come.

They knew her character only too well. It was with the greatest reluctance that she had acknowledged at last the necessity of interference. She was most anxious to induce the party in the Castle to surrender of themselves, and insisted that the very easiest terms should be offered them consistent with their submission to the King. The mention of terms gave Maitland the opportunity which he wanted. It enabled him to raise a series of questions on the government of Scotland, on the restoration of forfeited property, on the endless

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[1] This infernal wickedness was celebrated by the Queen's friends at Edinburgh with a fast and a thanksgiving. The later penitence of Scotland has preserved the memory of the deed in the most touching of all the Northern ballads.

'Give ower your House ye lady fair,
Give ower your House to me,' &c.
—Percy Relics, vol. i. p. 125.

[2] Articles of the Lord Seton's negotiations with the Duke of Alva: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

difficulties, in detail, in the proposed reconciliation, and Elizabeth was willing to go on indefinitely allowing these points to be argued over. It was to no purpose that she was warned of the intrigues going forward at Brussels; of the danger of delay; of the certainty that when her troops were once in motion the Castle would be surrendered at discretion. The Queen only recalled the permission to use force which she had given to Hunsdon; and Hunsdon vainly told her that she was throwing away time, words, and money in endeavouring to deal with the difficulty in any other way.[1]

So the wretched uncertainty drove on. After three months' debate, it came to this. Elizabeth would not restore Mary Stuart, but would consent that during the King's minority the administration should be divided between the two factions; and she insisted that all the estates and offices which had been taken from the Queen's friends should be given back to them. The Regent naturally replied that he and those who had acted with him had ruined themselves to maintain the King's authority—as much in Elizabeth's interest as their own—and that those who had raised the civil war ought to pay for it.[2] Elizabeth might have met this objection

[1] 'They of the Castle will not yield to persuasions or threatenings. I would her Majesty had used some other instrument to make demonstrations of having the Castle by force; for it is neither honourable to her nor credit to me, and doth verify their saying. They did always affirm and give out that what shew soever her Majesty made she would send no forces. I pray God when they shall find that her Majesty will send no forces that they make not another alteration among themselves smally to her Majesty's contentment.' —Hunsden to Burghley, December 4: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Mar to Hunsdon, January 15: *MSS. Scotland.*

by paying something herself; but every farthing of money which she advanced to these poor Protestant noblemen was wrung from her drop by drop as if it were her life's blood. The Regent's troops were in mutiny for want of wages, and Maitland laughed in his sleeve as he watched her wearing out their patience.[1]

The Queen, *semper eadem*, as she fitly named herself, was resolute only not to part with money, and otherwise changed her mind from day to day. She allowed Burghley to draw up conditions favourable to the Regent, and to threaten the Castle party with compulsion: when it came to the point of action she perpetually refused to turn her menaces into reality, or to assist the Regent with men or subsidies to drive or tempt them to submit.[2] With such a mistress over him, Burghley could but struggle with impossibilities. He knew that unless Mary Stuart's faction in Scotland was put down.

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[1] 'You will perceive the hindrance to the King's side by the delay of her Majesty's resolution and want of money. I assure you, if her Majesty tract the time any longer they will be overthrown. The soldiers at Leith refuse to watch or ward, so as the noblemen and gentlemen are fain to watch themselves. It is feared lest for want of pay the soldiers will, if they can, deliver the Regent and the rest of their enemies. Surely it stands her Majesty better in honour and surety to resolve one way or the other, lest when now she may rule both sides, by lingering she may lose both.'—Hunsdon to Burghley, January 26: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'Of that which it hath pleased your Lordship secretly to inform us, and so earnestly to charge us to keep in counsel, that no force shall be used against the Castilians if the treaty can take no effect, and that there is a peremptory refusal thereof, nor yet that they may be won with money to that wherein persuasion could not prevail, we can but promise in ourselves silence in the matter, and to deal with the other the best we can.'—Randolph and Drury to Burghley, March 31: *MSS. Scotland.*

the danger to England was scarcely less than from the Ridolfi conspiracy; but his threats were wasted words. Elizabeth was capable of letting Maitland know secretly that he need not regard them. In Burghley's presence she could be argued into reason; when he left her she fell back under the persuasions of Leicester and the poisonous household clique, the nest of the traitors male and female who were for ever busy undermining her wiser judgment and thwarting the influence of her ministers.

February.

In February Thomas Randolph was called out of his retirement and sent down to Edinburgh to attempt a composition. He found the Regent in the last stage of exasperation, complaining that Murray had been ruined by Elizabeth's falsehood, and that now he himself 'was finding nothing but words,' of which he had already had too much. At this moment Alva was coming to a resolution to strike in. The battle of Lepanto in October, and the splendid victory of Don John of Austria, had revived the spirits of the Spaniards, and gave Philip leisure to employ his arms elsewhere. Seton had completed his arrangements for the landing of the troops at Aberdeen, and was hastening home with money and instructions to prepare for their reception, when the vessel in which he was crossing the Channel was driven by a storm into Harwich. Seton, to lose no time, passed through England disguised as a sailor, taking the money with him. The ship was to follow as soon as the weather moderated, and believing that no suspicion could attach to her, he left his

papers and ciphers on board. Information was given to the officers of the port, the ship was searched, the documents were found and sent to London, and as the ciphers were gradually read they revealed the plans for the invasion of Scotland, with a correspondence between the Countess of Northumberland and Douglas of Lochleven for the release of the Earl. Some few days elapsed however before the key was made out, and meanwhile Randolph and Sir William Drury, who was in commission with him, had been admitted to the Castle to an interview with the Marian leaders. Seton had arrived, and not having heard of the miscarriage of his papers, they were in high confidence and spirits. Chatelherault, Huntly, Seton, Maitland, Hume, Grange, the Bishops of Dunkeld and Galloway, Sir Robert Melville and Ker of Fernihurst, and many others, were assembled there. They had collected to consider Alva's plans and how best they could forward them.

The Castle was tolerably comfortable. Morton had hoped that the cold winter would have starved the garrison out, but they had destroyed the largest merchants' houses in Edinburgh to make fuel of the timber, and so had held the frost at bay. Mons Meg was fired in honour of the coming of the English envoys. The Lords received them standing, all but Maitland, who was too ill to rise from his seat. They found the Duke 'the fool he always was;' Huntly 'full of malice;' Seton 'vain, despiteful, dishonest, unreasonable;' 'the two worthy Prelates neither learned nor wise.' Maitland was the one person of

March.

ability among them, and of him Randolph said, 'he had never found in so weak a body a man less mindful of God or unnatural to his country.' They said that they were ready for peace, but peace on their own conditions, which would virtually give the control of Scotland to themselves. They would not acknowledge either King or Regent. Most of them had been concerned in the murders of Murray or Lennox, and they insisted on being secured from undesirable consequences; it was plain to Randolph 'that if they were able to set all the devils in hell loose to make mischief,' they would not leave one untied.

At length they drew up a paper of conditions, such as Maitland knew would be likely to work upon Elizabeth, in which, while declining to make concessions to the other party, they affected to throw themselves entirely upon the Queen of England's discretion. They offered that the Government of Scotland should be vested in a council of Nobles whom Elizabeth should name, and that difficult questions should be referred to her arbitration. Nothing, seemingly, could be more fair —nothing, read by the light of Seton's papers, could be more profoundly treacherous. They desired, as Burghley saw, merely to keep their hold upon the country till Alva came, and the game would then be their own.[1]

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[1] Terms sent from the Castle, with marginal notes in Lord Burghley's hand.

BURGHLEY'S NOTES.	ARTICLES.
Corpus sine capite.	1 Government to be composed of the Lords of both sides, to be chosen indifferently by the Queen of England.

Alva's coming however could be prevented. The knowledge that his intentions were discovered would of itself be a motive to him to keep quiet, and if not, there were now means by which he could be held in check; while so long as danger from Spain could be avoided Elizabeth herself was well pleased to be addressed as the arbiter of Scotch disputes. The intimation of a treaty being on foot for the release of the Earl of Northumberland was more seriously alarming. She felt it necessary at all hazards to get the Earl into her own hands, and she sent word to Mar that if Northumberland was given up to her, she would at least insist that

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Dormit securus.

2 These persons shall promise and give security that Scotland shall continue in good amity with England.

Sicut erant in principio.

3 Foreign soldiers not to be received into Scotland.

Nemo potest duobus dominis servire.

4 Religion not to be changed, whereby both realms may be knit together in amity.

Verba sunt hæc.

5 Difficult points to be reserved to her Majesty, who will be conservatrix of the treaty.

Statuta mathematica, ante leges aut sine legislatore.

6 Particular questions to be settled by Parliament.

Per quam regulam.

7 Forfeitures to be declared null, and the dispossessed to be returned to their lands.

Ad quid hæc.

8 Her Majesty must see orders taken for reparation of losses which we and our friends have sustained.

Qui potestatem sibi assumit odietur.

9 Provision for Grange to remain in the Castle during the King's minority.

Venenum assiduum sub labris ipsorum.

10 These terms to be extended in the treaty for their honour, surety, and weal.

Væ quam profundi estis corde, et dicitis quis videt nos.

11 Convenient that these heads come not to the knowledge of our adversaries, but ye may open some points thereof as from yourselves.

February 26: *MSS. Scotland.*

the Castilians should acknowledge the King and submit to the authority of the Regent.

It was a relief to Mar to find at least something which gave him a hold upon Elizabeth's interests. He did not mean to affront Catholic Europe and violate Scotch prejudices for nothing. The cost of the Earl's maintenance for two years had been considerable. The Countess of Northumberland offered Sir William Douglas 2000*l.*, and it was not to be expected that he would make a present to England of a person whose detention had been so expensive and dangerous. The Regent undertook that the prisoner should not be released, but he said that if Elizabeth looked for more she must change her attitude. She had promised to support the King and assist in the pacification of the country; if she would keep her word and put an end to the rebellion, Scotland and all it contained would be at her disposition; but hearing 'the brag of the adversaries that they would outshoot him with his own bow at her Highness's hands, her Majesty meantime continuing her own estate in such uncertainties,' he could not 'provoke the King of Spain by delivering up a man who called himself the said King's subject,' with no assurance after all as to what he was to look for at her Highness's hands.[1]

Elizabeth saw that she was trying the Regent too far. The occupation of Leith and the demonstration against Edinburgh had cost Mar and his friends many

[1] Mar to Randolph, April 8: *MSS. Scotland.*

thousand pounds. Elizabeth, as a great act of munificence, sent them a thousand, 'of which they made as much account as if they had received so many pence.' But Randolph was permitted afterwards to open a negotiation with the Lord of Lochleven, who undertook to put Northumberland in the Queen's hands for the sum which had been offered by the Countess, intimating at the same time that if she refused his price he would make his bargain elsewhere.[1]

Lochleven was evidently in earnest. The Queen could not lose her prize, and the money was sent to Berwick to be paid on receipt of the Earl's person. Morton still attempted to make delays, less in pity for Percy than in indignation at Elizabeth; but 2000*l.* was a temptation too considerable for a needy Scotch gentleman to resist. To Sir William Douglas it was indifferent whether he received it from England or Flanders; but to have restored Northumberland to liberty would have been to part with the last faint thread of dependence which the Regent continued to place in the Queen's word. He contented himself therefore with entreating that at all events the Earl's life might be spared; and the unlucky nobleman was exchanged at Coldingham, on the 29th of May, for a bag of gold. The bargain was a bitter one to Scotland. The passions of the people were heated sevenfold; the treaty was spoken of no longer, and the fighting recommenced in all its fury. But Elizabeth had obtained what she de-

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[1] Randolph and Drury to Hunsdon, April 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

sired; and the wounds of the poor country, whose interests she had so long trifled with, were not worth a thought to her. Her Ministers entreated her for her own sake to interpose, but she persisted in her peculiar policy of breaking every promise by which she had bound herself, when its fulfilment was inconvenient. Randolph and Drury were recalled; and so intense was the exasperation that they were twice shot at, and hardly extricated themselves with their lives; while Queen's-men and King's-men flew like wild beasts in each other's faces; no quarter was given; and all prisoners on both sides were hanged. The peaceful citizens of Edinburgh fled for their lives, and their houses were occupied and plundered by the Castle soldiers.

Both sides being too weak for ordinary war, the struggle was reduced to a series of murderous skirmishes and raids and massacres; while Elizabeth was allowing Maitland to play upon her vanity and fool her with fair words only less hollow than her own.[1]

Nor was Scotland the only scene of her diplomatic eccentricities. The Anjou marriage having come to

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[1] As for instance:—'The stream we see will not serve, and therefore we must have recourse to the fountain. We have always since the beginning of the treaty had a good will to please your Majesty. We have for your Highness's only respect abstained from some foreign practices which perhaps might have served our turn. We know your Majesty to be a Princess of honour and great courage, and in that point to resemble the noble nature of the lion which ye give in your arms, that the more we bow ourselves and yield to your Majesty the better speed we shall have. We have tasted your Highness's goodness heretofore, and that ye will not disappoint them that put their trust in your Majesty.'—Maitland to Elizabeth, May 8: *MSS. Scotland.*

nothing, France and England were feeling their way towards a league which would answer as a substitute, although all parties seemed to feel that it would be a league of smoke, unless cemented by a union with Anjou's younger brother;[1] and both Burghley and the Huguenot leaders were more anxious than hopeful that the Queen might be induced at last to accept the Duc d'Alençon. An incident had occurred in Paris, in December, which showed the precarious character of the situation, and the extreme weakness of the King's Government. In the year 1569, two Protestant merchants, known as the brothers Gastines, had given offence to the then all-powerful Cardinal of Lorraine. They had been tried for treason and executed. Their property had been seized, their houses levelled to the ground, and on the spot where side by side their two houses had stood, the Catholics of Paris had erected a splendid cross. On the return of peace, the Gastines' children petitioned for the removal of the offensive symbol, and Charles directed the Provost to see the cross taken away. The service was considered so dangerous that the order had to be given three times before it was obeyed, and the young Duke of Guise, who had just returned from Alva, hastened to the neighbourhood of the capital to be on the spot if anything should hap-

[1] 'Entre el Rey de Francia y la Reyna de Inglaterra hay una liga de humo, pero dicese que es por la esperanza del casamiento entre la dicha Reyna y el hermano mas pequeño del Rey, aunque todo el mundo es de opinion que la Reyna no casará jamas, y assi los amigos son de opinion que la liga no durara mucho tiempo.'—Avisos de Inglaterra, 1572: *MSS. Simancas.*

pen, 'thinking it was good policy for him if he could drive the Protestants to renew the war.' Happily the business was over before Guise reached the scene; but enough had taken place to show that the Catholic volcano was on the brink of an eruption. The Provost, after some difficulty, removed the cross; but the Catholic mob flew to arms and surged about the streets, cursing the King, and 'crying out to kill the Huguenots.' Two or three houses were gutted, and the families found in them were murdered. The people wanted only leaders to commence a general massacre; and when the riot ceased, it was 'rather by God's providence than by any good policy used by the heads of the town.'[1] The sedition died down, but the film had been removed for the moment, and revealed the fury which was boiling in the populace of the city; and the fears of the Huguenot leaders, so often repeated to Walsingham, that the proscription and persecution would be revived if the English alliance broke down, received a signal confirmation.

Sir Thomas Smith went over in January to discuss the terms of the treaty with Catherine. She instantly

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[1] Advertisement from Mr Walsingham from Paris, December 29: *MSS. France.* A highly curious and detailed account of this *émeute* is contained in a letter from some one at Paris to Sir William Fitzwilliam. It is especially interesting, because, being within six months before the massacre of St Bartholomew, it describes a state of feeling which, in the writer's opinion, was leading inevitably to some such catastrophe. Characteristically, Sir William Fitzwilliam being Lord Deputy of Ireland, the letter is buried by the arrangements at the Record Office among the Irish MSS., although it does not contain a single reference to that country.

reopened her proposal for the Alençon marriage. She undertook that there should be no difficulties with religion. The Duke, she said, should order himself as the Queen pleased. The objections on the score of age were so strong in the case of Anjou, that the slight addition to them was of little or no moment. A marriage with either of the two brothers would not have been thought of except for political reasons; and it made little difference whether Elizabeth was twice as old as her intended bridegroom, or his senior only by sixteen years. Sir Thomas Smith was decidedly of opinion that his mistress ought to close with an offer which promised such splendid results. The marriage once completed, the war for the liberation of Flanders would immediately begin. There was no doubt of the sincerity of the King, 'who was of like disposition towards Elizabeth as was his grandfather towards her father;' 'and if her Majesty would proceed to take profit of the time, she might have what amity she would,' and might dictate the future of Europe. Only he told Burghley that there must be no delay. 'Her Majesty must show herself more resolute than she had done in the other matter, or it would breed offence.'[1] The Queen of Scots would be no obstacle. When Sir Thomas Smith informed Charles that she would probably be put to death, the King shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. When her later performances were detailed to him, he merely answered 'that he saw she would never rest till she had lost her head; he had

[1] Sir T. Smith to Burghley, January 9, 10, 11: *MSS. France.*

done his best to help her, but she would not;'[1] and Walsingham, who had talked the matter over with the Queen-mother, impressed on Burghley, who was already of the same opinion, that 'the life of that devilish woman' was the great obstacle to the permanence of the alliance. If she were once dead, all questions about the English succession, the disposal of her person, and the government of Scotland would be at an end. Elizabeth's want of resolution in punishing the Duke of Norfolk, and her disregard of her own safety, left it possible that she might still be murdered, and that the Queen of Scots might succeed. 'That doubt taken away, the King would be content to yield to anything which Elizabeth might desire.'[2]

April.

But Walsingham said—and he reported the words as the opinion of Coligny—'Unless her Majesty did proceed roundly in cutting off inward diseases at home, the outward medicine of treaties would stand her in no stead;' and Sir Thomas Smith more plainly: 'If her Majesty deceive herself, and with irresolution make all princes to understand that there is no certainty in her Majesty nor her council, but dalliance and farding off of time, her Majesty shall first discredit her ministers, which is not much, but next and by them discredit herself, to be counted as uncertain, irresolute, unconstant, and for no prince to trust unto—but as to a courtier who hath words at will and true deeds none.'[3]

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[1] Sir T. Smith to Burghley, March 22: DIGGES.

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, April 4: DIGGES.

[3] Walsingham to Burghley, April 22; Sir Thomas Smith to Burghley, April 22: DIGGES.

Elizabeth however would give no answer about Alençon, and could not decide whether to punish or pardon the late conspirators. The same in everything—with Norfolk, with the Queen of Scots, with Scotland, with her marriage, with the terms of the alliance—she could decide on nothing. From a mixture of motives, some honourable to her, some merely weak, some rising from the twist in her mental constitution, she hesitated to adopt, and she would not reject, the means which were pressed upon her for securing her throne, and she lay with flapping sails drifting in the gale.

With such spirits as they could collect under these hard circumstances, the English envoys went to work upon the treaty, encountering obstacles which only the steadiness of the French King prevented from being insuperable. The Pope, knowing well the stakes which were being played for, entreated, prayed, and threatened. If Charles would come back to his allegiance to Holy Church, he offered to make him General of the Holy League against the Infidels, and 'Emperor of Constantinople.'[1] He sent his blessing, and substantial tokens of it, to his saintly child Anjou; who, as Smith said in scorn, would make the Pope, in recompense, Caliph of Bagdad—Summum Pontificem Babyloniæ. The pressure of all Catholic France was brought to bear against the King's resolution; and, considering his age and training, his perseverance was not a little creditable to him.

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[1] Sir T. Smith to Burghley, January 18: *MSS. France.*

Among the first conditions discussed, was a clause binding the two Governments to stand by each other in case of invasion. Walsingham, knowing the loopholes provided by Papal dispensations, desired France to bind itself to support the Queen of England if she was invaded in the name of religion.[1] The King promised the most liberal interpretation of the general phrase. He would undertake to assist the Queen for 'any cause,' and 'any cause' implied religion; but he said that he dared not encounter excommunication and rebellion with no better security than so far Elizabeth would offer him. He feared, as Walsingham explained, that 'with her overmuch lenity she could not in policy long stand;'[2] if she would marry his brother, he would say anything and do anything that she pleased.[3] Burghley had argued in England to the same purpose. He told La Mothe that he would gladly pass many a sleepless night to bring the Queen to consent; but he doubted much if he could succeed. La Mothe, to quicken her movements, told her that if she maintained her present attitude, an article would have to be introduced in favour of the Queen of Scots and Scotland; and Elizabeth, in a rage, directed Sir T. Smith to put in a counter-reservation for the protection of Philip and Philip's dominions.[4]

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[1] 'Etiamsi causâ religionis.'

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, March 2: *MSS. France.*

[3] 'If you can put me in comfort that the Duc d'Alençon shall not be refused, you cannot ask the thing at their hands but it shall be granted.' —Sir T. Smith to Burghley: *MSS. France.*

[4] 'If they continue to make difficulties about Scotland, you shall move that there be a reservation made for the King of Spain and his countries by name.'—Elizabeth to Sir T. Smith: DIGGES.

Desperate at so extraordinary a proposition,[1] Walsingham requested to be recalled, confessing, 'that the evil proceedings of things at home moved him the rather to make that motion.' 'If her Majesty,' he added—in language which was as well deserved when the words were written, as a few months later it must have sounded like a mockery—'if her Majesty do think that this prince is of any value, who is towards all men sincere, and towards her Majesty well affected, she must not weigh him in one balance with Spain.'[2] Charles was too anxious for the success of the treaty to press heavily on points of difference. To the intercession for the Queen of Scots, Lord Burghley replied that 'it would be mere open folly in her Majesty to yield to anything which would better her condition.'[3] He told La Mothe he 'would rather advise the Queen to accept war with France and Spain combined than set her at liberty.'[4] But the move in the Queen of Scots' favour had been made for form's sake, or as a spur to Elizabeth. The discoveries at Harwich had again proved that Mary Stuart's hopes and interests were now exclusively with the Spaniards, and the Queen-mother said that they would speak for her no further.[5] The difficulty on the invasion clause was got over by the King

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[1] 'The article of the provision for the King of Spain is strangely taken here. The end of the league being only to bridle his greatness, to provide for his safety who seeketh both our destructions, they cannot tell what it meaneth.'—Walsingham to Burghley, March —: DIGGES.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Notes in Burghley's hand, March 28: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[4] La Mothe, March 18.

[5] Sir T. Smith to Elizabeth, April 3: DIGGES.

consenting to write an autograph letter under the great seal of France, construing the language of the treaty as the English desired. The Scottish question was postponed to a more convenient season, the two Governments agreeing to act in concert about it;[1] and on the 19th of April, the treaty so much dreaded by the Catholics between France and England was sealed and signed—the Queen of Scots, to the dismay of her friends, being passed over in silence.[2] Would it hold? that was the question: without the guarantee of the marriage, there were doubts whether it was worth the parchment on which it was written. No sooner were the terms agreed on, than Montmorency, the heir to the name and policy of the great Constable, 'a lover of England as much as any in France,' was sent over with de Foix to receive the ratification of Elizabeth; and at the same time, for the closer union of the two countries, and for the welfare of Christendom, to make a formal offer of the Duc d'Alençon, and sue at the Queen's feet for the alliance with which she had so long been trifling. The choice of Montmorency for such a mission removed from the proposal all appearance of sectarianism. The marriage was not sought in the interest of the Huguenots, but in the interest of the free spirit in France, which was struggling to check the

May.

[1] 'Consideration of the matters of Scotland, how the same may be ordered to the contentation both of France and England, March 28,' in Burghley's hand: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'En la dicha liga no se trata nada de la restitucion ó libertad de la Reyna de Escocia, por lo qual parece que ella quedará como prisoniera en Inglaterra.'—Avisos de Inglaterra: *MSS. Simancas.*

Catholic reaction, and labouring nobly to save the fruits of the great movement of the past half century from being drowned in blood.

'They were going'—so ran the instructions of the French Government to the two Envoys—'they were going to England to complete a treaty which had been the subject of so much anxious expectation; and after receiving the oath of the Queen, they would offer her, in his Majesty's name, the hand of his youngest brother. Marriage, they would say, was the surest bond of treaties. The King had thought at one time that a union might be brought about between the Duc d'Anjou and the Queen of England; objections had arisen from differences of religion, which could not be overcome; but being unable to part with his hope, he desired now to make a second proposal of the Duc d'Alençon, who was better fitted in many ways for her Majesty's acceptance.' The Envoys would dwell on the benefits which might be confidently expected from such a union. They would say, that there was nothing in the world for which the King and the Queen his mother were more ardently anxious; and so sincere was Charles in his eagerness, that in the belief that Leicester was still the secret obstacle, Montmorency was empowered to offer the favourite the hand of a Princess of the House of Bourbon as the price of his support.[1]

They arrived in London to witness the opening of the most remarkable Parliament which had met since

[1] Commission to Montmorency and M. de Foix going to England, April 5: LA MOTHE, vol. vii.

the Queen's accession. Shifting from hour to hour, now inclining to France, and now to Spain; now resolute to send Norfolk to the scaffold, and indict the Queen of Scots for treason, to send troops to Scotland and end disorder there with a high hand; now dreading that decision upon one point would bring with it decision upon all, and perhaps oblige her to accept her French suitor; listening now to Burghley and Bacon, now to the insidious tongues which whispered about her closet—Elizabeth had consented at last to the calling of a fresh Parliament, where she could learn the opinion of so much of England as was loyal to the throne. On the 8th of May the session began. The Lord Keeper's speech intimated generally that the country was in danger. There was no special mention of persons or things; but the council had made up their minds to introduce a Bill of Attainder against the Queen of Scots, and to invite both Houses to join in a petition for justice against the Duke of Norfolk.[1] At the desire of the Lords, who, after the arrest or flight of the leading Catholics, were under Burghley's control, a Committee of the two Houses met immediately in the Star Chamber, to devise 'how to proceed with the Scotch Queen;' and, on the 19th, the Commons, after receiving the Committee's report, resolved to attaint her, and so 'touch her in life as well as in title.'

Mary Stuart, who took her notions of the disposition of the English people towards her from priests and

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, May 21: DIGGES.

Catholic reaction, and labouring nobly to save the fruits of the great movement of the past half century from being drowned in blood.

'They were going'—so ran the instructions of the French Government to the two Envoys—'they were going to England to complete a treaty which had been the subject of so much anxious expectation; and after receiving the oath of the Queen, they would offer her, in his Majesty's name, the hand of his youngest brother. Marriage, they would say, was the surest bond of treaties. The King had thought at one time that a union might be brought about between the Duc d'Anjou and the Queen of England; objections had arisen from differences of religion, which could not be overcome; but being unable to part with his hope, he desired now to make a second proposal of the Duc d'Alençon, who was better fitted in many ways for her Majesty's acceptance.' The Envoys would dwell on the benefits which might be confidently expected from such a union. They would say, that there was nothing in the world for which the King and the Queen his mother were more ardently anxious; and so sincere was Charles in his eagerness, that in the belief that Leicester was still the secret obstacle, Montmorency was empowered to offer the favourite the hand of a Princess of the House of Bourbon as the price of his support.[1]

They arrived in London to witness the opening of the most remarkable Parliament which had met since

[1] Commission to Montmorency and M. de Foix going to England, April 5: LA MOTHE, vol. vii.

the Queen's accession. Shifting from hour to hour, now inclining to France, and now to Spain; now resolute to send Norfolk to the scaffold, and indict the Queen of Scots for treason, to send troops to Scotland and end disorder there with a high hand; now dreading that decision upon one point would bring with it decision upon all, and perhaps oblige her to accept her French suitor; listening now to Burghley and Bacon, now to the insidious tongues which whispered about her closet—Elizabeth had consented at last to the calling of a fresh Parliament, where she could learn the opinion of so much of England as was loyal to the throne. On the 8th of May the session began. The Lord Keeper's speech intimated generally that the country was in danger. There was no special mention of persons or things; but the council had made up their minds to introduce a Bill of Attainder against the Queen of Scots, and to invite both Houses to join in a petition for justice against the Duke of Norfolk.[1] At the desire of the Lords, who, after the arrest or flight of the leading Catholics, were under Burghley's control, a Committee of the two Houses met immediately in the Star Chamber, to devise 'how to proceed with the Scotch Queen;' and, on the 19th, the Commons, after receiving the Committee's report, resolved to attaint her, and so 'touch her in life as well as in title.'

Mary Stuart, who took her notions of the disposition of the English people towards her from priests and

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, May 21: DIGGES.

fanatics, so far from conceiving that she was in any danger from the Parliament, had threatened Elizabeth that if an attempt was made to cut her off from the succession, she would appeal by deputy and raise the Houses against the Queen.[1] She little guessed the temper which she had succeeded at last in rousing. Mary Stuart, the next in blood to the Crown, the half-known Queen of reformed Scotland and tolerant of another creed though true to her own; Mary Stuart, the wife of Darnley, and sprung herself from a marriage devised by the forethought of Henry VII. for the union of the Crowns: such a Mary Stuart had been looked upon by Catholic England with passionate hope, and by half Protestant England with more than favourable expectation. Mary Stuart, the murderess, the conspirator against the life of the Queen; Mary Stuart, who had sought to bring England again under the yoke of the triple Crown and sell its liberties to the Spanish King—this Mary Stuart might continue still an object of interest to the proud nobles of the old blood, to whom liberty was detestable, or to the venomous bigots who knew no crime but heresy, and no virtue but allegiance to Holy Church. But to most even of the ruling families, England was dearer than prejudice. The revelations on the Duke of Norfolk's trial, and the publication, late though not too late, of the true history

[1] 'Je me suis contrainte par cette lettre, n'ayant autres moyen, protester que si en aucun parlement il se prétend faire quelque chose au préjudice de mon droict après vous, mon intention est de m'y opposer et le débattre en l'assemblée d'ung parlement.'—Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, April 30: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

of Darnley's murder, had gone like an electric shock through the masses of the people; and the same men who had been the Queen of Scots' friends in past sessions were now ready and but too willing to send her to the scaffold.

As soon as the Commons had passed their resolution, Convocation instantly took it up. The Queen was understood to be still determined to protect the Queen of Scots. On the 20th the archbishops and bishops waited upon her in a body at St James' Palace to explain to her that it would be a crime in the sight of God to prevent justice from being done.[1] Their arguments were mainly theological. 'Magistrates,' they said, 'were instituted by God for the suppression of wickedness; Mary Stuart was wicked, and the Queen would therefore offend in conscience if she did not punish her. 'Respect of persons' was partiality, which God had forbidden; and whether the late Queen of Scots was Queen or subject, stranger or citizen, kin or not kin, 'by God's word she deserved to suffer, and that in the highest degree.' Saul spared Agag because Agag was a king, and for that fault God took the kingdom from Saul. Ahab pardoned Benhadad, and Ahab's life was forfeited. The sentence of the prophet on Ahab 'was spoken to the Lord James Stuart, the late Regent of Scotland, when with too great lenity he proceeded there;' and judgment was executed but too faithfully upon the Lord James. The

[1] MS. endorsed in Burghley's hand, 'a Writing exhibited by the Clergy of the Higher House to the Queen's Majesty at St James's to move her Majesty to assent to Justice against the Scottish Queen. May 20:' *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

special Providence of God had placed the Queen of Scots in her Majesty's hands to be punished; and if her Majesty was found wanting, the bishops said they could but pray that her own fate might not be like that of the Regent's. Those who seduced the people of God into idolatry were to be slain; there was an express order that no pity should be shown them. The Queen of Scots had sought to seduce God's people in England: she was the only hope of God's adversaries in Europe, and the instrument by which they trusted to overthrow the Gospel. She had heaped together all the sins of the licentious sons of David—adulteries, murders, conspiracies, treasons, blasphemies. If she was allowed to escape, God's wrath would surely light on the prince who spared her. The safety of England required the death of the devilish woman who had sought to bring it to confusion: conscience, prudence, duty pointed to the same conclusion. Her Majesty feared for her honour: the shadow of honour had deceived Saul, and Ahab thought it dishonour that one king should slay another. But God's judgment was not as man's. Joshua, in the spirit of true honour, slew five kings at once, and slew them rudely. The wicked Jezebel and the wicked Athaliah, both inferior in mischief to the Queen of Scots, had been executed with God's approval. To show pity to an enemy, a stranger, a professed member of Antichrist, convicted of so many heinous crimes, with the evident peril of so many thousands of bodies and souls of good and faithful subjects, might justly be termed *crudelis misericordia.*'

So spoke the English bishops, conveying in the language of the day the conviction of the soundest understandings; yet Elizabeth's reluctance to allow a bill of attainder to be proceeded with, was not removed by their arguments, and she was possibly provoked by their interference. Her answer has not been preserved, but it was so little satisfactory that Burghley became dangerously ill with anxiety. The great minister would yield neither to objections nor to sickness. He could not stand, but he was carried in his litter to Parliament; he was carried in his litter to the Queen's presence. He strained every nerve to move her; but he still failed.[1] The Commons had expressed impatience that Norfolk was left unpunished. Leicester informed Walsingham that he saw no likelihood of the Duke's execution.[2]

Profoundly depressed, Burghley nevertheless held on in his course. If he could not prevail upon the Queen by persuasion, he could maintain the pressure of the Parliament upon her. The success of the French treaty, the future policy of the French Government,

[1] 'The Commons are sound throughout, and in the Lords there is no lack; but in the Highest person such slowness and such stay in resolution as it seemeth God is not pleased that the surety shall succeed. With this and such like I am overthrown in heart. I have no spark of good spirits left in me to nourish health in my body, so as now I am forced to be carried into the Parliament House and to her Majesty's presence. To lament openly is to give more comfort to our adversaries. I see no end of our miseries. The fault is not with us, yet it must be so imputed for saving the honour of the Highest.'—Burghley to Walsingham, May 21: DIGGES.

[2] 'Great suit is made by the Nether House to have execution of the Duke, but I see no likelihood.' —Leicester to Walsingham, May 21: Ibid.

depended on the energy to which Elizabeth could be roused. Neither Charles nor Catherine would risk the chances of a European war by the side of a woman whose life at best was all they had to trust to, and whose purposes seemed variable as the wind.

The agitation of the House of Commons continued, and the Queen at length was forced in some degree to give way. She persisted still that the Bill of Attainder should be dropped; she said 'she could not put to death the bird that had flown to her for succour from the hawk;' but she sent the Commons word that she would not resist a measure of inferior severity. The answer did not satisfy them. While the Queen of Scots lived no Succession Bill would make her a single degree less formidable. They continued to insist upon hard measures; and on the morning of the 28th of May a message came from the Palace that the Queen would receive a deputation from the two Houses and hear what they had to say. Court and Parliament were early in their habits, and at eight o'clock the Joint Committee which had recommended the attainder were in Elizabeth's presence.

They said briefly that God had given them a Sovereign with whose administration they were generally satisfied, and that they did not desire to lose her. The Lady Mary Stuart, a Queen of late times, but through her own acts justly deprived of that dignity, had taken refuge in her Majesty's dominions, her Majesty having once already saved her from certain penalties which 'by her horrible doings' she had entirely deserved.

Her Majesty might have legitimately proceeded against her for past attempts upon her crown. Instead of doing so she had befriended and protected her, and the unnatural lady had rewarded her hospitality by fresh conspiracies. Her Majesty considered that she would be sufficiently punished if she was declared unworthy of a place in the succession, and if it was understood that should the Queen of Scots conspire again, 'she should suffer death without further trouble of Parliament.' The Committee said that for themselves they believed any such measure would be found entirely inadequate. To disable the Queen of Scots from the succession would indirectly be an admission of her right, and so far from discouraging either her or her friends, it would make them only more desperate and determined. Experience of Mary Stuart's character had proved that she neither respected law nor feared danger. Threats would not work upon her. She wanted neither wit nor cunning, and 'many would venture deep to win a kingdom.' Her Majesty was supposed to fear the opinion of foreign princes. It was no wise anxiety to think so much of her honour as to lose state, life, and honour also; and should the Queen of Scots escape, foreign princes would only think that she had been culpably weak. Her adversaries would consider it a miracle, and no heavier blow could possibly be dealt to the cause of Christ in Europe. The Committee therefore entreated her Majesty 'to deal rather certainly than by chance.' Merely to disable the Queen of Scots would be more beneficial

to her than injurious, and would be dangerous in many ways to the commonwealth. A king in another king's realm was a private person, a king deposed was no king, and the dignity of the offender increased the offence. 'Justice and equity were to be preferred before private affections;' 'and to spare offenders in the highest degree was an injury to the Prince and the realm.'[1]

The Queen, whatever may have been her private impatience, was too prudent to reply, as she had replied before on other subjects to the representatives of the people. She admitted that the course which the Committee recommended was 'the best and surest way.' She was perfectly aware that so long as the Queen of Scots lived, she would never herself be secure; yet partly from weakness, partly from the peculiar tenderness which from first to last had characterized her dealings with her cousin, partly, it may be, from an instinctive foresight of the hard construction of posterity, she shrank from granting what she could no longer positively refuse. She thanked the Houses for their care for her safety. She asked them only to 'defer their proceedings' for a time, and pass the less extreme measure meanwhile. The Law Officers of the Crown, she said, could contrive means of evading the particular difficulty which the Committee had raised.

However carefully expressed, the meaning of this was but too obvious. 'The bosom serpent' was still to

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[1] Journals of Parliament, 14 Elizabeth: D'Ewes.

be shielded from justice, and the Catholics abroad and at home were to construe Elizabeth's infirmity into fear, or into blindness inflicted upon her by Providence. There was no present remedy: The Queen of Scots was safe; but the same plea could not be urged in defence of the companion of her treasons. The Duke of Norfolk was no anointed Prince whose sanctity might not be violated, and the suspense with him too had been set down to miracle. Their first request being evaded, the Lords and Commons were the more determined that their second should be granted; and they petitioned in form that the Duke should be executed without further delay.

On this point, with the deepest reluctance, Elizabeth felt that she must yield. She desired only that the petition should be withdrawn, that she might save her credit and be supposed to be acting freely. She once more signed the warrant, which this time was not withdrawn, and early on the 2nd of June the Duke was led out to suffer on Tower Hill. In the few words which he addressed to the people, he still called himself innocent. He said, as he had said at his trial, that treasonable overtures had been made to him, but that he had not consented to them; and he declared that he had never been a party to any conspiracy for bringing the Spaniards into England. His protestations cannot avail his memory. His instructions to Ridolfi and his own letter which survives at Simancas, leave no room for doubt that he was lying. He added, and he called God to witness, 'that he never was a Papist since he

June.

knew what religion meant,' 'that he had always detested Papistry and still detested it.' The Spanish agent of the Duke of Alva, who witnessed the execution, could suppose only that in making an assertion so opposite to his declaration to the Pope, he was nourishing to the last some hope of pardon.[1]

He was desired to be brief. No respite came, if he looked for it. He shook hands with all who were standing round him, gave the executioner a purse of sovereigns, knelt, said a few prayers, and recited the 51st Psalm. It was observed that at the 18th verse he altered the words, and for 'Build thou the walls of Jerusalem,' said, 'Build thou the walls of England.' He then threw off his cloke, refused to allow his eyes to be blinded, laid his head upon the block, and died at a blow.

It has been eloquently said that the grass soon grows over blood shed upon the battle-field, but never over blood shed upon the scaffold. Treason is an offence which rarely exists without seeming excuse. It pleads at the bar of history as an effort, if an unwise one, to vindicate an honourable cause; and when the calamities which it has occasioned or threatened to occasion are forgotten or have ceased to be feared, compassion for the sufferer is changed by an easy transformation into condemnation of his judges. The most exaggerated sentiment will scarcely venture to censure the punishment of Norfolk. Others were perhaps more faulty than he

[1] 'Algunos han juzgado que decia esto con esperanza de perdon.' —Antonio de Guaras al Duque de Alva, June, 1572: *MSS. Simancas.*

had been. He was drawn unwillingly into the conspiracy, and his infirmity of purpose was the principal cause of its failure; but his reluctance was an aggravation of his guilt, for it was the confession of the absence of any generous motive which could have excused him. He was no Catholic fanatic burning with misplaced zeal for God's honour; he was no patriot legitimately displeased with the misgovernment of his country. He was tempted into disloyalty by the poor personal ambition of becoming a husband of a woman whom he knew to be infamous, and he had dishonoured his lineage with perjury and cowardice.

Parliament meanwhile was occupied with the second measure against the Queen of Scots which Elizabeth had affected to recommend. The one effective means of cutting her off from the succession would have been the recognition of her son; but Elizabeth, for her own reasons, would not hear of this; and on the 5th of June the Attorney-General brought in a Bill which was said to have received her approbation, with an intimation from her Majesty that she wished it to be passed as soon as possible. The provisions are but generally known, for it never became law, and Elizabeth never seriously intended to sanction it. She professed to fear that it would give offence to France. The meaning of this will be presently seen. She had made her position extremely perplexing—perplexing to herself and perplexing to all who had to deal with her. The French Government, till they were sure of her, still kept on hand their double policy. The despatches of La Mothe, who as a Catholic

was not admitted to a full knowledge of State secrets, are full of interest in the Queen of Scots, and imply or seem to imply an equal interest on the part of Charles and Catherine. Yet Walsingham at the same time could write from Paris, 'that as long as the Queen of Scots lived there would never grow good accord in Scotland, nor continuance of repose in England, nor perfect and sound amity between her Majesty and the French Crown.'[1] The situation is generally intelligible, the details on many points remain obscure.

The Bill, in compliance with Elizabeth's seeming wishes, was laboured over by Lords and Commons, forming almost the entire business of the remainder of the session. At length it was passed. On the 30th of June the Queen came down to the House of Lords to give her consent, but, instead of doing so, she said she would think over it during the summer, and prorogued the Parliament till October. 'We made a law,' Burghley wrote to Walsingham, 'to make the Scottish Queen unable and unworthy of succession to the crown. It was by her Majesty neither assented to nor rejected, but deferred to All Saints. What all other good and wise men think thereof you may guess. Some here have, as it seems, abused their favour about her Majesty to make herself her worst enemy. God amend them. I will not write to you who are suspected.'[2]

And now what answer was to be given to Montmorency and to the offer of the Duc d'Alençon? More

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, June 28: DIGGES.
[2] Burghley to Walsingham, July: DIGGES.

tremendous issues were hanging upon Elizabeth's decision than she knew of. But she did know that France was looking to her reply—was looking to her general conduct, to ascertain whether she would or would not be a safe ally in a war with Spain, and that on her depended at that moment whether the French Government would take its place once for all on the side of the Reformation.

An event which had just taken place on the coast of Holland had increased the gravity of the situation, and made the Queen's decision more than ever momentous.

It was seen that the expulsion of Don Guerau was a signal for the refugees to make fresh efforts to rouse Philip. The language of Reginald Pole was revived by the ultramontane faction, whose own desire was to see Don John of Austria come northward with the squadron of Lepanto, and commence another crusade against the Turks of their own country.[1] As the Catholic

[1] 'Our contraries say they will have help now, in consequence of the great overthrow that Duke John of Austria hath given to the Turk; and that his next enterprise shall be to subdue the English Turks, which may easily be performed as they say, considering the great force of foreign powers which he shall bring with him, together with the great aid he shall have as well with us as with the Scots.'—Lee to Burghley, December 7, 1571. Lee was one of Cecil's spies in Flanders.

Sir Francis Englefield writes in the same strain to some one in Spain: 'Ego quidem nec breviorem nec commodiorem viam his malis subveniendis video, quam ut Suæ Majestatis mandato Illustrissimus Princeps Don John de Austria revocetur et in Oceanum ex Mari Mediterraneo cum spe suis copiis veniat remque feliciter aggrediatur. Quod si fecerit, spes remedii certa est; nec profecto ita luculenta spes lucri ad Rempublicam Christianam perventuri effulget, si tam numerosa veterum Christianorum multitudo permittatur se in novos Turcas convertere; dum in

party was losing its national character and passing into vulgar conspiracy, the conduct of it fell more and more to the brood of English clergy at Louvain. They were men whose all in all in earth or heaven was the faith of the Church; and one among them especially, Nicholas Sanders, once an Oxford student, who had kindled his piety at the flames which burnt Cranmer, was sent for to Rome, to Pope Pius, to consult on the best means of setting the rebellion on its feet again.[1]

In England meanwhile there remained to represent Spain, when Don Guerau was gone, the two Commissioners, Antonio de Guaras and M. Schwegenhem, who had been employed by Alva to compose the commercial quarrel. With the ambassadors on both sides dismissed, and the privateers which infested the Channel, Elizabeth and Philip were at war in all but the name; but the conspiracy having come to nothing, both they and Alva had their reasons for wishing to avoid an open rupture. Alva was beginning his great scheme of taxation, by which the Netherlands were to pay the cost of their conquest. His ability in the field was rivalled by his incapacity as an administrator, and the manufacturers and artisans of Bruges and Ghent and Antwerp, who had learnt to endure the Inquisition, were threatening to resist in arms the confiscation of their property. The Prince of Orange was watching his opportunity to turn

certâ spe insistatur veteri ex Turcâ novos Christianos effici posse.'—Sir F. Englefield to ——: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] N. Sanders to the Earl of Northumberland, January 23: *MSS. Flanders.*

the mutiny to account, and Alva was well aware of the intentions with which France and England had drawn together. His object was, if possible, to divide them, and when the Spanish ambassador was dismissed, he bore the insult and did not recall the Commissioners, and Elizabeth, for her own purposes, was willing that they should remain. The reopening of the Flanders trade was of great importance to London, and the Queen was glad to keep in play with Spain as a means of escape, should all else fail, from the embraces of Alençon. She began therefore at last, to interfere seriously to put down the privateers: their prizes were occasionally taken from them and restored to the owners; and although de la Mark, the admiral, complained that 'he was but making war against the common enemy, the Duke of Alva,' he was told that if he remained any longer on the English coast, he would be treated as a pirate.[1] The officers of the ports were forbidden to furnish him with supplies, and the English sailors on board his ships received orders to leave him. It had been argued in the Admiralty Courts that 'the Prince of Orange, having the principality of his title in France, might make lawful war against the Duke of Alva;' and that the Queen would violate the rules of neutrality if she closed her ports against his cruisers.[2]

July.

[1] De la Mark to the Council, January, 1572.

[2] 'Aliquâ ratione injuriosum videri potest immiscere se actibus et litibus exterorum principum qualis est iste Princeps Orengianus, quem constat liberum esse Principem Imperii; et, ut apparet, cum ipsi Imperatori et Statubus Imperii acceptum tum etiam Galliarum Regi, in quo regno possessiones multas obtinet, satis gratum.'—Responsio Ar-

Schwegenhem was informed however that this objection would no longer be maintained; the privateers should be obliged to withdraw; and her Majesty trusted that the Duke of Alva would recognize the good faith with which she was acting. English noblemen, English priests, and others engaged in levying war against their native country, were notoriously entertained and assisted in the dominions of the King of Spain; the Queen expected that the King would follow her example, and in return for the expulsion of the Prince of Orange's fleet, would send these persons about their business.

Deep treachery on both sides lay concealed beneath these hollow courtesies; yet both Elizabeth and Alva desired to leave a loophole for reconciliation in case of a rupture with France. The outstanding differences were not settled; the captured money was not restored; but a temporary commercial treaty was drawn up, to last for two years, and trade between England and the Low Countries was reopened by proclamation on the 30th of April.

The secret conspiracies meanwhile were not relaxed on either side. The refugees still remained at Louvain, as busily employed as ever, and Alva continued to aim through Scotland at Elizabeth's unguarded side; while the private meaning of the expulsion of de la Mark

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ticulis quibusdam a Domino Schwegenhem propositis, February 22: *MSS. Flanders.*

'Sum of the answer made to M. Schwegenhem attending for the King Catholic, February 22.' Burghley's hand: *MSS. Spain.* The words in the text are Burghley's own.

was revealed in an exploit which had been long concerted, and which formed a notable comment upon the good faith with which the English Government pretended to be acting.

The order to leave England was sent down to de la Mark the last week of February. He lingered at Dover, with the connivance of the officers of the harbour, till the end of March, when a convoy of Spanish traders on their way to Antwerp appearing in the Straits, he at last put to sea. It has been said that he started with no definite intentions, that by Elizabeth's orders he was unsupplied even with provisions, and that what he accomplished was under the impulse of desperation.[1] It was convenient both for Elizabeth and de la Mark that it should be so represented to the world; but the Spanish ambassador had sent a sketch of the projected movement six months previously to Alva,[2] and the buccaneering interest was too powerful at Dover to have

[1] Rise of the Dutch Republic, vol. ii. p. 351.

[2] 'Para saber mas á los Françeses y asegurarles desta voluntad, me hizó la Reyna de Inglaterra salir de su Reyno, que hasta entonces los Françeses decian que aquella Reyna pretendia la amistad de Francia, solamente para negociar mejor con V. Mag^d^, y assi con mi salida pensó darles seguridad desta sospecha, como ello ha sido, y asi han concluido su liga, para la confirmacion de la qual en Inglaterra se celebra gran lamento, y se guardan allí el Marshal de Montmorency, y en Francia el Almirante de Inglaterra: *y en el entretanto ha tratado la presa de Brilla y levantamiento de las tierras de Zeeland. Desta presa de la Brilla tuvó el Embajador aviso en Inglaterra seis meses antes que se executase, y dió aviso della al Duque de Alva.* No entienden sino en robar los subditos de V. Mag^d^, y alterarle los Payses Baxos, para repartirlos entre si y el Duque de Anjou y Principe de Orange, y destruir la Religion Catolica en toda parte,' &c.—Relacion dada por Don Guerau de Espes. Autograph: *MSS. Simancas.*

allowed such instructions to have been executed were it true that they had been seriously given.

April. De la Mark's first step on clearing the harbour was to dash upon the merchant fleet. Two large vessels, one of which was worth, it was said, 60,000 crowns, were taken, and their crews flung overboard.[1] The rest fled up Channel with the rovers in close chase. A few days later the privateer squadron was seen anchoring, at daybreak, in the mouth of the Meuse, opposite the town of Brille. A boat came on shore, with a summons to the Governor to surrender to the Admiral of the Prince of Orange within two hours. He might perhaps have resisted, for the batteries were well armed; but the terror of de la Mark's name struck the citizens into a panic. They fled in all directions, taking with them as much property as they could carry. The crews landed, burnt the gates, and entered without difficulty. The churches were plundered, thirteen miserable monks and priests, who had neglected to escape, were murdered; but there were no further outrages, and 'the sea beggars' had firm and quiet possession of an important station which by land was all but impregnable. Count Bossu, Alva's Stadtholder, flew from Utrecht to the rescue; but he found the dykes cut and the country under water. Brille, for the

[1] 'La flote de Flandres qui revenoit d'Espaigne est passée le xxviii. de Mars dans l'estroict de Calais; et les vaisseaulx du Prince d'Orange ont donné sur la queue; qui ont prins deux ourques bien riches; dont l'une s'estime valloir plus de soixante mille escus, y ont jetté la pluspart de ceulx qui estoient dedans hors bort dans l'eau.'—La Mothe Fénelon, April 14: *Dépêches*, vol. iv.

present, was lost. Rotterdam was likely to revolt at the news, and thither Bossu hastened, to find the gates closed and entrance refused. Promises made to rebels and broken when they had answered their purpose, were the legitimate stratagems of Spanish warfare. Bossu entreated only that his men might be allowed to pass through, and swore that no hurt should be done to any one. The burghers weakly consented, and to prevent the contagion from spreading, there was a general massacre of men, women, and children. But Bossu gained little by his treachery. Preparations had been made all along the coast towns for a rising, and de la Mark's arrival was the signal for it to break out. The success at Brille was scarcely known in England, when news came that Flushing had risen also, overpowered its garrison, and fired upon Alva's fleet. The English Government had lighted the train, and looked quietly on. The excitement in London was uncontrollable. Torrents of money poured out of the Protestant churches, and streamed across the Channel converted into guns and powder. May. The Flemish exiles formed in companies and went to join their comrades, accompanied by hundreds of English volunteers, and the cry rose in Parliament and out of it to drive the accursed Spaniards out of the Provinces for ever.[1] The bishops petitioned Elizabeth to declare war

[1] On the 24th of May de Guaras writes:—'Es increible cosa las passiones desta gente; con toda la solicitud que pueden, envian todas las municiones, dineros y ayuda, á la Brilla y Flushing, y mucha gente dellos, y asimismos persuaden á muchos Ingleses ir allá. Por las calles hay grandes lamentaciones por la fama que han echado, de que en

and complete the work. But it seemed at first as if no help was needed. Through Zealand, Holland, Utrecht, Overyssel, port after port followed the example of Flushing. Enkhuyzen the Spanish arsenal on the Zuyder Zee, Dort, Leyden, Haarlem, Alkmaar, all rose, destroyed or expelled their garrisons, and raised the standard of freedom. The time was come for which Orange had been so long looking and preparing. While the Prince himself collected an army in Germany, Count Louis, La Noue, de Genlis, and other Huguenot leaders, with the connivance of the French Court, stooped suddenly upon Hainault, seized Mons, and threw into it 2000 of Coligny's bravest troops. Montgomery joined him a few days later with 1500 more, and de Genlis went back to Paris to bring up reinforcements which Charles himself had promised.

The Duke of Alva had been on the point of relinquishing his government; his successor was at last actually on his way, and he believed that he had extinguished in blood the last spark of the insurgent spirit. He had raised a monument to his own victories

Rotterdam no solamente matáron á todos los hombres, pero á todas las mugeres y niños, y asi lo creen todos los Ingleses, que la mejor palabra es que somos tiranos, y á proposito desto en este parlamento hacen gran instancia los que se nombran Obispos especialmente que conviene al estado de Inglaterra publicar guerra contra su Mag[d], y esto lo tratan con gran vehemencia.'

And again on the 29th:—

'De las nuevas que vienen de ay de los trabajos que hoy se ofrecen es increible el contentamiento que nuestros rebeldes y cassi todo este pueblo tienen dello, y lo menos que dicen todos con grandes voces en la Bolsa y por todas las calles, es que esos Estados son perdidos del todo; y que vuestra Excellencia con los Españoles que ay se hallan han de salir de la tierra.'—Antonio de Guaras al Duque de Alva: *MSS. Simancas.*

in the Great Square at Brussels, as Conqueror of the Netherlands, and now the Netherlands were not conquered; the great marts of industry were nests of maddened hornets; and the dreaded French were in a fortified town a few leagues distant from the capital. Disasters came thick on one another. Medina Celi sailed into the Scheldt, with some thousands of fresh troops, and chests of bullion to pay them. Dreaming of no danger, he passed under the guns of Flushing, and lost half his fleet and all his money. A thousand Spanish soldiers were taken, and half a million crowns in gold and jewels. Alva well knew the meaning of these symptoms. Unless he could divide France and England, or bring about a Catholic revolution in one or both of those countries, in a few months the armed hand of the united Protestantism of the world would be upon him, and crush him into dust. The Catholics of England had failed him, and he had no leisure now for Scotch experiments; would the French Catholics succeed better? 'He tore his beard for despite,' and to one who saw and spoke with him, 'he seemed to despair that things would any more succeed as they had done.' But Alva knew better than to sit down in despondency. Walcheren was not lost, for Middleburgh held out, and was safe for the summer. Leaving the revolted towns to enjoy their freedom, he concentrated his force at Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp. A change of government at such a time was not to be thought of. Medina Celi, by his own act, suspended his commission. Mons was chosen for the first point to be attacked;

June.

while the Duke directed all the resources of diplomatic adroitness on the Anglo-French alliance. In England, his best hopes were with Elizabeth herself, on whom he could work through the back influences of the bedchamber; in France, he looked to Catholic fanaticism, which was lashing itself to madness at the ascendency of the Huguenots at the Court, and at the control which they were assuming over the public policy of the nation. Whatever skill, courage, and ferocity could achieve in the way of assistance, he could calculate upon with certainty from the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, and the mob of Paris. Had the Royal Family been as Protestant as Coligny himself, they could not maintain themselves in a liberal policy without England to support them. They must have yielded to the Catholics, or they would themselves be the first victims of an otherwise inevitable collision.

So matters stood when the English Parliament rose, and Elizabeth had to decide on the Alençon marriage. The French Court were at the moment giving another proof to Europe of their Huguenot sympathies. A second marriage had been arranged between the Princess Margaret and the young King of Navarre. The Catholics had struggled desperately to prevent it, but Charles had been resolute. At the beginning of June, a magnificent State reception was given to the bridegroom at Paris. After a week of splendour the Court broke up, and went into the country, to reassemble in August; when the whole French nobility, Protestant and Catholic, were to be present at royal nuptials.

Lord Lincoln, who had come over for the ratification of the treaty, returned to England loaded with presents; and the King at his departure expressed a hope that his sister's would not be the only marriage on which those who wished well to Europe would have to congratulate themselves.

Two honourable courses were open to Elizabeth, either of which would have satisfied the French Government, and would have been equally advantageous to the cause which she ought to have had at heart. If she could not bring herself to accept Alençon, she might have declined without offence on the ground of inequality of age, but at the same time she should have given Charles a security for her political constancy by declaring war against Spain. He feared, and feared with justice, that she was trying only to excite confusion on the Continent; and that when France had once committed itself, she would fall back on the hereditary English policy, and either stand neutral in the quarrel, or perhaps, if France was likely to be too successful, even join with Philip.[1]

Of the willingness of the English people to assist the Netherlanders there could be no doubt. Captain

[1] 'Angli quibus hæ turbæ in his locis excitatæ sunt non hoc consilium nec scopum sibi proposuerunt ut Belgicam ditionem ad Gallos aliquando transferant; id enim sibi valde incommodum et suæ politiæ contrarium fore vident; sed ut his artibus Regem Philippum Belgicis tumultibus hic implicent, utque is cogatur opes copiasque suas in suis rebus recuperandis ac tuendis consumere, quod Galli his proximis duobus circiter annis, illorum pessimis artibus etiam vehementer ad hoc impulsi, facere coacti sunt.'— —— to Sir F. Englefield, June, 1572: *MSS. Simancas.*

Morgan, one of the Privateer captains, went over with 500 volunteers on the instant of the news of the revolt. A few weeks after, Sir Humfrey Gilbert followed with a second detachment, having gone with the sanction of Cecil certainly, and almost with the sanction of the Queen—almost, but not entirely. The French King flattered himself that war must follow; but it had not come, and so long as doubt remained he continued to press the other point.

Alençon was under twenty, stinted in size, pitted with the small-pox, and in all ways not beautiful. His person however was never supposed to be his recommendation. The Queen said reasonably, that in a matter of public importance this objection was of no consequence. She could not resolve at once, but she promised to give an answer in a month.[1]

As usual, the days passed on and brought no decision with them. All the council, unless Leicester was a secret exception, wished her to consent; so much she knew, but the effect was only to make refusal difficult. One day 'she would not marry a boy with a pock-spoilt face.' The next, 'she was moved by the importunities of those who worked upon her mind.' On the 23rd of July, she told La Mothe Fénelon positively that it could not be; on the 25th she bade Walsingham ask Alençon to come and see her, that 'she might try if she could like him.' 'Surely,' wrote Burghley, on the 27th, 'her Majesty finds the marriage

July.

[1] La Mothe Fénelon, July 1, July 3, July 5: *Dépêches.*

to be necessary for her, and yet the opinion of others, misliking the party for his person, doth more hinder her purpose than her own conceit. I see such extremities on both sides as I can make no choice. Without marriage all evils must be looked for; by marriage without liking, no good can be hoped. Therefore to God I leave it. The Queen is very irresolute.'[1]

Events in those fierce times would not wait for the irresolution of queens. Alva had commenced the siege of Mons. The Prince of Orange was on the Rhine, with 25,000 Germans preparing to advance to its relief. An army of Huguenots was assembling in France, which the Admiral, after the marriage, intended to lead in person to Brussels. Genlis, conceiving that Mons was in danger, pressed forward first with a few thousand men. Count Louis warned him to be careful how he approached the city, and advised him to join his brother; but Genlis was confident; wishing to have the credit of raising the siege, he pushed heedlessly and hastily on; and Chapin Vitelli and Don Frederick of Toledo fell upon him and dashed him to pieces. Genlis himself was made prisoner, and afterwards strangled in prison. Twelve hundred of his followers were left dead on the field, the rest scattered everywhere, and were either murdered by the country people, or taken and shot by the Spaniards.

In itself, this disaster was of little consequence. The

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, July 27: DIGGES.

Prince's army was untouched, and the Admiral would soon be in the field. But it was ill timed, it added to Charles's difficulties, and shook the fortitude of the Queen-mother. The fierce blood of the Paris Catholics was simmering. 'Such of the religion,' Walsingham wrote, on the 26th of July, to Burghley, 'such of the religion as before slept in security, awake to see their danger, and to conclude that, unless their enterprise in the Low Countries have good success, their cause grows desperate. They have of late sent to the King, who is absent from home, to show him, that if the Prince of Orange quail, it shall not lie in him to maintain them in his protection by virtue of his edict. They desire him therefore to resolve upon something, offering to employ therein their lives, lands, and goods. Considering the earnest help which the Pope is giving to the other side, they see, that unless her Majesty and the Princes of Germany in like sort join with this Crown, there is no doubt what shall be the event. As you tender God's glory and her Majesty's safety, see if you *can induce her, upon overtures first to be made by the King in their behalf, to join with him in yielding assistance.* If God had not raised up the Prince of Orange to have entertained Spain, the fire would have kindled before this in our own home. To assist the Prince is to assist ourselves. For God's sake let us declare ourselves openly. The Catholic Powers show their courage and zeal. England will only act underhand, without heart or spirit. No enterprise accompanied by fear can succeed; for there is no greater enemy to good counsel

than fear. If the Prince fail, the edicts cannot be maintained.'[1]

Her own interests, her obligations to Orange, her duty to the cause of which she was made by her position the principal representative, alike urged Elizabeth into one bold honourable course: what motive could have prompted her to the step which has now to be described, it would be unsafe and unjust, in the absence of proof, to conjecture. At every difficult stage in her career there was always in her conduct something strange, something unexpected, and on the surface reprehensible. It seemed for ever as if she doubted the success or disliked the character of Burghley's general policy, and as if she desired to secure for herself, in case of difficulty, a retreat into another and an opposite course. It is possible now that she was worried out of her senses by her troubles with Alençon; it is possible that she was disheartened by the defeat of Genlis; it is possible that she was trying some cunning stroke of diplomatic treachery: or again—but conjectures are useless. It is enough to say that if she was sincere, she was without excuse; if she was insincere, never was a trick more stupidly played, or a moment more unfortunate selected to play it.

On learning that the French were in Mons, the Duke of Alva had made fresh overtures for a reconciliation with England. De Guaras,[2] in a private audience, gave

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[1] Walsingham to Burghley and Leicester, July 26: DIGGES.

[2] Alva's commissioner, to be carefully distinguished from Don Guerau, the expelled ambassador.

the Queen a letter from him, and de Guaras may himself relate what followed:

'She told me,' he wrote, 'that emissaries were coming every day from Flushing to her, proposing to place the town in her hands. If it was for the service of his Majesty, and if his Majesty approved, she said that she would accept their offer. With the English who were already there, and with others whom she would send over for the purpose, it would be easy for her to take entire possession of the place, and she would then make it over to the Duke of Alva or to any one whom the Duke would appoint to receive it.'[1]

On such a subject, and at such a moment, it is not credible that the Spanish emissary would have misrepresented the language of the English Queen. It is barely possible, though that too is most unlikely, that he could have allowed himself to misunderstand her words. The reader will determine the interpretation which he will place upon them. There were those about Elizabeth who, at a later period, deliberately recommended her to do what de Guaras says that she herself proposed to do. She then refused to listen to them, and received the thanks of the Prince of Orange for refusing. The substantial uprightness of her conduct in the

[1] 'La Reyna de Inglaterra le habia dicho, dandole el unas cartas del Duque de Alva, que los de Frexelingas le venian cada dia á offrescer de entregarle aquella villa. Si convenia al servicio y contentamiento de su Mag^d que estuviese en su poder, ella lo acceptaria, y se apoderaria dello con los Ingleses que en ella habia, y con los que á este effecto enviaria, para entregarle luego al Duque de Alva ó á quien el ordenase.' —Puntos de Cartas de Anton de Guaras al Duque de Alva, June 30. *MSS. Simancas.*

long run forbids the belief that she would have carried out such an act of baseness, even though she had really in one of her varying humours contemplated the possibility of it. Had she been herself so far lost to honourable feeling, she would have been saved by Burghley from her own weakness. But whatever opinions may be formed of her intentions, the effect was equally frightful. She gave Alva the advantage for which he was longing; it enabled him at once to irritate the worst suspicions of the Queen-mother, and distract and frighten the perplexed and harassed Charles. Companies of Huguenots were pouring into Flushing and Walcheren: the rumour of intended treachery roused the national jealousy into active and violent distrust, and plans were formed for driving the English out before they had betrayed the liberties which they had sworn to defend. Sir Humfrey Gilbert, little knowing the service which Elizabeth had rendered him, was at a loss to comprehend the hostility with which he found himself regarded. Conscious of his own integrity, he suspected the French of foul play, and, encouraging unfortunately the very fears which were beginning to be entertained, he proposed to turn them out of Flushing and take possession of the town.

August.

'They practise here,' he wrote to Burghley, 'to use our soldiers very evil, and to banish those of the townsmen that are our friends; and do in effect starve the English soldiers by practice, only to cause mutinies to have the soldiers to run away, to have the French practice the better brought to pass; so that

I and those few English that be in this town are sure to be murdered if I continue here. Therefore my most humble suit is, that I may know without delay what her Majesty will have done touching this island and town. If her Majesty, or your Honour, will have me do it, I will procure a mutiny, if I can, between the townsmen and the French, and will take the townsmen's part, and will die for it and all my people, except we cut all the Frenchmen in pieces and the Governor also. I know there is the like plot laid for us.'[1]

This was bad enough, but it was nothing to the effect produced on the Queen-mother and the King of France. There is no positive proof that Alva communicated Elizabeth's offers to them, but he was more foolish than he gave the world reason to believe him to be if he let such a weapon lie idle in his writing-desk. It is certain at any rate that at the beginning of August rumours of some coldness on the part of England[2] were in circulation at the French Court. On the defeat of Genlis the Catholic leaders presented a remonstrance to the King against sending further assistance to the Low Countries. Charles himself continued firm. 'But for the King,' said Walsingham, 'all had quailed long before.' He had meant to send the Admiral forward without waiting for the marriage, but some news or other 'had terrified the Queen-mother.' She had represented to him 'that without the Queen of England's

[1] Sir H. Gilbert to Burghley, August 13: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] The form which the report assumed was that the Queen intended to recall Gilbert and leave the insurgents to themselves.

assistance he would not be able to bear the brunt of so puissant an enemy;' 'without England the expedition would miscarry;' and she had entreated 'with tears' that he would at least wait till Elizabeth had declared herself. Her misgivings were confirmed by a representation through Walsingham that Alençon would not be accepted. She felt more than ever that the marriage and the marriage only could give her the security which she required. She would not accept the refusal. She told Walsingham 'that the marriage was now the only means of establishing a perfect amity between the Crowns.' She sent M. de la Mole, Alençon's dearest friend, to England to make one more effort. She said she trusted 'God would so dispose the Queen of England's heart as she should prefer public before private affairs.' The King himself wrote to La Mothe telling him that he must do his very best, and even if he failed or was likely to fail, that he must prevent the negotiation from being finally broken off; while Walsingham could but add his own prayers that either she would take Alençon, or if not that she would join openly with France in assisting the Prince of Orange. He implored Burghley and he implored Leicester not 'to allow her to be deceived by the fair words of Spain,' for Spain would change its language when its difficulties were over, and 'fearful effects would follow unless God put to His helping hand.'[1]

[1] The King to M. de La Mothe Fénelon, July 20, August 9; The Queen-mother to M. de La Mothe Fénelon, August 10: *Dépêches*, vol. vii. De La Mothe Fénelon to the King, July 29, August 3, August

The fearful effects were nearer than Walsingham believed. Elizabeth at first encouraged de la Mole to hope, and both he and La Mothe wrote to Paris in good spirits. A little after, she sent Walsingham a letter of the old sort, that she would and that she would not: that perhaps she would: that she must see Alençon, and that she could then make up her mind. Sir Thomas Smith, by the same post, begged that Alençon would come over, 'else nothing was to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness;' and Burghley added to the packet a letter to Coligny which was never to reach his hand.

'What God shall please to do in the cause I know not,' he said, 'but I see the marriage of my lady and Queen is of more moment to the weal, both particularly of this realm and publicly of Christendom for the benefit of religion, than I fear our sins will suffer us to receive. But as hitherto our good God hath mightily preserved this our estate, so I trust the same will not leave His marvellous work, but will bring it to some further perfection. Herein I trust that you will employ your help there, and I, for my poor part, will do my best here.'[1]

The date of this letter was the 22nd of August. While Cecil was writing it, the Admiral was lying wounded in his bed. Before the couriers reached Paris he was dead, and the gutters in the streets were running with Huguenot blood. Elizabeth had trifled too long.

7; Walsingham to Sir T. Smith, August 10; Walsingham to Burghley, August 10; Walsingham to Leicester, August 10: DIGGES.

[1] Burghley to Coligny, August 22: *MSS. France.*

The bars of hell's gates were broken, and the devils were loose. It is not pretended that she ought to have sacrificed herself. She might have declined, had she pleased it, both the marriage with Alençon and all interference for good or evil with the affairs of the Continent. But 'to practise' as she had done deliberately for so many years with the subjects of other princes; to encourage insurrection for her own purposes, and then to leave the fire to burn; to hold out hopes and disappoint them; 'to build,' as Walsingham expressed it, 'with one hand and overthrow with the other;' all this might be sport to her, but it was death to those with whom she toyed so cruelly.

A few more sentences will bring down the fortunes of the other actors in the story to the eve of St Bartholomew.

The Queen of Scots, being satisfied that Elizabeth would not be persuaded into extremities against her, remained at Sheffield, contemptuous and defiant. The execution of Norfolk appeared to affect her, and she had an attack of illness which Shrewsbury half doubtingly attributed to grief;[1] but two days later the Earl relieved the Court of their anxieties about her: she had merely overdosed herself with some convenient medicine.[2]

A Commission went down to examine her on her transactions with Ridolfi, Elizabeth at the same time informing her of the measures which had been proposed

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[1] 'If she be so sick as in appearance she seemeth and her people make report of.'—Shrewsbury to Burghley, June 10: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Same to the same, June 12.

against her in Parliament, and adding that, while she had 'no intention of revenge,' and would persevere in dealing mildly and gently with her, other princes would probably have been less forbearing.[1]

Thus encouraged, the Queen of Scots received the Commissioners with mere disdain. 'She continues in great enmity,' Shrewsbury said, 'and gives no hope of other intent. It is too plain that her heart is overhardened with deadly hate against the Queen's Majesty; the more therefore her Majesty's safety is to be thought upon.'

In Scotland, after desperate fighting, in which quarter on neither side was given or asked, an armistice for two months was agreed upon at the beginning of August, and the citizens of Edinburgh returned to the shells of their houses.

June. It remains to mention only the fate of the unlucky Earl of Northumberland. For many weeks after he was given up he was left at Berwick After so long confinement in Lochleven, the change, with all its danger, was a relief to him. He was sometimes 'abashed and sorrowful,' but he rallied often, 'talked of hawks and hounds, and other such vain matters,' craving most, it seemed, for the green woods of Alnwick and the note of the huntsman's bugle. Hunsdon was uneasy at having the charge of him, for in Berwick there was no convenience for the safe keeping of State prisoners. But he made no attempt to escape:

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[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, June 11: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

he talked freely of the rebellion, telling all that he knew; excusing Westmoreland and taking the blame upon himself; and Hunsdon, touched with his 'simplicity,' endeavoured to move Elizabeth in his favour. She paid no attention to his intercession. The Earl had been attainted, and his trial was therefore no longer necessary. The second week in July an intimation came down that a warrant was to be issued for his execution, that he was to suffer at York, and that Hunsdon must conduct him thither. July.

Lord Hunsdon, irritated at his failure, replied that it was not his business to carry noblemen to execution, and briefly, he would not do it; 'he would suffer some imprisonment rather;' if it was to be done at all, Sir John Foster, the Warden of the Middle Marches, was the proper person; and if the writ came directed to himself, he would not act upon it.[1]

There was a slight pause, of which he took advantage to intercede again. The Earl's death, he said, would be of no advantage either to the Queen or to the State. Sir Henry Percy, who would succeed to the title, had been implicated with Ridolfi, and was as guilty as his brother. 'Her Majesty had and did show mercy to a number that had as well deserved to die as he,'[2] and 'she would do herself a worse turn by setting up Sir Henry than by keeping the Earl alive.'[3] Elizabeth found afterwards that Hunsdon was right,

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[1] Hunsdon to Cecil, July 11: *MSS. Border.*

[2] Hunsdon to Burghley, July 14: *MSS. Border.*

[3] Hunsdon to Burghley, August 9: Ibid.

but for the present Sir Henry Percy had made his peace, and the order for the execution was sent down. She did not care to provoke resistance by insisting that her cousin should see it obeyed. Sir John Foster carried the Earl by slow stages along the line of the rebellion to Raby and Durham, to his own house at Topcliff, and to York; and there, on the 22nd of August, very simply, nobly, and quietly, he left the world by the hard road which his father had trodden before him.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE MASSACRE OF ST BARTHOLOMEW.

THE Founder of Christianity, when He sent the Apostles into the world to preach the Gospel, gave them a singular warning. They were to be the bearers of good news to mankind, and yet He said He was not come to send peace on earth, but a sword—He was come to set house against house and kindred against kindred—the son would deliver up his father to death, the brother his sister, the mother the child; the strongest ties of natural affection would wither in the fire of hate which His words were about to kindle. The prophecy, which referred in the first instance to the struggle between the new religion and Judaic bigotry, has fulfilled itself continuously in the history of the Church. Whenever the doctrinal aspect of Christianity has been prominent above the practical, whenever the first duty of the believer has been held to consist in holding particular opinions on the functions and nature of his Master, and only the second in obeying his Master's commands, then always, with a uniformity more remark-

August.

able than is obtained in any other historical phenomena, there have followed dissension, animosity, and in later ages bloodshed.

Christianity, as a principle of life, has been the most powerful check upon the passions of mankind. Christianity as a speculative system of opinion has converted them into monsters of cruelty. Higher than the angels, lower than the demons, these are the two aspects in which the religious man presents himself in all times and countries.

The first burst of the Reformation had taken the Catholic Powers by surprise. It had spread like an epidemic from town to town, and nation to nation. No conscientious man could pretend that the Church was what it ought to be. Indiscriminate resistance to all change was no longer possible; and with no clear perception where to stand or where to yield, half the educated world had been swept away by the stream. But the first force had spent itself. The Reformers had quarrelled among themselves; the Catholics had recovered heart from their opponents' divisions; the Council of Trent had given them ground to stand upon; and with clear conviction, and a unity of creed and purpose, they had set themselves steadily, with voice and pen and sword, to recover their lost ground. The enthusiasm overcame for a time the distinctions of nations and languages. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, the German, remembered only that he was a son of the Church, that he had one master the Pope, and one enemy the heretic

and the schismatic. In secular convulsions the natural distress at the sight of human suffering is seldom entirely extinguished. In the great spiritual struggle of the sixteenth century, religion made humanity a crime, and the most horrible atrocities were sanctified by the belief that they were approved and commanded by Heaven. The fathers of the Church at Trent had enjoined the extirpation of heresy, and the evil army of priests thundered the accursed message from every pulpit which they were allowed to enter, or breathed it with yet more fatal potency in the confessional. Nor were the other side slow in learning the lesson of hatred. The Lutheran and the Anglican, hovering between the two extremes, might attempt forbearance, but as the persecuting spirit grew among the Catholics European Protestantism assumed a stronger and a sterner type. The Catholic on the authority of the Church made war upon *spiritual* rebellion. The Protestant believed himself commissioned like the Israelites to extinguish the worshippers of images. 'No mercy to the heretics' was the watchword of the Inquisition; 'the idolaters shall die' was the answering thunder of the disciples of Calvin; and as the death-wrestle spread from land to land, each party strove to outbid the other for Heaven's favour by the ruthlessness with which they carried out its imagined behests. Kings and statesmen in some degree retained the balance of their reason. Coligny, Orange, Philip, even Alva himself, endeavoured at times to check the frenzy of their followers; but the multitude was held back by no responsibilities; their

creeds were untempered by other knowledge, and they could indulge the brutality of their natural appetites without dread of the Divine displeasure; while alike in priest's stole or Geneva gown, the clergy, like a legion of furies, lashed them into wilder madness.

On land the chief sufferers had been the Protestants: on the sea they had the advantage, and had used it. The privateers had for the most part disposed swiftly of the crews and passengers of their prizes. Prisoners were inconvenient and dangerous; the sea told no tales, and the dead did not come back. With the capture of Brille and Flushing the black flag had been transferred to the shore. Sir Humfrey Gilbert, following the practice which he had learnt in Ireland, hung the Spaniards as fast as he caught them.[1] The Hollanders had shown no mercy to the priests; they had been the instruments of Alva's Blood Council, and the measure which they had dealt was dealt in return to them. The Prince of Orange crossed the Rhine in July, coming forward towards Mons. He took Ruremonde by assault, and the monks in the abbeys and priories there were instantly murdered. Mechlin opened its gates to him, and after Mechlin some other neighbouring towns followed the example; in all of them the Prince could not prevent his cause from being dishonoured by the same atrocities.[2]

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[1] 'The Spaniards would be glad to make good war with us, for that we have hanged so many of them, and are liker to take of them than they of us.'—Gilbert to Burghley, September 28: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Alva to Philip, July 28 and August 21.—Correspondence of Philip II; GACHARD.

While these scenes were in progress the Admiral and Count Louis were preparing for the great campaign which was to end in the expulsion of the Spaniards, the death or capture of Alva, and the liberation of the Low Countries. For the French Government to go to war with Spain as the ally of the Prince of Orange, would be equivalent to an open declaration in favour of their own Huguenots; and with examples of the treatment of their brethren before them, the French priests and monks had reason to be alarmed at the prospect of Calvinist ascendency. The Paris clergy, confident in the support of the populace, had denounced throughout the summer the liberal policy of the King. One of them, de Sainte Foix, in the very Court itself, had held out the story of Jacob and Esau to the ambition of the Duke of Anjou; and the favour shown to Count Louis, the alliance with excommunicated England, and the approaching marriage of the Princess Margaret had not tended to moderate their vehemence. The war was pronounced to be impious; the Catholic King was fulfilling a sacred duty in crushing the enemies of God; and those who would have France interfere to save them were denounced as traitors to Holy Church.

Yet as the weeks passed on, it seemed as if all their exertions would be wasted. The traditions of Francis I. were not dead. The opportunity for revenging St Quentin and tearing in pieces the treaty of Cambray was splendidly alluring. The Catholic leaders, Guise, Nevers, Tavannes, even Anjou himself, clamoured and threatened, but Charles was carried away by the tempt-

ation, and perhaps by nobler motives. Coligny said that whoever was against the war was no true Frenchman, and the Court appeared to agree with Coligny. The Princess Margaret's marriage, independent of its political bearing, was in itself a defiance of the Papacy. Pius V. had refused absolutely to allow or sanction it, till the King of Navarre was reconciled to the Church. Pius had died in the May preceding, but his successor, Gregory XIII., had maintained the objection, and though less peremptory, had attached conditions to his consent to which Charles showed no signs of submitting.

The only uncertainty rose from the attitude of England. Catherine de Medici had acquiesced in the war, with the proviso from the first that France and England should take up the quarrel together. As the Catholic opposition increased in intensity, Elizabeth's support became more and more indispensable. If the King risked the honour of France alone in a doubtful cause, and experienced anything like disaster, whatever else happened his own ruin was certain. As soon therefore as it was discovered that Elizabeth was not only playing with the Alençon marriage, but was treating secretly with Alva to make her own advantage out of the crisis, the Queen-mother's resolution gave way—or rather, for resolution is not a word to be thrown away upon Catherine de Medici—she saw that war was too dangerous to be ventured. Religion, in its good sense and in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her. She hated and she despised

Calvinism; it was a new superstition as overbearing as the old, and without the sanction of traditionary existence; it had shaken her own power and her son's throne, and though, if it would serve her purpose, she was ready to make use of it, she was no less willing, if it stood in her way, to set her foot upon its neck. The impatience of the Huguenots would not endure disappointment, and their own safety was as much involved as that of the Prince of Orange in the intended campaign. The idea of a general massacre of the Huguenots had been long familiar to the minds of the Catholics. If the project on Flanders was abandoned, they knew that they would be unable to live in the districts of France where they were out-numbered, and they declared without reserve that they would fall back into the west, and there maintain their own liberties. But the reopening of the civil war was a terrible prospect. Coligny still had a powerful hold on the mind of the King. The Queen-mother when she attempted to oppose him found her influence shaking; and even she herself, as late certainly as the 10th of August, was hesitating on the course which she should adopt. On that day she was still clinging to the hope that Elizabeth might still take Alençon; it was only when she found distinctly that it would not be, that she fell back upon her own cunning.

The French Court, as the reader will remember, had broken up in June, to reassemble in August for the marriage of the Princess. The Admiral went down to Chatillon, and while there he received a warning not

to trust himself again in Paris. But he dared not, by absenting himself, impair his influence with the King. His intentions were thoroughly loyal. He said that he would rather be torn by horses than disturb again the internal peace of France; and he had been many times within hearing of the bells of Notre Dame with fewer friends about him than he would find assembled in the Capital. The retinues of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, his own followers, the trains of Rochefoucault, Montgomery, and Montmorency, the noblemen and gentlemen of Languedoc and Poitou—all these would be there, and these were the men who for ten years had held at bay the united strength of Catholic France, and were now gathering in arms to encounter Alva. If evil was intended towards them some other opportunity would be chosen, and personal danger, at least for the present, he could not anticipate.

Thus at the appointed time the Admiral returned to the Court, and notwithstanding Elizabeth's tricks, he found the King unchanged. The Duke of Guise shook hands with him in Charles's presence, and Charles again spoke to him with warmth and confidence of the Flanders expedition. On the 18th of August the great event came off which the Catholics had tried in vain to prevent, and which was regarded as the symbol of the intended policy of France. The dispensation from Rome was still withheld, but the Cardinal of Bourbon ventured in the face of its absence to officiate at the ceremony in the cathedral. The sister of the King became the bride

of a professed heretic, and when the Princess afterwards attended mass, her husband ostentatiously withdrew, and remained in the cloister. A few more days and Coligny would be on his way to the army. Though England had failed him, and might perhaps be hostile, the King still meant to persevere. The Queen-mother had tried all her arts—tears, threats, entreaties—and at times not without effect. Charles's instincts were generous, but his purpose was flexible, and his character was half formed. His mother had ruled him from the time that he had left his cradle, and he had no high convictions, no tenacity of principle or vigour of will, to contend against her. But there was a certain element of chivalry about him which enabled him to recognize in Coligny the noblest of his subjects, and he had a soldier's ambition to emulate his father and grandfather. The Duke of Anjou, who related afterwards the secret history of these momentous days, said that whenever the King had been alone with the Admiral, the Queen-mother found him afterwards cold and reserved towards herself. Anjou himself went one day[1] into his brother's cabinet; the King did not speak to him, but walked up and down the room fingering his dagger, and looking as if he could have stabbed him. If the war was to be prevented, something must be done, and that promptly. Guise, notwithstanding his seeming cordiality with Coligny, was supposed to be meditating mischief, and the King, by Coligny's advice, kept the Royal Guard under arms

[1] The 19th or 20th of August.

in the streets. Catherine, who hated both their houses, calculated that by judicious irritation she might set the Duke and the Admiral at each other's throats, and rid herself at once of both of the too dangerously powerful subjects. The Admiral's own declaration had failed to persuade the Guises that he was innocent of the murder of the Duke's father—Poltrot was still generally believed to have been privately instigated by him—and Catherine intimated to the Duchesse de Nemours, the late Duke of Guise's widow, that if she would, she might have her revenge. Were Coligny killed, the King would be again manageable. The Huguenots would probably take arms to avenge his death. After a few days of fury a little water would wash the blood from the streets of Paris, and the catastrophe would be explained to the world as the last act of the civil war.[1]

In becoming acquainted with the women among whom she was educated, we cease to wonder at the Queen of Scots' depravity. To the Duchesse the assassination of the Admiral was the delightful gratification of a laudable desire. The Duke of Guise and his uncle the Duke of Aumale were taken into counsel; an instrument was found in a man named Maurevert, who had tried his hand already in the same enterprise, and having failed, was eager for a new opportunity. He was placed in a house between the Louvre and the Rue de

[1] This is the explanation given by the Duke of Anjou of his mother's conduct; and as he made no attempt to palliate either her treachery or his own, there is no reason to question his truth.—Histoire de France. MARTIN, vol. ix.

Bethisi, where his intended victim lodged; and after waiting for two days, on the morning of the 22nd, as the Admiral was slowly walking past, reading, Maurevert succeeded in shooting him. The work was not done effectually; the gun was loaded with slugs, one of which shattered a finger, the other lodged in an arm. The Admiral was assisted home—the house from which the shot was fired was recognized as belonging to the Guise family, and the assassin was seen galloping out of St Antoine on a horse known to be the Duke's. The King, when the news reached him, was playing tennis with Guise himself and Teligny the Admiral's son-in-law. He dashed his racket on the pavement, and went angrily to the palace. Navarre and Condé came to him to say that their lives were in danger, and to ask permission to leave Paris. The King said it was he who had been wounded, and he would make such an example of the murderers as should be a lesson to all posterity. Condé and all who were afraid might come to the Louvre for protection. Charles placed a guard at Coligny's house; he sent his own surgeon to attend him, and went himself to his bedside.

August 22.

The Queen-mother and Anjou, not daring to trust the King out of their sight, accompanied him. The Admiral desired to speak to Charles alone, and he sent them out of the room. When he followed them, they pressed him to tell them what Coligny had said. Charles, after a pause, answered: 'He said that you two had too much hand in the management of the State; and, by God's death, he spoke true.'

Aug. 23. So passed the 22nd of August. The next morning Guise and Aumale came to the palace to say that if their presence in Paris caused uneasiness, they were ready to leave the city; and the King bade them go. His words and manner were so completely reassuring that the Huguenot leaders put away their misgivings.

The Vidame of Chartres still urged flight, distrusting Charles's power to protect them; but Condé, Teligny, Rochefoucault, Montgomery, all opposed him. To retire would be to leave the Admiral in danger. His wound appeared only to have increased the King's resolution to stand by him; and being themselves most anxious to prevent disturbance and give no cause of offence, they would not even permit their followers to watch in the streets. A few hundred of them paraded in arms in the afternoon under the windows of the Hôtel Guise; but not a single act of violence was committed to excuse a Catholic rising; and when they broke up at night, they left the city ostentatiously to the ordinary police and the Royal Guard.

So far, the Queen-mother's plot had failed. The Admiral was not dead. The Huguenots had not broken the peace. The Guises were disgraced; and, if they were arrested, they were likely to reveal the name of their instigator. That same afternoon Catherine sent for the Count de Retz, Marshal Tavannes, and the Duc de Nevers, to the gardens of the Tuileries: all these were members of Charles's council, ardent Catholics, and passionately opposed to the Spanish war. After some

hours' consultation, they adjourned, still undecided what to do, to the King's Cabinet. For many years —ever since his father's death—to get possession of the King's person had been a favourite scheme of the Prince of Condé and the Admiral. They had wished to separate him from his Italian mother, to bring him up a Protestant, or to keep him, at all events, as a security for their own safety. The conspiracy of Amboise had been followed once, if not twice, by similar projects. The Admiral especially, ever prompt and decisive, was known throughout to have recommended such a method of ending the civil war. That at this particular crisis a fresh purpose of the same kind was formed or thought of, is in itself extremely improbable, and the Court afterwards entirely failed to produce evidence of such a thing. It is likely however that impatient expressions tending in that direction might have been used by the Admiral's friends. The temptation may easily have been great to divide Charles from his Catholic advisers at a time when he was himself so willing to be rid of their control, and, at all events, past examples gave plausibility to the suggestion that it might be so. With some proofs, forged or real, in her hand that he was in personal danger, the Queen-mother presented herself to her son. She told him that at the moment that she was speaking the Huguenots were arming. Sixteen thousand of them intended to assemble in the morning, seize the palace, destroy herself, the Duke of Anjou, and the Catholic noblemen, and carry off Charles. The conspiracy, she said, extended through France.

The chiefs of the congregations were waiting for a signal from Coligny to rise in every province and town. The Catholics had discovered the plot, and did not mean to sit still to be murdered. If the King refused to act with them, they would choose another leader; and whatever happened, he would be himself destroyed.

Unable to say that the story could not be true, Charles looked inquiringly at Tavannes and de Nevers, and they both confirmed the Queen-mother's words. Shaking his incredulity with reminders of Amboise and Meaux, Catherine went on to say that one man was the cause of all the troubles in the realm. The Admiral aspired to rule all France, and she—she admitted, with Anjou and the Guises, had conspired to kill him to save the King and the country. She dropped all disguise. The King, she said, must now assist them or all would be lost. The first blow had failed, but it must be repeated at once. The Admiral, with the rest of the Huguenot leaders, must die.

A grown man, in possession of his senses, would have suspected the story from the proposal with which it ended. Had there been truth in it, the hands which could murder could arrest: the conspirators could be taken in their beds, and, if found guilty, could be legally punished. It was easy to say however that the Huguenots were present in such force that the only safety was in surprise. Charles was a weak passionate boy, alone in the dark conclave of iniquity. He stormed, raved, wept, implored, spoke of his honour, his plighted word; swore at one moment that the Ad-

August 24.

miral should not be touched, then prayed them to try other means. But clear, cold, and venomous, Catherine told him it was too late. If there was a judicial inquiry, the Guises would shield themselves by telling all that they knew. They would betray her; they would betray his brother; and, fairly or unfairly, they would not spare himself. He might protest his innocence, but the world would not believe him. For an hour and a half the King continued to struggle.

'You refuse, then,' Catherine said at last. 'If it be so, your mother and your brother must care for themselves. Permit us to go.' The King scowled at her. 'Is it that you are afraid, Sire?' she hissed in his ear.

'By God's death,' he cried, springing to his feet, 'since you will kill the Admiral, kill them all. Kill all the Huguenots in France, that none may be left to reproach me. Mort Dieu! Kill them all.'

He dashed out of the cabinet. A list of those who were to die was instantly drawn up. Navarre and Condé were first included; but Catherine prudently reflected that to kill the Bourbons would make the Guises too strong. Five or six names were added to the Admiral's, and these Catherine afterwards asserted were all that it was intended should suffer. Even she herself perhaps was not prepared for the horrors that would follow when the mob were let loose upon their prey.

Night had now fallen. Guise and Aumale were still lurking in the city, and came with the Duke of Montpensier at Catherine's summons. The persons who were

to be killed were in different parts of the town. Each took charge of a district. Montpensier promised to see to the Palace; Guise and his uncle undertook the Admiral; and below these, the word went out to the leaders of the already-organized sections, who had been disappointed once, but whose hour was now come. The Catholics were to recognize one another in the confusion by a white handkerchief on the left arm and a white cross in their caps. The Royal Guard, Catholics to a man, were instruments ready made for the work. Guise assembled the officers: he told them that the Huguenots were preparing to rise, and that the King had ordered their instant punishment. The officers asked no questions, and desired no better service. The business was to begin at dawn. The signal would be the tolling of the great bell at the Palace of Justice, and the first death was to be Coligny's.

The soldiers stole to their posts. Twelve hundred lay along the Seine, between the river and the Hôtel de Ville; other companies watched at the Louvre. As the darkness waned, the Queen-mother went down to the gate. The stillness of the dawn was broken by an accidental pistol-shot. Her heart sank, and she sent off a messenger to tell Guise to pause. But it was too late. A minute later the bell boomed out, and the massacre of St Bartholomew had commenced.

The Admiral was feverish with his wounds, and had not slept. The surgeon and a Huguenot minister, named Malin, had passed the night with him. At the first sounds he imagined that there was an *émeute* of the

Catholics at the Court; but the crash of his own gate, and shots and shrieks in the court below the window, told him that, whatever was the cause, his own life was in danger. He sat up in his bed. 'M. Malin,' he said, 'pray for me; I have long expected this.' Some of his attendants rushed half-dressed into the room. 'Gentlemen, save yourselves,' he said to them; 'I commend my soul to my Saviour.'

They scattered, escaping or trying to escape by the roofs and balconies; a German servant alone remained with him. The door was burst open immediately after, and the officer who was in charge of the house, a Bohemian servant of Guise, and a renegade Huguenot soldier, rushed in with drawn swords.

'Are you the Admiral?' the Bohemian cried.

'I am,' replied Coligny; 'and, young man, you should respect my age and my wounds: but the term of my life does not rest in the pleasure of such as thou.'[1]

The Bohemian, with a curse, stabbed him in the breast, and struck him again on the head. The window was open. 'Is it done?' cried Guise from the court below, 'is it done? Fling him out that we may see him.' Still breathing, the Admiral was hurled upon the pavement. The Bastard of Angoulême wiped the blood from his face to be sure of his identity, and then kicking him as he lay, shouted, 'So far well. Courage, my brave boys! now for the rest.' One of the Duc de Nevers's people hacked off the head. A rope was knotted

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[1] 'Aussi bien ne feras-tu ma vie plus brève.'—MARTIN, vol. ix.

about the ankles, and the corpse was dragged out into the street amidst the howling crowd. Teligny, who was in the adjoining house, had sprung out of bed at the first disturbance, ran down into the court, and climbed by a ladder to the roof. From behind a parapet he saw his father-in-law murdered, and, scrambling on the tiles, concealed himself in a garret; but he was soon tracked, torn from his hiding-place, and thrown upon the stones with a dagger in his side.[1] Rochefoucault and the rest of the Admiral's friends who lodged in the neighbourhood were disposed of in the same way, and so complete was the surprise that there was not the most faint attempt at resistance.

Montpensier had been no less successful in the Louvre. The staircases were all beset. The retinues of the King of Navarre and the Prince had been lodged in the palace at Charles's particular desire. Their names were called over, and as they descended unarmed into the quadrangle they were hewn in pieces. There, in heaps, they fell below the Royal window under the eyes of the miserable King, who was forced forward between his mother and his brother that he might be seen as the accomplice of the massacre. Most of the victims were killed upon the spot. Some fled wounded up the stairs, and were slaughtered in the presence of the Princesses. One gentleman rushed bleeding into the apartment of the newly-married Margaret, clung to her dress, and was hardly saved by her intercession.

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[1] News from Paris, September, 1572: *MSS. France.*

By seven o'clock the work which Guise and his immediate friends had undertaken was finished, with but one failure. The Count Montgomery and the Vidame of Chartres lodged in the Faubourg St Germain, across the water, on the outskirts of the town. A party of assassins had been sent to dispatch them, but had loitered on the way to do some private murdering on their own account. When the news reached Montgomery that Paris was up, he supposed, like Coligny, that the Catholics had risen against the Court. He ran down the river's bank with a handful of men behind him, opposite the Tuileries, intending to cross to help his friends; but the boats were all secured on the other side. The soldiers shot at him from under the palace. It was said—it rests only on the worthless authority of Brantome—that Charles himself in his frenzy snatched a gun from a servant and fired at him also. Montgomery did not wait for further explanation. He, the Vidame, and a few others, sprang on their horses, rode for their lives, and escaped to England.

The mob meanwhile was in full enjoyment. Long possessed with the accursed formulas of the priests, they believed that the enemies of God were given into their hands. While dukes and lords were killing at the Louvre, the bands of the sections imitated them with more than success; men, women, and even children, striving which should be the first in the pious work of murder. All Catholic Paris was at the business, and every Huguenot household had neighbours to know and denounce them. Through street and lane and quay and

causeway, the air rang with yells and curses, pistol-shots and crashing windows; the roadways were strewed with mangled bodies, the doors were blocked by the dead and dying. From garret, closet, roof, or stable, crouching creatures were torn shrieking out, and stabbed and hacked at; boys practised their hands by strangling babies in their cradles, and headless bodies were trailed along the trottoirs. Carts struggled through the crowd carrying the dead in piles to the Seine, which, by special Providence, was that morning in flood, to assist in sweeping heresy away. Under the sanction of the great cause, lust, avarice, fear, malice, and revenge, all had free indulgence, and glutted themselves to nausea. Even the distinctions of creed itself became at last confounded; and every man or woman who had a quarrel to avenge, a lawsuit to settle, a wife or husband grown inconvenient, or a prospective inheritance if obstacles could be removed, found a ready road to the object of their desires.

Towards midday some of the quieter people attempted to restore order. A party of the town police made their way to the palace. Charles caught eagerly at their offers of service, and bade them do their utmost to put the people down; but it was all in vain. The soldiers, maddened with plunder and blood, could not be brought to assist, and without them nothing could be done. All that afternoon and night, and the next day and the day after, the horrible scenes continued, till the flames burnt down at last for want of fuel. The number who perished in Paris was computed variously

from two to ten thousand. In this, as in all such instances, the lowest estimate is probably the nearest to the truth.

The massacre was completed—completed in Paris, only, as it proved, to be continued elsewhere. It was assuming a form however considerably larger than anything which the contrivers of it had contemplated; and it became a question what explanation of such a business should be given to the world. The age was not tender-hearted; but a scene of this kind was as yet unprecedented, and transcended far the worst atrocities which had been witnessed in the Netherlands. The opinion of Europe would require some account of it, and the Court at first thought that half the truth might represent the whole. On the 24th, while the havoc was at its height, circulars went round to the provinces that a quarrel had broken out between the Houses of Guise and Coligny; that the Admiral and many more had been unfortunately killed, and that the King himself had been in danger through his efforts to control the people. The governors of the different towns were commanded to repress at once any symptoms of disorder which might show themselves, and particularly to allow no injury to be done to the Huguenots. Aumale and Guise had gone in pursuit of Montgomery, and at the moment were not in Paris. The Queen-mother used the opportunity to burden them with the entire responsibility. But her genius had overshot its mark, and she was not to escape so easily. Guise returned in the evening to find the odium cast upon himself. He

at once insisted that the circulars should be recalled. The Parliament of Paris was assembled, and the King was compelled to admit publicly that the troops had received their orders from himself. The story of the Huguenot conspiracy was revived, systematized, and supported by pretended confessions made at the moment of death by men who could now offer no contradiction. The Protestants of the provinces, finding themselves denounced from the throne, were likely instantly to take arms to defend themselves. Couriers were therefore despatched with second orders that they should be dealt with as they had been dealt with at Paris; and at Lyons, Orleans, Rouen, Bourdeaux, Toulon, Meaux, in half the towns and villages of France, the bloody drama was played over again. The King, thrown out into the hideous torrent of blood, became drunk with frenzy, and let slaughter have its way, till even Guise himself affected to be shocked, and interposed to put an end to it; not however till, according to the belief of the times, a hundred thousand men, women, and children had been miserably murdered.[1]

The guilt of such enormous wickedness may be distinguished from its cause. The guilt was the Queen-mother's; the cause was Catholic fanaticism. Catherine de Medici had designed the political murder of a few inconvenient persons, with a wicked expectation that

[1] The number again may be hoped to have been prodigiously exaggerated; with all large figures, when unsupported by exact statistics, it is safe to divide at least by ten.

their friends in return might kill Guise and his uncle, whose power was troublesome to her. The massacre was the spontaneous work of theological frenzy heated to the boiling point. No imaginable army of murderers could have been provided by the most accomplished conspirator who would have executed such a work in such a way. The actors in it were the willing instruments of teachers of religion as sincere in their madness as themselves. The equity of history requires that men be tried by the standard of their times. The citizens of Paris and Orleans may be pardoned if they were not more enlightened than the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom and the Most Catholic King of Spain. Philip, when the news reached him, is said to have laughed for the first and only time in his life. He was happy in being saved from a combination which had threatened him with the loss of his Low Countries. But a deeper source of gratification to him was the public evidence that his brother-in-law no longer intended to tamper with heresy, that France was in no further danger of following England into schism, and that the seamless robe of the Saviour was not to be parted among His executioners.

September.

At Rome, in the circle of the saints, the delight was even more unbounded. Where the blood was flowing the voice of humanity could not utterly be stifled, and expressions of displeasure began early to be heard.[1] In the Holy City there was a uni-

[1] 'It is much lamented to see the King's cruelty even by the Papists. Many be sorry that so monstrous a murder was invented,

versal outpouring of thanksgiving to the Father who had taken pity on His children. The cannon were fired at St Angelo, the streets were illuminated, Pope Gregory with his cardinals walked in procession from sanctuary to sanctuary to offer their sacrifice of adoring gratitude. As, for an act of hostility committed five centuries before, a prophet of Israel commanded the extermination of an entire nation; as then the baby was not spared at the breast, the mother with child, the aged, and the sick were slaughtered in their beds—all murdered; as the hideous fury was extended to the cattle in the field, and all living things were piled together in a gory mass of carnage: so another slaughter of scarce inferior horror had again been perpetrated in the name of religion, and the Vicar of Christ, like a second Samuel, bestowed upon the deed the especial blessing of the Almighty. The scene of the massacre was painted by the Pope's orders, with an inscription immortalizing his own gratification and approval.[1] He struck a commemorative medal, with on the one side his own image, on the other the destroying Angel immolating the Huguenots. He despatched Cardinal Orsini to Paris to congratulate the King; and the assassins of Lyons, on whose hands the blood of the innocents was scarcely dry, knelt be-

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and presently they dread their own lives. The Duke of Guise himself is not so bloody, neither did he kill any man himself but saved diverse. He spoke openly that for the Admiral's death he was glad, for he knew him to be his enemy; but he thought for the rest that the King had put such to death as, if it pleased him, might have done good service.'—News from Paris, September, 1572: *MSS. France.*

[1] 'Pontifex Colignii necem probat.'

fore the holy man in the cathedral as he passed through, and received his apostolic blessing. Such was the judgment upon the massacre in the Catholic world, where no worldly interests obscured the clearness of the sacred vision.

In England meanwhile to the latest moment the Alençon marriage was still the subject of perpetual discussion. The Court was on progress: the Queen had been at Woburn and Gorhambury, and was spending the last week of August at Kenilworth and Warwick—shooting, hunting, and, in the intervals, playing the spinette to the French ambassador, talking of her boy-suitor, and speculating on the possibility of accepting him. As usual, she objected her age; as usual La Mothe Fénelon and his companions insisted that time had no effect on beauty like her Majesty's. The small-pox was a more considerable difficulty. If some skilful doctor could mend Alençon's face, the worst objection, it was hoped, might be removed. Three couriers arrived close on one another at Kenilworth from Paris, bringing letters from Charles to the ambassador, and letters from Coligny and Montmorency to Leicester and Burghley. All were in the same strain, pressing either for the marriage or else for a declaration against Spain; all urging the Queen not to let the opportunity pass from her. If England would commit itself, Charles promised to follow, and to contribute at once 200,000 ducats towards Elizabeth's expenses.[1]

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[1] 'En este tiempo que alli estuvó el Mot, que fueron 20 dias, le vinieron tres correos despachados por el Rey con cartas suyas para él, y en

The Queen intimated that if the King of France would repeat the same promises in a letter under his own hand to herself, she would consider his proposal. For the present she would help the Prince of Orange underhand with men and money, but she could not venture into open war single-handed.[1] With this answer de la Mole took his leave, intending to return home at once and persuade Alençon to pay Elizabeth a visit. La Mothe went with him to London, where they met the news of the massacre, and found the city filled with panic-stricken Huguenots, who had crossed the Channel in open boats.

The French alliance had been the work of statesmen, and had never been liked by the English people. They had submitted to it as a necessity, but with a bad grace, and with no expectation that good would come of it. In an instant, with the shock of irresistible conviction, the belief spread that the treaty, the suit of Alençon, the marriage of the Princess Margaret, the affected anxiety of Charles to interfere in the Netherlands, were all parts of a conspiracy to throw the

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todas ellas le decia que con toda instancia dixese y hiciese con la Reyna que rompiese con su Mag^d Catolica, pues habia tan urgentes razones y causas para ello, vistas las diferencias que entre ambos habia, no perdiendo tan buena conjunction de tiempo, y que habiendolo asi, se moverian con ello causas liatas para que el hiciese lo mismo publicamente, y para que supiese su buen animo y voluntad que para esto tenia, en rompiendo ella dentro de quince dias le daria luego 200 mil ducados. Mostrandole siempre el Mot á la Reyna las proprias cartas que el Rey le escribia.'—Antonio de Fogaça á Ruy Gomez. Londres, Setiembre 8, 1572: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] Antonio de Fogaça á Ruy Gomez. Londres, Setiembre 8, 1572: *MSS. Simancas.*

Huguenots off their guard, and thus destroy them. Armed with the letter which Charles wrote the day of the massacre, and in which he laid the blame upon Guise, La Mothe attempted to check the torrent of invective;[1] but he was himself obliged after the next post to change his language, and his double story was taken as a fresh evidence of treachery. The atrocities in the French provinces furnished fuel to the indignation. English witnesses of the scenes at Rouen shut La Mothe's mouth and made explanation impossible. The universal and not unnatural opinion was that, finding themselves baffled in the field, the Papal, French, and Spanish Courts had laid a plot for the general murder of Protestants all over Europe, that the English and Scotch Catholics were secret parties to it, and that the festival of the Gallic nuptials was to be celebrated everywhere as the opportunity offered.

The accounts from Rome confirmed the most sinister interpretation. The cry rose in the pulpits of blood for blood. Every Papist was regarded as a murderer in disguise; and the symptoms were so alarming of an intention to give them 'Paris justice,' that Burghley had to hurry up to London to keep his friends in order. The bishops sent a representation to the Queen that, for the quiet of the realm, such Catholic priests and gentlemen as were in prison for having refused the oath of allegiance should be immediately put to death.[2]

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[1] La Mothe Fénelon au Roy, September 2: *Dépêches*, vol. v.

[2] Antonio de Fogaça to Ruy Gomez, September 8: *MSS. Simancas.*

Edwin Sandys, the Bishop of London, intimated to Burghley that if this could not be done, the Court at least should be cleared of Catholics and 'such as by private persuasion overthrew good counsel;' notorious Catholic noblemen should be sent to the Tower; and the consciences of good Protestants should be no longer burdened with the Queen's taste for idle church ceremonies; above all, and without a moment's delay, that 'the Queen of Scots' head should be struck from her shoulders.'[1]

This last advice, though she could not act upon it literally, Elizabeth was not disinclined to accept. She had excused her past hesitation in dealing firmly with Mary Stuart, on the plea that she could not offend France. If France was now about to make common cause with Spain, the Queen no longer felt called on, either by principle or by prudence, to obstruct the demands of justice. She shrank still from being the avenger of her own wrongs; but Sir Henry Killigrew was sent down in haste to the Earl of Mar, to say that the Queen of Scots' presence in England was too dangerous to be allowed to continue; that it was necessary to come to a conclusion with her; and that although she might be tried and executed in England for her crimes against the Queen, yet that 'for certain respects' it was thought better that she should be given up to the Scots. That there might be no mistake in the meaning of the message, Lord Burghley added, that

[1] Edwyn Sandys to Burghley, September 5: *Illustrations of British History*, vol. ii.

it was not meant that she was to exchange an English for a Scotch prison: 'To have her in Scotland, and to keep her, was of all things the most dangerous;' the Queen desired to be rid of her, but only 'with good assurance that the Scots would without fail proceed with her by way of justice, so as neither Scotland nor England should be any more endangered by her.' The particular arrangements were trusted to the messenger's discretion. Some near relations, both of Mar and Morton, would be required as hostages to ensure the execution, before Mary Stuart would be parted with; and Killigrew was instructed to induce the Regent, if possible, himself to make the first move, and desire that she might be given up.[1]

The 'certain respects' were a desire to escape the odium of an act which nevertheless required to be done; and a wish, that when the Queen of Scots' punishment came, she should be punished for a crime which neither France, nor Spain, nor the Pope, nor the English Catholics could dare to defend. In England, she could be put on her trial for treason; but the law was doubtful, and the offence in the eyes of religion was a virtue. In Scotland, she could be convicted in the presence of the world of adultery and murder.

This momentous step was followed by another of no less marked significance. Elizabeth believed that the long-dreaded Catholic League, in its most frightful form, was about to become a reality; that England, as well as

[1] Secret instructions to Sir H. Killigrew, September 20, in Burghley's hand: *MSS. Hatfield.*

all other Protestant countries, must look to encounter the entire force which the Pope could direct against them; and that she must at length adopt the open policy which Burghley had urged upon her so long, set her house in order, put an end to Scotch anarchy, ally herself in earnest with the Netherlands and the German Princes, and prepare for the struggle which was to decide the fortunes of European liberty.

The Prince of Orange was lying at Ruremonde waiting for the French to advance to relieve Mons. Elizabeth remembered for the moment, in the words of Walsingham, that unless God had raised up the Prince to entertain Spain, she would have had the fire long since at her own door. There was no hope of French assistance now. She ordered Sir Thomas Gresham to raise thirty or forty thousand pounds and take it to Hamburgh for the Prince's use; and she prepared to improve at last in seriousness the footing which she already held on the coast of Holland. Sir H. Gilbert, who was laying siege to Tregouse, wrote that both that town and Middleburg could be reduced with a slight additional effort. The Queen, with the consent of the people, might then be placed in entire possession of Walcheren and the other islands. The Zealand fleet would hoist her flag; the islands themselves would pay the expense both of that and of the troops which she might send to defend them; and with the command of the Scheldt, and complete mistress of the seas, the Queen might dare the worst which France and Spain could do.[1]

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[1] Sir Humfrey Gilbert was not afraid of responsibility. 'Sir,' he

Believing the extremity to be really come, she allowed 8000 men to be raised and armed with precipitate haste, and transports to be provided to carry them to Flushing. The musters were called out; the fleet at Portsmouth was ordered into the Downs to hold the Channel; and Sir John Hawkins, with twenty ships, equipped with Philip's money, and manned in part with the crews whom he had duped Philip into releasing from the Seville dungeons, sailed for the Azores to lie in wait for the Mexican gold fleet.[1] So desperate was the English Government at that moment, so determined to use any means to harass and embarrass the Catholic Powers, that cannon and muskets were sent to the Mediterranean for the Corsairs of Barbary;[2] whilst to make all sure at home, the Prince of Orange was told that if he could plunge down upon Louvain, seize the English refugees and send them home, he could not demand a price which Elizabeth would refuse to pay for them.[3]

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wrote to Burghley, 'presuming of your wonted favours I will desperately enter into the matter. I do know that her Majesty and my Lords of the council are many times enforced to pretend that they nothing desire. Wherefore what letter soever shall be sent me from my Lords of the council for revoking of me home, I will think them but for form, except your Honour do write me your private letters to return.'—Gilbert to Cecil, September 7: *MSS. Flanders.*

[1] Antonio de Fogaça to Ruy Gomez, September 8, and September 16; Antonio de Guaras to Alva, August 30, September 5, and September 18: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Que se habia dado licencia para llevar por mercaderia á Berveria, artilleria de hierro colado y arcabuzes, y que se llevaria quantidad.' Philip, who had borne with equanimity the more serious information, wrote opposite to this paragraph 'ojo'!!

[3] 'La causa por que Gresham mas va de procurar es de que si en los lugares que al dicho Orange se han rendido hubiese hallado en ellos á la dicha Condesa de Northumber-

So much for Spain and Flanders. It was more difficult to determine what attitude to assume towards the wretched Charles and Catherine. The ratifications had but just been exchanged of a treaty of the closest friendship, and the whole affair was as inexplicable as it was monstrous. Fears at first were entertained for Walsingham and his suite. It was ascertained, on this point, that the alarm was unnecessary. A guard had been placed at the Embassy, where all the English in Paris had collected, and one or two only had been killed who had neglected to take refuge there. But with regard to the catastrophe itself, Walsingham's first letters were brief and obscure. He wrote under evident restraint, not daring to speak out lest his words might fall under eyes for which they were not intended.

Many days passed before the Queen could bring herself to receive La Mothe Fénelon. The wish of the people was to tear the treaty to shreds, drive La Mothe out of the country, and fling defiance at the whole French nation. But impulses which may be honourable and right in individuals who risk only their own lives and fortunes are forbidden to those who are responsible for the safety of the commonwealth. It might be heroic,

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land la qual residia en Malinas, y al Conde de Westmoreland, y á Milord Morley, y á los demas Ingleses que los mas estaban en Lovayna, procure de haberlos, aunque de por ellos muchos dineros, y los envie aqui, que esto es un negocio que ellos mucho desean y procuran; y assi si los pobres no se hubieren salido de los dichos pueblos antes que se rindiesen, ciertamente ellos vendrian á manos destos, aunque les cueste grandissima suma de dineros.'—Fogaça to Ruy Gomez, September 16: *MSS. Simancas.*

but it would hardly be prudent, to fling the gauntlet in the face of England's solitary ally. The quarrel was likely enough to come; but the Queen had work enough upon her hands, and while she was preparing for the worst, she felt that she could do no solid good by anticipating it.

At length, towards the middle of September, the ambassador was informed that he would be ad nitted. The Court was at Woodstock, on its way from Warwick to Windsor. The whole council was collected. Bedford and Bacon, though both unwell, had been particularly sent for. Queen, Ministers, attendants, were all in mourning; and when La Mothe Fénelon was introduced, he was received in solemn silence. On such occasions the littleness of Elizabeth's character entirely disappeared, and the Imperial majesty of her nobler nature possessed her wholly. If any misgiving crossed her mind on her own past proceedings, she showed no signs of it. She rose with a grave but not unkind expression. She drew La Mothe aside into a window, and asked him if the dreadful news which she had heard could possibly be true. La Mothe Fénelon, who was by this time perfect in his lesson, produced the story of the Admiral's conspiracy, the plot for the surprise of the Court, the King's danger, and the necessity of a desperate remedy in a desperate case.

Elizabeth did not say that she disbelieved him; but if the charge was true, the King, she said, had brought a stain upon his reputation from which she had hoped he would have been able to clear himself. She had per-

suaded herself that the miserable scenes in Paris had risen from some extraordinary accident which time would explain; but it appeared now from what La Mothe told her, that the King had himself sanctioned an insurrection in which thousands of innocent persons had lost their lives.

The ambassador explained, protested, equivocated. He expressed a hope that at least the friendship between the two countries would not be disturbed.

The Queen replied, coldly, that she feared that a King who had abandoned his subjects might desert his allies. She could only hope that for his own sake he would produce evidence of the alleged conspiracy, and would protect such of the Protestants as had no share in it.

La Mothe, to turn the subject, said that the Queen of France was near her confinement, and he ventured to remind Elizabeth that she had promised to be godmother to the child.

She told him that she had intended to send to Paris on that occasion the most honourable embassy that had ever left the shores of England. She felt now that she could trust no one whom she valued in a country where his life would be unsafe.

With these words she left him. He turned to the council, but only to hear the truth spoken to him in plainer language. The Queen had been at least courteous; but he was not to go away with the belief that the English Government accepted his excuses.

Lord Burghley said that the Paris Massacre was the

most horrible crime which had been committed in the world since the crucifixion of Christ. The very Spaniards and Italians would condemn such unheard-of cruelty. He could not say on whom the guilt most rested, but the plighted word of the King had been violated, and a deed of unexampled infamy had been committed in his presence.

Words of this kind, La Mothe intimated, might lead to a breach of amity, but the council was indifferent to consequences.[1]

In France, at the focus of the danger, Walsingham used the same language. A letter to Charles had been found among the Admiral's papers putting him on his guard against Spain and England. The Queen-mother showed it to Elizabeth's Minister, and he nobly answered, 'that however the Admiral was affected to England, he had shown himself in that letter a most faithful servant of the Crown of France.'[2] As little did he deign to conceal his disbelief of the pretended plot. He had been in daily communication with Montgomery, whom Catherine especially accused. He was able to assert on his own knowledge that Montgomery was innocent of every evil intention; and he insisted fearlessly that, were the proofs against him and others as clear as they were futile, they ought to have been arrested and tried.

Had the massacre been really intended, the Queen-

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[1] Burghley to Walsingham, September 19; Sir T. Smith to Walsingham, October 13: DIGGES.

[2] Walsingham to Sir T. Smith, September 14: DIGGES.

mother would have cared little for the world's reception of it; but as the thing itself had been sudden, so it found her unprepared, and left her uncertain what to do. She had wished merely to avoid a war with Spain, in which she feared Elizabeth would forsake her, and to give the heads of the two factions a chance of destroying each other; but she was no more willing to throw herself into a Catholic crusade than into a Protestant war of liberty. The crown of Poland was likely to be vacant, and she was looking to the German Princes to elect the Duke of Anjou. She showed no resentment therefore either at Elizabeth's language or at Walsingham's; she took no advantage of the Pope's approbation; she endeavoured to divest the massacre of all religious character, and to represent it as a political misfortune; and she seemed to expect that the Alençon negotiation might go on as if nothing had happened. But Walsingham's confidence in her or Charles was shaken to the ground. The King told him that he could justify himself; Walsingham answered that, under every conceivable aspect, his conduct was without excuse. If the Huguenots had committed offences, they should have been punished with justice, and not with 'the bloody sword of murderers.' 'The King's conscience,' he wrote to England, 'made him repute all those of the religion at home and abroad his enemies, and wish none of them alive; and, if he might himself give his opinion without presumption, he thought it less peril to live with them as foes than as friends.'[1]

[1] Walsingham to the Council, September 24: DIGGES.

'If the Admiral and his friends were guilty,' said Sir Thomas Smith, 'why were they not apprehended and tried? So is the journeyer slain by the robber, so is the hen by the fox, so the hind by the lion, and Abel by Cain. Grant that they were guilty — that they dreamt treason in their sleep — what did the innocent men, women, and children at Lyons? What did the sucking children and their mothers at Rouen, at Caen, at Rochelle? Will God sleep?' October.

There were some who, even at that wild moment, believed Charles to have been innocent. La Mothe told Leicester privately that the King detested the massacre, and would soon revenge it;[1] and Sir Thomas Smith said, 'he was sorry for the King, whom he esteemed the most worthy, the most faithful prince in the world; the most sincere monarch living.'[2]

But Charles, at all events, was powerless. His weak intentions were drowned in wretchedness and desperation, and in him there were no grounds for England's future confidence; while Catherine had to feel also that she had not been more successful in renewing the good-will or disarming the suspicions of Spain. Philip himself had been inclined at first to see in what had happened an earnest of better things, a guarantee for the future of Christendom, an opening for a possible reconciliation of Catholic Europe, cemented by a marriage between Anjou and the Queen of Scots, and a league

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, September 11: DIGGES.

[2] Sir T. Smith to Walsingham, September 26.

for the overthrow of Elizabeth.[1] But Alva, who saw deeper into the undercurrent of feeling, trusted France no more than before, and knew better than his master the magnitude of the problem which he had himself on hand. The catastrophe had relieved him of a combination which a few weeks previously had threatened him with certain destruction. The revolt of the Provinces which that combination had caused was in itself sufficiently formidable, and, if supported by England, might still be too much for him. It was no time for leagues against Elizabeth; it was no time to assist France to extricate itself from the confusion into which it was precipitated. France, for some years to come, would be unable now to meddle with its neighbours; and Alva concluded, with clear practical sense, that his own and his master's business was rather to take advantage of the irritation against France in England, to prevent the alliance from growing up again, to revive the Burgundian league, to contrast Spanish honour with French perfidy, and, instead of attacking Elizabeth, tempt her by every conciliatory offer to desert the unlucky Prince of Orange.

Thus Catherine found that, with all her skill, she could not blind Europe. She had forfeited the friendship of England; she had the civil war again upon her hands at home, and she had gained nothing but the Pope's blessing. The Protestants of the south-west Provinces, rallying from their first panic, were every-

[1] Aguilon to Cayas, November 6: TEULET, vol. v.

where in arms. Rochelle closed its gates, and the great towns of Languedoc and Guienne followed their example. Montgomery, with help in England, re-established the privateer fleet of the south; and the Queen-mother, bankrupt in money and credit, had to begin the old work over again with twenty Colignys in the field for one, to clamour in the midst of the world's scorn that the massacre was an accident, and to sue in the very dirt to Elizabeth for her consent still to be her grandchild's godmother,[1] to let the treaty stand, and to entertain Alençon's suit.

But her efforts were for the most part useless. Walsingham was not recalled, but the intercourse between the two Courts was reduced to cold courtesy. The Queen-mother's anxiety was construed into a further step in the conspiracy, and for a second *noces Galliques* to be enacted in England.

Confidence in France was gone, and English statesmen had now to decide whether they should maintain or desert the Netherlands. It was seen that they at first thought the alternative would not be offered them; that they would have war immediately on their hands with France and Spain combined. But they soon perceived that of this there was at least no immediate danger; while the prospects of Orange were certainly not favourable enough to tempt Elizabeth unnecessarily to his side. On the news of the massacre, his army had at once dissolved. He had himself retired into Holland,

[1] The Queen-mother and the King to La Mothe Fénelon, September and October: *Dépêches*, vol. vii.

and Count Louis capitulated in Mons when he found that no relief could reach him from any quarter. The garrison was at its last extremity, and in a few more days must have surrendered unconditionally. To his own and the world's surprise, the Duke of Alva consented to terms rarely granted to insurgents by the most lenient commander. The Huguenot troops marched out with the honours of war, to be cut to pieces by their own countrymen when they crossed the French frontier; and Count Louis himself, after being received with marked distinction in the Spanish camp, was permitted to go where he pleased.

The Duke apologized to Philip for his unusual clemency, saying simply that he had reasons for it, on which he would not dilate. It became immediately evident that he desired to create a favourable impression upon England. Ferocity at that particular moment would have exasperated the passions of the people beyond control, while forbearance would contrast with the atrocities of Paris, and give Elizabeth an excuse, of which he believed that she would avail herself, for leaving the Netherlands to their natural master. Antonio de Guaras supplied the Duke daily with the most minute account of the English movements, and he had soon reason to congratulate himself on his prudence. The old friends of the Spanish alliance were busy again. De Guaras spent money freely, giving as much as ten thousand crowns to some one unnamed who had influence with the Queen; and he ascertained in a little while that the reinforcements which were to have gone to Gilbert

were suspended, that Gresham's departure had been counter-ordered, that money had been sent to the Prince, but less than was originally intended; and that the Government was watching only to see what became of his enterprise. If he failed this time, England would leave him to his fate, and accept the friendship which Alva was so unexpectedly offering.[1]

The Spanish Government left no stone unturned to encourage the yielding humour. November. Submitting to the opinion of Alva, Philip himself sued to the Queen for a reconciliation, in terms which to the jealousy of the French ambassador appeared beneath the dignity of so great a Prince.[2] The Duke, referring with gracious irony to St Bartholomew, observed that she had gained little by exchanging the friendship of Spain for that of France. The promoters of the Blood Council affected horror at the massacre at Paris, and

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[1] 'Considerando lo que ha pasado en Francia todos á una mano tratan de la amistad de la casa de Borgoña; y tenga Vª Excellencia por cierto que estan la Reyna y su consejo como rendidos, y que desean la amistad mas que jamas. Aqui tenian seis naos y ocho mill hombres prestos levantados en la costa, para si el de Orange prevalesceria como he escripto, y en lugar del dicho Gresham enviáron en dinero con correos pasadas de 20 mill libras para que el de Orange como se dice por falta del dinero no dexase de executar, pero de presente estan rendidos como digo.'—De Guaras to Alva, October 6: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Le Roy d'Espaigne luy a escript une lettre fort pleyne d'affection et d'offres, et d'une quasi soubmission, qui semble ne convenir guères, ny à la grandeur d'un tel prince, ni à la recordation des injures qu'il a reçue. Tant y a qu'en la dicte lettre après beaucoup de belles et bonnes paroles il insiste au renouvellement des anciens traictés et de l'ancienne confederation d'entre ceste couronne et la mayson de Bourgoigne et qu'il est prest de la confirmer et la jurer de nouveau.'—La Mothe Fénelon to the King, November 15: *Depêches*, vol. v.

professed an ardent desire for the restoration 'of the ancient amity between the Crown of England and the House of Burgundy.'[1]

The Prince's cause after the breaking up of his army appeared to be irretrievably lost. No sane politician could believe that a few towns, a few marshy islands, and a population to be counted by thousands, could resist successfully the first military Power in the world. It might be noble to rush forward in defence of liberty. If a struggle for life and death became inevitable, England might have to stake her fortunes on the chance, and sink or swim with the revolted Provinces; but Elizabeth and her Ministers might well doubt whether they ought to venture needlessly so tremendous a risk in a quarrel which was but half their own. It might be that, looking to the broad interests of the Reformation, England was better fulfilling her duty by maintaining her own freedom, than by undertaking to fight the battles of every country with whose cause she sympathized.

Could England and France have understood and trusted each other in the past summer, then indeed the face of Europe might have been changed; but the characters of the Sovereigns of the two countries, and the dispositions of their subjects, were alike unfavourable. Each Government had with too much justice suspected the sincerity of the other. France had seen Elizabeth

[1] —— to Sir William Fitzwilliam, November 12, 1572: *MSS. Ireland.* I have not discovered Alva's original letter, but it is fully described by Fitzwilliam's correspondent.

corresponding with Alva in the midst of the most opposite professions, and the catastrophe of August had justified the misgivings all along entertained by the opponents of the French alliance. The opportunity, at all events, had now passed. It remained for Elizabeth to do the best that she could for her subjects and herself, and her manifest interest pointed to the prudence of deserting the Low Countries and accepting Philip's offered friendship. If she entertained any doubts about it, she must have been fortified in her conclusions by the consternation which was produced among the Catholics. At the moment when the massacre at Paris seemed to have opened the way to their immediate triumph, the refugees and the friends of Mary Stuart found their hopes utterly blighted. With the Pope at their back, and European fanaticism enthusiastic to take arms in their cause, they found their movements paralyzed; and if the Protestants on one side reproached Elizabeth for abandoning the Prince, the reconciliation of Philip with an excommunicated Sovereign was more terrible and more destructive to the Catholics.

For a long time they could not believe their senses, and they continued to besiege the Court of Madrid with plans for the conquest of England, and with reproaches for Alva's coldness in executing them. Doctor Sanders, in the name of the Louvain exiles, repeated in the usual language that England was the cause of the Netherlands' rebellion, and that till England was subdued, the rebellion would never be put down. He

drew a picture of the great English Catholic party—one in heart, one in creed, and one in feeling, while the heretics were split into a hundred sects—Lutherans, Calvinists, Anabaptists, Puritans, hating each other, distrusting the Queen, and looking with dread to what would follow on her death. He sketched Elizabeth as she was represented in the Catholic imagination—a woman detested for her avarice, abhorred for the infamy of her life; setting herself up above all that was called God; and with her married clergy and her shameless favourite who had murdered his wife at her side, pretending to be the Head of the Church of Christ. Don John of Austria, he said, need but land alone in an open boat upon the English shore, to be welcomed as a deliverer. The heretics, made effeminate by vice and luxury, would fly at the first shot, and God would be on his side.[1] 'The King,' wrote one of Sanders's companions, 'should remember his honour, and not allow France to take his place as the champion of the Holy See—France, which by its exploit of August, had gained immortal glory with the good throughout the world.'[2]

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[1] Doctor Sanders to Philip II., 1572. Parecer acerca las cosas de Irlanda y Inglaterra, October 11, 1572. Informacion dada por Don Guerau, November, 1572: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Es increible quanta honra y fama este solo hecho del Françes el verano pasado le ha ganado por todo, y quanta esperança ahora todos los buenos de todas las naciones tienen en el. Por tanto conviene cierto mucho que el Rey Catolico sobre todas las cosas hiciese algo para resuscitar su nombre en estas partes occidentales del mundo.'— —— to the Duchess of Feria: *MSS. Simancas.* From the rest of the letter the writer appears clearly to have been one of the English in the Low Countries, but cannot be identified more closely. It is worth observing that the only emphatic and unqualified admirers of the massacre were

In England too, among the Protestants, there was some dissatisfaction. There was many a gallant gentleman who would have rather died in fighting Spaniards than have shaken hands with the Duke of Alva, especially when Alva, having been reproached for his gentleness at Mons, began to show himself again in his true colours. In return for the murder of the monks at Mechlin, he gave up the town to be sacked by the Spanish soldiers, and for three days it was a scene of horrors which sent a shudder through Northern Europe. One day, de Guaras said, the London people looked on him as their best friend, and the next they were ready to stone him. The sack of Mechlin revived the terror that the Protestants would be massacred in detail all over Europe, and at the end of October a sermon was preached at St Paul's to an enormous crowd, inflaming the passions of the people, appealing to Papists as well as Protestants to be true to their country, and threatening both alike with Philip's galleys.[1]

But both in Spain and in England temperate counsels prevailed. Philip could not without a pang submit to have his piety suspected, but he allowed himself to be guided by Alva; while pressing danger in Ireland, of which the reader will presently hear, the deeper detestation of France, the interests of commerce, the despair of the Prince's success, and the sincerity of Spain in

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the Pope and the English Catholics at Louvain.

[1] 'Vosotros Papistas tened fuerte con nosotros Protestantes, porque de otra manera vosotros y nosotros iremos á remar en las galeras del Rey Felipe.'—De Guaras to Alva, October 28: *MSS. Simancas.*

desiring a reconciliation, of which Alva's correspondence leaves no kind of doubt, continued to determine the policy of Elizabeth and her cabinet. Sir Humfrey Gilbert was recalled in earnest, and the prospect of a liberal reconstruction of Europe having failed on the one hand, and Philip on the other having shown so great a disregard of the Pope as to be willing to renew his relations with England, Lord Burghley considered that it would be well if by some other means the great questions of the time could be amicably composed. In a remarkable conversation with de Guaras he renewed the proposals made long before by Henry VIII. to Philip's father. 'He said that if the King of Spain would consent to some truly general council in which all opinions could be fairly represented, and if the practical abuses of the Holy See could be reformed, neither England nor Elizabeth would refuse to return to communion with Christendom. 'His mistress was neither Calvinist nor Huguenot, and she believed as much as Philip in the need of authority in the Church. The general interests of the world required reconciliation and peace, for the sake of which all parties ought to be ready to make sacrifices; and to make a beginning, the Queen would feel herself happy if the King of Spain would allow her to mediate between the Crown of Spain and the Prince of Orange.[1] England, Lord Burghley said, was willing to restore the treasure which had been the original cause of the quarrel, to put down piracy and privateering, and to

[1] De Guaras to Alva, October 12, and November 4: *MSS. Simancas.*

discontinue the protection hitherto afforded to the King of Spain's revolted subjects. A commission might sit to determine the outstanding claims of Spain and England one upon the other; and as soon as they were settled, the ancient league could be renewed. The Catholic King would be expected to forbid the English refugees to reside any longer in his dominions, and pending the general settlement of religion, English merchants and sailors trading to Spain were not to be molested by the Inquisition as long as they complied in public with the laws.'

December.

The Duke of Alva, had he been left to his own judgment, would have accepted these conditions without scruple or hesitation. The Hollanders were preparing for a desperate resistance, and the Spanish commander estimated their ability to hold their ground against him considerably higher than Elizabeth or Burghley. But, great as his powers were, he dared not conclude a treaty on his own authority, which would close Spain and the Low Countries against the English Catholics. To himself they had been only a source of irritation and trouble, but they were pensioners and favourites of his master; and, before he could reply, he had to refer for instructions to Philip. The States-General of Holland made use of the delay to send a deputation to Elizabeth to entreat her not to desert them. She paused upon her answer, till Philip had decided; and, to show that she was not afraid, the English fleet continued rigorously to scour the Channel, and arrest every ship on its way from Spain to Flanders.

But the bolder the front which she maintained, the more eager was Alva for peace with her, the more he pressed his master not to hesitate in compliance. His army had sat down before Haarlem after the sack of Mechlin. He found the town defended with a skill which the ablest engineers and the best trained troops in the world could not have exceeded. He was losing his men by thousands in a winter siege, and he said that if England interposed the rebellion would never be suppressed.[1]

Philip's difficulties were dreadful; to come to terms at all with a Power which had treated him with such insolence was more than humiliating. To consent to limit the power of the Inquisition, and to expel from his dominions those English friends who had been exiled for their faithfulness to the Church, was more than he could bear. His condition was pitiable. When he learnt that the English Catholics were now looking to France rather than to him to be their champion, he covered the margins of his despatches with interjections and lamentations; and the refugees plied him with complaints and reproaches, which cut the deeper because they were moderately urged. One of the party at Louvain, whose name does not appear, wrote a remarkable letter to the Duchess of Feria, which was intended for Philip's eyes.

'Although,' so it ran, 'your Grace's words to us are always consolatory, yet we are dispirited by the long

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[1] Alva to Philip, January 17: *Correspondence*, vol. ii.

delay, and by seeing that nothing is done for us. We are driven to fear that we are deserted, and, against our natural inclinations, we turn our eyes towards the French, in whom alone we see the necessary courage, energy, spirit, and resolution. Your Grace may be assured that we neglect no exertions to keep our people loyal to the Crown of Spain; but, in our own defence, and in return for the confidence which his Majesty places in us, we beseech your Grace to explain to him that we shall be powerless, if he allows France to forestall him in moving on our behalf. All the world sees that conscience, duty, loyalty, justice, even gratitude, will then oblige us to go with the rest, and in the service of God and of our lawful sovereign (the Queen of Scots), accept the assistance of the first prince who will espouse our cause.

'The King can receive no more from us than we possess. Our hearty desire is to be his in all sincerity, and, without doubt, had our powers equalled our goodwill, the position both of England and Scotland towards him would have been now far different from what it is.

'You can hardly imagine the honour and glory which the French have gained for themselves by their exploit last summer. The good all the world over now look to them. And it is the more necessary that the Catholic King should exert himself to retrieve his name and credit. The French, as he well knows, are quick to resolve and swift to execute. Their influence at present is immense, both with the Holy See and with the

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'Although,' so it ran, 'your Grace's words to us are always consolatory, yet we are dispirited by the long

[1] Alva to Philip, January 17: *Correspondence*, vol. ii.

delay, and by seeing that nothing is done for us. We are driven to fear that we are deserted, and, against our natural inclinations, we turn our eyes towards the French, in whom alone we see the necessary courage, energy, spirit, and resolution. Your Grace may be assured that we neglect no exertions to keep our people loyal to the Crown of Spain; but, in our own defence, and in return for the confidence which his Majesty places in us, we beseech your Grace to explain to him that we shall be powerless, if he allows France to forestall him in moving on our behalf. All the world sees that conscience, duty, loyalty, justice, even gratitude, will then oblige us to go with the rest, and in the service of God and of our lawful sovereign (the Queen of Scots), accept the assistance of the first prince who will espouse our cause.

'The King can receive no more from us than we possess. Our hearty desire is to be his in all sincerity, and, without doubt, had our powers equalled our goodwill, the position both of England and Scotland towards him would have been now far different from what it is.

'You can hardly imagine the honour and glory which the French have gained for themselves by their exploit last summer. The good all the world over now look to them. And it is the more necessary that the Catholic King should exert himself to retrieve his name and credit. The French, as he well knows, are quick to resolve and swift to execute. Their influence at present is immense, both with the Holy See and with the

English Catholics.[1] If they undertake the reformation of our country, they will win the admiration not only of the English, but of all people everywhere who favour the cause of religion. When they have begun the work, it will be small honour to the Catholic King to follow suit with them; and, if he is prudent, he will not leave the entire field for them to occupy. After all the hopes which, for fourteen years, have been fixed upon his Majesty, it will be strange indeed to see another step in and do the work, and that other one from whom, four months ago, no one expected anything. In justice and reason, the Queen of Scots and her subjects will be most obliged to those who are the first to help them. The French Cardinals at Rome are now certain that their own people will take the initiative, and they count on securing the whole advantage to themselves. For our own part, we can but hope that his Catholic Majesty will forestall them, for his interest's sake as much as for his honour.

'The pretended Queen of England is endeavouring to place the government of Scotland in the hands of the Earl of Morton, who murdered the Secretary and the late King. Through his means, Cecil looks to get possession of the Prince; and not Cecil, but the other,[2] will make an end of the good Queen. This once done, the French will carry all before them. As long as the Queen of

[1] 'Bien entiende su Mag^d^ las resoluciones presurosas y las executiones *cabeça abaxo* naturalmente in la nacion Françesa; su reputacion ahora es grande con la Sede Apostolica, y su credito grande con todos los Catolicos de nuestra nacion.'

[2] 'El otro que Cecil.' I suppose this means Morton.

Scots lives, his Majesty can turn the tables on them, but he will lose his advantage when she is dead, unless he has the Prince in his hands, where the Queen, his mother, desires to see him. She knows that France will not allow Scotland and England to be under one crown, unless she marries the Duke of Anjou; and for this reason she prefers the Catholic King. If however the Prince dies, or is carried to England, she will then, without doubt, be put to death, and Spain will be without a party in the whole island.

'Inform his Majesty of the commissioners sent to England by the States. We are told that the pretended Queen has promised to supply funds for six thousand men in the coming spring. If it be so, you can force his Majesty to see the profound cunning with which she is acting. She pretends to be unresolved upon her answer, when she has already consented to what the States ask of her: while she will say in public that she can take no part against her dear brother the King of Spain; she will entertain the envoy of the Duke of Alva with conspicuous courtesy; and she will heap favours on him, that he may stand her friend at Brussels.'[1]

The fears and jealousies which divided Catholic Europe are nowhere better expressed than in this letter. The writer believed—or, at any rate, he wished Philip to believe—that Elizabeth was tottering to her fall; and, being a warm friend of Spain, he affected to dread lest the French should step in and sweep away the

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[1] —— to the Duchess of Feria, January 23, 1573.

Pope's blessing, the glory, and the prize. The arguments were well calculated to work on the King of Spain; but, unfortunately, the Duke of Alva's views of the situation were totally different. In the first place, he disbelieved in the completeness of the Catholic revolution in France. He knew that the Queen-mother was working day and night to recover Elizabeth's confidence. When a French Princess was born in October, she solicited her so earnestly to fulfil her promise to be the child's godmother, that Elizabeth had at last consented; and the Earl of Worcester went to represent her at the ceremony. That an English nobleman—one too of notoriously Catholic tendencies—should go in state to Paris so soon after the massacre, was considered by the Protestants a hideous scandal—so hideous indeed that the Earl was attacked by a privateer midway between Dover and Calais. Four of his men were killed, and seven others wounded.[1] But to Alva the continuance of any kind of friendly relations was alarming. He was not satisfied that the projects of France on Flanders might not still be revived. Even the Alençon marriage did not yet seem wholly impossible. Elizabeth still talked of it, and Burghley still wished it;[2] while, so far from

[1] The attack was believed in London to have been instigated by some of the English bishops. A Spanish agent writes: 'Creese que fué por trato de los Obispos de Inglaterra que descaban que la Reyna no enviase personage al dicho bautismo.'—Relacion de las Cartas de Antonio Fogaça á Cayas, Enero, 1573: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Wherever documents survive, which reveal what was passing under the surface, we find everywhere in Europe organizations of complex treachery. At the end of 1572 a person appeared in London professing to come from the Duc d'Alençon, with a private message that the Duke

believing in the resources of the English Catholics, he

detested the atrocities committed by his mother and brother, that he wished to escape to England, and afterwards, with the Queen's assistance, to place himself at the head of the Huguenots; when, by doing service to the good cause, he hoped to win his way to her hand.

The following letter, which was apparently one of a series, will explain the principal points of the transaction. The original is among Burghley's papers at Hatfield. How it fell into English hands is unexplained. Don Lucidor is the Duc d'Alençon, Madame de Lisle is Elizabeth:—

'London, December, 1572.

'Á Don Lucidor.

'M. Lucidor,—This will be the last of my letters. You will see by it that after having carefully looked into the state of things here, I conclude, as the sum and result of all that I have seen and heard since my arrival, that your best course will be to follow your first impulse and come over. I am confident that when you are once here, your affairs will go as you desire. You must understand in the first place that Madame de Lisle's coldness arose from the distrust which she had been taught to feel of myself. She could not wisely have promised anything in a matter of such consequence on the credit of a letter merely signed by your hand. Secondly, having seen their neighbour's house so lately on fire, they fear that the massacre may be a menace to all Europe, that there will be confusion and wars everywhere, and that those who wear the same livery as the late victims should be on their guard against a similar fate. They are wise enough to see the advantage of your proposal. While you are in this country you will be a centre round which all the French will be constrained to rally who would defend themselves against the enemies of the Gospel. Consider, then, whether they have not good cause to wish Don Lucidor here. They would give their lives and fortunes to keep you.

'Moreover, so far as I can learn from Madame de Lisle's words, there is no prince in the world whom, if she marry, she would prefer to yourself; and that she does intend to marry I have already assured you. When she spoke to me about you she said, with a vehemence of affection, that there was nothing in her power which she would not do to help you. She would risk everything sooner than allow harm to befall one who might one day stand in so close a relation towards her. She would not use the precise words which you desire, but her eyes seemed to say to me, 'Bid your friend come and despair of nothing. He, if any one, shall be my husband.' Do then as you proposed, and come. She desires to marry you, but nothing will be done through Madame la Serpente (the Queen-mother), you

felt nothing for them but increasing repugnance,[1] and,

can imagine why; all advances from that quarter are suspect, because of the massacre. They are taken as an invitation to a second Paris banquet.

'Separate yourself from the Court. While you remain there no one here will speak for you. Let them see that you have taken the bit in your teeth, that you will have no more so do with the tyrants. All will then go well. Take up the cause of the Gospel, and England will stand by you, and so will your noble countrymen.

'To the day of the massacre Madame de Lisle was all that was favourable. She changed and cooled afterwards; nor has she any one now to advise her to think of you. Convince her of your innocence; show that you will be the protector of the Protestants, and they will pray you then to come to them, and you will give the law to Christendom. Germany is arming. The English are volunteering to serve with the Huguenots. The living God calls you. Fear not to fall between two stools, *le cul à terre*. There is nothing for you to fear. If a poor Prince of Orange and a Count Louis have achieved so much, what may not be done by a Duc d'Alençon, a son and brother of a King? who leaves his own country because he will not be an accomplice in the most unworthy deed, the most vile and monstrous atrocity, of which the annals of the world contain a record,' &c.

The letter is in French, the writer unknown. Evidently he had been really in England, and had really talked with the Queen. It appears from a letter of Leicester's to Walsingham of the 8th of January, that 'the Queen was loath to discredit Alençon, and was borne in hand that her love for him was great.'—DIGGES. Walsingham however thought that 'it was a dangerous practice not to be meddled with.' And Burghley took the same view. On the desirableness of the marriage generally, however, he remained of his old opinion. Writing on the 20th of March, he said that France would certainly attack England when its own troubles were composed, but that the Queen would adhere to the league till France broke it. 'As to the marriage,' he went on, 'I see the imminent peril to the State, the succession to the crown so manifestly prejudicial to the state of religion, that I cannot but persist in seeking marriage for her Majesty, and finding no way that is liking to her but this with the Duke, I force myself to pursue it with desire.'—*MSS. France, Rolls House.*

[1] Lord Westmoreland continued to say that if Alva would land in Northumberland he would himself undertake that ten thousand men would join him. Alva's character is curiously marked in a conversation on the subject which another English gentleman, whom he consulted, reported to Cecil:—'His Excellency asked me,' says this person, 'what as-

with a coldness amounting almost to contempt, he discussed and pulled to pieces the objections of Philip to renewing his intercourse with the Queen.

'The King,' he said, 'appeared to fear that, treaty or no treaty, English pirates would still prey on Spanish commerce, and English Protestants would send help to the Prince of Orange. It might be so. But connivance was less dangerous than open and avowed support. His Majesty was afraid of discouraging the English Catholics. But if, for the sake of the English Catholics, he was to lose the Low Countries, not much would be gained to the Catholic cause; and, after all, the treaty was no such considerable thing, nor would there be any necessity for observing it with particular strictness. Kings of course, like other people, ought to keep their words. But throughout his life,' the Duke of Alva said, 'he had observed that the dealings of princes with one another depended on conditions different from those which determined the obligations of private gentlemen. He had learnt that lesson from the conduct of that noble cavalier and great prince, his Majesty's noble father the Emperor.[1] The present difficulties would never have arisen

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surance he might have that my Lord of Westmoreland would perform what he said. I told his Excellency that his word was the word of a nobleman: and his Excellency's answer to me was that his word was the word of a nobleman out of his country, and not like his word who is a nobleman in his country and in favour with his prince; which was as profound a sentence as ever I heard.'—Ed. Woodshaw to Burghley, 1573: *MSS. Flanders.*

[1] 'Entendi que las negociaciones de los reyes pendian de muy differentes cabos que los negocios de los particulares caballeros que andamos por el mundo, y desta manera lo vi tratar á su Padre de V. Mag^d que era tan gran caballero y tan

if his Majesty would have been guided by himself about Ridolfi. The later complications had all arisen from that one disastrous error. He was sorry that his advice did not please his Majesty. His Majesty's letters to him consisted of little else but answers to his arguments. He did not pretend to be invariably right, but the differences of opinion between his Majesty and his representatives occasioned infinite evils. For his own part, he could but repeat that, at a time when every soldier who could be spared from Spain was required in the Netherlands, his Majesty's notion of entering upon a religious crusade was simply a temptation of the devil.'

Still struggling against the degradation, yet convinced that Alva was right, Philip after this letter withdrew his objections, and gave the Duke his way. He still required however that, although the refugees might be required to leave the Low Countries, he was not to be obliged to surrender them to 'the knife' of Elizabeth.[1] He reserved a power of refusing the ratification should the progress of the war in Holland prove more favourable than the Duke anticipated; and, not altogether accepting Alva's theory of his obligations, he introduced a clause which limited the duration of the treaty to two years.

Thus sanctioned, Alva sent orders to de Guaras to make final arrangements with Burghley. By the middle of April the ports of Spain and the Low Countries were formally opened to English commerce with-

gran Principe.' — Alva to Philip, March 18, 1573: *Correspondence of Philip II.*, vol. ii.

[1] 'Al cuchillo de aquella muger.'

out danger of the Inquisition, and Philip, Alva, and Elizabeth became again nominally friends. The provisional character of the alliance was understood on both sides, and although other and more embarrassing conditions were verbally introduced, it was not thought desirable to strain a weak chain, and the execution of them was tacitly suspended.

Westmoreland and his companions continued a little longer unmolested at Louvain, and the Flemish merchants and artisans remained in London. The pirates still preyed on Spanish commerce, and the London citizens supplied what was wanting in their rulers by subscribing 250,000*l.* for the Prince of Orange. But the dreaded alliance between Elizabeth and the insurgent Provinces was postponed, the two Governments returned to relations which were amicable in more than name, and Alva and the Queen of England left each other to settle their own difficulties in their own way without interfering with one another, and with a mutual security against France. The Prince of Orange had a terrible time before him; but the discouragement produced among the English Catholics by the open apostasy of Spain did more perhaps to advance the general interests of the Reformation than a Protestant league, which would have brought on everywhere the internecine struggle between the two creeds. The fairer prospects of the previous summer had been ruined on the day of St Bartholomew.

One country, at any rate, was to derive profit from the relaxation of Elizabeth's embarrassments. It is

time to return to Sir Henry Killigrew and his momentous mission to Scotland. In the spring and summer of 1572, the alliance between England and France, the abandonment of Mary Stuart's interests by Charles and Catherine, and their apparent intention of taking up the cause of European liberty, had broken the spirits of the defenders of Edinburgh Castle. Fair words were occasionally sent to them from Paris to keep up their spirits, but more substantial help had long ceased to reach them. The country people no longer supplied them with food, and they were too weak to foray.

August. The suspension of arms at the beginning of August gave them a respite; but Maitland, in entire despondency, informed Mary Stuart that unless they received assistance they could not renew the struggle. 'Her cause would not perish as long as they could keep the Castle;' but they had nothing left to pay their soldiers with, and he thought her best course would be to submit to Elizabeth, 'who if she now made good offers, would show her more favour than she did when she had more friends.'[1]

The catastrophe of the 24th of August appeared at first to complete the prostration which already had gone so far. Grange was a sincere Protestant—his brother James Kirkaldy, who was in Paris at the time on a mission to the Court, narrowly escaped murder, and was horror-struck by the scenes which he witnessed

[1] Maitland to the Queen of Scots, August 10 (decipher): *MSS. Scotland.*

there;[1] and Killigrew, who, besides his secret commission for the surrender and execution of Mary Stuart, was directed to use the moment to bring about a general reconciliation, found this part of his duty seemingly of easy accomplishment. The nobler mind of Scotland was startled out of its petty feuds. A heartfelt indignation worked in all parties to extinguish the latest remnants of French sympathies; and every one, whatever his creed or politics, was eager to wash his hands of all connection with a Court which was presided over by assassins.

'Those that have any fear of God,' reported Killigrew, 'break out into open speeches of detesting the cruelty, and have exhibited a supplication to the Regent to take counsel in time, and prevent the danger apparent from drawing nearer. Every man crieth out to join with England in some straighter league.'[2] September.

The nobles, long 'nuzzled' in bloodshed, would not in themselves have been very deeply affected: but the power of the nobles was fast declining; a middle class, made strong by faith in God, was stepping forward into energy and self-reliance; and in worldly strength as well as spiritual power, they were making good their place in the commonwealth. They had bought arms and had learnt to use them, and were no longer at the mercy of the steel-coated retainers of the earls and

[1] James Kirkaldy to them of the Castle, August 24: *MSS.* QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Killigrew to Burghley, September 29: *MSS. Scotland.*

barons. Their ministers were as ready with hand as tongue. Durie of Leith, a friend of Knox, was famous in the pulpit, but 'the gown na sooner off, and the Bible out of hand, when on gaed the corslet, and fangit was the hackbut and to the field.'[1] They had taken to the sea like the Protestants of the West, 'and their navy was so augmented as was a thing almost incredible.' Killigrew noted the change, and gathered hopes from it for Scotland's future.[2]

On men like these the massacre of St Bartholomew told with tremendous effect, and for a time their indignant passion threatened to carry all before it. John Knox, to whose teaching they owed their national existence, had been residing for the last years with failing health at St Andrews. He could no longer walk unsupported, but still Sunday after Sunday he dragged his frail body to the church, and there with keen political sagacity he interpreted out of the Bible the Scotland of his own day.[3] To him the government of the world by Almighty God was a living reality; he considered that good men were placed in it to wage war—not with shadowy doctrines, but with the incarnation of the evil spirit in wicked men and wicked deeds. He spoke of Mary Stuart—he spoke of the Hamiltons, till he made

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[1] Diary of James Melville of St Andrews.

[2] Killigrew to Burghley, November 11: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] 'I saw him,' writes Melville, 'every day of his doctrine gae hulie and fear, with a furring of marticks about his neck and a staff in his hand, and godly Richard Bannatyne his servant holding up the other oxter. He was lifted up into the pulpit, where he leaned at his first entry.'

the St Andrews' students 'grue and tremble' to listen to him. He knew that there would be no end to Scotland's miseries till the last remnant of Mary Stuart's faction was utterly extinguished, and he knew that sooner or later England would be compelled to extinguish it. Cutting through the mist of words and spurious patriotism, 'he spoke of the Castle of Edinburgh, that it should rin like a sandglass, and spew out the Captain with shame;' and when the power of passion was upon him, the sinews of his weak body became strong again, 'and he was like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it.'[1]

Such was Knox, the greatest of living Scotchmen, in that last year of his life on earth, still lifting the voice which long before had stirred his countrymen 'like ten thousand trumpets,' still strong in his infirmity till he had finished his task upon the earth.

After the armistice he returned to Edinburgh at the earnest entreaty of the people, stipulating only that he should not be required 'to temper his tongue,' or 'cease to speak against the men of the Castle.' He crossed the Forth to Leith on the 23rd of August; on the 31st he preached in St Giles's, but the church was too large for his strength, and for his few remaining Sundays a side aisle was curtained off where he could speak with less exertion.

It was easy to see how the news of St Bartholomew would affect him. A Convention of the Estates was

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[1] Melville.

October. called by the Regent in October, and Knox rallied his powers for the last time to preach to them. Du Croq the French ambassador was present; turning to him as a Hebrew prophet might have turned, Knox said, 'Go tell your King that sentence has gone out against him, that God's vengeance shall never depart from him nor his house, that his name shall remain an execration to the posterities to come, and that none that shall come of his loins shall enjoy that kingdom unless he repent.' The prediction was bold, for the Queen of France was pregnant, and the news of the birth of a Dauphin was hourly looked for. Du Croq bade the Regent check the tongue which was reviling an anointed King. The Regent said he might not silence the minister of God, and the ambassador left Edinburgh in anger. Some twenty months later Charles IX. lay dying of hæmorrhage—he was haunted with hideous dreams; the darkness was peopled with ghosts which were mocking and mowing at him, and he would start out of his sleep to find himself in a pool of blood—blood—ever blood. The night before his end, the nurse—a Huguenot, heard him sob and sigh. 'Ah!' he muttered, 'but I was ill-advised. God have mercy on me and on my country; what will become of that? what will become of me? I am lost—I know it but too well.' The nurse told him that the blood would be on the heads of those who had misled him—on them and on their accursed counsels. He sighed again, and blessed God that he had left no son to inherit his crown and his infamy.[1]

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[1] MARTIN, *Histoire de France.*

While the Scots were in this humour the second commission of the English envoy was no less welcome than the first. The Queen of Scots was the representative of the creed which had caused the perpetration of the massacre, and which blessed it afterwards by the mouth of the Pope. The Queen of Scots by her crimes had caused Scotland's misery. To her had been traced the murder of the Regent Murray. To bring her to justice at last—to try, convict, and execute her, would be one act in vindication of honour and right amidst the stream of universal iniquity. The Earl of Mar, after consulting Morton, told Killigrew that 'it would be the best, and as it were the only, salve for the cure of the great sores of the commonwealth.' There might be difficulties in the details, but with goodwill on both sides they would be overcome; and as Elizabeth had given Killigrew his instructions with her own mouth, and as there could be no doubt that Burghley would do his best to hold her to her purpose, there was hope at last of a good end to the grand problem. Mary Stuart being dead, all other questions would perish with her. Grange would surrender the Castle. Burghley might revive his friendship with Maitland, and Scotland could be gratified at last by the recognition of James as Elizabeth's successor. England must of course stand conspicuously forward, and take its share in the responsibility of the execution; and nothing would then be wanting for the complete pacification of Scotland, and the union of the whole island in a common policy.

The Earl of Mar's confidence that Elizabeth would commit herself to more than the surrender was not

shared by Killigrew. She had charged him on no account to allow her name to appear.[1] He believed—he probably knew—that having made up her mind that she wished the Queen of Scots to be put away, her Majesty wanted to shift upon the Scots both the deed and the reproaches of the world.

He declined to make engagements beyond the letter of his instructions; and the Regent at once drew up in writing the conditions on which he was prepared to become the judge and executioner of his late sovereign.

The Queen of England must openly and without reserve acknowledge the young King, and constitute herself his protector; and the English Parliament must pass an Act declaring that the prosecution and conviction of Mary Stuart should not affect the claims upon the Crown which the King would inherit from his mother. A league must be made between England and the State of Scotland for resisting all those who would invade either of the realms for religion or for any other cause. The Castle of Edinburgh must be compelled or induced to submit to the King's authority; and finally, the Earls of Huntingdon and Bedford must be present at the execution, with two or three thousand English men of war.[2]

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[1] 'I forgot not the great charge her Majesty gave me at my coming hither, saying that no more was privy to the matter but your Honours; and I could but promise her Majesty it should be to me as my life, which I trust I have kept. If it shall be proved hereafter that I used her Majesty's name therein, or passed the bounds of my commission, I will never more desire favour.'—Killigrew to Cecil and Leicester, November 23: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Certain notes given to Killi-

Killigrew had been despatched to Scotland in the first excitement which followed the massacre, when Elizabeth expected an immediate union of the Catholic Powers against her, when she was uncertain altogether of the position in which she was about to find herself either towards France or Spain or the Prince of Orange. If, as there was too much reason to suppose, the death-struggle for Catholic reascendency was at last to begin, there would then have been an adequate reason for dealing decisively with Mary Stuart; but it seemed as if nothing short of an extreme exigency of this kind could nerve the Queen to sufficient resolution—as if, the moment that the strain was taken off, she relapsed into her old uncertainty. Maitland ever maintained, and defended his own conduct by maintaining, that whatever Elizabeth might threaten, or might at times believe that she meant to do, she would end by restoring Mary Stuart to her throne. Maitland had accurately judged the Queen's natural tendency, and there were traitors about her who for ever encouraged her weakness, and whose influence was perpetually at work to thwart her wiser advisers.

Under no circumstances would she have consented to the Regent's last demand. Before the conditions reached her, she had already repented of her momentary firmness, and Leicester on the 2nd of November had to write to Burghley that 'her Majesty had been in strange resolutions,' that 'he never

November.

grew on the part of the Regent and Morton, October 28: *MSS. Scotland.*

saw her further from that they looked for' from the time that the Queen of Scots had first begun to trouble her peace, and that he could but pray that God would put a better determination in her heart for her own sake and for theirs.[1]

At this moment the unfortunate Scotland was again convulsed by the death of the Earl of Mar. Poison or natural illness—it was uncertain which—threw the Regency open, after every one except the party in the Castle had acquiesced in Mar's authority. The rivalries of the great families and the suspended feuds and hatreds were at once revived. The natural command of the section who had adhered throughout to the King devolved on Morton. At one time Morton had maintained almost the entire weight of the civil war, and he alone had never truckled to France, or lent himself to the thousand intrigues for the restoration of the Queen. There was no other nobleman in Scotland on whom the English ministers could rely. Yet Morton was licentious in his private life, and in public avaricious and unprincipled. His creed was purely political; and if the times made him necessary to the Protestants, they none the less distrusted his principles and censured his character. His power was great however and his ability considerable. If Mar had nominally governed Scotland, Morton had governed Mar. None but he could carry on the policy on which the settlement of the country had been so far advanced. And there was a

[1] Leicester to Burghley, November 2: MURDIN.

special reason for uneasiness in the position of the young King; for Lady Mar, in whose hands he was left at Stirling, was a fanatical Catholic, and was supposed to desire to send him either to France or Spain.

On this matter decision could not be postponed. Burghley was absent from London when the news arrived; but he impressed on Leicester, who was left with the Queen, the paramount importance of maintaining Morton; and Leicester, who had at last abandoned his own hopes, and was working cordially at Burghley's side, used all his powers of persuasion. His task was not an easy one, for the household influences which he himself had once fostered were against him—now in greater strength than ever—and at their old work in Mary Stuart's interests.[1] He urged his mistress to be quick and prompt 'in showing herself careful for the maintenance of her friends, whose ruin would be her own danger.' He told her that she must send men and money to the Borders, and give Lord Hunsdon discretionary powers to act in Scotland. 'Her Majesty talked to and fro what was best'—but as usual could not resolve. Leicester reminded her 'of her long cold dealing, which had caused many to fall away from the cause when, with hope of maintenance, they would have clung to it.' That cause, without assistance, now 'would quail.' The Queen asked what Burghley thought.

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[1] 'I have learnt here since you went that this House is no less infected, and grown unto such persons as you would never suspect. You see how far this Canker has passed. I fear a fistula irrecoverable.'—Leicester to Burghley, November 4: MURDIN.

Leicester showed her Burghley's letter, which was expressed so powerfully that it frightened her, and she said she would 'stick at nothing.' But still, to every distinct suggestion she did but raise objections, when every moment was precious, when 'hours were days, and days were years, and too many were gone already.' Leicester ventured to say 'that never prince had been better advised than she; that she could now perceive how well it was for princes to trust faithful and known councillors;' that if she had but listened to one among them all 'the trouble like to happen would not have been possible.' But his words were wasted. She had fallen into one of her periodic fits of tenderness about the Queen of Scots, which she conceived that her improved relations with Spain enabled her to indulge, and Leicester could but entreat Burghley to hurry back to her side: 'Burghley could do more with her in one hour than others in seven years.'[1]

On the back of this conversation, a Captain Errington came from Edinburgh with a message from Morton, who, ignorant of the change in Elizabeth's feeling, supposed that she still entertained the same wishes which she had expressed through Killigrew, and professed himself ready to meet them on the conditions which she now saw for the first time. She pronounced them at once 'to be absurd and unreasonable.' The request for an English army to superintend the Queen of Scots' execution she supposed must have been made in

[1] Leicester to Burghley, November 4: MURDIN.

'mockery.' Could the thing have been done at all, 'neither the English council nor she herself should have been touched in the matter.'[1] Another request of Errington was hardly less disagreeable. The election of a Regent could not be delayed. Morton seemed to have no anxiety for the office. He knew what Mar's difficulties had been, and that his own would probably be greater; and, so far from seeking power, he intimated that he would decline the nomination unless Elizabeth would give him a distinct and positive promise of support. The meaning of this was explained by Killigrew, who wrote at the same time that France was pouring in money; that, notwithstanding the horror caused by the massacre among the people, if Elizabeth 'spared to spend a little in return,' the nobles would choose some one in French interests; and 'what that would mean, her Majesty was well able to judge.'[2]

That the request for money at least was reasonable Elizabeth could not deny. The party of the Queen of Scots had been maintained by steady contributions from France, Spain, and Italy, in addition to her own dowry. The supplies had been suspended for a time, but were now to be renewed; while Elizabeth, however gracious in her promises, had limited her substantial assistance to a thousand pounds, grudgingly bestowed, while she had withheld the single measure which would have been more valuable to her friends than millions, and had all along refused formally to acknowledge James as

[1] Killigrew to Burghley and Leicester, November 23: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Killigrew to Sir Thomas Smith, November 6: *MSS. Scotland.*

King of Scotland. Grange and Maitland had recovered from their despondency as France began again to show them favour. Handsome sums came in to them from Paris, and more was promised; and, well informed from the Palace at Westminster of Elizabeth's humours, they had cast aside their intention of surrender, and presented as bold a front as ever. The civil war was about to recommence, with all its cost and uncertainty, and Morton was determined not to enter upon it on the old terms. Elizabeth was more interested than he was in maintaining the King. He at any time could make his own terms with the other party, and she was not any longer to reap the chief benefit, and pay nothing for it.

The Queen felt the weight of Morton's argument, and her behaviour under it was eminently characteristic. She wrote to him expressing a sincere desire that he should take the Regency: she gave him in general terms the promise which he desired, and she empowered Killigrew to use the same language to the noblemen who were assembled for the election. She trusted that this would be enough, and she forbade Killigrew to commit her to anything more definite.

The nobles had received words enough already, and knew what they were worth. Both they and Morton insisted on a distinct statement of the degree of help on which they might rely, saying at the same time that if Killigrew would not give it, the election would be postponed.

The envoy knew what was expected of him, and did his duty like a loyal servant. He was to have appeared

before the Convention of the Estates with the required explanations, and he was well aware that they would prove unsatisfactory. He put it off therefore till the day when the Regent was to be chosen, when Morton came for his answer; and 'because'—it was thus that he related his manœuvre to his mistress—'because I would keep the Earl of Morton in hope till the election was passed, I excused myself upon sickness, and desired his Lordship to bear with me for a day or two, assuring him that your Majesty had as great care of the King's well-doing and safety, and of himself in particular, as ever your Majesty had heretofore; with such like general speeches, tending all to encourage him to take upon himself the Regency. So he parted with me for that time, and I continued sick till the day after he was proclaimed Regent.'[1] December.

Great in her general attitude, great in her own heart and bearing at special moments of danger, Elizabeth could yet stoop to these poor tricks, which, after all, were not to serve her. 'The Regent,' Killigrew reported to Burghley, 'was a shrewd fellow.' When he found that he had been duped, he too affected a few days' illness to think over his position. He then told the English envoy that he could do nothing without money; the King's cause and his own life would both be in danger; and therefore, 'if the Queen's Majesty would not help him in that which of necessity he must have, and which should be as little as might be re-

[1] Killigrew to Elizabeth, December 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

quired with reason, he would renounce the regiment.'[1]

In the midst of these chicaneries, an event had taken place by the side of which they were doubly contemptible. The apostle of the Reformation had passed away—passed away, noble in death as in life, the one supremely great man that Scotland possessed—the one man without whom Scotland, as the modern world has known it, would have had no existence.

Shortly after Knox's last sermon, a paralytic stroke prostrated his remaining strength; he became unable to read, and for a day or two his mind was wandering. He recovered his senses, but only to know that the end was not far off; and still thinking of his country, and of his country's present trials, he sent for the elders of the Kirk, to charge them for the last time to be constant. His next anxiety was for Grange. Grange, who, as a boy, had shared in that forlorn enterprise at St Andrews when Beton went to his account, was a person whom Knox had long loved and prized. In the last years, by some fatality, he had been led by Maitland into the ways of foolishness; beyond and beside the spiritual aspects of the matter, none knew better than Knox in what way the long obstinacy of the defenders of the Castle would end at last, and he made a final effort to save his old friend from destroying himself. 'Go,' he said to David Lindsay, a minister who came to his bedside, 'Go to yon man of the Castle. Tell him I warn him in the name of God to leave that evil cause,

[1] Killigrew to Burghley, January 1: *MSS. Scotland.*

and give over the Castle. If not, he shall be brought down over the walls with shame and hung against the sun.'

Lindsay went as he was bidden and saw Grange, and 'somewhat moved him.' But he talked to Maitland, and Maitland turned the warning into ridicule. 'Go, tell Mr Knox,' he said at last in answer, 'that he is but a drytting prophet.' 'Well, well,' said Knox, when the words were brought back to him, 'I have been earnest with my God anent they twa men. For the one, I am sorry that sa should befall him; yet God assures me there is mercy for his soul. For the other, I have na warrant that ever he shall be well.'

On the 17th of November the elders of the congregation came to his bed to receive his final instructions. He went over the chief incidents of the last year with them. 'He had done his best to instruct them,' he said, 'and if at any time he had spoken hardly, it was not from passion or ill-will, but only to overcome their faults. Now that he was going away, he could but charge them to remain true—to make no compromise with evil—especially to yield in nothing to the Castle—rather to fly with David to the mountains than remain at home in the company of the wicked.' November.

Two days later, the 19th, Morton came, and Ruthven and Glencairn; and to them he spoke at length, though what passed none ever knew. Afterwards some fine lady came 'to praise him,' to flatter him in a foolish way for the great things which he had done. 'Hush, hush!' he said, 'flesh is ower proud, and needs no means to esteem the self.'

He was rapidly going. On the 23rd he told the people who were about him that he had been meditating through the night on the troubles of the Kirk. He had been earnest in prayer with God for it. He had wrestled with Satan, and had prevailed. He repeated the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, pausing after the first petition to say, 'Who can pronounce so holy words!' It was the day on which a fast had been appointed by the Convention for special meditation upon the massacre. After sermon, many eager persons came to his bedside, and, though his breath was coming thick and slow, he continued to speak in broken sentences.

The next morning the end was evidently close. He was restless, rose, half-dressed himself, and then, finding himself too weak to stand, sank back upon his bed. He was asked if he was in pain. He said 'it was no painful pain, but such as would end the battle.' Mrs Knox read to him St Paul's words on death. 'Unto Thy hand, O Lord,' he cried, 'for the last time, I commend my soul, spirit, and body.' At his own request she then read to him the 17th chapter of St John's Gospel, where he told them he first cast anchor.

As night fell he seemed to sleep. The family assembled in his room for their ordinary evening prayers, and 'were the longer because they thought he was resting.' He moved as they ended. 'Sir, heard ye the prayers?' said one. 'I would to God,' he answered, 'that ye and all men heard them as I have heard them, and I praise God of the heavenly sound.' Then, with a long sigh, he said, 'Now it is come.' The shadow

was creeping over him, and death was at hand. Bannatyne, his secretary, sprang to his side.

'Now, Sir,' he said, 'the time ye have long asked for—to wit, an end of your battle—is come; and, seeing all natural power fails, remember the promise which oftentimes ye have shown me of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that we may understand ye hear us make us some sign.'

The dying man gently raised his head, and 'incontinent thereof, rendered up his spirit.'[1]

'There lies one,' said Morton, as, two days later, he stood to watch the coffin lowered into the grave,—'There lies one who never feared the face of mortal man.' Morton spoke only of what he knew: the full measure of Knox's greatness neither he nor any man could then estimate. It is as we look back over that stormy time, and weigh the actors in it one against the other, that he stands out in his full proportions. No grander figure can be found, in the entire history of the Reformation in this island, than that of Knox. Cromwell and Burghley rank beside him for the work which they effected, but, as politicians and statesmen, they had to labour with instruments which soiled their hands in touching them. In purity, in uprightness, in courage, truth, and stainless honour, the Regent Murray and our English Latimer were perhaps his equals; but Murray was intellectually far below him, and the sphere of Latimer's influence was on a smaller scale. The time has come

[1] Narrative of Richard Bannatyne.

when English history may do justice to one but for whom the Reformation would have been overthrown among ourselves; for the spirit which Knox created saved Scotland; and if Scotland had been Catholic again, neither the wisdom of Elizabeth's ministers, nor the teaching of her bishops, nor her own chicaneries, would have preserved England from revolution. His was the voice which taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a free man, the equal in the sight of God with the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers. He was the one antagonist whom Mary Stuart could not soften nor Maitland deceive; he it was that raised the poor Commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical, but who nevertheless were men whom neither king, noble, nor priest could force again to submit to tyranny. And his reward has been the ingratitude of those who should most have done honour to his memory.

The change of times has brought with it the toleration which Knox denounced, and has established the compromises which Knox most feared and abhorred, and he has been described as a raving demagogue, an enemy of authority, a destroyer of holy things, a wild and furious bigot. But the Papists which Knox grappled with and overthrew—the Papists of Philip II., of Mary Tudor, and Pius V.—were not the mild forbearing innocents into which the success of the Reformation has transformed the modern Catholics. When their power to kill was taken from them, when they learnt to dis-

claim the Inquisition—to apologize, to evade—to fling the responsibility of their past atrocities on the temper of other times—on the intrigues of kings and statesmen, or on the errors of their own leaders—then indeed their creed could be allowed to subside into a place among the *religiones licitæ* of the world. But the men who took from Popery its power to oppress, alone made its presence again endurable; and only a sentimental ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation of the history of the sixteenth century can sustain the pretence that there was no true need of a harder and firmer hand.

The reaction when the work was done, a romantic sympathy with the Stuarts, and the shallow liberalism which calls itself historical philosophy, has painted over the true Knox with the figure of a maniac. Even his very bones have been flung out of their resting-place, or none can tell where they are laid; and yet but for him Mary Stuart would have bent Scotland to her purpose, and Scotland would have been the lever with which France and Spain would have worked on England. But for Knox and Burghley—those two, but not one without the other—Elizabeth would have been hurled from her throne, or have gone back into the Egypt to which she was too often casting wistful eyes.

1573. January.

On the 1st of January the fighting began again. The Castle guns fired upon the town; and the attempt to entangle Morton in the responsibilities of government, without committing the Queen of England, having broken down, she was obliged to comply with his terms, to give him money, to acknowledge the

King without more subterfuge, to avow openly that she intended to support him, and to threaten once more that if Maitland and Grange did not submit, she would send a force to compel them.

Engineers came from Berwick to survey the Castle, and reported that it could be taken with no great difficulty; but it was thought that the recognition and the menace would be sufficient, and that Maitland, when he found Elizabeth serious, would surrender.

Being supplied with funds to pay soldiers, Morton was able to establish a close blockade. The Castle guns did little harm. The garrison was short of water. The men had been provided in part from a well at the foot of the cliff; but Morton poisoned it, and they were reduced to the two springs inside the fortifications, which yielded but a scanty supply. There were in all inside the Castle a hundred and ninety-two persons, of whom thirty-two were women and thirteen were boys. The Gordons, Hamiltons, Kerrs, Scots, Setons, were all away in their own counties, waiting for the turn of events. Grange, Maitland, Hume, Sir Robert Melville, and the Bishop of Dunkeld, held on at Edinburgh with as small a number of followers as were thought sufficient for the defence. Maitland was so ill that, 'when the cannon were fired, he was carried down into the vaults below St David's Tower, because he could not abide the shot.'[1] If the rest of Scotland could be brought to terms—and the rest of Scotland was simply

[1] Advices out of Scotland, February 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

waiting to see what Elizabeth intended to do—there was nothing to lead any one to suppose that the Castle would not follow the example. The noblemen were possessed with a belief, which Maitland had everywhere impressed upon them, that Elizabeth would grow weary of keeping Mary Stuart, and would, sooner or later, reinstate her. If they were again to be her subjects, their interest recommended them to adhere to her faction, to be friends with her friends, and to intrigue with the Spaniards and the French. If, on the other hand, this was not to be—if Elizabeth herself could be depended on, and the King was to be maintained—they were themselves tired of the struggle, and they were beginning to see that if the Queen of England was true to herself, there was now little chance of a successful Catholic revolution.

February.

The recognition of James was the turning-point for which they were waiting. No sooner was it proclaimed than signs appeared everywhere that there would be no more resistance. Many difficult questions remained to be settled. Argyle and Huntly were compromised in the murder of Darnley, Chatelherault and his sons in the deaths of Murray and Lennox. Elizabeth advised that the prosecution in all these cases should be allowed to drop. Religion was a further difficulty. While the civil war lasted, the Mass had been restored in the north and west. Several noblemen were still openly Catholics, and Eglinton, in the Convention which was held for Morton's election to the Regency, ventured to speak for toleration. In this

matter however compromise was less possible. Morton said that the Catholics must submit to the common consent of the realm, and Eglinton would not press his desire. 'He accompanied the Regent to the sermon,' and took pains to express his horror at the effects of Catholic fanaticism in France.[1]

A conference was afterwards held at Perth, at the lodgings' of the English ambassador, who offered to mediate under Elizabeth's direction. Huntly and Arbroath were present, and at length, when they and the other professing Catholics agreed to swear 'to withstand all those who should go about to put in execution the bloody decrees of the Council of Trent,' the Regent consented to accept the oath as a substitute for conformity, and they were left to use whatever service they pleased in their own houses.

These and other points of difference being thus disposed of, the heads of all the families who had hitherto held out for the Queen, acknowledged their allegiance to her son and accepted Morton as lawful Regent. The French had no longer a party among them. England was at last accepted as Scotland's natural and only ally. On the 25th of February the work of pacification was finally completed, and Edinburgh Castle remained the sole spot in her forfeited dominions where Mary Stuart's authority was maintained.

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[1] 'When the Act for the League with England was read many gave their voices to it, and especially the Lords Eglinton and Sempell, with open detestation of the French butchers and late horrible murders, saying they would willingly venture their lives, lands, and goods against such.' — Advices out of Scotland, February 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

The fire was not extinguished however till the Castle was reduced; and, unexpectedly, under various excuses, Maitland and Grange continued obstinate. Their pretended reason was the want of sufficient security for their own lives and estates; but money coming from France to them was continually intercepted, and letters telling them that they should be relieved if they could hold out till summer.[1]

Maitland was satisfied that the Castle could never be taken by the Scots; that, however Elizabeth might threaten, she would never really interfere, and that he was still safe in holding out.

Illusion and obstinacy must have combined to blind his otherwise clear intelligence; but it will be perceived that he really did see deeply into the Queen of England's character, and that it was not without reason that he built hopes upon her reluctance to extinguish the remains of Mary Stuart's party.

March.

Immediately after the general pacification, Morton sent to Grange to require him to submit with the rest, and to trouble Scotland no further. Grange answered (or Maitland, for Grange was clay in his hands) that he would acknowledge the King, if he might keep the Castle; and that he would bind himself to introduce no foreign troops, if Elizabeth would undertake that 'they should enjoy their lives, lands, rooms, offices, and honours,' 'and would give them money to pay their debts.'[2]

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[1] Killigrew to Sir T. Smith, February 26: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Answer of Lidington and Grange, March 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

Morton said that he would listen to no such conditions. 'There could be no sound peace' while the Castle was independent of his authority, nor could Grange, or Maitland, or any other subject of the Scotch, be permitted to make stipulations with the sovereign of another country.

The Castle party persisted, declaring that if their proposals were refused they were 'prepared for all extremities.' The Regent therefore requested that a force should be sent from England at once to bring them to reason; and neither he himself, nor Killigrew, nor the officers at Berwick, anticipated that Elizabeth would make further difficulty. At last she was supposed to be convinced that the thing must be done. Sir William Drury wrote to Burghley for instructions, intimating that the sooner the English troops moved forward the better. 'The inconstancy of that nation was well known,' and delay would be dangerous.[1] Morton, in talking over the state of the country with the English ambassador, confined himself to considering the measures which should be taken after the reduction of the Castle, assuming, as a matter of course, that it was really to be reduced. Both he and Killigrew were under an impression still that Elizabeth would consider her assistance well repaid if she could be relieved of the Scottish Queen.[2]

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[1] Drury to Burghley, March 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Morton said that 'as long as the Scotch Queen lived there would be trouble, treason, and mischief.' Killigrew answered 'that he could help that.' Morton replied, 'that when the Castle was taken, at the

But Elizabeth, reassured by her treaty with Spain, was far away from the thoughts into which she had been frightened by the massacre in Paris, and was endeavouring, as usual, to forget the engagements into which she had been forced with Morton. She felt that the fall of the Castle would be a final end of the schemes which she had so long fostered. She would not now give up the Queen of Scots to be executed, even if the Scots would consent to execute her. If the King's Government were firmly and completely established, the last hope of a 'composition' would be gone, and Mary Stuart would remain a burden on her own hands till she died. She had promised assistance, but when it came to the point she would not give it. She haggled about terms. She said if she sent troops the Regent must pay for them, when she knew that the Regent could scarcely keep his household at Dalkeith from starving. The next post brought word that she 'had stayed her purpose,' and 'that no force was to be sent.' The terms offered by the Castle were reasonable, and the Regent had no sufficient ground to reject them.

Sir Henry Killigrew simply dared not give these messages. He told Burghley plainly that if the Queen broke her promise this time, 'there would be foreign interference, with great danger to herself and her own realm.' He knew, from an authority which it was impossible to doubt, that 'the offers from the Castle were all dissimulation.' 'They were made only because they

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next Parliament to be holden he would prove the noblemen to see what might be done.'—Killigrew to Burghley, March 4: *MSS. Scotland.*

could not be granted.' 'Maitland, by his wit, enchanted Grange, saying that for all Lord Burghley's letters, her Majesty would never send in her forces, but only boast them; and that for all Scotland could do they would keep the Castle till France came in.' These were Maitland's very words. Killigrew had seen them in his own handwriting. If the Queen was really 'resolved to stop her aid,' he could only say, 'God's will be done;' but, 'if the Castle was not recovered, and that with expedition, he saw the beginning of sorrows, and her Majesty's peaceable reign decaying, as it were, in post.' 'He would rather go to Rome barefoot than deliver that answer to the Regent. If her Majesty could be brought no farther, and if there was no good meaning to provide in the cause,' he begged that he might be recalled immediately, 'or he would come home with no good news.'[1]

Elizabeth was so far affected by this letter that she lowered her tone. She bade Killigrew tell Morton that many heavy demands had been recently made upon her; she was in real difficulties, 'and if he could spare her the additional expense, it would be thankfully taken.'

To this Morton answered briefly that Lady Mar and the young Earl, 'being Papists,' were already in treaty with the French to place the King in their hands. He was afraid to remove him from their charge, because there was no other 'place of assurance' in which he could keep him; nor while the Castle of Edinburgh

[1] Killigrew to Burghley, March 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

was held by Grange 'did he dare offend them of Stirling.' He had offered Grange priories, bishoprics, estates, anything which he might desire in exchange for the Castle, but to no purpose—he insisted upon holding it.

Killigrew suggested that if Grange would give securities for his good behaviour, he might be allowed his way. 'With this,' wrote the ambassador, 'the Regent was amazed;' 'he said that though he would be so mad yet the nobility would never grant thereunto; it was a thing not to be thought of, and he desired me not to ask it again; he was already in danger for yielding so far; to allow more would cause so much offence as would endanger the King's estate and his own life.'[1]

Once more Errington was sent to the Castle; every security was offered short of leaving Grange in possession of it, 'everything,' said Killigrew, 'that I could ask for my own father if he were there;' but evasive answers came back which meant nothing, while Errington observed that the garrison had been busy on the fortifications; 'the place was stronger by ten lasts of powder and a hundred men than when he had seen it before; the men looking ill from overworking and watching,' but all seemingly resolute, with provisions to last till Michaelmas, and expecting help from France before Midsummer.

Conscious at last that words would serve her no more, that if she faltered longer she would lose every friend that she possessed in Scotland— April.

[1] Killigrew to Burghley, March 27: *MSS. Scotland.*

conscious, at all events, that if the French did come the consequences might be irreparable, Elizabeth now agreed to do what Sussex had urged upon her after the rebellion of Yorkshire, and which, had she done it then, would have saved Scotland all its misery. To this it had come at last; and the shuffling, and the falsehood, and the broken promises had been thrown away. A few plain words would have sufficed then to annihilate the hopes of the party of the Queen of Scots, which Elizabeth herself had created and had kept alive by her uncertainty. She had encouraged them to take arms; she had led them to believe that in heart she was on the Queen of Scots' side; and in the end, after two Regents had been murdered, and her true friends brought to the edge of ruin, after having brought her own throne in danger, and imperilled the very Reformation itself, her diplomacy broke down, and she was obliged to trample out the sparks with her own feet which she and only she had kindled.

The necessary orders went down to Berwick. Heavy siege guns—'her Majesty's peace-makers,' as Sir Thomas Smith called them—were sent round to Leith. Drury, who was to conduct the siege, went forward with a party of pioneers to determine the position of the batteries, and five hundred Scotch labourers were set to work at the trenches.

Edinburgh Castle stands on the extreme end of a long ridge of rock, which rising gradually for three quarters of a mile terminates in a broken area several acres in extent, connected with the ascending slope by a narrow

neck, and everywhere else falling off in precipices. The ridge itself runs nearly east and west. The High Street of the Old Town follows the line of the crest, rising from Holyrood and the Canongate to what is now the parade ground in front of the Castle. At the time of the siege the defences extended beyond the present moat in a projecting work then called the Spur, the angle of which was within 200 feet of the opening of the street. Through this lay the ordinary entrance from the town to the Castle, the road leading circuitously upwards through a series of intricate turnpikes and passages to St Margaret's Chapel and the old Palace on the summit, overhanging the Lawn Market. The area enclosed within the fortifications was a rude oval, the sides for four-fifths of the circuit being inaccessible everywhere except to practised climbers, and made impossible to them by the faintest resistance from above.

The attack of such a place by artillery was a novel experiment. The main assault could only be made at the Spur, which was defended by tiers of guns rising one above the other. The trenches for the principal battery were dug at the head of the High Street, and a high bank of sand was thrown up behind them, to cover the inhabitants from the Castle shot. A second smaller battery was to be placed on the south, where Heriot's Hospital now stands; two more towards the west and north-west, and a fifth about the middle of Princes Street. The object was to leave no part of the place unsearched by the fire, and especially to cover the approaches to the principal water-spring, which was on

the edge of the east bastion, and not protected by the walls.

The garrison did not allow the works to proceed without interruption. They fired furiously on the trenching parties at the head of the street. They made sorties out of the Spur, and flung wild-fire among them, or sprang in upon them sword in hand; but they did no great damage; and as it became evident that the English meant seriously after all, their hearts began to sink. Maitland, who had hitherto been as 'a god' among them, lost their confidence; and one of the Castle soldiers flung a glove over the cliff, with a note inside it, to ask if there was hope for their lives.

On the 17th of April the English army arrived from Berwick. On the 25th the siege guns were landed at Leith; and Killigrew, who had assured Burghley that Maitland 'would not abide the cannon,' 'was at his wits' end,' as he said, to comprehend his obstinacy. But the statesman who had long ruled supreme in Scottish counsels was now too proud to yield. He fed the garrison with hopes that the French fleet might be looked for any day in the Forth; and when Morton and Drury, for the last time, summoned the Castle to surrender, Grange hung out Mary Stuart's banner on the rock from which Mons Meg looks down over Edinburgh, and Meg herself, and fifty other guns, replied for him with cannon-balls.

The hardness of the rock made the trenching a long operation. To save expense, too small a number of pioneers had been employed; and three weeks had still

to pass before the English batteries were completed. Drury himself, and all his officers, handled spade and pickaxe. On the evening of the 11th of May, a volunteer arrived, in the person of Thomas Cecil, Lord Burghley's eldest son, who had come, as he said, without commission from his father, to learn to be a soldier.

May.

On the 17th of May the guns in front of the Spur were in position. Attempts had been made to frighten the English with stories of intended treachery. 'The sky may fall, and we shall catch larks,' was the confident answer of Killigrew. Scots and Englishmen stood arm in arm together, intending only 'to race which should be foremost when it came to the assault.' On the 20th the four remaining batteries were ready. On the 21st they opened fire; and as the shot told and the stones began to fly, and Meg, though she could throw a granite ball into the Forth, could not silence Drury's artillery, a long wild wail of despair was heard to rise behind the battlements. First the bastion fell above St Cuthbert's Church, and then David's Tower fell, carrying the red standard among its ruins. Down on all sides came bulwark and turret, guns, platforms, carriages, rushing amidst dust clouds over the cliffs. The College students had heard Knox say that the walls at the end would be as sand; and now, 'gaeing up to watch the firing, they saw the Castle rinning like a sandy brae.'[1]

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[1] Diary of James Melville.

The supply of water was cut short after the first day's work. One precious well was choked with rubbish, another was commanded by the fire; and the men were reduced to an allowance of a pint a day. A messenger from France attempted to enter, who had been sent to encourage the defenders to hold out; but 'he was caught and hanged for his pains.' The bombardment continued for five days, and in that time three thousand balls were thrown into the Castle—a feat till then unapproached in the practice of artillery. On the 27th a flag of truce was hung out, and Sir Robert Melville came down to 'parley.' He tried to create a jealousy by desiring to treat alone with the English, but Drury refused to take part in any conference from which the Regent was excluded. Melville then demanded security that the lives and properties of every one in the Castle should be safe. Lord Hume and Maitland required permission to reside in England, and Grange either to remain in Scotland or go abroad, as he pleased. The Countess of Argyle, the Earl's divorced wife, who had taken refuge with them, stipulated also that 'she might not be delivered into her husband's hands.'

May 28. Morton at once declined to consent to any such terms. At dawn next morning a false attack was made at the back of the Castle, while two divisions of Scots and English stormed and carried the Spur. The Scots were led by Crawford of Jordanhill, the hero of Dumbarton. The loss was heavy for the numbers engaged. Twenty English and Scots were killed at the Spur, and eight more on the precipices behind; but the work

was done—done more effectively than Drury knew at the time, for the last spring of water on which the garrison depended was in the part of the fortifications which had been taken. At the beginning there were but a hundred and sixty men in the Castle. Of these some were killed, some wounded, some ill, and all 'outwearied, having no time to take rest.'[1] 'Some were no soldiers, and had come in for friendship,' and some had no sympathy with the cause for which they were fighting. Nothing remained but to accept whatever conditions Morton would grant. A flag of truce again appeared. Grange and Melville were lowered down by cords over the inner wall, and, putting a bold face on their position, redemanded what Melville had asked the day before. Both they and Maitland might then have obtained their lives. Now the Regent was ready to let the garrison go where they pleased, taking their own property with them, but he insisted that Grange, Maitland, Melville, Hume, and four others, should surrender unconditionally,[2] to be dealt with as the Queen of England should advise.

They were allowed till nine o'clock in the evening to consider. Grange was a soldier, and preferred to die sword in hand; and the others who were excepted in the pardon expected no mercy, and desired to fight to the last. But the men had no wish to sacrifice their own lives. They had long loved Grange, but they hated Maitland as the cause of all their troubles, and threatened to hang him over the walls. Then all was over.

[1] Causes of the surrender of the Castle, May 28: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Conditions offered by the Regent, May 28: *MSS. Scotland*

Before sunset Edinburgh Castle was in the hands of the Regent, and Mary Stuart's cause was extinguished in Scotland for ever.[1]

So strange had been the revolutions of parties, that the last maintainers of that cause were men who had long stood at Murray's side, and had long been the keenest promoters of the Reformation and the English alliance. Grange had begun his public life on the memorable morning at St Andrews when wild justice was done upon the Cardinal. Maitland had been Cecil's pupil, the adviser of the marriage between Elizabeth and Arran, which would have dispossessed his mistress of her throne; and Hume did more than any one to help Murray to win the Battle of Langside.

But Maitland, who looked on God as a 'nursery bogle,' and among his splendid qualities wanted faith in all great principles, had spun a diplomatic net about himself which at last was too strong for him to break; and Hume and Grange, pursuing the will-of-the-wisp of Scottish patriotism, followed him to their own ruin in a blind belief in his infallibility.

June. It was over at last—over in shame and disgrace. In consideration of his illness and of Elizabeth's known regard for him, Killigrew intended to have received Maitland as his own guest; but the rage of the people against him when he was brought down out of the Castle was so violent that he was in danger of being torn in pieces, and he was sent for his

[1] The account of the siege is taken from the despatches of Drury and Killigrew in the Scotch and Border MSS.

own safety under a strong guard to Drury's quarters at Leith.[1] His fate and that of the others were referred to Elizabeth's consideration; but a letter from Alva was found in the Castle which showed how deeply they had been implicated in the late conspiracies, and, in forwarding it to Burghley, Killigrew was unable to advise that either he or Grange or Hume should be spared. Maitland had burnt the greater part of his correspondence on the last night of the siege; but this letter, which remained, and others of equal importance from France, removed the last traces of uncertainty, if uncertainty remained, as to the real meaning of the long and obstinate resistance of the Castle. 'The Edinburgh ministers preached daily that God's plague would rest on such as should pronounce favour for traitors. The unthankfullest thing which could come from England would be a suit for suspending the execution.' And Killigrew's own opinion was 'that they were fitter for God than for the world.'[2]

Elizabeth, who could never bring herself without reluctance to consent to executions, after thanking Drury for his services, regretted that she should be called on to express an opinion 'for the punishment of offences done in another Prince's kingdom;' but since the fate of the prisoners was referred to her, she said she must have 'particulars in writing of the quantity and quality of the charges against them;' and she desired Killigrew to see them 'lodged' meanwhile 'where they should be in

[1] Drury to Cecil, June 1.
[2] Killigrew to Burghley, June 5: *MSS. Conway*

no danger of murder from their mortal enemies.'[1] She commended Lady Argyle to the care of Morton. She was 'loath,' as she said, 'to interfere between husband and wife,' but she feared if the Countess was carried off to Inverary she might come to a hard end there. Elizabeth intended clearly to save them all if she could; but before her letters reached Scotland one, at least, was beyond the reach of her protection or of Morton's vengeance. Eleven days after the surrender Maitland died, and it was generally believed that, to save himself from the ignominy of the scaffold, he had taken poison.[2] He was constitutionally more likely than any of his contemporaries to have taken refuge in a Roman death; but although the particular letter in which Sir William Drury describes his end is not preserved,[3] yet Killigrew mentioned it two days after in a tone in which he would hardly have spoken of something so unusual as suicide, and the popular rumour was probably unfounded. 'Lidington,' wrote Lord Burghley, 'is dead from his natural sickness, being also stricken with great melancholy, which he conceived of the hatred that he did see all his countrymen bear towards him since he came out of the Castle, in such sort as Sir William Drury was forced to keep a strong guard to save him in his own lodging from the fury of the people.'[4]

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[1] Elizabeth to Killigrew, June 8; Elizabeth to Morton, June 9: *MSS. Conway.*

[2] Memoirs of Sir James Melville.

[3] Killigrew says, in a letter of the 13th of June to Sir T. Smith, 'Of Lidington's death my Lord General did advertise.'—*MSS. Conway.*

[4] Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, June 14.—*Illustrations of English History*, vol. ii.

His companions remained in confinement at Holyrood in Morton's sole charge. The English guns were reshipped; the shot were gathered up again; a bawbee being paid for every bullet which was brought in.[1] Sir Wm Drury led back his troops to Berwick, and Killigrew carried to London an intimation that Morton was ready now to undertake the dispatch of Mary Stuart.[2]

Mr Thomas Cecil, after his lesson in the wars, went back to the great house at Burghley;[3] and 'religion'

[1] Drury to Burghley, June 5: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'I shall bring with me some articles touching the League, and I hope somewhat touching the great matter whereof I thought good to forewarn your Honour.'—Killigrew to Burghley, June 26.

'I have thought good to put in memory how the ground of the trouble yet remains in her Majesty's hands and power, whereunto I doubt not but her Highness will put order when she finds time; and thereanent I must leave to be further curious till I receive knowledge of her Majesty's pleasure.'

On the margin opposite this passage there stands, in Burghley's hand, 'The removing of the Bosom Serpent.' — Morton to Burghley, June 26: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] A fact memorable only as having furnished occasion for the Steward there to write a letter to Lord Burghley, in which we catch a glimpse worth observing of old Mrs Cecil:—

'My duty to your Honour,—Yesternight, about three of the clock, Mr Thomas Cecil came home well and merry, God be thanked; and my Mistress, your mother, was come to Burghley two hours before him. The gown that you would make it must be for every day; and yet because it comes from you, except you write her to the contrary, she will make it her holiday gown, whereof she hath great store already, both of silk and cloth. But I think, Sir, if you make her one of cloth with some velvet upon it, with your letters to desire her for your sake to wear it daily, she would accustom herself with it, so as she would forget to go any longer in such base apparel as she hath used to have a delight in, which is too mean for one of a lower state than she is of. She likes well of all things as yet; but for that there is not one that is in the ministry to do service daily there, which she much desires, that she may serve God twice a day; you may have at your pleasure from Cambridge some

in Scotland began to prosper marvellously. The long fever of uncertainty was past. The few recusant Papists came in, and made their peace; and it remained only for justice to be executed upon one who, next to Maitland, was responsible for all the blood that had been shed. The letters found in the Castle, when Elizabeth saw them, deprived her of an excuse for interfering; Morton told Burghley that 'the future quiet of Scotland depended on her consent;' and she felt that she had trifled long enough, and that she must now leave the Regent to do what he thought best.

The most passionate intercessions were made by others for Grange's life. His relations offered any security which Morton might desire, that he should cause no more trouble. 'His hail heritage and the band of manrent of all his friends' was placed at Morton's disposal, if only his life could be spared. But the Regent, 'considering what had been and daily was spoken by the Preachers, that God's plague would not cease till the land was purged of blood;' considering 'the demands of those who, by the death of their friends, the destruction of their houses, the taking away of their goods, could not be satisfied by any offer made to him in particular,' 'deliberated to let justice proceed.'[1]

August. Thus it was that on the 3rd of August the second Wallace, as Grange had fondly called

one that, from lack of exhibition, would be glad for a year or two to do service there daily, which would much content her.'—Peter Kemp to Lord Burghley, June 7: *MSS. Hatfield.*

[1] Morton to Killigrew, August 5: *MSS. Scotland.*

himself, was drawn in a cart from Holyrood to the cross in the High Street. David Lindsay, who had carried to the Castle the last fruitless message from Knox, attended him at his own request. The first part of the prophecy had been but too well fulfilled; the words had now become precious with which Knox had received his answer—that for 'the body there was no longer hope, but that there was mercy for the soul.' Grange told Lindsay that, when the moment came, 'he hoped to give him a sign of that assurance, according to the speech of the man of God.' He was hung with his face looking down the street towards Holyrood. It was four in the afternoon, and the August sun shone full behind him; but, as the cart drove from under him, the body swung slowly round. The light gleamed upon his eyes. He raised his hands slowly, dropped them, and died.[1]

So fell the curtain upon the cause of Mary Stuart in Scotland. Many a murderous struggle lay yet before the people there, as the Prince grew to manhood, and became the plaything of fresh intrigues; but never more was sword drawn there to bring back the murderess of Kirk o' Field to the throne which she had forfeited.

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[1] Diary of James Melville, p. 35.

CHAPTER LIX.

STATE OF IRELAND.

TO preserve some kind of clearness in a narrative where the threads are so many and so confused, I have set apart the history of Ireland for separate treatment, although the condition of that country affected materially the action of Elizabeth's Government, and prevented the Queen from assuming the bolder position which circumstances so many times appeared to thrust upon her. What the Low Countries were to Spain Ireland was to England, a dependent province occupied by a population alien in blood, in creed, and in temperament; the vulnerable point where foreign princes were sure of welcome who offered to assist the people in shaking off their oppressors. Both in London and Madrid there was a tacit understanding that if Elizabeth became the protectress of the revolted Provinces, Philip would send an army to Waterford or Kinsale, and the feeling of English statesmen was represented by a memorandum of Cecil's that 'it was folly to lose a kingdom in possession' for the grandest

of uncertainties elsewhere. Cecil indeed, as well as every other minister who had attempted so far to deal with the Irish difficulty, had found the task too hard for him. The 'kingdom' was one which had yielded no fruit to its owners except expense and perplexity; and the qualities in the people from which alone improvement could be expected were terribly slow in appearing. Nevertheless, there were times and places where happier symptoms prevented absolute despair. As with the great central morasses the bog in some capricious humour for a while recedes, and the margin dries and meadow grass takes the place of the rushes and the peat, so with the Irish people a disposition to industry displaced sometimes for brief intervals the usual appetite for disorder, and the administration would flatter itself that the new era was commencing. Such a fallacious period succeeded on the fall of Shan O'Neil, and in the harbour towns in Cork, Waterford, Youghal, Limerick, to some extent even in Galway, trade began to grow, and with trade a sense of the value of order and law. The steady hand of Sidney had made itself felt especially in the South; the pretended right of the chiefs to levy tribute on the citizens had been abolished; and for a circuit of a few miles about the walls the farmers were cultivating the ground on some better terms than as being sheep to be periodically shorn by the O or Mac of the adjoining castle.

'God be praised,' wrote the Mayor of Waterford to Cecil, 'the poor people which were so miserably overhaled, begin to savour what it is to live under a most

worthy prince, by whose providence they are of slaves become subjects, having felt the benefit of justice whereof they never tasted before, such was the tyranny of their Irish lords. Where before the poor people were so pitifully oppressed as they had no joy of their lives, now they fall to such plays and pastimes as the like was never seen in Ireland; so as if this government continue but three years more, they doubt not to live as merrily in Ireland as they do in the very heart of England. Lands that lay of long time waste, and of no profit to the owners, are now inhabited; and that which before was let for a groat now yields twelve pence. The honest husbandman, whom coyn and livery had so impoverished that he was fain to drive away his servants and family, as not able to sustain them, now calleth them home again, and retaineth more; the idle man that lived before upon coyn and spoil, now falleth to husbandry, and earneth his living by labour; and where before there was so little manurance and so much devouring by those raveners as that the country folk were not able to maintain themselves but by fetching their relief of grain from the good towns, now the country is so replenished that they come daily to the market to sell their superfluous store, so as the towns shall not need from henceforth to travel beyond the seas for their provisions as they have in times past been accustomed. To this time this poor country had in manner no feeling of good order, neither knew the poor fools God nor their prince, but as brute beasts lived under the miserable yoke of their ungodly Irish lords. Now, God be praised,

the world is otherwise framed, for they consider that there is a God, and under Him a most worthy prince, by whom they are preserved to live in better estate than ever their ancestors did.'[1]

This flourishing description did not continue of long application, and the morass soon returned to its ancient limits. Nevertheless, in and about the towns, there was a certain degree of enduring industry, and the reader will be interested in seeing an account of the same part of the island which was drawn up a year or two later by a person who was under no temptation to exaggerate either the virtues or the vices of the Irish race. Philip II., finding himself besieged by the entreaties of the Irish bishops and chiefs to come to their rescue, and having but a vague conception of the country of which he had once been titular sovereign,[2] sent an emissary to examine into the capabilities and condition of the people. The following extract contains the more curious parts of the report which was brought back to him:—

'Waterford,' says Diego Ortiz, 'contains nearly a thousand houses. It is surrounded by a stone wall, something less than a mile in circumference, with seven-

[1] George Wise to Cecil, June 20, 1567: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Philip has left on record an amusing illustration of his ignorance. Don Guerau in one of his despatches spoke of Waterford as a desirable post of occupation for a Spanish force, and seemed to describe it as twelve miles from London—doce millas de Londres. The mistake probably arose in the decipher, but Philip gravely wrote on the margin, 'No entiendo donde es este puerto, que en decir que es doce millas de Londres parece que es en Inglaterra, y por otras cosas en Irlanda. No se si el Duque de Feria sabia algo de este puerto.'—Descifrada de G. Despes, xiv. Junio, 1569: *MSS. Simancas.*

teen towers, and cannon on them to keep off the savages. It is the richest town in Ireland, after Dublin, and vessels of from three to four hundred tons lie at the quays inside the fortifications. The trade of the port is with Gallicia, Portugal, Andalusia, and Biscay, where they send fish, hides, salt meat, and, at times, wheat and barley. The towns control the adjoining country, for the people depend on them to buy such things as they need, and to dispose of their flocks and wool. As a nation, the Irish are most improvident. They live almost wholly on meat, and use but little bread.[1] The fault is not with the land: it is extremely fertile, and if properly cultivated would produce all that Spain produces, except olives and oranges; but the people are lazy, and do not like work.[2] What four men sow, a hundred come to reap; and he who has most success in robbing his neighbours is counted most a man. There is little order among them beyond the jurisdiction of the towns. Every petty gentleman lives in a stone tower, where he gathers into his service all the rascals of the neighbourhood; and of these towers there is an infinite number.'

It was the old story, seen from a friendly point of view. Two solitary virtues only Don Diego was able to

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[1] 'Comiendo mucho carne y poco pan.' The fact of a meat diet being usual in Ireland is confirmed by a curious complaint of Sir John Perrot, President of Munster, who accounted for the excessive mortality in the English troops by saying that 'the continued eating of fresh beef had brought many of them to the flux.'—Demands of the President of Munster, August 14, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] 'La gente es muy olgazana, enemiga de trabajar.'

find—constancy to the Catholic Church, and hatred of the English.

'They all look to Spain,' he said, 'to deliver them from English tyranny, to save their souls, and give them back the blessed Mass. The Mass indeed they everywhere still use in their own houses. In Youghal there are yet two monasteries, a Franciscan and a Dominican. The friars are much troubled by the English. When their persecutors are in the neighbourhood, they emigrate to the mountains, or hide in their cellars; when the coast is clear again, they return to their houses.[1] Everywhere, both in the cities and in the country, there is a universal desire for the appearance of a Spanish armada to deliver them from slavery, and to restore their churches to them. There is an English proverb in use among them which says—

> ''He who would England win,
> In Ireland must begin.''

The English Government had added largely to their difficulties by attempting to force the Reformation upon Ireland while its political and social condition was still unsettled. Of the prelates who were in possession of their Sees at Elizabeth's accession,[2] the Archbishop of

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[1] 'En Youghal hay dos monasterios de frailes, uno de Dominicos y uno de Franciscos. Pasan gran trabajo á causa de los Ingleses que pasan por alli que los persiguen. Se van á la montaña ó se esconden en la tierra y luego vuelven á los monasterios.'

[2] I cannot but express my astonishment at a proposition maintained by Bishop Mant and others, that the whole Hierarchy of Ireland went over to the Reformation with the Government. Dr Mant discovers that the Bishop of Kildare and the Bishop of Meath were deprived for refusing the oath of supremacy. The rest, he infers, must have taken the

Dublin, who had changed with every change, undoubtedly gave his countenance to the revolution. The Bishops of Meath and Kildare refused, and were deprived; and but one other bishop in all Ireland who was in office at Queen Mary's death can be proved either to have accepted the reformed Prayer-book, or abjured the authority of the Pope. But for the question of religion, the towns would have been loyal, for their prosperity depended upon the maintenance of order, while the native chiefs, however turbulent, would never have seriously desired to transfer their allegiance to Spain, for Philip, they well knew, would have been as intolerant of anarchy as the English Viceroy at Dublin. The suppression of the Catholic services, enforced wherever the English had power, and hanging before the people as a calamity sure to follow as the limits of that power were extended, created a weight of animosity

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oath because they remained in their places. The English Government, unfortunately for themselves, had no such opportunity as Dr Mant's argument supposes for the exercise of their authority. The Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Meath and Kildare, were alone under English jurisdiction. When Adam Loftus was made Archbishop of Armagh, the Primacy became titularly Protestant. But Loftus resided in Dublin, the See was governed by a Bishop in communion with the Pope, and the latter, and not the former, was regarded in Ireland, even by the correspondents of the English Government, as the lawful possessor of the See.

In a survey of the country supplied to Cecil in 1571, after death and deprivation had enabled the Government to fill several Sees with English nominees, the Archbishops of Armagh, Tuam, and Cashel, with almost every one of the Bishops of the respective provinces, are described as *Catholici* et *Confœderati.*

The Archbishop of Dublin, with the Bishops of Kildare, Ossory, Ferns, and two others, are alone reckoned as 'Protestantes.'—*MSS. Ireland, Rolls House.*

which no other measure could have produced, and alone perhaps made the problem of Irish administration hopelessly insoluble. Notwithstanding the fair speeches of the Mayor of Waterford, neither that city nor any other in Ireland, except Dublin, would receive an English garrison within their walls. When they admitted the English Prayer-book, it was with a reluctance which was nowhere concealed. A strong fort, armed and garrisoned, stood at the mouth of Waterford River, but it was held, as the inhabitants significantly pointed out to Philip's commissioner, for the town, and not for the Queen.[1]

The death of Shan O'Neil had for the present put an end to open rebellion. Shan had been the centre round which the disaffection had centred, and when he was gone there was no rallying point left. His many brothers had shared his fortunes and had perished along with him, and the lordship of the O'Neils passed to his kinsman Tirlogh Lenogh, whose elevation divided the clan and relieved Sidney of further immediate alarm. The Papal Primate Creagh, who had been with Shan before his defeat, was betrayed to the Deputy by one of the O'Shaughnessies. As he had escaped once before, Cecil thought it would be better to make an end of him, and unless Sidney saw objections he recommended that the Archbishop 'should be indicted and ordered to receive that which in justice he had deserved, for example's sake to restrain the traitoring to Rome.'[2] The

[1] Narrative of Diego Ortiz: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Cecil to Sidney, July 5; Elizabeth to Sidney, July 22: *MSS. Ireland.*

poor wretch was spared the fate which was intended for him. The Deputy for some reason suggested a doubt of 'the indifferency of his trial' in Dublin. Before he could be sent to London he escaped out of prison once more, made his way to Scotland and thence to the Continent, to disappear from history. The See however was filled by a nominee of Cecil's, 'a lusty good priest' named Lancaster, whom Tirlogh Lenogh promised to support, and the English Government began to be sanguine that Protestantism would at last make progress. Elizabeth, anxious to indemnify herself for her enormous expenses, began to inquire after abbey lands and confiscated estates, and ancient rights and rents of the Crown; and Cecil so far gave way to his hopes of better times that he thought of going in person to Dublin and joining Sidney in the settlement of the country.[1]

A very short time sufficed to show that the Irish Millennium had not yet arrived. Doctor Lancaster, for one thing, could not venture to take possession of his Cathedral. Notwithstanding the fair speeches of Tirlogh Lenogh, he had reason to fear that if he ventured beyond the Pale he would be snatched up and sent to Spain, and he loitered at Dublin like his predecessor Adam Loftus.[2] The peace of the country could not be

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[1] Cecil to Sidney, July 6: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] The Archbishop of Armagh to Elizabeth, November 12, 1568: *MSS.* Ibid. Doctor Lancaster being unable to go to his diocese, amused himself apparently with studying medicine. Hearing that Cecil had been suffering from the gout, he sent him the following prescription:—

'Take two spaniel whelps of two days old, scald them and cause the entrails to be taken out, but wash them not. Take five ounces of

preserved without soldiers; the soldiers could not be kept under discipline without regular wages; and money as usual, and especially money for Ireland, was a subject on which not one of her ministers approached Elizabeth without terror.[1] Cecil, with the utmost difficulty, extracted sufficient sums from time to time to stave off mutiny, but the Irish debt was frightfully increasing. The Queen insisted that Ireland should be made to pay at least the cost of its police duty, and the council once more went to work on the interminable problem. The obvious method, unless the practical difficulties proved insuperable, was to people the country with military colonies.

The exclusive right of a savage population over lands which they will not cultivate is always disputable. The Irish chiefs might be held to have forfeited such title as they possessed by their repeated rebellions, and might be fairly required to surrender a part of their domains as the price of their pardon. A thousand

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brimstone, four ounces of turpentine, five ounces of parmaceti, a handful of nettles, and a quantity of oil of balm, and put all the aforesaid in them stamped and sew them up and roast them, and take the drops and anoint you where your grief is, and by God's grace your Honour shall find help.'—The Archbishop of Armagh to Cecil, March 25, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

[1] The duty was thrust on Cecil, who, writing to Sidney, says:—'In all these things I only am forced to break the ice, and if I might be answered comfortably, as reason requireth, the pains were tolerable, but truly, my Lord, as it is used I cannot further endure it. Every other councillor is burdened but with assenting and commanding; and I am like a slave put to all the drudgery to carry out all disgraces. But it is good for me to stay, for if I open this gate I should lead you into a bottomless pit of my miseries.'—Cecil to Sidney, February 2, 1569: *MSS. Ireland.*

English soldiers who had been just dismissed were ready made for the purpose; there were many 'husbandmen, ploughwrights, cartwrights, smiths, and carpenters' among them. They might form a settlement at once at some point in the North, where they could defend themselves at least with as much success as the Scots; and afterwards fishermen might be tempted with privileges to form establishments at the mouths of the rivers, which in time 'might grow into haven towns.'[1] The difficulty was still the expense. The colonists would require an outfit, which the Queen would be unwilling to provide, and Sidney recommended a subscription among the wealthy English noblemen and gentlemen.[2] A more developed plan was conceived perhaps by Cecil, which would have amounted to an organized invasion. It was proposed that one able-bodied emigrant should be selected from every two parishes in England. The expense of transporting them to Ireland and of maintaining them for the first year

[1] Mr Vice-Chamberlain's opinion in the causes of Ireland, July 7, 1567: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] 'For Ulster too true it is that the charge will be intolerable for her Majesty either to defend that province by soldiers or to plant it with people at her own charge; and yet one of these two ways must be taken before reformation of revenue can be looked for. In my opinion, persuasion should be used among the noblemen and gentlemen of England that there might at sundry men's charges without exhausting the Prince's particular purse, be induced here some colony. If it were to the number of two thousand men or more, here were room enough for them, but then they must be furnished with money, apparel, victuals, and means to till the ground, and seed for the same, as if they should imagine to find nothing here but earth, and indeed little else shall they find, saving only flesh and some beasts for caring of the ground. There liveth not the two hundredth man which might well be nourished here.'—Sidney to Cecil, November 20, 1568: *MSS. Ireland.*

in their new settlement was to be defrayed by rates on the counties from which they were taken. Each of these persons was to have a farm allotted to him, and the distribution was to be so arranged that the colonists might 'dwell together in manner of towns to the number of one hundred households at least.' The lands were to be secured to them and their heirs, subject to a small annual payment to the Crown. Every gentleman who would go over at his own expense might have an increase of grant in proportion to the number of servants that he might take with him. The Queen should provide depôts of food till the first year's crops were got in, and the Crown payments would furnish a fund to reimburse the counties for the cost of the original outfit. Any objections which might be raised in England would be removed, it was thought, by a circular explaining the incessant expense which the existing administration of Ireland entailed upon the Crown, and through the Crown upon the people, with the waste of life among the English troops 'sent thither to serve in the wars.' The Queen possessed lands enough, either by forfeiture, escheat, or just title of inheritance, to enable her to carry out the scheme without invading the rights of the Irish chiefs; and she was ready to bestow these lands for the benefit of the commonwealth. If her subjects declined the proposal she would then be obliged 'to require their aid to collect and maintain soldiers to live there in garrisons.'[1]

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[1] Motion for the sending men out of certain parishes into Ireland. January, 1568: *MSS. Ireland.*

The care with which the details of this large project were drawn out implies that it was seriously considered. Either however the country did not respond to the invitation, or it was set aside in favour of another, at once more practicable, more audacious, and more questionable.

The suppression of Shan's rebellion reopened the disputes between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, which Sidney's skill had held for a time suspended. The points at issue between them were so many and so complicated that the Irish lawyers could not see their way through them—but the House of Butler had been as faithful to the English Crown as the Geraldines had been disloyal. Lord Ormond had been educated in London as the playfellow in childhood of Elizabeth and Edward, and the Queen had insisted that, with law or without it, the right should be found on Ormond's side. But for the disobedience of the Deputy she would have driven Desmond into an alliance with Shan O'Neil; and now when the danger was over, although Desmond had kept clear of treason, and although Lord Winchester and Cecil strongly dissuaded her, she determined to bring him to trial. The Earl at the first summons surrendered to Sir H. Sidney, and was sent as a prisoner to London.

The Geraldines, both in Kildare and the South, it is true, were a dangerous race: Elizabeth perhaps thought it politically wise to bring them on their knees. The trial was put off, and Desmond, more lucky than his kinsmen of the past generation, escaped a dungeon in

the Tower. He was allowed to live at large on his own recognizances, but he was forbidden to leave England. At last when, weary of his restraint, he attempted to escape out of the country, he was arrested and made to purchase his life by a surrender of everything that he possessed. A brief entry in the Records informs us 'that on the 12th of July, 1568, the Earl of Desmond—acknowledging his offences, his life being in peril, his goods liable to forfeiture, and himself in danger to her Highness for the forfeiture of 20,000*l.* by his securities—relinquished into her Majesty's hands all his lands, tenements, houses, castles, signories, all he stood possessed of, to receive back what her Majesty would please to allow him, and engaging to make a full and complete assurance to her Majesty of all which she might be pleased to keep.'

So enormous were the feudal superiorities pretended by the Munster Geraldines that half the province could be construed by implication to have fallen into the Queen's hands. A case for forfeiture could be made out with no great difficulty against the Irish owners of the remainder. In the scheme which had been drawn out by Sir Henry Sidney for a Southern Presidency, the MacCarties, the O'Sullivans, and the other chiefs were to have been associated in the Government, in the hope that they would be reclaimed to 'civility' by the possession of legitimate authority. A project briefer and less expensive was submitted to the Queen from another quarter.

It was an age of enterprise, restlessness, and energy.

The sons of English knights and gentlemen, no longer contented with the old routine of duties and a stationary place in the social scale, were out in search of adventures on the wide world. The ancient order of Europe had broken down. The shores of the political ocean were strewed with wrecks for the boldest hand to plunder. The Atlantic was a highway where the privateer, with no more risk than gave flavour to the employment, could fill his sea-chests with doubloons or ingots from the Indian mines. And caring little for legality, the young English rover was craving only to do some deeds which would bring him name and fame, or at least would better his private fortunes.

Excited by the difficulties of the Government, or perhaps directly invited to come forward, a number of gentlemen of this kind, chiefly from Somersetshire and Devonshire—Gilberts, Chichesters, Carews, Grenvilles, Courtenays—twenty-seven in all, volunteered to relieve Elizabeth of her trouble with Ireland. Some of them had already tried their fortunes there; most of them, in command of pirates and privateers, had made acquaintance with the harbours of Cork and Kerry. They were prepared to migrate there altogether on conditions which would open their way to permanent greatness.

The surrender of the Desmond estates created the opportunity. They desired that it should be followed up by the despatch of a Commission to Munster to examine into the titles of the chiefs, and where the chiefs had no charters to produce, to claim the estates

for the Crown. The whole of the immense territory which would thus be acquired these ambitious gentlemen undertook at their own charges to occupy, in the teeth of their Irish owners, to cultivate the land, to build towns, forts, and castles, to fish the seas and rivers, to make roads and establish harbours, and to pay a fixed revenue to the Queen after the third year of their tenure. They proposed to transport from their own neighbourhoods a sufficient number of craftsmen, artificers, and labourers to enable them to make good their ground. The chiefs they would drive away or kill: the poor Irish, even 'the wildest and idlest,' they hoped to compel into 'obedience and civility.' If the Irish nature proved incorrigible, 'they would through idleness offend to die.' The scandal and burden of the Southern Provinces would then be brought to an end. Priests would no longer haunt the churches, the countries possessed by rebels would be inhabited by natural Englishmen; and Kinsale, Valentia, Dingle, through which the Spaniards and the French supplied the insurgents with arms, would be closed against them and their machinations. The English settlers would have the fish, 'wherein those seas were very fortunate;' and 'the strangers who now sold fish to the country people would be driven to buy for their own markets, to the great enriching of good subjects.' Her Majesty would be spared her present expense, and would be strengthened in the command of the Channel; while the adventurers asked nothing but the grant, undertaking to do the rest themselves, requiring only

that they should not be looked upon 'as banished men,' and declaring that they meant rather 'to carry England to Ireland,' than to leave, as so many else had done, their own nationality behind them.[1]

1569. February.

This enormous scheme was submitted to the consideration of Cecil. His sense of justice and his caution were alike alarmed by the magnitude of the intended operations. 'Forfeiture,' he wrote in the margin of the petition, 'could not be enforced before attainder by some order of law, nor before offence found.' He was disposed to agree that the adventurers might have the lands, if the owners 'could be either adjudged felons by common law, or declared traitors by proclamation of the Lord Deputy;' but he suggested that the young gentlemen should begin their experiment with the county of Cork, and advance as they found their ground secure. But the projectors knew what they were about. If their adventure was to succeed at all, they conceived that it could succeed only if tried on an Imperial scale. The Irish might prove too strong for them, if they could gather on their flanks and were left with harbours through which they could bring in the Spaniards. They persisted that they must have the whole coast-line from the mouth of the Shannon to Cork harbour included in their grant. They would then have but a single frontier to defend on the short line from Cork to Limerick.[2] Wild as their project may

April.

[1] Petition of sundry her Majesty's good subjects, February 12, 1569: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Settlement of Munster, April, 1569, with side notes by Cecil. *MSS. Ireland.*

appear at first acquaintance with it, nevertheless, if to extinguish an entire people be to solve the problem of governing them, it promised better for the settlement of Ireland than any plan which had been as yet suggested. The action of the Crown was hesitating, embarrassed by a sense of responsibility, and hampered by considerations of humanity. The adventurers, it is plain, understood the problem which they were undertaking, and meant to hesitate at no measures, however severe, which would assist them in dealing with it. The Irish people were to become 'civil' and industrious, or else 'through idleness would offend to die.' These Western gentlemen had been trained in the French wars, in the privateer fleets, or on the coast of Africa, and the lives of a few thousand savages were infinitely unimportant to them. In collision with such men as these, the Irish would have shared the fate of all creatures who will neither make themselves useful to civilization, nor have strength enough to defend themselves in barbarism. Their extinction was contemplated with as much indifference as the destruction of the Red Indians of North America by the politicians of Washington, and their titles to their lands as not more deserving of respect. The Irish, it is true, were not wholly savages; they belonged, as much as the English themselves, to the Arian race; they had a history, a literature, laws, and traditions of their own, and a religion which gave half Europe an interest in their preservation; but it is no less certain that to these intending colonists they were of no more value than their own wolves, and

would have been exterminated with equal indifference. Accident only, which betrayed the project prematurely and gave the chiefs time to combine, prevented the experiment from being tried.

It has been seen that the Irish septs, taking advantage of the civil war in England in the 15th century, had reoccupied large portions of the interior of the island, from which they had before been driven by the Normans. Many English families had been forced to leave the country; their estates had been abandoned without prospect of recovery; and their great-grandchildren retained title-deeds which long had no value except as historical curiosities. The fall of Shan and the energy of Sidney however gave a hope that England would now recover its ascendency. The parchments, become again of importance, could be made use of as pretexts against the Irish, or to assist the intended forfeitures, and several of the twenty-seven speculators, Sir Peter Carew, Sir Warham St Leger, Sir Richard Grenville, Humfrey Gilbert, and others, having acquired claims of this kind either by purchase or inheritance, set out for Munster to look after their so-called properties, without waiting for the resolution of the council upon the general project. Nor were they contented with a mere survey; they carried with them, under the name of servants, considerable numbers of their retainers, and believing justly that at such times no title was so good as solid possession, St Leger and Grenville laid hold of a number of farms and castles in the neighbourhood of Cork, which MacCarty More and Des-

mond supposed to belong to themselves. The estates thus seized lay within the line of the intended confiscations. Desmond's property had been surrendered, and MacCarty was marked for forfeiture. Sir Peter Carew was imprudent enough to trespass upon the jurisdiction of Lord Ormond, to lay claim through a title-deed a century old upon estates in Kilkenny belonging to Lord Ormond's two brothers, Sir Edward and Sir Edmund Butler, and in the same style to march in, eject their tenants, and quarter his own men in the best houses on the property. Ormond at the time was in England, pushing his suit against the Geraldines. His brothers, seeing themselves dispossessed of their lands by such an extraordinary process, and hearing rumours at the same time that Carew and his friends were the advanced guard of a general invasion, flew to arms in their own defence. The English, Sir Edward Butler said, 'were coming to Ireland to make fortunes by the sword, and none but fools or slaves would sit still to be robbed.' They raised the Ormond war-cry, drove out Carew's servants, and, wild with rage, came down upon an Irish chief who had played into his hands, burnt his house, drove his cattle, and plundered his granaries. If report spoke true, their violence did not rest in these (for Ireland) legitimate measures of retribution. A number of poor Irish dependents of Carew collected their moveable goods in the churches, and sent their women there for protection. The Butler kerns respected neither place nor person; they burst the doors, misused and ravished

the women, young and old, married and unmarried, and after two days and two nights of unrestrained brutality, went off 'with the spoil of three hundred chests and coffers.'[1] Carew, knowing Elizabeth's regard for the House of Ormond, was for the moment afraid to retaliate, and meanwhile the Munster clans caught fire; MacCarty More, James Fitzmaurice the Earl of Desmond's brother, and the Southwestern chiefs, held a meeting in Kerry, and determined to use the opportunity of the quarrel between the Butlers and the English for a common rising to save themselves from the impending destruction. To them the struggle was for their lands and lives, and as the colonization scheme leaked out, it became easy, with such a cause, to unite all Ireland against the invaders. The religious cry and the land cry fell in together. The land was the rallying ground among themselves: religion gave them a claim on the sympathy and the assistance of the Catholic Powers. A Catholic rebellion was known to be impending in England, and the King of Spain was supposed to be secretly encouraging the disaffection there. The cause was the same in the two countries, and the chiefs concluded naturally that Philip would prefer the easier enterprise of an Irish conquest, which he might hope to maintain, to the political perplexities in which he would involve himself by placing Mary Stuart on the throne of Elizabeth. They determined therefore to offer the Irish crown to any prince of

[1] Terellaugh Mac Breene Ardye to Cecil: *MSS. Ireland.*

Spanish blood whom Philip might please to give them. The Celts and the Norman Irish were equally interested, for all believed themselves threatened, and all equally detested Protestantism. Messengers went round the provinces collecting signatures to the intended address to the Spanish King, and not a single chief or nobleman refused his name, except the two Butlers, who in the midst of their own agony, 'spotted,' as Ormond himself proudly complained, 'with the name of traitors,' called rebels in Dublin, and protected only by dread of Elizabeth from being hunted down as wild beasts, declined to abandon their loyalty. Sir Edmund Butler told Fitzmaurice that 'he could die to be revenged upon Carew,' and that he would fight to the death to preserve his lands; but 'he would not meddle with the bringing in of Spaniards, or with the setting up the Mass.'[1] The Ormond family held on, notwithstanding the provocations which they had received, to their old allegiance; but they stood alone against the whole island beyond the Pale, and three archbishops and eight bishops, the earls, barons, chiefs, the entire noble blood of the country, combined in one common effort to transfer to Spain the sovereignty of Ireland.

The Archbishop of Cashel, Maurice Macginn, or Maurice Reagh, as he was called, was chosen to be the bearer of the petition, and 'escorted to his ship' by James Fitzmaurice 'as if he were a god,' he sailed from a harbour in Kerry in February, 1569, at the moment

[1] Edmund Butler to the Earl of Ormond, August 24, 1569: *MSS. Ireland.*

when the confiscation project was assuming a practical shape in London.

His commission was addressed to the Pope as well as to Philip.[1]

Beginning with St Patrick and the first conversion of Ireland, the petitioners dwelt upon the constancy of the Irish people to the faith which their first apostle had planted among them. They said that they desired to remain, like their fathers, in union with the Church; that they so detested heresy that they would rather forsake their homes and emigrate to some other country than live under the rule of schismatics or acquiesce in the errors of their oppressors. In the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., the English had pillaged their churches, destroyed their monasteries, proscribed their bishops, expelled and persecuted the religious orders, and had thrown the whole of Ireland into confusion. The present Queen was treading in the steps of her father, imprisoning prelates, and otherwise doing evil, as he had done. She had sent over preachers of heresy; she had introduced heretical books to poison the minds of the multitude; and now therefore, in all humility, they prayed God to have pity on their sufferings and to move the hearts of his Holiness and the Catholic King to deliver them. Long and passionately they said that they had looked to the King of Spain for assistance. To him and to the Pope the sovereignty of Ireland of

[1] The signatures of the archbishops and bishops would decide the question of their attitude towards the Reformation, if on other ground there was the slightest reason to feel doubtful about it.

right belonged, and to escape the yoke of inconstant and uncertain England they were ready, with the blessing of God, to accept any Catholic prince of the King of Spain's blood whom he would be pleased to name. Such a one they would obey and acknowledge as their lawful and natural sovereign. They would establish the succession in his children, and they would then have one faith and one ruler, and their ancient monarchy would be revived. They prayed Pope Pius to sanction and confirm the King of Spain's choice. Ireland might then hope to remain in perpetual obedience to the Holy See, in the pure communion of the Church of Christ, and in alliance with the Royal House of Castile, from which their own nobles claimed also to be descended. Their country was inferior to England neither in climate, soil, nor natural resources, and, could it be justly and orderly governed by a Catholic prince who would reside among his subjects, it would be as rich and as strong as England. The people with one consent detested the tyranny and inconsistency of the English domination over them, especially they detested their heresies, and they desired to hold no further intercourse with them beyond the exchange of the common courtesies of neighbours.'[1]

Of this 'villany,' for 'villany' it of course appeared to the English gentlemen whose prospects were threatened by it, information was immediately furnished to Sidney by Sir Warham St Leger. 'The end of that

[1] 'Exposition del Estado de los negocios de Irlanda que se ha de hacer á su Sant^d y á la Mag^d Catolica de la parte de los Obispos y nobles de aquella Isla.'—*MSS. Simancas.*

Devilish Prelate'—so St Leger called the Archbishop—'was to resist the good devices which had been formed for the welfare of Ireland,' and he could but hope that the Queen would 'presently, with all the speed that might be, send over the well-minded persons who intended to adventure their lives and livings in the conquest.'

Finding Elizabeth slower than he wished, Sir Warham and Grenville hastened back to London to quicken her resolutions, and the moment of their absence was seized by Fitzmaurice to call his people under arms. A small vessel which belonged to Sir John Hawkins, and was one of the two which escaped from San Juan de Ulloa, was in the harbour of Kinsale. There were a few pieces of bronze artillery on board, of which Fitzmaurice possessed himself; and with these, in company with the Earl of Clancarty, he came down upon the lands of which they had been robbed. Lady St Leger and Lady Grenville, who had been left in possession, had just time to escape into Cork; the whole establishment—tenants, servants, farm labourers—had their throats cut; ten thousand of their cattle were driven off into the hills, and Clancarty announced ostentatiously that he was henceforward plain MacCarty More, and would never wear his Earl's coronet more. The towns throughout the provinces, one after the other, opened their gates to the two chiefs. Mass was said in the churches again wherever it had been dropped. The suspended Desmond rents were levied in kind, or paid gratefully under the excuse of compulsion. The same course was

followed everywhere, and is described in a letter to Sir H. Sidney, from 'the Suffreyn and Citizens of Kilmalloch.' Fitzmaurice came under their walls, required them to surrender, and threatened to kill them if they refused. He levied a sum of money on them, he exacted an oath from them that 'they would use none other divine service but the old divine service of the Church of Rome;' he made them 'promise to find him and his host in victuals for their money,' as often as they should come thither, and regard him as Desmond's representative until the Queen sent his brother back to them.[1] English settlers were swept away wherever they had established themselves. Fitzmaurice desired to cool the ardour of the intending colonists, and showed no mercy 'either to them or to their friends.'[2] By the middle of the summer he came with his guns and some thousands of his ragged warriors to Cork, and he sent a demand to the Mayor, 'to abolish out of the city all Huguenot heretics,' especially Lady Grenville and her family, and to unite with him in purging the churches of all traces of their presence.[3]

July.

[1] The Suffreyn and his brethren of Kilmalloch to the Lord Deputy, July 3: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] 'They torment her Highness's true subjects whom they understand to be furtherers of civility with more cruel pains than either Phalaris or any of the old tyrants could invent.' —The Mayor of Waterford to Cecil, July 8: *MSS. Ireland.*

[3] The letter is curious and not discreditable to Fitzmaurice.

'Mr Mayor,—I commend me unto you; and whereas the Queen's Majesty is not contented to dispose all our worldly goods, our bodies, and our lives as she list, but must also compel us to forego the Catholic faith by God unto his Church given, and by the See of Rome hitherto prescribed to all Christian men to be observed, and use another newly invented kind of religion, which for my part, rather than I would obey

The sudden blaze of insurrection found Sir H. Sidney without money as usual, and with a mere handful of troops, insufficient for the police duty of the Pale. He was himself heartily in favour of the colonization scheme, and if 'the commotion' assisted in overcoming Elizabeth's objection to it, he was inclined to be rather glad than sorry that it had broken out. It satisfied him, and he hoped it would satisfy her, that if a Spanish army came over, and the chiefs were still in possession of their lands and castles, the country could not be held, unless with a larger force than England could afford to keep there. He wrote to Cecil to recommend him to impress this fact strongly upon her, and he himself meanwhile prepared to move down into Munster with as many men as he could collect.

The Butlers had hitherto been the immediate resource in times of sudden danger. The fear now was

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to my everlasting damnation, I had liefer forsake all the world if it were mine, as I wish all others who profess Christ and His true faith to do: therefore this shall be to require you in the way of charity that ye ought to have towards all them that profess to be Christian men, to abolish out of the city that old heresy newly raised and invented, and all them that be Huguenots, both men and women, and Grenville's wife and children, and to set up the service after the due form and manner which is used in Rome and throughout all Christendom, and as our forefathers have ever used tofore. Assuring you that if you follow not this our Catholic and wholesome exhortation, I will not nor may not be your friend, and in like manner I wish and require the Chapter and all the Clergy of Cork and of the Bishoprick thereof to frame themselves to honour God as your ancestors have done, and destroy out of the town all the Huguenots with the first wind.

'From Martyrstone this 12th of July, 1569.

'Spes nostra Jesu Maria.

'Yours if ye be in good faith,

JAMES FITZMAURICE OF DESMOND.'—*MSS. Ireland.*

that they would join the rebellion. Elizabeth, on hearing of the outbreak, sent Ormond back to take charge of his people, and so far as the Earl was concerned, she left him without a request ungratified, or a complaint unredressed. The Desmond cause was decided in his favour on every point. He was empowered to seize as many castles and manors as would compensate for the injuries which he professed to have received. He was relieved of all payments to the Crown upon his own vast estates. He was even allowed, and Sidney received strict orders not to interfere, to revive the abominable system of coyn and livery which had with so much difficulty been abolished.

The Deputy unfortunately did not like Ormond. He considered these extravagant concessions at once unjust and mischievous; especially at a time when the peace of the country had been broken by his family. While Ormond was hastening over from London, Sidney summoned the two brothers to Dublin, to answer for their rebellion. They appealed from the Deputy to the Queen, and refused to appear, and Sidney proclaimed them outlawed as contumacious. Carew, recovering courage, collected a party of English, attacked the Butlers near Kilkenny, and killed some hundreds of them. This done, he set upon Sir Edward's house, and massacred every man, woman, and child that he found within the walls, not sparing even a little boy of three years old.[1] It was

[1] 'Sir Peter the third time gathered a great company, my brother being from home, and assaulted my brother's house having in it eight men and won it, and put them to the sword, and also did execution

the beginning of the general extermination which was contemplated in the scheme of settlement; and it will be seen that the gentlemen interested in the intended partition imitated Carew's example wherever they had an opportunity, with the deliberate and expressed approval of Sir Henry Sidney.

Sir Edward Butler, being without hope of justice from the Deputy, challenged Carew 'to mortal combat.' 'As to the Queen,' he said, 'he loved her so, that he would be a slave in her kitchen if she commanded him;' but he would not sit still while those who depended on him for protection were murdered under his own roof, and while he himself 'was proclaimed a traitor,' as 'an excuse to take his lands from him.' He would make war to the death 'against those that banished Ireland and meant a conquest.' He was ready to fight these would-be colonists one after another, man to man, in Sir Henry Sidney's presence, and before the whole English army.[1]

The news of Carew's atrocities were spread fast over Ireland, and every chief prepared to take the field. Tirlogh Lenogh forgot his short-lived loyalty, and unfurled the banner of the O'Neils. Clanrickard and Thomond combined in the west, and Kildare was waiting only to see how the scale would turn. If a Spanish fleet appeared in the Irish seas before the fire had burned

upon all the women and children that were in the house, and among them was an honest gentleman's son in the house not three years old that was also murdered.' — Ormond to Cecil, July 24, 1569: *MSS. Ireland.*

[1] Sir Edward Butler to the Earl of Ormond, August 24: *MSS. Ireland.*

down, Sidney felt that nothing could save him. There were but 2000 able-bodied Englishmen in the whole island, and had the fighting power of the Irish been equal to the loudness of their talk, they could have been swept into the sea, as it was, without help from strangers. That they were able to hold their ground at all, if the hatred of England was as intense as every account from the country represented it, was a mystery; and Cecil, perplexed altogether with the extraordinary stories which came over to him, sent young Edward Tremayne[1] to examine into their truth, and to let him know quietly the real condition of the country.

Tremayne, on his first arrival, reported 'that the matter was more fearful than hurtful.' 'The rebels showed no valour except where there was no resistance; and the English, if they had only courage, might count on victory wherever they met them. Being a Devonshire man, and a friend of Gilbert and Grenville, he saw the Irish through their eyes, and believed what they told him; so miserable 'the naked knaves' appeared to him, that he thought 'birchen rods' would be fittest weapons to use upon them. He considered the combination a good opportunity for a 'general reformation;' 'the forfeitures and confiscations deserved by the rebellion of the Irish would pay for the charge of their correction;' and he 'could only pray that it might be severely followed.'[2]

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[1] Tremayne of Sydenham, in Devonshire, brother of the twins who were killed at Havre.

[2] Edward Tremayne to Sir Hugh Pollard, July 7: *MSS. Ireland.*

A few months' experience sufficed to correct these hasty views. Tremayne learnt that the conspiracy was universal. 'West, north, and south, all tending to subvert the English Government.' 'The naked knaves' proved less contemptible than he imagined, and he came to see that confiscation was as unwise as he at first considered it desirable.

Ormond evidently was not made a party while in England to the colonization scheme. On his landing, the truth became for the first time known to him, and in language scarcely ambiguous he gave Cecil to understand that favour to himself should not make him untrue to Ireland. If the lands of the ancient owners were to be seized for the benefit of strangers, he said plainly that he would make common cause with his countrymen.[1]

The apostasy of so powerful an interest was a risk too formidable to be ventured. To drive Ormond into combination with Fitzmaurice, would make either colonization or military government alike impossible, except at a cost which Elizabeth could not undertake.

[1] 'This is the order now-a-days to come by the possession of my brother's lands; and to make the better quarrel to his living my Lord Deputy proclaimed him rebel. I hope the Queen's Majesty will think of this manner of dealing with her subjects. I assure you Sir Peter's dealing for my brother's land has made all the lords and men of living, dwelling out of the English Pale, think there is a conquest meant of all their countries. I do hear that certain foolish letters, written in some fond sort by Sir Warham St Leger or some others, be come into the hands of divers here. By God, if it be as my men tell me, those that have hitherto always served the Queen faithfully are now in doubtful terms. I mean some of great calling.'—Ormond to Cecil, July 24: *MSS. Ireland.*

Carew's covetousness had exploded the mine at once prematurely and in the most unfortunate direction; and he and his companions were compelled to suspend their ambition, and to wait till the law had decided in their favour, before taking armed possession of other men's properties. The scheme from which such great results were expected was allowed to drop, to be revived a few years later at the further extremity of the island with more modest pretensions; and Munster, the first object of English avarice, was left to the 'savage' proprietors.

It was less easy to lay the storm which had been raised, or even to quiet Ormond's suspicions. Sir Henry Sidney, after being reinforced from England, had hurried down to the south. He moved first on Waterford, expecting the citizens to join him; but the corporation pleaded their liberties, refused to open their gates, or spare a man for his service. The two Butlers were in strength at Cashel; where, after reconnoitring their position, he 'found those people in a quarter of such difficulty from bog and wood,' that he dared not meddle with them. He went on therefore burning villages, blowing up castles, killing the garrisons, and flinging their bodies from the battlements 'for a terror of all others.'[1]

October.

Fitzmaurice, on hearing of his approach, fell back from before Cork, into the Kerry mountains. The smaller chiefs withdrew into their strongholds. Sidney stormed them one after another,

[1] Sir Henry Sidney to the English Council, October 26: *MSS. Ireland.*

putting every man to death whom he caught in arms, and leaving detachments wherever they could best overawe the country. To punish Kilmalloch for receiving the rebels, he carried off the mace and keys, suspended the liberties of the town, and stationed 500 men there, under Humfrey Gilbert, who, being disappointed of his estates, remained to serve as a soldier.

Sidney himself marched on to Limerick, to Galway, to Roscommon, and thence across to Armagh and the borders of Tyrone; making a complete circuit through the disturbed districts, and intending to finish the campaign by a visit to Tirlogh Lenogh. In this quarter he found himself relieved of immediate trouble. Tirlogh Lenogh had married the widow of James M'Connell.[1] Some wild domestic injury was connected with the alliance, and the new chief of the O'Neils was shot through the body one night as he was sitting at supper, and dangerously wounded. The Deputy therefore contented himself with a rapid raid across his borders, and returned at the beginning of October to Dublin.

The expedition had been swift, vigorous, and not without effect. The destruction might have satisfied the propensities even of an Irish chieftain. Two garrisons had been left in the heart of Munster. Clanrickard and Thomond had presented themselves at Limerick, and made an affected submission; and Sir Edward Fitton, a Dublin judge, was placed with a third detachment at Galway, as President of Connaught. The

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[1] Sister of Shan's Countess and a daughter of the House of Argyle.

Butlers only remained to be dealt with, and having, as he supposed, awed into quiet the rest of the country, the Deputy addressed himself to his most serious difficulty. The brothers had broken up from Cashel after he had passed south, and had used the time in completing the clearance of the intending settlers. Sir Edward had revenged the destruction of his own house on a tenant of Carew's at Inniscorthy, committing, as Sidney said, 'outrages too horrible to hear.' It is needless to dwell upon the details. Sidney may have exaggerated the worst features of the story. If he told but the bare truth, the English had set the example of ferocity, and had little right to complain.

However it was, he sent for Ormond to Dublin, and required him to bring his brothers with him. While Sidney was still in the field, the Earl had written a second letter of serious remonstrance to Cecil. He reminded him of the long-tried loyalty of his family, when England had no other friend. The rebellion was provoked, he said, by a universal belief among the people that their lands were to be taken from them by the sword, and he warned him that such a project could never be carried out without the destruction of the whole people.[1] When Sidney's message came he at once obeyed; and his brothers, on receipt of a safe-conduct, consented to accompany him. They were charged with rebellion. They said boldly that they had a right to defend themselves against oppression. Sidney said that

[1] Ormond to Cecil, September 7: *MSS. Ireland.*

they must remain in Dublin till the Queen's pleasure could be ascertained; as they appeared contumacious, he declined to hear them further, and made Ormond responsible for their detention; a few hours later one of them escaped; the other, notwithstanding the safe-conduct, was arrested and thrown into the castle.

Amidst the conflicting evidence it is impossible to measure accurately the extent of their real offence. The intention to confiscate three-fourths of Munster and divide it among a number of gentlemen, of whom Carew was the leader, is proved by the English State Papers; and, if Sir Edward Butler murdered Carew's intruding colonists, he could at least plead provocation. Sir Henry Sidney was a high-natured, noble kind of man, fierce and overbearing, yet incapable of deliberate unfairness. A correspondent of Cecil's, who was present when the Butlers appeared before him, remarked 'the singular gravity, the stoutness and wisdom, with which he spoke.' On the other hand, Ormond maintained that Sidney 'sought the overthrow of his family,' that he was himself endangered as well as his brother; and, 'that their cause could have no fair hearing, for that the Lord Deputy himself was their accuser.'[1]

Mr George Wise, the correspondent alluded to, was doubtless right in concluding that 'the real cause of the mischief was the Devil, who would not have Ireland reformed.'[2] But the land question, and Sidney's known views upon it, with the vindictive and ferocious attitude

[1] Ormond to Cecil, October 27: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] George Wise to Cecil, October 29: *MSS. Ireland.*

assumed by the English soldiers towards the people, was of considerable moment in furthering the Devil's purposes. For it seems certain that the patience of Sidney and the patience of England generally was worn out; that the Irish were no longer looked upon as subjects of the Crown, to be reclaimed with severity or tenderness, but as having themselves lost their rights as citizens by their turbulence, and as deserving only to be hunted down and destroyed.

Sir Peter Carew has been seen murdering women and children, and babies that had scarcely left the breast; but Sir Peter Carew was not called on to answer for his conduct, and remained in favour with the Deputy. Gilbert, who was left in command at Kilmalloch, was illustrating yet more signally the same tendency. Gilbert's instructions were to tread out the sparks of the fire which Sidney had beaten down. His jurisdiction extended over the west of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick. At the end of two months he sent in a report of his proceedings, which were regarded as eminently successful. He supposed himself to have established profound peace. MacCarty More had been on his knees before him. Fitzmaurice had fled to Kilkenny, and 'Kerry was so quiet that he had but to send his horse-boy for any man and he would come.' November.

'My manner of dealing,' he wrote, 'was to show them all that they had more need of her Majesty than she of their service; neither yet that we were afraid of any number of them, our quarrel being so good. I slew all those from time to time that did belong to, feed, ac-

company, or maintain any outlaws or traitors; and after my first summoning of any castle or fort, if they would not presently yield it, I would not afterwards take it of their gift, but won it perforce, how many lives soever it cost, putting man, woman, and child of them to the sword. Neither did I spare any malefactors unexecuted that came to my hands in any respect; using all those that I had protected with all courtesy and friendship that I might, being for my part constantly of this opinion, that no conquered nation will ever yield willingly their obedience for love, but rather for fear.'[1]

December. The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by tales of Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognize and respect.

Nor was Gilbert a bad man. As times went he passed for a brave and chivalrous gentleman, not the least distinguished in that high band of adventurers who carried the English flag into the Western hemisphere; a founder of colonies, an explorer of unknown seas, a man of science, and, above all, a man of special piety. In this very Irish service he displayed signal and splendid courage. He held a ford near Kilmalloch single-handed against a troop of Irish horse, to cover the passage of his people. He regarded himself as

[1] Humfrey Gilbert to Sir H. Sidney, December, 1569: *MSS. Ireland.*

dealing rather with savage beasts than with human beings, and when he tracked them to their dens he strangled the cubs and rooted out the entire broods.

And not he only, but Elizabeth's representative, the statesman, the gentleman, the accomplished Sidney, he too for these doings could find but words of praise, nay, could scarce find words sufficient to express his admiration of them. 'For the Colonel,'[1] he wrote to Cecil, 'I cannot say enough.' 'The highways are now made free where no man might travel unspoiled. The gates of cities and towns are now left open, where before they were continually shut or guarded with armed men. There was none that was a rebel of any force but had submitted himself, entered into bond and delivered hostages, the arch-rebel, James Fitzmaurice, only except, who is become a bush-beggar, not having twenty knaves to follow him. And yet this is not the most nor the best that he hath done; for the estimation that he hath won to the name of Englishman there, before almost not known, exceedeth all the rest; for he in battle brake so many of them, wherein he showed how far our soldiers in valour surpassed those rebels, and he in his own person any man he had. The name of an Englishman is more terrible now to them than the sight of a hundred was before. For all this, I had nothing to present him with but the honour of knighthood, which I gave him: for the rest, I recommend him to your friendly report.'[2]

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[1] i. e. Gilbert. [2] Sidney to Cecil, January 4, 1570: *MSS. Ireland.*

1570. January. Sir Henry Sidney was premature in concluding that the troubles of the country were at an end. The Gilbert method of treatment has this disadvantage, that it must be carried out to the last extremity, or it ought not to be tried at all. The dead do not come back; and if the mothers and the babies are slaughtered with the men, the race gives no further trouble; but the work must be done thoroughly; partial and fitful cruelty lays up only a long debt of deserved and ever-deepening hate.

In justice to the English soldiers however it must be said that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood. One more group of examples shall be mentioned to show what their conduct was. The facts themselves happened two years after Gilbert's doings at Kilmalloch. But it is desirable to bring the subject before the reader with all its distinctive features; the language in which the story about to be related is told, implies even more than it says, and by its commonplace, business-like, and altogether natural tone, indicates rather a deliberate and habitual principle of action than an exceptional outburst of violence.

To the west of the Wicklow mountains, on the frontier of the Pale, a few soldiers were stationed to protect the farmers of Dublin and Kildare. The officer in command, or sergeant-major as he was then called, was a certain Mr Agard, and he had four other officers under him, Captain Hungerford, Captain George, Lieutenant Parker, and Captain Wingfield. Agard's services were

in high esteem with the Government. When it was proposed to appoint a President for Ulster, Sir Humfrey Gilbert was thought of for the post, as being likely to govern the North as Agard governed the O'Birnes and the O'Tooles. In May, 1572, a report was sent in by this gentleman of one week's duty, which was endorsed briefly at the castle 'A note of the Sergeant-major his Services since the 16th of May.'[1] At the time to which the report refers there was no open rebellion. The Wicklow marauders had been simply stealing cattle in the Pale, and it was thought desirable to read them a lesson. In the eyes of the Government they were robbers; in their own eyes they were patriots; just as Drake and Hawkins were called by the Spaniards 'pirates,' while to the English they were the champions of Israel sent forth to spoil the Philistines. The principal offenders were the families of MacHughs, the Eustaces, and the Garralds, who inhabited the slopes of Lugnaquilla, and the glens between Lugnaquilla and Croghan Moira, the highest of the Wicklow hills.

The first expedition against these people—for, as will be seen, there was a series—was of no particular moment. A party of soldiers made their way to the Barony of Shillelagh, where, the report says, 'they burned Garrald's house, with sixteen towns or hamlets, took a prisoner or two and forty-five head of cattle, and had other killing.'

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[1] *MSS. Ireland*, May, 1572.

The day following, their work lay in the beautiful valley of Imale, between Baltinglas and Blessington. There, reported the sergeant-major, 'they killed a foster-brother of James Eustace, Pat Tallon, and his brother David, whose heads were sent (like a bag of game) to the Lord Keeper;' another young fellow was run into and dispatched after a chase of three miles, and 'much spoil was taken.' After a few hours' rest, the soldiers swept round the base of Lugnaquilla to the upper waters of the Avanagh, and fell upon the MacHughs. Feagh MacHugh, of whom they were chiefly in search, was absent, but 'they slew two of his foster-brothers, four or five kerns, and as many others as were in five cabins.' This done they turned homewards. On their way they picked up a woman, whom Agard carried to the station, meaning, as he said, 'to execute her, unless she would serve his purpose.' Captain George, with a scouting party, encountered a party of Tallons, who had been abroad at mischief: one of them was killed; the rest, as the soldiers wanted amusement, were stripped naked, and 'put in the bog.'

The sergeant-major was moderately contented with these exploits, when spies brought him word that a further expedition might be made with advantage to a place called the Glennes, now Glenmalure. The cattle there went down out of the gorge in the mornings to feed in the meadows, and the soldiers might 'have either kine or killing,' so the report expressed it—either drive off the herds or catch the people in their beds and murder them. 'Whereupon,' says Agard, 'I

sent Captain Hungerford and the residue of the companies. On the 22nd of this month, being Thursday, they marched all night, and lay still most part of the day. On Friday, at night, they marched again; and on Saturday morning they were at the Glenne mouth, where the spy offered, if they would stay, to warrant them to have five hundred kine, or else to enter *to have some killing*, which Captain Hungerford and Lieutenant Parker rather chose. At the break of day they entered in and had the killing of diverse: what they were I know not. They brought away five swords with six Galloglasse axes. *They slew many churls, women, and children.* One of the soldiers was shot through the thigh, who with much ado was brought away. They brought with them thirty kine, sheep, and other pillage, and left while they were killing five hundred kine which they saw.'

Such, and so related, was a week's service of a detachment of English police. Agard was casually alluded to afterwards by the Deputy as an able and zealous officer, and this was all the notice which was taken of his performances. The inference is but too natural, that work of the kind was the road to preferment, and that this or something like it was the ordinary employment of the 'Saxon' garrisons of Ireland.

Sidney indeed, notwithstanding his approval of such measures, had never liked his office, and found it at last intolerable. He never wrote to England without imploring to be revoked from such an accursed country. He could not tell whether the Queen 'allowed his pro

ceedings.' She neither approved nor disapproved, but said nothing. As usual she let him go his own way, and left herself free to disclaim the responsibility if his policy failed.[1] He hoped however that the severity would tell. If presidencies could be established in the provinces with sufficient force, he thought that 'the country would now receive whatsoever print should be stricken into it;' but the opportunity ought not to be lost. 'If the iron were allowed to cool, it might be found steel.' The people were headstrong, and 'if the curb was loosed but one link, they would have the bit in their teeth.'[2]

The truth of the words came home to him even sooner than he expected. Ever fluctuating between two policies, adopting for months or years the most cruel measures of repression, and then in despairing economy withdrawing the means by which military ascendency could be maintained, Elizabeth's Government succeeded only in lashing the nation into madness. From Ireland itself came the most opposite advices; and to Ireland's misery the various physicians were each allowed to try their remedies.

'Absoluteness of power,' wrote one, 'combined to so many respects and considerations beside the law, will make England weary of this land. I wish the English countries were governed by law and not by captaincy, ordering all things by the discretion of such as cannot discern right from wrong. The counties

[1] Sidney to the English Council, May 4, 1570: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Sidney to Cecil, June 4: *MSS.* Ibid.

would by law be better governed and more to her Majesty's advantage than by this uncertain kind of regiment, whereof no good account can be yielded.'[1]

'So beastly are this people,' wrote another, 'that it is not lenity that will win them. It is not the image nor the name of a President and council that will frame them to obedience; it must be fire and sword, the rod of God's vengeance. Valiant and courageous soldiers must make a way for law and justice, or else farewell to Ireland.'[2]

One permanent element of weakness there was which affected other interests besides those of Ireland—the poverty of the Crown. The cost to England of the Irish Government over and above the revenue levied in Ireland itself from the date of Elizabeth's accession had been 90,000*l.*, and of this 70,000*l.* remained unpaid—remained in the form of outstanding debts to the farmers and contractors who had supplied the army, and of Exchequer bills bearing usurious interest. Elizabeth was sparing, on principle, of her subjects' purses as well as her own; and after all, when the demands upon the treasury from France, from Flanders, from Scotland, the expenses of the navy, the expenses of the fortifications on the coast, are considered against the revenue, the wonder is rather at the greatness of the results which Elizabeth achieved, than at the shortcomings in the particular departments. The condition of the finances must have been as well known to Cecil

[1] Nicholas White to Cecil, February 9: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Rokesby to Cecil, April 15: *MSS.* Ibid.

as to his mistress, and as Cecil himself continually lamented her closeness, the limitation of the revenue is no complete vindication of it. Cecil doubtless would have preferred a more free application to Parliament, and a greater forwardness in complying with the Parliament's wishes. Yet, however it was, she did succeed with combined courage and cunning in holding at bay the Catholic Powers. England, with peace and immunity from taxation, grew enormously in wealth and strength, and the Queen herself was gaining a hold on the affections of her subjects which palsied the arm of disloyalty.

This is some set-off against the thousand wrongs and injustices which Elizabeth inflicted on parties and persons dependent upon her; it does not amount to an excuse, but it is something in the opposing scale, to be allowed for and remembered in the estimate of her.

If England throve, however, Ireland bled for it. No money came to Dublin to pay the wages of the soldiers, who were compelled, as before, to live upon the farmers on whom they were billeted. Gilbert, after his achievements at Kilmalloch, was recalled, and not a trace remained of his work but his own knighthood and the hate which his cruelties had engendered. Fitzmaurice, whom he had described as a hunted fugitive, became sovereign of Munster the instant of his departure, and the few persons who had shown favour to the English were tried and hanged. It was mentioned that a Presidency was established in Connaught: the fortunes of it form a curious episode in Irish history. Sir Edward Fitton, like most men of his

calling, could change his judge's wig for a steel cap when the times required; but he was a man whose profession was properly peaceful, and he became a soldier only on compulsion. When Gilbert's troops were broken up, he took part of them into his service, and commenced his duties by going on circuit in Clare. The Earls of Thomond were the hereditary rulers of the county. They were superseded by the new Commission, and Fitton, to make the transition easy, sent to Lord Thomond to say that he would be his guest at the Assize. The messenger, who had been one of Gilbert's officers, was admitted into Clare Castle, and he and his companions were told that they were prisoners. They resisted; some were killed, some were thrown into dungeons, and the Earl, who a few months before had appeared himself at Sidney's levee, set upon the town where the President was lying, maimed his horses, scattered his train, and left him to find his way back to Galway as he could.

The Deputy, made helpless by want of money, was obliged to swallow his pride, and applied to Ormond to help him to punish this new outrage. Ormond, though still loyal, was hampered by the division in his family, and could do nothing. A handful of soldiers were at last scraped together in Dublin, and sent to Fitton, who then marched into Thomond and fought a battle, where, though he gained what he called a victory, he was himself wounded, and his men were so badly cut up that he was obliged to retire. Unable to trust himself again in Galway, he shut himself up in the Castle of Athlone,

and there for a time he maintained a shadow of authority. But his salary was unpaid, and no allowance was made him for the expenses of his office. When his own money was all gone, he borrowed to the extent of his credit. When this was gone, there was no resource but exaction. His followers became a company of ragged and starving ruffians; and the President, who was sent to introduce a higher order of justice into Connaught, had to confess that his own servants 'were more grievous to the people than the rebels could be.' In an interval of quiet he ventured a few miles out of the town. On his return he found the gates shut against him. The citizens declined 'to receive or relieve the soldiers further.' They attempted to force an entrance, but they were defeated with loss. The President was admitted to the empty honours of the castle; the men-at-arms were dismissed to the Pale, and Fitton wrote to the council to be relieved of an office the duties of which were merely 'to have to speak the Queen's enemies fair, to give his friends leave to bribe the rebels for their own safety, and to see the people spoiled before his face.'[1]

It cannot be said that England deserved to keep a country which it mismanaged so disastrously. The Irish were not to be blamed if they looked to the Pope, to Spain, to France, to any friend in earth or heaven, to

[1] Rokesby to Cecil, April 15, 1570; Sidney to the Council, June 24, 1570; Fitton to Cecil, August 27, 1570; Fitton to Cecil, February 8, 1571; Fitton to Cecil, May 20, 1571; Fitton to the Council October 29, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

deliver them from a Power which discharged no single duty that rulers owe to subjects.

That Philip allowed the opportunity to escape him was due in part to the causes which closed his ears against the English Catholics, and for which he endured for so many years the intolerable insolence of the privateers. He could not agree to any common course of action with France, and without France he was afraid to move; while again, it was only with extreme reluctance, and by extremely slow degrees, that he could bring himself to regard Elizabeth as an enemy, or consent to measures which might overthrow her throne. Yet, as with England he had been long perplexed and irresolute, so it was not without a struggle that he abandoned a second Catholic nation who flung themselves upon him for protection; and, after all, he might have listened favourably to the petition of which the Archbishop of Cashel was the bearer, but for a difficulty unforeseen by any one who did not understand the secret relations between the Courts of Rome and Madrid.

The Irish had dutifully addressed their request in the first instance to the Pope. For some mysterious reason, the ultimate sovereignty of Ireland was held to be vested in the Holy See. Saint Peter had given it to the Normans. The grant was considered to have lapsed with English apostasy, and St Peter's successor was entreated to transfer it to the Catholic King. No one in Ireland dreamt that the Pope would raise an objection. Having excommunicated Elizabeth, and commissioned the Catholic Powers to execute his sentence upon her, it

was not so much as imagined that when the Irish people came forward of their own accord to do his bidding, he would obstruct their wishes. The King of Spain conjectured more accurately the Pope's probable feelings. His conduct with respect to England had given small satisfaction at the Vatican. He had stood between his sister-in-law and Paul IV. He had not interfered with her himself, and he had prevented the French from interfering. When the ruling Pontiff would wait no longer, and had fulminated his excommunication, Philip had forbidden the publication of the Bull both in Spain and in Flanders. When the Irish petition was therefore presented to him, he refused to reply to it till the pleasure of the Pope should be known; and the Pope soon justified his hesitation by expressing the strongest disapproval of the proposal. He was weary of the lukewarmness of Spain. He was expecting a Catholic revolution in England which would restore the faith, and give the throne to Mary Stuart; and he had not the slightest intention of allowing her expected dominions to be dismembered in favour of a prince who had done so little to deserve his favour. The Archbishop of Cashel had written a letter to Pius full of eagerness and confidence. The Cardinal Secretary replied, with cold brevity, that his Holiness was astonished that the Irish Church and people should have ventured to transfer their allegiance without his sanction. They ought to have remembered that Ireland was a fief of the See of Rome, which only a grant under the Pope's seal could alienate. If the Catholic King would ask the Pope to

give him the kingdom of Ireland to hold under himself, his prayer would perhaps be taken into consideration.[1]

Words could scarcely express the surprise of the Archbishop at the Pope's displeasure. He expected encouragement and thanks, and he found himself rebuked for his officiousness. He could not understand such an answer, or sit down under it with patience.

'I have received your Excellency's letter,' he replied, 'and I am overwhelmed with confusion. The Irish, I assure you, never thought for a moment of trespassing on the rights of the Holy See. Our sole idea was to free ourselves from English tyranny. Is not England itself a fief of the Church?[2] and did not the Pope himself, with the Council of Trent, permit any Catholic prince who cared to do it, to overthrow the government of England by force of arms? I had hoped that on hearing of my commission, his Holiness would have been the first to exhort the King to undertake the enterprise. Are we to wait, then, till his Holiness himself interferes for our salvation, or is it to be the King of France, who can scarce keep his own crown upon his head? What prince in Christendom, I beseech your Excellency, has the power of the King of Spain? What prince is more truly Catholic, more devout, or more obedient to the Holy See? and who can blame a prisoner if he seeks his freedom by the first means that offer?

[1] Cardinal Alciati to the Archbishop of Cashel, January 9, 1570: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'An non etiam et Anglia ipsa ad Ecclesiam nomine feudi pertinet?'

Your Excellency will say that we shall be no more free than we are now—we shall only be subjects of another sovereign; and that is true, and if any one had asked me fifty years ago to which of the two empires I should prefer that Ireland should belong, I should then perhaps have answered, England. But now, as we are at present governed, to hear mass, to attend confession, to receive the sacraments of the Church, is treason, while in Spain the law not only permits these duties, but demands the performance of them.

'Your Excellency will say this is nothing to the purpose;[1] that whoever will be King of Ireland must sue to the Church for the crown. I acknowledge it; and the Catholic King, I doubt not, will acknowledge it; but your Excellency should not impute to the Irish a lack of obedience for offering themselves to his Majesty. How else, busy as he is with other matters, could they bring him to attend to them? And surely, such is his piety, he would never listen to us without his Holiness's sanction. But your Lordship knows that unless either he or some one comes to help us, the evil will be past cure, either by Pope or King. The English are growing strong, and the question will soon be, not of Ireland only, but of Scotland, France, Flanders, and all Europe.

'If his Holiness require me to desist from this commission, I am a servant and I must obey. I will go home and make my neck ready for the axe, as many

[1] 'At rursum dicet omnia hæc nihil ad rem facere.'

more of us will have to do, unless God send help from heaven. Write to me, I beseech you, quickly. Tell me whether the Catholic King may help us, and what I am myself to do, for I may not be longer absent from my country, and leave my flock to the wolves. The Viceroy has sacked one of my castles, and carried off the pall. Entreat his Holiness to send a second for me hither, as the ports of Ireland are for the most part in English hands; and meanwhile, let his Majesty know his Holiness's pleasure through his ambassador at your Court.'[1]

No immediate reply seems to have been sent to this letter. The Pope was probably watching the progress of the Catholic reaction in England. Philip had not made up his own mind, and waited also before making the required application, and the Archbishop lingered on at Madrid, expecting his resolution.

But European politics, as has been already seen, assumed in the year 1570 a new phase. The Huguenots recovered their influence at Paris. The Queen-mother turned her back on Mary Stuart. The old projects were revived for the conquest of Flanders, and with them the scheme for a marriage between a French prince and Elizabeth. The Queen of Scots flung herself upon Philip; and Philip, seeing her separated from France, began to look less unfavourably on her promotion to the English throne. Set at liberty by a Spanish army, and married to the Duke of Norfolk, as the leader

[1] The Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Alciati, —— 1570: *MSS. Simancas.*

of the great Burgundian faction among the English nobility, she would be no longer likely to be politically dangerous to him; and it became possible to reconcile his interests as King of Spain with his duty to the Catholics and to the Pope. With this change of sentiment came the adoption of the Pope's views with regard to Ireland, and the abandonment, if he had ever seriously entertained it, of all thought of accepting the overtures of the Bishop of Cashel. The Archbishop was the representative of Irish nationality, which desired, once for all, to sever its connection with England. The English Catholics would be ill-pleased to see Mary Stuart the sovereign of a divided dominion; and, so long as the English Empire was recovered to the Church, Philip had little desire to embarrass himself with a troublesome addition to his own responsibilities.

The object now therefore was to direct the insurrectionary spirit in Ireland, not against England as such, but against heresy and England's heretic Queen; and an instrument for this purpose came ready to Philip's hand in a person who has been already named in this history, Thomas Stukely.

Through the disappointment and jealousy of the Archbishop, who endeavoured in vain to warn Philip against him, a closer insight can be obtained into the history of this noticeable man than is to be found in the English Records. He was a younger son of Sir Lewis Stukely or Stuckley, of Ilfracombe in Devonshire. He went to London early in life to seek his fortune, and entered the household and wore the livery of the Duke

of Suffolk. He was perhaps connected with Wyatt's insurrection, for, after the execution of his patron, he joined Peter Carew and the Killigrews, bought a vessel, and made his first experiments in buccaneering. His occupation took him to the south of Ireland, where he contrived to acquire a shadowy title to some vast estates in Cork. In the time of Edward VI. two brothers—the name of the family is not mentioned—quarrelled over their inheritance. The elder was the favourite of the people—the younger appealed to the English Deputy, and, promising to hold his lands of the Crown and be a loyal subject, obtained a decision in his favour. Giving trouble however soon after, in religious matters, he too was in turn ejected. The Deputy bestowed the lands on an English soldier, and the soldier finding that he could make nothing of them and was likely to be murdered, sold his interest for some trifling sum to Stukely.

Shortly after, and before he could take possession of his purchase, he was arrested on a charge of piracy, sent to London, and thrown into the Tower. His friends interceded for him and obtained his pardon from Queen Mary; and being again adrift, he tried his fortune in another direction. He contrived, Othello-like, to bewitch the daughter of a rich London merchant with his fine talk and tales of adventures. The lady was beguiled into a secret marriage; the father broke his heart and died. She was an only child, and Stukely became possessor of her wealth. The accumulations of an industrious life were soon squandered in extravagance;

in a few years but little remained, and with the wreck that was left he fitted out a small squadron and obtained leave from Elizabeth to colonize Florida. He told her, in his vain style, that he 'would rather be sovereign of a molehill than the greatest subject of the greatest King in Christendom.' He said he would found an empire and would write to her 'in the style of princes to his dearest sister.' But the principality at which he was aiming was nearer home than Florida. He took to his old pirate trade, then made respectable by the name of privateering. He went back to Ireland, where Sir Henry Sidney condescended to make use of him, and Shan O'Neil became so charmed with him that he recommended Elizabeth to divide the country between Stukely and himself, and together they would convert it into a Paradise.

Elizabeth however would accept neither Shan's nor Sidney's estimate of her scandalous subject. He had hoped to establish his title to the lands in Cork under the southern commission, and share with St Leger and Carew in the partition of Munster; but the Queen, hearing reports of murders, robberies, and other outrages committed by him, ordered Sidney to lay hands upon him, and he was locked up in Dublin Castle.

Implicated as he had been in the spoliation scheme, and concerned also, it seems, in the pillage and destruction of certain religious houses, he had made no friends among the Irish except Shan, and when Shan was dead he was regarded with more than the detestation which

was commonly bestowed upon Englishmen.[1] Yet, understanding Philip's difficulties about Ireland, and feeling that he had no further favour to expect from Elizabeth, he contrived while in prison to establish a correspondence with Don Guerau, to pass himself off as a person of great influence among the chiefs, as an ardent Catholic, devoted to the Church, to Mary Stuart, and to Spain, and anxious to play a part by the side of the noblemen who were working for a revolution in England.

Having thus opened a way towards his reception in Madrid, he pretended to Sidney that he wished to go in person to his mistress and clear his reputation with her; and Sidney, instead of sending him over under a guard, apparently was contented with his parole.[2] Stukely told him that his defence would require the presence of certain Irish gentlemen, who were willing to accompany him to the Queen. The Deputy permitted him to purchase and fit out a ship at Waterford to transport both them and himself; and when at last he sailed, it was pretended that no one on board sus-

[1] 'Esta claro que ninguno en toda Irlanda hizó mayor destruccion en iglesias, monasterios y imagenes; siendo natural Ingles y muy abhorrecido de los suyos, es muy mas abhorrecido de los Irlandeses, assi por el natural y comun odio que les Irlandeses tienen á los Ingleses, como por particular odio que todos le tienen á él, por haber comprado y ocupado aquellas tierras, sabiendo la mayor parte de Irlanda que ni la Reyna ni él tiene ningun derecho á ellas.'—El Arzobispo de Cashel en Madrid á vi. de Deciembre, 1570: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] The Archbishop of Cashel indicates that Sidney was afraid that he might be required to execute him. He says:—'La cual cosa el Vicerey concedió, porque ainsi pensó de escapar la invidia que podia haber incurrido de algunos en haber hecho justicia del, aunque justamente.'

pected his destination. He had seven or eight Celtic cavaliers with him, with their servants and horses, and a miscellaneous crew of adventurers. They had embarked as if for London,[1] and Sidney professed to believe that they were going there—but the story reads like collusion. When clear of the harbour they made for the ocean; a few days after they landed in Gallicia, and sent messengers to Philip to announce their arrival. The Archbishop of Cashel, not at that time knowing much of Stukely, and hearing merely that a party of gentlemen had arrived from Ireland, supposed that their errand was like his own, and recommended Philip to receive them.[2] The Duke of Feria, who had perhaps heard of Stukely from Don Guerau, made himself responsible for his character, and the King sent for him to the Court, knighted him, loaded him with presents, gave him a palace at Madrid and a splendid allowance for his expenses. He threw himself into Philip's schemes. He represented his influence as enormous, and Philip was delighted to believe him. He was the very man to deal with the Irish difficulty as the Pope and the King of Spain desired.

It was to no purpose that the Archbishop remonstrated when he found how the wind was turning. The

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[1] The account sent from Ireland agrees exactly with the Archbishop's story at Madrid: Stukely had with him two O'Neils, a Geraldine, a Macmahon, a Magenis, a MacPhilip, and another described as 'Murty Paddy.' In the Spanish list they are called 'Salbaxes,' savages.—*Notes of the Irish with Stukeley in Spain*, February, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] El Arzobispo de Cashel al Rey, Julio 26, 1570: *MSS. Simancas.*

young Irish, who had come to Spain to do homage to their expected sovereign, when they discovered that they were still to remain attached to England, went over to the Archbishop, accused Stukely of having betrayed them, and denounced him as an adventurer. It was little to them whether Mary Stuart or Elizabeth was sovereign of England if they were themselves to continue slaves—but nothing moved the King. The Archbishop wrote Stukely's history: he represented him as an apostate buccaneer, a despised, detested, swindling rogue. But the political causes which rendered him distasteful to the Irish recommended him to Philip. His presence, his assumption, his audacious and enormous lies, bore down the weight of opposition; the recommendation of the English refugees contributed to strengthen the delusion, and, under Stukely's auspices, the Spanish Government began serious preparations for the invasion and conquest of Ireland. Ships were collected at Vigo with arms and stores. Ten thousand men were to be raised, and Julian Romero was to be recalled from Flanders to command. Stukely represented the Norman Irish, the Geraldines, the Butlers, the de Burghs, as waiting his orders and ready to rise at his call. He recommended that Scilly should be seized first for a depôt, and, with Scilly in their hands, the Spaniards would command both channels, and a few weeks at most would then finish the work. His own services were, of course, to be splendidly rewarded. He no longer aspired to sovereignty, but nothing less than a duke's coronet would satisfy

his ambition. Duke of Ireland he already called himself—Duke of Leinster was the less ambitious title which Philip preferred for him; and meanwhile he amused the Spaniards with his fool's scandal about Elizabeth and the Court, and with his fool's boasts of the great things which he was himself to do to her.[1] He would bring the Pope upon her neck; he would give her crown to the good Queen of Scots, and he would make his friends as good Lords as Cecil. He would stay the Queen's 'frisking and dancing,' and teach her what it was to affront a soldier. He would eat his Christmas pie with the Lord Deputy, and pluck the George from his neck; and then, settled in his dukedom, with his children to come after him, 'he would live merrily, and build him a fair abbey, and have in it four-and-twenty friars, one to pray for him every hour of the day and night, and there be buried.'[2]

Another glimpse of Stukely at Madrid comes through two letters from a certain Oliver King to Cecil. The convulsions of the Reformation had covered the conti-

[1] 'Master Stukely said to the King of Spain's council and to other gentlemen of Spain, that the Queen's Majesty will beat Secretary Cecil about the ears when he discontenteth her, and he will weep like a child. The Spaniards asking him why the Queen's Highness doth not marry, he said she would never marry, for she cannot abide a woman with child, for she saith those women be worse than a sow. He also said he is no subject to her Majesty, but sworn subject to the King of Spain; 'but,' quoth he, 'what hurt I can do her or any of hers I will do it. I will make her vilely afraid. I will make her wish herself again in her mother's belly,' with other words of her Highness and her mother too loathsome to express.'—*Depositions relating to Mr Stukely's Doings in Spain*, August, 1571: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Ibid.

nent with wandering Englishmen seeking employment. King had been an officer in the train of the Duke of Guise during the French wars. He was paid off at the peace, and had gone to Spain to take service against the Moors. While at the Spanish Court 'a certain Duke of Ireland,' he wrote, 'otherwise called Master Stukely, being advertised of what I had done against the Prince of Condé, procured that I might speak with him. When I came to him he offered me the greatest courtesy in the world, gave me apparel better than I was accustomed to wear, and entertained me with great and marvellous liberality. In a short time he declared unto me that he with diligence must depart unto his country of Ireland with ten thousand men, in the which army he would have employed me for to have undermined the forts of Dingle, Wexford, and Waterford, with many other castles which were enemies unto this good Duke Stukely. But when I did see all his provision of soldiers and his intentions against my Prince and country, I presently desired him of leave, and declared unto him that I came to serve the King, and that I would not, while I had life, bear arms against my natural Prince, neither against my country wherein I was born. On the which he called me a villain and a traitor, and caused me to be taken prisoner for a Luteryan in his house. But a certain knight, Don Francesco, which kept him company, did well see every day that I did go to mass, and knocked my breast as well as they, and so he answered for me that I was no Luteryan. And when this good Duke did see that he might not put

me to death by the Inquisition, he caused me to come forth in the presence of the knight and certain captains of his, with all his gentlemen and yeomen, and stripped me unto my shirt, and banished me the town of Madrid, giving me but four hours' respite to depart upon pain of the gallows.'

King, having had enough of Spain, made his way to Pampeluna, and back through the Pyrenees into France. When beyond the frontiers, he wrote once more to Cecil to impress upon him the real danger from Stukely's machinations. The Spaniards certainly intended, he said, to make a descent either on Ireland or on England; and 'he would only pray that the plagues might not light on his own noble country which he had seen in France—the fruits of the earth devoured by soldiers, and the widows, wives, and virgins defiled with strangers.' 'The Duke's Grace Stukely had received the Sacrament, and promised to render unto the King of Spain not only entrance within his duchy, but also possession of the whole realm of Ireland. The soldiers were amassing from all parts of Spain—Spaniards, Burgundians, Italians, the most part Bezonians, beggarly, ill-armed rascals, but their captains old beaten men of war. The King was sparing no cost on the enterprise, and no honours to Stukely, hoping by such means to enlarge his empire.'[1]

For two years the farce continued. The Irish were discontented at the turn which Spanish policy had taken.

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[1] Oliver King to Burghley, February 18, 1572: *MSS. Spain.*

The leading English Catholics were sickened at the favours which were heaped upon a charlatan. Yet they were both obliged to welcome Philip's assistance in the form in which he chose to offer it; and Stukely was maintained in glory at Madrid, or was sunning himself at Rome under the patronage of Pope Pius, till at length the discovery of the conspiracy in England, the execution of Norfolk, and the increasing difficulties in Flanders, forced Philip to seek his own safety by abandoning his dreams and by returning to his old alliance with Elizabeth.

Ireland meanwhile remained simmering in half-explosive rebellion. Every day the armada was looked for at Galway or Dungarvan, while the English garrisons spent their time in plunder or mutiny, or in massacres as useless as they were brutal. Sir Henry Sidney obtained at last the recall for which he had sued so long. He had overrun the four provinces, he had blown up castles and harried towns, and had all the chiefs in the country one by one under his feet. It was the way of a bird in the air, the way of a ship upon the sea, the way of a serpent upon the rock. The reeds bent under the wind; when the wind had passed by they were in their old place, and he could only long to turn his back for ever on the scene of so profitless a service. The Archbishop of Dublin entreated Cecil not to listen to his prayer. 'In all the realm,' he said, 'there was no such pilot for stormy weather.'[1] But Sidney's urgency

[1] Adam Loftus to Cecil, October 20, 1570: *MSS. Ireland.*

submitted to no opposition, and on the 25th of March he left Ireland to its fate. The Queen, from whom he had received small acknowledgment, after an interval and not very graciously, offered him a peerage; but as she did not accompany his promotion with a grant of land or money, he declined an honour which would have burdened further his already impoverished estate.[1] The government was left in the hands of the old Treasurer, Sir William Fitzwilliam, once an able soldier, but now past work; and his appointment was a tacit intimation that the attempt to coerce the Irish was for the present at an end. The Establishment at Dublin was again reduced; the garrisons in the scattered castles were dismissed or cut down; and the allowances which had been hitherto made to noblemen calling themselves loyal were stopped.[2] Scheme after scheme for the improvement of the country having failed, Lord Burghley had to find means of discharging the enormous debt which had been incurred in the attempt.

The outlook this way was not hopeful. The public officers, like the President of Connaught, had been left

[1] 'My husband is greatly dismayed with the hard choice offered him, either to be a Baron in the number of those more able than himself to maintain it withal, or, in refusing, to incur her Highness's displeasure. We have no ability to maintain a higher title than we now possess. Consider a poor perplexed woman to see her husband thus hardly dealt with. Since no better grace will be obtained to enable us to a higher title, let the motion be no further offered. Stay the motion of this title and surely we shall think ourselves most bound to you.'—Lady Sidney to Burghley, May 2, 1572: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] 'Nor does it appear why her Majesty should continue to pay for a hundred Kerne serving the Earl of Kildare.'—*Articles for the reduction of Irish expenditure*, March 3, 1571: *MSS.* Ibid.

to maintain themselves on their private means. The soldiers had been paid with notes of hand, which for a time they had forced upon the country people; but the notes sunk at last so low in public esteem, that they had scarcely a nominal value, and the garrisons had then extorted what they required under the name of Cess to the Crown. They were thus mere gangs of organized robbers, who lived by plunder, and whose main occupation was to kill. They had become so worthless for fighting purposes, that Fitzwilliam thought a hundred of them would run before a score of Alva's Spaniards. 'The despair of payment' had bred disorders, he said, which would move any Christian man's heart to solicit a reformation. The Crown did not pay the officers, the officers did not pay the men, the men did not pay the farmers, and the farmers could pay no rent to their landlords; all was poverty, confusion, and discontent. The state of the Pale and the countries bordering on it was so intolerable, that any remedy seemed better than none; and Burghley was recommended to buy up the depreciated bonds at the price for which they were being sold by the farmers.[1] It was thought that the unfortunate people would gladly compound for what they could get, if only the exactions might cease, and

[1] 'The despair of payment is of all parts so great as offering, as they do, to strangers these bills and warrants for a third part less than the debt, it is to be presumed that if this were dealt withal by discreet and well-wishing commissioners, these debts to the country might be paid with great ease to the Queen's Majesty.' — *Notes on the state of Ireland, by Edward Tremayne. Endorsed by Burghley 'A good advice,'* June 1571.

if for the future they might have ready money for what they provided.[1] Fitzwilliam made a schedule of the outstanding obligations, which he sent home, with a prayer, that 'God would deliver him for the future from such evil reckonings.' He was himself drifting slowly to ruin, as he boldly said that Sidney had been ruined before him. He received some salary indeed, but he received it in the debased Irish coin, while he had to pay for everything in the exaggerated prices which the universal disorder had occasioned.[2] The country was swarming with 'Spanish spies and vermin.' He caught and hanged a few of them; but their numbers and their boldness seemed to multiply with the executions. The cloud of the threatened Spanish invasion hung still unbroken, and 'he had neither money, victuals, armour, weapons, or men.' If the armada came, he said he would sell his best lands in Milton to hold his ground; but all that he could raise in that way would be but a drop of water in the sea; and either death or captivity, or, at the best, 'beggary,' was the alternative to which he looked forward as the reward of his 'fourteen years' service.'[3] The Border tribes harried the Pale at their pleasure. Tirlogh Lenogh recovered from his wounds, and set about the old work with renewed vigour. The representative of the Majesty of England, in his desperate extremity, was driven

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[1] *Notes on the state of Ireland, by Edward Tremayne. Endorsed by Burghley 'A good advice,'* June 1571.

[2] Petition of Lady Fitzwilliam, December 11, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

[3] Fitzwilliam to Burghley, April 15.

to borrow some plate, and pawn it again to raise a handful of men to cover Dundalk;[1] while the O'Connors, the Roches, the MacShans, the Burkes, like clouds of their own midges, were stinging into his naked side.[2] 'The state of that dear jewel Ireland,' he said, 'was such a weight and burden to him, as jealousy thereof, with the danger of foreign invasion, would not let him eat or sleep;' and he desired Burghley, either 'to send him money, or else devise to bury him.'[3]

The spiritual disorganization of the country was even more desperate than the social. Whatever might have been the other faults of the Irish people, they had been at least eminent for their piety. The multitude of churches and monasteries, which in their ruins meet everywhere the stranger's eye, witness conclusively to their possession of this single virtue; for the religious houses in such a state of society could not have existed at all unless protected by the consenting reverence of the whole population. But the religious houses were gone, and the prohibition of the Mass had closed the churches, except in districts which were in armed and open rebellion. For many years, over the greater part of Ireland public worship was at an end. The Reformed clergy could not venture beyond the coast towns, and in these they were far from welcome.[4] The priests con-

[1] 'Tirlogh Lenogh is in the field with all the power he can raise. I have sent such footmen as I could. To do it I was fain to pawn six score pounds' worth of plate which I borrowed for that purpose.'—Fitzwilliam to Burghley, December 6 *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Same to the Same, April 12.

[3] Same to the Same, December 6: *MSS.* Ibid.

[4] The intrusive religion was not

tinued to confess and administer the sacraments, but it was in the chiefs' castles, or at stations in the mountain glens, to scanty and scattered families, and the single restraint upon the passions of the people was fast disappearing.

'Religion hath no place,' reported Tremayne. 'There

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recommended by the brilliancy of its moral influences. In the year 1570 Doctor Richard Dixon was appointed Protestant Bishop of Cork. Eighteen months later Adam Loftus, the Archbishop of Dublin, had to write the following letter about him to Lord Burghley:—

'Please your Lordship,—Whereas Richard Bishop of Cork, notwithstanding he had and hath a married wife, did, under colour of matrimony, take and retain another woman of suspected life in the city of Cork as his wife, and thereof by public fame and crying out of that his deed, the matter coming to our ears, he being called before us to answer thereunto, confessed the same; and we, considering the heinousness of that turpitude and sin, the great exclamation of the whole realm against him, and the offence and slander engendered by that his fact against the professors of God's Word, namely bishops and their marriages, to the no little glory of the adversaries and grief of the godly, thought meet that he should do public penance for the same, and also that we should depose him from his bishopric. For the first part it is already done. He, like a penitent, came to the Cathedral Church of Dublin, and there, standing under the pulpit, acknowledged his offence, though not in such penitent sort as was thought meet to put away the offence of so grievous a crime. For the deposition, doubting whether we were sufficiently warranted to depose a bishop, we thought good to suspend our further proceedings until we were further resolved; and having no great trust in the lawyers here, our request is that it will please your Lordship, after conference with such learned lawyers as you shall think meet, to direct us what we may do. And if it appear that we may not proceed therein, it will please your Lordship to think of some good order to be taken therein, as by private commission to such as her Majesty shall please to appoint.'—The Archbishop of Dublin to Lord Burghley, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

In consequence of this letter a commission was appointed, of which the Archbishop was a member, to try the case; and Richard Dixon was deprived of his bishopric by the Queen's authority, November 26, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

is neither fear nor love of God, nor regard for faith nor oaths. They murder, ravish, spoil, burn, commit whoredom, break wedlock, change wives without grudge of conscience.'

The bridges, the especial charge of the religious orders, were broken down. The chiefs took possession of the Church lands, the churches fell in and went to ruin, and the unfortunate country seemed lapsing into total savagery. Colonization, once the remedy from which Tremayne had formed such brilliant hopes, he now, after a year's experience, utterly abandoned. The English settlers, he found everywhere, became worse than the Irish, in all the qualities in which the Irish were most in fault. No native Celt hated England more bitterly than the transported Saxon. The forms of English justice might be introduced, but juries combined to defeat the ends for which they were instituted, and every one in authority, English or Irish, preferred to rule after the Irish system.

'None,' Tremayne said, 'will govern after English law that may be suffered to rule after the other sort; for it doth not only draw to the captains the obedience of the people, but the gains of all forfeitures almost after his own judgment; and in this kind of government our own nation is grown so perfect, as if any do attain the rule of a country, he frameth himself by these means to attend his profit and authority. Such as have any settling are made the unfitter for all reformation, so much they regard their own particular beyond the general.'

The destruction of religion, the corruption of justice, the perversion of law, were sufficient in themselves to account for Irish misery. If to these were added 'the great abuse of the army, provided to be the defence of the good, and become the devourer of those that yielded the men their nutriment,' it was no marvel to Tremayne why the country grew daily from bad to worse, and all was lost that was spent.

In conclusion, he could but emphatically dissuade Cecil from depriving the chiefs of their estates. The English who would come over to take their places, were men, for the most part, who were doing no good at home, and would do worse in Ireland. 'Establish a sound government,' he said, 'give the Irish good laws and good justice, and let them keep their lands for themselves.'[1]

It was easy to advise, it was impossible to execute. The most ordinary intelligence could perceive that the requisite of Ireland was a good government; but good government implied an outlay of money. With 5000 police regularly paid, and under proper discipline; with impartial justice, and the abandonment once and for ever of all designs of confiscation; with a prompt end to the massacres which were bringing infamy on the English name, and with some reasonable policy in Church matters; with these and an intelligent Viceroy, duly supported from home at Dublin Castle, Ireland

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[1] 'Causes why Ireland is not reformed.'—Endorsed Mr Tremayne, June 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

might have been kept quiet with ease till the people had forgotten to be troublesome; but it required money, and money was simply not to be had. The Queen could not give it, for she had not got it. The whole Protestant world were clamouring for help at the doors of the English treasury; had Parliament filled her lap with gold, little of it could have been spared for Ireland; and thus the poor country drifted on before the stream of the age from misery to misery.

In one only of the four provinces Elizabeth consented that exertions should continue to be made. If the Spaniards came, they would probably land in Waterford, Cork, or Kerry. To leave it in the hands of the Geraldines was to reward rebellion, and to open the door to invasion; and, as the confiscation scheme had broken down, the Queen consented at last, with extreme unwillingness, to the measures so long urged upon her by Sir Henry Sidney. The disaster of Sir Edward Fitton was a poor encouragement to provincial presidencies, but the experiment had been tried in Connaught under conditions which made success impossible. Another attempt was to be made in the South, and Sir John Perrot, a soldier by profession, reported by Catholic scandal to be a natural son of Henry VIII., was appointed President of Munster. Before Perrot would accept the offer, he stipulated that a year's salary to himself, and a year's wages to his men, should be paid in advance; that he should be supplied regularly from England with military stores; that he should be empowered to receive the dues of the Crown, and might

deduct his own expenses before they were passed on to the Treasury.[1]

These demands were considered reasonable; and in the spring of 1571, Perrot arrived at Cork with a handful of English soldiers, and a Protestant Archbishop of Cashel to take charge—if he could get hold of them—of the flock of his Catholic rival. The new prelate was more zealous than wise, and before Perrot had drawn his sword, opened his own campaign by seizing and imprisoning a number of friars. A brief notice which was served upon him by Fitzmaurice, taught him that he was no longer in England, and that a game of that kind might be dangerous. Fitzmaurice sent him word that unless the friars were at once released, he should be hanged; and that any living man who supported him, or paid him rent or cess, should have his house burnt over his head. Thus admonished, he thought it prudent to comply, and to be content for the future with a barren title.[2]

Perrot's work, when he began it, was more effectual, and his campaigns were a repetition of Sidney's. He went wherever he pleased, 'trotting the mountains' from Killarney and Glengariff to Waterford. He could never catch Fitzmaurice. The Irish gentlemen would not help him, and the kerne were too swift of foot for the heavy English men-at-arms. Castles however could not run away, and castles contained men. After two

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[1] Requests of Sir John Perrot, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] James Fitzmaurice to the Archbishop of Cashel, July, 9, 1571 *MSS. Ireland.*

years of work, he had killed in fighting, or captured and hanged, some eight hundred miserable creatures of one sort or another.[1] He burnt or blew up every stronghold, large or small, which closed its gates against him. He took Castlemayne, in Kerry, after a two months' siege, and Fitzmaurice was reduced to a wandering life among the hills. The roads became again moderately safe, and travellers could pass between Youghal, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork with a chance of not being murdered. But a fatality hung over everything. To reach the principal rebel, Perrot challenged him, and offered to refer the Irish quarrel to a combat of champions, twelve to twelve. Whether in case of defeat he was empowered to yield the country in his mistress's name, or whether Fitzmaurice's death would be accepted as decisive by the other Irish chiefs, he did not stay to consider. Time and place were agreed upon, and the President, as a set-off against Sidney's harshness, wrote to Ormond to beg that Sir Edward Butler would make one of the English party.[2] Ormond, 'at his wits' end' at such an extraordinary piece of folly, repaired to the scene of action 'to prevent the combat.' Fitzmaurice, suspecting treachery, did not appear,[3] and Perrot had to fall back upon the hanging and burning which formed the principal subject of all his reports. This he was able to accomplish; but the ultimate success of such measures depended on a further condition, and in the

[1] Perrot to the Council, April 9, 1573: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Sir John Perrot to Ormond, November 18, 1571: *MSS. Ireland.*

[3] Fitzwilliam to Elizabeth, February 28, 1572: *MSS.* Ibid.

attempt to extract a revenue out of the unhappy country, to make it pay for its desolation, he utterly failed. He could plunge through bogs and rivers, force his way among glens and gorges, and send the Irish flying like wild birds among their crags; but he could squeeze no money out of them; and when his year's pay was out, he was left like Fitton and Fitzwilliam. His men grew mutinous, and he could not reconcile his soldier habits to a looseness of discipline. Complaints against his severity were showered across the Channel by his officers, to which Elizabeth gave ready hearing; Fitzwilliam, who sympathized in his sufferings, told Burghley that 'Perrot was but receiving the usual reward of Ireland to those who sought its reformation;' and Perrot himself, in fierce contempt, declared 'that he had done his duty as well as his means would allow him, and if he was to be found fault with for every trifle, he would rather remain in the Tower seven years than continue in his Presidency.'

One active episode broke the monotony of wretchedness. Fitzmaurice, in May, 1572, went up into Ulster, collected fifteen hundred Scots, and came down upon the Shannon. His first step was to burn Athlone. The scanty guard which was left in the castle watched the work from the battlements, and dared not venture out to interfere with it. Fitzwilliam expected that he would turn upon the Pale. He called out all the English force which remained to him. It consisted of five hundred ragged ruffians, all told. He sent an express to Elizabeth for assistance; he said that unless he was relieved,

he would not answer for the country.[1] Elizabeth told him shortly that she would be troubled with no such matter. She could spare neither men nor money, and he must take his chance.[2] Fitzmaurice's views were fortunately fastened upon Munster. He moved from Athlone to Portumna, where he was joined by the de Burghs, and then crossed the river into Limerick. Perrot, who desired nothing better than to have Fitzmaurice within reach of his arm, hurried up to the woods, in which he was reported to be lying, between Kilmalloch and the Shannon. The waters were out. The horses could not travel. The men splashed two abreast along the shaking turf tracks which crossed the bogs. He got at the Scots at last, cut them in two, hurled half of them into Lough Derg, and chased the rest into Tipperary. There, a few days later, he overtook, and might have destroyed them, but the army used the opportunity to mutiny, and told him that they would do no more fighting till they were paid their wages. Perrot swore he would hang the ringleaders. The men were respectful, but resolute. 'If one was hanged,' they said, 'they would all hang for company;' and he was compelled to draw off, and see his prey escape him.[3]

By desperate efforts he pacified the immediate clamour. Again he surprised Fitzmaurice at Ardagh, and

[1] Fitzwilliam to Elizabeth, July 24, 1572: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Elizabeth to Fitzwilliam, August 5: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Perrot to Fitzwilliam, September 12, September 16, 1572; Perrot to Cecil, November 2: *MSS.* Ibid.

killed thirty wretches who were sleeping in their cabins. He apologized for the smallness of 'the number,' but 'considering their cowardliness, and the careful watch they kept, it was thought as much,' he said, 'to kill thirty in Munster as a thousand in other places.'[1] A month later, the Butlers destroyed a hundred more, sent their heads to rot on the gates of Limerick, and so made a final end of the Scotch invasion.[2]

This success was the last, and the results of Perrot's exertions were soon summed up. He himself had shot and cut in pieces eight hundred Irish, and had drowned some hundreds of Scots. The Butlers during the same time accounted for four hundred. Forty or fifty petty chiefs had been hanged, and as many castles blown up. The supplies were finally stopped, and the troops had now to be disbanded. An intimation was sent to Fitzmaurice that he had seen that the English could chastise him if they pleased. They hoped he would profit by the lesson; and if he would promise to be a loyal subject for the future, he might now be pardoned. Fitzmaurice was satisfied with conditions which were a confession of a want of power to punish him further, and the President had the satisfaction of seeing the Earl of Desmond's brother on his knees in the mud at his feet. Sir John's temperament was sanguine, and his mode of argument was peculiar. Fitzmaurice was profuse in his declarations that he would never offend again; and the President reported that, 'although he would much have

[1] Perrot to Cecil, November 2: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Fitzwilliam to Elizabeth, December 1.

preferred having the rebel's head,' yet as that could not be, 'he thought verily he would prove a second St Paul for the service which he was like to do.'[1] So ended the first Presidency of Munster. It would not support its cost, and, unless some plan could be found to govern Ireland which would pay its expenses, Elizabeth seemed contented that Ireland should not be governed. Fitzwilliam declared that he could not remain in office on those terms. Sidney was invited to return, but Sidney roughly refused. Lord Grey de Wilton was applied to next, but Lord Grey declined also; and when pressed further, 'fell sick from grief of mind' at the fate with which he was threatened. The Viceroyalty of Ireland had become in the eyes of English noblemen a synonym for lost credit, ruined fortune, vexation, disappointment, distraction, madness. No one could be found to undertake it, and Fitzwilliam therefore was compelled to stay and drift before the wind, trusting to chance, to the non-arrival of the Spaniards, and to the Earl of Ormond, whose solitary loyalty the new Archbishop of Cashel had done his best to shake by stirring the embers of the Butlers' quarrel. Happily he had not succeeded, and all that Cecil could now do was to furnish Fitzwilliam with advice which it was impossible for him to follow—to recommend him to enforce the Act of Uniformity, which had been one of the causes of the mischief; to curtail the expenses, already pared so low that barely a thousand soldiers now remained in the four provinces;

[1] Report of the President of Munster, December 8.

and 'to devise means'—the old story—'to increase the revenue.'[1]

But Elizabeth's ministers were not utterly unreasonable. Having failed to crush the Irish, they saw that they must endeavour to conciliate them. The Presidency system was abandoned, and the Irish chiefs resumed their authority. To make the change of policy complete, the Earl of Desmond, who had been sent to London to be arraigned for treason, and whose lands were to have been quartered among the spoilers, was permitted to return to Ireland. Had the confiscations been proceeded with, he would probably have been put out of the way. It was now thought imprudent to detain him longer.

He had never from the first been imprisoned except for a few days. He had lived at large on his parole, and the Queen had allowed him six and twenty shillings a-week for his maintenance; but it was too little for his necessities. House-rent had risen heavily in London, for he had to pay 'twenty shillings a-week for his lodgings,'[2] and he had been 'in great want and misery.' He told Leicester that often 'he had not a meal's meat nor a garment to shrowd him in;'[3] and long before his confinement was ended, he was ready to promise, if the Queen would let him go, 'to assist in setting forward the Book of Common Prayer,' 'to restore quiet in Mun-

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[1] Memorial for the better government of Ireland, 1572: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Desmond to the Council, September 12, 1572.

[3] Desmond to Leicester, February 7, 1571.

ster,' 'to submit his private quarrels to her Majesty's judges,' and, 'if she would give him shot and guns,' 'to bring all Ireland to obedience.'[1]

Elizabeth preferred to wait till she had seen the result of Perrot's experiment. The shot and guns she justly thought might be used for other purposes: and thus three years passed over Desmond's head, while London had been seething with the great Catholic conspiracy, into some secrets of which he had been himself admitted. At length, weary of restraint, and Lady Desmond promising to present him with an heir, he began a second time to meditate flight. His child, if born in England, might be detained as a hostage, and he applied to Martin Frobisher, whose fame upon the seas was emulating the rising distinction of Drake, to assist him.

Frobisher was one of the many Englishmen who had held out hopes to the Spaniards that they were ready to sell their services. It was thus perhaps that Desmond heard of and was led to trust him. But Frobisher's treachery was like that of Hawkins; he had affected to listen to Don Guerau only to betray him; in the same spirit he accepted the advances of Desmond, and when his preparations for escape were completed he gave notice to the council.[2] Happily for the Earl, it was at a time when the collapse of English power in Ireland was compelling Elizabeth to retrace her steps. The failure of Perrot was but one symptom

[1] Desmond to the Council, December, 1571

[2] Declaration of Martin Frobisher, December 4, 1572: *MSS. Ireland.*

of the universal break-down. The weakness of the Government was one predominant cause, the meddling with the national religion was another, the atrocious local cruelty of the English garrisons was a third; but two additional influences had combined to stimulate a great explosion of passion. The intended Munster settlement had come to nothing, and the best advice from Ireland was strongly against fresh experiments in that direction; but, bent as the Queen was upon saving money, the scheme was intensely seductive. Ambitious enterprising subjects were still ready to tell her that, for a grant which would cost her nothing but her signature, they were willing at their own risk to invade, conquer, occupy, and pay her tribute. The theory was excellent. A mere handful of English at Knockfergus had held at bay the whole power of the O'Neils, and what had failed in one part of the country might easily prosper in another.

Sir Thomas Smith, who had succeeded Cecil as Elizabeth's principal Secretary, had a son who desired to make his fortune. The strip of coast between Knockfergus and the Giant's Causeway had been taken by the Scots from the Irish. Shan O'Neil's Countess had gone back to Argyleshire after his death, carrying half her people with her. There were now but a few companies of roving freebooters left upon the soil, which they did not attempt to improve; and Sir T. Smith undertook that his son would take their place and hold the country if the Queen would make him a present of it.

The Irish had been made suspicious by their experience in the South. As the rumours of this new project reached them, the angry hum was heard again from all corners of the island. They felt instinctively that in this way and this way only they could be eventually conquered; and the effect in Ulster was so violent that Captain Piers, who was in command at Knockfergus, thought it necessary to send Cecil a warning.

'Your Lordship knows,' he said, 'that the nature of the Irish is such that they would rather have their country lie altogether waste than that any man but themselves should inhabit it. I have devised the best to quench the imminent fire, and by feigning a letter to be sent from the Deputy with contrary news, have stayed the same. But it will be more perfectly known shortly to the Irishry, and they will all revolt.'[1]

'The like matter,' wrote Fitzwilliam, through whom Piers sent his letter, 'did no good in the South. God grant this drive us not to greater expense: the Irish in a knot will rebel.'[2] The Deputy particularly dreaded the effect upon the Butlers, whose jealousies and alarms would be revived. If Ormond became disloyal, he said that he would leave Ireland with the next wind.[3]

The remonstrances were not attended to. Young Smith came over in the summer and established himself near Knockfergus. He patched up a friendship with the remnant of the Scots, saw nothing of enemies,

[1] Captain Piers to Cecil, January 3, 1572; *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Fitzwilliam to Cecil, March 14: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

and flattered himself, as so many others had done, that there was no danger in Ireland which a sensible man like himself need fear. He wrote home the most brilliant accounts. He told Burghley that the Deputy was a frightened fool, and begged that neither he nor the Queen would attend to the 'croakings' of a dotard.

He was soon to find to his cost that the folly was not Fitzwilliam's but his own.

The political passions were set on fire by attempts upon the land. The religious fanaticism was simultaneously kindled by the news of the massacre of St Bartholomew. After being hunted down like vermin, or made sport of for the English officers who went among them 'to have some killing,' it was but natural that the people should hear with pleasure of the same game being played on the other side. A great Catholic council was held in Galway, and another in Donegal. The friars came out of their hiding-places, reoccupied the abbeys, or ranged about the country in tens and twenties, openly preaching a crusade.

There were Protestants in Galway, and it is creditable to the native Irish that they did not revenge their own treatment upon them. There were threats of 'the Spanish Inquisition;' 'extreme defiance against all professors of God's religion, as would pity Christian hearts to hear;' fresh and passionate resolutions 'to subvert the English Government and set up their own wickedness;'[1] but no one was murdered for his religion,

[1] Fitzwilliam to Elizabeth, December 7, 1572.

and the worst that the Protestants had to complain of was that they dared not show themselves in the general enthusiasm. Every trace of English authority however was destroyed in Connaught. Sir Brian MacPhelim O'Neil and Tirlogh Lenogh, when the nights grew long, swept young Smith's herds into the woods, stripped him of all that he possessed, and pinned him into a corner of Antrim, where he could but shriek to England for assistance.[1]

The Pale was no longer safe. Cattle-driving had been common at all times, and was, 'in the world's account, no great matter.' But now the highland tribes of Wicklow came down in bands, in open daylight, out of the mountains, with their bagpipes blowing. Kildare, Queen's County, the very meadows round Dublin itself, were plundered with the utmost audacity. There was no one left to oppose them. With discreet coolness they spared the Irish farmers, and loaded their waggons with the spoils of every English settler. The mischief overskipped, like the Passover in Egypt, and touched only those 'who were marked men in birth or duty;' and Fitzwilliam concluded that they meant 'to make it impossible for any Englishman to live in the island, and to thrust the spade at their root.'[2] 'I pass over,' he said, 'the ordinary burnings, killings, and spoilings; I cannot help them; I may shake the scabbard, but I have not a sword to draw. Every Irish rascal is now grown so insolent, the names of England and English-

[1] Thomas Smith to Cecil, November 21: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Fitzwilliam to Elizabeth, December 7: *MSS.* Ibid.

mer. so hateful, that before God in agony of soul I doubt the event. There lyeth some secret mystery in this universal rebellious disposition. God bless her Majesty. I can but die at my post. I only hope I may die with the loss of Ireland, rather than live in England to bemoan it. As her Majesty will spend no more money here, we must hazard our lives as we are, even with these falsehearted Pale men.'[1]

Thus it seemed as if all was over, and that the only remaining resource was to revert to the old ways and govern Ireland for and through the Irish themselves. The language of the Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Alciati shows that before the Government attempted to force a religion upon them which had not a single honest advocate in the whole nation, there was no incurable disloyalty. If they were left with their own lands, their own laws, and their own creed, the chiefs were willing to acknowledge the English Sovereign. A firm administration and a rigid enforcement of order would have been by far the best for Ireland; but if this could not be because of the expense, the policy of conciliation graciously carried out would have been the only wise alternative. The disappointment of the hopes which they had placed in Spain might have satisfied the Geraldines that they had nothing to look for from Philip, while the point of religion once disposed of, there was no further reason for their preferring Spain to England.

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[1] Fitzwilliam to Burghley, October 28: *MSS. Ireland.*

But wisdom after the event is proverbially idle. It was necessary to pretend to conciliate, and therefore Elizabeth showed no resentment at Desmond's attempt to fly from London. But she could not bring herself to acquiesce in toleration. She did not observe that in Ireland, where there were no Protestants, her objection to permitting two religions did not apply. She accepted only what circumstances would not allow her to refuse; and when she yielded, she yielded with reservations which she would have done better to have passed over in silence. She consented that the Earl of Desmond should go back to Munster and resume possession of his estates and his jurisdiction, but she exacted a promise from him before he left England that 'he would assist and maintain all the laws established by Act of Parliament for maintenance of true religion;' that 'he would suppress the Papal authority, remove from their Sees the prelates in communion with Rome, and assist, encourage, and protect the ministers, bishops, and preachers sent from England to convert the Irish to the Reformation.' [1]

The Earl, of course, consented. Conditions extorted as the price of freedom were rarely refused in words, and were as rarely observed when the doors of the prison were thrown open. The Government felt the weakness of their hold upon him. An order was signed for his release on the 21st of January. On his arrival in Dublin, he was again arrested and thrown

[1] Note of articles to be observed by the Earl of Desmond. Abridged, January 3, 1573: *MSS. Ireland.*

into the castle, and a fresh list of engagements was submitted to his acceptance. He was required to dispense with the retinue which formed the usual body-guard of the Irish chiefs, to undertake to disarm his castles, and leave the English undisturbed in possession of Castlemayne and Castlemartyr. The Queen had insisted that 'coyn and livery' should be continued to the Earl of Ormond; his rival was to abandon it for ever. There were to be no more armed assemblies in the provinces, no Brehon law, and justice was to be administered according to English forms by judges under the writs of the Viceroy. Excellent regulations, all of them, if introduced by England with the strong hand, or if sanctioned by Desmond from a conviction of their inherent fitness. But as the matter stood, the Earl was required to do everything which England had struggled to do by force, and had failed. The Government had sent him back to his people because he alone was able to control them; and it was idle to expect that the Queen could bind him now by engagements which his liberation was sufficient evidence that she could not enforce.

Wiser advice had been given by Burghley's correspondent. Tremayne had recommended that immediately on Desmond's return the Irish noblemen should be invited to meet in a general council. They should be told distinctly that the Queen would not part with the sovereignty of the country, but that she was ready to listen to their opinions as to the manner in which the government should be administered. If they on

their part would undertake to support the Crown and prevent oppression and anarchy, the English troops should be withdrawn. The administration of Sidney had not been without effect. Wherever order had been continuously preserved they had found the advantage of it, and Tremayne was convinced that the lesson had not been thrown away. If the people were trusted, he believed that they would deserve their trust, and that if the garrisons were removed they would settle down in peace.[1]

The experiment might not have succeeded, but as the abolition of the new bishops and clergy must have followed, it might have been worth trying; while conciliation alloyed by distrust was certain to fail.

Unfortunately, a fresh chimera had taken possession of the English imagination, and the Queen had been persuaded that conquest was still possible, though it was to cost her nothing. The settlement of Munster had broken down because it was undertaken by greedy adventurers in the mere spirit of personal acquisition; and Smith had fared no better in Antrim, because he had gone to work with insufficient means, and without those high and public aims which would make success either possible or desirable. An English nobleman now came forward to do battle with the Irish giant like a knight of King Arthur's table.

Walter Devereux, Lord Hereford, was one of the few Peers who, in the Norfolk conspiracy, had been true

[1] MS. in Tremayne's hand. Endorsed by Burghley, 'For Ireland. Diminution of Charges.'

throughout to the Queen. He had been selected to command with Hunsdon in the Northern rebellion, and more than once at moments of danger to take charge of the Queen of Scots. As belonging to the old blood he had especially recommended himself to Elizabeth's favour by his loyalty, and in 1572 he had been rewarded for his services by the earldom of Essex. He was young, enthusiastic, generous; the first conspicuous representative of that illustrious company who revived in the England of Elizabeth the genius of mediæval chivalry. He was burning to deserve his honours, and in Ireland—the despair of statesmen, the home of the evil demons of anarchy, Papistry, and confusion—he saw the opportunity which he desired. To the recovery of Ireland he determined to consecrate his life and fortune; not, he said, for any personal ambition, 'but being of good devotion to employ himself in the service of her Majesty for the benefit of his country.' Other enterprises had failed for want of unity or greatness of purpose. Essex was ready to undertake the entire outlay and the entire responsibility. He too, like Smith, saw in the country deserted by the Scots the most favourable position to make good his footing; and he petitioned the Queen to make over to him 'that part of Ulster called Clandeboy,' the district enclosed by a line from Belfast to the foot of Lough Neagh, and by the river Bann from Lough Neagh to the sea. He required authority 'to build castles and forts,' 'to plant towns and incorporate them by charters,' 'power to make laws necessary for his government,' 'power to levy war upon

the Irish,' 'to assemble forces,' 'to spoil, besiege, rase, or destroy the towns and castles of Irish outlaws,' 'to annoy them by fire and sword, or any manner of death,' 'to take to his use the goods and chattels of traitors, pirates, and felons, with all shipwrecks that should happen within the circle of his grant;'[1] power also—'hard,' as Burghley remarked, 'to be granted for any natural subject'—'power to make slaves and to chain to ships and galleys all or any such of the Irishry or Scots Irish as should be condemned of treason, for the better furtherance of his enterprise.'

On the Queen's consent to these demands, the Earl bound himself to conquer the district out of his own resources, and after four years of possession to pay a hundred pounds a year to the treasury. He was not alone or unsupported: many gentlemen, from good motives and bad, had volunteered to take shares in the expedition. Lord Hunsdon, Sir Arthur Champernowne, Sir Thomas Wilford, Sir Ralph Bourchier, and several more, were ready to go with him in person, or to send their sons and servants.

Such was the proposal now submitted to Elizabeth for a new settlement. In its original form it infringed upon the Crown rights, and Sir Henry Sidney recommended Burghley to insert provisions for the protection of the Sovereign. 'Independent jurisdictions,' he said,

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[1] Opposite this paragraph Burghley writes:—'It were good that shipwrecks were more charitably used for the relief of the owners.'—Offer of the Earl of Essex touching the inhabiting of the North of Ireland, May 26, 1573: *MSS. Ireland.*

'were the foundation of Irish disturbances;' and although the loyalty of Essex himself was above suspicion, 'security was necessary that such as might succeed him should live in order and obedience.' With this, and some other unimportant reservations, the petition was granted. The Queen gave Essex a last caution to 'win the Irish by mildness,' and he prepared to go.[1]

The military force was to be irresistible. It was to consist of 1200 men, who were to be settled on the land as they took possession of it, and to do service in the field for their tenures. The Queen undertook to pay half the wages for the first year, and she advanced Essex 10,000*l.* for the expenses of his outfit, taking security upon his English estates. The loan was to be repaid in yearly instalments of 1000*l.*, and, in default, a manor of that value was annually to lapse to her Majesty.[2] So provided, in August, 1573, the young Earl and his companions set out upon their adventurous en-

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[1] Essex to Elizabeth, November 2. Elizabeth's personal carelessness in affairs of the greatest consequence is curiously illustrated in the history of this transaction. Four months later, when the results began to be doubtful, she sent Burghley a series of questions, as to the Earl's objects—whether the country which had been granted to him was inhabited, and if so what he proposed to do with the people—whether they were to be expelled, or whether English colonists were to be introduced among them? How they were to be governed? How they were 'to have use of the Christian religion? What were their laws and customs, and to whom the lands were supposed by themselves to belong?—Doubts moved by the Queen's Majesty, touching the Earl of Essex, whereof she requires to be resolved, December, 1573.

The questions were most proper; so proper that they ought to have been asked before the grant was made.

[2] Remembrances for the Earl of Essex, August, 1573.

terprise. A few years before, Sir Henry Sidney's progress through Ulster had been gravely compared to Alexander's journey into Bactria. The central plains of Australia, the untrodden jungles of Borneo, or the still vacant spaces in our maps of Africa, alone now on the globe's surface represent districts as unknown and mysterious as the north-east angle of Ireland in the reign of the great foundress of the modern British Empire. The wolves still roamed in the forests. In the plots or charts which began to be made, the seas are peopled with monsters vaster than the northern serpent. Bare-legged chieftains, with mail and battle-axe, stride across Donegal and Londonderry, the Fingals of legend, half believed to have palpable existence. The three southern provinces had been explored with tolerable care; but Ulster was a desert, heard of only as a battle-ground where the O'Donnells, the O'Neils, and the Redshanks had murdered each other from immemorial time. The fortunes of Shan O'Neil had thrown a brief light into its recesses, but only to reveal a life more wild and savage than the most random imagination could have pictured. When Shan was gone, the darkness settled down again, and Captain Piers, with his garrison at Knockfergus, and young Smith, who had taken shelter with him, did but hang to the shore like shell-fish, and durst not venture beyond their walls.

This was the country which a company of romantic English youths had come to occupy. Sir Peter Carew, scenting a chance of indemnifying himself for his Munster disappointment, gave the expedition the bene-

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fit of a soldier's arm and some Irish experience. And with servants and soldiers, Essex had under his command the strongest English force ever yet collected at any one spot in Ireland. Antonio de Guaras had prepared the way by sending word to the chiefs, that an English Lord was bringing over an army to cut all their throats. Rowland Turner, an English priest, added in a postscript, that if they allowed themselves to be robbed of their country, 'they would be base, godless, cowardly slaves.'[1] Neither a Spaniard nor an Englishman was required to teach the Irish resistance when their land was threatened. The Scots had made an alliance with the O'Neils and Sir Brian MacPhelim, and while Essex was still upon the seas, Down, Newry, and Knockfergus itself, all but the castle, were in flames, lest they should form a shelter for the invading force.

The expedition began with misfortune. A storm dispersed the fleet; some of the vessels were driven down channel, some to the Isle of Man. Essex himself landed at the end of August, at Carrickfergus; and by degrees, but not before precious days of fine weather had been wasted, the whole force was assembled. At first, as usual, not an enemy appeared, nor any signs of an enemy; the country was beautiful in the dry days of early autumn; there was grass for the horses and meat for the men, and the Earl could scarcely believe that the smiling fields and the smooth-spoken people were the Ireland and the Irish race of whom he had

September.

[1] Antonio de Guaras to the Irish chiefs, June, 1573: *MSS. Ireland.*

heard so terrible a report. He set out a proclamation that he was come to be a father to Ulster, and his only fear was, that the difficulties would be too slight to test his skill and courage. The Scots fled to their fastnesses at Red Bay. Tirlogh Lenogh lay in his castle at Lough Neagh. The tremendous Sir Brian came in person, and made his submission on his knees. Sir Brian from henceforth promised to be a loyal subject; and for a pledge of his fidelity, placed 10,000 cattle at the new Governor's disposal.[1]

A few days dissolved the illusion. The Irish chief had desired merely to ascertain the number of the invaders; three nights after he disappeared, and with the morning, his own herds, and all the rest which Essex had collected, had vanished with him. The troops were reduced to salt beef, where the supplies of food but a few hours before had appeared inexhaustible. They had brought corn, but there were no mills to grind it; before they had been on shore a fortnight, they were mutinous for want of food, while Essex could only console himself with the determination that 'he would not be so abused again.' 'He had begun with lenity,' for the future he would be strict and severe.[2] It was for ever the same story with Ireland. Men came there full of confidence and enthusiasm. The inhabitants were so agreeable that they were credited with all imaginable virtues, and the failures in managing them were set down to a want of understanding, or a want of

[1] Essex to the Council, September 10: *MSS. Ireland.*
[2] Essex to the Council, September 29: *MSS.* Ibid.

sympathy with their character. Disappointment followed, and then anger and violence, with the old never-failing results. The Irish had laughed at Essex's fine speeches, and in time they ridiculed his threats; a fortnight later news came that young Smith had been murdered, and that the Kerne who had been taken into employment to collect food for the army, had run away and joined MacPhelim. The season broke up. The rain fell; the wind blew; the rivers rose; and a campaign in the interior so late in the year was not to be thought of. Essex was obliged to entrench himself at Belfast, and wait for the spring; while the Irish, to whom weather was of no consequence, would not leave him to the rest which was all that he now desired. They hung about the camp in the day, cutting off the foraging parties, 'never offering fight but upon great advantage,' and flying when pursued, faster than the English could follow. If any of them were now and then killed, the keen for the dead rising at night out of the forest, filled the soldiers with wonder and fear. The November storms coming upon them while they were imperfectly sheltered, extinguished finally the ardour of the volunteers which the first disappointment had cooled, and home sickness soon thinned the camp of all who could afford to leave it. Lord Rich, who had accompanied the expedition out of friendship for Essex, found that circumstances required his presence in England. Carew discovered that a visionary nobleman was no leader for a hungry man to serve under; and 'the private adventurers,' generally,

November.

remembering 'the delicacies of their own firesides,' and 'wanting resolute minds to endure travail,' followed the infectious example. The soldiers, not being in the Queen's service, began to say, 'that Essex was a private man, whom they were free to leave if they pleased,' and the Irish understood their humour, and fed the rising discontent. O'Donnell sent word that he would submit to the Queen, and hold his land at her hands, but that he owed no allegiance to a subject who had come over for 'private gain;' and Essex, in the blight which had overtaken him, was driven, after a few weeks' trial, to request Elizabeth to 'allow the army to appear hers,' 'that he might with better warrant at least punish mutiny and the base ignobility of the soldiers' minds.'[1] He sent to Dublin to Fitzwilliam for assistance, or at least for advice. Fitzwilliam could not help him; and not perhaps wholly unamused at the collapse of an enterprise which had been ushered in with so loud a flourish, not wholly unpleased at so plain a proof that others could fail as well as he, 'the Lord Deputy sat in his chair and smiled.'[2]

The Earl in his despair poured out his griefs to Burghley, whom he called his father. 'He had not come to Ireland,' he said, 'for his own advantage,' but only in the service of his country. He was ready to surrender his patent, saving the rights and claims of the gentlemen who had shared the risk with him, if the Queen would take the control of the expedition,

[1] Essex to Elizabeth, November 2: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Essex to Burghley, November 2: *MSS.* Ibid.

and would give him a commission as commanding in her name.

When matters had thus arrived at extremity, news came that the Earl of Desmond had escaped from Dublin Castle. He had refused to accept the last conditions which had been demanded of him. He had exclaimed against the breach of faith which had placed him again in arrest, and his secret friends, encouraged by the disaster which had fallen upon Essex, opened the doors of his prison. His return to Munster, when he was clear of the city, was a triumphal procession. Kildare had lost his place as chief of the Norman Irish by trimming with the English Government. They had transferred their allegiance and their enthusiasm to his kinsman, and 'there was now no God nor prince with the people of the Geraldines but the Earl of Desmond, and no law feared by them but Desmond's heste.' He crossed the Pale into Tipperary like the nucleus of a comet, the wild horsemen gathering in clouds and streaming in his track. The Countess joined him, and both together flung off the hated 'English apparel,' and appeared at the head of their warriors in the costume of Irish chieftains. They went first to Limerick, where the citizens marched out in procession to receive them. Set free, as he supposed, by his second arrest from all his engagements, the Earl issued a proclamation that no sheriff, or constable, or minister of English law, should execute office in Munster. A company of soldiers who had been left in Castletown were expelled. Castlemartyr was taken by the Seneschal

of Imokelly. Castlemayne had cost Perrot two weary months of labour to reduce. On Christmas-eve, when the garrison were sleeping off their deep draughts of ale, a treacherous porter opened the gates, and let in Fitzmaurice and his band. Adare Abbey 'was stored again with friars,' and the Catholic Bishop of Limerick, Hugh Larry, whom Perrot had deposed, was reinstalled in his Cathedral.[1]

Fitzwilliam sent a pursuivant to Desmond to order him to disperse his followers, and return to Dublin. He might as well have whistled to the eagles of Dunloe. Desmond answered that, 'as long as he was allowed to rule his own country in peace, he would do no hurt to her Majesty's subjects,' but he would not place himself again in the power of her officers, of whom he had seen enough and too much already.[2] December.

The shock was felt in the castle of every Irish chief. A stormy meeting was held in Connaught, where Shan Burke, Clanrickard's son, 'drew his skene, and wished it were driven into his belly if ever he submitted to the Deputy except on his own conditions, and swore he would make prey to the gates of Dublin.'[3] The situation of Essex, already deplorable, was now hopeless. Misfortunes gathered one upon the other. He could get no fresh meat. His bread ran short. The contractors had been fraudulent, and had sent bad malt, by which the soldiers were poisoned. The horses were

[1] N. Walshe to Burghley, November 24, November 30, December —: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Captain Bouchier to Fitzwilliam, December 2, 5, 6: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

stolen or killed for food. Desertion, sickness, famine, thinned his ranks together, and three months after his landing, out of twelve hundred men, he had but two hundred left who were fit for duty.[1] 'The Devonshire men,' sent by Sir Arthur Champernowne, the countrymen of Drake and Hawkins, the very bone and sinew of the roving navy, forgot their nature in the Irish swamps. 'The men of Devon,' wrote Essex, 'came here well appointed and likely to look at, but in their doings they are the worst I ever saw. Mutinous in camp, and cowardly in the field, when they saw likelihood of work, they began to steal away. Some I caught and hanged. The rest would rather starve than come to service. The gentlemen have sent me only such as they were glad to rid their country of. I am ashamed that England should breed such weak-hearted men as come hither.'[2]

Without waiting for Elizabeth's resolution, the Earl said decisively that he must abandon his grant. He was ruined, and he must endeavour to bear it. He could not keep his soldiers. They told him that they had joined him out of personal goodwill, and would stay no longer than they pleased. 'The war could only be carried on by the Governor of the realm, whom he would himself obey and serve as a private man.'[3]

Never was illusion more rapidly dissipated. The Southern adventurers, had Carew not fallen across the

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[1] Captain Malby to Cecil, December 8: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Essex to the Council, December 11: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Essex to the Council, December 3: *MSS.* Ibid.

Butlers, and had the rest been allowed to deal as they pleased with the Irish savages, might have effected considerable things. Encumbered with no high-minded sentiments, and bent only upon cultivating the soil and growing rich by the possession of it, they would have solved the Irish problem by destroying the Celts, as their descendants in every colony which they have formed have destroyed the native races who have refused to be subjugated.

But Essex was a dreamer and an enthusiast. He was like the great Manchegan whose adventures were growing at that same moment in the brain of Cervantes. If not in genius, yet in beauty of disposition, in disinterested nobleness, and in the worldly ill-success which follows men of such natures and temperament as its shadow, he might have been compared to Cervantes himself.

Sir Thomas Wilford, who remained with him when others went, softened the account of the disaster by pointing out its causes, and could not restrain himself from expressing his admiration of the fortitude with which the Earl bore up against his failure.

'The Irish nation,' he said, 'is more enraged with the fury of desperation than ever I have known them heretofore. They suppose these wars are taken in hand by her Majesty's subjects and not by herself. They say they are no rebels, and do but defend their lands and goods. Our own people through long peace in England have lost the minds of soldiers, and are become weak in body to endure travail and miserable in

mind to sustain the force of the enemy. And this, no question, doth grow of the fat delicate soil and long peace had in England, and therefore nothing more necessary for a prince that mindeth to keep his countries and dominions than some exercise of war. This people begin to know their own force and strength, and have learnt the use and sorts of weapons, their places of strength and advantage, and therefore high time to expulse them for fear of utter ruin to the whole. My Lord, it is not a subject's purse and countenance must do this. It must be her Majesty's only. It were the greatest pity in the world that so noble and worthy a man as this Earl should consume himself in this enterprise. I know and perceive he shooteth not at the gain and revenue of the matter, but rather the honour and credit of the cause. If her Majesty did know his noble and honourable intent, having a body and mind invincible to endure all miseries and extremities, so well as we do know him, she would not suffer him to quail for half the kingdom of Ireland.'[1]

So the year 1573 ended, in the universal destruction of the English power in Ireland. The Queen, unable to make up her mind to the expense of fresh exertions, acquiesced in what she could not prevent. As she had no longer any prospect of capturing Desmond she consented to pardon him; and she read the Irish one more page of the lesson most fatal in the end to their own welfare—that England might be defied with impunity.

[1] Sir Thomas Wilford to Burghley, December 1, 1573: *MSS. Ireland.*

Fitzwilliam repeated his demand to be allowed to resign. 'He had no soldiers, no money, no help, no favour. He was a poor refuse man thrown into his place to serve a turn. He had done his best and could do no more, and he could only hope that his successor, whoever that might be, would be more fairly dealt with.'[1]

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[1] Fitzwilliam to the Council, December 23: *MSS. Ireland.*

CHAPTER LX.

THE SPANISH TREATY.

IN the fall of Edinburgh Castle and the provisionary arrangement with Spain, the first great Catholic conspiracy against Elizabeth was finally extinguished. The recusants, disheartened at their desertion by Philip, flung their cause upon Providence, and the whole island settled down in a sullen but unresisting acquiescence. While the danger lasted, the Queen had not shown to advantage. Sir Francis Walsingham, not once only, but at every trying crisis of her life, had to describe her conduct as 'dishonourable and dangerous;'—dishonourable, because she never hesitated to break a promise when to keep it was inconvenient, and dangerous from the universal distrust which she had inspired in those who had once relied upon her. But her disposition to compromise, her extreme objection to severity or coercion, were better suited to conciliate defeated enemies. Whether it was policy, or that, like Hamlet, she 'lacked gall,' she never remembered an injury. She fought with treason by being blind to it,

and made men loyal in spite of themselves by persistently trusting them.

Her manners were eminently popular. She was hard of feature and harsh of voice: 'her humours,' as Sir T. Heneage expressed it, 'had not grown weak with age:' but she was free of access to her presence, quick-witted, and familiar of speech with men of all degrees. She rode, shot, jested, and drank beer; spat, and swore upon occasions; swore not like 'a comfit-maker's wife,' but round, mouth-filling oaths which would have satisfied Hotspur,—the human character showing always through the royal robes, yet with the queenly dignity never so impaired that liberties could be ventured in return.

The public policy of the realm was in the main directed by Burghley, but his measures were at all times liable to be suspended or reversed. She had a second ear always open to Catholic advisers—pensioners, some of them, of Spain—in the household and the cabinet. Her ladies of the bedchamber were for the most part the friends and correspondents of Mary Stuart. Her favourite courtiers, men like Lord Oxford and Lord Henry Howard, were the most poisonous instruments of Spanish intrigue. Her 'new minion,' as he was spitefully called abroad, Leicester's rival, Sir Christopher Hatton, was a Catholic in all but the name. The relations of Elizabeth with these persons, however insolently remarked upon by the refugees and malignants, were never generally misunderstood, and if regretted, were regretted only for public reasons by her wiser statesmen.

Leicester, no doubt, she would have liked well to marry. Leicester had been an object at one time of grave suspicion, and even Cecil's mind once misgave him, on the ambiguous position in which this nobleman stood towards his sovereign. But the Spanish ambassador de Silva inquired curiously into the scandals which were flying, and satisfied himself that they were without foundation. And the absolute silence afterwards of Mendoza, on a subject on which hatred would have made him eloquent, is a further and conclusive answer to the charges of Allen and Sanders.[1] Leicester continued till his death an object of exceptional regard. Hatton, a handsome, innocent, rather absurd person, was attached to her on the footing of a human lapdog, and he repaid her caresses with a genuine devotion, ridiculous only in the language in which it was expressed.[2] Elizabeth had nicknames for every one who

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[1] In the enormous mass of Mendoza's correspondence at Simancas, there is not a single imputation upon the personal character of Elizabeth. A youth calling himself Arthur Dudley, and professing to be the son of Elizabeth and Leicester, was presented to Philip in 1585, by Sir Francis Englefield. His story was inquired into, and he was treated as an impostor.

[2] Sir Harris Nicolas, very strangely as it appears to me, construes Hatton's letters to Elizabeth as an evidence of a discreditable connection between them. And yet one of the strongest love passages is followed by an urgent entreaty to her to marry, and it is not to be supposed he ever thought she could marry him. 'This is the twelfth day since I saw the brightness of that sun that giveth light unto my sense and soul. I wax an amazed creature. Give me leave, madam, to remove myself out of this irksome shadow, so far as my imagination with these good means may lead me towards you: and let me thus salute you: Live for ever, most excellent creature, and love some man to show yourself thankful for God's high labour in you. I am too far off to hear your answer to this salutation. I know it would be

was about her person: Burghley was her 'spirit'; Leicester, her 'sweet Robin'; Oxford, her 'boar'; Hatton, her '*Lidds*,' her 'sheep'; her mouton, Anglicised into 'Mutton.' The letters addressed to her by statesmen are remarkable for the absence of formality, for language often of severe and startling plainness, unseasoned with a compliment. She kept her intelligence for Burghley and Walsingham, and gave her folly to the favourites. The hard politician of the cabinet exacted in the palace the most profound adulation; she chose to be adored for her beauty, and complimented as a paragon of perfection.

Her portraits are usually without shadow, as if her features radiated light. Sometimes she was represented in more than mortal character; as an Artemis with bow and crescent; as the Heathen Queen of love and beauty; as the Christian Regina Cœli, whose nativity[1] fell close to her own birthday, and whose functions as the virgin of Protestantism she was supposed to supersede. When she appeared as a mere woman, she was painted in robes, which it is to be presumed that she actually wore, broidered with eyes and ears as emblematic of omnipresence—or with lizards, crocodiles, serpents, and other monsters, emblematic, whatever they meant besides, of her own extraordinary taste.

Hatton tells her when he is writing to her, that 'to

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full of virtue and great wisdom; but I fear for some part thereof I would have but small thanks.'—Hatton to the Queen, June 17, 1573. *Life of Hatton, by Sir H. Nicolas*, p. 27.

[1] September 8. Elizabeth born September 7.

see her was heaven, and the lack of her was hell's torment.' 'Passion overcomes him,' as he thinks upon her sweetness. Leicester 'is but half alive' when he is absent from 'her most blessed presence.' Even in business of State she was not proof against flattery. Mendoza could divert her at any time from disagreeable subjects by turning the conversation upon her personal excellencies.[1] Sir John Smith, when sent on a visit to the Court of France, found it prudent to dispraise the Queen and ladies there to her Majesty's advantage.[2]

And there were no attentions which more certainly brought substantial wages. The public service was conducted most thriftily—ministers of State had their reward in doing the business of the country. Walsingham spent his private fortune in his office, and ruined himself. Sir Henry Sidney declined a peerage, his viceroyalty in Ireland having left him crippled with debt. Sir James Crofts excused his accepting a pension from Spain, on the ground that the Queen allowed him nothing as controller of her household. Lord Burghley has left on record in his own handwriting, that the grants which he had received from his mistress had not

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[1] 'Divertiendola dellas platicas con otras a que yo estaba cierto habia de dar oydos, como decirle quan buena estaba.'—Mendoza al Rey, 31 Marzo, 1578: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'I assure your Majesty of my faith there is more beauty in your Majesty's finger than in any one lady among them all. I had heard the French Queen before I saw her commended to be very fair and of good presence. Clear-skinned she is, but very pale and without colour; her face reasonably well formed, but for majesty of a princess, God knows she has none,' &c.—Sir John Smith to Elizabeth, April, 1576: *MSS. Spain, Rolls House.*

covered his expenses in attending upon her: that he had sold lands of his own to maintain his state at Court, and that the fees of his Treasurership did not equal the cost of his stable.[1] But the largesses withheld from statesmen were given lavishly to the favourites and flatterers. Their office perhaps, being ignominious, required a higher salary. Leicester, who inherited nothing, his father's estates having been confiscated, became the wealthiest nobleman in England. Sinecures, grants of land, and high places about the Court, rewarded the affection of Hatton. Monopolies which made their fortune 'to the utter undoing of thousands of her Majesty's subjects,'[2] were heaped on them and others of their kind—cheap presents which cost the Queen nothing. To Hatton was given also the Naboth's vineyard of his neighbour, the Bishop of Ely; the present Hatton Garden, so named in memory of the transaction.[3]

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[1] 'In my whole time I have not for these 26 years been benefited from her Majesty so much as I was within four years of King Edward. I have sold as much land of value as ever I had of gifts from her Majesty. I am at charge by attendance upon Court, and by keeping of my household specially in term time by resort of suitors, more than any councillor in England. My fee for the Treasurership is more than hath been for these 300 years. It doth not answer to my charge of my stall, I mean not my table.'—Burghley to Wm. Herle, August 14, 1585: *Autograph. MSS. Domestic, Rolls House.*

[2] D'Ewes' Journals, p. 242.

[3] The reluctance of the Bishop to part with his property called out the celebrated letter in which 'the Proud Prelate' was told that if he did not instantly comply with the Queen's wishes, 'by God she would unfrock him.' The Bishop still inclining to resist, was brought to reason by means so instructive on Elizabeth's mode of conducting business, when she had not Burghley or Walsingham to keep her in order, that Lord North, the person whom she employed, may tell the story in his own words. 'This last denial,' Lord North wrote to the Bishop,

Without family ties, with no near relations, and without friends save such as were loyal to her for their

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'being added, my Lord, to her former demands, hath moved her Highness to so great a misliking as she purposes presently to send for you and hear what account you can render for this strange dealing towards your gracious sovereign. Moreover she determines to redress the infinite injuries which of long time you have offered her subjects. For which purpose, to be plain with your lordship, she has given me order to hearken to my neighbours' griefs, and likewise to prefer those complaints before her Majesty's privy council, for that you may be called to answer, and the parties satisfied. She has given orders for your coming up, which I suppose you have already received, and withal, you shall have a taste to judge how well she liketh your loving usage.

'Now to advise you, my Lord, I wish you from the bottom of my heart to shake off the yoke of your stubbornness against her Majesty's desires, to lay aside your stiffnecked determination and yield yourself to her known clemency. She is our God on earth. If there be perfection in flesh and blood, undoubtedly it is in her Majesty; for she is slow to revenge and ready to forgive. And yet, my Lord, she is right King Henry, her father, for if any strive with her, all the princes in Europe cannot make her yield. You will say to me, you are determined to leave your bishoprick in her Majesty's hands, to dispose thereof at her good pleasure, and I know that you have so reported among your friends. Your wife has also counselled you to be a Latimer, glorying, as it were, to stand against your natural prince. My Lord, let not your wife's shallow experience carry you too far. You see that to Court you must come. The Prince's good favour and grace will be altered from you; your friends will be strange. It will be no ease for your age to travel in winter, and I know well how you are horsed and manned for that purpose. It will be no pleasure for you to have her Majesty and the council know how wretchedly you live, how extremely covetous, how great a grazier, how marvellous a dairyman, how rich a farmer, how great an owner. It will not like you that the world know of your decayed houses, of the lead and brick that you sell from them, of the leases that you pull violently from many; of the copyholds you lawlessly enter into, of the free lands which you wrongfully possess, of the tolls and imposts which you raise, of God's good ministers which you causelessly displace.

'All this I am to prove against you, and shall be most heartily sorry to put it in execution. Wherefore, if you love place, the preservation of your credit, and the continuance of

country's sake rather than her own, Elizabeth concealed the dreariness of her life from herself, in the society of these human playthings, who flattered her faults and humoured her caprices. She was the more thrown upon them because in her views of government she stood equally alone, and among abler men scarcely found one to sympathize with her. She appears in history the Champion of the Reformation, the first Protestant Sovereign in Europe, but it was a position into which she was driven forward in spite of herself, and when she found herself there, it brought her neither pride nor pleasure.

In her birth she was the symbol of the revolt from the Papacy. She could not reconcile herself with Rome without condemning the marriage from which she sprung; but her interest in Protestantism was limited to political independence. She mocked at Cecil and 'his brothers in Christ.' She affected an interest in the new doctrines, only when the Scots or the Dutch were necessary to her, or when religion could serve as an excuse to escape an unwelcome marriage. When the Spanish ambassador complained of the persecution of

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her Majesty's favour, conform yourself and satisfy her request, which, if you list to do, no doubt the Queen is so inclined to good as I trust she will not only forget what is past and spare your journey, but also thankfully accept your doing herein. Thus all things may be pacified, which I will gladly bring to pass. Her Majesty shall receive pleasure, her servants preferment and some profit, and yourself honour and long comfort.—Your loving friend,

R. NORTH.

'November 20, 1576.'

Comment would be thrown away upon this letter. It is among the MSS. at Hatfield, and endorsed by Burghley, to whom the Bishop probably sent it.

the Catholics, she answered that no Catholic had suffered anything who acknowledged her as his lawful sovereign, and that in spiritual matters she believed as they did.[1] Fanatics, Puritan or Papist, she despised with Erasmian heartiness. Under her brother and sister she had witnessed the alternate fruits of the supremacy of the two theological factions. She was determined to hold them both under the law, which to her had more true religion in it than cartloads of creeds and articles. Puritanism drew its strength from the people. The Popish priests were a regiment of the Bishop of Rome. She would permit no authority in England which did not centre in herself. The Church should be a department of the State, organized by Parliament and ruled by the national tribunals. The moderates of both parties could meet and worship under its ambiguous formulas. There should be no conventicles and no chapels, to be nurseries of sedition. Zealots who could not be satisfied might pay a fine for their precision, and have their sermons or their sacraments at home.

She never ceased to hope that foreign princes would see things as she saw them. To the intelligent latitudinarian his principles appear so obviously reasonable that he cannot understand why they are not universally accepted. Elizabeth desired only a general peace, outward order and uniformity, with liberty to every one to think in private as he pleased. What could any man

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[1] 'Me replicó que no castigaba á los Catholicos sino por no confesarla por reyna: que en lo demas creya lo que ellos.' — Don Bernardino de Mendoza al Rey, xvii. de Junio, 1578: *MSS. Simancas.*

in his senses wish for more? So long as there was no Inquisition, she could not see why the Calvinists should refuse to hear mass. So long as their subjects would conform to the established ritual, kings might well be satisfied to leave opinion alone. It was to this consummation that her foreign policy was always directed. It was for this reason that she always resisted the advice of Burghley and Walsingham to put herself at the head of a Protestant League. Unwillingly and at long intervals she had sent secret help to the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Condé—not however to emancipate the Low Countries, or change the dynasty of France, but only to prevent the triumph of the spirit of the Council of Trent, and to bring Philip and the House of Valois to extend over Europe a government analogous to her own.

Events were too strong for her. Her theory was two centuries before its time; and nations can only be governed on principles with which they sympathize themselves. Yet Elizabeth may be fairly credited with a general rectitude of purpose; and for the immediate purpose of keeping England quiet and preventing civil war, she was acting prudently and successfully. She could not forget that she was a sovereign of a divided people, and that all her subjects, as long as they were loyal, were entitled to have their prejudices respected. The Anglo-Catholics and Catholics were still three-quarters of the population; united in sympathy, united in the hope of seeing the old creed restored in its fulness, and as yet only differing in a point of order. All alike

were thriving under the peace and prospering in their worldly comforts, while France and Flanders were torn in pieces by civil war. If she had struck openly into the quarrel, Germany would probably have followed, and Romanism might perhaps have been driven back behind the Alps and Pyrenees; but as, in doing so, she would have created the deepest resentment in England, the attempt might also have cost her her own throne, and she might have been herself more successful in provoking rebellion than Mary Stuart or the emissaries of the Pope. Her first duty was to her own people, and both for herself and England there were protecting conditions which war would forfeit, but which would hardly fail her as long as she remained at peace. The massacre of St Bartholomew had brought France no nearer to Spain. Spain was reluctant as ever to permit the Guises to interfere by force for Mary Stuart. French politicians could not allow Philip to invade and conquer England. Philip had made an effort to cut the knot. Chapin Vitelli's dagger was to have disposed of Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart and the Duke of Norfolk were to have taken the crown with Alva at their backs; but Norfolk's head had fallen and Mary's last friends at Edinburgh had been hanged, and Philip had retraced his steps, had washed his hands of his English friends, and was once more on good terms with his sister-in-law. The Bull declaring her deposed was ostentatiously and universally ignored; Charles IX. made a league with her in the face of it; the Spanish Council of State had

denied its validity; and Elizabeth was entitled to believe that she was still regarded by her brother sovereigns as one of themselves. Mary Stuart remained her heir-presumptive; the Catholics, both at home and abroad, were allowed to look forward to her accession; and the Queen judged rightly, that after so disastrous a failure, both they and Philip would prefer to wait for a peaceful alteration by the order of inheritance, rather than risk the chances of a fresh insurrection or an internecine war. For the foreign Protestants she considered that she did enough by maintaining her own position. While she remained upon the throne, England was an asylum for the persecuted of all nations, a neutral territory from which they could maintain the struggle with their oppressors. If she refused to help them herself they found allies among her subjects. English congregations contributed money. English volunteers flocked to the standard of Condé and Orange. English privateers threatened Spanish commerce, and threw supplies into Rochelle. The mere existence of a powerful kingdom out of communion with Rome was a continual obstruction to an ultramontane policy. In refusing to permit the succession to be settled positively either for Mary Stuart or against her, Elizabeth was accused of neglecting the interests of the nation, and caring only for her own quiet. Sometimes in mockery, she would tell the council that she would come back after her death and see the Queen of Scots making their heads fly. She advised Hatton to buy no land and build no houses.

When she was gone, she said, there would be no living for him in England.[1] A policy however could not have been only selfish, which was attended with unceasing risk to her own life. Every year that could be saved to peace was so much gain to England; and she persisted in hoping that through weariness and necessity the Catholic Powers would throw over the Council of Trent, and allow Europe to be settled on some quiet and moderate terms. How she worked in detail, how uncertain, how vacillating, how false and unscrupulous she could be, when occasion tempted, has appeared already and will appear more and more; but her object in itself was excellent, and those who pursue high purposes through crooked ways, deserve better of mankind, on the whole, than those who pick their way in blameless inanity, and if innocent of ill, are equally innocent of good.

Five years now passed, to England precious years of breathing-time. The storm continued to rage on the Continent. The annals of England are almost a blank; and the leading incidents may be passed over rapidly.

Charles IX., in consenting to the massacre of St Bartholomew, had said that if tried at all it should be universal. From fifty to sixty thousand human creatures had been murdered; but indignation created heretics faster than the sword could destroy them. The whole country beyond the Loire revolted, and the civil war broke out fiercer than ever. Anjou was driven

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, August 4, 1574: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

from Rochelle after a fruitless four months' siege, in which he lost twenty thousand men; and the throne of Poland falling vacant, and the Queen-mother coveting it for her second son, the Court swung round. Peace was patched up, leaving Catholics and Huguenots as they stood before the massacre. Catherine made advances again to the Prince of Orange and Count Louis, and by their help she secured the election. Anjou left France for his new kingdom, only to be recalled to it a few months after by his brother's death. The sickly princes of the House of Valois followed each other fast to the tomb. But the Queen-mother continued to rule, and in her hatred of Spain stretched out her hand to Orange, who, desperate of other help, seemed inclined to let the past be past and accept it, bloodstained as it was. He had offered the sovereignty of the States to Elizabeth. In possession of Holland and Zealand, he had told her that she would be 'head of the religion' and mistress of the seas. The rest of the States would revolt from Spain and come to her devotion, and no enemy would dare to quarrel with her. If she refused, they would not submit to the Spaniards; they were prepared to die first if necessary; but he warned her fully that before they were destroyed 'they would entangle the country with such a devil as should root out thence the name of Spaniards for ever.' 'The French King was ready to help them, and to the French King they would go.'[1]

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[1] Mr Herle and the Prince of Orange, June 11, 1573: *MSS. Flanders.*

The Prince was evidently desperate: the danger to England of the annexation of the Provinces to France was only one degree less than of their reconquest by Alva; and to prevent the States from taking any wild step, which could not be retraced, she sent Orange money for his immediate necessities, and an attempt was made among the more moderate of the European powers to compel Philip to grant the Provinces reasonable terms. After a communication between Walsingham and Maximilian, deputies met informally at Speyr in the autumn of 1573 from England, Switzerland, and the German States, to draw up the conditions of a league—a league which was to be neither Catholic nor Protestant, but composed of men of all creeds, who would combine to resist oppression. The contracting parties were to disclaim all intention of meddling with religion. They quarrelled with no faith. Doctrines and forms of worship were left indifferent. The object of the confederation was to enforce justice, order, liberty of conscience, and the common rights of humanity.[1]

The project never passed beyond an outline. Dogmatism was more sacred than humanity. Lutherans and Calvinists could not act together, far less could Protestants and Catholics. But it breathes the very spirit of Elizabeth. And that such a thing should have been tried at all shows that even in the sixteenth century

[1] Confederacion entre los Reyes, Duques, Principes, Villa libres, Respublicas y Señorias de Alemannia, Inglaterra, Escocia, Suyços y Flandes, assi de una como de otra Religion, pare oponerse a la tyrannia de algunos enemigos de piedad y virtud. Hecha en Espira, a xv. de Octubre, 1573. TEULET, vol. v.

there were minds which theology had failed to calcine.

Orange meanwhile was left to struggle on with such help as volunteers could give him. On the 12th of July, 1573, the town of Haarlem surrendered to Alva. The siege had cost him twelve thousand of his troops, but as he had found severity hitherto useless, he determined to make Haarlem an example of what he called clemency. The garrison, consisting chiefly of English, French, and Scots, was put to the sword. A few of the principal citizens were selected for execution, but the town was not, like Mechlin, given over to pillage, and private property was generally spared. The Duke then moved on Alkmaar, hoping that it would open its gates. But Alkmaar was obstinate as Haarlem had been. He tried one desperate assault, but failed, and it appeared clear to him that he would have to conquer the two Provinces inch by inch. One town had already cost him an army recruited with enormous difficulty from Italy and Spain. Holland and Zealand formed a great intrenched camp, intersected by dykes, canals, and rivers. The sea was open behind, and as long as Protestant Europe, as long especially as England, continued to throw in men and powder, the problem appeared a hopeless one.

The natural remedy would have been to hold Elizabeth responsible for the acts of her subjects, and to threaten her with war unless she checked them. She had herself given further provocation. In the spring of 1571, when the Spanish ambassador had been discovered to be a party to the Norfolk conspiracy, a hint was given

to the western privateers, and a young adventurer sailed out of Plymouth harbour more enterprising and more audacious than the dreaded Hawkins himself. In the last disastrous expedition many English sailors were left prisoners in the hands of the Spaniards. Most of them had been released by Hawkins' ingenuity, but some had been left in Mexico, to be burnt by the Inquisition. Francis Drake set out to revenge his comrades. He spent the summer in the West Indies burning, killing, and taking prizes.[1] Then putting himself in communication with escaped negro slaves in the woods at Panama, he landed and intercepted the mules which were bringing the gold and silver over the isthmus. He secured an enormous booty, sufficient to tempt half the pirates in the world to the Spanish main, and returned safe with it to England, fortune so standing his friend that he caught another gold ship on his way home, which was also of immense value.[2] Elizabeth was personally compromised: and this time she showed no desire to evade her responsibility. She was known to have had shares in the adventure. Drake presented her with a negro slave whom he had taken in a house at Carthagena. She showed him publicly at Court as a curiosity. A priest, implicated in some recent treason, was executed about the same time in London with the usual cruelties;[3] while she continued to harass

[1] At Nombre de Dios he killed eighteen Spaniards, and cut out and carried off a loaded galleon which was lying in the harbour.—Memoria que ha dado el Consejo de las Indias de los robos hechos en ellas por Ingleses, 1572: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Protest of Antonio y Guaras to Elizabeth, 1573: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Martyrio hecho en persona de

Philip with demands for the expulsion of the English refugees from Flanders, which had been promised in the provisional treaty. Out of such a condition of things it appeared as if only war could follow; but Alva, who, unlike the Catholics generally, had formed a high estimate of Elizabeth's power, preferred any humiliation to driving her into an alliance with Orange. He considered Drake's performance a fair equivalent for the Ridolfi conspiracy. So far from advising Philip to demand reparation of his sister-in-law, he saw in it only a further motive for seeking a close alliance with her. 'If your Majesty had listened to me,' he said, 'if you had not trusted Chapin Vitelli, and had attended to the considerations which I placed before you, these present difficulties would not have arisen. It is now of the highest importance to show Europe that there will be no war between England and Spain.'[1]

Even the question of the volunteers the Duke was not inclined to press upon Elizabeth. She had recalled Sir Humfrey Gilbert, the only officer who held a commission from herself. With the rest he discovered for himself a more successful method of dealing. England was swarming with adventurers of no particular creed, careless whom they served so they served their own interests. Some hundreds of these made advances to Alva through Antonio de Guaras, the Spanish factor in London. Alva

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un Catholico en Inglaterra, Junio 19, 1573. In the hand of de Guaras: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] Alva to Philip, July 7; compare Philip to Alva, July 8; Alva to Secretary Cayas, July 8; Cayas to Alva, July 17.—*Correspondence of Philip II.:* GACHARD.

directed them to offer their swords to the Prince of Orange, obtain employment with the garrison at Flushing, and either betray the town or burn the Dutch fleet.[1] The plot was revealed to Cecil and defeated: but others followed. Spanish gold was used and promised freely. Colonel Chester, an English officer in Walcheren, undertook, for 30,000 crowns, to introduce the Spaniards into the island.[2] Two others, Captain Poole and Captain Ralph Hasleby, proposed to kill or carry off Orange:[3] and Hasleby actually tried it. Another scoundrel, a Captain Wingham, sought a situation in the Prince's household with the same purpose. Then two more, a Captain Ellice and a Colonel Balfour, were found engaged in the same trade.[4] And at length the Prince, shocked and frightened at the treachery which sur-

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[1] The story of the negotiation is at Simancas, in the hand, I think, of Don Guerau de Espes, the late ambassador, who was then at Paris. —Compare Ralph Lane to Cecil, May, 1573: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Antonio de Guaras to Philip, 1573: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] 'El Capitan Poole y Ralph Haselby, en tiempo del Duque de Alva habian offrecido de entregar vivo el de Orange o matarle.'—Puntos de cartas de Antonio de Guaras, 1574: *MSS.* Ibid.

[4] In August, 1574, De Guaras writes: 'Hasleby and Chester have returned to England. It is arranged that Captain Ellice and Colonel Balfour shall follow the Prince to Delft or Rotterdam, and there take or kill him. They hope they may get possession of one or other of these towns. If they kill the Prince, and also obtain a town for us, they expect 20,000 crowns for the colonels, as much more for each of the captains, and a further sum for the men. If they take the town, but miss the Prince, they will be content with 15,000 crowns among them all. If they secure the Prince without the town, they expect 30,000, the colonels to have in addition a pension of a thousand crowns, and the captains one of three hundred. The agreement is to be drawn up in writing. Ellice says he has been long in the Prince's service and hates him.'

rounded him, and unable to distinguish friend from foe, was obliged to dismiss all the English companies and send them home. The irritation caused by a measure so necessary, yet so painful, was followed by fresh differences tending further to alienate England from the Prince's cause.

Alva, at his own request, was now recalled. He returned to Spain leaving behind him an eternal memory of infamy because he had not succeeded. Those who attempt to extinguish a revolution in blood play for a high stake. If they win, their cruelties pass in history as the necessary severities of a wise and courageous rule. If they fail, they are ministers of Satan to be for ever execrated and abhorred. Yet the difference after all may be only in the intellectual appreciation of the circumstances; and if the honour is deserved in the one case, the shame may be unmerited in the other. Alva was conscious of nothing but that he had tried to do his duty to his master. It had proved too hard for him, and he gladly relinquished it to another.

There was now to be an attempt at milder treatment. His successor, Don Louis de Requescens, Grand Commander of Castile, brought with him an offer of peace: peace upon terms short of the absolute submission demanded by Alva, with a saving to the Provinces of their old rights of self-government, on condition of reunion with the Church. This point conceded, and the mass restored in the churches, the Spanish army would be withdrawn, and the States would be governed as before the revolt under their own laws, administered by their

own countrymen. To the common sense of Europe it seemed a fair proposal—a concession to the temper which had been shown in the meeting at Speyr. The re-establishment of the Catholic religion did not imply persecution. Unsupported by foreign troops the bishops would have been powerless for anything save the maintenance of external order. The chapels of the Calvinists would have been closed, but private opinion would have remained uninquired into, and the Protestants of Holland and Flanders would have been in the same position as the Catholics in England.

English practical understanding decided at once that these offers ought to have been thankfully received. The Queen, who allowed no 'liberty of worship' herself, could not consistently demand it for others, even if she had thought that it could be prudently granted: and when the Prince and the States sternly refused, they were considered to be offering gratuitous obstacles to the settlement of Europe. The English Catholics came forward in numbers making contributions for Requescens or taking service in the Spanish army.[1] Trade had reopened under Alva's treaty, between London and Antwerp; the Flushingers insisted on a right of search lest munitions of war should be carried to the enemy; and ugly quarrels rose in consequence. The Channel

[1] 'Muchos gentilhombres, soldados y marineros, y otros de nuestro pays, ha pocos dias que viniéron á esta tierra para ofrecer su servicio al Rey contra sus rebeldes; y viendo que cada dia llegan aqui tanto numero de Catholicos de nuestra nacion para servir al Rey, he hecho quanto he podido que su Excellencia formase un regimiento de Ingleses Catholicos. —Relacion de M. de Copley, 1574 *MSS. Simancas.*

privateers, not being particular about creeds, plundered Dutch merchantmen.[1] Vessels from Holland were robbed even at the quay at Sandwich, and no redress could be had. The interference of England on behalf of the States was made more impossible than ever.

Nor was this the worst. In the spring of 1574 the Prince of Orange and his two brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry, collected an army of Huguenots in France, with the connivance of Catherine de Medici, crossed the Meuse, and were making their way towards Zealand, when they were intercepted at Mook Heath and forced into an engagement by Don Sancho d'Avila. The sea was the friend of the Hollanders, the land was their enemies'. Their entire force was destroyed, and Louis and Henry were killed.[2]

Requescens, snatching the opportunity, published an amnesty, from which fourteen names only were excepted. He invited the provinces to reflect upon the favourable disposition of his sovereign, and to take advantage of offers which might not be within their reach

[1] Here for instance is one case out of eleven reported September 7, 1573:—'Cornelius Williamson, of Dort, sailing out of Yarmouth, was boarded and utterly spoiled. The mariners of the said ship were most cruelly handled; and being tied with ropes were cast into the sea and greatly tormented for to know whether they had money. They hanged up the said Cornelius with a rope about his neck until he was almost dead, and when he was come to his wits, they stripped him all naked and cast him eight times tied with a rope and with stones at his legs 18 or 20 feet deep in the sea till they knew where his money was, and so took his money and of his mariners with all their gear, and the anchors, cables, and victuals of the said ship, and left the master wholly naked.' —*MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Battle of Mook Heath, April 14, 1574.

again. Out of the seventeen States only two were prolonging the revolt. For the sake of Holland and Zealand, the great commercial cities of Flanders and Brabant had to submit to a prolonged military occupation, to see their laws suspended, their trade ruined, and their industry paralyzed by taxation. Broken-hearted by his last misfortune, and utterly dispirited, the Prince now felt that the end was probably near, and that nothing would be soon left to him but to follow Count Louis to the grave. 'Our people,' he wrote to his one remaining brother, Count John, 'have lost all heart, and if the enemy invade us he will find slight resistance. Our destruction will be the destruction of the religion throughout the world. The turn of the Germans will come, and the turn of the English also, who, in imagined prudence, have temporized and waited upon events.[1] If you can think of anything, do it. I am myself so overwhelmed with business, and so stupified with sorrow, that I am equal to little more. I undertook to hold these States for two years, single-handed, against all the force which Spain could bring against us. Those years are expired, and if we are to stand longer we must have assistance. If it cannot be, and if we must needs perish, in the name of God be it so. They cannot take from us the honour of having done what so small a handful of men never did before. We have held this

[1] 'Les Allemans se pourront avec le temps bien appercevoir le domage, comme aussy feront les Angloys, qui s'attendans aux évènements et issuz de noz affaires ont, comme ils estimoient par grande prudence humaine, tousjours voulu temporiser.'

little spot of ground unfriended, and we have kept our consciences undefiled. God is all-powerful, and I trust we may yet be preserved. At worst, it shall cost the Catholic King half Spain and half his subjects, ere he 'make a final end of us.'[1] This letter fell into the hands of Requescens, and was sent by him to England as an evidence of the condition to which the Prince was reduced. The two years' treaty being at the same time almost expired, he intimated that if Elizabeth would interfere no further, his master was willing to do what till now he had always refused, and renew the old league which Charles V. had made with her father. What was she to do? If the Prince would but have accepted the terms which Philip offered, all would have been well. With the nobler aspect of Protestantism, with its deep, passionate loathing of falsehood—loathing intense as that with which the first Christians shook themselves free of the heathen idolatry,—with this she had no kind of sympathy. She did not understand what it meant. But the States, however desperate their situation, intended to fight to the death, and when crushed they would require to be held down by force. A Spanish army would continue to be a dangerous neighbour; Spanish fleets would lie in the Scheldt; and the Dutch, having lost all they valued, might have no objection to assist in an enterprise against England. Spain might consent, at present, to the league, but while the difference of religion continued, wise men were of opinion

[1] The Prince of Orange to Count John, May 7: *MSS. Flanders.*

that the alliance could not be permanent. England's turn, as the Prince said, must and would come at last. Meanwhile the sea towns were untaken; the two provinces were at Elizabeth's disposition if she would have them; with the certainty, at the same time, of a sharp and severe war, and the possibility of an insurrection at home. The parties into which England was divided were both represented in the council. Walsingham and Leicester were for joining the Prince, but Burghley and Bacon, who had hitherto acted with them, threw their powerful weight into the other scale. Don Pedro de Valdez was coming with an armada from Cadiz to assist Requescens. Walsingham would have had him set upon and destroyed in the Channel. Burghley thought that with division at home, and with Ireland so vulnerable behind them, the risk was too great to be ventured. If the Prince threw himself as he threatened upon France, even Burghley considered that it would be even better to join Philip actively, and assist in the reduction of the Provinces. England would thus earn a right to a voice in the conclusion, and secure the Hollanders some kind of terms.[1] The Spanish trade was of great importance: and a fresh interruption of it would lead to serious discontent

1574. August.

[1] 'El gran Tesorero y el gran Chanciller respondiéron á sus compañeros del Consejo que si la Reyna se pusiese en ello, que con buena causa el Rey de España les ponria cisma y fuego en su reyno por Irlanda, y que no eran de parecer de tal acceptacion; y que en caso que á Franceses se entregase el de Orange que lo estorbarian por lo que tocaba á Inglaterra en favor del Rey de España.'—Antonio de Guaras á Cayas; 25 de Agosto, 1574: *MSS. Simancas.*

in London. For Spain to consent, in defiance of the Pope, to a closer alliance with an excommunicated sovereign would be a significant fact which would have its weight with the English Catholics; and the nation generally had not yet come to look on Spaniards as enemies. The old connection was still far more popular than the new friendship with France; and even with the Protestants the horrors of St Bartholomew had eclipsed the doings of the Blood Council. Philip, it was said in London, never made an unjust war. Philip was true in word and deed, and in his severities respected the usages of humanity.[1] The Spanish party carried the day. De Valdez passed up the Channel unmolested to give Orange what every one expected must be his final blow; while Don Bernardino de Mendoza, Philip's master of the horse, came across from Brussels with a complimentary letter to Elizabeth, bringing with him also, in evidence of his master's sincerity, several hundred Englishmen who had been taken prisoners in Holland.

Nor was this all. The King had consented, at Alva's entreaty, that the Catholic refugees should be forbidden to remain in his dominions. The condition, so long

[1] La Mothe Fénelon says it was argued in the English council, 'Qu'il ne s'estoit veu ni ne se voyoit rien au Roy d'Espaigne pour quoy la Royne leur Mestresse deubt rejetter son amitié, ny luy denier la sienne, puisqu'il la venoit rechercher. Car il s'estoit tousjours monstré prince veritable et certain, plein de grande moderation et d'integrité; qui n'avoit poinct meu de guerres injustes ni qui ne feussent necessaires et n'avoit usé en icelles ni fraude ni mauvaise foy ni exercé aulcuns actes cruels qui feussent hors du debvoir de la guerre ni contre les termes de la justice.'—*Dépêches*, vol. vi. p. 217, &c.

evaded, was now actually enforced. The Earl of Westmoreland, the Countess of Northumberland, the Nortons, and the other waifs and strays from the rebellion of 1569, were informed that they must seek an asylum elsewhere. A seminary of English priests which had been established at Douay, was broken up by Requescens, to be received in France by the Duke of Guise, and provided with a new home at Rheims. Weary of ineffectual intrigues which had ended only in increased severities to the Catholics whom they had wished to befriend, the Spanish council had resolved, at least for the present, to turn their backs upon English conspirators, and relinquish the hope of recovering England to the Church by revolution.[1] 'Amazed,' 'incredulous,' the refugees struggled against their fate.

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[1] Spanish lay statesmen looked on these clerical incendiaries as coldly as Charles V. had looked on Pole. Secretary Aguilon writing from Paris to Cayas, says :—

'Yo no se porque no cierran allá las puertas á todos los Ingleses, Escoceses y Irlandeses que van con invenciones. Pues es cosa llana que el dia que su Mag^d^ pensase emprender contra alguna de aquellas provincias, le romperian abiertamente Franceses la guerra, juntandose con los otros; porque ni á ellos les está bien que su Mag^d^ tenga pié en ellas ni su Mag^d^ que ellos, y entretanto no sirven las idas y venidas de los susodichos sino hacer mas daño á la pobre Reyna de Escocia y á los Catholicos. Por mala que sea la Reyna de Inglaterra, estando las cosas de Flandes como estan, conviene temporizar con ella, y aun diré mas adelante que despues de estar pacificos aquellos estados les estará siempre bien el amistad y correspondencia de Inglaterra. Pues se ha visto el daño que haberla perdido les ha resultado.' —Aguilon á Cayas, 5 de Maio, 1575: TEULET, vol. v.

Whatever may be thought of the chivalry of Elizabeth's conduct to Orange, language of this kind shows that she was no dupe to false pretences, and that in her unwillingness to precipitate a war she had real ground to go upon. The Spaniards were sincerely anxious to remain at peace with her, if the Pope and the priests would let them alone.

They petitioned the Pope to publish a construction of the Bull of Deposition, which would implicate any Catholic prince who made a treaty with Elizabeth, and would make rebellion an obligation of faith to the Catholics remaining in England.[1]

Gregory however was too well advised. He could not afford, for the sake of a handful of passionate fanatics, to embroil himself both with France and Spain; and Sanders and Allen, and Parsons and the Archbishop of Cashel, and the noble lords and ladies of the North, whose fault was fidelity to the cause of which Philip was the European champion, were dismissed over the frontiers at the request of the heretic Elizabeth, and requested to return no more. It was a hard measure, yet at once a political triumph to the English Government of immense moment, and in itself not undeserved. The object which these people had set before themselves, had been to kindle a war of religion, and to carry fire and sword through the country which claimed their allegiance. They had flooded Europe with libels, 'in which Medea was made a saint,' and the spotted gar-

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[1] 'Sentencia excommunicationis sive interdicti: Vis ea est. Primum quod nulli Christiano cum iis populis neque conversari neque commercia habere licet contra quos ea lata est. Deinde quod subditi principum eorum contra quos ea lata est liberantur in posterum ab omni obedientiâ fide officio jurisjurandi religione quâ antea tenebantur, neque deinceps possunt solum, sed etiam debent, contra eosdem ferre arma ut contumaces tanquam hereticos schismaticos rebelles Deo ipsi invisos trucidare vastare deripere ferro flammâ furcâ coercere omni denique ratione de irâ deflexos in viam reducere. Fiat. Fiat. Amen.' —Copia de la sentencia de excomunion que pidiéron los Catholicos de Inglaterra, 1574: *MSS. Simancas.*

ments of the Queen of Scots had been hung upon Elizabeth. The English Reformation was represented as a monstrous product of lust and tyranny and spoliation, and Cromwell, Cranmer, Burghley, every statesman and thinker whom Protestant England had produced, were held up as panders to the wickedness of Henry VIII. and his bastard daughter. Elizabeth insisted that Philip should set a mark of disapproval on them, and Philip yielded.

As a set-off Mendoza invited Elizabeth to reconsider her secession from the Church, and her answer was not positively unfavourable. Present change she said was impossible, but she gave him hopes that she would consider about it at a more favourable moment. The commercial differences were settled. The ships and cargoes seized on both sides had been long sold, but the accounts were produced and balanced, and the Spanish treasure, the original ground of quarrel, was allowed for in the general estimate. One question only was left open, which Philip reserved for his own special consideration, on what terms English factors and merchant ships were to be allowed to make use of Spanish port towns and harbours. The Holy Office claimed absolute authority in Spanish waters, and forbade 'the accursed thing' within gunshot of their shores. English seamen who had had Prayer-books on board with them, had been imprisoned in the Inquisition dungeons, and their vessels and cargoes confiscated. The Queen insisted that the deck of an English ship was English soil. 'I assure you,' she said to de Guaras, 'it is a thing my

father would not have borne, nor will I bear it, and unless your King takes better order with these men, I must imprison subjects of his in return.' 'Understand me,' she continued, 'you know the proverb—old wine, old bread, and an old friend. The French say, our reconciliation cannot stand. Let the King and me prove their word false.'[1] A special minister was sent to Madrid, to insist on concession, and Sir Henry Cobham, who had been dismissed from the Spanish Court four years before with scanty courtesy, was pointedly selected for the purpose.

Elizabeth too, on her part, was ready to do what she could to gratify Philip, and she took the opportunity of showing him that the English for whom she demanded toleration, were not the heretics with whom they were confounded. Among the fugitives from the Provinces, who had taken refuge in England, was a congregation of Anabaptists—wretches abhorred in the eyes of all orthodox Anglicans. Twenty-seven of them were arrested in Aldgate, and brought to trial for blasphemous opinions on the nature of Christ's body. Four of them carried faggots at Paul's Cross, recanted, and were pardoned. Eleven who were obstinate were condemned in the Bishop of London's court, and delivered over to the secular arm. The incongruous element of Elizabeth's council would have perhaps been split in pieces by an execution on so large a scale. 'Great pains were taken' to move them. One more

1575. May 15.

[1] De Guaras to Cayas, January, 1575: *MSS. Simancas.*

woman at last yielded. The rest were banished, but enough had not been done to vindicate Anglican orthodoxy. One of the first four, Hendrick Tenwort, had relapsed, and with another of the remainder, John Wielmacher, was selected for a sacrifice to the Spanish alliance. The sentence was not carried out without protest. John Foxe the martyrologist, who was occupied at the time on the history of the Marian persecution, wrote to Elizabeth to remonstrate.[1] He obtained a month's reprieve to give the unfortunate creatures time to abjure, but they persevered in impenitence, and they were burnt on the 22nd of July, 'in great horror, crying, and roaring.'[2] The propositions for which they suffered, with the counter-propositions of the orthodox, have passed away and become meaningless. The theology of the Anabaptists may have been ridiculous, their theories of civil government mischievous; but they were not punished in the service even of imagined truth; the friends of Spain about the Queen wished only to show Philip that England was not the paradise of heresy which the world believed.

A high-born offender of the opposite kind had a near escape at the same time, from the second edge of Elizabeth's sword of justice. The story is curious as illustrating the character of many of the English adventurers, who were wandering on the Continent. Among

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[1] 'Id unum valde deprecor, ne piras ac flammas Smithfieldianas, jam diu faustissimis tuis auspiciis huc usque sopitas, sinas nunc recandescere.' — Foxe to Elizabeth: SOAMES, p. 216.

[2] Stowe.

the refugees who were ordered to leave Flanders, was a person named Edward Woodshawe, who took the opportunity of writing to Lord Burghley to ask for pardon and employment. Woodshawe was singularly open in his account of himself. He had been 25 years in the Low Countries; at first in the household of Count Egmont, 'with whom he had lived in all luxury.' On Egmont's arrest, he went back to England, 'but neither his uncle Leveson, of Wolverhampton, his cousin Arden, of Park Hall, in Warwickshire, nor any of his other relations would help him with two angels.' 'He had been brought up like a gentleman, seldom knowing what it was to lack or want.' 'And therefore,' he said, 'with other companions who were in straits as well as myself, I was forced to give the onset, and break up a house in Warwickshire, not far from Wakefield.'

With the 20*l.* which came to his share from this transaction, he went again to Flanders, and was employed by Alva, 'Whom he took God to witness he loved as the devil in hell.' He prayed Burghley to overlook his offences, and to give him an opportunity of retrieving his character. 'Having long followed the wars,' he said, 'and experimented this wavering world, what he took in hand he would do, so that no man in the world should know of his affairs. Her Majesty, Lord Burghley, and himself, could understand each other. Their secrets need go no further,' and he 'protested before God, and swore by his holy name on the damnation of his soul,' that he would be true. He was intimate with Requescens, intimate with Lord

Westmoreland, Lord Morley, the Archbishop of Cashel, the Nortons, and the priests who had been at Douay. If he could be of use in Spain, Chapin Vitelli would introduce him to the King, and he could obtain an appointment in the Palace.

'There,' he went on, 'if you like to employ me, I will obtain intelligence of all that goes forward, and of any plot against England. I will deal as circumspectly, as wisely, as faithfully as I would crave at God's hands to receive my soul into his mercy. And therefore, though your Honour has no acquaintance with me, yet mistrust me not. For, by the living God, if your Honour will cause to be made there in England, a certain lingering poison, and send it hither by a trusty messenger to me, not letting him know what it is, but forge some other matter, and let me have commandment from your Honour to whom I shall give it, and therewith you shall try me what I am, for the service of the Queen's Majesty and my country. And doubt not, but I will handle it secretly as reason requires for my own safety; what letters your Honour writes to me, I will tear them in pieces for fear of afterclaps, and I trust your Honour will do so by my letters.'[1]

The open cruelties of Philip II. have not stained his reputation so deeply as his employment of assassins; the blackest spot in Alva's scutcheon is his recommendation of the murder of Elizabeth: but public men rarely sink below the average of the morality of

[1] Edward Woodshawe to Burghley, September 3, 1574: *MSS. Flanders*

their age. An English gentleman, honourably connected, who had been in the service of the Viceroy of the Netherlands, could write to the first minister of his country, confessing to a burglary, offering to poison his friends who had given him shelter and wages, and expecting to be admitted to the confidence of the Queen herself.

Nor is this the strangest part of the story. Lord Burghley condescended to make use of this man. He did not send the poison, but he intimated that there were other ways in which his correspondent might deserve his pardon for the affair at Wakefield; and with this encouragement, Woodshawe wrote that he had a dear friend in de la Motte, the Governor of Gravelines, whom he described as a greedy ruffian 'that two hundred pounds would give courage to attempt anything:' with de la Motte's help he proposed to surprise Calais, which he had ascertained to be 'carelessly guarded.' Or failing this, he could betray his English comrades.

'For my other pretence,' he wrote, when the Calais plan was abandoned, 'if it please your Honour to send me your whole mind, whatever your Honour command me to do, if I do it not secretly and effectually, never trust man for my sake. What I have been, God forgive me my folly: but what I am, I pray God give me grace that I may do that service to the Queen's Majesty and my country which my faithful heart is willing to do.'[1]

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[1] Woodshawe to Burghley, November 30: *MSS. Flanders.*

The English Government had more than once shown the refugees that to escape from England was not necessarily to escape altogether. Story had been kidnapped and hanged, the Earl of Northumberland had been bought from the Scots and beheaded. The lesson had produced some effect, but it needed to be repeated. Lord Westmoreland had applied for pardon, and had almost obtained it, when he fell back under the influence of the Countess of Northumberland, and was again 'practising' against the Queen. He had been attainted, and his life was forfeited. Cecil employed Woodshawe to entrap him, take him prisoner, and bring him to London. The ingenious scoundrel wound himself into the Earl's favour, sending report of his progress as he went along. When the Earl, with the other exiles, was ordered finally out of Flanders, Woodshawe advised him to go to Liége, and laid an ambuscade for him on the way, intending, 'by God's grace to carry him dead or alive to England.'[1]

Fortunately for Burghley's reputation, the plot failed. Woodshawe disappears from history, and the Lord Treasurer had to submit to the humiliation of receiving advice from Leicester to have no further transactions with persons of abandoned character.[2] He could have defended himself on the ground that Westmoreland, being an attainted traitor, had no rights left him, in law or honour; but Philip, on the same plea,

[1] Woodshawe to Burghley, February 27 and March 13, 1575: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Leicester to Burghley, March, 1575: *MSS. Hatfield.*

might have defended the assassination of Orange.

To return to Sir Henry Cobham. The instructions which he carried with him were not limited to English interests. His first business was with the Inquisition. If the Holy Office persisted in interfering with the merchants, he was directed to say that 'the amity could not continue.' The English were not heretics. They merely 'professed a difference' in the observation of the rites and forms of the Church. The Queen recommended her brother-in-law 'to be guided rather,' in these questions, 'by such as were of noble birth and temporal vocation, than by such as had their oaths to the Church of Rome, and preferred the particular affairs of the Pope before the service of the King.'

But beyond this which concerned herself, Elizabeth went a step further. A gleam of success had lighted the fortunes of the gallant Orange on the arrival of de Valdez. Requescens had attacked Leyden, and the ever-memorable defence of the city had ended in the flight and ruin of the besieging army. Negotiations for peace followed, but had been broken off on the old point of toleration. The Queen, in her capacity of mutual friend, now proposed to mediate. She made the most of the offers which the States had pressed upon herself. The King, she said, ought to be aware that 'in Christendom he had no such friend as she had been.' The States were ready to return to their allegiance if they would have toleration on the terms of the Peace of Passau, and Philip need not hesitate to allow what had been allowed by his father. This one concession would

be sufficient; or if the Prince made difficulties afterwards, 'she promised to join with the King by force to compel the disobedient that should impeach it.' On the other hand, if the war was to continue, she said plainly that she would be driven into some other course. She did not wish to injure the King, but she could not, in the interests of England, let the Netherlands be annexed to France, and in default of help from her it was to France that they would certainly turn.[1]

The weight of the message lay in the last paragraph. A war of religion would not be tolerated in England, but a war to prevent the aggrandizement of France would be warmly popular. It was thought that Philip knew enough of English politics to comprehend the distinction.

To the Spanish people generally the mission was most unwelcome. The reception of a heretic minister was in itself a scandal which had been overcome only by a dispensation from the Pope.[2] Cobham could hardly find so much as a lodging at Madrid. The King, in his first interview, was cold and ambiguous: and the Nuncio, notwithstanding the Pope's permission, recommended, between advice and command, that the ambassador should be dismissed without a second audience.[3]

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[1] Heads of a message to the King of Spain, July 1, 1575. Instructions to Sir H. Cobham. Drawn by Walsingham and signed by the Queen, July: *MSS. Spain.*

[2] 'Como el Santo Officio ha hecho muy complidamente, procurando para ello y para mayor seguridad de la consciencia dissimuladamente el consentimiento de la Santa Sede Apostolica.'—Parecer de Hopperus, October, 1575: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] A su Mag^d del Nuncio, 24 de Nov^bre 1575. Sobre echar de aqui á Cobham: *MSS.* Ibid.

Elizabeth might be negotiated with at Brussels, or an emissary might be sent to London, but Madrid was the second city of the Catholic world. Shocked at the dreadful presence of the accursed thing among them, the council even reopened the whole question of the alliance. Hopper, President of the council for the Netherlands, admitted that Elizabeth had grounds of complaint. Her life had been attempted, and she knew it,[1] but she was a schismatic, and no fit ally for Spain. 'The honour of God,' he argued, 'forbade ambiguous friendships. She had been at the bottom of all the confusion in Europe. The rebels were now at their last gasp, and his Majesty should trust in God and finish the work.'

Quiroga, Archbishop of Toledo and Inquisitor-General, took the same view. 'The Queen of England,' he said, 'neither was nor ever could be an honest friend of Spain. She was a tyrant, and had murdered Catholics. She had revolutionized Scotland, and would never cease to trouble the world. Her present overtures were deceit. She knew Chapin's intentions against her, and women and princes never forgave.'[2]

Then Alva rose. Alva, with his experience of Haarlem and Leyden, knew better the resources yet remaining to the rebellion, and understood better also the personal disposition of Elizabeth. 'Diplomacy was not action,' he urged; 'and the alliance which he recom-

[1] 'Tanto mas habiendose ella offendido una vez por haber entendido que se machinaba algo contra su persona y Reyno.' — Parecer de Hopperus: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Y que en fin Doña y Corona nunca perdona.'—Parecer de Quiroga: *MSS.* Ibid.

mended need stand only as long as it was useful. Convenience was the measure of obligation even between Christian States, far more therefore between a Christian and a heretic.[1] An English ambassador could do no harm at Madrid, a Spanish ambassador in London would have mass in his house, would protect the Catholics, and prevent persecution. The Queen was well disposed to Spain. It was supremely important to humour her inclinations, and prevent her from drawing closer to France. In affairs of State, as in philosophy, imagination was a powerful element. It was no question of conscience, and the King could throw her over when he pleased.'[2]

So construed the alliance was less alarming. Quiroga himself was willing to make allowances. 'The thing desired was not so bad but that it might be made good by circumstances.' The English trade would no doubt be useful, and implied diplomatic intercourse. The difficulty lay in the details. Was an English ambassador at Madrid to be allowed to use a heretic service? Was the Holy Office to see its authority impaired in the port towns?

Beaten on the main argument, President Hopper stood out against concession in details. 'There were men about the King,' he said, hitting at Alva, 'who pretended that scruples were out of place in politics,'

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[1] 'Siendo su intencion que dure mientras durara la necessidad como lo hacen los Principes Christianos uno con otro, quanto mas con la Reyna herege.'—Parecer de Alva: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Que los negocios de Estado se fundan en imaginacion como los filosofos, y que pues es cosa temporal que la puede soltar quando quisiere.'—Parecer de Alva: Ibid.

that princes should look to interest, and leave theory to philosophers and divines. This was a doctrine of atheists and enemies of mankind. Politics should have no foundation but the will of God, and what was not of God was of the devil.'[1]

The King, inclining always to what he called piety, was deeply perplexed. He was willing to carry out what had been undertaken by Mendoza in England, but he hesitated at the further step, and Alva was in despair. Unless the Inquisition could be controlled, he saw that the alliance would fall in pieces. The Queen would take up the cause of the States, and Drake would be let loose upon the gold fleets. 'Cobham,' he wrote to Secretary Cayas, 'has just rushed into my room to kill me. I have Cobham at one ear and Hopper at the other, and between them both I am at my wits' end. Hopper will ruin all. The Queen of England will throw herself on France: the objection will be the same as long as she lives, and Hopper is such an obstinate ass that I can drive no conviction into his head. The King knows what I think, and I shall say no more. The Englishman is ready to tear me in pieces because he and his mistress are called heretics.'[2]

In still more passionate tones he complained of Quiroga. 'The Inquisitor-General,' he said, 'has no right to notice offences not committed on Spanish soil, nor if the English do wrong while on shore should he touch the property of any but the offenders themselves.

[1] Recuerdo de Hopperus: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Alva to Cayas, November, 1575.

I have argued with him, but he is as hard as a stone,[1] and unless we yield in this we lose England, and all will be over with Flanders. His Majesty, no doubt, should respect the Holy Office, but it cannot be right to play into the hands of God's rebels and his own. I beseech his Majesty with tears to listen to me. Without this concession all else will be nothing. I will not give up hope. I will snatch at every twig that offers.'[2]

Between his various advisers, Philip was as uncertain as Elizabeth. Alva recommended him to renew his father's old League, or make another special treaty, to stand till the Low Countries were conquered. Philip was afraid, on one side, of committing misprision of heresy; on the other, of adding England to his other enemies. At length he gave Cobham in writing the following answer. 'He would send an ambassador to London, and he would receive an Englishman at Madrid, but only on these conditions. His own minister must have the sacraments of the Church, as a matter of course. As positively, no unauthorized service could be permitted in Spain. The utmost indulgence which would be extended to a foreign resident would be that he should not be compelled to hear mass. It would be more agreeable to all parties therefore if the person selected could be a Catholic, otherwise the Queen must send some reasonable person well inclined to the alliance. The offer of mediation he was obliged to decline. If his insurgent subjects would submit unconditionally,

[1] 'Esta como una peña duro.'

[2] Alva to Cayas, November 25: *MSS. Simancas.*

he would receive them to mercy at her Highness's hands, but he would adventure all his estate, rather than license any exercise of religion other than the Catholic Roman. As to the merchants and seamen, strangers must observe the laws established by the Inquisition, and if they offended must be punished by the law. The religious administration was independent of himself, and he was bound by his oath to respect the privileges of the Inquisition.' [1]

The principal matter was thus really left in the Archbishop's hands, and the lives and properties of Englishmen were insecure as ever. Alva however made a private arrangement with Cobham, for the fulfilment of which, he said, he would be himself responsible. Out of special regard for the Queen, the law against heresy should be so far relaxed that no English subject should be liable to arbitrary arrest and examination.[2] The English, in return, if they chose to enter Spanish churches, must behave as others did. If they encountered the Holy Sacrament in the streets they must kneel, nor must they proselytize or introduce heretical books.

With this reply Cobham took his leave. It is need-

[1] Answer to Sir H. Cobham, November, 1575: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] A marginal note shows that Quiroga had given a sort of consent but had refused to commit the Inquisition by a positive engagement. 'Esto fué conforme a lo que habia dicho el Inquisidor General que aunque todos los estrangeros que han hereticado fuera del Reyno son castigados por ello se dissimularia con los Ingleses. Pero que no se les habia de decir que procedia de la Inquisition porque no lo tomasen por ley o permission, y asi se pusó en papel a parte y se lo dió al Duque de Alva.'—Discurso del Duque de Alva, 2 de Deciembre; *MSS. Simancas.*

less to say that Alva's engagement was not observed by the Inquisitors, and the natural goodwill between the English and the Spaniards was changed to hatred by the cruelties to which Elizabeth's subjects were still systematically exposed. But the utmost had been done on both sides to prevent the disintegration of the old alliance.

The King of Spain himself was really acting in good faith. The exiles had fitted out a Catholic English pirate fleet. Don John of Austria, their chosen candidate for the hand of the Queen of Scots, had given them encouragement; but Philip had been coldly unfavourable.[1] Requescens's army had received its chief supplies from England, and when Orange threatened to stop the trade between the Thames and Antwerp, Elizabeth sent to tell him 'that she would not bear it at his hands, and would sooner join her forces to those of Spain' to compel him to submit.[2] The French Court, encouraged by the success at Leyden, was willing to risk a war for the incorporation of the Provinces; Orange desperate of help from England was inclining to agree; while the States of Holland, dreading France only one degree less than they dreaded

[1] Sir Francis Englefield writes in cipher to Cotton, the pirate admiral: 'I am sorry and angry to see your service and diligence so ill requited by them that are to receive the chief profit. I have written in all fidelity both to Spain and Rome. From the first I have no answer; which shows their little favour in whatever should cost them any penny. From the second I have answer, that the importance of your service is imparted to Don John and the chief cardinals, and shall be followed to the uttermost of their small credit.'—*MSS. Domestic.* October, 1575.

[2] Instructions to Daniel Rogers, June 8, 1575: *MSS. Flanders.*

Spain, clung to the hope that Elizabeth would take up their cause. They threw themselves at her feet, imploring to be accepted as her subjects, and professed to desire nothing so much as to be annexed to the English Crown.[1]

Cobham had not at that time returned; it was uncertain what answer he would receive: and decision was so difficult, that Burghley hesitated, and was disposed to change his opinion for Walsingham's.[2] He drew out in his usual manner the alternatives of the situation.

Three possibilities only lay before the States. They must either be conquered by Spain, or be assisted either by England or by France. If they were conquered, they would be governed thenceforth by Spaniards, and England 'would be neighboured by a nation, which for religious and other quarrels would take advantage to subvert the Estate.' If they were supported by France, 'they would be at the commandment of that Crown,' 'and with their havens and ships, France would control both England and Scotland, and all the narrow seas.' The conclusion seemed irresistible that England, whether she liked it or not, must interfere, and either help the Prince of Orange with money till the King of Spain would agree to toleration, or 'receive the States on their own offers as subjects to the Crown.'[3]

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[1] Daniel Rogers, October 9: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] 'If my ability were I would gladly help the plough with you in the ridge or furrow, till the yoke was pulled off my neck.'—Burghley to Walsingham, *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] Consideration of the difficulties that may or are likely to ensue upon the not aiding and maintaining the

Time was pressing. The Prince sent the Queen word that 'she had offers made her that, if she would embrace them, her posterity would thank God for her;' submit to Spain however they never would, 'for they feared a massacre of Paris;' and if she refused they would 'seek other aid.' It was the dilemma which Elizabeth had foreseen when she told Philip that if he would not make peace, she must act on her own judgment; she could not let the Provinces become French. Had she been so disposed, she could not move with decency till Cobham came; she sent again to Requescens however urging peace, and bidding the messenger use his eyes and ascertain the dimensions of the Spanish forces.[1] She wrote more gently to Orange. She called herself the best real friend that he possessed in Christendom. She wished to help him, but a war with such a power as Spain was a serious consideration. She had sent a minister to Philip, she said, and she had still hopes that he would consent to a compromise. Meanwhile she asked for an account of his resources, and implied and all but promised that if the King was obstinate she would assist him.[2]

Requescens, frightened at her attitude, despatched M. de Champagny[3] to protest, while St Aldegonde, the Prince's most faithful friend, and two councillors, Paul

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Prince of Orange and Estates in Holland. In Lord Burghley's hand, October 17, 1575: *MSS. Flanders.*

[1] Instructions to Mr Corbet, October 21. Burghley's hand: *MSS.* Ibid.

[2] Instructions to John Hastings sent to the Prince of Orange, October 29: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Brother of Cardinal Granville, and Governor of Antwerp.

Buys and Francis Maldesen, came as commissioners from the States.

Their arrival in England was simultaneous with the return of Cobham, whose report did not tend to clear the situation. It was conciliatory on the whole, but the offered mediation was refused. Towards the States there was no concession, and the lives and properties of English traders were still only secured by a verbal promise of Alva. The council sat day after day unable to resolve. The heads of the guilds, with the leading merchants and manufacturers, were called in to assist in the consultation. Leicester, Walsingham, Bedford, Knowles, Mildmay, and privately Burghley, were for accepting the offers of the States. The men of the city, with the Spanish party among the Peers, were for peace and alliance with Philip. The controller of the household, Sir James Crofts, insisted that the Queen's revenue sufficed barely for the ordinary expenditure, and that taxation in a doubtful cause would be resented by the country.[1] Elizabeth herself, furious that the quiet of Europe should be sacrificed to Protestant preciseness, was so vehement, that one day, according to de Guaras, after a stormy discussion, she flung out of the council chamber, and locked herself into her

[1] Speech on the question of giving aid to the Prince of Orange, in French: *MSS. Flanders*, 1575. The translator attributes it to the Chancellor. But there was no Chancellor in England at this time, the Great Seal being held by Sir Nicholas Bacon, as Lord Keeper. The person meant must be the Controller Crofts, who is specified by de Guaras as having advocated the Spanish side.—Cartas de Antonio de Guaras, December 31: *MSS. Simancas.*

room, crying out that the council would destroy her.[1]

The objections of the city were silenced by the opportune arrival of news from Cadiz illustrating the value of Alva's engagements. A ship belonging to Sir Edward Osborne, one of the first merchants in London, had been seized and condemned by the Inquisition. The crew were in a dungeon at Seville, no offence being charged against them beyond the fact that they were heretics. If this was to be the order of things peace was indeed impossible. Champagny was dismissed with a cold answer. St Aldegonde was told that one more remonstrance would be tried with Spain, and unless the Queen could obtain a formal promise that her people should be no more molested she would 'receive the States into her protection.' She could not declare war immediately. She must consult Parliament, and allow time to the merchants to call in their ships. But she could send the Prince some money, and would insist meanwhile on a suspension of arms. If the Spanish Government refused redress 'she would have a more probable occasion in the sight of the world to proceed to the open aiding of them.'[2]

Champagny before he retired demanded the arrest

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[1] 'He tenido aviso cierto de que hizó la Reyna demostraciones con mucho descontento y con muchas voces sobre que no era de parecer de enviar fuerças declaradamente a Zelanda y Holanda, y se entró en su aposento sola cerrandole, dando voces que por ello la ponian en perdicion. Y los que alli estaban y sus damas las daban mayores diciendo que sino abria que quebrarian la puerta, no pudiendo sufrir que estuviese sola con aquella pena.'—*MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Two answers to the Hollanders. In Walsingham's hand and Burghley's, January 15, 1576: *MSS. Flanders.*

or expulsion of St Aldegonde in return for the banishment of the refugees. Elizabeth declined on the ground that St Aldegonde being commissioned to her by the States, was protected by his position. Cobham, fresh from Madrid, was ordered to Brussels to tell Requescens that peace must be made 'or her Majesty would be forced for her own safety to put in execution some remedy for her relief that she would not willingly yield unto,'[1] while Parliament was summoned immediately to provide the necessary means.

Parliament made no difficulty. The States were not spoken of by name, but a large subsidy was voted for 'the defence of the realm.' The session promised to pass off for once without unpleasantness, when a question burst out which produced an ill-timed exasperation, and flung the Queen into the worst of humours with the Protestants and all belonging to them. She ruled the pulpits of the churches: she imagined that she could do the same with the House of Commons; and more than once she had intimated that she would allow nothing to be discussed there affecting religion where the initiative had not been taken by the bishops. On the same principle on which she prohibited Puritan conventicles and forbade Catholics to preach in public or say mass, she checked the tongues of the Reformers in Parliament. While secular questions were best resolved by debate, religious animosities she always attempted to suffocate.

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[1] Instructions to Sir H. Cobham, sent to the Commendator, March, 1576: *Flanders*.

The Protestant members resented the interference with their inherited liberty of debate, and the Queen gave them an advantage by including subjects in her prohibition which were immediately within the province of the House. Wentworth, member for Tregony, rose to complain 'that not only were they forbidden to speak of religion, but now they were to be silent on matters touching the interests of every tradesman in the realm.' 'The customs duties were suspended in favour of noblemen and courtiers; honest men were robbed in thousands that three or four persons connected with the palace might be enriched: and yet Parliament was expected to be silent. Either a rumour was spread about the House that her Majesty was offended, or a message would come down desiring that this or that complaint should not be mentioned. He wished such rumours and messages were buried with the father of them in hell.'[1]

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[1] Speech of Mr Wentworth, 18th of Elizabeth, D'Ewes' Journals. Another passage in the speech curiously illustrates the growing bitterness against the bishops. 'Her Majesty,' he said, 'forbade us in the last session to deal with any matter of religion, but only what was laid before us from the bishops, and nothing was done, for God would not that His Holy Spirit should descend all that session on the bishops. I have heard from of old that the banishment of Pope and Popery, and the restoring of true religion, had their beginnings from this House and not from the bishops. I have heard that few laws for religion had their foundation from them. I was one of others sent last Parliament to the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the Articles of Religion then passed this House. He asked why we put out of the book the Articles for the Homilies, consecrating bishops, and such like. 'Sir,' said I, 'we were so occupied with other matters we had no time to examine them, how they agreed with the word of God.' 'You mistake,' said he, 'you will refer yourselves wholly to us therein.' 'No, by the faith I bear to God,' said I, 'we will pass nothing before we un-

The times were too dangerous for loyal subjects to quarrel with the Queen. The question raised was, to say the least of it, unseasonable. If she granted monopolies, she had governed with singular economy, had rarely troubled her subjects for money, had restored the currency, and punctually paid her father's, brother's, and sister's debts. Her credit stood so high that she could borrow money at Antwerp at five per cent., when Philip could not borrow on any terms at all.[1] Wentworth was stopped by the Speaker before he could conclude his speech. He was Star-chambered, and sent to meditate for a month in the Tower. He then made his submission on his knees on the floor of the House, and was pardoned 'to the great contentment of all present.'[2]

In the conduct of the House the Queen had little to complain of; but this small accident, combined with other causes, occasioned one of those periodical fits of ill-humour, to which she was always liable, against the Protestants. She had been dragged into encouraging the States against her inclination: the sudden death of Requescens before Cobham could reach him gave her an excuse for altering her mind, and having determined not to send the help which her Parliament had given her the means of sending, she tried to gain credit with Spain by making her refusal as offensive as possible.

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derstand what it is—that were but to make you Popes. Make you Popes who list,' said I. 'We will have none.'

[1] Edward Castelyn to Walsingham, March 4: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] D'Ewes' Journals.

After all her gracious promises, St Aldegonde and his companions were sent away with an answer in writing that she would neither assist the States herself nor permit them to seek help from France. Her own agents had been entertained always at the public cost in Holland. The emissaries of the Prince of Orange were made to pay their own expenses, and were hustled out of the country with threats and insults.

As much surprised as mortified, they returned to the Hague. Long as they had experienced the vacillations of the strange woman whose friendship they had sought so humbly, the suddenness of the last change bewildered them.[1]

March. Burghley sent them word that their rejection was no act of his, that their cause should never want such support as he could command. It was hinted 'that her Majesty's answer was but a manner of connivance, which was necessary for the season;' but they went away in profound indignation;

[1] 'The poor men were in a marvellous passion for the answer they had received, which they had the less expected at her Majesty's hands, whom they had always accounted gracious and no tyrant. They had deserved well, and were therefore unworthy of this uncourteous dealing and rejection, and thought it very hard if they being free men should be forbidden to seek aid to preserve their lives. It would bring them by despair to fear no evil, that they could not hope for any good. It would have sufficed, they said, without this aggravation, that they had spent here so much time, and consumed great sums of money, that might have been better employed. They had come over at her Majesty's invitation, and were sent away, not only without thanks, but threatened also if they did not yield their own throats to be cut.'—Wm. Herle to Burghley, March 23, 1576: *MSS. Flanders.*

and the despair of the States was only less than their exasperation.

It was the darkest moment in the Prince's fortunes. The Spaniards, whose progress had not been checked by the Viceroy's death, had cut Holland in two. They had taken the islands of Tholen, Duiveland, and Schowen. Boisot, the hero of Leyden, was killed in an attempt to save Zierichsee, and with the fall of that town, Philip's troops were again established upon the sea. For want of the money, which Elizabeth had first promised and then refused, the Dutch fleet was dissolving.[1] The Anglo-Catholic buccaneers seized ship after ship of the Dutch, and flung the crews into the sea. The fierce Hollanders, in savage despair, repaid cruelty with cruelty. The next step was a general arrest of all Dutch vessels in English harbours, and the Prince in retaliation seized the London merchant fleet in the Scheldt, worth, it was said, 200,000*l.*

Elizabeth, it is quite clear, again believed that the States were about to be overwhelmed, and that her most prudent course was now to assist in their overthrow. She wrote a letter to the Prince, 'the like of which,' he said, 'he had never received from any in the world.' She sent Sir William Winter to extricate the fleet by force or practice. She bade him tell Orange not to

[1] 'The Prince has engaged to pay his mariners in confidence of the sum promised. If he is frustrate his force is lost. He begs her Majesty to consider it is but a bare loan, and all Holland and Zealand are bound for it. His extremity is such that he must be succoured or he is undone.'—M. de G. to Walsingham, from Flushing, August 30: *MSS. Flanders.*

think that she needed his friendship; the King of Spain was on cordial terms with her; and whether he was foe or friend, she could defend her own shores; if the ships were not released, she would make open war upon the States.[1]

They were surrendered instantly, with an apology to Winter, but the Queen was not satisfied. She said she had been insulted. Her honour was compromised. She thought of seizing Flushing, to hold as a pawn, in the coming settlement with Spain.

It was at this time, and probably under the weight of this last blow, that the Prince meditated embarking with as many of the inhabitants of the States as their ships would carry, and migrating to a new home beyond the Atlantic. 'He was greatly amazed when he understood assuredly that her Majesty would be avenged of him by way of arms. Although necessity might have induced him to forget some part of his duty towards her Majesty, yet his state and condition was rather to be pitied and tendered with compassion, than persecuted with hatred, especially on a Christian Prince's part.'[2] Never however was Prince, either Christian or heathen, less open than Elizabeth to sentimental considerations.

August. She was meditating a complete reversal of policy, which if begun could hardly stop short of reunion with Rome. Warnings were not wanting, but the tone in which they were made showed how real was the danger. 'Her Majesty,' wrote some one, who

[1] *Flanders MSS.* May and June, 1576.

[2] M. de G. to Walsingham, August 30: *MSS. Flanders.*

was most likely Walsingham, 'considers herself forced, in respect of her honour, to enter into action against the Prince of Orange. The Prince has been a bridle to Spain hitherto, and kept war out of our own gate. If Spain assail him now by land, and the Queen of England by sea, he must fall, and what can her Majesty look for but such mischief as Spanish malice can yield? Spain will then assist France to put down the religion. The number of malcontents at home is increased, and if the King of Spain attack England he will find so great a party within the realm as is grievous to a good subject to think of. There are but three possible courses —to maintain the Prince of Orange and the Huguenots, to seek reconciliation with Spain, and for her Majesty to settle her estate at home. To the first, men are now unwilling to move her, for that her Majesty has with very bitter speeches repaid those that first advised her to assist the Protestants, and thinks it against her conscience to maintain rebels. In reality that advice deserved rather praise than blame. The Prince of Orange is her soundest friend. The King of Spain daily consumes her Majesty's subjects by fire, and confiscates their goods. Such of her subjects as are loyal, would all have her support the Prince. Those who make a conscience of maintaining rebels are themselves rebels in heart, and will become disaffected when time shall serve. Reconciliation with Spain it is unlikely can ever be. *If religion were the only impediment, then perhaps it was likely reconciliation might follow by changing religion*, but though in outward show religion shall be the pre-

text, the crown shall be the mark which no change of religion can save. The repose which her Majesty has hitherto enjoyed has wholly depended on the princes her neighbours' troubles at home. These troubles will not long continue. She must look to the peril out of hand, which can neither abide long delay of consultation, nor stay in execution of that which may tend to the prevention thereof.'[1]

To understand the meaning of Elizabeth's present attitude, we must turn to her relations with another country. Charles IX. and his brother, who had just succeeded him as Henry III., had been successively suitors for her hand. The negotiation which fell to the ground with the massacre of St Bartholomew, was revived afterwards in behalf of the third brother, Francis of Alençon, a pock-marked, unhealthy dwarf. Catherine de Medici, it will be recollected, when the religious objections were raised by Anjou, hinted that she had another son, from whom no such difficulty need be anticipated. Alençon, in the terrors which followed the massacre, had thought of flying for refuge to England. He had friends about the Court; and when the danger passed off, the Queen-mother, who believed that sooner or later Elizabeth would be compelled to marry, held his pretensions continually before her eyes. La Mothe Fénelon was recalled. His place at the English Court was taken by Castelnau de Mauvissière, a politician of the

[1] A brief discourse laying forth the uncertainty of her Majesty's present peace and quietness. Abridged, August, 1576: *MSS. Domestic.*

middle and moderate party, who had no love for the Pope, hated the Guises and Spain, regarded the English alliance as a guarantee for the quiet of France, and looked on a marriage between Alençon and the Queen as the sure means of making the alliance permanent.

The position of heirs-presumptive was always uneasy, and Alençon's, when his brother came to the throne, was no exception. 'Monsieur,' as he was now called, was detained at Court with Henry of Navarre, both of them essentially prisoners. The King was jealous of him, and the Guises, who aspired to supersede the house of Valois, inflamed the ill feeling. But for his mother, it was thought that means would have been found to rid Alençon out of the world.[1] The peace had after all given little respite to the Huguenots, the Catholic nobles, in their different governments, respecting the promises made to them no further than suited their own pleasure. Alençon was suspected of intending to take up their cause, and the King concluded, after much hesitation, that it would be well, both for himself and France, if Elizabeth would take him for a husband. The princes and princesses of the sixteenth century hung suspended between a prison and a throne. The matri-

[1] 'There have been many practices against Monsieur by the Guises, whereby the King has been in many passions against his brother, and has been sometimes advised to use all severity against him; and if it had not been for the help of the Queen-mother it hath been thought it had been hard with Monsieur before this time, for the Queen-mother has always been a stay to him, both as a mother and also as a stay for herself against the Guises.'—Valentine Dale to Sir T. Smith, from Paris, September 3, 1575: *MSS. France.*

monial crown of England might make Monsieur dangerously powerful; but there were objections to murder, and the closest prison could not be made conclusively secure. The marriage, on the whole, appeared to be the safest alternative.[1] Mauvissière told Walsingham, 'that he could not sleep at night, for his desire to bring about a matter so much for the repose of Christendom;'[2] while Elizabeth herself, as usual, played with the suggestion, gave a favourable though indecisive answer, but insisted on her old condition, that she must see her bridegroom before she could make up her mind.

Alençon himself was all eagerness. To him it had long appeared that, with so poor an outlook in France, a marriage with Elizabeth, though she was twice his age, 'would make him the happiest man alive:' and as his hopes, if he remained longer in captivity, might be cut short by a Guisian poniard, he became anxious to place himself where his life would be safe, and where he could fly to England when he pleased. The Guises, dreading the effects of such an alliance on the prospects of Mary Stuart, pressed the King to commit his brother to the Bastile. On the 15th of September, when the Cardinal of Guise was in the royal closet on this parti-

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[1] 'The king demanded with very great affection, et ne se peult il faire encore? The Queen-mother cast out words sometimes alone, sometimes the King being present, to feel what she could understand of the Queen's Majesty's disposition, and certain it is both the King and Queen-mother would with all their hearts the matter was ended, if they thought it might be compassed, and might trust Monsieur at liberty.'—Valentine Dale to Sir T. Smith, September 3, 1575: *MSS. France.*

[2] Mauvissière to Walsingham, September 4: Ibid.

cular errand, Monsieur borrowed a carriage from a friend, slipped out of the Louvre in disguise, and made his way to St Cloud. Several hundred mounted gentlemen were waiting to receive him, and in a few days he was with La Noue on the Loire, at the head of a Huguenot army. All had been prepared for a rising. He wrote to his brother, to say that he had fled only to save his life. He put out a Proclamation, in which he styled himself Protector of the liberties of France.[1] Condé was at Strasburgh, ready to march on Paris; while Casimir, brother of the Elector Palatine, entered Lorraine with 10,000 Reiters, meaning to cross France and join La Noue.

The King, in real or affected dismay, remained idle in the palace. He shut himself into his room, saw no one, and 'lay tormented on his bed,' with his mother at his side. Hating and fearing equally both Guises and Huguenots, he could form no plan and trust none of his council.[2] The Duke of Guise flew to Lorraine, and partially checked Casimir, but was wounded and disabled in a skirmish. The treasury was empty; the Catholics were without leaders and disorganized. The Queen-mother, as usual, undertook to mediate, and went off to La Noue's camp to see Monsieur. The Huguenots having been deceived so often, demanded substantial guarantees that the promises made them should be

[1] Gouverneur-général pour le Roy et Protecteur de la liberté et bien publique de France.—Dale to Burghley, September 21: *MSS. France.*

[2] 'Ipse sibi timet et metuit omnes, desideratur in eo animus et consilium.'—Dale to Burghley, September 21: *MSS.* Ibid.

observed. They required the free exercise of their religion in every part of France, with eight large towns to be selected by themselves out of those already in their possession, to be garrisoned by their own men. Condé asked besides for Boulogne, and Casimir for the payment of his expenses with Metz, Verdun, and Toul as securities.

The Queen-mother promised everything—but the Huguenot leaders refused to dissolve their forces till their terms were actually complied with. Alençon sent to Elizabeth, to tell her that she was his chief hope on earth; that he longed to see her; that his chief motive in escaping was, that he might be sure of access to her most precious person; and that meanwhile he relied on her support. If she would join in a formal league with himself and Casimir, they might dictate terms to Europe; if that could not be, he begged her to lend him, at all events, some money; and undertook to make no peace in which she was herself not comprehended.[1]

Elizabeth's position towards France was briefly this. She could not yet trust the King, who had been the chief instrument in the massacre of St Bartholomew. If the Guises became dominant they were likely to join Spain, and interfere in England for Mary Stuart. If the Huguenots got the better of them without help from herself, they would support the Prince of Orange, and earn the gratitude of France by the annexation of the Netherlands. A hold upon Alençon was therefore extremely

[1] Instructions to La Porte sent to the Queen of England by the Duc d'Alençon, November 27, 1575: *MSS. France.*

desirable. She sent money—she replied with gracious vagueness, that she would think about the league; that she approved of what he was doing, understanding that it was not directed against the King, but against his 'ill-advisers,' 'whose passions would not suffer him to enjoy quietness at home, nor friendship with his best affected confederates.'[1] La Noue meanwhile was in correspondence with Walsingham, and keeping a watch on Monsieur, of whom he felt uncertain so long as his mother was at hand to play upon him.[2]

It was at the same moment that St Aldegonde and his companions arrived in London with the offer of the States; and the Queen had two cards in her hand, to play either or both as suited her convenience. The Huguenots used their momentary superiority—Condé set himself in motion at Strasburgh, and advanced slowly on the Paris road. Casimir pushed on towards the Loire, Guise, who had recovered from his wound, following him and pressing for help from Philip.

The French King, only anxious for peace, became more than ever desirous to dispose of his brother in England. He told the English minister, that 'if he might see the Duke so matched, he would sing Nunc dimittis; and that if he died without children he would settle his crown on her Majesty's offspring.'[3] He wrote to Elizabeth descanting on her divine perfections, and

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[1] Her Majesty's secret letter to the Duc d'Alençon. Walsingham's hand: *MSS. France.*

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, November 22: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Dale to Elizabeth, December 19.

promising that if she would accept Alençon, she should find more than a brother in himself.[1]

'Her Majesty,' said Walsingham once, impatiently, 'trusts much in fortune. I would she would trust more in Almighty God.' Yet Elizabeth might be pardoned for relying on a power which so steadily befriended her, and in nothing more than in the character of the two great sovereigns which divided Catholic Europe. The weakness of Henry and the bigotry of Philip were alike defences to English independence. She had assisted Alençon; she had not offended the King. But the issue was still uncertain. Should Monsieur's victory be complete he was morally certain to offer help to the Low Countries, and in that case she could only prevent the States from throwing themselves into his arms by becoming herself their protectress. Should he be defeated, she might require the help of the States herself, in the coalition which might then be formed against her. So long as the uncertainty lasted therefore she amused St Aldegonde with fair words and promises. In February, the King of Navarre slipped from the Court as Alençon had done. Rumours prophetic of the future said that he was playing at dice with Guise, in the King's cabinet, when suddenly 'great round drops of blood appeared upon the board between them;' and Navarre believing it to be an omen of his fate, if he waited longer, fled to his friends.[2]

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[1] The King of France to Elizabeth, December, 1575: *MSS. France.*

[2] This curious story was current in Paris a week after.—Dale to Walsingham, February 14: *MSS. France.*

The Protestants had now their natural leader among them, and never before or after had so fair a chance of complete success. Money only was wanting. Alençon applied again to Elizabeth. He asked only but for means to keep Casimir's Reiters two months longer in the field, and the whole government of France would then, he trusted, be in his hands.

But Elizabeth had done as much as she cared to do A little more and Alençon would be too strong. The Court confirmed the concessions which the Protestants demanded. The old edicts of toleration were renewed; they were declared equal with Catholics in the eye of the law, and La Noue was allowed to keep his eight towns. These terms were considered by Elizabeth sufficiently liberal. The two factions would balance each other, and England would be in no danger from either. She stipulated for, and exacted, the repayment of the sum which she had advanced to Monsieur. But Condé did not obtain Boulogne, no securities were given to Casimir, and peace on these conditions was signed at Paris, on the 24th of April. April.

The danger was now held to be passed. St Aldegonde therefore was dismissed with cold comfort. Thomas Randolph was sent to Paris to tell Henry and Alençon, that she would rather assist the King of Spain than allow them to meddle in the Low Countries. The marriage overtures fell through, being no longer needed till the reappearance of danger should revive them.[1]

[1] Instructions to Thomas Randolph, sent to the French King, April 2, 1576: *MSS. France.*

Randolph, who was not admitted to his mistress's secrets, could not understand what she was about. He saw the Protestants left imperfectly secured. A little more money, and Casimir, and La Noue, and Condé, and Henry of Navarre, would have occupied Paris and have dictated their own conditions. 'Better it would have been,' thought Randolph, 'had the Queen dealt substantially with them whom she thought to profit by, and either not have gone so far or not have left the cause for a little.' 'Never was such an opportunity thrown away,' he wrote to Walsingham. 'Do not think it choler or perverse humour in me, but rather duty to my dear mistress, that I see daily so many ways tending to her greatness, and yet either impoliticly overthrown or negligently omitted, even for nought or little when it was put into her hands. I can say no more, but as the mad knave in Terence did—

Doleo bolum tantum ereptum nobis è faucibus.

I know not by what means I may retrahere illud argentum [*sic*], which if I had in my hands the King should full dear buy his peace.'[1] But what the cause had lost Elizabeth supposed that she had herself gained. When she encouraged revolting subjects with one hand, she played with their sovereign with the other. She conceived that she had placed France in such a position that it could neither coalesce with Spain against her, nor be dangerous by ambitious projects elsewhere. She could now afford to throw off the Hollanders, or to fol-

[1] Randolph to Walsingham, April 25 and April 27: *MSS. France.*

low out her scheme of reconciliation with Philip, by assisting in their suppression.

It was not a noble, not a long-sighted policy. Walsingham had more than once to characterize his mistress's proceedings by the words 'dishonourable and dangerous,' and Walsingham was not a man who used such expressions lightly. But it suited her temper. She prided herself on the skill with which she handled delicate manœuvres. It was economical. It gained time. She lived, as the phrase is, 'from hand to mouth,' and trusted to her good luck to stand her friend.

A few months proved Randolph's simplicity to have been wiser than the Queen's cunning. The Catholic nobles in France laughed the Edicts to scorn. Complaints were useless, for there was no central authority to attend to them. Alençon and the King were reconciled, and Alençon was won away from his late friends. Guise, supplied with dollars from Madrid, threatened the Huguenot towns. The States-General met at Blois in November. The Protestants stayed away. A resolution was passed with Alençon's consent that the Edicts were impracticable, and that only one religion could be tolerated; that the Protestant ministers must either submit or go into exile; and that Condé and Navarre should lose their rank as princes of the blood, unless they were reconciled with the Church.[1]

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[1] It is noticeable that when the breach of faith with the Huguenots was first proposed, alone of all the nobles present, one 'Mirabeau of Poitou' protested that he would leave the Court and the Estates and withdraw to his home if such impolitic and dishononrable speeches were

The Catholics were now entirely in the ascendant; the Court was governed by the Duke of Guise; Elizabeth had overreached herself by her refinements, the danger which she most dreaded was at her door; when an extraordinary accident reversed the whole position of affairs.

Alva had expected that the Netherlands could be made to pay the cost of their conquest. He had ruined the Netherlands, but he had not relieved the Spanish exchequer. In the eight years which followed his appointment as governor, Philip had spent upon the war thirty-two millions of English money. His resources were now severely tried. Requescens could not wring another stiver from the Provinces; the bankers would not lend; and when Requescens died, the King of Spain was unable to resolve upon his successor, and left his army for many months unpaid and uncommanded, to mutiny. Zierichsee was taken on the 21st of June, 1576. The soldiers who had performed so brilliant a service clamoured in return for their wages, and as there were no wages to be had, they pillaged Schowen, and then marched through Brabant, plundering as they went, to Alost. A shout of indignation rose throughout Belgium. The nobles, orthodox believers as they were, assembled at Brussels to concert measures for self-protection. If rapine and murder were to be the rewards of their loyalty, they began to doubt whether after all they would not consult their safety by making

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permitted to be made. — Advertisements par Blois, November, 1576: *MSS. France.*

common cause with the Prince of Orange. Don Sancho d'Avila, who commanded at Antwerp, with the captains of the garrisons in Ghent, Maestrecht, and Valenciennes, threatened destruction to the cities under their charge if the country revolted. In the absence of a governor there was no one to restrain the license of the army; and the hungry Spaniards, soldiers and officers alike, were ready to take advantage of the first excuse for indiscriminate pillage. After long hesitation, Philip had selected his illegitimate brother Don John to succeed Requescens; but Don John had not yet arrived, and the delay was fraught with ruin. The scheme for his marriage with Mary Stuart had been the difficulty. Guise wished it, and the English Catholics wished it. But Philip, to whom Don John was as much an object of suspicion as Alençon or the King of France, was utterly discouraging. Philip meant to remain on good terms with Elizabeth, nor had he the slightest intention of promoting his brother to an independent sovereignty. Ardent Catholics throughout Europe had their hearts fastened on the enterprise of England. Don John's appointment had been postponed, from a fear that he might abuse his opportunity and act upon their instigation. He was sent to his government with a prohibition to meddle in English politics at all; and Philip's secretary, the unlucky Escobedo, was sent with him as a check on his ambition, and a spy upon his actions.

Don John notwithstanding still allowed his thoughts to wander in the forbidden direction. Information, true

or false, reached Elizabeth that on his passage through France he had held an interview with Guise, where it had been arranged that as soon as the Huguenot towns were reduced, they were to make a joint demand upon her for the release of the Queen of Scots.[1] Escobedo betrayed Philip's trust, and encouraged what he had been commissioned to prevent. To conquer England, conquer the Netherlands through England, and win a throne for himself, appears to have been Don John's fixed idea as he hastened to his government. The condition in which he found the Provinces dispelled rapidly these visionary schemes.

M. Champagny, hitherto the most loyal of the Belgian nobles, was at the head of the new movement. Orange, seizing the opportunity, had sent circulars through the seventeen States, urging the people to rise and defend their liberties. Champagny had responded cordially, and the Spanish officers, to read a lesson, as they pretended, to the incipient mutiny, had dropped the reins on the neck of the army, and given over the threatened towns for the soldiers to work their will upon. Maestrecht was sacked on the 20th of October, and several hundreds of the citizens were murdered. A fortnight later Antwerp itself found a yet more dreadful fate. The palaces of its merchant princes, the magnificent Bourse, the warehouses which

Nov. 3.

[1] Sir Amyas Paulet, who had succeeded Dale as ambassador at Paris, heard of the interview from Guise's secretary. He made further inquiries and assured himself that it had really taken place.—Paulet to Burghley, April, 1577; Paulet to Walsingham, May 9, 1577: *MSS. France.*

lined its quays for miles, a thousand houses and public buildings, were given to the flames. The banks were pillaged. The wealth of the richest city in the world became the prey of men who were no better now than the banditti of their own forests, and eight thousand men, women, and children, were either killed or flung into the river.

Touched to the quick at last, the slow-moving Flemings sprung to arms. Ghent feared the same fate as Antwerp. Thousands of patriots poured in, and enclosed the Spanish garrison in the citadel. The States-General assembled there with representatives from the entire Netherlands. The Prince of Orange came in person out of Holland, and on the 8th of November, the seventeen Provinces were once more Nov. 8. united in the Treaty of Ghent for common defence against the Spaniards. They pledged their faith to each other to expel all foreign troops, and never again under any pretence to admit them. They resolved to insist for the future on being governed under their own laws. In the heartiness of the first reunion they suspended everywhere the laws against heresy, the ultimate settlement of religion being referred to a special Convocation which was to meet when the liberation should be complete.

Two days before the conclusion of this momentous treaty, Don John arrived at Luxemburg, and there he thought it prudent to remain. The Protestant and Catholic elements, hitherto in most deadly enmity, were for the present united against him. It was uncertain

whether the union would continue, or whether the difference of creed would not prove too powerful a disintegrant. One large influence Don John could count upon with confidence. To priests and monks sacked cities were of less moment than the maintenance of orthodoxy. The confessional would be in his favour from the first, and the pulpit when the first passion had cooled down.

The States, after subscribing the treaty of Ghent, despatched M. Schwegenhem, who had been Alva's commissioner for the reopening of the trade, to Elizabeth, to ask for advice, encouragement, and as usual, for an immediate loan. It was no longer Holland and Zealand struggling half conquered on the edge of destruction: all the Provinces were standing erect, shoulder to shoulder, in strength sufficient, if their union held, to defy Spain to do its worst. Don John had been told that if he would accept the treaty of Ghent, and dismiss the Spaniards, he would be received quietly as governor; on this condition however the States-General peremptorily insisted. But below the outward unanimity a thousand counter-currents were already seething and eddying. What France would do under existing influences could hardly be guessed. Guise, who was thoroughly Spanish, desired to join Don John. The King and the politicians had their eyes upon the Catholic Provinces, and tried to persuade them to accept a French protectorate.

Some weeks passed before Elizabeth could see her way. While the horror of the Antwerp fury was fresh,

while patriotism was stronger than religious hatred, and the Prince of Orange was the idol for the moment of all the States which had signed the treaty, it might have been thought that she would have seen, and would for her own sake have used, so splendid an opportunity. It would be safer for the Queen, said Orange, to ally herself with peoples and with a great cause, than with princes who sought their own convenience and were not to be relied upon.[1] But Elizabeth despised 'peoples,' and cared nothing for the 'great cause.' She feared Don John. She meant to take advantage of his difficulties to obtain securities for herself and England. But then and always she wished the Provinces to remain Spanish. The Prince of Orange and the Protestants were her good friends; but she dreaded the spread of their principles as complicating the problem of pacification. If she did too much she might find herself at war with Spain; if too little, France was ready to step in, and take the place which had been first offered to herself.

The situation was exactly suited to the character of her diplomacy. She decided to lend, not give, a certain sum of money—forty thousand pounds. Twenty thousand were sent in bullion on the spot, the rest followed soon after. She stipulated that she was to be repaid in full, in eight months. She had an excuse ready for Philip, that she was merely enabling the States to pay the arrears of the Spanish army, to prevent further

[1] Daniel Rogers to Walsingham, July 20, 1577: *MSS. Flanders.*

violence. She sent Dr Wilson to the States, to caution them against listening to the promises which would be made them by Don John. She sent Sir Edward Horsey to Don John, to tell him that she had forbidden the States to renounce their allegiance to Spain. She said generally, that she would help the Provinces to maintain their liberties. She intimated privately to Schwegenhem, who was a Catholic, that she had no liking for the Prince of Orange, that peace must not be imperilled by difficulties about liberty of conscience, and that as a condition of her support the States must accept whatever religion the King of Spain might be pleased to impose on them.[1]

On this point she was limpidly clear. She was determined that there should be no mistake about it. The creed in which the Hollanders had been brought up would do as well for them as it had done for their fathers.[2]

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[1] 'Sa Ma^te leur a presté de l'argent a condition de se maintenir en l'obeisance du Roy et de recepvoir telle religion que leur Roy vouldra et non aultre. C'est ce que M. de Schwegenhem leur a dict de la part de sa Ma^te.'—Villiers (chaplain to the Prince of Orange) to Walsingham, February 4, 1577. *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Not through Schwegenhem only, but by other means she had expressed her resolution on the matter. The Prince of Orange found soon after—

'Que sa Ma^te avoit deliberé de conseiller Messieurs des Estatz de maintenir la religion Romaine en la quelle ils ont esté nez et eslevez, chose qui nous seroit tant prejudiciable que rien ne nous sçauroit venir plus mal à propos en ce temps-cy.'

And again later—

'Depuis les miennes du jour d'hier j'ay reçeu ung extraict de l'article touchant la volunte de sa Ma^te en ce qui touche la religion Romaine, lequel a esté tiré du rapport de M. de Havrech. Aussi que tant s'en fault qu'elle vouloist ingerer d'y introduire aucune nouvellete que mesmes au contraire desiroit bien sa

The differences of opinion already existing were not likely to be diminished by this message. To the Hollanders, religion was the soul and centre of the revolt. If they would have yielded on that one point, they might have been quit of the Spaniards, and have had their country to themselves when they pleased, without seeking assistance from Elizabeth. After five weeks' confusion and correspondence, the States proposed, and Don John agreed, that the Spanish army should be paid the arrears of its wages and should go; and that the Government should be carried on as before the rebellion by the States themselves. So far, the pacification of Ghent was accepted. The further clauses stipulating for the suspension of the laws against heresy, were to be referred to Philip's pleasure, and were to stand in force till that pleasure was known. Orange was no party to this arrangement. Advantage had been taken of his absence from Brussels to hurry it to a conclusion. There was no representative present from the Northern States, not only not from Holland and Zealand, but neither from Utrecht, Gelderland, Friesland, Gröningen, nor Overyssel. Efforts had been

Feb. 17

Ma^te qui sceussiez qu'elle ne permettroit en façon quelconque que nouveaute y fust introduite et moins qu'on intentast chose prejudiciable à l'obeissance de nostre souverain Prince et Seigneur naturel ou à la religion Catholique en la quelle estions nez et nourries et nostre Prince vouloit que nous fussions maintenez.'—The Prince of Orange to Davison, January 4 and 5, 1578: *MSS. Flanders.*

Orange, to whom truth and falsehood in these matters were not only of principal but of exclusive importance, who had taken up arms for no other cause whatever except liberty of conscience, was unable to comprehend so sublime a development of indifferentism.

made to prevent a resolution till the opinions of these Provinces could be heard, but the reasons urged for delay were to the Catholic Walloons an additional motive for haste. The Prince suspended his assent. The seven Provinces supported him in demanding acceptance pure and simple of the Ghent Treaty. But intrigue and Elizabeth's influence had produced their effect, and Don John by the vote of the majority was admitted as Governor.

It was Elizabeth's work, distinctly hers, and wherever her hand can be traced, the same purpose can be invariably discovered. As her father held the balance between France and Spain, and could choose for his motto the proud 'Cui adhereo præest,' so Elizabeth aspired to hold the same relation between peoples and sovereigns, between Protestants and Catholics; certain that the Protestants would stand by her when she might need their assistance, because they were the weaker side, but not choosing to take their part, choosing rather to appear indifferent or hostile to them, lest if she demanded toleration for others, the Catholic powers and her own Catholic subjects should make an answering demand upon herself. In distinct opposition to Walsingham, she felt assured that Philip desired to be on good terms with her, and that the dreams of Don John would find no support or countenance from his master if the provocation did not come from herself. She was told that the Catholic powers understood each other, that Alençon was now to marry the Infanta, that Guise and Alençon, and Don John, with Spain and the

Papacy behind them, intended to invade England, tear from her hands the imprisoned Queen of Scots, and lift her to the throne. She did not believe it. She waived aside the leadership of Protestant Europe so often thrust into her hands. Her sympathies were with established sovereigns, and order, and law, and she sought her friends among her own equals.

Further and immediate communication was now necessary with her brother-in-law. Among the Catholics or Anglo-Catholics at her Court (the words meant the same thing in all but dependence upon Rome), there was a certain Sir John Smith, a courtier, a believer in kings, an accomplished Spanish scholar, with an English orthodoxy of creed, and an equally English contempt for the priests who were its ministers. Him Elizabeth chose for a second mission to Madrid, either to reside as ambassador there or to return, as might seem most expedient; at all events to explain her conduct in the Netherlands, to renew her offer of mediation, and to require a more distinct protection for the English traders. Other ships had been seized besides Sir Edward Osborne's, the seamen thrown into dungeons, and the cargoes confiscated. With the Netherlands problem returned upon his hands, the King, she thought, would see the necessity of now keeping the Inquisition under control.

On Smith's arrival, the Spanish council assembled as before. The bigots tried their strength. The Bishop of Cuença, like Hopper and Quiroga, insisted again that the Queen of England was a heretic; that God forbade

dealings with such people, that an interference with the Inquisition in their behalf was a thing that was not to be endured. But Alva had this time a distinct majority on his side. He persuaded the most influential of Philip's advisers that they had to thank Elizabeth that the entire Provinces were not in arms against them, that on the score of religion they had nothing to fear from her, that she had thrown her weight upon the orthodox side, and that she was an invaluable ally to the Catholic Powers, in resisting the demand for toleration.[1] For her own sake she would not ask for others what she did not allow in England; all else that she might desire the King could reasonably concede; and if the Spanish troops were really forced to leave the Netherlands, her friendship would be indispensable.[2] The reasoning was entirely convincing. Philip wrote an affectionate letter to Elizabeth thanking her for her proposal of mediation. He said that he would gladly avail himself of it if Don John failed to come to an understanding with the States without her. For himself meanwhile he assured her that he was, and ever would remain, her constant friend.[3]

The Inquisition difficulty still remained. The Inquisition, as Secretary Cayas explained, was an ecclesiastical tribunal, over which the King himself had no

[1] 'No osara pedir lo de la Religion, pues demas que sabe quan mal lo tomaria V. Mag^d, ella haria contra su misma, que quiere que sus vassallos la obedezcan con la religion que tiene, y no podria pedir otra cosa á su Mag^d.'—Parecer de Alva, 1577: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Saliendo los Españoles es fuerça que V. Mag^d tenga por amiga á aquella Reyna y obligada como lo quedaria contra los Estados quando no cumplieren lo que hubieren prometido.'—*MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Carta de su Mag^d á la Inglesa con Juan Smith.

regular authority. It was surrounded with the terrors which superstition and practical fear combined to inspire, and Cayas spoke of it as a mysterious force which it was dangerous even to attempt to meddle with. An Englishman, brought up in the traditions of Henry VIII., felt none of these timidities. The creed might be sacred, but Inquisitors were mere priests, who meddled with the persons and properties of the Queen's subjects.

Quiroga, Archbishop of Toledo, was the first subject in the Peninsula. Next to the King in his place in council, superior to the King in wielding the irresponsible powers of the Holy Office, he was a person before whom princes stood with bated breath, while meaner citizens knelt as he passed along the streets. Smith had more than once applied for an interview with this august personage. Quiroga, who five years before had refused to deliver the message of the council to Cobham lest he should defile himself by speaking to an excommunicated Englishman, sent cold answers that he could not see him. Sir John, who had encountered archbishops in London and had not found them formidable, did not choose to be put off in this way. He went one evening to the palace, brushed past the porter, ascended the stairs, and forced himself into the sacred presence.

It was after supper. The Archbishop was in his private room with the Condé de Andrada and two priests. He stared haughtily at the intruder, who proceeded to tell him, with entire coolness, that he considered he had been treated with scanty courtesy. He was the minister of a great Queen, he said, and as such,

was entitled to be received and heard when he had anything to communicate. The promises made to Cobham had been broken. The Holy Office had continued to ill-use English seamen who had committed no offence, to rob, imprison, and otherwise injure them. He must request the immediate release of those who were at present in the Inquisitor's hands, with compensation for the injuries which they had sustained.

The Archbishop had remained while the ambassador was speaking, dumb with anger and amazement. At last, finding his voice, and starting from his seat in fury, he exclaimed :—'Sirrah![1] I tell you, that, but for certain respects, I would so chastise you for these words that you have spoken, that I would make you an example to all your kind. I would chastise you, I say, I would make you know to whom you speak in such shameless fashion.'

'Sirrah!' replied Smith in a fury too, and proud of his command of the language which enabled him to retort the insult, 'Sirrah! I tell you that I care neither for you nor your threats.'

'Quitad os!' 'Be off with you!' shouted Quiroga, foaming with rage, 'leave the room! away! I say.'

'If you call me Sirrah,' said Smith, 'I will call you Sirrah. I will complain to his Majesty of this.'

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[1] 'Yo os digo.' Sirrah is too mild a word; but we have no full equivalent. 'Os' is used by a king to subjects, by a father to children, more rarely by a master to a servant. It is a mark of infinite distance between a superior and inferior. 'Dog' would perhaps come nearest to the Archbishop's meaning in the present connection.

Complain to whom you will,' said the Archbishop. 'Be off with you! Go!'

'Be off yourself,' retorted the Englishman, moving however to the door; the graceful interchange of insolence continuing till the ambassador was out of hearing, and the Archbishop following and railing at him from the head of the stairs.[1]

Philip was greatly distressed, but his desire to gratify Elizabeth overcame his awe of the Inquisitor-General. He apologized to Smith. He entreated, he argued, and at last insisted, that the Holy Office should make concessions. The prisoners at Seville were released and their property restored. The promises made to Cobham were confirmed in writing, and Englishmen were enabled thenceforward to trade without molestation at the Spanish ports. They were required only to obey the laws when on shore and to abstain—no easy matter to them—from insulting Catholic superstitions.[2] Elizabeth

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[1] Sir John Smith's Narrative, May 19, 1577: *MSS. Spain.*

[2] Quiroga, when not exasperated, could discuss these questions in an unexpectedly practical temper. An English merchant had married a young Spanish lady at Seville. He had called himself a Catholic, and the marriage had been celebrated with the rites of the Catholic Church. In England however he was a conformist, and on his attempting to take her with him, she hesitated, and appealed to the Holy Office. She was pregnant. The husband pleaded that marriage was sacred, and that to separate his wife from him would be an affront to the English Church. Quiroga answered with singular moderation. 'The lady,' he said, 'had ascertained that in England the use of images was forbidden, and that she would be obliged to attend sermons. Being a religious woman she had applied to the Church for direction, and her director considered that in going she would commit mortal sin. If she herself wished to go, it would be another matter. The Inquisition could not sanction it, but

in England and Philip at Madrid were contending with all their might against the irresistible tendencies of things. Their subjects might quarrel, hate, and insult each other, but hostility, so far as they could prevent it, should not be. Doctor Sanders, who had come to Spain in the hope of inducing the King to invade Ireland, found only indifference and discouragement. He found Philip 'as fearful of war as a child of fire.' He wrote to his friend Allen, who, like himself, considered that the welfare of Europe 'depended on the stout assailing of England,' that 'there was no steady comfort, but from God,' that they must look to the Pope and *not* the King of Spain.[1]

Smith did not remain at Madrid. He returned after three-quarters of a year, loaded with messages of friendliness, and with every demand conceded. The diplomatic relations between the two countries were re-established, as was hoped, upon an enduring basis. The expulsion of Don Guerau de Espes was passed over as a not unfair retaliation upon Spain for its share in the Ridolfi conspiracy; and Bernardino de Mendoza, who had already made acquaintance with Elizabeth, was appointed as resident ambassador at the English Court. Those statesmen who saw furthest did not believe that the reconciliation could last. Walsingham and Walsingham's party felt assured that in the long run the opposing forces which divided Europe would prove too

also would not interfere.'—The Archbishop of Toledo to Cayas, February, 1577: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] Sanders to Allen, November 6, 1577: *MSS. Domestic.*

strong for the efforts of politicians.[1] But that Elizabeth, with her opinions, should have struggled to escape from war, was in itself legitimate and natural, and situated as she was at home, she had good cause to dread the consequences of a more daring attitude.

Had she been secure in her own island, she might have held out a hand without fear to the struggling Protestants abroad. But the unruly elements were working together throughout all Christendom, as the ebb and flow of the Atlantic tide was felt at Richmond, under the palace windows. A sketch of the domestic history of these years will show that when once committed to forbearance and procrastination, she was all but forced to continue in the same direction. The Parliament of 1572 had petitioned for the execution of the Queen of Scots. The alternatives seemed to lie between the crown and the scaffold; and when the petition was refused, and she was not declared incapable of the succession, Mary Stuart was generally looked upon as the inevitable future sovereign. While the alarm of the conspiracy was fresh, she had been placed under restraint, and efforts were made, and continued to be made, to replace her in the hands of the Scots. But when it became clear that she must remain in England, she was soon again the guest rather than the prisoner of Lord Shrewsbury. She was treated much as Mary

1573.

[1] 'Never will there be perfect amity among any that are divided in religion. Her Majesty may dislike my plain words, but better she be angry with me than herself feel the smart hereafter.'—Wilson to Walsingham, April 5, 1577: *MSS. Flanders.*

Tudor was treated under her brother, and as Elizabeth herself had been treated after her release from Woodstock; in some respects her position was better, for she was still called a Queen, and was allowed her Cloth of State. She was not permitted to go where she pleased, but she had all the enjoyments and conveniences which an English country life could yield. She rode, she hunted, she had change of air and scene, going from Sheffield to Chatsworth, from Chatsworth to the baths at Buxton. She was so loosely watched that she corresponded freely with her friends. The ladies of Elizabeth's household, with an eye to the future, furnished her with the secrets of the Court. She was the centre of the hopes and fears of the worldly statesmen and political intriguers; and though the Queen was often advised to remove her to some stricter guardianship, the fear of offending Shrewsbury, or of giving France or Spain a ground of complaint, combined to keep her where she was.

Her Protestant affectations were no more heard of. She had lost favour abroad by her supposed instability: she explained it away by saying, 'that when she came first to England she was afraid of alienating a powerful party in a realm which she hoped to make her own.' 'She had never communicated in the English Church,' she said, 'she had merely attended sermons; her friends had told her that she might listen to a preacher as she would listen to the barking of a dog:[1] she had

[1] 'Et sur ce les plus politiques me remonstrants que j'escouterois bien un chien abboyer, me persuaderent ouir en salle lesdicts ministres et

talked on religion with the Bishop of Lichfield, but she had told him she could never find two clergymen agree in anything except in hating the Pope, and instead of being converted to their opinions she had been the more confirmed in her own.' She ceased to be present at the prayers of the household. She obtained a chaplain from abroad, who lived with her as one of her servants. His character was known, but he was not interfered with, and he had special powers granted him by the Pope. Certain Englishmen in Shrewsbury's service were useful to her, who would be sent away if known to be Catholics. They took the sacrament, by permission, in the Earl's chapel, the priest giving them absolution after each of their acts of iniquity; while for herself Mary Stuart obtained as a special grace from his Holiness, that when she prayed before the holy wafer, when she bore patiently any injury from a heretic, or if at the moment of death she repeated the words Jesus Maria, all her sins should be forgiven.[1]

She was afraid of being poisoned. She did not suspect the Queen of being likely to sanction her murder, but Shrewsbury himself hinted to her that Elizabeth might not prove implacable if she was disposed of without her knowledge;[2] and Lady 1574.

prières.'—Mary Stuart to La Mothe Fénelon, November 30, 1573: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

[1] Mary Stuart to Gregory XIII., October 13, 1575: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

[2] 'Que si quelqu'un sans le sçeu de ladicte Royne m'empoissonnait il sçavoit de bon lieu qu'elle leur en sçauroit bon gré de l'oster de si grande peine.'—Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Cardinal of Lorraine, March 29, 1574: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

Essex, Elizabeth's cousin, who was suspected afterwards of murdering her husband, was mentioned as a person of whom she would do well to beware.[1]

On the whole however she felt safe under Lord Shrewsbury's care. He was punctiliously honourable, and inclined, as every one knew, to favour her claims on the succession. She had great influence with him, and she contrived to entangle him in an intrigue which, implicating them both in Elizabeth's displeasure, drew him closer than before to herself. Margaret, Countess of Lennox, and mother of Darnley, had been a conspirator from early girlhood. She began her career by a secret marriage with a brother of the Duke of Norfolk, and was sent to the Tower for it by Henry VIII. She had tried to persuade Mary Tudor to execute Elizabeth, that the crown might fall to herself. She had contrived Darnley's marriage with the Queen of Scots, to unite their titles, and had worked hard to organize the Catholic party for a rising in England in their favour.

After the catastrophe at Kirk o' Field, she had fallen back upon Elizabeth, believing that Mary Stuart was ruined, and expecting that the succession would be now determined in favour of her grandson James. No voice had been louder than hers in demanding vengeance on the murderers, none more emphatic in charging the guilt upon the Queen of Scots. Time however passed on, and Mary Stuart's star seemed again in the ascend-

[1] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Cardinal of Lorraine, March 29, 1574: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

ant. There was a prevailing impression, in which Lady Lennox shared, that Elizabeth would soon die, and she began to be alarmed for the future. Early in 1573, at latest,[1] she put herself in communication with the person whom she had denounced so passionately; and Mary Stuart, as the price of reconciliation, obtained a declaration from her in writing, that she had been instigated by the Queen and council to accuse her, and that she was fully satisfied of her innocence.[2]

Armed with this weapon, the Queen of Scots was now able to defend herself with effect, and to persuade the Catholics that she was an injured saint. The two women drew together, and began to weave fresh plots and schemes. A third cunning practitioner was added in the Countess of Shrewsbury; and after weeks of correspondence, in which de Guaras, the Portuguese Minister Fogaça, the Bishop of Ross, and other Catholics took part, it was agreed that a marriage should be made up between Lord Charles Stuart—Darnley's brother, the

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[1] On May 2, 1578, Mary Stuart in a letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, said that Lady Lennox and she had then been reconciled five or six years. The date is important.

[2] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, May 2, 1578: LABANOFF. This acknowledgment, which was of extreme value at the time to the Queen of Scots in assisting her to clear her reputation, has been relied upon in later times as evidence in her favour. It is worth while to observe therefore that Lady Lennox continued long after to speak in her old language to others. Elizabeth, suspecting the reconciliation, questioned her about it. 'I asked her Majesty if she could think so,' Lady Lennox wrote to Burghley, 'for I was made of flesh and blood and could never forget the murder of my child: and she said, Nay, by her faith she could not think that ever I could forget it, for if I would I were a devil.'—*MSS. Domestic*, December 10, 1574.

Countess's only remaining son—and Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Shrewsbury's daughter by her first husband. Lady Elizabeth was passionately devoted to the Queen of Scots, and Lord Charles, who was a possible competitor against her for the English crown, would thus be made sure of. Lady Lennox took her son to Chatsworth, and all was done before suspicion had got abroad.

The secret marriage of a prince of the blood both was and is an offence against the State; had there been nothing about the match in itself objectionable, Elizabeth would have been justly offended. Lady Lennox was returned to her old quarters in the Tower; Shrewsbury was rebuked and hardly saved himself by laying the blame upon his wife; and the storm blew over only when a year subsequently Lord Charles and his bride both died, leaving as the sole result of the affair a daughter, known to history as the Lady Arabella Stuart. In itself, the matter proved of no immediate consequence; but incidentally, it occasioned a painful revelation of the hollow hearts with which the Queen was surrounded. The investigation which Walsingham had to institute, brought him on the track of half the ladies of the palace, and of more than half the courtiers, as implicated more or less in seeking favour with the lady at Sheffield. Lady Cobham, the Queen's immediate attendant; Southampton, who had forfeited his life in the Norfolk conspiracy and had been pardoned and taken into favour again; Norfolk's brother, Lord Henry Howard; the Earl of Oxford, Burghley's son-in-law; these and many more were found to be paying assiduous court to the

rising sun. Shrewsbury, it appeared, had promised the Queen of Scots that, on the Queen's death, he would himself place the crown upon her head.[1] No longer complaining of her captivity, she was well satisfied to remain where she was, her party growing daily stronger by her mere presence in the realm. When opportunities of escape were thrown in her way, she declined to use them. She said that when she left Lord Shrewsbury's charge it should be as Queen of England.[2] The eager expectation of the Queen's death was extremely likely to suggest means of hastening it. Elizabeth's behaviour, so irritating to Walsingham, was as characteristic of herself as it was perplexing.[3] She chose to encounter treason by refusing to see it; and rather to live in an atmosphere of disloyalty, than expose it and force it to declare itself. 'She is bent,' wrote Walsingham, bitterly, 'to cover faults rather than cure them. If she

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[1] 'La Royne d'Escosse avoit dict ou escript a quelcun que le dict Milord luy avoit promis, la morte advenante de la Royne, qu'il metteroit la couronne sur la teste de la Royne d'Escosse.'—*Note in MS.*, 1575: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] 'Dixóme el Embajador de Escocia que a su ama le offrecian comodidad por poderse escapar de prision y que no lo quiere porque pretende salir della Reyna de Inglaterra y no de otra suerte aunque le cueste la vida.'—Don Juan de Vargas al Rey: TEULET, vol. v. p. 203.

[3] 'Your Majesty asks whether all or what part of the confessions shall be shown to the council. Let your Majesty choose out those that are loyal and secret and show them all. Touching the matter itself your Majesty's delay used in resolving doth not only make me void of all hope to do any good therein but also doth quite discourage me to deal in like causes, seeing mine and your other faithful servants' care for your safety fruitless. I beseech your Majesty pardon this my plain speech proceeding from a wounded and languishing mind.'—Walsingham to Elizabeth, February 26, 1575: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

will not touch the principals, she must, of course, spare the accessories and instruments. She will not even allow the removal of the Scottish Queen to a place of more security.'[1] She continued to smile upon her false and fair-seeming courtiers. She kept her irritation, and seemingly her suspicions, for those who had never entertained an unfaithful thought towards her,[2] and she punished the Shrewsburies only by a sarcastic letter on the entertainment which they extended to Leicester when the favourite was sent down on a sanatory visit to the baths.[3]

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[1] Walsingham to Leicester, March 8: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Burghley, for instance, went over to Buxton when Shrewsbury was there with his charge. Elizabeth 'sharply reproved him, charging him earnestly with favouring the Queen of Scots.'—Burghley to Shrewsbury, December 24, 1575: LODGE, vol. ii.

[3] This letter is one of the most curious specimens of Elizabeth's composition:

'Right trusty,—

'Being given to understand from our cousin, the Earl of Leicester, how honourably he was lately received and used by you, our cousin the Countess at Chatsworth, and how his diet is by you both discharged at Buxton, we should do him great wrong holding him in that place in our favour in which we do, in case we should not let you understand in how thankful sort we accept the same at your hands—which we do not acknowledge to be done unto him but to our own self; and therefore do mean to take upon us the debt and to acknowledge you both as our creditors so as you can be content to accept us for debtor, wherein is the danger unless you cut off some part of the large allowance of diet you give him, lest otherwise the debt thereby may grow to be so great as we shall not be able to discharge the same, and so become bankrupt. And therefore we think it for the saving of our credit meet to prescribe unto you a proportion of diet which we mean in no case you shall exceed, and that is to allow him by the day for his meat two ounces of flesh, referring the quality to yourselves, so as you exceed not the quantity, and for his drink the twentieth part of a pint of wine to comfort his stomach, and as much of St Anne's sacred water as he listeth to drink. On festival days, as is meet

The Parliament of 1576 passed off without touching the succession question; and never, Mary Stuart wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow in the summer of that year, had her prospects been fairer than they had now become. Every cloud had rolled away from the sky. Elizabeth, she said, had not dared to interfere with her pretensions. At the close of the session she had asked two of the judges, who, in their conscience, had the best right to succeed after her death: the judges had answered, that Henry VIII. had no power to change the customs of the realm; the next in blood must inherit: and Elizabeth had replied with a sigh, 'the Queen of Scots then is my heir.'[1] Whether she considered that she was consulting best for her own security, or for the interests of the realm, or whether she felt bound in honour to show the same forbearance to the claims of the Queen of Scots as had been shown by her sister towards her own, her evident purpose was to humour the expectations of the Catholics, and to comfort all unquiet spirits with the hope that if she was let alone for her

for a man of his quality, we can be content you shall enlarge his diet by allowing unto him for his dinner the shoulder of a wren, and for his supper a leg of the same, besides his ordinary ounces. The like proportion we mean you shall allow to our brother of Warwick, saving that we think it meet that in respect that his body is more replete than his brother's, that the wren's leg allowed at supper on festival days be abated, for that light supper agreeth best with rules of physic. This order our meaning is you shall inviolably observe, and so may you right well assure yourselves of a most thankful debtor to so well deserving a creditor.'—Memorandum of her Majesty's letter to the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, June 4, 1577: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, May and June, 1576: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

own time, her death would give them their desires.

On all sides her policy was the same and tended to the same end. Having been forced against her will to complete the destruction of Mary Stuart's party in Scotland, the most natural course would have been to recognize James as lawful sovereign there; and failing issue from her own person, to have settled the English succession upon him by Act of Parliament: or, if she could not bring herself to a step so decisive, at least to have given effectual support to the Government which she had assisted in establishing. Never were rulers in a more desperate plight than the successive Regents of Scotland in the minority of the young King. The Crown lands were exhausted, there were no customs, fixed revenue, or regular taxation; while they had to find garrisons for Edinburgh and Dumbarton Castles, to maintain the Court at Stirling, and to provide besides for the peace of the Border, which the Marian tendencies of the Maxwells, the Kers, and the Humes, made it doubly difficult to preserve. Murray had fallen for want of help; and then Lennox. Morton had insisted on an allowance from Elizabeth as a condition of his accepting office. Elizabeth had manœuvred him into the Regency without committing herself. He had submitted, but he requested that if she would give him no money for the Government, she would at least distribute a few trifling presents among the other nobles, recognize his right to be in the place which she had forced upon him, and unite England and Scotland in a league 'for the maintenance of the common cause of reli-

gion.'[1] Liberality would have been the simplest economy. If Scotland became again disturbed, Walsingham pointed out to her, that her own expenses on the Border would be increased five-fold. 'The League,' he argued, 'was more necessary for her than for Morton, since no one would assail Scotland except with a view to England.' 'The amity now offered her was one which, unoffered, was in due policy most necessary to be sought for. It was a thing which her predecessors, who stood not in like need of Scotland's friendship, would have redeemed with any treasure.' If she refused, and if harm followed, 'the burden of the error would be cast upon her Majesty for rejecting the advice of her council.'[2]

It will be remembered that in the first alarm after the massacre of St Bartholomew, there had been an intention of sending Mary Stuart home to be tried and executed for her husband's murder; the Scots had required that Elizabeth should openly share the responsibility; and 'the great matter,' as it was called in the diplomatic correspondence, passed off. The idea in its extreme form was abandoned; but she was still anxious that her guest should be removed, and that if she was not put to death, Scotland should bear the burden of keeping her. When Morton made his proposals for a league, Philip's disposition was still dubious; France could not be relied upon; and although the Queen would not give money or commit herself openly, she sent Sir

[1] Morton to Elizabeth, January 21, 1574: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Walsingham to the Queen, March 20: *MSS.* Ibid.

Henry Killigrew to Edinburgh, to feel his way with the Regent. She imagined that Morton and Morton's party were so circumstanced that her support was indispensable to them, and that she might make her own conditions. A few days after Killigrew's arrival, he hastened to undeceive her. If the Regent's requests were not granted, he dared not, he said, so much as enter on the special subject of his mission. The Scots told him that what his mistress had done at Edinburgh, she had done not for them but for herself; she had left them alone till she was frightened by the Paris massacre, and now she evidently cared not whether they sank or swam: the French set more value on their friendship: if Elizabeth would not help them France was ready to take her place, and the young King would probably be sent to Paris.[1]

Could the Queen of Scots then be exchanged for James? James to be brought up in England, and Mary Stuart to be put into the hands of the Regent, to be dealt with as he might think proper? Killigrew was empowered in his instructions to make the offer if he thought expedient. He did not think it would be accepted. He ventured a hint, and his expectations were confirmed. 'I think,' he said in a letter to Walsingham, 'that you there will never agree to the sure way of remedy (the execution of the Queen of Scots), and here they will be daunted to accept the conditions of the other (the delivery of James), which cannot be done

[1] Killigrew to Walsingham, June 17, June 21, June 23; Killigrew to Burghley, June 23; to Hatton, June 24: *MSS. Scotland.*

without many a council of the matter, which thing, I know, would mislike your delicate ears there, and indeed, I think not convenient to be done unless I saw an assured sequel to follow.'[1]

The correspondence which ensued is imperfect, and mysterious in its allusions. It is certain however that 'an overture' was made in reply by Elizabeth, of which Walsingham disapproved, and that it contained a promise to send the Queen of Scots to the Regent, the Regent undertaking in return to give hostages. But whether hostages for the protection of her life, or hostages merely for her safe keeping either in prison or the grave, can only be conjectured.[2]

Killigrew brought the Regent's answer to London, and delivered it in person, leaving no record of its terms. Experience of Elizabeth's conduct in similar situations, permits the conclusion that she wished the Queen of Scots to be disposed of where she would give no more trouble, yet in such a manner that she should be able for herself to disclaim the responsibility before the world. It is equally likely that Morton, knowing her disposition, declined the snare which was laid for him, and insisted, as before, on square and open dealing.

Months now passed away. The Chatsworth marriage followed, and the discovery of Mary Stuart's correspondence at the Court. 'The great matter' was at an end. But Morton still refused to be tempted by France, and continued to hold out to England the of-

[1] Killigrew to Walsingham, June 25: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Killigrew, July 30. Cipher: *MSS.* Ibid.

fered league. There were but two objections. In accepting it, Elizabeth would openly sanction the Queen of Scots' deposition—already it might have been thought a sufficiently established fact—and she must acknowledge in form a community of creed with Calvinists. Both of these she was determined not to do, and no persuasion could move her.

'Your Majesty,' said Walsingham to her, 'shall see over-dangerous effects, when the trouble of the princes your neighbours shall be at an end, unless your Majesty shall, by prevention, put in execution such remedies as the necessity of your State requires; wherein if you shall not use expedition the malady will grow incurable, and the sparks of treason that now lie covered will break into unquenchable fire. For the love of God, Madam, let not the cure of your diseased State hang longer in deliberation. Diseased States are no more cured by consultation, when nothing resolved on is put in execution, than unsound and diseased bodies by only conference with physicians without receiving the remedies by them prescribed. Whatever account is made of the Regent, there is no man of judgment that loves your Majesty that can imagine any peril that can befall you, so great as the loss of that gentleman, either by death or alienation. Lose not such an one negligently, whom it behoves you to keep so necessarily.'[1]

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[1] Walsingham to Elizabeth, January 15, 1575: *MSS. Scotland.* Killigrew also said of Morton, he was the only man who could control Scotland. 'If he were gone they could no more fill his place than England could find a successor to her Majesty.'

'If ever prince that possessed this crown,' Walsingham wrote to Burghley, 'had cause to desire the amity of Scotland, none can have greater than her Majesty, the corruption of her estate being well weighed, and the malice that the princes her neighbours bear to her. God forbid that no other thing should teach her Majesty to make value of the friendship of Scotland, but only the mischief that we may taste by the lack thereof.'[1]

Every word of these warnings came back in due time to Elizabeth, and many a year of anxiety, and many a million from her treasury, the neglect of them was in the end to cost her. But it will be seen that what Walsingham wished was incompatible with the course which on the whole she had determined to be best for her. After long oscillation Elizabeth's policy finally gravitated towards Philip and peace. She always advised the Netherlands to make no alterations in religion. Having no belief herself, she regarded Protestantism as a lost cause, and in her heart she was probably meditating how best to bring back England into communion with the rest of Christendom.

Her ecclesiastical administration at home tended in the same direction, and towards the same issue. It is evident that neither then, nor till long after, did she regard the Church of England as more than a provisional arrangement, an Interim intended to last but while the confusions of Europe continued.

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[1] Walsingham to Burghley, April 11, 1575: *MSS. Domestic.*

Her bishops she treated with studied insolence as creatures of her own, whom she had made and could unmake at pleasure: the bishops themselves lived as if they knew their day to be a short one, and made the most of their opportunities while they lasted. Scandalous dilapidations, destruction of woods, waste of the property of the Sees by beneficial leases, each incumbent enriching himself and his family at the expense of his successors —this is the substantial history of the Anglican hierarchy, with a few honourable exceptions, for the first twenty years of its existence. At the time when Walsingham was urging Elizabeth to an alliance with the Scotch Protestants, Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, was just dead. He had left behind him enormous wealth, which had been accumulated, as is proved from a statement in the handwriting of his successor, by the same unscrupulous practices which had brought about the first revolt against the Church. He had been corrupt in the distribution of his own patronage, and he had sold his interest with others. No Catholic prelate in the old easy times had more flagrantly abused the dispensation system. Every year he made profits by 'admitting children to the cure of souls' for money. He used a graduated scale in which the price for inducting an infant into a benefice varied with the age, children under fourteen not being inadmissible, if the adequate fees were forthcoming.[1]

[1] 'The late Archbishop had many occasions of wealth, the possibilities whereof are taken away from his successors. He called in all the dispensations made by Cardinal Pole, and so by faculties that year gate

On Parker's death these iniquities were exposed and ended. His successor, Grindal, a man of infinitely nobler character, swept clear the corrupted ecclesiastical courts, abandoned the unjust ways of collecting money, scoured away to the best of his ability the accumulated filth of eighteen years. But Grindal's zeal was less agreeable to the Queen than Parker's corruption. Grindal was a sincere Protestant, especially earnest for what was called preaching the word, and regarding the voice of a living man, whether an ordained priest or not, as having more saving grace in it than ceremonies or sacraments.

Steady to her principle of silencing speech on troublesome subjects, the Queen was inclined always to empty pulpits which she could not tune. She considered 'three or four preachers enough for a county,' and one of the Homilies decently read as better than original eloquence. The Archbishop complied with her command so far as to place the sermons under restriction, and prevent excesses which she affected to dread: but stop them altogether he would not, and Elizabeth would as little endure a prelate who was less than absolutely submissive. Leicester, it was said, had his eye on Lambeth as a

great sums, and every year after made a more profit than hereafter is convenient by admitting children to cures,' &c. &c.—Articles touching the late Archbishop, endorsed in Grindal's hand as drawn by himself: *MSS. Domestic*, February, 1575-6. Compare a resolution of council on Dispensations, evidently directed at Parker's practices, dated June 20, 1576: *MSS. Domestic*, vol. cxxix. Among the particulars mentioned are 'dispensations for children and young men under age to take ecclesiastical promotions, the tax whereof, the party being 18 years of age or more, was 4*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, the tax much greater the parties being under 14 years.

pleasant London house. The Archbishop was suspended for contempt. The Attorney-General was instructed to take measures for his deposition, and the Queen was astonished to find that an ecclesiastical official had rights under the law of England, which even she, arbitrary as she was in such matters, could not set aside.[1]

'Thus, my good lord,' said Walsingham, writing to the Lord Treasurer, 'you see how we proceed still in making war against God, whose ire we should rather seek to appease, that he may keep the wars from us that most apparently approach. God open her Majesty's eyes that she may both see her perils and acknowledge from whence the remedy is to be sought.'[2]

The making war against God, in Walsingham's sense of the words, would have continued longer but for one of those sudden illustrations of the true tendencies of things which burst out from time to time, and startled even Elizabeth into doubts of her own sagacity.

The majority of the States having signed the treaty with Don John, the Prince of Orange would not give him an excuse for retaining the Spaniards by refusing to consent. He gave his adhesion at last with the rest, religion being left in suspense till an answer should come from Philip. The Spaniards departed as had been promised. Slowly, reluctantly, they evacuated the great citadel which Alva had built at Antwerp—Ghent, Maestrecht, Valenciennes, the lately won Zealand Is-

[1] Strype's Grindal, p. 327, &c. Walsingham to Burghley, May 26, 1577; Wilson to Burghley, January 23, 1578: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, May 26, 1577: *MSS.* Ibid.

lands,—they withdrew from them all, and made them over to the soldiers of the States. They received 300,000 crowns upon the spot; they were promised as much more on reaching Italy, and thither they went to receive it. So far, and in this most essential matter, the promise was kept. There was a party however among the Belgian Catholics who were loudly hostile to the connection with Elizabeth.[1] It was observed too that the refugees who had been expelled by Requescens were coming back in numbers, and were well received. Sir T. Stukely, who had come from Spain, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir F. Englefield, and several more, were 'cherished about the person of Don John as though they were of council with him.'[2] Dr Wilson, Elizabeth's minister with the States, remonstrated, but no attention was paid to him. Secretary Escobedo was found soon after to have received a letter from the Queen of Scots,[3] and Wilson, to see how he would take it, spoke openly to Don John about the suspicion which was entertained about him with respect to that lady. Don John coloured, passed it off, and was soon after observed to be making prodigious efforts to gain the Prince of Orange. He went so far as to promise Holland and Zealand the liberty of worship which they demanded; and he even told the Prince that if his brother would not agree to the pacification, he would himself join the States and take arms in their cause.[4]

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[1] Wilson to Elizabeth, February 25, 1577: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] Secret advertisements from Brussels, February 22: *MSS.* Ibid.

[4] Don John with his own mouth told Dr Wilson that he had used these words to Orange, and Orange

It could not be for nothing that Don John went so near committing himself to treason. 'More was meant than appeasing the Netherlands;' and a friend of Don John afterwards hinted to the Prince that Philip could not live for ever, and that Don John perhaps intended to establish his estate in the Low Countries and make himself master of them.'

Believing that he might be serious, the Prince consulted Elizabeth. 'The Netherlands might be made a kingdom, and Don John the first King.'[1] But a visit afterwards from the Papal Nuncio explained the mystery. It was supposed that Orange would resent the treatment which he had received from the Queen. The Nuncio came to ask him whether if Don John made war on England he would be willing to assist, or if not assist, whether he would remain neutral.[2] A packet of letters from Escobedo to the King of Spain, intercepted immediately afterwards by La Noue in France, threw a yet further light on Don John's intentions. The treaty of Ghent had been accepted without the slightest purpose of observing it. The Spaniards held tenaciously as ever to their resolution to conquer the States; only in the opinion of Escobedo, and probably therefore of Don John, the road to their conquest lay through London.[3]

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told him so also: 'Yet will I never the more trust Don John,' said Wilson; 'yea, I mistrust him the more. By such speech he either minds to tempt the Prince, or else he bears a false heart to the King his brother.' —Wilson to Walsingham, May 1: *MSS. Flanders.*

[1] Notes concerning the Prince of Orange, May, 1577: *MSS.* Ibid.

[2] Daniel Rogers to Walsingham, July 20, 1577: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] 'If a miracle is to set things straight it is time for the miracle to

What was the meaning of words like these? Was it conceivable that Don John was flying in the face of the known intentions of the King, or was Philip himself as false as his brother? Don Bernardino, though appointed ambassador to England, was still lingering in the Low Countries, and Don John's own conduct confirmed the worst suspicions. No sooner were Escobedo's letters published than he fled from Brussels to Namur, shut himself into the castle, and sent expresses for his army to return.[1] Walsingham, supported by Leicester, represented to Elizabeth that she was betrayed. With Don John in arms again and Guise omnipotent at Paris, her only safety lay in espousing the cause which she had trifled with. Condé and the King of Navarre had been petitioning in vain for assistance ever since the revocation of the Edicts. She now took up their request, hesitated, refused, again resolved, and, finally, decided, as it seemed, to send

come; if force and a stout hand, your Majesty must provide what is necessary. The reduction of Holland and Zealand is the point, and this is more difficult than the enterprise of England. Redeem England first, and the rest is ours. No great force will be needed. Let not your Majesty think I say this in the interest of Don John. I leave that aside. I mean only that your Majesty's affairs cannot be remedied otherwise. Time has proved it, and every hour will make it more clear.'—Escobedo to Philip, April 9. Taken with other letters to similar purpose in June, 1577: *MSS. Flanders.*

[1] There is reason to think that the Prince of Orange, acting with the advice of Wilson, intended to seize Don John, and send him to England. Antonio de Guaras writes:—'He tenido informacion muy espantosa que los buenos officios del Doctor Wilson y de todos ellos juntamente eran para quitar á su Alteza su libertad y ponerle en mano destos, pretendiendo proceder por los terminos que usan con la Reyna de Escocia.'—Cartas de Guaras, September 20, 1577: *MSS. Simancas.*

money to Casimir that he might raise a fresh army of Reiters and march on Paris.[1]

August. Everything was now for the moment changed. The friendship of Scotland became valuable, and she was ready to give pensions to the nobles there.[2] Circulars went round to compel Catholics to attend the English service. Mass-books were hunted up; scoundrels who used bad language against the Queen were pilloried and lost their ears, the judges showing themselves zealous, perhaps over-zealous, in catching the wind while it was blowing.[3] Leading

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[1] Her fluctuations appear in a series of letters from Leicester to Walsingham. On the 10th of August Leicester wrote that she said she had promised the French King not to help Condé, and that she could not do it. He had explained to her that no other prince would hesitate in such a situation as that in which she was placed. 'If she allowed her best friends to quail with their cause it was impossible that she could stand. She would thus have all the mighty princes of the earth against her, and not a friend left.'

On the 15th he laid before her the dangers to which she was exposed 'by the slack dealing with her friends.' He 'found her relenting.' 'God was moving her heart to consider her own and her country's wealth.' The day after he writes that 'after much reasoning he found her Majesty to be sorry that she had so slenderly dealt with her friends, and did more plainly see if they were overthrown how hardly she would be beset by her enemies. He forgot not to lay before her these counsels from time to time, and how manifestly her perils had been foreseen, and that none other remedy there was in man's policy but relieving of her friends. She was in a mind at last to repair the oversight passed.'—Leicester to Walsingham, August 10, 13, 14, 15: *MSS. France.*

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, August 29: *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] The judges' views on such matters are illustrated by a letter from Mr Justice Manwood to Sir Walter Mildmay.

'Sir,—Concerning the lewd fellow, who, after his deserved punishment by pillory, did persist with more lewd and slanderous speeches towards her Majesty in the presence of the people being at the execution, his offence is thereby aggravated, and he therefore to sustain a more grievous punishment. By the late statute he

recusants were fined, and ordered to keep their houses. De Guaras, found writing to the Queen of Scots, was arrested and sent to the Tower, and a change of guardianship was contemplated for the Queen of Scots herself. The German Protestant Princes once more invited the Queen to be the head of a reformed league. She listened, heard the arguments on both sides, and for a time seemed favourably inclined.[1] The Marquis Havré, a new envoy from the States, was received with conspicuous cordiality. A message was sent to Spain that peace must be made in earnest or England would

is for his second offence to lose all his goods and be perpetually imprisoned during his life, whereby he shall never come out to abuse his tongue again, which imprisonment perpetual is to be executed with all extremity with irons and other strait feeding and keeping as may shortly bring him to a repentant end, an estate from which he seemeth now to be far off. Thus much by the late statute and law. And because the same statute is not in the negative restraining any former statute or common law before; by the former statute laws for slanderous rumours and speeches against the nobility and council of the Prince, punishment was to be done by advice of the Prince's council; the experience whereof has been by pillory and cutting of ears, as by nailing or burning the ears or such like: much more for the like offence against the Prince by the common law punishment was to be inflicted by advice of council in discretion without limitation, but usually not to be taken to dismember the offender of any of his joints or eyes or other principal senses. As for example, the offence of the tongue in this case being so heinous, as well for the matter as for the time and place of speech, is by burning in the face with a letter or by gagging his two jaws in painful manner, and so as he cannot speak any word, and produced in public place of punishment with paper on his head, or by burning through the tongue, or perchance by cutting off his tongue, in such wise as he may eat and drink and take sustenance after. These and such like once or more often times as by her Majesty's council may be ordered and thought necessary, I think may be done by order of the common law: *MSS. Domestic*, November 1577.

[1] Necessary Considerations for her Majesty, November, 1577: *MSS. France.*

interfere. If Guise, as report said that he intended, came to the assistance of Don John, Elizabeth decided to send over an army, and Leicester meant to be its leader.[1]

War in England was now universally looked for, and as a first object each party desired to secure the person of James of Scotland. Mary Stuart, through the Archbishop of Glasgow, endeavoured to have him carried to France.[2] De Guaras wrote again and again to Philip that it would be an advantage if he could be taken to Spain.[3] Killigrew went to Edinburgh to recover the lost opportunity and induce Morton to send him into England. Elizabeth for once was sailing a straight course. The tide might soon change, but while her alarm lasted she was really determined. The difficulty was in the temper of the States, where patriotism and religion were dragging in opposite directions. The majority of the people wished to make Orange Dictator. The Walloon nobles and the priests hated the Spaniards, but they hated Protestantism worse. England had many enemies who, as Davison wrote,[4] 'would be ready

[1] 'My Lord of Leicester comes over as general of all the men which her Majesty shall send to the Low Countries. This is his full determination, as yet unknown to her Highness. Neither shall she be acquainted with it till she be fully resolved to send, which will not be till the Prince of Orange send back again. Thus if she understand the Duke of Guise come to assist Don John she will assist the States with 10,000 men.' —Edward Cheeke to Secretary Davison, September 19, 1577: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, November 5, 1577: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

[3] Cartas de A. de Guaras descifradas, September 20, 28, October 4; *MSS. Simancas.*

[4] Davison had been sent to reside with the Prince of Orange.

to cast the cat before our legs.' The Prince of Orange recommended Elizabeth to make sure at all risks of Holland and Zealand: she would then be supreme at sea, and could control the situation.

She was pausing, not from want of will but from legitimate uncertainty, when a fresh element of discord was introduced into the scene. The Catholic aristocracy of the Netherlands, to escape Orange and an English Protectorate, threw themselves on the German Empire. They invited the Emperor's brother, the Archduke Matthias, to be their governor, in the place of Don John. They hoped that either Philip would acquiesce in the exchange, or that Rudolf, in default, would stand by them. With the Emperor's secret approval, Matthias stole away from Vienna at the beginning of October, came to Cologne, and waited there till it was certain that he would be received.

October.

Havré was invited to explain. He knew, before he left the States, what his friends intended. He said that they had sent for the Archduke, as a Prince of the House of Austria, to govern under the King of Spain, and that he had not expected that the Queen of England would disapprove. She said that she ought to have been consulted. She would send neither men nor money, till she understood the meaning of it, especially till she knew the opinion of the Prince of Orange.[1] The Prince, to whom she wrote, answered that he had not been taken into counsel, but on the whole he did

[1] Walsingham to Davison, October 20: *MSS. Flanders.*

not intend to make difficulties. The Archduke, it appeared, was willing to accept the government whether Philip approved or not, and the House of Austria would then be divided against itself. The Archduke was a Papist, but 'soft and amenable,' and the States would unite more cordially under a Catholic Prince than under himself.[1]

Elizabeth appeared to be satisfied. Havré was sent back with a favourable answer to the request for money: not money only was promised, but an army as well, and Leicester expected to be in the field against Don John before many weeks were over.[2] A league was to be formed between England and the States on the basis of the old treaties with the House of Burgundy. On one side only the Queen's theories continued to exert a pernicious influence over her. Havré was a Catholic like Schwegenhem, and through him she repeated her old advice, that there should be no change in religion, no liberty of conscience, no separate chapels or conventicles to divide the union.

For war with Spain she was prepared, and she had already taken one momentous step past recall, which was likely to precipitate it. The strength of Philip lay in the gold of the new world. Francis Drake had learnt, in 1572, how defenceless were the convoys at Panama. Oxenham, a Devonshire rover, had crossed

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[1] Davison to Walsingham, October 27, inclosing a letter from the Prince: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] 'Before Candlemas, or shortly after, you shall see my Lord of Leicester well accompanied in the Low Countries.'—Ed. Horsey to Davison, December 18, 1577.

the Isthmus four years later, built a pinnace in the Pacific, and made prizes among the coasters, which, dreaming of no danger in that undisturbed ocean, were bringing bullion from Lima. He had not brought home his plunder. He had wasted precious time at the Isle of Pearls, toying with a Spanish lady. Armed boats were sent after him. He was taken and hanged as a pirate, and the gold was recovered. But the ease had been again demonstrated with which some great blow might be struck in those quarters at the heart of the Spanish power, and there was a man of far higher qualities than Oxenham, who was ready to undertake the enterprise. Some one whose signature is erased, and whose name it would be unjust to conjecture, had volunteered his services for an exploit of a less worthy kind. 'Your Majesty,' wrote this man in language curiously characteristic of the time, 'must first seek the kingdom of heaven, and make no league with those whom God has divided from you. Your Majesty must endeavour to make yourself strong and to make them weak, and at sea you can either make war on them openly or by colourable means;—by giving license, under letters patent, to discover and inhabit strange places, with special proviso for their safeties whom policy requires to have most annoyed—by which means the doing the contrary shall be imputed to the executors' fault; your Highness's letters patent being a manifest show that it was not your Majesty's pleasure so to have it. Afterwards, if it seem well, you can avow the fact, or else you can disavow the fact and those that did it as

league-breakers, leaving them to pretend it was done without your privity.'

Elizabeth valued much proposals of this kind. None of her subjects pleased her better than those who would do her work and save her from responsibility. It was an unusual road to 'the kingdom of heaven.' But those who would understand England in the sixteenth century must recognize that brave and high-minded men were willing to risk being condemned as pirates to shield a sovereign who would not use their services otherwise: while Catholics, since the Paris massacre, had come to be looked on as wild beasts, who had no rights as human beings, and might be deceived, played with, and destroyed like wolves or vermin. The proposal which follows had been heard of before, but had not yet taken so practical a shape. Vast Catholic fleets went every summer to the banks of Newfoundland for the food of their fasting days.

'I,' continued the same writer, 'will undertake, if you will permit me, to fit out ships, well armed, for Newfoundland, where they will meet with all the great shipping of France, Spain, and Portugal. The best I will bring away and I will burn the rest. Commit us afterwards as pirates if you will, but I shall ruin their sea force, for they depend on their fishermen for their navies. It may be objected that this will be against your league; but I hold it as lawful in Christian policy to prevent a mischief betimes as to revenge it too late; especially seeing that God himself is a party to the quarrel now on foot, and His enemy maliciously dis-

posed towards your Highness. You may be told it will ruin our commerce. Do not believe it: you will but establish your own superiority at sea. If you will let us first do this, we will next take the West Indies from Spain. You will have the gold and silver mines and the profit of the soil. You will be monarch of the seas and out of danger from every one. I will do it if you will allow me; only you must resolve and not delay or dally—The wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death.'[1]

This paper is dated the 6th of November, 1577. In the first fortnight of the same month, Francis Drake had in readiness a fleet of five armed ships, equipped by a company of adventurers, among whom the Queen and Leicester were the largest shareholders. The coincidence at first suggests Drake as the possible author of the suggestion. The Newfoundland fleets contained 25,000 innocent industrious men, all of whom were obviously meant to be destroyed; and if Drake it was, and if the proposal had been accepted, the naval annals of England and the fame of her greatest seaman would have been stained with a horrible crime. But the visionary audacity of the scheme, and the melodramatic imaginativeness of the closing words, point to some one of a less practical temperament; nor is it likely that Drake's fleet would have been already prepared with the object of his enterprise undetermined. However this be, on the 15th of the

November.

[1] Discourse addressed to the Queen how to annoy the King of Spain, November 6, 1577, condensed: *MSS. Domestic.*

same November, Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth Sound, nominally to search the waste of the Pacific and find openings for English commerce; but with private instructions also from the Queen, which might be shown or withheld, acted upon or not acted upon, as convenience might afterwards dictate. De Guaras had watched his preparations and suspected his real object. He was provided with a second in command, the Mr Doughty whose fate afterwards caused so deep sensation; and Doughty was probably sent by the Spanish party in the council to observe and embarrass his leader's movements, and thwart his purpose if mischief was intended to Spain.

This was Elizabeth's contribution to the war of the Low Countries, bestowed while she was in the humour and happily irrevocable—a contribution more effective, measured by its results in bringing Spain upon her knees, than if she had emptied her treasury into the lap of Orange. In those five ships lay the germ of the ocean empire of Great Britain. They sailed but just in time, for the Queen's courage had passed its flood, and other help the States were after all not to receive. The appearance of Matthias upon the scene, promising as it did a quarrel between Philip and the Emperor Rudolf, relieved her, when she thought about it, of an immediate necessity of action. The rupture with Philip was again put off. The pale shadow of the Archduke—his influence never amounted to a reality—soon melted away, but by that time the Queen's natural disposition had reasserted its usual in-

December.

fluence upon her. To break a promise was never a serious difficulty with her. The subsidy which she had told Havré that she would send, remained in the treasury. The ten thousand men were left at home to plough and to dig. Instead of men and money she sent a threatening letter to Don John, and she consoled the States with saying that Don John would be reasonable when he saw 'that she was determined to take part against him.'[1] But, in fact, she had determined to take no part against him. Her brave purposes had evaporated in words. 'So it is,' said Walsingham's secretary, 'that such as incline more to the faction of Spain, than to her Majesty's safety and quiet estate of her crown and realm, have persuaded her that she cannot deal in honour to the furtherance of the States, either with men or money, till she have a resolute answer from the King or Don John, notwithstanding the promise that she hath made to the Marquis; which hath wrought such a coldness in her Majesty to hearken to their demands that hardly can she be moved from that Spanish persuasion.'[2]

1578. January.

Don John's English friends kept him well informed of the workings of the Queen's humour; and he saw that he had nothing to fear. His Spaniards came flocking back over the frontiers, and while Orange was away in Holland, and the Duke of Arschot and the Walloon Catholics were busy with their

[1] Instructions to Mr Leighton sent to the States and Don John, December 21, 1577: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Laurence Tomson to Davison, February 2, 1578.

Archduke Matthias, he started suddenly into the field, caught the States army unprepared at Gemblours, and shivered it to pieces.[1] Could he have followed up the blow, he might have recovered the Catholic Provinces upon the spot, so utter was their consternation. He had no reserves however, and an empty chest; and they had leisure to recover their breath and look round them. Long since they would have had France at their side, but for Elizabeth's promises.

Fiercely they demanded whether they were trifled with. Did she mean or did she not mean to keep her engagements with them? 'If her Majesty disappoint them now,' wrote Davison, a week after the defeat, 'it will in the judgment of the wisest bring forth some dangerous alteration.'[2] A month passed and they heard nothing. 'Her Majesty must say yes or no,' Davison repeated more vehemently; 'hesitation is cruel and dishonourable. If she say no, she will not escape the hatred of the Papists. If she say yes, she has still great advantages for the prosecution of the war; but it must be one or the other and swiftly.'[3]

March. At last the resolution came. She would send no English army, and no Leicester; but there was Casimir, whom she was to have provided for an invasion of France, and had fed with air after all. Casimir would come to the help of the States, if he could have a hundred thousand pounds. She had already lent

[1] January 29, 1578.

[2] Davison to Walsingham, February 6: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] Davison to Walsingham, March 8, condensed: *MSS.* Ibid.

them forty thousand. She would lend twenty thousand more, and she would lend the rest if they could not raise it among themselves. This was her last word. She would help them no further.[1] Burghley shielded her with such excuses as he could invent, still nursing their hopes that she would interfere if Casimir failed them. She sent the twenty thousand pounds. She undertook to endorse the bonds of the States for an additional forty thousand, exacting promise of repayment both of the principal and interest of the rest of her debt; while Leicester, who had laboured with her in vain, poured out his personal disappointment to Davison. 'He had neither face nor countenance,' he said, 'to write to the Prince, his expectation being so greatly deceived;' 'the irresolution had been dreadful, the conclusion miserable;' and 'God,' he thought, could alone now help England by miracle, seeing the apparent ordinary courses so overslipt.[2]

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[1] Instructions to Mr Rogers sent to the States and to Duke Casimir, March 9: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Leicester to Davison, March 9, 1578: *MSS.* Ibid

CHAPTER LXI.

THE ALENÇON MARRIAGE.

THE hesitation of Elizabeth was less unreasonable than her more eager advisers believed. The suspicions entertained of Philip were as yet without foundation. The universal impression in Europe was that sooner or later he would be forced into an invasion of England; but it is equally certain that he limited his wishes to the reduction of his own heretical subjects. So long as there was a Catholic to succeed her, he was willing to wait till 'God should call his sister-in-law.' Escobedo, whose unlucky letters had precipitated the second revolt, was assassinated on his return to Madrid by Philip's order.[1] Money which had been promised to Don John was withheld lest he should make a dangerous use of it. The fate of the Reformation was to be decided in the end by a duel between the representative chiefs of the two faiths; but the principals hesitated

[1] Philip himself would have said that Escobedo was privately executed. He was held to have forfeited his life, and a public trial would have led to inconvenient disclosures.

equally to take their places in the field; disclaimed their obligations, and determined in spite of Papist and Protestant to remain friends. Six years had now passed since the expulsion of Don Guerau de Espes, and the experiment of a Spanish ambassador resident in London was about to be tried once more. Whatever may have been the reason of the delay, Don Bernardino received his commission at last, and set out for England in the middle of March. The selection of a nobleman of so high rank was in itself a compliment. The house of Mendoza was the most illustrious in Spain. Don Bernardino's father, Don Alonzo Count of Coruña, was a favourite of Charles V.; his mother was a Ximenez, niece of the great Cardinal. He had himself been first Philip's Master of the Horse, and then had held a distinguished command in the Low Countries. His instructions were profoundly conciliatory. He brought no private directions to make a party in England or to encourage rebellion, or lead the Catholics to expect intervention. He was strictly forbidden to do anything of which the Queen could complain. He was sent to remove her alarms, to satisfy her that she need not fear Spain unless she herself desired a quarrel, and he was empowered to promise all concessions in the Low Countries which she could reasonably demand, the withdrawal once more of the Spanish forces, the restoration of the States' privileges, the reinstatement of the provincial governments—even the recall of Don John and the appointment of a successor of whose designs there could be no suspicion—provided liberty of conscience was not mentioned, and

the Catholic priests and bishops were replaced in the churches from which they had been removed in Holland and Zealand. It was urged at the time, and it has been urged since, that all this was to concede nothing; that the Inquisition itself could demand no measures against heresy more severe than the reimposition of the edicts of Charles V., and it is likely that in the long run the objection would have proved well founded. With or without a Spanish army, the bigotry of the Walloons would probably sooner or later have interfered with the liberties of the Batavian States, and would have forced them again into revolt. But no such result could have been looked for immediately. The only visible effect would have been the reappearance of the mass in the churches in Holland and Zealand. The edicts when they touched opinions would have been no more than words. They had remained a dead letter from the Peace of Passau to the abdication of the Emperor. They could have been enforced nowhere without the help of the local authorities: and so long as each State administered its own laws persecution would have been impossible.[1]

The state of England at the time of Mendoza's arrival was extremely critical. The Protestants were eagerly expecting war. Drake had sailed for the Pacific. Though the Queen had sent no troops to the Low

[1] La commision que ha de llevar Don Bernardino para Inglaterra, Marzo, 1578: *MSS. Simancas.* Legajo 830. Segunda Instruccion, Ley 831.: Ibid. Declaration of Don Bernardino, March, 1578: *MSS. Spain.*

Countries, the Prince of Orange was willing once more to trust to English volunteers, and Colonel Norris was already across the water with several thousand men in the service of the States. The ambassador landed at Gravesend on March 11. The question of war or peace had been before the council incessantly during the preceding fortnight. The Queen's resolution was not yet known in the country, if it was known to herself. Antonio de Guaras was in the Tower; money had been sent to the Hague; and Don Bernardino was told that if he meant to prevent a rupture he had not a moment to lose.[1]

The storm in the council had not yet subsided. Elizabeth's own humour was still fluctuating. Mendoza hastened to London, but no intimation was made to him that she desired his presence. He announced his arrival to the Court, and requested an audience. Five days were allowed to pass before he could obtain admission; and when he was introduced at last it seemed that he might as well have remained at Brussels. The Queen received him with formal stateliness. Without waiting to hear what he had to say, she elaborately defended the revolt of the States. She admitted and justified the assistance which she had given them. She called Don John hard names. She did not like Spaniards for near neighbours, she said, and she would not have them.[2]

When at length he delivered his message she grew

[1] Mendoza to Cayas, March 11: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'No queria Spanoles tan cerca.'

calmer. She admitted that the King's offers, if they were made in good faith, were reasonable; and then throwing off official restraint, as she usually did when she meant to be serious, she sent away the lords and ladies, sat herself down on a stool, bidding a page fetch another for Mendoza, and repeated to Leicester and four or five other councillors who remained the substance of Philip's proposals. Since his Majesty was so good and kind, she said, the States ought not to be encouraged in persisting further. Her manner became personally gracious. She told Mendoza she was delighted to see him again. People had frightened her about him, she said, pretending that he would make a revolution; but she did not believe it: and he in return assured her that it was a wicked calumny; his master had charged him to study only her pleasure; his actions should prove how sincerely he was prepared to obey.[1]

Thus the interview ended better than it began; but the ambassador was still far from smooth water. The council were less ready than the Queen to believe in fair words. Don John was still pressing the States as far as his means would allow, and daily taking towns in South Brabant. Burghley and Sussex, who spoke with Mendoza afterwards, suggested a suspension of arms and spoke of the Pacification of Ghent as the sole basis of a treaty possible. The States, they said, could not trust to uncertainties. Toleration of some kind ought to be secured to them by law, otherwise they would throw

[1] Don Bernardino de Mendoza, March 19: *MSS. Simancas.*

themselves upon France, which England could not permit. Sussex's influence was deservedly great with the Queen in such matters. He had held aloof always from the Protestant section of the council, and his advice if not always wise was never factious. By him and by others the incompleteness of Philip's concessions was so forced upon Elizabeth that if unconvinced she became irritated and violent, and so the ambassador found her at his next audience. She insisted fiercely on an immediate truce. She abused Antonio de Guaras, who, she said, deserved to be hanged, and then, in a loud voice and with apparent passion, she said she would have the Treaty of Ghent confirmed and observed, or an English army should try the question with Don John.

Mendoza took a high tone too; he replied that his master had a long arm; he trusted she did not mean to support rebellion. Clearing her throat and spitting,[1] she answered that the States were not rebels; they would submit to reasonable conditions. She had heard of Don John's fine schemes, she said, and the King of Spain's dealings with the Pope. She would have no French in the Netherlands, and no Spaniards either 'By God,' she said, and three times she repeated the oath,[2] 'I will have the Treaty of Ghent allowed, or I will stand by the States as long as I have a man left in the realm to fight for them.'[3] March 31.

Mendoza, unused as yet to the Queen's character, took her words as serious. He told the King that both

[1] 'Tragando un poco de saliva.' [2] 'Jurando tres veces.'
[3] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 31 de Marzo: *MSS. Simancas.*

she and her council appeared estranged from the Spanish alliance, and that Spain had no friends in England except the Catholics. But the haughty mood of the public reception was a State dress assumed for the occasion, and the expressions about the Treaty of Ghent contained a meaning other than they seemed to bear. The Treaty of Ghent had secured immediate liberty of conscience, but the ultimate settlement of that question had been referred by it to the judgment of the King, and it was with this reservation, in her mind though not on her lips, that she insisted on the acceptance of it by Don John. She held to the letter of her threat. She sent a minister to the governor to demand, as she had said to Mendoza, a suspension of arms. 'She would not allow these countries to be reduced to servitude by him,' she said, 'nor yet be possessed by the French;' if the Treaty was accepted, 'the Estates were willing to yield all obedience and continue in the Catholic faith;' and it was to the Treaty so interpreted that she required Don John to consent.[1] The London merchants exercised their powerful influence in favour of peace. At Mendoza's instigation a hint was sent from the city to the great banking houses of the Fuggers at Cologne, that they must not rely too much on the Queen's promises to endorse the bonds of the States.[2] The States in consequence could raise money only at a discount of 25 per cent., while the Queen insisted that the

[1] Instructions to Mr Wilks sent to Don John, April, 1578: *MSS. Flanders.*

[2] Mendoza á su Mag^d, 5 de Mayo, 1578: *MSS. Simancas.*

first use which should be made of the new loan was to repay her with interest the 40,000*l.* which she had originally lent them.[1]

May.

Evidently she wished them to yield on the point, to her so indifferent, of liberty of worship. While she maintained the Act of Uniformity at home, it was impossible for her to demand toleration from Philip: and the continuance of the war was an ever-present and complicated danger. France was hanging between two policies, undetermined whether to annex the Netherlands and seek a war with Spain, or go with Spain in the interests of religion, and call on England to return to conformity. Alençon, resenting the abruptness with which he had been dropped by Elizabeth, was ready for any plan or scheme which promised an opening to his ambition. The Queen-mother suggested a marriage for him with a Spanish princess 'to check the greatness of the houses of Guise and Bourbon.' The Duke of Guise tempted him into a confederacy with himself, to make a party in Scotland, seize Edinburgh and Dumbarton Castles, bring the young King to Paris, and demand the liberation of Mary Stuart.[2]

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[1] Burghley to Walsingham, July 29, 1578: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] 'Les forces estrangères, quelque grandes qu'elles soient, leur pourront peu nuyre sans l'Escosse. C'est pourquoy ilz font tous leurs effortz de la remectre s'il est possible à leur dévotion; et de mesmes si messieurs mes parens MM. d'Alençon et de Guyse espèrent quelque fruict de leur desseing dont m'avez escript et sont résoluz d'en venir à l'exécution, il leur est très nécessaire de haster en toute diligence le secours qu'ilz délibèrent d'y envoyer, affin de saisir les premiers de la personne de mon filz et des places fortes,' &c.—Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, May 9; and again September 15: 'Je priray très affectueusement M.

This, too, Elizabeth knew. The Count de Retz, going professedly on public business to Edinburgh, was charged secretly with a message to Guise's confederates there. He passed through London, applied for a passport, and was sent for to the Queen. She received him as she had first received Mendoza. She told him she knew what he was about. He was come to disquiet England and serve the cause of a wicked woman whose head ought long ago to have been struck from her shoulders. They might do their worst, she said, but the Queen of Scots should never go free, though it cost her life and realm.[1]

Brave words, yet uttered with a faltering heart. So wearied, so perplexed was Elizabeth with the complications in which she was entangled, that a few weeks later she had half concluded to let the Queen of Scots go free, and to disarm the disturbers of her peace by yielding to them. 'She spared not to make the fault light, and a common fault, for which the subjects of the Queen of Scots had deprived her,' and she refused

d'Alençon mon frère et M. de Guyse mon bon cousin que suyvant leur ancienne délibération ils se hastent.' —LABANOFF, vol. v.

[1] 'Esta Reyna dió audiencia á Gondi á quien no recibió con tantas ceremonias como se acostumbra á los ambajadores. Dixóle con voz alta en la sala de audiencia que bien sabia que venia á inquietarle su reyno y hacer officios por la mas mala muger del mundo, y que merecia tener cortada la cabeça muchos años ha: á que le replicó el Gondi que la de Escocia era Reyna como ella y parienta suya y que estaba presa, á cuya causa no se espantase que tratasen de sus negocios. Respondióle con colera que en toda su vida no se vería libre aunque á ella le costase la suya y la perdida de su reyno.'—Mendoza á su Mag^{d}, 5 de Mayo, 1578.

to recognize the Regency as a lawful Government at all.[1]

Alençon's inclination ultimately settled on the Low Countries. The Prince of Orange, resolute not to submit to Spain on Elizabeth's terms, was as little disposed to sit still for fear of offending her. Alençon, hoping either to turn the Netherlands into a kingdom for himself, or if his brother died without children, to take them with him and annex them to France, offered to assist at his own charge for two months, with twelve thousand men. Orange saw no reason for rejecting so seemingly generous a proposal. Secretary Davison was sent from England to entreat and to threaten. The Prince told him shortly that 'the necessities of the time' left him no choice, 'seeing her Majesty's delay, and the resolution of the King of Spain to destroy them.' He was sorry to displease the Queen, but it could not be helped. The Walloon provinces would revolt if Monsieur's offer was refused.[2]

Davison could not blame him; and when blamed himself for the failure of his diplomacy, he spoke out the truth with unflinching plainness. 'The Prince,'

[1] 'Speaking with Mr Vice-Chamberlain (Sir T. Heneage), I asked him how her Majesty was disposed to deal with the ambassadors of Scotland. He said it was against her heart to entertain them as ambassadors, and she spared not to make the fault light, and a common fault, for which they had deprived her. I replied that if her Majesty made a scruple in that case it were good to hold another course and persuade her to send home the Scotch Queen and set the crown on her head, and so assure herself of her friendship, and not in this sort lose the one and not embrace the other. He said he had told her so much in effect, but what she would do he could not tell.'—Edmund Tremayne to Walsingham, July 29, 1578: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Davison to Walsingham, May 18: *MSS.* Ibid.

he said, 'found great fault with her Majesty's uncertainties, promising, and drawing back.' It was 'unwise,' 'impolitic,' 'unjust to the States,' 'and the way to overthrow religion.' 'If the Queen meant only practice, she ought to have warned them, and to have let them try other means for their safety.'[1]

Alençon was indisputably going, let the consequences be what they might. It was a volunteer enterprise in which the French Crown was not formally compromised; but when the Spanish ambassador at Paris remonstrated with the King, he refused to interfere. The ambassador said that he was bound to control his subjects. The King replied that he did not wish to quarrel with Spain, but he would prefer war with Spain to war with his brother. 'Whatever is pretended,' wrote Sir Amyas Paulet,[2] 'the King is not sorry for this enterprise, for any way he thinks he will be the winner. If Monsieur meet his master, the King is delivered of so many suspected subjects; if he speed well, the King and all his realm shall have their parts in it.'[3] Sir Edward Stafford, who was sent to remonstrate with the Queen-mother, was as unsuccessful as Davison. He could not learn what was intended; but he concluded only 'that the purpose was deep and intricate,' 'part of a mighty and monstrous design for the extirpation of religion.'[4]

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[1] Davison to Walsingham, May 11: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] English ambassador in Paris.

[3] Paulet to Walsingham, May 23: *MSS. France.*

[4] Stafford to Elizabeth, May 26: *MSS.* Ibid.

The ablest of Elizabeth's ministers were now at a loss what to advise. Had an army gone over in earnest when its coming was first announced, Don John might have yielded to necessity. But the Queen had broken her word. It is likely that she thought the threat would be sufficient, and never meant to keep it; and the effect of her uncertainty had been only confusion and indignation. Walsingham so deeply distrusted Alençon, that he expected to see him take part openly with Don John. If French troops were admitted into Antwerp, he feared a second St Bartholomew.[1] That the Duke could be really disinterested, was incredible; and annexation to France, if that were the object, was scarcely less disastrous than Spanish conquest. 'Surely,' he wrote, 'it is hard to judge whether be the greater peril: the second brings a present mischief, the first a future, that is rather to reach to our posterity than to us.'[2]

June.

The council were divided, and Mendoza used the moment to weight the balance with gold. His friends among the courtiers hinted to him that among the Queen's advisers were men whose virtue was not too austere. The Controller of the Household, Sir James Crofts, ever a pernicious influence in Elizabeth's Cabinet, rose greedily at the bait. Sussex looked at it wistfully. Lord Burghley's general moderation tempted overtures to which he listened with amused curiosity, and excited hopes which it need not be

[1] Walsingham to Davison, May 11: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Ibid.

said that he disappointed.[1] Ultimately Crofts and Crofts alone became a pensioner of Philip, not meaning to betray his country, but conscientiously believing in the desirableness of the Spanish alliance, and being unable as he said through his mistress's parsimony to remain longer at the Court without assistance. By other methods, not less effective, by quick perception and insight into character, the ambassador made his way with Elizabeth. He never ceased to urge on her the goodwill of Philip to the general repose of Europe, and his special regard for herself. Philip and only Philip, he said, had prevented enthusiastic Spaniards from passing into Ireland. Philip so loved his children in the Netherlands, that he was ready and eager to pardon their rebellion, if they would but let the outward religion be ordered by the law. Elizabeth listened with pleased ears to words reflecting so accurately her own sentiments. In the growth of Protestantism in the Low Countries, she could see only an increasing obstacle to peace.[2] She defended her own religious government on the ground that she held the Catholic creed herself, and that her differences with her Catholic subjects were merely political.[3] She pleaded mildly for some relaxation in favour of Holland and Zealand;

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[1] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 21 de Maios y 9 de Setiembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'That which her Majesty seems most to mislike of, which is the progress of religion being well considered, is the thing which shall breed their greatest strength.'—Walsingham to Burghley, September 20: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] 'Me replicó que no castigaba á los Catholicos sino por no confesarle por Reyna. Que en lo demas creya como ellos.'

but when Mendoza answered that it did not rest with princes to suspend the law of God, she allowed the rejoinder to pass.[1] Davison being too feeble a negotiator, she despatched Sir Francis Walsingham himself, with Lord Cobham, to compel or persuade Orange to suspend his negotiations with Monsieur, and she persuaded herself once more that she could bring Don John to consent to an arrangement.[2] They were sent to accomplish what in itself they knew to be impossible. The administration of Alva and the massacre at Antwerp had dug a river of blood between Spain and the Protestants of the Batavian Provinces, and Elizabeth's admitted object 'was to bring about a peace, leaving them under the Spanish King still.'[3] It could not be; yet Elizabeth was determined that it should be. To strengthen her diplomacy, she used a strange weapon, forged in Mendoza's armoury. It was not without reason that the city merchants had warned the Fuggers to be cautious. To prevent the States from raising more money, she repudiated the promises on the faith of which they had obtained their loan. The bonds had passed the great seal; but she refused to issue them; and as the sole fruit of their application to her for assistance, they found themselves required, with their ruined exchequer, to redeem obligations at par, which

[1] 'A que respondi que no estaba en manos de los Principes el alargar ó estrechar la religion, habiendolo dado Dios y ley en que se habia de vivir.' — Mendoza al Rey, 17 de Junio: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Commission to Cobham and Walsingham, June 12: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] Walsingham to Davison, May 22: *MSS.* Ibid.

they had realized only with 25 per cent. deducted—to repay sixty thousand pounds which she had lent them —and to find wages for Casimir's ten thousand Reiters, which had been thrown upon them in exchange for the promised English army.

July. Accustomed as they were to her strange strokes of diplomatic art, Elizabeth's own ministers were unprepared for such a performance as this. Walsingham, ever free and frank, reported from Antwerp the language used upon the bourse there. 'It is said openly,' he wrote to Burghley, 'that if bonds which had passed under the great seal are not observed, no assurance whatever can be placed in her Majesty's promises. For her honour and the honour of the realm, it had been better there had been given double value of them than this delay. We cannot excuse it. If she mean to desert the States hereafter, which will be a very dishonourable and dangerous course, she ought to say so, and inhibit her agents from dealing with them hereafter.'[1]

Burghley was equally explicit with the Queen. He told her that it was monstrous at such a time, and with the enemy in the field against them, to press the States to pay to her so large a part of what they had so hardly received. They would at once revolt to France, which would be worse to her than the loss of a hundred thousand pounds.[2] Leicester said that her honour was touched, the surety of the whole cause endangered, and

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, July 18: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Burghley to Cobham and Walsingham, July 29: *MSS.* Ibid.

Walsingham's mission condemned to certain failure. All was to no purpose. The Queen ridiculed their preciseness, and refused to hear their remonstrance. She said privately to young Edmund Tremayne, that 'the States ought already to have yielded to Don John.' Their attitude 'was altogether unbecoming from subjects to their sovereign.' Walsingham should have told them that if they persisted in such 'absurd' conduct, 'she would leave them in all their enterprises.' They would then have been frightened into their senses, 'and would have been driven by way of caution to submit.'[1]

Even this was not all, and there was yet one more strange shift behind. 'The subtle malice of the time obliged her to fence too much rather than too little.'[2] She wished the States to be weak; yet a power of some kind was needed in the field, to keep Don John in check; and therefore, while she had sent Walsingham expressly to prevent the admission of the French, she contrived privately to communicate to Alençon, 'that she would in a sort consent to his enterprise and concur in it,' if he would act with herself and under her direction. She consulted no one. She did not even share her thoughts with Burghley: but with the intricate practice in which she so delighted, she invited the Duke to advance at the very time when she was forbidding Orange to treat with him.[3] It was like dancing on a tight

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[1] Edmund Tremayne to Walsingham, July 20: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Paulet to Walsingham, June 16: *MSS. France.*

[3] 'Monsieur saith that he hath warrant from her Majesty, *though to me unknown*, to come thus hastily into the Low Countries as a thing

rope. Her movements may have been extremely clever, but they were also extremely dangerous. She was playing with France, playing with Alençon, playing with the States, half false to all, half sincere to all. She was trifling with her own credit, and trying the patience of statesmen who, on the whole, were the wisest that ever served a European sovereign. Leicester, whose influence with her was the strongest, who had least right to be shocked at moral improprieties, had yet intelligence enough to see the political effect of his mistress's performances. Though Alençon had engaged himself elsewhere, the Duke of Guise was intriguing with effect in Scotland. A Spanish Italian invasion, though Elizabeth refused to believe it, was impending over Ireland.[1] The most formidable enemy that she possessed was at work in the very heart of England. 'The more I love her,' wrote Leicester, 'the more fearful am I to see such dangerous ways taken. God of his mercy help all, and give us all here about her grace to discharge our duties; for never was there more need, nor never stood this Crown in like

June.

that her Majesty did allow.'—Burghley to Cobham and Walsingham, July 29: *MSS. France.*

[1] 'Her Majesty will not believe in the danger. I see plainly that nothing will be done till necessity doth enforce us, and that rather to withstand harm than by any means devise the preventing of it. I pray her Majesty feel not the smart upon the sudden, when it shall be over-late to repent. Security and contempt of harm are the right means to lull us to ruin, whereas foresight and provident care do preserve estates in safety. If there be a destiny, who can avoid it?—and yet because things to come are unknown to man, it were good reason so to deal with advice and counsel, as we should not in our judgment be condemned as the very causes of our own destruction through folly.' — Wilson to Walsingham, June 21: *MSS. Holland.*

peril. God must now uphold the Queen by miracle: ordinary helps are past cure.'[1]

July.

Walsingham's mission was a failure as complete as Davison's had been. The Queen found fault with him for not persuading the States into submitting to Don John. On him also fell the indignation of the States at the withholding of the promised bonds, and he was tempted to withdraw in disdain from so ungrateful and unprofitable a service. 'It is given out,' he said in a letter to Randolph, 'that we shall be hanged on our return, so ill have we behaved ourselves here: I hope we shall enjoy our ordinary trial—my Lord Cobham to be tried by his Peers, and myself by a jury of Middlesex. I suppose I shall be forced to deal more temperately in these causes than heretofore I have done; and if I may conveniently, I mean, with the leave of God, to convey myself off from the stage and to become a looker-on.'[2]

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[1] Leicester to Walsingham, July 20: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Walsingham to Randolph, July 29: *MSS. Holland.*—Sir Francis Knowles, who understood Elizabeth thoroughly, saw deepest into the explanation of her proceedings.

'I know,' he wrote, 'that we must all give place to her Majesty's will and affections in matters that touch not the dangers of her estate; but I know also that if her Majesty does not suppress and subject her own will and her own affections to the sound advice of open council in matters touching the preventing her dangers, her Majesty will be utterly overthrown. Who will persist in giving safe counsel if her Majesty will persist in misliking safe counsel? Her Majesty's safety consists in

'1. Preventing the conquest of the Low Countries.

'2. Preventing the revolt of Scotland to the French and the Queen of Scots.

'3. Preventing the contemptuous growth of the Papists in England.

'King Richard the Second's men (the parasites and flatterers) have hold of her Majesty. The Lord bless her from their company. The thinking

A brief glance at the state of Scotland becomes again necessary. The Earl of Morton had experienced at Elizabeth's hands the common treatment of the Reformers everywhere. She had made use of him or tried to make use of him for her own purposes. When her negotiations elsewhere broke down, she had flattered and caressed him. When the necessity passed away she had shaken him off, refused to help him, refused him countenance and recognition; and had left him to hold his own ground with his own resources. The restoration of the Queen of Scots would form a necessary part of the general settlement which she was labouring to bring about; and she had as little desire to see the Scotch Protestants inconveniently strengthened as their brethren who were struggling in the Low Countries. Thus Morton had borne the odium of being a pensioner of England without the benefit of the reality, and it was infinitely to his credit that he resisted the temptations so constantly held out to him by France, and remained true to an alliance which he believed to be the best for his country. Under any circumstances his situation would have been a hard one. The Stewarts, the Campbells, the Gordons, the Hamiltons, unruly under their Kings, saw little to respect in the head of a younger branch of the house of Douglas. His natural supporters were the people and the Reformers; and the people he was driven to offend by taxation, and the Re-

thereon does so abhor me that I am more fit to die in a private life than live a courtier unless a preventing heart enters her Majesty betimes.' —Knowles to Wilson: WRIGHT, vol. ii.

formers more justly were shocked at the looseness of his private habits.

His character was in many ways remarkable. He was conspicuous in the young band of nobles who had listened to the preaching of Wishart; and though Knox had looked unfavourably upon his wild and lawless life, he had ever been intellectually faithful to the cause which Knox represented. It was Morton who directed the storm which drove Mary from her throne and imprisoned her in Lochleven; and when Murray was murdered, he became, by the mere force that was in him, the inevitable leader of the Protestants. They did not like him, but his firm hand secured them precious time to establish their doctrines throughout the country; and at no time in Scotland's history had order and law been more respected than during the years of Morton's Regency.

In the language of a Protestant writer, 'his regiment was considered as happy and peaceable as ever Scotland saw; he was wise, stout, and ever on the best side. The name of Papist durst not be heard of, nor no thief or oppressor durst be seen.'[1] And yet he had not pleased his party. His crime with the nobles was that he was English and Protestant; his crime with the Protestants, 'that he could not suffer Christ to reign freely, and that he misliked the General Assembly; that in conformity with England,' of which they too were jealous, 'he had put forward bishops,' in the hope

[1] CALDERWOOD.

of pleasing Elizabeth, 'and would have stayed the work of God, if God had not stirred up a faction of the nobility against him.'[1] 'The faction of the nobility' bore a worse will to the 'work of God' than Morton; as, before long, those interested in it found. He was not, like Murray or the Prince of Orange, supported by a consciousness of rectitude and unblemished integrity. His youth was spotted with blood; his middle life was very far from blameless: yet he was truer to the good cause than many a more faultless man. Surrounded by a thousand enemies, he overcame danger by despising it. He astonished the citizens of Edinburgh by appearing among them at all hours and times unarmed and unattended, and though half the Catholics in Scotland were conspiring against his life, he might be seen wandering alone with his fishing rod in the Valley of the Esk.

In the correspondence of the Queen of Scots, and in the letters of Catholic ambassadors, he appears always as the object of a peculiar hatred. He had custody of the person of the young King, and governed his education. He prevented the Catholic nobles from approaching him, and from forming parties to disturb the quiet of the realm. He was, or he was believed to be, the main obstacle which prevented France and Spain from gaining a hold on Scotland, and Scotland was the open gate into England. Elizabeth became aware of his value when her own safety was threatened. On the revocation of the Edict of toleration by the Estates at

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[1] CALDERWOOD.

Blois, and the flight of Don John to Namur, she received and acknowledged with gratitude a warning which Morton addressed to her.[1] When the crusade against heretics became active, when the Catholic powers appeared to make no distinction between herself and them, she became willing to claim his assistance. She admitted 'that greater care should be had for a combination between the princes of the religion.'[2] She let Burghley advise her 'to stablish the King's estate in quietness, to spare no reasonable charges, to assure Scotland to herself, and to prevent the practices of France and Spain.'[3]

But emotions of this kind died away with the report of Philip's courtesies to Sir John Smith in Spain. The Queen of Scots believed that Elizabeth allowed Morton ten thousand pounds a year.[4] She allowed him nothing, and she allowed nothing to those other noblemen, whom the Regent, though he was himself passed over, had so often recommended to her care. The French were more liberal, and their liberality produced its effect. Contributions collected in France and Italy were freely poured into Scotland by the Duke of Guise and the Archbishop of Glasgow, and at the end of the year 1577, the Queen's party which had been broken up at the fall of the Castle, with others who preferred full to empty purses, formed themselves into a confederacy to overthrow the Regent

[1] Elizabeth to the Earl of Morton, February 26, 1577: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] Notes in Burghley's hand: *MSS.* Ibid. 1577.

[4] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, November 5, 1577: LABANOFF, vol. iv.

and restore the French alliance. Argyle,[1] who inherited his brother's dislike of England, and Athol, who, notwithstanding his conformity in 1573, remained a Catholic, were its first leaders. They pretended grievances of their own without betraying their further purpose. They called their clans under arms; and when the Regent invited them to produce their complaints legally before a court of justice, they refused. Uncertain what this new movement meant, Elizabeth thought as usual of holding a balance between the two parties. She sent Morton a present of jewels. She professed herself ready to make the league which she had refused four years before.[2] But she ordered him peremptorily to make up his differences with Argyle and Athol; she threatened, if he attempted to use force against them, herself to take the part of the Earls.[3]

So ambiguous an interposition was worse than inaction. It tied the Regent's hands, and directly encouraged the revolt, although that revolt was directed not primarily against Morton, but against heresy and the English alliance; and the result expected and hoped for by the Queen of Scots and her friends was, that Morton would be disgusted at last, and would become French like the rest.[4] So far he disappointed their

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[1] Colin, sixth Earl, brother of Archibald, who died in 1575.

[2] 'Remembering an overture made by the Regent, A° 1574, for a mutual league between the countries for the defence of our common religion, you shall now endeavour to further the same as much as you possibly can.'—Instructions to Randolph, January 30, 1578: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] Ibid.

[4] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, April 10, 1578: LABANOFF, vol. v.

hopes; but he saw that he was not to be supported, and that for the present he had no choice but to yield. Ruthven, Lindsay, Dunfermline, even George Buchanan and the burghers of Edinburgh, had for one cause or another turned against him. The Earls advanced to Stirling, and took possession unopposed of the castle and the Government.

March.

It 'was decided that James, being now twelve years old, should be held to have attained his majority, and that the Regency should cease. Morton resigned without objection, and retired to Lochleven Castle, while the anomalous confederates who had overthrown him came on with the King to Edinburgh to organize a new administration. Having accomplished the only object which they were agreed in desiring, they of course quarrelled among themselves. The General Assembly snatched the moment to vote away the bishops and make demonstrations against the Roman beast. Glamys the chancellor was killed in a brawl by the Earl of Crawford;—as Randolph expressed it, 'all the devils in hell were stirring.'[1] At length a council of twelve was chosen out of the two factions. Argyle and Athol became the virtual rulers, and sent word of their success to Paris.

The opportunity so long waited for appeared to have arrived at last. To rescue the Queen of Scots, punish Elizabeth, and revolutionize England, was the sleeping and waking dream of the princes of the house of Lor-

[1] Randolph to Killigrew, March 20: *MSS. Scotland.*

raine. The Archbishop of Glasgow opened the subject with the Spanish ambassador in Paris, Don Juan de Vargas, and a few days later the Duke of Guise came in person to tell de Vargas that he had almost obtained his Sovereign's consent to his attempting 'the enterprise of England.' Scotland was now open. An army could be collected at Calais, and in three days landed at Leith. If Don John might co-operate, ten thousand Germans might be shipped simultaneously at Gravelines, and the Queen of England would receive merited chastisement for her crimes against the commonwealth of Christendom. 'The Duke,' wrote Vargas, in reporting the conversation to Philip, 'insisted much on the ease with which the thing might be done.' 'He was aware, he said, that your Majesty would have interfered long ago, but for France, as France would have interfered but for your Majesty. He trusts that you will now unite, and give the law—as you will be able to do—to the world. You can divide England between yourselves. His Holiness will make a third, and arrange the terms of partition.'[1]

April.

The slow Philip ruminated after his fashion on the bold proposal: not liking it, yet not absolutely rejecting it. Vargas, whom Guise had inoculated with his own impatience, spurred his sluggish resolution. In successive letters, he urged that Elizabeth would interfere; that with one of her thousand tricks she would get the King of Scots into her power; that with the

[1] Don Juan de Vargas to Philip, April 13: TEULET, vol. v.

help of the heretics there she would make herself sovereign of the whole island, and Flanders would then be unconquerable.[1]

Philip's answer, when it came, illustrated and explained the failures of his whole career. He understood Elizabeth. He knew that he had nothing to fear from promptitude of action with her: but neither then nor ever could he understand that there were forces working in Europe beyond the pleasure of kings and queens and princes. Every lost moment was a lost chance, yet he replied only that he would think over Guise's proposal. It involved grave consequences, and in a matter of such moment he must proceed with a foot of lead.[2]

'I will tell you the plain truth,' said the Archbishop of Glasgow to the ambassador, 'you are so long in resolving, and you apply your remedies so slowly, that I know not what to say to you. Affairs like these require expedition. Words will not conquer empires, you must seize the time when it comes and act.'[3]

The chance offered in Scotland was gone before Philip had comprehended its existence, and Guise had not dared to move without his explicit permission. The intention of the two Earls could not long be concealed, and the Protestants who had taken July.

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[1] Vargas to Philip, August 17, 26, 1578: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] 'Y como es de tanto momento y consequencia, conviene caminar en él con el pié de plomo.'—Philip to Vargas, October 27, 1578: TEULET, vol. v.

[3] Vargas to Philip, December 13: TEULET, vol. v.

part against Morton soon repented of their mistake. Lindsay and Ruthven secured the Castle of Edinburgh. The King had been taken back to Stirling, in the care of Sir Alexander Erskine, the Regent Mar's Catholic brother. The head of the Erskines' house was the hereditary Chatelain, and the young Earl of Mar, a boy of twenty, devoted to Morton, made his way into the Castle, and half playfully, half by force, declared himself of age, and challenged possession of his inheritance. His uncle gave way. Morton, whose day was supposed to be over, came up from Lochleven, and once more had the King in his hands.

A Parliament was called immediately. The Protestant nobles attended, and with the alarmed burgesses declared for their old leader. Argyle and Athol stayed away, not daring to show themselves, and Morton was again master of the situation. His power he well knew could be but of short duration if he was left as before; but he concluded that Elizabeth would have by this time learnt the importance of Scotland to her; and he sent the Abbot of Dunfermline to England on the spot, with detailed proposals for the league which, before the late change, she had desired. It was at the moment when her ill-humour with the Low Countries was at its height; and instead of welcoming Morton's recovery of power, it seemed only to increase her irritation. Several weeks passed before she could resolve whether the Abbot should be admitted to her presence; she told Heneage 'it was against her heart' to entertain as an ambassador the representative of a Government of

'rebels,'[1] and meanwhile he was detained with his companions at York.

At length she made up her mind to see him. She was on her summer progress, and he came to her at Audley End, in Essex. The propositions of which he was the bearer were more favourable than any English Sovereign had ever extorted at the sword's point. 'The King,' for the message ran in his name, 'having assumed the government in his own hands,' was prepared to ratify at last the long-debated Treaty of Leith, to unite with England in a defensive alliance against the malice of the Pope and his friends, to be the enemy of England's enemies, of all foreign powers who sought to injure the Queen, and of those among his own subjects that were lending themselves to any such designs. On the other side the Abbot explained the poverty of the Scotch treasury. The King was unable to maintain his own state, far less to support the Border police. For the welfare of the two countries, for the sake of their future friendship, for the maintenance of the common religion, and the support of the party who, through good and evil, had stood firm to the English alliance, the Abbot besought Elizabeth to deal liberally, and secure the King's gratitude.

There was one obvious mode in which the Queen could satisfy James's expectations at no cost to herself. Lady Lennox had died in the preceding March. The King of Scots, as Darnley's son, was the natural heir

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[1] Tremayne to Walsingham, July 29, 1578: *MSS. Holland.*

to the estates which Henry VIII. had granted to his grandfather, and which the Countess had enjoyed till her death. The rents, amounting to five or six thousand pounds a year, would cover all the demands, and supply the modest necessities of the Scotch Crown. To grant such a request as this was on the surface no more than justice. But there was more meant by it than appeared. To admit that an alien could inherit land in England, would concede one point at least on which the lawyers contested the Scotch succession, and doubtless Morton and his friends had not overlooked this particular feature in the case. By ratifying the Leith treaty, the King relinquished all claims which could be advanced either by himself or his mother during Elizabeth's life, nor did he ask for a distinct recognition of his prospective right afterwards; but it was an opportunity for her to satisfy indirectly the passionate aspiration of all parties in Scotland, and in so satisfying them remove the causes which had so often given her enemies an advantage. It would have been easy for her, without mentioning James in words, to have attached conditions of creed by Act of Parliament to the succession to the throne. If the Scotch aristocracy saw the English crown before them so conditioned, their Protestantism would be all the more assured; and James, growing to manhood, dependent for half his revenue on England, and for his prospects on his staunchness in the faith, would have been proof against all temptations from his mother and her French relations.

But the mention of a successor always drove Eliza-

beth frantic. Her metaphor of 'the rising sun' lost its point from perpetual iteration; while to burden the succession with the condition of Protestantism would destroy the foundation on which she most relied for her personal security. Mary Stuart claimed before her son, and Mary Stuart's rights she determined to negatively maintain. She did not mean to recognize her, but far less would she consent to religious limitation by which the expectations of the Catholics would be extinguished. She meant to keep the Catholics and Mary Stuart on her good behaviour. The request for the estates set her at once in fierce antagonism. The Abbot implored her to be reasonable. If the law was uncertain, he proposed that the lands should be sequestrated, and the rents and profits made over to the King, to maintain a guard about his person and pay the Border police. The King himself was notoriously unable to do either. He had many enemies, the Abbot said, and was exposed to violent attacks; were there no other motive for liberality, the Queen would find herself well rewarded, if she silenced those who told him that her goodwill never went beyond '*words*.' The estates in equity were the King's; if she would neither let him have them nor give him an equivalent, there would be serious discontent throughout Scotland.[1]

Had the Queen replied that to grant the rents would prejudge the claim, but that she would allow the King an equal sum in the name of a pension, even this offer

[1] Negotiations of the Abbot of Dunfermline, July, 1578: *MSS. Scotland.*

would have been thankfully accepted. The King would have been satisfied, the profits of the lands would have been paid into her own treasury, as in fact they were, and she would have parted with nothing that belonged to her: but she did not choose to have it said of her that she was supporting a Government unrecognized by the rest of Europe. She had spent money enough on Scotland, she answered, and she would spend no more. Even her inclination to the League had once more vanished. She did not absolutely refuse it, but she rejected every one of the conditions which would make it palatable to the Scots: and she sent Dunfermline back with a reply, which was the prelude to a fresh series of revolutions, which sent Morton before long to the scaffold, and to herself brought fit retribution in years of anxiety and danger.

What she was about, what secret scheme she was herself revolving in playing thus into the hands of her enemies, the most sagacious of her advisers were unable to divine. 'We have had much ado,' wrote Burghley, 'to bring her Majesty to accept such offers from the Scottish King and his nobles to commit themselves to the protection of her Majesty, which all other kings of this realm have sought by all means both fair and foul, and could never attain the same. A strange thing it is, to see God's goodness so abundantly offered for her Majesty's surety to be so daintily hearkened unto. Yet I trust her Majesty will not reject such a singular favour of God. I am sorry to write thus uncomfortably,

but indeed the abundance of grief will not suffer my hand to stay.'[1]

'The more favours offered,' said Doctor Wilson, 'the greater is our negligence, and the less mind have we to take the benefit of occasion prescribed and laid open before us. Except God have ordained by His eternal will a necessity—a fatal destiny not to be avoided—things could not go as they do. *Fatum regit mundum*, or rather will beareth sway instead of reason.'[2]

To return to the relations with the Netherlands.

The bonds could not be had. No persuasion, no reproach, no picture of the dishonour which she was bringing upon herself, could move the determination of the Queen. She stood at bay, fenced in by obstinacy, like a sullen dog. Duke Casimir had come with his Reiters, as she had proposed and desired. When the English army was kept at home, it was with a distinct undertaking that she was subsidizing Casimir in their place: and young Philip Sidney, beginning now to have a taste for martial glory, was going over to take service with him as a volunteer. He came to Audley End while the Scots were still there, to take leave of his mistress.

'Amongst other cold comforts, she bade him tell Casimir that she marvelled and was offended with him that he did give out that his coming was by her means; and that she misliked such speeches,

August.

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, July 29, 1578: *MSS. Holland.*
[2] Wilson to Walsingham, July 29: *MSS.* Ibid.

and prayed her name might not be so abused since she commanded him not to come, and the States entertained him.'[1] Sidney refused to carry such a monstrous message, or to go to the Netherlands at all on such conditions. 'I had rather,' said his uncle Leicester, describing the scene to Walsingham, 'I had rather he perished in the sea than be the instrument of such discouragement. Both you and I, and almost all men, know the cause of Casimir's coming.'[2]

Sussex, an Anglican of the semi-Catholic type, conservative, Spanish, and hating revolutionists—even Sussex joined in the universal disapproval. He supposed, perhaps with justice, that Elizabeth was entertaining some crooked notion that by letting things take their course, and by giving no offence to the great powers, she might save herself for her own time, whatever ultimately came of it. 'It resteth in God,' he wrote, 'to dispose her Majesty's heart as shall please him. Surely whoever shall think by device to put over matters for a time for the benefit of her person, although perhaps the same may be hurtful to England, and thereby divide the good of her from the good of the realm, shall in the end both deceive her and the realm. It is good to put over time when it bringeth good effects; but to put over time when that only overthroweth all things is the most dangerous matter that may be.'[3]

The States had by this time lost patience. Casimir's

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[1] Leicester to Walsingham, August 1, 1578: *MSS. Holland.* [2] Ibid.
[3] Sussex to Walsingham, August 6: *MSS.* Ibid.

troops, which Elizabeth had undertaken to pay, were breaking into mutiny. The Prince of Orange would wait no longer, and it was announced in England, that the French treaty was on the point of conclusion, and that Alençon would immediately take the field. The Queen, as we have seen, had herself privately sanctioned Alençon's movement, but about this too it seemed that she had changed her mind. She bade Burghley direct Walsingham to go immediately to him, and require him in her name to desist. The States, she said, must indemnify him by a sum of money for his trouble and expense, but go back he must. Burghley took the message from her dictation, but did not send it. The next day she inquired angrily why it was not gone. He answered that 'to move Monsieur to depart without some other motion than bare words was unreasonable and dishonourable.' She persisted, and he dared her displeasure by speaking out a disagreeable truth. 'I told her Majesty with some weight,' he said, 'that the whole world would condemn her if the Low Countries should be joined to France, which by helping the States she might have stayed; and yet in the end have pleasured the King of Spain against his will with restoring his countries.'[1]

August 7.

Elizabeth has been credited and will continue to be credited with political sagacity, on the strength of her general success. Political sagacity implies some posi-

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, August 8: *MSS. Holland.*

tive policy, and some consistency in following it. The policy which ultimately triumphed was that of her council, which she was perpetually thwarting. If she was consistent, she was consistent only in mutability. There was to be one more violent gyration.

On the 8th of August, she was repudiating her promises, withholding her bonds obstinately, and in every way refusing to assist the States either against France or Spain. On the 9th, a courier was flying to Yarmouth, carrying a message which was instantly to be despatched to Walsingham, that 'if they would break off their dealings with Monsieur, they should have a hundred thousand pounds upon the spot; she would send Leicester to them immediately with twelve thousand men.'[1] The revolution of sentiment, as brief as it was complete, was occasioned by the news of the battle of Rymenant. The patriots had hitherto been uniformly unsuccessful in the field. On the 1st of August, Don John had again attacked them at an advantage, expecting a second Gemblours. The States troops broke as before, but Col. Norris with three thousand English stood his ground; and after a fierce engagement, in which he had himself three horses killed under him, the Spaniards fell back, leaving a thousand dead upon the field. The courage of her subjects for a moment infected the Queen. 'Her Majesty became suddenly minded without all scruple to offer aid. So long as the Spaniards were victors,

[1] Burghley to Cobham and Walsingham, August 9; Wilson to Walsingham, August 9: *MSS. Holland.*

and were not confronted with so orderly a skirmish as now they have been by Colonel Norris, neither could her Majesty be drawn nor wholly counselled to offer such aid, but now it was somewhat apparent that the Spaniards were no such devils.'[1]

But Burghley knew his mistress too well to believe that the new humour would hold. 'Though this,' he said, 'be for the present earnestly meant, I can assure nothing but this only, that I am here uncertain of much.'[2] Walsingham shared his misgivings, and saw that there was not a moment to be lost. The treaty of the States with Alençon was signed. If the war continued, Monsieur was indisputably about to take part in it, and France itself was likely to follow. The States being now in a position to insist, refused to listen to terms which did not include liberty of worship. The English ambassadors, taking advantage of the defeat of Rymenant, went to Don John to try to persuade him to acquiesce, and to save Europe from a general war. The conditions were hard; they would leave Spain in the United Provinces no more than a titular sovereignty. Walsingham reminded Don John of the Peace of Passau. But Don John was at no such extremity as Charles had been at his flight from Innspruck. No one, he said, could desire peace more than he desired it, but if he was a prisoner in Brussels, he would refuse stipulations so disgraceful.[3] The interview failed. The war was to

[1] Knowles to Walsingham, August 10: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Burghley to Cobham and Walsingham, August 9: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Walsingham was much struck with Don John. 'In conference with

go on, and Walsingham returned to Antwerp, to find letters informing him that the hot fit of his mistress's ague had gone off. No Leicester was coming and no army. She had persuaded herself, for reasons presently to be explained, that 'she could direct the course of the States' without spending money; and she had relapsed positively and decisively into her previous humour, amidst a chorus of lamentation from the council. 'Fatal destiny,' exclaimed Doctor Wilson; 'no persuasion will prevail; if neither the States are our friends, and we do not secure Monsieur, we are to lean to our known enemies the Spaniards—the lamb to be committed to the wolf.'[1]

'Neither counsel nor forecast can prevail,' said Sir T. Heneage, 'if we prosper it must be as our custom is, by miracle. Our old humours do not grow weak by age, but increase by nourishment, and he is not a courtier six days but can learn how to make himself acceptable.'

'A lamentable resolution in the end,' echoed the personally disappointed Leicester, 'to her and her poor realm.'[2]

One concession only was wrung from her. The Cologne bankers, heavy discount as they had exacted

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him,' he said, 'I might easily discern a great conflict in himself, between honour and necessity. Surely, I never saw a gentleman for personage, speech, wit, and entertainment comparable to him. If pride do not overthrow him, he is like to prove a great personage.'—Walsingham to Burghley, August 27: *MSS. Holland.*

[1] Wilson to Walsingham, August 29: *MSS.* Ibid.

[2] Heneage and Leicester to Walsingham, August 29; *MSS.* Ibid.

from the uncertainty of the English security, nevertheless held Cobham and Walsingham responsible for the Queen's engagements, and they found themselves threatened with arrest. Under this pressure the bonds were issued, and were eventually redeemed. They were not sent over however till the States had placed the crown jewels of the House of Burgundy in Elizabeth's hands for security, nor till they had again bound themselves to repay immediately the original forty thousand pounds which she had first lent them. Burghley pleaded hard to obtain for them a longer respite; 'But though her Majesty shewed no reasons to move her to persist, she said she would have it:' 'her pleasure,' he added, writing to Walsingham, 'comes upon many evil conceits secretly put into her of the States there, by such as went over with you and are returned, that do sting all profession of good religion.'[1]

For the rest, all her direct dealings with the Netherlands were now closed. She no longer recognized their political existence. Her concern in their future fortunes was to depend on her influence over Alençon, and if Alençon proved unmanageable, she meant to fall back on Spain. Her resolution was formally communicated to the States: the bitter expressions with which it was accompanied Walsingham declined to deliver, 'perceiving,' as he frankly told her, 'that such speeches would add an increase of grief to their wounded minds, who, laying their necessities before her High-

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, August 31: *MSS. Holland.*

ness, instead of relief should receive reprehension.'[1]

September. 'If,' wrote Walsingham to Hatton, whom he perhaps suspected of encouraging Elizabeth, 'if it be good to have these countries possessed by France, and alienated from England, then have you returned Mr Somers' (the Queen's messenger) 'with a good dispatch; if nothing can be worse than such a resolution, then you have committed an irreparable error. These people will depend no more on you and your uncertainties. Her Majesty will never more have the like opportunity. Seeing how you have acted with Scotland, I am the less surprised, but from both causes I have occasion to think there hangs over us some fearful storm.'[2]

More confidentially, in reply to a letter from Burghley, he said, 'As you write, he had need to be furnished with patience that shall deal in such service as we are employed in, being almost ashamed to shew our faces abroad. Besides the alienation of these people's hearts, which cannot but be perilous both to herself and her realm, it will render her Highness hateful to the world. To have all the world your enemies at once! It is greatly to be doubted you will return Monsieur's ministers unsatisfied; and then I know not any prince whose friendship you may assure yourself of. Navarre and Condé will learn by your dealings with the States here what they are to look for in the time of their necessity. As for Casimir he doth curse the time that ever he departed out of his country, finding her Majesty deal so

[1] Cobham and Walsingham to Elizabeth, September 24: MURDIN.

[2] Walsingham to Hatton, September 9: WRIGHT, vol. ii.

coldly and grow so hateful to this people, and he himself for her sake the less esteemed. The mischief grows irreparable through distrust of the performance of that which hereafter may be promised for their relief.'[1]

Strange as Elizabeth's manœuvres appeared, they were but exaggerated specimens of her usual habits, and the explanation when it came was no less strikingly characteristic. It appeared that the French ambassador, knowing that she detested the course into which events were forcing her, had suggested—unknown to Burghley or to any one—that there was a cheap and easy escape for her. The much-talked-of Alençon was still uncommitted to matrimony, still eager, if she would have him, to forget her ill-treatment and become the partner of her throne. The nature of him was by this time known to every one. He was an adventurer, uneasy at home, and anxious only for an independent position of some kind. He had been Huguenot after the massacre. He afterwards made his peace with the Court, and on the revocation of the Edict he had shown his penitence by presiding over the destruction of a Huguenot town. He had planned with Guise an invasion of Scotland. He had been a suitor since his last rejection by Elizabeth for a Spanish princess, and the Pope to further so useful an alliance had offered him a pension of 40,000 crowns, and had suggested that he should succeed Don John in the Low Countries as

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, September 9: *MSS. Holland.*

Philip's representative.[1] He had been trained by his mother in the art of lying,[2] and there was cause to believe that even now in his negotiations with the Prince of Orange he was playing false, that he might after all carry his twelve thousand men to Don John, assist him in the overthrow of the Provinces, and then perhaps resume his earlier project and go to Scotland with Guise.[3]

Whether Elizabeth ever seriously thought of becoming the wife of such a man was a question which those who best knew her were least able to answer. Persons at a distance, like Philip of Spain, who judged her by her past actions, pronounced unhesitatingly that she was merely pretending.[4] The ladies of the bedchamber told the Queen of Scots that she turned her lover and his expectations into ridicule. She may have been a deliberate deceiver, or she may have been one of those more accomplished artists who keep their ultimate determinations in a dark corner of their minds, which they prefer not to examine; and imagine that they mean, or may mean, or will hereafter mean, what they do not mean at all.

At any rate the last and most remarkable chapter of the matrimonial adventures of Queen Elizabeth is now about to open. It has been seen that when she seemed in greatest alarm about Alençon's entrance into the

[1] Sir Amyas Paulet to Elizabeth, October 7, 1578: *MSS. France.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] Mary Stuart certainly expected this. See her letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, September 15, 1578: LABANOFF.

[4] 'Todo es embuste y entretenimiento.'

Netherlands, she had nevertheless given him leave on certain conditions; and Mauvissière had been allowed to intimate that her Majesty was not beyond his reach, and that if he would send over a confidential minister such a person would be favourably received. Accordingly on the 30th July, when her ill-humour with the States was at its height, there had arrived at Audley End 'two gentlemen from Monsieur,' one of them a Huguenot, M. de Quissey; the other a M. Bacqueville, described by Burghley as 'not malicious.' No one knew that they had been sent for. They came as if spontaneously sent by Alençon to remove Elizabeth's objections to his interference in the war, to promise that in his dealings with the Provinces he would be guided entirely by her advice—and at the same time to renew his proposals for her hand, and to tell her that if she wished to see him he would come to her from Antwerp.[1] The Court and council were taken utterly by surprise. Nothing that they had seen in Elizabeth led them to suppose that she would listen to the Duke's suit.

August.

'Her Majesty,' said Leicester, 'is persuaded that Monsieur will obey her pleasure, and she doubts not will return as he came. If she meant that recompense for his labour that his ministers sue for, there were cause for her to presume—but I do not perceive any such reward like to come from hence for anything I see yet; I rather fear some great unkindness to grow between them.'[2]

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[1] Leicester to Walsingham, August 1: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Ibid.

The Queen perhaps fancied at first that she could humour Monsieur as she had humoured him before, excite his hopes till his resources were spent, and then once more let him drop: and it may have been with this view that she dictated the message to him which Burghley refused to send. Then followed the interval of valour called out by Norris's victory, which so soon cooled again. Yet still, so far as Leicester could observe, she was no nearer 'to the satisfying of Monsieur's expectations.' She was 'persuaded of her ability to direct him to her liking,' but Leicester could not conjecture on what ground. He supposed, and Walsingham agreed with him, that at most there might be some paltry trifling between them, which would end in vapour.[1]

The matter however had gone deeper than Leicester, or Walsingham, or even Burghley suspected. A few weeks after the arrival of de Quissey and Bacqueville, there came a formal letter from Paris intimating the King's approval of his brother's suit;[2] and Sussex, whom the Queen took into her confidence, had a long conversation with de Quissey, probably at his mistress's desire. De Quissey was perfectly frank. Monsieur, he said, was ill-used at home, and it was necessary for him to seek greatness abroad, to secure his prospective interests in France. Having engaged in his present enterprise, he could not now abandon it and return home having effected nothing. He had made up his mind to

[1] Leicester to Walsingham, August 29; Walsingham to Burghley, August 27: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] The Lords of the Council to Sir Amyas Paulet, September 5: *MSS. France.*

marry the Queen of England, or the Low Countries, or both. The King and his mother would assist him in obtaining either or all of these objects; they desired only to be rid of him out of France: and if Elizabeth thwarted him, 'he would turn over all his forces to Don John and seek surety by the friendship of Spain.' This was his position, acknowledged without attempt at disguise, and Sussex formed a distinct idea that Monsieur's offer ought to be at once accepted. A marriage with him would give stability to the alliance with France, and would assure substantial toleration for the Huguenots. If children came of it, the succession would be settled, and either Philip would have to make peace with the Provinces on their own terms, or else Elizabeth and Alençon could occupy them together, and annex them without danger to the English Crown. 'Thus,' Sussex said to her, 'you will give the law to the world, and settle your estate at home. You will be a serpent to the evil, and a dove to the good; you will be the peace-maker of Christendom, and God will bless you.'

Against these advantages were to be set Elizabeth's general dislike of marriage, and probably of Alençon in particular. Englishmen detested strangers, and especially detested the French. Alençon might become King of France, and if there was one child and no more the Crowns might be united to England's injury. Possibly also, as had been suggested when Alençon's brother, the present King, had been her suitor, 'Monsieur might but fraudulently seek her first,' to make away with her by unkindness, and then marry her younger

rival the Queen of Scots. It seemed however like treason to suspect a Christian prince of such a wicked purpose, 'nor was there sense nor likelihood,' Sussex said, 'that a prince possessed of her godly, virtuous, wise, beautiful, and peerless person would seek another so far inferior.' England stood at present in great and obvious danger, which in some way or other must be encountered. France would either annex the Netherlands, and with this vantage recover Scotland, and ultimately ruin England, or Alençon would join Don John as he threatened. The Prince of Orange would then be destroyed, and Spanish despotism become supreme.[1]

The flattery with which Sussex set aside the peril from the charms of the Queen of Scots showed his eagerness to persuade his mistress. From the beginning of the reign, he had been constant to the opinion that marriage only could save her throne. She did not pretend that she desired it. She nourished a hope that, under cover of courtship, she might make some political alliance with Alençon, which would answer equally well.[2] But Sussex would not encourage what he believed to be a vain expectation. 'In regno nulla est societas,' he wrote to Walsingham. 'Alençon is said to be dealing sincerely, and looks to be sincerely dealt with;' 'he looks to be great by her Majesty in the Low Countries, and it would be dishonour and peril to him to return home without either one or the other. What it shall please

[1] Sussex to Elizabeth, August 28, 1578: LODGE.

[2] Sussex to Walsingham, August 29: *MSS. Holland.*

her to do is in the hands of God; but for my part, I see no manifest surety to her Majesty, but either by marriage, or by a peace, or by taking the States to her defence, whereby she must make herself Head of the Name.[1] Of peace there is little chance. To be Head of the Name is more than I fear she can go through withal, or the world will maintain. Marriage is the surest, for thereby she may give law to herself and her neighbours, and avoid perils at home and abroad, knit herself in amity with both Kings, and keep them both in bounds.'[2]

The late variation of the Queen had been the index of her personal uncertainty, whether to marry or not. She had yielded, when she sent away the Abbot of Dunfermline. She had resisted again when Norris's success promised a safe road of escape. Then she had once more given way, glad at all events to be rid of the present necessity of spending money, knowing that a matrimonial treaty would take time, that the knot could be slipped at the last moment, as she had many times experienced, that while the negotiations lasted, and while she was believed to be sincere, she would be safe from molestation on the side of France, and that Spain would hesitate to countenance the enterprises of the Duke of Guise.

Thus on the 5th of September, M. Bacqueville was sent for to receive her answer. Burghley, Leicester, and Hatton, only were present at September.

[1] *i. e.* Head of a Protestant confederation.

[2] Sussex to Walsingham, August 29: *MSS. Holland.*

the reception. The Queen said she could not but thank the Duke for renewing his addresses to her, although she observed with some sharpness, as if to disclaim the fault for herself, they had been intermitted for two years. For answer she could but repeat what she had said many times to princes who had aspired to her hand. She could not promise to marry any one whom she had not first seen. It might be that after having seen the Duke she could not accept him, and if his rejection would then be taken as an affront, she could not ask him to come over. If however his protestations were sincere, if he intended to remain her friend at all events, whether now as Duke of Alençon, or hereafter it might be as King of France, whether as her husband or a brother sovereign, she would then be most happy to receive and welcome him in England. She bade him consult his friends, do nothing hastily, and act on mature advice. If on their becoming acquainted a liking sprung up between them, the course would then be plain. If not, no offence was intended, and no offence must be taken. These were her conditions. Should the Duke after hearing them be disposed to visit her, she wished him to come privately without noise or ostentation.[1]

'I cannot tell,' wrote Burghley, in relating what had passed, 'how Bacqueville doth understand this; but I know how I should understand it if I were in his place. I would be very loath to provoke my master to

[1] Her Majesty's answer to Bacqueville, September 7: *MSS. Holland.*

come over upon such an uncertain answer. The will of God be done to her comfort and her poor realm, that cannot but suffer much either by not marrying or by a husband.'[1]

The foreign policy of England, on which the fate of Europe depended, was thus once more converted into a speculation, which, if address and management be in themselves evidence of statesmanship, entitles Elizabeth to a first place among politicians. She fed the hopes of her lover with a prospect which was for ever dancing before his eyes, receding when he tried to grasp it, yet receding so little that with the next effort he felt assured of his prize. In the art which in meaner persons is called coquetry, the Queen had no rival past, present, or to come. For three years she held the heir of the French crown hanging in expectation upon her pleasure. For all that time she suspended the public action of France in the diplomacy of Europe. If the Low Countries were torn asunder, if the Belgian provinces were lost to Protestantism and freedom, if Ghent became the prey of mobs, if Maestrecht was taken by the Spaniards, and out of forty thousand inhabitants a few hundreds only escaped alive, Elizabeth laid up money for the day of her own trial, and postponed for a few years the time when she too would have to fight for her crown.

Miracles, meanwhile, such as her ministers looked for to supply her shortcomings, providences, happy

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[1] Burghley to Walsingham, September 8: *MSS. Holland.*

accidents—events which those who profit by them trace to divine interposition, careless how they may affect the interest of other millions of mankind,— such miracles as these continued steadily to befriend her. On the 1st of October Don John of Austria died—died suddenly: poisoned, some said, either by Philip, or by the States, or by an emissary of Walsingham; worn out, as others conjectured, by anxiety, disappointment, and his brother's suspicions; killed more likely by the plague, which was making havoc in his army at the time. At all events he died, and with him passed away the schemes for his marriage with Lord Shrewsbury's prisoner, which, however visionary, had disquieted England and Scotland, and had for years been the passionate dream of English conspirators. The prospects of the Low Countries were not improved, for his place was at once more ably supplied by his cousin, Alexander of Parma, who had no personal ambition to distract his activity, and who gave himself with undivided resolution to the work immediately before him. But England was delivered from a neighbour, who was a perpetual suggestion of revolt.

As important, or even more important, was the result of a battle in the interior of Africa. Sebastian, the young King of Portugal, was at war with Abdulmelech, Emperor of Morocco. Tempted by the promises of two tributary Moorish Kings, he planned an expedition into the enemy's country, and while fitting out his fleet at Lisbon, there arrived in the Tagus Sir Thomas Stukely, who, finding Philip grown

cold to him, had applied with better success to the Vatican, and had obtained means from Gregory for the invasion of Ireland. Stukely had 800 Italian soldiers with him, well found and armed; but the vessels in which he brought them round from the Mediterranean were unseaworthy. He put into Lisbon for repairs, and Sebastian tempted him, perhaps with promises of further assistance on his return from Africa, to suspend his Irish enterprise and accompany the Portuguese to Morocco. Common enemies make common friends. When war was expected with Spain, in the preceding year, Elizabeth had made allies of the Moors. She sent an ambassador to Abdulmelech with presents, which were eagerly received. The questionable connection was coloured by a good report of his Majesty's religion;[1] and Abdulmelech, fighting Elizabeth's battles as well as his own, met Sebastian at Alcazar, on the 4th of August. The Emperor fell, but Sebastian fell also, and the Portuguese army was totally destroyed. Stukely, when he saw the battle lost, charged desperately at the head of his Italians, and found an honourable end to a futile and foolish life. Stukely,

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[1] 'The King received me with high honour, and promises to be your Majesty's good friend. He tells me the King of Spain had sent to beg him not to receive any one coming from England; 'but,' said the King, 'I make more account of your coming from England than of any from Spain. That King cannot govern his country, but is governed by the Pope and the Inquisition.' I find the King *an earnest Protestant*, of good religion and living, well experimented as well in the Old Testament as the New, and bearing great affection to God's true religion used in your Highness's realm.'—Edmund Hogan to Elizabeth, June 11, 1577: ELLIS, 3rd series, vol. iv. p. 21.

whether living or dead, was of small importance. Sebastian's place too might have been filled had the royal family of Portugal been more prolific. But Sebastian was childless, and was an only son: his heir was his great uncle, the Cardinal Henry, a priest and childless also; and next to him was Philip of Spain, whose succession would bring with it the union of the Crowns, and the incorporation of the whole peninsula.[1] The Cardinal King was old, and the Portuguese succession became immediately an object of so much interest with Philip, that he was less than ever disposed to undertake new quarrels: while the alarm with which so great an increase of Spanish power was regarded at Paris, drew France and England closer to each other, weakened the influence of Philip's satellites the Guises, disposed Henry III. and the Queen-mother more favourably towards the King of Navarre and the Huguenots, and postponed indefinitely the alliance between the Catholic Sovereigns for which the Pope and the Church were thirsting. Another element of quarrel was thrown into the political cauldron. France was now disposed to accept Elizabeth's friendship on her own terms, and should her marriage diplomacy fail, she had less to fear from her lover's resentment.

England itself was now politically quiet. The country was prospering with the peace, agriculture was

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[1] Philip's mother was Isabella, sister of John III. of Portugal. Antonio, prior of Crato, the only available competitor, was the son of Louis, a younger brother of John, but there was a spot upon his birth, and he was known as Antonio the Bastard.

thriving, manufactures were spreading, country gentlemen, in the contemplation of their improved rent rolls, were indulging in 'bravery of building,' raising 'fair houses' on the sites of grange and monastery. The complaints of the past generation were no longer heard. The looms of Flanders no longer devoured the English wool or turned the farmsteads of Hampshire into sheep-walks. The exiled Flemings had brought their arts with them across the Channel, England in moderation wove its own fleece, and the plough passed again over the old fallows. The uncertainty of the succession kept up a chronic fever, which inflamed, and was in turn inflamed by, the divisions of religion.[1] But such large questions affected principally the great families, and the yeomen and peasants were living in a golden age. The war of classes, the struggle between rich and poor, had ended.

The quiet and good order however was limited to the land. The pirates and smugglers, who had been checked for a time, had sprung into renewed vitality. The iniquities of the Inquisition formed a plea on one side for retaliation upon the Spaniards; the Catholics on the other had their privateer fleet in the service of Don John. But the marauders of both sorts who took possession of the Channel, made little difference between

[1] Walsingham believed that at this time the establishment of the succession in a Protestant would extinguish the extreme Catholic party altogether; 'the most part of the Papists of this realm being rather of State than conscience, in respect of the hope they have of the succession.'—Notes on the State of England, 1579: *MSS. Domestic*, Walsingham's hand.

creed and country; Scotch, Spaniards, French, fell indiscriminate victims. In the Solent itself, in Southampton water, in Poole harbour, wherever traders came on their lawful calling or forced by stress of weather, the pirate lugger was on the watch to relieve them of their cargoes. The Holy Office condemned English ships at Cadiz, if a copy of 'the Common Prayer' was found in the captain's cabin. The gentlemen of Devonshire and Dorsetshire ornamented their halls with the spoils of vessels from Corunna or Oporto; and with no police upon the seas, and with the Queen occupied as we have seen her, the efforts made to suppress these doings were merely nominal.[1] Patriotism uniting with cupidity threw a halo over the trade of a corsair, and the enthusiast who proposed to destroy the Catholic fishing fleets at Newfoundland was but a large specimen of a class who were to be found of all grades and sizes where an English flag was on the ocean. The disorder of the general world, the confused ideas of morality

[1] The English Government not caring to put the pirates down, and the French and Spanish not choosing, for political reasons, to make their depredations a casus belli, the owners paid black mail to recover a per-centage of their losses. Don Bernardino writes to Philip, August 15, 1579: 'Aqui han hecho y hacen cada dia piratas ingleses presas de mercaderes españoles, vassallos de V. Md, y los mercaderes embian poderes á los que aqui residen, para que lo cobren; los cuales por el provecho que les viene reducen el negocio á concierto con los mismos piratas, desesperando á los proprietarios del, sino es por esta via que es ocasion de alimentarlos, como los mismos Ingleses me lo han significado; porque despues de concertada la parte aunque el que esta aqui sirviendo á V. Magd, pide á la Reyna y su consejo que se castiguen los piratas, responden que no hay quien se queja dellos, por haberse acordado con las partes.'—*MSS. Simancas.*

introduced by the conflicts of religion, and the false shows of friendship, disguising treachery and hate, may partly excuse these lawless doings; but every pillaged hulk increased the score for which Spain intended at last to apply for payment; the French alliance was sorely tried, and the shipowners of Leith and Edinburgh were alienated from England when their friendship was of first necessity, and were tempted by real wrongs to play into the hands of her enemies.[1]

In these wild ways the English sailors were educating themselves for the impending struggle. A wise and resolute sovereign might perhaps have forced their disordered energies into more honourable courses; but it suited the temper of Elizabeth's genius to leave her subjects to their own responsibilities. When Mendoza complained, she replied that England was a large island, with many ports in it. She disclaimed her corsairs as Philip disclaimed the Inquisition, and pleaded her inability to keep them in check, as Philip pleaded the independence of the Holy Office.

The Alençon marriage became now her grand occupation, and if it was intended to benefit the Low Countries, the immediate effects were anything but promising. The two months were gone for which the Duke had undertaken to serve, and nothing had been done. Elizabeth now required him as a condition of her favour to withdraw. He obeyed, and returned to France. His disbanded troops enlisted with the Hainault nobles, who

[1] For accounts of English piracy, see the *Domestic MSS.* for the years 1577, 1578, and 1579.

were preparing to revolt to Parma; and two months later, the whole Walloon States, Artois, Hainault, Lille, Douay, and Namur, finding themselves forsaken by France, gathered into a separate confederacy and submitted to Spain. The Frisian and Batavian provinces formed themselves immediately after into the union of Utrecht; and Flanders and Brabant, lying between the two combinations, were themselves divided in sympathy, and became the arena of the war. The business of Parma was to reduce the great cities of those States which still held for the patriots, Maestrecht, Mechlin, Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp. Elizabeth, supposing the work would occupy some years, abandoned them entirely to their own resources. Walsingham, Cobham, and Davison were recalled, the Prince of Orange was left face to face with his enemy, while she on her part prepared for her campaign with Alençon.

Having thrown up the Provinces at her bidding, the Duke pressed naturally for his reward. Catherine de Medici wrote to Walsingham in affected rapture at her son's prospects.[1] Elizabeth wished him to come at once to England, and he declared himself ready and anxious. But before committing his reputation, he preferred to see his way more clearly, and proposed to send first a gentleman of his household, M. Simier, to learn his real chances. The Queen did not like the change. Agents implied business; she had secured her first object, and the marriage not being so pressingly necessary, she had

[1] Catherine de Medici to Walsingham, September 13: *MSS. France.*

not the slightest intention of entangling herself further than she was obliged.[1] Mendoza one day calling on her, she asked him why he came to Court so seldom. He said he had supposed that she was so pleasantly occupied preparing for her marriage, that she would not care to hear of anything else. She answered sharply, that an old woman such as she was had something else to do than think of marrying. The talk of it had effected her purpose, and had cleared the Provinces of the French.[2]

She was less at liberty however, than she had been, to indulge her own humours. The French were suspicious after their past experience. Alençon did not mean to be made ridiculous, and not perhaps anticipating a favourable effect from his appearance, wished the Queen to bind herself before she set eyes upon him. Simier indeed confessed to Mauvissière that the lovers would be better kept apart till there was no retreat for them. The interview would be but an obstruction, and might delay the entrance into the desired haven.[3]

M. Simier understood Elizabeth better before all was over, and must have smiled at the recollection of his

[1] 'Her Majesty was not at all willing that Simier should come, considering he is sent to conclude all things; which she liketh nothing till she had seen him that she would agree withal. I find her Majesty still with a meaning in the matter, howbeit not so earnest as before.'—Sir Edward Stafford to Burghley, October 27: MURDIN.

[2] 'Replicóme que por una vieja como ella era bueno tratar de casarse; que me aseguraba que las esperanças que habia dado de poderse effectuar el suyo con M. de Alençon le habian hecho salir de los Estados; lo qual habia deseado por no verlos en manos de françeses.'—Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 1578-9: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] Simier to Mauvissière, November 3: *MSS. France.*

own precipitancy. She replied through Walsingham, that she had distinctly suspended her assent till she had seen her intending husband, that she would adhere to her resolution, and would conclude no article till she was satisfied that the matter would take effect. Simier might come if he pleased, and might arrange, should Alençon wish it, the outlines of a treaty; but he must understand that he had to do with a woman who was no fool, and did not mean to be taken in.[1]

The French Government, which had modified its whole policy in expectation of the marriage, began now to be alarmed. It was true that the Queen had made her consent conditional on Alençon's coming, but she had taken so serious a step in recalling him from the Low Countries, that they had assumed as certain that she had resolved on accepting him.

What did the Queen of England mean? they began to ask. Could it really be that she was playing with them again? Sir Amyas Paulet was clamorously questioned, but kept a prudent silence. 'I have been baited here a month or more as a bear at the stake,' he wrote, 'and had nothing to say; but stood still at my defence for fear to take hurt.'[2] Mauvissière's letters were somewhat reassuring. Elizabeth convinced Mauvissière, if she convinced no one else, that she was in earnest; and Simier came to England in January on her own terms, bringing a letter

1579. [January.

[1] Walsingham to Simier, November 18: *MSS. France.* The letter was written immediately after a conversation with Elizabeth, and was evidently dictated by her.

[2] Paulet to the Council, December 6: *MSS. France.*

with him from Alençon, which absurd alike in form and substance, yet gratified the thirst for adulation of the 'Perfect Goddess' to whom it was addressed.[1] It was received with all appearance of pleasure, and the bearer of it, Simier, was charming. The small chattering, voluble, amusing creature became the Queen's plaything; throwing Hatton and every other favourite into the shade. She called him her 'petit singe,' her pet monkey, and cuffed or fondled him as the humour took her.

The conditions of the alliance were now gravely entered on. As a preliminary she consulted a physician on the prospect of her having children,[2] and on her receiving a favourable answer, the council set to work. Their part of the task was easy. They had only to revive the articles already fruitlessly agreed on when the suitor was Alençon's brother the present King. The

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[1] The letter is an autograph. It begins with an assurance that his connection with the Prince of Orange was broken off, and continues thus: 'Me proumes que metre fin asete ocquation aus negotiations, de puis si lon tans coumanse, qui sera la chouze du monde qui me randra plus satisfet et contant; et se fesant gagneres les heuures de misericorde restorant unne viee langisante et qui net ni sera que autant que je la pensere digne de faire chouze qui vous soit agreable, esperant que me feres set honneur de me croyre et que prandres l'affection telle coume elle est tres fidelle dans mon ame; et que ne le galleres ase mauucs discours confus des pations meuves de tant de bans subges et dignes de randre la plus abondante plume empeschee en le lection de tant de rares et belles vertus; qui fera pour ne tombe davantage en erreur que je vous supplie de croyre que en la seulle contanplation de vous, Madame, coume de la plus perfete Deesse des siens je vous baysere tres humblement les mins. Priant Dieu, etc.'—Alençon to the Queen of England, January 4, 1579: *MSS. France.*

[2] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, January 15, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

question of the interview remained, and here both sides were obstinate. Alençon did not like the prospect of being looked at, and then rejected. Simier said so in sufficiently icy language.[1] His visit, if it was to be at all, he wished to be attended with public form and ceremony, that his refusal afterwards might be the more difficult. The Queen for the opposite reason desired it to be private. She wrote to him at last, suggesting that he should make his appearance unexpectedly at her Court, and she hinted at infinite favours, with which his compliance should be rewarded. On the whole, Walsingham now thought that she really intended business. 'The affair of Monsieur,' he wrote, 'takes greater foot than was looked for. She thinks it the best means to provide for her safety that can be offered, and, it is thought, she will in the end consent to the match, though otherwise not greatly to her liking.'[2] Mendoza, who was watching her with a keenness sharpened by alarm, was of opinion that if Alençon came, she would really marry him.[3] And so too Simier inclined to believe, though he could not venture to feel sure. He was charmed with his reception, and delighted with his mistress. He described her to the chancellor of Alençon's household, as the best and most attractive of women. Reams of paper, he said, would not suffice to dilate upon her virtues. The Duke, could he but secure the prize, would be the most fortunate of men. 'But I

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[1] 'Avec des motz assez gelez.'—Elizabeth to Alençon, March 9.

[2] Walsingham to Davison, February 27: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] Mendoza to Cayas, March 21, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

shall not be satisfied,' he concluded, 'till the curtain is drawn, the candles out, and Monsieur fairly in bed.'[1]

Among those who had the best right to advise she found slight encouragement. Sussex, as has been seen, was favourable, but Walsingham was sternly contemptuous. The friends of the Queen of Scots were jealous for the chances of the succession, and Sir James Crofts was engaged for Spain. The country received the news with universal disgust. A marriage between a woman of forty-six and a youth of twenty-three was in itself monstrous. The preacher in the Royal Chapel, on the first Sunday in Lent, said boldly in the Queen's presence that England did not need a second foreign marriage; Queen Mary's experience was sufficient.[2] Elizabeth rose in a fury, and sailed out of the church, but the same language was echoed in every pulpit in London. A French prince, with the taint of St Bartholomew on his family, united every party in the country in a common clamour of disapproval.

March.

Cecil only, of all really wise men, hesitated; and Cecil hesitated only because he was desperate of the Queen ever choosing an open course and honourably following it. Notes in his handwriting, with dates of the present spring upon them, scattered through the State papers, show how earnestly he was weighing the situation. The marriage would secure the French alliance, and would be a shield against Spain. Alençon was personally unobjectionable, and there might per-

[1] Simier to M. Desormeaulx, April 12: *MSS. France.*

[2] Mendoza to Cayas, March 31: *MSS. Simancas.*

haps be a child. But, again, Alençon was a Papist, and would be a rallying point for the Catholics. The child was highly problematical, and parturition, at the Queen's age, was likely to be dangerous. Monsieur too —for Cecil could not, like Sussex, drown his fears in foolish flattery of her—Monsieur might prove an indifferent husband, 'and might mind more to obtain the marriage of the Scotch Queen, seeking to establish in his issue the three Crowns, France, England, and Scotland.' Were there a hope that the Queen 'would so govern her realm and people, as she might be strong by God's goodness to withstand all attempts upon her,' would she but consider how the realm might succeed to such person as should, by the law of God and man, be meet to come to the same without violence and blood,' then 'it would be far better she should continue unmarried, and prolong her years as God and nature should yield.'[1] But experience had shown the Queen's incurable distaste either for an open policy or the settlement of the succession, and, in default, the marriage with all its drawbacks seemed the only resource left. Simier, to reconcile the Protestants, dwelt upon the opposition of the Nuncio at Paris, the threats of excommunication which had been muttered against Alençon, and the anger of the Paris populace.

Prejudice and passion however had taken such deep roots that nothing which he could say availed. Sir Nicholas Bacon had lately died. An opinion was found

[1] Notes in Burghley's hand, March 31: *MSS. France.*

in his desk, written two years before, when the matter was last talked of, that a French marriage would be the ruin of the realm, that the real object of it was the death of the Queen, and the liberation of Mary Stuart.[1] The inveterate suspicion was confirmed by the complaisancy of the Queen of Scots, whose expectations the alliance, if meant in sincerity, would rather tend to destroy. She had been heard to say that 'if the marriage was accomplished, it would at least take the administration out of the hands of her enemies, and restore her friends among the Catholics to their places at the Court.' She looked for Simier to communicate with her, and she expected Monsieur to take immediate steps for the recognition of her presumptive title.[2]

The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé did not share in the expectations of Sussex, that Alençon's position in England would be a benefit to themselves. They rather expected that it would withdraw England further from its Protestant connection. They advised Elizabeth to avoid Catholic alliances, and prefer the Huguenots to the princes of the house of Valois. The opposition was strengthened by the adhesion of Sir Thomas Bromley, to whom the Great Seal passed on Bacon's death. Alençon, on Simier's report of the Queen's disposition, enlarged his demands. He expected to be crowned as King Consort. He asked for one of the two duchies of York or Lancaster, or an allowance of 60,000*l.* a year,

[1] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, April 8.

[2] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, January 20, 1580: LABANOFF, vol. v.

and he even hinted at the occupation of an English port by a French garrison. The council sat three days at the beginning of May to consider these singular requests. Bromley terminated the discussion by saying that the marriage was in itself preposterous, that the hope of issue from it was idle, that the French were England's hereditary enemies, and that the difference of religion was in itself an insuperable obstacle. Of all the lords present Sussex only dissented from this opinion. Simier was sent for, and was informed that his proposition could not be entertained. He ran out of the room in a rage, and complained to his mistress. The Queen swore that the council should not thwart her thus; marry she would and must.[1] But she too yielded for a time to the opposition, or made use of it to escape with credit. She wrote coaxingly to Alençon: she addressed him as 'le fidel,' she assured him of her devoted attachment; yet she suggested that friendship might perhaps be better for them both than a closer tie.[2]

June. Friendship however would not answer Monsieur's object. He had demanded much, knowing that he would obtain less than he asked for. He withdrew the obnoxious requests. He professed himself willing to acquiesce in whatever arrangement the council desired, provided only that he might have mass in the palace for himself and his retinue; and he re-

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[1] 'No piensen que he de pasar assy; que yo casarme tengo.'—Des cifrada de Bernardino, 14 de Maio. Sir James Crofts kept Mendoza exactly informed of what passed in Court or council.

[2] Elizabeth to Alençon, June, 1579: *MSS. France.* Autograph.

newed his entreaty to be allowed to visit the idol of his heart and hope.

Elizabeth was now in extreme perplexity. The net which she had made was closing round her. The actual coming of the Prince would bring her a step nearer to the matrimonial abyss than she had hitherto ventured. The council were again assembled. She inquired whether, considering that the Duke had given way, she could honourably refuse him an interview; and whether if, after seeing him, 'there should not fall out any liking,' she could then extricate herself without offence.

She wished to be encouraged in inventing causes for delay, but it could not be. Little as the council wished for the marriage, to trifle further might make France even forget the Portuguese succession. They replied that 'the circumstances considered of former proceedings, they did not see how, in honour, Alençon's visit could be denied,' nor before he had been seen was the time apt to consider how the matter could be broken off.'[1]

Simier was again called in. He said that the Duke would be ready to cross by the middle or end of August. A squadron of the Queen's ships was promised to be in attendance at Calais, with passports for himself and his suite. Sir Amyas Paulet was instructed to tell him that if he did not fancy the Queen's person, she would not be angry with him, and he was exhorted, on his part, 'to brook denial with patience.'

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[1] Proceedings in Council, June, 1579. Walsingham's hand.

It seemed therefore that he was actually coming, and when she found that she could not escape, she affected fervently to desire it. The pill had been gilded with flattery, and she had been persuaded that the mere sight of such a paragon of loveliness as herself would prove reward sufficient for him, even if she sent him back disappointed of his hopes.[1] Yet to the last it was uncertain what she would do. The time approached, but she had given no orders for the Duke's reception.[2]

August. The passports were brought to her to sign. She could not do it. Tenderness for Leicester, tenderness perhaps for Hatton, passions of all kinds grew more and more tempestuous as the moment approached. All seemed uncertain again, when Simier discovered, and was able to reveal to her, that Leicester was secretly married to her cousin, Lettice Knowles, the false wife and widow of Walter, Earl of Essex. The

[1] 'Desea hervorosamente la venida de Alençon; y aunque de sus consejeros se han dicho los inconvenientes que dello podrian succeder, han podido mas los de la parte contraria, y con ella no poco el parecer de que se entiende que sus partes y hermosura son tan grandes que por solo ellas huelga de venir a su reyno, sin estar asegurado de que sera su marido.'—Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 24 de Junio: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'It is given out that Monsieur will be here at the time limited, and yet her Majesty gives no order for the receiving of him, which maketh us to muse what will become of the matter; and therefore it is suspected that between her Majesty and Simier—for few others are made acquainted with the cause—it is concluded that he shall come over shortly in secret manner. I am of opinion that the wise men of France will never assent thereto, but matters of love and affection be not guided with wisdom. God send the cause better success than I hope after, for I am more afraid of the event hereof than of James Fitzmaurice's attempt' (alluding to a landing in Ireland to be related in the next chapter).—Walsingham to Burghley, August 6: *MSS. Domestic.*

scandals of that bad story concern only the curious in human wickedness. It is enough that the only man that Elizabeth ever loved was the husband of another woman. It had been done without seeking her permission, for permission it was well known would never have been granted. Hatton too, it was said, had formed a similar secret connection; and after a struggle of three days, in an indignant agony of tears, and rather forced at last than convinced that it was necessary, she subscribed the document which was to bring Alençon to her feet.[1]

If she was playing an idle game the sport was dangerous, but it rather seems that she had no formed, no fixed resolution. She varied in earnest from day to day, flashing up into violence when contradicted, and desponding when the opposition ceased. It had been her own work from the beginning. She had made the first advances in her eagerness to break her connection with the Low Countries, and the alternative which she then preferred was knocking at her door, and she had to meet it as she could. Alençon came—came without ostentation, hardly stirred beyond the palace, and remained but a few days—but the objection behind which she had shielded herself hitherto was removed. She

[1] 'Leicester and Hatton are married secretly, which hath so offended this Queen, it is thought she has been led upon such miscontentment to agree to the sight of the Duke of Alençon. Notwithstanding, she had differred three whole days with an extreme regret and many tears afore she would subscribe the passport, being induced thereunto, and almost forced by those that have led this negotiation, in spite of Leicester.'—The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, July 4, 1579: LABANOFF, vol. v.

had seen him, and that excuse for indecision existed no longer. He was a small, brown creature, deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse croaking voice, but whether in contradiction, or from whatever cause, she professed to be enchanted with him. She, who was accustomed to the stately presence of the Dudleys and the Sidneys, declared she had never seen a man who pleased her so well, never one whom she could so willingly make her husband.[1] For him too, as for Simier, she had a name of endearment. Simier was her monkey. Alençon became her 'grenouille,' her frog, or frog prince, beneath whose hideousness lay enchanted, visible only to a lover's eye, a form of preternatural beauty.[2]

In seriousness the impression which he left was believed to have been favourable, and the marriage to have been made many degrees more likely. An uneasy and angry murmur began to be heard like that which had risen when Queen Mary was to marry Philip, only deeper and more unanimous. Antipathy to France was stronger in England than difference of religion. Though Alençon was a Catholic, and though his presence was expected to produce a change in their religious position, the prospect did not even reconcile the Romanists; and Mendoza consoled himself with thinking that if the Queen took him it would be a judicial blunder permitted by God to punish the apostasy of England and

[1] Mendoça á su Mag^d, 25 de Agosto: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Alençon accepted the name, and in the long love correspondence, which is preserved at Hatfield, he thus pathetically signed himself.

to bring it back under the bondage of the Church again after a bloody civil war.[1]

Philip Sidney, in the name of the Protestants, told her that it was too late to separate herself now from the party with which her fortunes were bound up. He denounced with a fiery invective the false brood of Catherine de Medici;[2] and while the Queen herself was holding a ball at the palace, and exhibiting her dancing to her lover, who was gazing at her from behind a curtain with emotions which have been left unrecorded, Sidney's father, Sir Henry, with Pembroke, and the other Puritan leaders, were sitting in Leicester's house to consult how best to defeat the monstrous alliance in Parliament.[3]

November.

The rage of the people found expression at last in a pamphlet, written by a Puritan lawyer, brother-in-law of the celebrated Cartwright, named John Stubbs. It was no time for polished phrases. The genuine loyalty of Protestantism refused to garnish itself in euphuistic compliments, preferring plain words as the most becoming dress for plainness of thought. The pamphlet told the Queen that she was too old to think of marriage. The hope of children might have reconciled the country to an alliance which it did not otherwise like, but at forty-six she was unlikely to produce a living child. The

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[1] 'Se puede creer que es permission divina para reducir este reyno á la religion Catolica, y castigalle del haberse apartado della con una muy intestina guerra.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 9 de Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Sidney's spirited letter is printed in the Cabala.

[3] Don Bernardino al Rey, 25 de Agosto: *MSS. Simancas.*

marrow of Monsieur's bones had been eaten out by debauchery. Monsieur was not Satan in the form of a serpent, but the old serpent himself in the form of a man, come a second time to seduce the English Eve and ruin the English Paradise.

Rhetoric, which seems extravagant to colder eyes, was mere statement of fact to a generation so near a St Bartholomew. Wherever a Valois set his foot the 'Paris nuptials' were expected to follow. Yet the language was indecorous and certainly injudicious. The Queen's natural hatred of the Puritans found an excuse for indulging itself. Her vanity had been wounded, her guest insulted, and the French nation insulted also in his person. The writer and the printer were arrested. She flung them into the Tower, she swore she would hang them, and she tried to do it. She put out a proclamation indignantly denying the insinuations against Alençon's character. 'She was touched in honour,' she said, 'that having so long loved her, and having ventured into England to visit her, he should be so falsely and unjustly reproved. Her subjects had persuaded her to marry; she was endeavouring to gratify them, and was met with an unworthy reward.'[1]

The proclamation and the arrest of Stubbs caused fresh exasperation, and it was feared that violence might be attempted against the French residents in London. The multitude knowing nothing of European politics, could not appreciate the reasons which recom-

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[1] Proclamation by the Queen, September 27, 1579: *MSS. Domestic.*

mended the marriage. Proud of England and proud of their sovereign, they imagined themselves able to resist the united efforts of the world. The council too had confidence in England, if England was wisely guided. De Quadra had long ago described Burghley as having a faith in the resources of his country, which seemed to himself like insanity. But the Queen would not guide, nor would she allow others to guide for her. Determined only to go her own way, she did not know for two months together what that way was to be. In mere desperation Cecil had submitted to a necessity as painful to him as it was to Walsingham, and he made one more appeal to her nobler nature.

October.

The temper of the people could not be trifled with. There was again a call of the council, and on the 2nd of October, after a long day's sitting, they 'agreed to present to her Majesty,' as an alternative for Alençon, 'the following resolutions':—'The country was in great and increasing danger. Much might be hoped for from God, but God would not help them if they neglected ordinary means. Her Majesty must continue to deserve the love of her people. She must be zealous for God's honour, and maintain the laws for religion; and then it might be expected that the number of her attached subjects would increase, and the uneasy humour would die away; the Papists would dissemble or amend for fear, and would be less able or willing to maintain the English rebels on the continent.' Further, the loose disordered administration required to be amended, and godly and learned

men appointed as magistrates to do justice without partiality. The present practice of pardoning notable crimes, of pardoning piracy especially, ought to cease, and 'penal laws not to be dispensed with for private men's profit, a matter greatly misliked of all good people.' Malcontents and recusants should be disarmed. Special fines should be imposed on them, and all authority in the realm carefully taken from them, and it should be generally understood through the country that if disturbances were attempted in favour of the Queen of Scots, she would be herself the first to suffer.[1]

So much for the realm; and the recommendations throw light on the slipshod character of Elizabeth's internal government.

Abroad, the council invited her to abandon her hesitating courses and make up her mind once for all to assist the struggling Protestants in France and the Low Countries. In defending them she would really be defending herself. Condé, Navarre, and the Prince of Orange were fighting England's battles as much as their own. She should make herself strong at sea, and not be afraid to apply to her subjects for money. Being childless too she might sell lands of her own for so

[1] A precaution extremely necessary. On the 29th of September Don Juan de Vargas told Philip that the Queen of Scots, 'desesperada de ver el poco socorro que halla y la mala firma que tiene de salir de captividad, ha dado orejas y empezado á tratar con algunos particulares Ingleses que se han venido á offrecer; y que podria ser que se aventurasen á tentar la fortuna, y que se viese alguna gran solevacion en aquellas partes.'—Vargas to Philip, September 29: TEULET, vol. v.

great a purpose. Above all she should not neglect Scotland. There lay her greatest peril. Some part of the large allowance now made to the Queen of Scots might be reasonably transferred to her son if she could not otherwise afford to help him. In other words the council advised her to adopt the policy to which Sussex thought her resources unequal, become 'The Head of the Name,' and with the glory, risk the perils. They did not press their recommendations; they offered them merely as the only visible means of escape from the marriage, and they concluded with desiring that 'intercession should be made to God to direct her Majesty's heart, as should be most to His honour, her comfort, and the weal of the realm.'[1]

It is needless to say that the advice was not accepted. Burghley reported two days later 'that the remedies proposed to her Majesty had misliked her.' He therefore, for his own part, was of opinion that the marriage must go forward.

Yet so unfavourable still was the general feeling, that only Sussex went with him. The rest of the Lords waited in a body on the Queen, and represented to her that the objections of the nation to Alençon amounted to abhorrence, and that it would be unsafe for her to persevere. It would be a sufficient excuse to France that the people reasonably or unreasonably declined to receive the Duke among them. Bromley, who with Bacon's office had inherited his freedom of speech, added

[1] Report of Proceedings in Council at Greenwich, October 2: MURDIN.

another argument, which he knew would tell. If she married, Parliament would insist on a settlement of the succession. With the door opened to their hereditary enemies the nation could not and would not remain any longer in uncertainty.[1]

Worried, harassed, imagining now that she desired the marriage above all things, when her people most objected to it, she ordered Walsingham out of her presence in a rage, telling him he was fit for nothing but to be a champion of heretics. She turned pathetic. In a flood of tears she asked 'if there could be any doubt that the best surety to her and the realm was to marry and have a child and continue the line of her father.' 'She condemned herself of simplicity in committing the matter to be argued by the council. She thought rather to have had a universal request to proceed in the marriage than to have made a doubt of it.'

'Conceiving by this,' wrote Burghley, 'her earnest disposition in the marriage, the council held one more consultation.' Walsingham and Leicester, since she chose to have it so, withdrew their opposition. They agreed, all of them, to do the best they could to gain the consent of Parliament, and to reconcile the country. They went again to her the next day. They told her that her pleasure should be theirs. They would die at her feet rather than offend her, and as she wished it,

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[1] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 16 de Octubre: *MSS. Simancas.* The ambassador, describing the effect of Bromley's words on Elizabeth, speaks of her 'pusillanimidad y miedo en cualquiera adversidad' as something which everybody knew.

they would make Alençon welcome. This ought to have been enough; but she was in a humour which nothing would satisfy. She refused to allow Hatton to come near her. She told Sir Francis Knowles that before all was over 'his zeal for religion wou'd cost him dear.' 'She was very sharp in reprehending such as had argued against her marriage.' Yet when all was said she left them ignorant what she really desired. 'Her Majesty thought it not meet to declare to the council whether she would marry Monsieur or no; yet she looked at their hands that they did so much desire her marriage and to have children of her body as they should with one accord have made special suit to her for the same.'[1]

If, as is sometimes said, Elizabeth was the greatest of English sovereigns, one is tempted to suppose that the average stature cannot have been excessive. Her whole conduct was saturated with artifice, and the performance was as poor as the object was paltry.[2] Her exasperation with the opposition was assumed to persuade France that she was herself sincere; and as the two Dutch Anabaptists had been sacrificed to propitiate Spain, so two other victims were offered now to appease the displeasure of Monsieur and his brother. Walsingham, Sidney, Bromley, were too great persons to be meddled with. Elizabeth, when she stooped to strike, preferred to choose a humble quarry. Stubbs who had

[1] Notes of Proceedings in Council, October 7 and 8. Burghley's hand: MURDIN. Descifradas de Don Bernardino, October 16: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Puede se hacer mal juicio si es todo artificio.'—Don Bernardino to Cayas, October 16: *MSS. Simancas.*

written the offensive pamphlet, Page, the bookseller, who had sold it, and Singleton the printer of it, were tried for felony, and she wished to hang them. The jury refused to find a verdict. The law could not be manipulated to touch their lives. They were then indicted for conspiring to excite sedition, under an Act which had been passed in the late reign for the protection of the Queen's husband.[1] 'The Queen's husband' was construed liberally to cover the Queen's suitor. The Act had been continued for the protection of Elizabeth herself,[2] and she translated the insult to her lover into an insult to the Crown. 'Lawyers murmured that the proceedings were erroneous.' Mounson, one of the judges of the Common Pleas, resigned, rather than be a party to an unrighteous sentence.[3] Mauvissière interceded, but the Queen was the more determined not to be outdone in generosity. Singleton was acquitted; but on the 3rd of November, Stubbs and Page were brought from the Tower to a scaffold before the palace at Westminster, and 'their right hands were struck off with a cleaver driven through the wrist with a beetle.' Page, as the bleeding stump was seared with a hot iron, said proudly, 'I have left there a true Englishman's hand.' Stubbs waved his hat with the hand remaining, cried 'God save Queen Elizabeth,' and fainted from loss of blood. Camden, who was himself present at the scene, saw the surrounding multitude 'altogether silent, either

November.

[1] 1 & 2 Philip and Mary, cap. ii.

[2] 1 Elizabeth, cap. vi.

[3] Camden.

out of horror at this new and unwonted punishment, or else out of pity to the men, being of most honest and unblameable report, or else out of hatred to the marriage, which most men presaged would be the overthrow of religion.'

The same morning, when the butcher's work was over, the Queen again summoned the council, and condescended this time to tell them her resolution. Her mind was made up. Monsieur was to be her husband; and the preliminaries were to be completed with all haste.[1] She had given so fierce a proof that she was in earnest, that the council ceased to mistrust her. The treaty was drawn out and signed by Simier at Greenwich on the 24th of November;[2] and nothing now remained but the sanction of Parliament, before Monsieur might return to England for the concluding ceremony. The meeting of Parliament however could not be avoided, and the late cruel doings had not made the prospect of it more agreeable. It was the old Parliament of 1572, which the Queen had not ventured to dissolve, saturated though it had proved to be with Puritanism. The circulars had been issued for the members to be in their places in November; but the temper of the spectators round the scaffold had been so evidently dangerous, and it was so likely that the House of Commons would reflect the general discontent, that Elizabeth controlled her impatience. Mauvissière wrote to the Court of France that the marriage must be post-

[1] Don Bernardino al Rey, November 9.

[2] Treaty with M. Simier, November 24, 1579: *MSS. France.*

poned till the irritation had subsided. Attached to the treaty was a note by Simier agreeing to allow two months' delay 'to allow time to her Majesty to persuade her subjects' to conformity. Parliament was put off till January. The Queen promised to write to France when the time was come for the final ratification, and if the letter was not sent within the two months prescribed, the treaty, with all that had been done, was to be considered 'null and void.'[1]

Those who hold the traditionary belief in Elizabeth's profound ability and equally profound insincerity, will consider that this was a loophole deliberately contrived for her escape. Her deception, if such it was, imposed on her ministers, and probably imposed on herself. Parliament did not meet after all. She found or affected to find it necessary to yield to the continued aversion of her subjects. The two months passed and she had not written, and the negotiation so strangely followed up was as strangely supposed to be at an end. The natural interpretation must be that her ministers were her accomplices, that she had again entangled herself deeper than she intended, and that the objection of the country was an excuse of which they enabled her to avail herself. If this was the truth, and possibly it was the truth, she had allowed two honourable men to be mutilated to blind the eyes of the French Court to her own deliberate fickleness. But if there were members of her Government who, careless of what happened to herself, were betraying her into rash and dangerous courses;

1580. January.

[1] *MSS. France.* November 24.

there were others too sincerely attached to their mistress to feel anything but shame and dismay. Chief among these was the ever-loyal Cecil. 'While your Majesty desired the marriage,' he wrote on the 28th of January, 'I was myself in favour of it, and so am I now persuaded it would be your best security; but the matter being as it is, I am your servant, and will do my best for you in this and all conditions. You will find me more ready to defend you from the hurt when it comes, than those of your council who have been the occasion of its coming. Your marriage is now broken off, and no hope left of the good that was thereby expected. Alençon having been brought by your Majesty's means to be the author of trouble in his own country, having by you been drawn from his late enterprise in the Low Countries, and by you hindered of his marriage treated of with the King of Spain's daughter, having now lately come hither to see you to be by you rejected, it may be taken as quite certain that he will now seek to be revenged upon you. You have no hope of an heir, and all eyes will be turned upon your successor. Alençon will probably marry where we feared. France and Spain will then unite against us. Our trade will be destroyed. Foreign soldiers will be landed in Ireland, and in all likelihood there will be a rising at home, supported from abroad, in favour of the King and Queen of Scots. The Crown revenues will not enable you to encounter this combination, and when civil troubles have broken out subsidies cannot be raised.

'In the face of these dangers, so far as I understand

them, what your Majesty must do is this. You cannot prevent your people from considering who is to be their future sovereign. They have too much at stake. It is against reason to expect otherwise. Perilous as it may be, you must now encourage Alençon to take possession of the Low Countries, if only to separate him from the Papists. You must arm your realm, call out the musters and have them trained; strengthen your navy, and fortify your harbours; make a league with the Protestant princes; abridge your excessive expenses; attach the nobility and chief persons of the realm to your service by those gifts and attentions which have hitherto been cast away upon others who in time of need will fail you. You must seek new markets for your merchants, and invite strangers to you from all parts of the world, that if your trade is stopped in one quarter, it may be open in another. You must conciliate Ireland; allow the chiefs to continue their ancient greatness; take away the fear of conquest lately graffed in the wild Irish, and wink at disorders which do not offend the Crown; make as strict laws as can be devised to terrify into quiet the competitors for the crown; place the Queen of Scots in surer custody, and by a wise liberality to the King and the Lords, prevent them from seeking more profitable alliances with France and Spain.'[1]

The wheel had made its full round. The situation of England was again what it had been when the

[1] Burghley to the Queen, January 28, 1580. Abridged: MURDIN.

Queen listened at Audley End to the whispers of Mauvissière, save only that her master-piece of policy had recoiled upon herself, and that her danger was aggravated by the affront which she had passed upon Alençon. The wisest of her ministers could recommend nothing better than what he had recommended before. The obligation which of all others had once been most incumbent on her, she had neglected the fulfilment of till it had become useless. Queens do not reign for their own pleasure, and the ignoble passion which had prevented her from making an honourable marriage when she was young, with a prospect of children, was no justification of her barren age which now threatened the realm with convulsions. Individuals may trifle at their foolish will with character or fortune; sovereigns, on whom depends the weal of empires, contract duties from their high places, which their private humours cannot excuse them for neglecting. To expect her to do what Cecil advised was to expect her to change her nature. Incurably convinced of her own supreme intelligence she would take no more of his counsel than such fragments as necessity enforced upon her, and these fragments, backed by the energy of a splendid nation, carried England, and Elizabeth with it, clear at last of the threatening breakers. The calamities of unprosperous reigns are charged upon sovereigns; and sovereigns therefore, it is but just, should be credited with their people's successes; but the personal contribution of Elizabeth to the final victory of Protestantism, was but in yielding at last to a stream which she had strug-

gled against for thirty years. She believed in kings, and she possessed skill to hoodwink kings less able than herself; but there was a volcanic energy in Europe, as she was about to feel, beyond the reach of her diplomacy, passions deep as the hell which the Popes mistook for heaven, which were proof against paltry artifices, and could be encountered only with other passions preternatural as themselves. Philip might 'loiter in the ford'[1] or halt upon his foot of lead. The Valois princes and their mother might play with Huguenot and Papist, and fish for fortune or safety in the troubled waters; but the European Catholics were no longer to be trifled with. The first growth of the Reformation had been made possible only by the quarrel between Francis and the Emperor Charles. The political energies of the great powers were still hampered by their traditional jealousies; but the priests and those who believed in priests were free, and they determined, before it was too late, to act while their kings diplomatized. Acute as Cecil was, he did not see the precise form in which the danger was approaching. He expected political coalitions; he had to encounter an invisible influence stealing into the heart of the realm; a power which, when it took earthly form, appeared in the shape of pale ascetics armed but with their breviaries, yet more terrible than the galleons of Philip, or the threatened legions of the Duke of Guise. England was considered on the continent to be

[1] 'Meando en vado.'

the heart of heresy. It was in England that French, Flemings, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, fugitives for religion, found home and shelter. It was in England that the patriot armies recruited themselves; and the English Protestant congregations supplied the money that supported them. So long as England was unconquered, the Reformation was felt to be unconquerable, and it was the more exasperating because the English Catholics believed that, had they received the smallest practical assistance at Elizabeth's accession, they could have compelled her to remain in the Roman communion. Every year that had been allowed to pass had made recovery more difficult. Of the Catholic nobles some were dead, some were landless fugitives. The creed survived as a tradition, but the exercise of it was dying out. The more impetuous of the priests had gone abroad. Many had conformed; many had adhered to the faith, and said mass with the connivance of the Government in private houses. But they were dropping off, and the vacancies were not replenished. The old ceremonial was not yet forgotten, but was more and more faintly remembered. The longer the invasion was delayed, the fainter the support which could be looked for in England itself, and the refugees, sick of pleading with Philip, had appealed with more success to the Pope and the Church. A new and passionate impulse had been given to the Catholic creed by St Teresa and Ignatius Loyola. The Carmelite and Jesuit orders had revived something of the fervour of ancient Christendom, and personal and family ambition came to the help of religious

enthusiasm. The Guises, as the leaders of the French Catholic aristocracy, intended, if the house of Valois failed, to snatch the crown from heretic Bourbons. The Guises' chance of success would be multiplied a hundredfold if they could revolutionize England in the interests of Mary Stuart; while the singular fortune of that world-famed lady, her wild story, her exile, her imprisonment, her constancy to the faith of which she was the supposed martyr, set on fire the imaginations of half the youths in Europe. Philip it seemed would do nothing till the ground had first been broken by others. Well then, others should break it. The refugees at Rheims were in the closest intercourse with Guise. Sanders and many others of them were for ever on the road between Brussels, Paris, Madrid, and the Vatican. A beginning had been made in Scotland. It had failed, but it could be attempted again, and the secret Catholic correspondence of the time reveals henceforward a connected and organized scheme, in which many different constituents were parts of a single movement, the last issue of which was to be the entrance of the Duke of Guise into England over the Scotch Border. The objections of Philip to French interference would, it was hoped, be found inapplicable to the house of Lorraine, for the house of Lorraine were pensioners of his own. The Duke of Guise would act, not as a Frenchman, but as the executor of the Papal decree, and neither France nor Spain would then have cause to dread the ambitious projects of the other.[1]

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[1] A passage in a letter from Don Bernardino de Mendoza to Cayas ex-

The approaches were made on three separate lines of action. Ireland was sound in the faith; missionaries therefore were not required there, but only directions from the Pope with substantial help in men and money. It was decided that Doctor Sanders, with a commission as Legate, and Sir James Fitzmaurice, whom Perrot, since he could not hang him, hoped to convert into a St Paul, should land in Kerry with a few ship-loads of Italians and Spaniards. The Irish were

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plains exactly the difficulty which had so long paralyzed the action of the great Powers, and how delicately it would be obviated by the employment of Guise. Mendoza was speaking of an application made by the Archbishop of Glasgow to Philip for money to raise a force to assist Argyle and Athol. He agreed with the King, he said, that it was a case for great caution. What was the force to consist of? If of foreigners, England, and probably France, would send troops to Scotland also, and there would be a general war. If of Scots, who was to be their leader? and what security could be given for the constancy of that most inconstant people? Further, he could not see in the manifestoes of the two Earls any symptoms of being sound in religion. The party opposed to Morton were of all sects and creeds. Some were Catholic, some were Protestant: some had quarrels of their own. In such a combination there was no element of success. 'And even suppose,' Don Bernardino continued, 'that the Catholics had direction of the enterprise, there would still be many inconveniences. Nor is the Archbishop of Glasgow a fit person through whom to treat on such matters. He is sound in religion, and faithful to his mistress, but he is pensioned by France. He will take the French into the secret, and either they will turn the movement to their own advantage, or else throw obstacles in the way. The French are the natural enemies of the Crown and greatness of Spain. How little they regard religion may be seen from the state of their own realm; much less do they care for what becomes of it in England, where they have always prevented us from interfering, both now lately and in the time of the late Emperor. Here, in my opinion, lies the great difficulty of helping the poor Queen of Scots. The French have no concern about her. All that can be done is to bring her friends in Scotland and England to act together, to watch their opportunity to set her free.'—Don Bernardino to Cayas, February 8, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

expected to rally to the Papal banner from Dingle to Dunluce. Money, ever potent in that country, could be provided without stint, for the Pope was liberal, and enthusiastic Catholics everywhere made it a cause of conscience. Arms too there would be for as many of the nation as needed them. If Ireland was not absolutely conquered, which it easily might be, yet Elizabeth's attention would be distracted by the insurrection, her treasure would be wasted and her soldiers consumed, while the real attack was made elsewhere. A young Scot, Esme Stuart, the King's cousin (son of a brother of the Earl of Lennox), called in France, where he had been educated, Count d'Aubigny, applied for and obtained permission to return to Scotland. His ostensible object was to pursue his claim for some lands of his father's. In reality he was acting under the direction of the Duke of Guise. He was a brilliant, fascinating youth, accomplished in all arts, whether of grace or villany, which France could teach, and his mission was to wind himself into the favour of the King, to lavish money among the hungry nobles whom Elizabeth declined to satisfy, to persuade, to corrupt, to reconstruct the party of France, and destroy Morton. He was a Catholic, but to disarm suspicion he was allowed to pretend to be a Protestant. His plan was to suggest toleration after the French pattern as a just and humane concession, and to obtain permission, secret if not avowed, for the exiled Catholic priests to return, reanimate the creed, and if possible convert the King. The traditional hatred of England was one sure ground

to work on; the sympathy with Mary Stuart was another; and Scots of all persuasions were determined not to be defrauded of the English succession. These motives, skilfully handled and backed with money, would open the road to the entry of the Duke of Guise. A demand would be preferred for the release of the imprisoned Queen, and if it was refused, a united army of French and Scots would enter Northumberland and raise the northern counties.

And there was yet a third branch of this conspiracy, and not the least notable one. There was to be another preparative mission directed immediately at England; not this one of armed men, but of lads fresh from college, fugitives from Oxford, who nurtured at Oriel and Baliol on Catholic interpretations of the English formularies, had developed, before the down had stiffened upon their cheeks, into converts to the old faith. Half the colleges had fallen into the hands of High Churchmen, and had thus become training schools for Rome. The neophytes, when their conversion was completed, were drafted off to Douay or Rheims, were admitted, most of them, while their imaginations were still fevered, into the order of Jesus, and were sent back again in one or two years to carry their master's message through the English homesteads. They were charged with no commission to teach rebellion. Their orders were but to quicken into life the dying embers of the creed, to recall the wavering, to establish the faithful, to reconcile the lapsed, to preach, teach, pro-

voke and bear at last the fate which the Government might order for them.

The heads of the order knew better than to waste such metal as this in practising conspiracy. Those who were reconciled to a Church which declared Elizabeth deposed might be safely trusted to play the parts expected of them when Guise should give the signal from Scotland. Devoted and single-hearted youths, inspired with zeal for their religion, were the most perfect missionaries of disaffection, though no word on politics ever issued from their lips. If the Government could be provoked to punish them, the odium of persecution would be fastened upon the Queen; the cause would triumph in their martyrdom; and the victims themselves were eager to share the cup which their Saviour had drunk before them.

The conspiracy was skilfully planned and boldly executed. The fortunes of the separate parties will be told in turn. The storm broke first in Ireland.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE DESMOND REBELLION.

THE administration of Ireland from Elizabeth's accession to the period at which it was to be the scene of a sanguinary religious rebellion, presents, year after year, a series of recurring features—severity ineffectually sustained, and attempts at conciliation, which were a fresh temptation to revolt. In Ireland, as elsewhere, the Queen's personal desire was for moderation and forbearance, but a ruling power can be gentle only when it is strong. The English were a conquering race, and were therefore objects everywhere of suspicion and dislike. They had purchased in the past an imperfect toleration by adopting the habits of the conquered, but the Reformation had introduced new elements of animosity. The Parliament of the Pale had changed the religion of the country. As the circle widened over which English law was extended, an alien and intrusive creed went along with it, and the cause of Irish independence became sanctified by the obligations of piety. The native opposition grew more combined and determined; while the false economy of the Queen maintained

the garrison at a strength too low to support her authority, even while the chiefs were disunited and quarrelling among themselves. She defeated her immediate object. Her thriftiness was more wasteful in the end than her father's expenditure. For the revenue of the country could not rise till rebellion was suppressed, and the suppression of rebellion cost more than the sustained police garrisons which would have prevented it. At the same time, she made impossible the forbearance which she enjoined: she talked of mercy, and she made violence inevitable. Her Deputies and her Presidents, too short-handed to rule with justice, were driven to cruelty in spite of themselves. It was easier to kill than to restrain. Death was the only gaoler which their finances could support; while the Irish in turn lay in wait to retaliate on their oppressors, and atrocity begat atrocity in hopeless continuity.

1574. When the failure of the intended settlement of the Earl of Essex in Ulster was known in London, it produced as usual, in Elizabeth, 'a great misliking of the whole matter.' She blamed Burghley and Leicester 'for having advised it.' She drew directions to Essex to compose his differences with the chief of the O'Neils, to apologize—for it could mean nothing else—for having attempted to dispossess them of their lands; to withdraw any English holders or colonists out of the Northern Provinces, except a handful who were to be left in the castle at Knockfergus, and then to return to England.[1]

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[1] Burghley to Essex, March 30, 1574: *MSS. Ireland.*

To the Earl this order was a sentence of disgrace and ruin. He had embarked honour and fortune in the enterprise. To force him to abandon it thus, at the end of a few months, was held at once unjust to himself and dangerous to the realm. His friends represented to her, that he had failed so far only from his anomalous position, and from the jealousy of the Deputy, Fitzwilliam. If Essex was made Deputy himself, his own energy, supported by the Queen's authority, would overbear opposition. The conquest of Ulster, the conquest of all Ireland, presented no real difficulty. The Irish Lords, Ormond, Desmond, O'Neil, O'Donnell, Clancarty, O'Brien, and Clanrickard maintained among them twenty thousand armed vagabonds, who were the obstacle to the pacification of the country. The same cost and the same land which supported an army of anarchy, would support, at no cost to England, at least half the number of English police; and 'the idle kerne could then be set to their work or to the gallows.'[1]

This might be true in itself: but to make the kerne work, and to replace them with police, implied that the backs of the chiefs should be first broken, an exploit which might be called easy, but had hitherto proved to be hard. Elizabeth however partially yielded. Essex had shown many noble qualities; but a capacity for independent command had not been one of them. She made him Governor of Ulster, with a direct commission from the Crown; but she kept Fitzwilliam at his post

[1] Reasons for my Lord of Essex's preferment to be Deputy of Ireland, February 19; Essex to Burghley, February 9: *MSS.* Ibid.

till Sir Henry Sidney, the most successful Deputy Ireland had ever had, except Bellingham, could be prevailed on to take his place. Fresh companies were sent over with money and stores; and though the plans of confiscation and settlement were suspended, she prepared to make one more effort to bring the chiefs upon their knees.

Munster, Connaught, and Ulster were in open revolt. To carry on the war in the three provinces at once was thought impossible. Tirlogh Lenogh and Sir Phelim O'Neil (Sir Brian MacPhelim, as he was called in Ireland) were the most immediately dangerous; and she directed the Dublin authorities to make a temporary compromise with the leaders in the south and west. The Earl of Desmond had promised, when he was in England, to further the Reformed Church in Cork and Kerry, to bring the bishops to obedience, complete the suppression of the monasteries, and introduce the Anglican Prayer-book.[1] He considered himself released from his engagements, if he had ever meant to keep them, by his second arbitrary arrest; and after his escape from Dublin, and his return to his own country, his first act was to replace the friars in the abbeys from which they had been expelled. No defiance could have been more open and deliberate. But Elizabeth or her council thought it prudent to conceal their resentment, and to leave this part of their policy for the present unenforced. They meant to insist on the restoration of

[1] *i. e.* the Latin translation of it.

the two fortresses, Castlemaine and Castlemartyr, which the Geraldines had surprised at the outbreak of the last rebellion; but Fitzwilliam was directed to tell Desmond, and tell Clanrickard also, that 'if they would acknowledge their obedience as in former times,' they might have their own way in other matters. Terms short of unreserved submission might be offered also to the O'Neils. 'It was thought a hard matter to subvert the customs of the people which they had enjoyed to be ruled by captains of their own nation.' The Irish might have peace, and be governed still after their own manner; and the Queen agreed to permit Tirlogh Lenogh to retain his signories, his body-guard, his captaincies, and feudal supremacies, but she required him also to sue for pardon, to surrender his lands to the Crown, and to receive them back again under an English tenure.[1]

Essex, who had been in the deeps of despondency, brightened with the prospect of work. The men who came to him from England were not undisciplined emigrants, like those which had accompanied him in the preceding autumn, but 'soldiers trained in the wars of the Low Countries.' Instantly on their arrival, he marched from Belfast into Clandeboy, flung himself on his old enemy, Sir Brian MacPhelim, and in a week brought Sir Brian on his knees, a penitent suppliant for mercy.[2] Tirlogh Lenogh upon

May.

[1] A memorial of Irish causes, April 20, 1574. Burghley's hand: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Sir Brian wrote on the 8th May to the Queen, 'That he had gone wickedly astray, and wandered in the wilderness like a blind beast.' He threw himself at her Majesty's feet, imploring her clemency, and making lavish promises of good

this promised to be a good subject, and the O'Neils being thus submissive, Essex turned next to the Earl of Desmond. He had probably known him in England, and he wrote to him as a friend, inviting and even entreating him to accept the hand which was now held out to him. The Queen, he said, so far from desiring to injure the Irish nobility, wished only to strengthen them; and if he would but assure her of his general loyalty, she would not interfere with his rights of sovereignty. Desmond's attitude had been so menacing that the English council had half resolved to send Sir William Drury with a second army into Munster. Edward Waterhouse, a correspondent of Walsingham, then and always insisted that the smooth policy would fail with the Geraldine chief, that nothing but force would hold either him or indeed any other Irish leader in permanent subjection. Even the bishoprics Waterhouse wished to see bestowed, for the present, on soldiers of experience. There was no work for bishops, as ministers of religion, and 'no room for justice till the sword had made a way for it.'[1] The liberal offers of Essex however found Desmond naturally willing to listen. He proposed an interview, to which Essex acceded, and Essex, accompanied by the Earl of Kildare,

behaviour for the future. He renounced all his rights. He professed himself desirous only to live at her Majesty's hands, and petitioned only in conclusion that he might be the farmer of his own estates.—Sir B. MacPhelim to the Queen, May 8, 1574: *MSS. Ireland.* It is noticeable that Sir Brian, the head of the second branch of the O'Neils, from whom the present family descends, signed with a cross, being unable to write his name.

[1] Edward Waterhouse to Walsingham, June 14: *MSS. Ireland.*

went to Waterford to see him. He was told that he must go through the form of surrendering to the Deputy; he made no objection, and under the protection of a safe-conduct, he returned with Essex and his cousin to Dublin. On his arrival, he found that the Queen had sent a new order, that he was to repair immediately to her presence. Remembering his long captivity, he did not choose to risk a repetition of it. He refused to go to England; and Fitzwilliam dared not disobey the letter of the Queen's instructions. The negotiation was suspended. Essex, who had pledged his honour for Desmond's safety, conducted him to the frontier of the Pale; and followed him, a month later, with Fitzwilliam and Ormond and some companies of English soldiers. A fortress on the Suir was destroyed and the garrison executed; the conditions of compromise were so far modified that the repair to England was dispensed with; and Desmond then signified his readiness to submit. He ascribed his past faults to bad advisers, whose names he was exhorted to reveal if he wished to recover perfectly his mistress's confidence.[1] He surrendered Castlemaine and Castlemartyr, which were again occupied by English garrisons, and in other respects his authority was undisturbed. He was left supreme over his feudal principality, and passed for a loyal subject.

October.

It was again Ireland for the Irish, and the two southern provinces were left to be governed by their own laws and their own rulers, in re-

[1] The English Council to the Earl of Desmond, October, 1574: *MSS. Ireland.*

turn for a nominal allegiance. The same or hardly different conditions were offered to and accepted by Tirlogh Lenogh. But it was the curse of the English rule that it never could adhere consistently to any definite principle. It threatened, and failed to execute its threats. It fell back on conciliation, yet immediately, by some injustice or cruelty, made reliance on its good faith impossible.

Sir Brian MacPhelim O'Neil was owner, by the Irish law of inheritance, of the grant which Essex had received from the Crown. The attempt to deprive him had been relinquished. He had surrendered his lands, and the Queen, at Essex's own intercession, had reinstated him as tenant under the Crown. It seems however as if Essex had his eye still upon the property. Report said that during the expedition against Desmond, Sir Brian had held a suspicious conference with Tirlogh Lenogh and the Scots of Antrim. It was assumed that he was again playing false, and Essex determined to punish him. He returned to Clandeboy, as if on a friendly visit. Sir Brian and Lady O'Neil received him with all hospitality. The Irish annalists say that they gave him a banquet; he admitted himself that they made him welcome, and that they accompanied him afterwards to the Castle of Belfast. Had Sir Brian meditated foul play, he would scarcely have ventured into an English fortress, still less would he have selected such a place for a crime which he could have committed with infinitely more facility in his own country. Essex however was satisfied that he intended

mischief. He had been deceived by Sir Brian once before, and 'for avoiding a second folly by overmuch trust,' as he expressed it, 'he determined to make sure work with so fickle a people.' A high feast was held in the hall. The revelling was protracted late into the night before Sir Brian and his wife retired to their lodging outside the walls. As soon as they were supposed to be asleep, a company of soldiers surrounded the house, and prepared to break the door. The O'Neils flew to arms. The cry rang through the village, and they swarmed out to defend their chief; but surprised, half armed, and outnumbered, they were overpowered and cut to pieces. Two hundred men were killed. The Four Masters add that women were killed. The chieftain's wife had probably female attendants with her, and no one was knowingly spared.[1] The tide being out, a squadron of horse was sent at daybreak over the water into the 'Ardes,' from which in a few hours they returned with three thousand of Sir Brian's cattle, and with a drove of stud mares, of which the choicest were sent as a present to Fitzwilliam. Sir Brian himself, with his brother and Lady O'Neil, were carried as prisoners to Dublin, where they were soon after executed.

November.

This exploit raised Essex high in the estimation of the Anglo-Irish of the Pale. The taint of the country was upon him. He had made himself no better than

[1] Annals of the Four Masters, A° 1574. Essex to Fitzwilliam, November 14. Essex to the English Council, November 24. In the report to the Deputy the number killed was said to be a hundred and twenty-five, in the report to England to be two hundred.

themselves, and was the hero of the hour. The example found, as was natural, immediate imitators. 'I may say of Ireland,' wrote Sir Edward Fitton a few weeks later, 'that it is quiet; but if universal oppression of the mean sort by the great, if murders, robberies, burnings, make an ill commonwealth, then I cannot say we are in good case.'[1] Public sentiment at Dublin however was unanimous in its approbation. Essex was the man who would cauterize the long-standing sores. There was a soldier in Ireland at last who understood the work that was to be done and the way to set about it. Beloved by the soldiers, 'admirable alike for religion, nobility, and courtesy,' 'altogether the Queen's, and not bewitched with the factions of the realm,' the governor of Ulster had but to be armed with supreme power, and the long-wished-for conquest of Ireland would be easily and instantly achieved.[2] Fitzwilliam, who had been waiting impatiently for Sidney's coming to relieve him, was not more reconciled to his place by the popularity of Essex, or by Essex's performances. He himself 'was made the packhorse,' he said, 'for reproof and disgrace.' He was ruined in fortune. He was blamed for all that went wrong. He complained piteously that 'his fate would be to be buried in Ireland and slandered in England.'[3]

He and Essex could not work healthily together;

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[1] Fitton to Burghley, January 5, 1575: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Waterhouse to Walsingham, January 1: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Fitzwilliam to the Council, April 26: *MSS.* Ibid.

but as Sidney's reluctance was not yet overcome, the Queen could not resolve to recall either of them. She was not displeased with the massacre of the O'Neils. Her occasional disapprobation of severities of this kind was confined to cases to which the attention of Europe happened to be especially directed. She told Essex that 'he was a great ornament of her nobility; she wished she had many as ready as he to spend their lives and fortunes for the benefit of their country.'[1] Taking courage at the overthrow of Sir Brian, she was half persuaded into allowing Essex to follow up his success, and break the power by similar means of all the northern chiefs. She empowered him to levy the forces of the Pale, and rebuked Fitzwilliam for want of forwardness in giving him assistance. She encouraged him to continue his preparations till the intended invasion of Tirlogh Lenogh was on everybody's lips. Then suddenly, either alarmed at the expense, or for some other reason, she changed her mind. Essex, she said, might be surprised, that having so lately desired him to resume his enterprise, she should so soon be of another opinion; but she had been afraid of a general revolt if it had been suddenly known to be abandoned, and in fact had never meant the conquest to be seriously resumed at all: she had found occasion to look more earnestly into her estate at home, and had discovered causes which made an Irish war at that time undesirable, and Essex was ordered to make peace with the

[1] The Queen to Essex, April 11: *MSS. Ireland.*

Ulster leaders on the least dishonourable terms which he could obtain.[1]

There would be no occasion to dwell on these vacillations, so universal as they were in every department with which the Queen interfered, but for their consequences to the miserable Irish: the English officers, distracted by change of purpose, encouraged in acts which roused the fiercest exasperation, and then forbidden to carry out their severities to conclusions which would have formed the sole justification of commencing them, employed their forces in murderous raids where they were not strong enough to conquer. The order to make peace gave Essex discretionary power as to the means of effecting it. A reproach of cowardice had been thrown out against him by Leicester. He had a few hundred soldiers ready to march, and he preferred to negotiate in the field. Before the news of the change of policy could reach Ulster he made a rapid march into Tyrone, carried off twelve hundred of Tirlogh's cattle, defeated him in action, and all but took him prisoner, and then exacting an oath of him for his future good behaviour, he left him in possession by treaty of all his lands, privileges, and royalties, and of all the estates of the religious houses between the Bann and the Blackwater, Lough Foyle and Lough Erne.[2] The sovereignty

[1] The Queen to Essex, May 22; Instructions to Mr Asheton sent to the Earl of Essex, May 22: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] 'Item habebit omnes terras monasteriorum, abbatiarum, et aliarum ædium spiritualium intra dictum præcinctum.' Essex adds in a note, 'Upon examination what monasteries and other spiritual lands there were in the circuit of land now appointed to Tirlogh, it was proved that there

of the O'Neils remained unimpaired, and the attempt to introduce English law or English religion was not pursued. The attack therefore had been simply gratuitous; a few more Irish had been killed without provocation, and the rest was left as before.

From Tyrone the English army turned into Antrim—again not to conquer, but to hunt; to chastise, as it was called, Surleyboy Macconnell, and the Scots.[1] To him too he read a sharp and worse than useless lesson on the 22nd of July. After slaughtering many of his people, he reported that Ulster was now at peace, and that the Queen could resolve at leisure what next she would do, and then he returned to Dublin.

1575. July 22.

The work of the expedition however was not over. It had yet to receive its crowning distinction. Ulster, as Essex admitted, was quiet; but quiet or not quiet, wolves were still wolves, to be exterminated wherever they could be caught.

On the coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway, lies the singular Island of Rathlin. It is formed of basaltic rock, encircled with precipices, and is accessible only at a single spot. It contains an area of about 4000 acres, of which a thousand are sheltered and capable of cultivation, the rest being heather and rock. The approach is at all times dangerous; the tide sets

were neither abbeys nor any religious houses at any time in those parts save priories wherein the friars do yet remain.'—Articles of Peace with Tirlogh, June 27, 1575: *MSS. Ireland.*

[1] Surley boy, otherwise spelt Sarley boy or Sarle boigh: meaning Sarley or Charley the yellow-haired.

fiercely through the strait which divides the island from the mainland, and when the wind is from the west, the Atlantic swell renders it impossible to land. The situation and the difficulty of access had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for Scotch or Irish fugitives, and besides its natural strength it was respected as a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of Saint Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea, is a remnant of the castle, in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Macconnell and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged, and their sick for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, the Earl ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. The officer in command of the English garrison (it is painful to mention the name either of him or of any man concerned in what ensued) was John Norris, Lord Norris's second son, so famous afterwards in the Low Countries, grandson of Sir Henry Norris executed for adultery with Anne Boleyn. Three small frigates were in the harbour. The summer had been dry, hot, and windless. The sea was smooth; there was a light and favourable air from the east; and Essex directed Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, cross over, and kill whatever he could find. The run up the Antrim coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed,[1] close to

[1] July 22.

the ruins of the church which bears Saint Columba's name. Bruce's castle was then standing, and was occupied by a detachment of Scots, who were in charge of the women. But Norris had brought cannon with him. The weak defences were speedily destroyed, and after a fierce assault, in which several of the garrison were killed, the chief who was in command offered to surrender, if he and his people were allowed to return to Scotland. The conditions were rejected; the Scots yielded at discretion, and every living creature in the place except the chief and his family, who were probably reserved for ransom, was immediately put to the sword. Two hundred were killed in the castle. It was then discovered that several hundred more, chiefly mothers and their little ones, were hidden in the caves about the shore. There was no remorse, not even the faintest shadow of perception that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they had been seals or otters, and all destroyed. Surleyboy and the other chiefs, Essex coolly wrote, had sent their wives and children into the island, 'which be all taken and executed to the number of six hundred.' Surleyboy himself, he continued, 'stood upon the mainland of the Glynnes and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to have run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he there lost all that ever he had.'[1]

The impression left upon the mind by this horrible story is increased by the composure with which the news

[1] Essex to Walsingham, July 31, 1575: *MSS. Ireland.* Essex to the Queen, July 31: *Carew Papers.*

of it was received. 'Yellow-haired Charley' might tear himself for 'his pretty little ones and their dam,' but in Ireland itself the massacre was not specially distinguished in the general system of atrocity. Essex described it himself as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied, and Elizabeth in answer to his letters bade him tell John Norris, 'the executioner of his well-designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services.'[1] But though passed over and unheeded at the time, and lying buried for three hundred years, the bloody stain comes back to light again, not in myth and legend, but in the original account of the nobleman by whose command the deed was done; and when the history of England's dealings with Ireland settles at last into its final shape, that hunt among the caves at Rathlin will not be forgotten. It is some satisfaction to learn that an officer and forty of the soldiers, who had been concerned in it, were cut off three months after, near Carrickfergus. Essex himself went back in the autumn to England, to gather together what remained of his property and arrange for the payment of his debts.

November. A short interval of better days was now approaching. Sidney, who for many reasons was liked by the Irish, was prevailed on at last to accept what he called his thankless charge. Tirlogh O'Neil congratulated the Government on his appointment, 'wretched Ireland needing not the sword,' but sober,

[1] The Queen to Essex, August 12: *Carew Papers.*

temperate, and humane 'administration.'[1] The hot summer had been followed by the plague. Dublin and the neighbouring villages were infected, and not choosing to go near the pestilential atmosphere, the new Deputy landed, accompanied by his son Philip, at Drogheda, and though in the dead of the winter, commenced a progress round the four provinces. Going first into Ulster he saw Surleyboy, to whom at his earnest entreaty he restored Rathlin, perhaps that he might collect and bury his dead. On leaving the Scots he paid a friendly visit to O'Neil, who gave him assurance of his loyalty, and intimated that if he was well treated he would accept an earldom and adopt English manners. Referring him to Elizabeth, Sidney crossed rapidly through Leinster, which he reported as being for the most part waste, burnt up, and destroyed, and then went on through Waterford, Dungarvan, and Youghal, to Cork. Everywhere he was received with acclamation. The wretched people, sanguine then as ever in the midst of sorrow, looked on his coming as the inauguration of a new and happier era. Three Earls, Desmond, Thomond, and Clancarty, attended him with their retinues. The intriguing restless James Fitzmaurice, disappointing utterly Sir John Perrot's expectations of him, had left the country, and was now alternately in France and Spain, preaching the wrongs of Ireland. His relations and the other Munster chiefs appeared to be weary of disaffection, and willing to be

1576. January.

[1] Tirlogh O'Neil to the Queen, to Burghley, and to Walsingham, November, 1575: *MSS. Ireland.*

loyal if their religion was not interfered with. M'Carties, O'Sullivans, O'Carrolls, M'Teigues, Roches, came to the Viceroy's levées, 'detesting their barbarous lives,' 'willing to hold their lands from her Highness, and promising rent and service.' The past was wiped out. Confiscation on one side, and rebellion on the other, were to be forgotten and heard of no more. A clean page was turned. The Irish were ready to be quiet if they might manage Ireland their own way; and England was eager to receive them on their own terms.

March.

Strange figures appeared to pay their homage. Among them Granny O'Malley, a famous virago of Connaught, came round from Achill with her three pirate galleys, and two hundred men, to Cork harbour. This woman was wife of 'the MacWilliam,' chief of the second branch of the Burkes. Sidney says expressively, 'she had brought her husband with her;' 'by sea and land being more than Mrs Mate with him.'[1] She and her galleys were to be at Sidney's disposition if he pleased to use them, and a close acquaintance sprung up as was natural between herself and young Philip.[2]

Then too at Cork, writes Sidney, 'there came to me

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[1] Sidney to Walsingham, March 1, 1583: *Carew Papers.*

[2] Sir Wm. Drury mentions this singular woman two years later. 'Granny O'Malley,' he says, 'a woman that hath impudently passed the parts of womanhood, and been a great spoiler and chief commander and director of thieves and murderers at sea, to spoil this province, having been apprehended by the Earl of Desmond this last year, his lordship hath now sent her to me to Limerick, where she remains in sure keeping.'—Drury to the Council, March 24, 1578: *MSS. Ireland.*

three or four bishops of the provinces of Cashel and Tuam, which bishops, albeit they were Papists, submitted themselves to the Queen's Majesty, acknowledging that they held their temporal patrimony of her Majesty, and desiring to be inducted into their ecclesiastical prelacies.'[1]

It was a grand and imposing reception, filling even Sidney's unsanguine mind with hopes of brighter days for Ireland. So changed had the people become, so willing to do all that was reasonable to please him, that he records of Cork, 'We got good and honest juries there, and with their help twenty-four malefactors were honourably condemned and hanged.' The gallows everywhere was the perhaps much needed but the unfortunate symbol of each advance of English authority. It might have worked better had justice been even-handed, and had scoundrels of both nations been hung upon it indifferently.

From Cork the progress was continued to Limerick

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[1] 'There was some hold,' Sidney continues, 'between the bishops and me too long here to be recited; for they stood still upon salvo suo ordine, and I of the Queen's absolute authority.' He does not say how the dispute terminated, which it is likely that he would have done if he had brought them to submission. But the passage any way requires explanation from those who maintain that all the bishops in Ireland, except those of Meath and Kildare, took the oath of supremacy at Elizabeth's accession, and conformed to the Reformation. Here in Munster, after she had been Queen eighteen years, were three or four bishops described by the Viceroy as Papists, unsworn as yet, and in actual possession of the temporalities of their Sees. Who and what were they? Bishops still surviving who had been appointed by Mary, or bishops since appointed by the Pope? one of the two they must have been.—Sidney to Walsingham, March 1, 1583: *Carew Papers.*

and Galway, where the same ovation attended the Deputy. There were grievances to be redressed, and crimes to be punished, 'plenty of burnings, rapes, murders, sacrileges, besides such spoil in goods and cattle as in number might be counted infinite and in quantity immeasurable.' The citizens at Galway, 'if their report was to be believed, had lost more than four times the whole value of the country.' Sir Henry satisfied them as he could, used the rope again freely for the hanging of rascals, and so in April came at last to Dublin, from which he sent over his reports with reflections on the general condition of the country. He insisted, as when he was Deputy five years before he had urgently advised, that Connaught and Munster must be made into presidencies. The experiment might have failed once, but it must be tried again at all costs. If England, for its own convenience, found it necessary to occupy Ireland, England was bound to make its Government a reality. It was bound to protect the poor from the oppression of the chiefs, who under an affectation of loyalty to the Crown, were now securing an immunity to tyrannize in their own counties.[1] 'Munster was in towardness to be reformed,' said Sidney, but notwithstanding the display of good will, 'if James

[1] Then and always the difficulty with Ireland has been that the peasantry prefer ill government by their own people, to the most intelligent and most just administration of the Saxons. Yet it is interesting to find a confession even in an Irish annalist, that the difference was felt and perceived. When Sir John Perrot left Munster, the Four Masters scornfully say, 'his departure was lamented by the poor, the widows, the feeble, and the unwarlike.'

Fitzmaurice came back, and there was no English governor in the province, he would have the whole country at his feet.'[1] He was not deceived by the smoothness of the surface. The causes of disaffection were vigorous as ever. The momentary peace had been bought by the abandonment of effort for the real regeneration of the country. Most distressing, and most pregnant with future disaster, was the condition of the Church, which had been flung out like a carcase to be the prey of the wolf and the kite. Elizabeth's latest orders were to establish peace, and leave creeds and doctrines to settle themselves. Sidney saw clearly that nothing permanent could be arrived at on that road; and his opinion was the more important, as he was one of those statesmen who had hesitated long and gravely on the prudence of the revolution in England which had been made at the Queen's accession. 'Preposterous it seems to me,' he wrote, 'to begin reformation of the politic part and neglect the religious; and the Church here is so spoiled as well by the ruin of temples and the dissipation and embezzling of patrimony, as so deformed and overthrown a Church there is not, I am sure, in any region where Christ is professed.'[2]

Enthusiastic defenders of the Irish Establishment have maintained that during the first eleven years of the reign of Elizabeth the prelates and clergy were working cordially and successfully on the new paths which had been opened to them. The truth is rather

[1] Sidney to the English Council, April 27: *MSS. Ireland.*
[2] Ibid.

that the old creed had been shaken to its base, while carelessness or atheism were revelling among its ruins. In the three Irish provinces the religious houses had fallen to the chiefs. About half of them were still occupied by friars. The lands were annexed to the patrimonies of the O'Neils, the Desmonds, the O'Briens, and the O'Donnells, who allowed the old occupants to remain in possession; but the monks had lost for the most part even the outward show of religion, and were little better than organized bands of freebooters. In the Pale the suppression had been complete. The houses were destroyed or given to laymen. The benefices which had been attached to them were impropriated to the Crown, and farmed at the best prices which speculators would offer for them, the Queen being eager only to wring from Ireland some driblet of revenue to meet its enormous expenses, and troubling herself apparently not the least about the spiritual condition of the people.

But the Irish were constitutionally religious. They could not long remain without some kind of spiritual sustenance, and a strong Catholic reaction was now setting in. Young men of family were going to Louvain, or to the Spanish universities, to study, and were returning filled with the passions of the counter-reformation. The Irish dioceses began to be of concern to the Pope, and the sees, as they fell vacant, to be supplied by Papal nominees. So dangerous a movement could be encountered only by the teaching of the so-called purer creed, and Sidney felt it his duty to lay before his mistress the condition of one single diocese inside

the Pale, the best managed, as he affirmed it to be, in all Ireland, and therefore conveying, in the most striking form, the lesson on which he wished to insist.

There were in Meath, he said, two hundred and twenty-four benefices, of which one hundred and five belonged to the Crown. In these hundred and five parishes there was not a single resident clergyman. The roofs of the churches had fallen in, the windows were broken, the doors were off their hinges. No effort had been made to provide educated Protestant ministers. A curate, whose duties were distributed between three or four parishes, went occasionally through the form of what he called a service. He had been a priest in the Roman times, and so far as he was anything he was a priest still; but in reality he was nothing better than 'an Irish rogue.'[1] The parishes in the hands of

[1] It has been stated with much positiveness, that the Reformed liturgy, either in English or Latin, was in use in Ireland, and the Reformed religion taught at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. Besides the memorable letter of Sidney, other evidence survives on this curious subject which cannot be impugned. In the year 1584, eight years therefore after Sidney's remonstrance, the prebendaries of St Patrick in Dublin wrote thus to the council: 'There is not one in that land which can or will preach the gospel, four bishops and the prebendaries of St Patrick only excepted. There is an infinite number of impropriated churches in Ireland, all being in her Majesty's hands or her farmers'. There is not in any one impropriation a preacher—there is scant a minister to be found among them, but rather a company of Irish rogues, and Romish priests teaching nothing but traitorous practices, all in a manner enemies by profession to God's true religion. This comes of the covetousness of her Majesty's farmers, who for the most part allow not the ministers above forty shillings or three pounds by the year, and therefore seeketh a priest that will serve his cure the cheapest, without regard to person or quality, and then this curate to make his stipend as he may live upon it, travelleth like a lackey to three or

the Anglo-Irish owners were in scarcely less disorder. And if this was the state of the best governed county in the realm, Sir Henry left the Queen to infer the condition of the rest. The children were growing up unbaptized, the churches were falling to pieces, 'the archbishopricks and bishopricks pilled and ruined, partly by the prelates themselves, partly by the potentates, their noisome neighbours.'[1]

The Crown was most immediately to blame. Sir Henry entreated that in the Crown benefices at least care should be taken to provide competent ministers. Elizabeth listened, but did nothing. It was no policy of hers that two opposite creeds should grow up together to generate hatreds and quarrels; and since she

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four churches in the morning, every church a mile or two miles asunder, and there once a week readeth them only a gospel in Latin, and so away, and so the poor people are deluded.' —*MSS. Ireland*, December, 1584.

Three years later an English resident in Ireland writes:—

'There is no divine service in the country—all the churches are clean down, ruinous, and in great decay. The ministers will not be accounted ministers but priests. They will have no wives. If it would stay there it were well; but they have harlots, which they make believe it is no sin to live and lie with them, but if they marry they are damned. With long experience and some extraordinary trial of these fellows, I cannot find whether the most of them love lewd women, cards, dice, or drink best, and when they must of necessity go to church, they carry with them a book in Latin of the Common Prayer, set forth and allowed by her Majesty, but they read little or nothing of it, or can well read it; but they tell the people a tale of Our Lady, or St Patrick, or some other saint, horrible to be spoken or heard of, and do all they may to dissuade and allure the people from God and their prince, and their due obedience to them both, and persuade them to the Devil the Pope.'—Andrew Trollope to Walsingham, October 26, 1587: *MSS. Ireland.*

[1] Sir Henry Sidney to the Queen, April 28, 1576: *MSS.* Ibid.

would not put down the Catholics, she did not wish the Protestants to become strong. Lord Burghley replied for her that no doubt 'a sound state of religion was the foundation of civil government, so necessary as without it no commonwealth might stand.' He said that if two members of the Irish council would come to London, her Majesty would consult with them.[1] But the consultation, if they went, remained barren. Three years later Sir William Pelham reported that in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin, there were sixteen benefices in one block belonging to the Queen, in no one of which was there vicar or minister;[2] and as a commentary on the value of the established ecclesiastical organization, Sir William Gerrard, the Irish Chancellor, recommended that Archbishop Loftus should be translated to some English See, the See of Dublin sequestrated, and the revenues applied to the maintenance of circuit judges, and to the better execution of the laws within the Pale.[3] October.

As usual, there were two possible policies, and neither one nor the other was consistently followed. Sidney wished to reform the Church and country, and conceived 'that he worked but waywardly when the latter was preferred before the former.' Waterhouse, the advocate of military despotism, advised the Queen, as has been already said, to bestow her bishoprics on

[1] Burghley to Sidney, July 10: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Carew Papers, December 7, 1579.

[3] Sir Wm. Gerrard to Walsingham, October 19, 1576: *Carew Papers.*

soldiers, 'there being no room for justice till the sword had made a way for the law.'[1] Elizabeth, halting between two opinions, concluded upon the course which would be least immediately troublesome. She left the establishment standing, and continued to squeeze a miserable revenue out of the neglected benefices; while for religious reformers, who wished to impart some life to it, she had but one answer, that there should be no persecution and no straining of conscience. If the Irish were to become Protestants, they were to be won by time and instruction; and Sidney had to acquiesce in the same resolution which, with equal emphasis, was enforced afterwards upon his successors. 'The miserable state of the Church of Ireland,' wrote Walsingham a few years after, 'grieves me much to think upon, the rather for I see no help of remedy to be applied to it. The Lord Deputy's mind towards the reformation of the country is very honourable, but it has not been agreeable to our humours. He might have lived in better season in the time of King Henry VIII., when princes were resolute to persist in honourable attempts; but our age has been given to other manner of proceedings, whereunto the Lord Deputy must be content to conform himself as other men do.'[2]

November. The recommendations for civil government were more favourably attended to. Sir William Drury was appointed President of Munster,

[1] Waterhouse to Walsingham, June 14, 1574: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Walsingham to the Archbishop of Armagh, December, 1585: *MSS.* Ibid.

and signified his accession to office by vigorous operations of the usual kind. In the autumn which followed Sidney's progress, he too held an itinerant justice court in the southern province. At an assize at Cork, according to his own report, he hung forty-three notable malefactors. One he pressed to death as declining to plead to his indictment, and two traitorous M'Sweenies from Kerry were drawn and quartered.[1] At Limerick he disposed of twenty-two more. In a subsequent sessions at Kilkenny he executed thirty-six, among which, he says, with laudable satisfaction, were 'some good ones.' Two he hanged for treason, and three others, 'a blackamoor and two witches,' he put to death 'by natural law, for that he found no law to try them by in the realm.'[2] But on the whole he thought it necessary to apologize for his moderation. 'I have chosen rather,' he wrote, 'with the snail slenderly to creep, than with the horse swiftly to run.'[3]

December.

Notwithstanding the calamitous failure of Sir Edward Fitton as President of Connaught, Col. Malby, who was knighted on his appointment, was sent to Athlone in his place. The re-establishment of the Presidencies was an intimation to the chiefs that, after all, their jurisdictions were to be superseded; and if Drury's executions were to be regarded as creeping, they had cause to fear for themselves when he began to move in earnest. They held their compact with the

[1] Drury to Walsingham, November 24: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Carew Papers, p. 144.

[3] Drury to Walsingham, November 24, 1576: *MSS. Ireland.*

Deputy to be broken, and they prepared once more to try conclusions in the field. The two sons of the Earl of Clanrickard, Ulick and John, who had distinguished themselves in the rebellion against Fitton, were the first to appear as the champions of their father's rights. Before Malby could arrive they broke out. Sidney hastened in person to Athlone. The country had been slow in answering to their call, and old Clanrickard, afraid of consequences to himself, came trembling to him, protesting his innocency, and begging pardon on his knees in Athlone church for his boys' indiscretion. Sidney sternly told him that 'the bastard brats' must be brought to him, dead or alive, or the Queen would seize his lands and extirpate his house from Connaught. He promised the humblest obedience for them, and on the occasion of Malby's instalment, they presented themselves under a safe-conduct at Athlone, and undertook to serve under the President if he would guarantee them the Queen's pardon.

'Her Majesty,' reported Malby, 'having charged me to win the Irish if possible by gentle methods, I agreed to this.' The Burkes 'swore fearful oaths' that they meant loyally; and having, as they supposed, thrown the President off his guard, they made a sudden attempt to seize him. Missing their mark, they attacked a few outlying companies of English soldiers who were billeted in the adjoining farmhouses, and destroyed them. It was the middle of the winter, when they considered themselves safe from immediate retribution. Malby sent to Dublin for reinforcements, and proceeded to show them that they were mistaken.

'At Christmas,' he wrote, 'I marched into their country, and finding courteous dealing with them had like to have cut my throat, I thought good to take another course; and so with determination to consume them with fire and sword, sparing neither old nor young, I entered their mountains.[1] I burnt all their corn and houses, and committed to the sword all that could be found, where were slain at that time above sixty of their best men, and among them the best leaders they had. This was Shan Burke's country. Then I burnt Ulick Burke's country in like manner. I assaulted a castle where the garrison surrendered. I put them to the misericordia of my soldiers. They were all slain. Thence I went on, sparing none which came in my way, which cruelty did so amaze their followers that they could not tell where to bestow themselves. Shan Burke made means to me to pardon him and forbear killing of his people. I would not hearken, but held on my way. The gentlemen of Clanrickard came to me: I found it was but dallying to win time; so I left Ulick as little corn and as few houses standing as I had left his brother, and what people was found nad as little favour as the other had. It was all done in rain and frost and storm, journeys in such weather bringing them the sooner to submission. They are humble enough now, and will yield to any terms we like to offer them.'[2]

1577. January.

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[1] The Slievh Broughty Mountains over Lough Derg.

[2] Sir Nicholas Malby to Walsingham, March 17, 1577: *MSS. Ireland.*

Where the people were quiet there was the rope fo malefactors, and death by 'natural law' for those whon the law written would not touch. Where they brok out there was the blazing homestead, and death by th sword for all, not for the armed kerne only, but for th aged and infirm, the nursing mother, and the baby a the breast. These, with ruined churches, and Irisl rogues for ministers—these, and so far only these, wer the symbols of the advance of English rule; yet ever Sidney could but order more and more severity, and th President of Munster was lost in wonder at the detesta tion with which the English name was everywhere re garded. Clanrickard surrendered. He was sent t Dublin, and the Deputy wished to hang him, but h dared not execute an earl without consulting his mistress and Elizabeth's leniency in Ireland, as well as England was alive and active towards the great, though it wa dead towards the poor. She could hear without emotio of the massacres at Rathlin or Slievh Broughty, but th blood of the nobles, who had betrayed their wretche followers into the rebellion for which they suffered, wa for ever precious in her sight. She forbade Sidney t touch him.

Shortly before these horrors the Earl of Essex ha died. After he had set his affairs at home in some orde

1576. September. he had returned in the past September t Dublin, and it was perhaps intended that h should take Sidney's place. Three weeks after he lande he was dead. Lady Essex was generally believed to hav intrigued, during his first absence, with the Earl o

Leicester. She married her lover immediately that she was free, and the sudden deaths of husbands at convenient times throw suspicion upon wives who are in haste to profit by them. Whether Essex was poisoned must remain uncertain. The symptoms were those of violent dysentery. Nothing wrong was detected when the body was examined; but the analytical skill of the Dublin surgeons was not great, and Leicester's antecedents do not entitle him to a charitable construction of the doubt. The circumstances of the death were singularly touching. Notwithstanding Rathlin, Essex was one of the noblest of living Englishmen, and that such a man could have ordered such a deed, being totally unconscious of the horror of it, is not the least instructive feature in the dreadful story.

His bearing, when he learnt that he was to die, was described by a bystander 'as more like that of a divine preacher or heavenly prophet than a man.' 'He never let pass an hour without many most sweet prayers.' 'He regretted that of late he had lived but a soldier's life, thinking more of his Prince and of his duty than of his God.' 'He prayed much for the noble realm of England, for which he feared many calamities.' His opinion of the religious character of his countrymen was most unfavourable. 'The Gospel had been preached to them,' he said, 'but they were neither Papists nor Protestants; of no religion, but full of pride and iniquity. There was nothing but infidelity, infidelity, infidelity; atheism, atheism; no religion, no religion.' With which gloomy iteration, breaking out spasmodically as

his breath ran short, Walter Devereux, father of the more famous but far meaner Robert, passed away; the Archbishop of Dublin, Edward Waterhouse, and young Fitzwilliam, standing round his bed and watching him die.[1] It was perhaps well for him that his career was cut short. Had he lived through the events which were now fast approaching, he might have reaped bloody laurels: but he had too much blood upon his head already.

The symptoms of an approaching explosion could no longer be mistaken. The angry spirit was as universal as it was deserved. The Deputy, straitened as he had been for money, had been driven into a severe exaction of the cess, a tax in kind on every ploughland for the support of the army; and the gentlemen of the Pale were as discontented as the O'Neils and the Burkes. The police duty for which the army was maintained was left undone: the cattle were not safe in the fields under the walls of Dublin. Complaints being unheeded, the landowners of Meath and Kildare refused at last to allow the cess to be levied, and it was found necessary to arrest half of them, and fling them into Dublin Castle. They were all Catholics, and loathed the mockery which was offered them in lieu of their own ritual. The bishoprics had been made prizes for the scrambling of scoundrels. Ross, Carberry, and Kilfenoragh were occupied by laymen.[2] The Bishop of Killaloe

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[1] Narrative of the Death of the Earl of Essex, September 22, 1576: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Answer of the Commissioners, Garvey and Ackworth, to the complaints of the Archbishop of Dublin, January 2, 1579: *MSS.* Ibid.

was a boy at Oxford.[1] In some Sees there were bishops nominated from Rome,[2] whom the Government recognized or did not recognize as their humour varied. The Bishop of Cork sold the livings in his diocese to 'horsemen' and 'kerne,' and when called to account, defended himself in a sermon, preached before the Lord President in the cathedral, saying 'that except he sold the livings of his collation he was not able to live, his bishopric was so poor.'

At Waterford, where the English service was established with some regularity, the citizens refused to attend, but took possession of their churches early in the mornings, and heard mass there. They would accept none of the rites of religion from the Reformed clergy. Their own priests married them in private houses. They buried their dead in spots of their own selection, avoiding the churchyards, which they now regarded as profaned, and consecrating these new resting-places 'with prayers and flowers and candles and ringing of bells.' The gallows was the only effective English preacher of righteousness. Sir William Drury, in the second year of his office, reported that he had hanged four hundred persons 'by justice and martial law.' All sorts suffered that he held to be dangerous, and taking especial pains to exasperate Irish sentiment, he hanged a friar in his habit, whom he caught attempting to fly the country; and he hanged a Brehon 'who was much

[1] Sir Wm. Fitzwilliam to the Council, August 16, 1574: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Answer of the Commissioners.

[3] Ibid.

esteemed among the common people, and taught such laws as were repugnant to her Majesty's.'[1]

If the Irish would have submitted, if they would have relinquished, without a struggle, their habits, their language, their laws, and their creed, England would have bestowed upon them in return, her own better laws, her own better religion, and the orderly and just Government which they had been unable to provide for themselves. The poor would have been protected from plunder, the weaker chiefs from the swords of their stronger neighbours. There would have been no confiscation, no oppression, no wrong of any kind. The object of England was to extend to her wayward sister every blessing which she most valued for herself. She desired nothing but the true genuine good of the Irish people, and because they did not recognize her kindness, she thought herself justified in treating them like wild beasts. The triumphal progress of the Deputy, the levees at Cork and Galway, the policy of conciliation, had ended in vanity. To leave Ireland to be governed by the Irish was to give it over to anarchy, and the system had invariably failed whenever it was tried. The appointment of the presidents, and their hard and cruel rule, showed the chiefs that the fine speeches at Sidney's reception had been but an affectation to delude them into quiet while English authority was establishing itself; and the signs of an approaching rebellion were visible to the blindest eyes.

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[1] Sir William Drury to the Council, March 24, 1577-8: *MSS. Ireland.*

Sidney, who saw the storm coming, made haste out of the country before it broke: perhaps unable to encounter the expense which the acceptance of all office under Elizabeth entailed, and which a war would make trebly burdensome to him.[1] The sword of justice was left to the President of Munster, who had been so successful in inspiring hatred; and while the country was outwardly quiet, communications had been passing close and thick with the Courts of France and Spain. Long before, a Spanish force would have been landed in Munster but for Philip's reluctance to quarrel with Elizabeth, and his just distrust of the Irish temperament. While English volunteers were in the pay of the Netherlands, no fair complaint could have been raised if a few hundred or thousand Castilians had come to the help of their fellow Catholics in Ireland. Philip however had formed no good opinion of Irish constancy, and his distrust was painfully justified. Tirlogh O'Neil and Hugh O'Donnell wrote to him for help in 1575-6, after Essex's murderous campaign. Their first messenger was taken by the English and hanged. The second, a friar, made his way to Madrid and presented his supplication.[2] O'Neil however had been under the influence of his wife, the famous Scotch Countess who had undergone so many fortunes, and who hated England and all belonging to it for the sake of Mary Stuart. Philip's

[1] 'Three times her Majesty has sent me as her deputy to Ireland. I returned from each of them three thousand pounds worse than I went.' —Sidney to Walsingham, March 1, 1583: *Carew Papers.*

[2] La suma de la commision y cartas que Fray Donato Irlandes traxó de los señores de Irlanda, 1576: *MSS. Simancas.*

final answer was, as usual, slow in coming, and O'Neil, finding Sidney inclined to keep the peace with him, wrote privately to say that if England would help him to destroy the Scots in Antrim, he would send his Countess about her business.[1]

Little confidence could be placed in allies so fickle, but another figure was now to be introduced upon the scene. Doctor Nicolas Sanders has been already mentioned in this history as the most energetic of the English Catholic refugees. He was now just turned fifty. He had been educated at Winchester, and was afterwards Fellow of New College, where he had resided till the accession of Elizabeth. He had witnessed the anarchy under Edward, the restoration of order with Mary, and had been probably present at the burning of Cranmer. He went abroad with the next revolution. He attended the Council of Trent, and afterwards, being a man of great practical force and energy, he became the ruling spirit among the refugees, and the most enthusiastic preacher of a Catholic crusade against England. When Philip, to his bitter disappointment, made peace with Elizabeth, he turned to the Pope; and he employed his leisure, till Gregory saw his way to interference, in helping forward the Catholic cause by the most venomous and most successful of libels. In a history of 'The English Schism,'[2] he collected into a focus every charge which malignity had imagined against Henry VIII. and his ministers; and so skilful was his

[1] Sidney to the Council, March 17, 1576: *MSS. Ireland.*
[2] De Origine ac Progressu Schismatis Anglicani Liber.

workmanship that Nicolas Sanders, in the teeth of Statute and State Paper, in direct contradiction of every contemporary document which can claim authority,—except the invectives of Pole, which he appropriated and exaggerated,—has had the shaping of the historic representation of the Anglican Reformation. Sanders 'On the Origin and Progress of the English Schism' has governed the impressions of millions who have least believed that they were under his influence. Not a scandalous story was current at the time of the revolt from the Papacy but Sanders took possession of it and used it—used it so adroitly that he produced a book which eclipsed Buchanan's 'Detectio,' and made Mary Stuart's doings appear pale and innocent beside the picture of rapine, lust, and murder, which he held up before the eyes of Europe.

Having delivered himself of his book, Sanders spent his time between Rome and Madrid, ever watching his opportunities, supplying Philip with information from England, and never ceasing, in spite of discouragement, to press the claims upon him of the suffering Catholics. An acquaintance with Sir T. Stukeley, which he formed at Rome, and with Fitzmaurice, whom he met in Spain, drew his attention specially towards Ireland. Here was a distinctly Catholic people, trodden under foot by the English harlot, troubled by no scruples of loyalty like his own countrymen, but ready with the smallest help from abroad to fight for the good cause. Here then was an opportunity like no other for striking Elizabeth at her point of least advantage.

At the end of the year 1577, the moment so long waited for appeared to have come. Drake had sailed from Plymouth. The war party on the councils of both Spain and England were clamorous for an end of uncertainty, and a powerful insurrection in Ireland might perhaps decide Philip's irresolution. Fitzmaurice obtained money from the Pope, and a commission as general in the Pope's name, with power to raise troops in all Catholic countries for the service of the Church. Sanders was chosen to accompany him as Legate, and applied to the King of Spain for assistance. 'The Irish people,' he said, 'were unanimously well affected to Spain. They were Catholics, they were themselves of Spanish descent,[1] and they loathed and abhorred the Saxons. In all the island there were not more than a thousand English soldiers. They were dispersed over the country in garrisons, and the Irish would long since have expelled them had they not been divided among themselves. But these divisions would instantly disappear if the Pope interfered, and if war was declared against England for the defence of the faith against heresy. Not one of the chiefs would oppose a Papal general, and the English, deserted by their friends, would at once be overwhelmed and destroyed. His Holiness,' as Sanders represented to Philip, 'had therefore nominated a nobleman of the house of Desmond to this office, an accomplished soldier, whose name in Ireland was worth an army. Men were not needed. There

[1] 'Quieren mucho á los Españoles de los cuales se precian tener su origen y descendencia.'

were men enough in the country itself, hardy, brave, resolute, trained by poverty to bear hunger, thirst, and exposure. The Scots of the Isles, good Catholics all of them, were also prepared to join. They wanted only guns, powder, and a little money, and if Fitzmaurice could bring these, and if a ship or two with stores and a few thousand ducats were sent to him three or four times a year from Spain, the whole country would soon be at his feet. The presence of a few English Catholics would be also useful, and he himself therefore and two or three others were about to accompany the expedition. Their friends at home, already impatient to rise, would hear of it. The Queen would not dare to reinforce her own army, for half the men that she would send would probably be Catholics, and would turn against her; and Fitzmaurice, having swept Ireland clear, would then cross the channel with his victorious hosts and strike the usurper to the ground.'[1]

It is certainly singular that Philip resisted the temptation to countenance an experiment, the failure of which would involve to him nothing more than the loss of a few thousand ducats. But Philip, Sanders bitterly said, was as afraid of war as a child of fire, and had a kingly dislike of countenancing rebellions. Stukeley, independent of Fitzmaurice, procured ships and men for a private expedition of his own, and was on his way to Ireland, as has been already told, when he was diverted by Sebastian at Lisbon, and exchanged his ex-

[1] Apuntamientos que dió el Doctor Sanderus en Madrid á 16 de Deciembre, 1577: *MSS. Simancas.*

pected Leinster dukedom for an African grave. Another year passed away. The cloud between Spain and England again cleared: Mendoza came to London, and the council, who had been seriously afraid for Ireland, were beginning to be reassured, when news came from across the Atlantic—first vague and indefinite, then sharp, clear, and formal—that Francis Drake was plundering the Spanish colonies on the Pacific, burning churches, profaning the sacred vessels, and seizing the King's bullion. The history of Drake's expedition will be told in another chapter. It is enough to say at present that Mendoza could obtain no satisfaction from the Queen. She first questioned the fact, then denied that Drake was acting by orders from herself, and to nothing which the ambassador could say could she be brought to give serious attention. The patience of Spain, already tried severely, was almost exhausted. Fierce expressions of indignation were heard in Court and country at the King's remissness. An alliance was now formed between the Guises, the refugees at Rheims, and the Pope, and without waiting further on Philip's pleasure, and with the avowed approbation of the Spanish people, Fitzmaurice and Sanders prepared to sail. Sanders had bought a ship at Lisbon. His companions, with the help of the Governor of Galicia, had procured two others at Ferrol. The first was detained by order from the King.[1] The vessels at Ferrol escaped, and the little party who were to conquer Ireland set

[1] Examination of Friar James O'Hay, August 17, 1580: *Carew Papers.*

sail in May, 1579, for Kerry. The party consisted of Fitzmaurice, the general of the army which was to be raised as soon as they landed; his wife, Lady Fitzmaurice; Sanders, who had joined him as Legate; two Irish bishops; a few friars; a handful of English refugees; and some five-and-twenty Italians and Spaniards. That was all. Their strength lay in Fitzmaurice's name, which was itself a firebrand, in their being representatives of the Pope, and in the precious banner blessed by his Holiness's hands, on which was emblazoned a Christ upon the cross. Off the Land's End they fell in with a Bristol trader, took it, and threw crew and captain into the water.[1] From another barque they carried off some English sailors as prisoners. On the 16th of July they were seen from Berehaven. On the 17th all Ireland was shaken as with an earthquake at the news that Fitzmaurice and a Legate from the Pope had actually arrived. The landing was at Dingle, a harbour at the south-western angle of Kerry, and was performed with a solemnity befitting the greatness of the occasion. Two friars stepped first on shore, a bishop followed, mitre on head and crosier in hand; then Sanders, with the consecrated banner, and after him Fitzmaurice. The first business was to build a fort to deposit their stores. Dingle harbour being inconvenient and difficult in case of extremity to escape from, they crossed the peninsula to Smerwick, a bay four miles to

1579. May.

July 17.

[1] Don Bernardino á Cayas, 20 de Junio, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

the west, opening on the Atlantic, and there, having selected a spot which suited them, they set their prisoners to work in chains trenching and building.[1] Messengers meanwhile went out, carrying a letter from Fitzmaurice and the Legate to Desmond, with a proclamation in Irish, signifying the purpose of their arrival. The letter to Desmond was as follows:—

July 18. 'After due and hearty commendation in most humble manner premised. For so much as James Fitzmaurice, being authorized thereto by his Holiness, warfareth under Christ's ensign for restoring of the Catholic faith in Ireland, God forbid the day should ever come wherein it might be said that the Earl of Desmond has forsaken his kinsman, the lieutenant of his spiritual father, the banner of his merciful Saviour, the defence of his ancient faith, the delivery of his dear country, the safeguard of his noble house and posterity. Whereas King Henry VIII. left behind him one son and two daughters, how came it to pass that none of them all could have lawful issue of their own bodies, but because even as King Henry had overthrown many houses in England which bare the name of God and represented God's majesty and mercy towards us, even so God hath determined to root up all them by whom King Henry's name and blood might have been maintained and preserved in the world? Insomuch that, although Queen Mary was a builder up of God's house for her own part, yet for

[1] Mr Gold to the Mayor of Limerick, July 22, 1579: *MSS. Ireland.*

the revenge of her father's fault, whose person she by nature represented, she left no heir of her own body behind her. If therefore you are resolved, me [*sic*] dear cousin, to make an end of our noble house and blood in your days—which God forbid—then dissemble with God's honour a little, bear with them that pull down God's houses and destroy his monasteries, forsake the banner of Christ, and profess yourself the soldier of antichrist. But if as well the punishment to come as the present infamy of such an act ought to make your honourable heart to abhor all such counsel and advice, then resolve to be the first that shall stand for God's honour, for the health of our country, and for the restoring of the Catholic faith. He that defendeth God's honour shall be defended and honoured of God. He that doth it first and chiefly shall have the first and chief reward for that his service. God forbid that any Geraldine should stand in the field against the cross of Christ, which is the ensign of our salvation. As we live now because our ancestors were builders up of God's house, so let not our lack of courage in restoring God's house hinder the seed that hereafter may spring out of our children. And indeed how can their seed flourish that will defend Elizabeth, a woman that is hated of all Christian princes for the great injuries which she has done them, hated of her own subjects as well for compelling them to forswear the Christian faith, as also for not publishing the heir-apparent to the crown; a woman that leaveth no issue of her own body either to reward them that fight for her or revenge

them that fight against her—nay rather a woman that is surely hated of her successor whoever he be—and therefore they that seek to please her cannot but be unpleasant to the next heir of the crown, whose right she so tyrannously forbiddeth to be published. I cannot tell what worldly thing would grieve me more than to hear not only that your honour would not assist Christ's banner, but also that any other nobleman should prevent you in this glorious attempt. All that I write is spoken also to me good lady, your bedfellow, and to me good uncle,[1] [and] your brothers,[2] to all whom I commend myself, and also me bedfellow most heartily doth the like; trusting in Almighty God that as his Holiness has made me Captain-General of this holy war, so your honour being head of my house will be the chief protector and patron of their no less than me quarrel.'[3]

This letter showed that Fitzmaurice understood the Earl's character, distrusted his courage, and doubted his principles, and moreover that as yet there was no clear understanding between them. Desmond had no reason to love England; but he had sense enough to know that unless the support from abroad was more than nominal, England would prove too strong in the end for Irish rebellion. He was in a strait between the two parties. If the invasion failed, and he had compromised himself,

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[1] Sir John of Desmond, brother to the late Earl.

[2] Sir John of Desmond the younger, and Sir James.

[3] Sir James Fitzmaurice to the Earl of Desmond, July, 1579: *MSS. Ireland.*

he could not hope for a second pardon. If it succeeded, and he had not joined it, the earldom would pass to his kinsman. He sent Fitzmaurice's letter to Drury, with an assurance of his own loyalty, and he promised to take the field for the Queen. Had he exerted himself he might have captured the insignificant force at Smerwick, but he left them unmolested; and he lay still at his castle at Ashketyn, waiting to see whether the rest of Ireland would move.

But Fitzmaurice could not afford to delay, and it was necessary to force Desmond's hand. Relying on his promises to the President, two English officers, Henry Davell, and Carter the Marshal of Munster, attended only by two or three servants, ventured down to Tralee, to learn what was going on. They were the guests of the Earl's brother, Sir John, who knew Davell, and was indebted to him for protection in some previous scrape. Sir John, impatient at his brother's remissness, and knowing that a murder of two Englishmen, aggravated by treachery, would compromise the Geraldines beyond forgiveness, stabbed Davell in his bed with his own hand, while Carter and the rest were dispatched by his companions.[1] A party

August.

[1] Mendoza says distinctly that Davell was the guest of Sir John, and speaks of the murder with honourable disapproval.—Descifrada de Don Bernardino, Agosto 15. Fitzmaurice regretted that he had been killed in his bed. Sanders thought otherwise. 'This fact,' says Camden, 'Sanders commended as a sweet sacrifice in the sight of God.' Sir Wm Gerrard heard from one of the English prisoners at Smerwick that the Legate 'persuaded all men it was lawful to kill any English Protestant; that he had authority to warrant all such from the Pope, and to give absolution to all who could so draw blood.'—Sir William Ger-

of Spaniards from Smerwick was secretly in the house. 'Let this,' said the murderer, plunging in among them covered with Davell's blood, 'let this be a pledge of my faithfulness towards you and this cause.'[1] At dawn the Desmond battle cry was raised. Three thousand of the clan sprung to arms. Before the week was out all Kerry and Limerick were up, and the woods between Mallow and the Shannon were swarming with howling kerne. 'The rebellion,' wrote Waterhouse, 'is the most perilous that hath ever begun in Ireland. The Lord Justice[2] is resolute, and so are all the English; but nothing is to be looked for but a general revolt.'[3]

Elizabeth had persisted in her disbelief of danger. She had jested at the remonstrances of Mendoza. She had regarded her desertion of the Low Countries as securing her from Spanish interference in Ireland, and now it seemed as if Walsingham had been right after all, as if she had sacrificed her friends and had not disarmed her enemies. She complained to Mendoza that Spaniards had landed in Ireland. Mendoza answered coldly, that they had not been sent by the King. When the King declared war against her, they would come in something more than boat-loads. The reply was not reassuring. The report that Sanders had landed threw, as he expected, the English Catholics into a ferment. An insurrection was looked for at home. A courier

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rard to Burghley, September 16, 1579: *MSS. Ireland.*

[1] Camden.

[2] Sir Wm Drury, so appointed on Sidney's departure.

[3] Waterhouse to Walsingham August 3: *MSS. Ireland.*

therefore was despatched in hot haste to Drury, to bid him make peace on any terms, and if the public exercise of the Catholic religion was insisted on, to grant it.[1] A thousand men however were sent at the same time from Chester, and in a few days the Irish post brought news which in a degree relieved the anxiety. The English commanders understood perfectly that hesitation would be fatal to them, that at any odds they must face the insurgents in the field, or all Ireland would be in arms. Sir Nicholas Malby had a few hundred English soldiers at Athlone, and he was fortunately able to avail himself of a feud between the Geraldines and the Connemara and Mayo Burkes. Granny O'Malley had been taken and imprisoned by Desmond, and had probably died, as her name appears no more in Irish story. Her husband, the MacWilliam, cast his fortunes with England, and sent his retainers with his son Theobald to Malby's assistance. With their and his own troops he plunged into the Limerick woods, came up with the rebels, and forced them into action. Fitzmaurice, at the beginning of the fight, was struck by a ball in the breast. As he staggered in his saddle, Theobald Burke rode at him and cut him down, being himself at the same moment struck dead by a blow from a Geraldine. Fitzmaurice's body was taken after a desperate scuffle by the English.

September.

[1] 'Ha despachado á Irlanda el Consejo con ultima resolucion de que procure el Virrey acordarse con los que se han levantado; y cuando no puede ser de otra manera, les otorgue publicamente el ejercicio de la religion Catolica, si quieren reducirse con esto á la obediencia de la Reyna.' —Descifrada de Don Bernardino, Agosto 15, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

His head was cut off and sent to Dublin. The Papal standard, which had been unfolded in the battle, was almost captured also, and the figure upon it, as Malby scornfully said, 'was of a new scratched about the face, for they carried it through the woods and thorns in post haste.'[1] Desmond, who had been hovering in the neighbourhood with six hundred horse, retired to Ashketyn again. His brothers, Sir John and Sir James, fell back with the Spaniards to Dingle, where in revenge for their kinsman they murdered some of the poor English prisoners.

The blow to the rebellion was serious, and decided the waverers to waver longer. The Pope's general had been defeated and killed in his first action, and the loss of Fitzmaurice, who was a man of resolution and ability, was most unfortunate. Sanders however found an explanation of the disaster in his theory of Providence.

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1 Sir N. Malby to ——, October 12, 1579: *MSS. Ireland.* This banner was apparently never taken by the English, unless indeed it is referred to in the following curious passage from a note of the services done by James Meagh. 'Upon a time the said James made a journey to Desmond: he took from certain of the traitor John of Desmond's men a painted cloth, 40 yards long, which cloth the traitors James Fitzmaurice and Dr Sanders brought from Rome, in the midst of which cloth was sumptuously drawn the said traitor James's arms, with the red dragon and many other ceremonies about it, as the picture of two angels upholding the said arms, and over it the figure of the cross, with the portraiture of our Lord and the pictures of two women, images about it also; and under the said arms, in great Roman letters, the poesy written—

'In omni tribulatione et angustiâ
spes nostra Jesus et Maria.

'This cloth at every mass or sermon that Dr Sanders had in the field was set up and spread abroad upon stakes in the face of all the people.'—*MSS. Ireland*, July, 1586.

2 Sir William Gerrard to Burghley, September 16: *MSS. Ireland*

He told the Geraldines it had been so ordered that 'the noble princes of France and Spain' might see that the cause did not hang upon one man's life; that others would spring into the place of the lost leader better able to advance the cause than he was.[1] He promised legions of Spaniards, who were already, he protested, on their way. He called on Ulick Burke to restore the honour of his house, to repair to him with the galloglass of Clanrickard, and to come at once if he would have God reward him. 'When our aid is come,' he said, 'which daily we look for, when the Scotch and English nobility are in arms, and when strangers invade England itself, it shall be small thanks to be of our company.'[2]

Fortune seemed to encourage his hopes. Sir William Drury, though so ill that he could scarcely sit upon his horse, took the field in October, to follow up Malby's success. He too attempted to penetrate into the great wood,[3] but with less skill or less fortune than Malby, he entangled himself among bogs and rocks. The Irish set upon him at an advantage, killing several officers and three hundred men. He was himself driven into Kilmallock, from which he returned to Cork to die.

October.

Ireland was thus left without a governor, but Malby,

[1] Drury to Walsingham, September 14: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Dr Sanders to Ulick Burke, September 24.

[3] The wood so often spoken of covered the whole country between Mallow and Limerick; Kilmallock lay in the middle of it. It extended east to the foot of the Galtee mountains, and west to the long chain which divides the county of Limerick from Kerry.

without waiting for instructions, snatched the command of Munster, gathered together the remains of Drury's troops, attacked the Geraldines again, killed an English Jesuit who had accompanied Sanders, destroyed a monastery where the rebels had concealed their wounded, and dispatched them all. He then ordered Desmond to come to him, and when Desmond hesitated, he marched to Ashketyn to look for him, burning farms and villages on his way, and killing all that he met. Unprepared for these vigorous measures, the Earl had admitted his brothers and Sanders himself into the castle, where they were all together when Malby arrived under the walls. The castle was too strong to be taken without cannon. The English commander had none with him, and the season did not allow him to keep his troops long exposed. He burnt the town to the gates therefore. He destroyed the abbey under the Earl's and the Legate's eyes, and broke in pieces the tombs of the Desmonds;[1] and then after wasting the whole country round and leaving a small garrison in Adair, he returned to his own command in Connaught.

But the example was far from producing its expected effect. The Queen, who by this time had learnt the smallness of the force which had arrived at Dingle, believed that she had been deceived. She complained angrily of the expense into which she had been betrayed in sending troops which were not needed, and

[1] Ashketyn, or Askeaton as it is now called, stands at the head of a creek running into the Shannon, fifteen miles below Limerick. The ruins of the abbey are still to be seen as Malby left them.

she required that they should be immediately disbanded.[1] The consequence, as usual, had been foreseen by every one but herself.

Notwithstanding Malby's vigour, there was too much fuel in Ireland ready to kindle. Desmond, conceiving that he was now committed beyond hope of pardon, sent a messenger to Spain, to announce that he had risen, and every Catholic in Munster made up his mind to stand by him.

When the Desmond was in the field, rebellion had grown serious. Stealing out of Ashketyn on Malby's departure, the Earl crossed the country, and starting up where he was least looked for, one Sunday night in the middle of November, broke at low water into Youghal, which was then an English town. All Monday and Tuesday the Geraldines revelled in plunder. The houses of the merchants were sacked, and their wives and daughters violated and murdered. Every one who could not escape was killed, and on Wednesday the houses were fired, and not a roof was left standing.

November.

From Youghal, their force daily increasing, the insurgents marched upon Cork, and Sir Warham St Leger, who was in the city, looked for no better fate. The citizens were at heart with their countrymen. 'Here is no Englishman but myself with forty of my family,' he wrote. 'We owe God a death, and her Majesty our service, and we have put on resolute minds to yield our-

[1] Walsingham to Waterhouse, November 8, 1579: *MSS. Ireland.*

selves a sacrifice to God before the traitors shall have their purpose.'[1]

December. Elizabeth, when the bad news arrived, became as usual furious and abusive. Lord Ormond happened to be in London when the rebellion broke out. She sent him back with a commission as military governor of Munster, and with directions to restore order instantly; but she expected him to do it with his own resources, for further assistance she could not be brought to supply. He hurried over to find everything in confusion, Drury's soldiers scattered or dead, Malby overawing Connaught from Athlone, but unable to spare a man; and Sir William Pelham and Sir Henry Wallop, who were in temporary command at Dublin, equally helpless. He looked round him in despair. 'The Queen,' he wrote to Walsingham, 'mislikes that the service goes no faster forward; but she has suffered all things needful to want. If I could feed soldiers with the air, and throw down castles with my breath, and furnish naked men with a wish—if these things might be done, the service should go as her Highness would have it. This is the second time I have been suffered to want all these things in the charge I have. There shall not be the third. I would sooner be committed prisoner by the heels than thus be dealt with again.'[2]

The supplies ordered for Dublin had been stopped, but none the less the blame was flung on Pelham and Wallop. In exigencies like that which had arisen, Eliza-

[1] St Leger to Burghley, November 19: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Ormond to Walsingham, January 4, 1579-80: *MSS.* Ibid.

beth never moved till weeks or months had first been spent in cavils. Pelham complained that 'the detestable service of Ireland was the grave of every English reputation.' He was doing his best, 'but only to be misrepresented and blamed.' Wallop said plainly that if the Queen would not provide what was necessary, the country could not be held. The Irish were longing for a change, and the few English bands remaining were powerless. For each pound which she had just saved in cashiering the last instalment of troops she had to spend five in replacing them, and of course she held every one to blame except herself. Burghley had to encourage the English officers in Dublin as he could. He prayed Pelham to go on in God's name, and not be discouraged 'by the Queen's usage of him.' 'He himself, with others of the council, sustained undeservedly some reprehension.' 'With the land on fire, and the Pope and his faction ready to bring coals,' they must all, he said, do what they could. The Queen would gradually become reasonable, and supplies would be sent.[1]

After a month's wrangling she yielded grudgingly and angrily. Men, money, ammunition, all was dispatched at last. A larger force was thrown into Ireland than had been assembled there for a century. Ormond was given supreme command as the Desmonds' hereditary foe. He was directed to prosecute to the death the Earl, his brothers, the murderers of Davell, and especially 'the viper Sanders.' 'So now,' concluded

[1] Burghley to Pelham, December 30, 1579; *MSS. Ireland.*

Burghley, in conveying the Queen's last order, 'I will merely say Butler aboo, against all that cry in a new language Papa aboo, and God send you your heart's desire to banish and vanquish those cankered Desmonds.'[1]

Meanwhile Cork had escaped. Desmond for some unknown reason had fallen back into the 'wood.' He attempted, unsuccessfully, to recover Adair,[2] but with this exception he held the whole country lying west of a line drawn from Cork to Limerick, with all the rest of Munster, at his secret devotion, and the strength of its population in the field with him.[3] Fresh supplies came in from abroad, if not so amply as the Irish looked for.

1580. January. Two Italian vessels with powder arrived at Dingle in January, bringing the news that a large force might soon be expected.[4] There was a general impression that unless the rebellion could be extinguished in the spring, the O'Neils, and probably the Earl of Kildare, would revolt also.

March. It was not till the beginning of March that the English could move. At length how-

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[1] Burghley to Ormond, January 26: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] He sent 'a fair young harlot' as a present to the Constable, hoping by her means to corrupt him. The Constable, not being open to such advances, fastened a stone to the young woman's neck and flung her from the walls into the river.—Pelham to the Council, January 26: *Carew Papers.*

[3] St Leger to Burghley, January 25: *MSS. Ireland.*

[4] Desmond had written to Philip to say that he had taken arms at the request of the Pope, and relying on Spanish assistance. He had supported the weight of the war for four months, and looked for immediate help.—Desmond to the King of Spain, January 12, 1580: *MSS. Simancas.*

ever the promised stores had all arrived. Sir William Winter, with a heavily-armed English squadron, came round to the mouth of the Shannon, and Pelham and Ormond started simultaneously, each at the head of a division of the army, from Dublin and Kilkenny, proposing to meet near Limerick. 'We passed through the rebel countries,' wrote Pelham, 'in two companies, consuming with fire all habitations, and executing the people wherever we found them.' Alone of all English commanders he expressed remorse at the work, but he said that the example was necessary. Fitzmaurice's widow and her two little girls were discovered by the way, concealed in a cave. They are heard of no more, and were probably slain with the rest. The Irish annalists say that the bands of Pelham and Ormond killed the blind and the aged, women and children, sick and idiots, sparing none.[1] Pelham's own words too closely confirm the charge.

Uniting their forces at Adair, the two commanders went on to Tralee, when, hearing that the English fleet was in the Shannon, they doubled back to attack the hitherto impregnable castle of Carrigafoyle, which was occupied by the Italians and Spaniards who had landed with Fitzmaurice. The fortress stood upon a rock, divided from the shore by a channel, which was dry only at low water during spring tides. An Italian engineer, Captain Julian, had added to the natural strength of the position. The keep rose ninety feet

[1] Annals of the Four Masters, A° 1580.

above the water. The cracks in the rock were filled with masonry, presenting a smooth front of stone on every side. If attacked only from the land, and by the old methods, it might have stood a siege for a hundred years. But times were changed. The ships lay outside at anchor to prevent the garrison from escaping in boats. Half a dozen heavy guns were landed and placed in position, and a fire was opened so terrible to the unpractised Irish ear, that the annalists say there was not a glen from Killarney lakes to the far parts of Clare where the roar of these unknown and wonderful cannon was not heard. Down fell the barbican, down fell the walls of the keep, forming in heaps against the side of the rock, and opening a road to a storming party. A hundred English soldiers waded over when the tide fell, carried the castle in an hour, and slew every one that they found in it, Julian only being allowed a few hours' shrift to tell who he was and whence he came.[1]

April. Ashketyn was to have been taken next; but Desmond's people, terrified at the fate of Carrigafoyle, blew it up with powder and fled. Mutterings of dismay began to be heard among them. Where was the promised help? Why were the Spaniards so slow? A little more delay, and their friends, when they came, might find them all dead. Pelham, at Elizabeth's order, wrote to Lady Desmond, offering a pardon to herself and the Earl, if Sanders and Davell's

[1] Pelham to the Queen, from the camp at Carrigafoyle, April 6: *MSS. Ireland.*

murderers were given up. The proud lady's spirit was not yet subdued. She sent Pelham's letter to Sanders, 'scorning the matter.' Had the English been able to follow up their success on the spot, they might perhaps have stamped out the fire, or taken Desmond and the Countess prisoners. They were stopped short however for a time by want of money to pay their soldiers. Elizabeth, conceiving that she was unfairly dealt with in the accounts, had again suspended a second instalment of the promised remittances; a pause followed, and gave the Geraldines time to recover breath.

The fleet remained on the coast; as long as it stayed there no foreign transports would venture near; and Malby, who had been in Clare on the opposite bank of the Shannon during the operations at Carrigafoyle, found leisure to make a circuit through Mayo.[1] The rebels dispersed through the forest, and scattered in parties over the open country of Cork and Tipperary, murdering English settlers, or any of their own people who had adopted English habits. The lords and gentlemen of Munster looked on approvingly, especially when any one was killed who had dared to occupy confiscated lands. 'The young horse,' wrote Justice Meagh,

[1] Pictures of quiet industry appear unexpectedly amidst the horrible scenes which chiefly make up Irish history. Malby in the course of his progress went to a place called Burrishoole, on the shores of Clew Bay, now black desolate moor and mountain, at that time clothed with a magnificent forest, and possessing rich iron mines; 'the best fishing place for herring and salmon in Ireland; where a ship of 500 tons could ride close to the shore, and frequented annually by fifty Devonshire fishing smacks, the owners of which payed tribute to the O'Malleys.'—Narrative by Sir N. Malby, April, 1580: *MSS. Ireland.*

'is not more loathsome of the snaffle than the chieftains are grieved with the yoke of justice.'[1]

June. At length the Queen was coaxed into good humour again. Remittances came, and as it was known that ships and men were actually waiting at Coruña to come over when the coast should be clear, Pelham determined on another raid into the south-west. Small detachments of men were sent by different routes to distract attention, with orders to meet at Buttevant.[2] Desmond, his wife, and Doctor Sanders, were at the Castle of the Island,[3] in Kerry, and Pelham hoped to surprise them by a rapid march over the mountains. He had almost succeeded, but the watch was too good, and the summer nights were short. His companies were seen stealing through the defiles at the foot of Knockaduane, and a breathless herdsman secured the Earl an hour's notice to escape. Sanders and the Countess fled on ponies; the Earl, unable to sit a horse, was carried by galloglass; and Pelham when he arrived found his prey had escaped him. The habits of an Irish Earl in the sixteenth century were much like those of the modern Irish peasant. The same roof sheltered man and beast, and 'the Island,' a 'huge monstrous castle full of many rooms,' was at the same time 'very filthy, and full of cow dung.' It was given over to plunder. The soldiers took possession of 'the Earl's provision of aqua vitæ.' Some 'women's hand-

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[1] Meagh to Walsingham, June 1: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] A town on the great wood, ten miles from Mallow, on the Kilmallock road. The name indicates that it was an ancient Norman outpost, Boutez en avant.

[3] Now Castle Island.

kerchiefs' were found, a cloak or two, and the Legate's 'masking furniture,' 'Sanctus Bulls, crucifixes, vestments and chalices.' This was all which the palace of the Prince Palatine of Kerry yielded in the shape of household spoil. His wealth was in his cattle, which were driven in and devoured by the troops. The next day they went on to Castlemaine, where Ormond joined them, having in his train MacCartymore, who, believing Desmond's day to be done, hoped by making himself useful to secure a share of the plunder. Again dividing, Pelham marched on to Dingle, destroying as he went, with Ormond parallel to him on the opposite of the bay, the two parties watching one another's course at night across the water by the flames of the burning cottages. The fleet was in the harbour at Ventry, and Winter and the other officers came on shore for a pleasant meeting with their friends.[1] 'Here,' says Sir Nicholas White, 'my Lord Justice and I gathered cockles for our supper.' Fulke Greville and Captain Bingham 'climbed a crag to fetch an eagle from its nest,'—light episodes of entertainment to relieve the monotony of destruction. Sir Edward Fenton, another of Pelham's party who records the daily proceedings, regrets that on their way from the Island the sport had generally been bad. They had

[1] The harbours of Ventry and Dingle are but two miles apart. Sir N. White, who accompanied the expedition, gives the following account of them. 'Ventry,' he says, 'is called in Irish Coon Fyntra or Whitesand Haven; Dingle is called Coon Edaf Derick or Red Ox Haven; it took that name from the drowning of an ox in the haven at the first coming over of Englishmen from Cornwall, who brought cattle with them.'—Diary of the Expedition of June, 1580, by Sir Nicholas White.

hanged a priest, whom from his Spanish dress they had conceived at first to be the Legate. 'Otherwise,' he says, 'we took small prey, and killed less people, though we searched many places in our travel.'[1]

Dingle itself, so lately the scene of the landing, was an absolute desert; not a creature, human or other, was found in it. The officers crossed the peninsula to survey the deserted fort at Smerwick, which the Spaniards who had been killed at Carrigafoyle had begun to build, and which was so soon to be the scene of a world-famous tragedy. They were struck with the singular want of judgment which had been shown in the selection of the spot—'a very small neck of land joined to the shore by a bank of sand.' The bank had been cut through, but the trench was necessarily filled in by the sand in a few tides. The place had no feature of natural strength about it, and there was no fresh water within a mile.[2] They looked at it however merely with curiosity, as a thing of the past. The flames at Valentia, shooting over the bay, told that Ormond's work was finished, and they and he retraced their steps to Castlemaine. Ormond, more fortunate than Pelham, had to report a satisfactory tale of slaughter. He brought back with him Lord Clancarty, the two O'Sullivans of Berehaven, and other chiefs who had been hiding among the mountains. If rebellion was a crime, they were more guilty than their followers who had been killed. But they had promised

[1] Fenton's Narrative, 1580: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] So Fenton reported, but there is now a considerable stream of water within a quarter of a mile.

obedience, and their submission and pardon might be a useful example.

The work was done. The farthest corners of Kerry had been searched and swept clean, and the English could now return at their leisure. On the 26th of June Clancarty entertained them at 'the Palace'—'a name,' says Fenton, 'very unfit for so beggarly a building, not answerable to a mean farmer's house in England.' 'On the 27th,' says Sir Nicholas White, 'we marched by the famous Lough Leyne.[1] The Lough is full of salmon, and hath in it forty islands. In one of them is an abbey, in another a parish church, in another a castle, out of which there came to us a fair lady, the rejected wife of Lord Fitzmaurice. The lake is in circuit twenty miles, having a fair plain of one side, and fair woods and high mountains of the other.'[2] It was midsummer, and even the soldiers were struck with the singular loveliness of the scene on which they gazed. 'A fairer land,' one of them said, 'the sun did never shine upon—pity to see it lying waste in the hands of traitors.' Yet it was by those traitors that the woods, whose beauty they so admired, had been planted and fostered. Irish hands, unaided by English art or English wealth, had built Muckross and Inisfallen and Aghadoe, and had raised the castles on whose walls the modern poet watched the splendour of the sunset.

From Killarney the army passed through Glenflesk

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[1] Killarney. The days of tourists were not yet, and it is a pity that White did not explain in what sense he called it 'famous.'

[2] Diary of Sir N. White.

to the Blackwater, whence Ormond's men, who were barefoot from their long marches, were carried on to Cork to refresh themselves. On them the burden of destruction had chiefly fallen. Ormond, in a report of his services, stated that in this one year 1580, before and after, but chiefly during, this expedition, he had put to the sword forty-six captains and leaders, with eight hundred notorious traitors and malefactors, and above four thousand other people.[1] Pelham turned back to Ashketyn to glean a second harvest of the Geraldines, and he too, on the 30th of July, reported 'great execution.' Penitent rebels began privately to apply for pardon. In all cases the price exacted for forgiveness was the head of some friend or leader,[2] and it was a price which was often paid. Sanders, accused of having betrayed them by false promises, was nearly murdered by the despairing wretches, who were now starving in the wood, and Desmond's personal interference barely sufficed to save him. The Earl's own person was sacred; no one ventured, as yet, to conspire against the chief of the Geraldines, but no such devotion protected his brothers. Sir James, the younger of the two, was surprised, wounded, and taken by Sir Cormac MacTeigue, the sheriff of Cork. Sir Cormac, whose conduct had been suspicious, made his peace by surrendering his prisoner to Ormond, by whom he was

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[1] Services of the Earl of Ormond, A° 1580: *Carew Papers.*

[2] 'I do not receive any but such as come in with bloody hands as executioners of some better person than themselves.'—Pelham to the Council, July 30, 1580: *Carew Papers.*

immediately executed. The garrison of Kilmallock fell in one night with Sir John of Desmond and Sanders. They spoke English, and escaped in the dark, being mistaken for officers of Pelham. Sir John not wishing to run a second risk, communicated privately with Sir Warham St Leger. He was promised pardon if he would betray the Earl, his cousin Fitzgerald of Imokelly, and the Legate; but before he could consent or refuse, fortune took a momentary turn, and the prospects of the insurrection brightened again.

The Barons of the Pale, who had resisted the payment of the cess, remained for a year in Dublin Castle. They gave way at last, but they went home in bitter humour, and the rebellion in the south was a sore temptation to them. Had they risen when Desmond rose, the resources of English power would have been severely tried. Had they risen later in a mass together they might have revenged terribly the destruction of the Geraldines. But they were disorganized by the remissness of their natural leader. The feudal chief of the English Pale, who in past generations had exercised sovereign sway there, was the head of the elder branch of the Fitzgeralds, the Earl of Kildare. The present Lord was as Irish at heart and as true a Catholic as his forefathers, but he lacked the vigour of his race, and was afraid to risk his skin. Sanders had sent letters round the Anglo-Irish houses, and the younger generation of Plunkets, Dillons, Aylmers, Brabazons, and Nugents, most of whom had been educated at Louvain, was enthusiastically eager to join him. Their fathers'

hearts were in the same place, and they had their personal grievances to complain of also. But many of them remembered the fate of Silken Thomas and his uncles, and like Kildare they hung back, at least till something more definite was heard of the force coming from Coruña. The excitement however and the massacre of so many of their friends in the south, overtired the patience of the more impetuous or bigoted. Rowland Eustace, Viscount Baltinglass, was one of those who had been imprisoned for the cess. He was a passionate Romanist; but besides his creed he was connected in blood with the marauding tribes of the Wicklow mountains. He was the owner of Glenmalure, the scene of the murderous performance of the Naas garrison, and the victims of that remarkable atrocity were dependents of the House of Eustace. There were therefore special causes peculiarly prompting him to rebellion. After vainly endeavouring to persuade Kildare to rise with him, in the middle of July, while Pelham was still at Ashketyn, he threw off his allegiance, and sent circulars to the nobles and officers specially connected with England, explaining that he had drawn the sword at the command of the highest power upon earth, and inviting and expecting them to imitate his example. 'A woman incapable of orders,' he said, 'could not be head of the Church—a thing which Christ did not grant to his own mother,' and Elizabeth by usurping the title had forfeited her sovereignty.[1]

July.

[1] Baltinglass to the Mayor of Waterford, July 18; To the Earl of Ormond, July 30: *MSS. Ireland.*

The messenger who carried one of these letters to the Mayor of Waterford was immediately hanged for his pains, but from all parts of the Pale highborn young men hastened to Baltinglass's side. The Wicklow hills offered a shelter and a rendezvous to the disaffected, and Sir John of Desmond, changing his mind about surrendering, and taking Sanders with him, shifted his quarters out of Munster, and stole up across the country to his new allies.

At this moment Lord Grey de Wilton arrived in Dublin to relieve Pelham and Wallop of their command. He came, as all other deputies came, bitterly against his will, and his unwillingness had been hardly overcome at last by the urgent entreaties of Burghley. In many respects he was well fitted for the post. He was a soldier and a Puritan. He conceived that the misery of Ireland had been caused mainly by an unstable and uncertain policy towards it, and believing the Catholic religion to be false, he regarded the conversion of the country to a purer faith as a necessary preliminary of its improvement. He came however with his hands tied. The Queen strictly prohibited him from meddling with religion in any way, and she sent him to his post already desponding of good results. He landed at Dublin, on the 12th of August, bringing six or seven hundred soldiers with him, and being told that no time was to be lost in dealing with Baltinglass, and being dependent in his inexperience of the country on the opinions of others, he marched at once into the mountains.

The rebels lay in Glenmalure;[1] the same spot at which the English officers being offered *kine* or *killing*, had preferred the last. It was an appropriate scene for the retribution now to be inflicted. Kildare, who accompanied the expedition, had doubtless sent notice to his friends to be on the watch. The Deputy, with Kildare and Colonel Wingfield, held the mouth of the gorge, to prevent escape, while young Sir Peter Carew, Colonel Moore, and a distinguished officer named Cosby, advanced with the body of the troops. They went unmolested up the narrow valley for some distance, seeing no one, when suddenly the crags and bushes on either side, before and behind, became alive with armed men, and amidst yells and shouts they were assailed with a storm of shot, and stones, and arrows. The new-comers in their bright red and blue uniforms found themselves especially aimed at, and the unearthly howling, and the wild figures glancing among the rocks, made sudden cowards of them. 'Amazed,' 'terrified,' they crowded together, threw down their arms, and tried to fly. But the trap had closed upon them, and all the officers and almost all the men were destroyed.

A disaster at such a moment was unusually dangerous. Two thousand Scots had just landed in Antrim; the famous Countess threatening to occupy the entire north-east corner of Ulster, in the name of James or his mother.[2]

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[1] Not Glendalough, as Camden says.

[2] 'I find she is wholly bent to make a new Scotland in the north parts of Ireland, and falling in further communication with her she

Malby, who was hastening to Dublin on the news of the defeat at Glenmalure, was recalled by disturbances in Roscommon. Shocked at last by the report of the cruelties in Munster,[1] and discovering from the demands upon the exchequer that they were not producing the effect which might have excused them, Elizabeth was now thinking once more of trying the effect of a pardon, accompanied, as Mendoza said that she had intended before, with religious toleration, when at the back of the other bad news came authentic tidings that the ships from Coruña had arrived at last, and that Dingle and Smerwick were again occupied by a Papal force. Eight hundred men, Italians chiefly, with a few Spaniards among them, had actually landed, and Philip, though not actively consenting, had not allowed them to be interfered with.

September.

They had sailed from a Spanish port, and the eager

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told me plainly that if God should call the Queen's Majesty, England and Ireland were and should be the King of Scotland's own.'—Captain Piers to Walsingham, August 18: *MSS. Ireland.*

[1] Malby considered that the Irish had been dealt with too leniently. 'I perceive by your letter,' he wrote to Walsingham, 'that Irish complaints have good hearing there. I am sorry for it. And hard it is for us that serve, when rebels' tales and the surmises of such as be friends to rebels, shall work us disadvantage and misliking, for so often adventuring our lives, which we do only in respect of our duty to her Majesty. No man can hold it for a pastime; neither will any man of discretion desire to govern by fighting if it may be done by honest policy; but my hap is worst of any man's in that I hear it said I use the sword over severely. I am sorry I have spared it so much, and if it be not used more sharply than hitherto it has been, her Majesty is like to lose both sword and realm. It is now a quarrel of religion, and the expectation of foreign aid doth much further it.'—Malby to Walsingham, September 7: *MSS. Ireland.*

Irish imagination saw in their coming the fulfilment of Sanders's promise. They would have been in Ireland long before, except for the fleet. But Admiral Winter finding himself short of provisions, with the autumn weather coming on, his ships' bottoms foul with weed, 'unable to go from such as might be an overmatch for him, nor to overtake any that he should chase,' and further believing that the insurrection in Munster was crushed, had returned home without waiting for orders.[1] Notice of his intention must have been sent to Coruña before he left, for the two fleets met upon the seas and crossed each other unseen or unrecognized.

Thus the peninsula of Dingle was again the focus of Irish interest. The new-comers entrenched themselves in their predecessors' fort at Smerwick without noticing its defects. They landed four thousand stand of arms, which they had brought for the Irish, in addition to six months' provisions, and three hundred of them at once went inland to look for Desmond. How many had arrived, or how many more might be coming, the council at Dublin were for several days unable to learn. The roads were beset, and messengers detected carrying news to the English were cut to pieces. On the Irish the effect appeared at first most serious. The young Clanrickards seized Loughrea Castle, raised King's County, and threatened Malby in Athlone. Baltinglass and the rebels in Wicklow came down into the Pale, and swept the country to Dublin, and as if the elements

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Explanation of Sir Wm. Winter, September 23: *MSS. Ireland.*

were taking part with the insurrection, two hundred English soldiers, coming over from Chester, were drowned.

Ormond, as governor of Munster, went with four thousand of his own people into Kerry to encounter the strangers. He was set upon on the skirts of the wood, and though he repulsed the attack, he suffered more loss than he could inflict. He went on as far as Smerwick and surveyed the fort, but retired without meddling with it; and in the universal panic and suspicion, there were not wanting those who whispered that even Ormond's loyalty was wavering. But expectation was singularly at fault. Again, as when Fitzmaurice and Sanders landed, the first impulse with Elizabeth was to concede everything that the Irish demanded.[1] Her alarm would have been less if she had seen a letter which the leaders of the rebellion sent from Smerwick a month after their arrival. A quarter of a year of bitter experience had taught the Legate that the 'enterprise of Ireland' was less easy than he had believed; and the devotion of the people to the Holy Cause more lukewarm. Tirlogh O'Neil described himself as occupied with the Scots and unable to move. Kildare, notwithstanding the victory at Glenmalure, was still afraid; and the gentlemen of the Pale would not stir without Kildare. The sanguine Legate had imagined that the Irish generally would rush to the Pope's banner; and that they needed only arms. Arms in plenty had

October.

[1] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 30 de Octubre.

arrived, but no one could be found to use them, or permit himself to be trained as a soldier, till he had received four gold crowns in advance. The chiefs it was true hated England, but they would not commit themselves till they were certain of success, and the Legate who said a few months before that a crucifix, a consecrated flag, and the name of James Fitzmaurice would suffice to drive the English out of Ireland, was now obliged to confess that if the Spaniards wished it done, they must themselves do it with their own hands. They must send eight thousand men fully provided with heavy guns, powder, shot, stores, waggons, horses, muskets, lead, and match, two hundred pipes of wine at least, and food for six months for the army; the whole of Munster being wasted, and the cattle destroyed.

This remarkable acknowledgment was signed by Sanders himself, by Desmond and Baltinglass, and by two officers of the Spanish-Italian force.[1] It was sent to Spain through a priest, who went back thither in the swiftest of the Spanish ships, and Desmond wrote by the same messenger to Philip, that he was himself a homeless wanderer. Every town, castle, village, farmhouse, belonging to him or his people had been destroyed. There was no longer a roof standing in Munster to shelter him.[2]

So terribly, so effectively Pelham and Ormond had done their work in the preceding summer. Those who had escaped alive had lost faith in their cause or their

[1] Letters from Smerwick, October 19, 1580: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] Ibid.

chiefs, and would serve only with gold dollars in advance, to desert with them at the first opportunity; and the strangers, now all collected again, sat idly at Smerwick, intending if no further reinforcements were to be sent over, to re-embark and go home.

But the chance was not allowed them. Orders were sent to Winter to return instantly to the coast of Kerry. The fleet left Portsmouth on the 13th of October. It was caught by a gale off Portland. The admiral, with most of the ships, ran in for shelter under the Bill. Captain Bingham in the Swiftsure, having been parted from his consorts, and believing, as his ship was the slowest in the squadron, that Winter was before him, held on down Channel; and after looking in vain into Falmouth made straight for Valencia. There he waited ten hours, and having learnt where the Italians were and the extent of their strength, he then sailed again for Smerwick, and brought up within falcon shot of the fortress exactly sixty hours after he had left St Helen's.[1] There entirely alone he lay for three weeks. Coming off in a hurry he had but half his complement of men. He had scarce hands enough to weigh his anchor. A fort with seven or eight hundred men in it, and the vessels in which these men had come were within a few cables' lengths of him. Fresh arrivals might any day appear from Spain, yet he preferred risking all chances to giving the Italians an opportunity of escape unfought with.

Meanwhile Grey having recovered, as well as he

[1] Bingham to Walsingham, October 18: *MSS. Ireland.*

could, from his first calamity, and being reassured by a victory of Malby's over the Burkes and the unexpected quiet of the rest of Ireland, gathered all the soldiers that he could raise, and set off, with a small, but, from its composition, unusually interesting force, to attack the invaders by land. Ireland had become to young Englishmen of spirit a land of hope and adventure, where they might win glory and perhaps fortune; and among the names of the officers who accompanied Grey are found those of Burghley's kinsman, 'young Mr Cheke,' of Edmund Spenser, and of Walter Raleigh.

They reached Dingle by the end of October. Bingham came on shore to meet them, and, after a survey of the fort, it became clear to every one that nothing could be done till the arrival of the rest of the fleet; the troops having come away ill provided and depending on Winter for their supplies. For eight days therefore they lay encamped between Dingle and Smerwick, in 'penury of victuals,' and amidst the howling of the Atlantic gales. On the 5th of November a few droves of cattle, for which they had sent back to Castlemaine, were seen approaching, to relieve them of the fear of actual and immediate famine. Almost at the same moment, the yet more welcome news came in that the fleet was in Ventry harbour, and if the wind held would be at Smerwick the following morning. Winter was old and cautious, and forgetful of everything but the safety of his ships, had felt his way from harbour to harbour in the intervals of moderate weather. He had arrived at last however, and past troubles were

November.

forgotten. Grey galloped down to Ventry sands to welcome him. On the 7th, at daybreak, he was by the side of Bingham in Smerwick bay, and instant preparations were made for the attack. A reconnoitring party approached the fort in the afternoon. Some skirmishers came out and drew the English within range of the Italian guns. The ships replied, and the last hours of daylight were spent in loose firing, which did little harm on either side. At night the English cannon were brought on shore. Trenches were dug, and they were placed in position three hundred yards from the sand-hills which formed the outer line of defence. A heavy bombardment was kept up all the next day, and the second evening the batteries were advanced till within a cable's length. The Italians too had heavy guns, and the fire of the fort on the second day was severe, doing little hurt however beyond killing young Cheke, who, exposing himself on the parapet of the trench to watch the effect of a shot, was struck down at Grey's feet, and died a few hours after.[1] At last a ball, aimed by Sir Wm. Winter himself, dismounted the largest piece which the garrison had, and destroyed the men who were serving it, and after another round an Italian

[1] Grey's account of Cheke's death, in a letter to the Queen, is characteristic of himself and the times. 'Truly, Madam, he was so disposed to God and made so divine a confession of his faith, as all divines in either of your Majesty's realms could not have passed it if matched it. So wrought in him God's spirit, plainly declaring him a child of his; elected, to be no less comfort of his good and godly friends than great instruction and manifest motion of every other hearer that stood by, of whom there was a good troop.'—Grey to Elizabeth, November 12, 1580; *MSS. Ireland*

sprang on the wall, waved a handkerchief, and demanded a parley. The firing ceased, and two officers, an Italian and a Spaniard, came over to the English lines. On being asked who they were, and for what purpose they had landed in Ireland, they said that they had been brought over 'upon fair speeches and great promises, which they had found vain and false,' and their only desire was to be allowed to depart as they had come. Lord Grey asked the Spaniard if he had a commission from his King. He confessed that he had not. He said that Don Martinez de Recalde, the Governor of Bilbao, had told him to raise a company of soldiers and join the Italians at Santander. He had obeyed 'as a blind man,' not knowing where he was going. The Italians, to a similar question, replied frankly that 'they were sent by the Pope for the defence of the Catholic faith.' The right of the Pope to levy war was what the English could not recognize. Grey said that it was not uncommon for men to take in hand unjust actions at the command of their natural princes, but that gentlemen of birth and breeding should allow themselves to be sent on such an enterprise, by a person who had no authority from God or man, but was 'a detestable shaveling, the right antichrist and patron of the doctrine of devils,' did indeed surprise him. He declared that he could regard them only as pirates. He could promise them no terms. They must surrender at discretion and take their chance. They begged hard for a promise of their lives, but the Deputy was inexorable. They carried his answer back to the fort, and the General,

Nov. 9.

Don Bastian de San Josepho, then came in person, and consented to surrender in the morning if he could be allowed one night's respite. To this Lord Grey agreed on condition of his sending in hostages, and at daybreak the following day the gates were opened. Don Bastian with the officers came out with ensigns trailing, and gave themselves up as prisoners. The men piled their arms outside the walls, and waited defenceless to learn the pleasure of their conquerors.

They were strangers and by this time alone. Sanders, Desmond, Baltinglass, had taken themselves off when they heard that Grey was coming down. The officers were reserved for their ransom. Common prisoners were inconvenient and expensive, and it was thought desirable to read a severe lesson to Catholic sympathizers in Ireland. 'The Lord of Hosts,' wrote Grey, 'had delivered the enemy to us, not one of ours being hurt, Mr Cheke only excepted. Then put I in certain bands who fell straight to execution.'[1] Nov. 10.

A certain number of the original party had fallen sick, and had been sent back to Spain. With the exception of these and of the officers the entire party was slaughtered. A few women, some of them pregnant, were hanged. A servant of Sanders's, an Irish gentleman, and a priest were hanged also. The bodies, six hundred in all, were stripped and laid out upon the

[1] Captain Bingham, writing from the spot two days after, said that the execution had not been intended, but was the work of certain mariners who had gone in to plunder. Grey equally close upon the event took the responsibility on himself, evidently supposing that he had done nothing which required explanation or apology.

sands—'as gallant and goodly personages,' said Grey, 'as ever were beheld.' To him it was but the natural and obvious method of disposing of an enemy who had deserved no quarter. His own force amounted barely to eight hundred men, and he probably could not, if he had wished, have conveyed so large a body of prisoners in safety across Ireland to Dublin.[1] Camden says that Grey shed tears, and that Elizabeth wished the cruelty, though necessary, undone. It is possible that some pity was felt for subjects of the King of Spain which was refused to the wives and babies of the Irish chiefs, and some traces of compunction may be read in Grey's description of the row of bodies. Elizabeth however, if she may be judged by the letter which she wrote on the occasion, regretted only that the officers had not shared the punishment which had been extended to the rank and file. She paid the Deputy the compliment which she reserved for the rarest occasions. To the official letter of thanks she prefixed a gracious sentence in her own hand.[2] She promised to respect the indulgence which had been extended to Don Bastian and the gentlemen, but she said that she would have been

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[1] Grey to Elizabeth, November 12; Sir Geoffrey Fenton to Walsingham, November 14; W. Smith to Burghley, November 28; Captain Bingham to ——, November 12: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] 'By the Queen, your loving Sovereign, Elizabeth R. The mighty hand of the Almightiest power hath showed manifestly the force of his strength in the weakness of feeblest sex and mind this year, to make men ashamed ever hereafter to disdain us; in which action I joy that you have been chosen the instrument of his glory, which I mean to give you no cause to forethink.'—The Queen to Lord Grey, December, 1580: *MSS. Ireland.*

better pleased if the choice of justice or mercy had been reserved to herself; and she left no doubt for which alternative she would have decided by adding, that their treatment 'would,' in that case, 'have served for a terrour to such as might hereafter be drawn to be the executioners of so wicked an enterprise, when they should hear that as well the heads as the inferiors had received punishment according to their demerits.'[1] The execution was not complained of by Mendoza. The incapacity with which the enterprise had been conducted, and the miserable defence which the unfortunate wretches had made for themselves, rendered him indifferent to their fate as a soldier, while their absolute destruction relieved Philip of further concern for their fate.[2]

December.

So ended the grand expedition, the subject of so many prayers, the first effort made by the Father of Christendom in his own behalf for the recovery of his lost dominions. The blessed banner had been scratched by the thorns in the woods of Limerick. The Legate was thenceforward to be hunted like a wolf among the mountains, cursed at heart by the people whose superstition still protected him. The soldiers of the cross possessed no more of the land which they had come to conquer than the soil which covered their bones. The Irish branch of the great enterprise concerted at Rheims had broken in the hands of its projectors. There remained nothing of it but a catalogue of horrible me-

[1] The Queen to Lord Grey, December, 1580: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 11 de Deciembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

mories, and bands of outlaws who had lost hope, but were mischievous and murderous in their despair. It was to the credit of the Irish, that deceived as they had been, their houses burnt, their wives and children massacred, they still spared Sanders, who had been the instrument of their ruin. Desmond was once more offered his own pardon if he would surrender him, but he honourably refused. Some other chiefs might ere long perhaps have been less scrupulous, had not death taken him under a more sure protection. The hard wild life, the exposure in all seasons to wet and cold and hunger, did their work upon a frame too old to encounter so severe a trial. English rumour said that he was lost in a bog, and died of starvation.[1] O'Sullivan Bere, perhaps desirous of clearing Ireland of the stain of such neglect, says in his memoirs, that the Legate was attacked by dysentery in a peasant's cabin, that he received extreme unction from the Bishop of Killaloe, and was buried by O'Sullivan's own father and three other gentlemen.

The embers of the rebellion smouldered for two years more. Desmond and his brothers continued roving through the Munster forests; while scores of young Irish gentlemen, in passionate hatred of the English dominion, preferred a wild life of outlawry at his side to submission to the oppressors, and one after the other

[1] Mendoza confirms this version of Sanders's end, but mentions it confessedly only on English authority. 'Tienen aqui,' he wrote, 'por cosa assegurada ser muerto de frio y mal pasar en Irlanda, y que hallaron su cuerpo en un bosque con su breviario y Biblia de baxo su braço.' —Don Bernardino al Rey, 1 Marzo, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

were killed, or captured and executed. The history of their deeds and their fate need not be related in detail. A few scenes will represent the rest. The English commanders were now only anxious to restore order. The plans of appropriation and confiscation were postponed till happier times. Those who were now in office, Grey, Malby, and Bingham, who after his service at Smerwick continued to be employed in Ireland, had no desire to enrich themselves on the spoils of the chiefs. They had come to serve their country and to do their duty as soldiers, to the ruin rather than the advancement of their private fortunes. They were honourable, highminded men, full of natural tenderness and gentleness to every one with whom they understood themselves to be placed in human relations. The Irish unfortunately they looked upon as savages, who had refused peace and protection when it was offered to them, and were now therefore to be rooted out and destroyed.

They regarded the Irish nation as divided into two classes, the Kernes, or armed followers of the chiefs, and the Churles, who were the tillers of the ground. The kernes were marked for death wherever they were found. The churles they wished to befriend, but the churles who accepted their friendship were killed by the kernes as traitors to their country; and therefore it seemed as if on one side or the other the same fate impended over all. At times misgivings rose that there had been enough of slaughter. In a discourse on the reformation of Ireland in 1583, it was suggested that

'all Brehones, carraghs, bards, rhymers, friars, monks, Jesuits, pardoners, nuns, and such like should be executed by martial law;' and that with this clean sweep the work of death might end, and a new era be ushered in, with universities and schools, a fixed police, and agriculture, and good government.[1]

The destiny of the country however was too strong for these excellent intentions. The people declined to separate their fortunes from those of their priests and poets, and they all drifted on together through blood and misery.

1581. January. On the return of the Deputy from Smerwick, Kildare and the Baron of Delvin were arrested and thrown into the castle. Clanrickard's sons lay out among the hills in Connemara and could not be caught, but their cousin Oliver Burke was brought into Limerick, put on his trial, and declining to plead, was pressed to death with the peine forte et dure.[2] No second good fortune came to the Wicklow insurgents. Feagh MacHugh O'Toole and his brother were killed in an incursion into the Pale. Their wounded followers were tracked by their blood into the mountains and killed also. Garrot O'Toole, and two Eustaces, brothers of Baltinglass, and many of their companions were overtaken a few weeks later, and their heads forwarded

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[1] Discourse for the Reformation of Ireland, 1583: *Carew Papers.*

[2] Grey describing his execution, adds tenderly, 'the which, as I am informed, he accepted with great humility, acknowledging his evil life to have deserved a worse death.'—Grey to Walsingham, January 15, 1581-2: *MSS. Ireland.*

in sacks to Dublin.[1] Baltinglass himself escaped abroad and joined the English exiles. Four more distinguished Burkes were accounted for in Connaught by Malby's officers, with three hundred kerne and their families, men, women, and children. O'Rourke of Roscommon, who had married Clanrickard's daughter Lady Mary, was out with his brothers-in-law Ulick and Shan. His house was burnt, and his son, 'a child being but five or six years old,' was 'slain,' so it was hoped, 'with the rest,' 'for his coat was brought away among the spoils.' On the whole, Malby reported in April, 1581, that since the preceding November, subsequent therefore to his campaign of the winter of 1579-80, he had killed seven hundred of Clanrickard's people, of whom two hundred were of the Earl's 'kinsmen and best men of war.'[2]

Lord Grey, if Elizabeth had allowed him, would have now made a Mahometan conquest of the whole island, and offered the Irish the alternative of 'the Gospel' or the sword.

'Your Highness,' he wrote to her, 'gave me a warning at my leave-taking for[3] being strict in dealing with religion. I have observed it, how obediently soever yet most unwillingly I confess, and I doubt as harmfully to your and God's service: a canker never receiving cure without corrosive medicine.'[4] Elizabeth would not

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[1] Briskett to Walsingham, April 21: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Malby to Walsingham, April 11, 1581: *MSS* Ibid.

[3] *i. e.* against.

[4] Grey to the Queen, December 22, 1580: *MSS. Ireland.*

respond to his zeal. He lost hope at once of doing good, and was eloquent in his disapproval to Walsingham. 'The wrong end is begun at,' he said. 'Rebellion and disobedience to the Prince's word are chiefly regarded, and reformation sought of God's cause is made a second or nothing at all. I have received many challenges and instructions for the civil and politic government and caretaking to the husbandry of worldly treasure, where there is one article that concerns the looking to God's dear service, seeing his Church fed with true food, and repressing of superstition and idolatry. Nay, rather have I not been watch-worded that I should not be too eyeful therein. And I confess my sin. I have followed man too much in it, and this is the cause—that neither the chief can hearken to that that concerns both honour and safety most, nor you that persuade the truth can be believed; nor I that desire the right can be satisfied. Baal's prophets and councillors shall prevail. I see it is so. I see it is just. I see it past help. I rest despaired.'[1]

April. The cause of Lord Grey's despondency is the one ray of light which falls on the records of this horrid time. Elizabeth's government, fierce as it was, did not quite sink to the level of the Catholic continental tyrannies. Human creatures of all ages and both sexes were massacred in thousands, but the blood that was shed was not allowed to besmirch a name which in such connection is better left unwritten. Ormond,

[1] Grey to Walsingham, April 24: *MSS. Ireland.*

Protestant as he was, grew weary of killing. In pity for the wretches who were still his countrymen, he pleaded that enough had been done, and that it was time for mercy; and the Queen, at his instigation and Walsingham's, sent over a general pardon, from which only Desmond and his brothers were excluded. 'The Irish,' she said, 'were misled by a fear that she meant by a conquest to deprive them of their lands and liberties. She had no such thought or intention;' 'the realm of Ireland was hers already,' and 'if the people would show themselves obedient she would take them as her loving subjects.' In the opinion of Lord Grey, the turn to clemency was premature. 'If there be issue of a pardon now,' protested he, in a letter to Walsingham, 'farewell all. I marvel, sir, that you are so earnest in it as to think it can do no hurt. To have pardon offered when none is sought, will show the chiefs that her Majesty is weary of the war.' [1] 'Your Majesty considers,' he wrote to the Queen, 'that the results of the war are not equal to its cost.' 'If taking of cows, killing of kerne and churles, had been worth advertising, I would have had every day to have troubled your Highness.' 'If we make peace now, it will be a peace where your Highness's laws are answered by none but a handful of the English Pale.' [2] Elizabeth, either from economy or good feeling, adhered to her view, but neither her hopes and Ormond's, nor the Deputy's fears, were realized. The Irish would not submit. The iron had entered too

[1] Grey to Walsingham, April 24: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Grey to the Queen, April 26, 1581: *MSS.* Ibid.

deep into their souls, and desperate as were the fortunes of the rebellion, the young lords of the Pale, and the sons of the half-reclaimed families of Munster, the Barries, the Roches, the Fitzgeralds, the MacTeigues, and the O'Sullivans, chose rather to live as 'Robin Hoods' with Desmond, than to enjoy their properties in peace under the rule of an English Deputy.[1] In answer to the proclamation of pardon, Desmond dashed into the hitherto unspoiled country of his cousin Fitzgerald of Decies, who had sent in his submission to Grey, burnt thirty-six villages and swept off or destroyed seven thousand cattle.[2] Lying in the mountains between Waterford and Cork, he made the Butlers suffer in turn what the Butlers had inflicted upon Kerry. Ormond, roused again into fury, took the field in turn. Backwards and forwards the tide of havoc swayed, and at last so wretched, so desolate became Munster, 'that the lowing of a cow, or the voice of the ploughman, was not to be heard that year from Dingle to the Rock of Cashel.'[3] To kill an Irishman in that province was thought no more of than to kill a mad dog; and small distinction was made at last between friends and enemies. Not only, says Mendoza, 'do the English make organized inroads upon them, killing men, women, and children, but I understand one of the council has a letter from Ireland, in which it is related that an English officer, a favourite of the Viceroy, invited seventeen Irish gentle-

[1] Sir Warham St Leger to Burghley, 1581: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] St Leger to Burghley, June 3: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Annals of the Four Masters, A° 1581.

men to supper, and when they rose from the table had them all stabbed.'[1]

Of the neighbourhood of Dublin there is a curious account at this time in a letter of an English lawyer named Trollope, who appears to have been sent over by Walsingham, to learn the real condition of the country. The pardon had been rejected in Munster; the O'Tooles and the O'Birnes of Wicklow, who had escaped killing, had taken advantage of it, but only to gain time to secure their harvests. The mingled wretchedness, savagery, and defiant audacity which Trollope describes, show how desperate the Irish problem had by this time become. 'They desire now to get in their corn,' he wrote, 'and then they will break out again. Meanwhile, they murder privately any one who was loyal to the Queen during the rebellion. They have had a dozen pardons a-piece. Every Irishman who gets a pardon, makes his account to be pardoned again as often as he wishes, let him murder, burn, and rob whom he list. They never did or will delight in anything else than murder, treason, theft, and mischief, which their countenances now at this instant at their coming in make apparent—for if they meet an Englishman or two walking in the streets, they shake their heads, they rouse themselves in their lowsy mantles, and advance themselves on tiptoe, as who should say, We are those who have done all this mischief; what say ye to us?'[2] September.

[1] Mendoza to Philip, August 15, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Andrew Trollope to Walsingham, September 12, 1581: *MSS. Ireland.*

Lord Fitzmaurice and the Earl of Clancarty came to stay in Dublin with their ladies, 'in all their bravery,' while Trollope was there. The full dress of an Irish nobleman of the period, as he describes it, was a russet mantle, a hat, a leather jerkin, a pair of hose, and a pair of brogues, the whole equipment 'not worth a noble.' 'My lord and my lady,' with men-servants, women-servants, pages, horsemen, and all, slept in a single room, 'not so good as many a hogscote in England.' 'When they rose in the morning they shook their ears, and went their ways without any serving of God, or other making of them ready.' The common people, says the same authority, 'ate flesh if they could steal it,' if not, they lived on shamrock and carrion 'with butter too loathsome to describe.' 'They never served God or went to church.' The churches being roofless, they had perhaps no opportunity. They had no religion, and no manners, 'but were in all things more barbarous and beastlike than any other people.' The population 'was not half a quarter that of England,'[1] yet was perpetually on the edge of starvation, though 'the soil was naturally as fertile as any in the world.' The only policy for England in Trollope's opinion was evidently to exterminate the native Irish altogether. 'No governor shall do good here,' he said, 'except he shew himself a Tamerlane. If hell were open, and all the evil spirits abroad, they could never be worse than these Irish rogues—rather dogs, and

[1] England cannot have contained at this time more than five millions. Trollope's guess therefore gives Ireland about 600,000.

worse than dogs, for dogs do but after their kind, and they degenerate from all humanity.'[1]

The quiet, as Trollope had foreseen, was of short continuance. The overthrow of the churches, the total absence of all instruction, the character of the administration, which had abolished the native Irish laws, yet was too weak to enforce order of its own, had turned the people generally into wild beasts. The Anglo-Irish of the Pale, if retaining vestiges of civilized humanity, yet in their sympathy with the inhabitants of their adopted country had become deliberately disloyal. The Wicklow Highlanders broke out as was expected when they had got in their harvest. A conspiracy was formed at the same time in which one or other member of almost every family in the Pale was implicated, to seize Dublin, force the Castle, and liberate Kildare and the Baron of Delvin. The plot was betrayed, the leaders were arrested, and those who had no property were hanged as usual by martial law. Nineteen others, Nugents, Sherlocks, Eustaces, and Neutervilles, were brought to trial; and Grey having cause to fear that, being men of family, Elizabeth would interfere in their favour, told Walsingham 'that he would make small stay in giving them their deserts.'[2] 'The jurors, by a secret power of God working in their consciences, proceeded very uprightly.' They were all found guilty of high treason and executed at once. A certain tenderness

October.

December.

[1] Trollope to Walsingham, September 12, 1581: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Grey to Walsingham, November 6: *MSS.* Ibid.

was shown for their souls: they were Catholics, and an English clergyman[1] tried to convert them on the way to the scaffold. 'Is it not enough,' said a young Eustace to him, 'that you have our lives, but that you must seek to draw us from our religion?—Vade post me, Satana—Get thee behind me.'[2]

Kildare was sent to England. Confessions of accomplices showed that he had been in close correspondence with Baltinglass. He escaped trial however and died in the Tower three years after. Col. Zouch fell in with Sir John of Desmond, the murderer of Davell, one misty morning on the Avonmore river, killed him at last and sent his head to Dublin, while his body swung, like a mountebank's, in chains on the top of a tower in Cork, 'his legs upwards, his arms down; so high hanging he might be seen a mile off: a terrible sight to the rest of the rebels, a comely funeral and end of an earl's son, but too good for such a murderer and traitor.'[3]

1582. February. Sir Nicholas Malby being recalled to England on business, committed Connaught to Captain Brabazon, whose administration left behind even that of his leader and instructor. 'Neither the sanctuary of the saint nor of the poet,' write the Four Masters, 'neither the wood nor the forest valley, the town nor the bawn, was a shelter from this captain and his people till the whole territory was destroyed by him.'

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[1] Thomas Jones, father of the first Lord Ranelagh.

[2] Notes of executions in Dublin, November, 1581: *MSS. Ireland.*

[3] John Meade to Walsingham, from Cork, February 8, 1581-2: *MSS.* Ibid.

The condition of Munster was beyond imagination frightful. The herds had been swept away, the ground had not been tilled, and famine came to devour what the sword had left. 'This country,' wrote Sir Warham St Leger from Cork in the spring of 1582, 'is so ruined, as it is well near unpeopled by the murders and spoils done by the traitors on the one side, and by the killing and spoil done by the soldiers on the other side, together with the great mortality in town and country, which is such as the like hath never been seen. There hath died by famine only, not so few as thirty thousand in this province in less than half a year, besides others that are hanged and killed.'[1]

The outlaws still clung to the forests. Of the once brilliant house of Desmond, the Earl and his little son who was in England were all that now were left. His brothers' heads were rotting by the side of their cousin's James Fitzmaurice on Dublin Castle. But the clansmen held passionately to their chief and his lost cause. Four Geraldines who had flinched and applied for their pardons were taken at night from their cabins and carried into Desmond's camp. They were arraigned as traitors and hewn in pieces by their kindred, 'every sword in the band taking part in their deaths.' 'So,' said the Earl, 'shall every Geraldine be served who will not follow me.' In their despair they were still dangerous, and had their snatches of fierce revenge. Half the garrison of Adair were surprised and massacred. Fitz-

[1] Sir Warham St Leger to Sir John Perrot, April 22, 1582: *MSS. Ireland.*

gerald of Imokelly took Youghal, and sacked it a second time. Six English soldiers were caught alive in a fort there. Fitzgerald 'caused them to be held before him stark naked, till he with a halbert dashed out their brains.'[1]

Desmond himself bore a charmed life. Captain Zouch had all but surprised him once at Aghadoe; another time a party from Kilmallock were guided at night by traitors to a hut in the wood, where he and the Countess were sleeping. The guides mistook the path. Alarm was given, and the Earl and Lady Desmond escaped in their mantles; but escaped so narrowly, that the soldiers found the bed warm where they had been.[2]

In Ireland it had become a struggle of mere brute ferocity on both sides. In England the shame and disgrace began to be seriously felt.

Lord Burghley, who possessed the rare quality of being able to recognize faults in his own countrymen, saw and admitted 'that the Flemings had not such cause to rebel against the oppression of the Spaniards,' as the Irish against the tyranny of England.[3] Sir H. Wallop, to whom Burghley addressed his remonstrance, tried to defend the Irish Government. 'The causes of rebellion, my good lord,' he says, 'as I conceive them are these—

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[1] Sir Warham St Leger to ——, January 16, 1582-3: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Fenton to Walsingham, January 16, 1582-3: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] 'Your lordship writes that, as things be altered it is no marvel the people have rebellions here, for the Flemings had not such cause to rebel by the oppression of the Spaniards, as is reported the Irish people.'—Sir H. Wallop to Burghley, June 10, 1582.

the great affection they generally bear to the Popish religion which agreeth with their humour, that having committed murder, incest, thefts, with all other execrable offences, by hearing a mass, confessing themselves to the priest, or obtaining the Pope's pardon, they persuade themselves they are forgiven; and hearing mass on Sunday, or holyday, they think all the week after they may do what heinous offence soever, and it is dispensed withal. They also much hate our nation, partly through the general mislike or disdain one nation hath to be governed by another; partly that we are contrary to them in religion; and lastly they seek to have the government among themselves.'[1]

1583.

They wished 'to have the government among themselves.' That was the only part of Wallop's explanation which admitted of being acted upon. It might be possible to revert to the old practice, when one or other of the great Irish nobles ruled as Viceroy, and Ireland was administered by Irishmen as a dependency of the Crown. Grey was recalled at his own request. The sword of justice was left as before to two of the council, Archbishop Loftus the chancellor, and Sir H. Wallop. But this arrangement could be only temporary, and the difficulty returned of finding some one to undertake a post which entailed nothing but failure and disgrace. Success seemed impossible to an Englishman. Should Ormond be tried then? The allegiance of the House of Butler had been tested for centuries, and

[1] Sir H. Wallop to Burghley, June 10, 1582.

had never failed. The present Earl had stood with his countrymen against confiscation and appropriation. His share in the massacre of the Geraldines was partly recognized as legitimate, the Butlers being their hereditary foes, partly attributed to the English Viceroy at Dublin, whose officer Ormond was. Who then could be found fitter than he to heal the wounds of the unhappy people? There had been enough and too much of slaughter; the superior strength of England was written in characters too conspicuous to be mistaken. Kildare, Delvin, perhaps Desmond, might now be pardoned safely, and the long waited for Irish millennium begin. So wished and so hoped Elizabeth; but from every English officer serving in the country, every English settler, every bishop of the Anglo-Irish Church, there rose one chorus of remonstrance and indignation. To them it appeared as a proposal now would appear in Calcutta to make the Nizam Viceroy of India.

'If the Earl of Ormond shall have the government of Ireland,' wrote Sir Henry Wallop in cipher to Walsingham, 'there will be no dwelling here for any Englishman, nor Ireland long be quiet. Ormond has written that so long as the Lord Justice is in Dublin,[1] he will never come thither. No harm will grow by it if he never do. Ormond is too great for Ireland already.'[2] The objection prevailed so far, that Ormond was not appointed Viceroy, but he was reconfirmed in the military government of Munster. Fresh troops were sent over

[1] Archbishop Loftus was now Lord Justice in the absence of a Viceroy.

[2] *MSS. Ireland*, July, 1582.

to him, and he was directed to make an end of the remains of the insurrection at once, in the coming summer. Elizabeth trusted him—others it appeared did not trust him. While Ormond therefore held public authority, those who believed that his Irish sympathies would overcome his duty to his sovereign, were allowed to pursue independent of him their separate schemes for a pacification. The question was, whether it was better to destroy Desmond or preserve him. There was a suspicion that if the Geraldines were entirely uprooted, the Butlers, having no rival to hold the balance against them, would become sovereigns of Munster; and the Queen permitted Sir Warham St Leger to open a private communication with the Earl and persuade him to surrender. No absolute promise was to be made to him, not even that his life should be spared, but hopes might be held out obscurely of far more than life. 'After so long and bloody a rebellion, her Majesty thought it would not be honourable to continue him in his earldom, and restore him to his former estate. But if his life might be saved, and liberty either in England or Ireland to live as a private person until she should think meet to give him some better state, her honour might then be preserved.'[1]

Elizabeth was not revengeful, and her troubles at home at this time made her unusually anxious that the Irish wars should be ended. It is singular that on this one occasion she resisted Burghley's advice to give

[1] Burghley to Loftus and Fenton, December 9, 1582: *MSS. Ireland.*

Desmond a more distinct promise. 'Her Majesty would not consent.' Some private communication had passed between herself and Ormond, and to Ormond she insisted that the decision should be ultimately referred. While St Leger was throwing out his bait of pardon to Desmond, other means were being tried to kill him.

March. 'I was told,' wrote Secretary Fenton to Walsingham, 'at my being with the Earl of Ormond, to remember him that in a war of this nature practice and subornation is as necessary as force; and therefore as I knew there were in all places where Desmond had his haunt many poor and needy gentlemen who could and would for money draw some assured draught upon him either for taking of his head or delivering him prisoner to his lordship, so if his lordship could shorten the war by that means without dwelling upon the changeable and uncertain end by arms, I told him I thought it would be holden for right good service, not doubting but there will be found some who will undertake that service for the hire of a thousand pounds, with some farther small gratification of Desmond's lands.'[1] Either the attempt was not made or failed if it was tried, but neither Ormond nor any one would have been scrupulous on the lawfulness of such a deed in itself. 'Lord Ormond means well,' said St Leger, 'but he will make but a patched piece of business. He would end the war by receiving traitors to mercy, and granting them protection for life, lands, and goods.'[2]

[1] Fenton to Walsingham, March 17: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] St Leger to the Queen, May 8: *MSS.* Ibid.

If Ormond was too merciful what would St Leger have been? His instructions from England were that before receiving any men of better quality to mercy he should exact substantial pledges for future good behaviour, one pledge especially, that as a condition of pardon 'they should embrue their hands in the blood of their wicked confederates that stood disloyal.'[1] It will be seen that Ormond faithfully observed these orders, and that so far at least the suspicions of his over-leniency were undeserved.

April.

The spring was now passing. The days were growing long and the ground hard, and the preparations were all complete for the closing campaign. Desmond himself was in the Kerry mountains. Lady Desmond, conscious that the end was coming, went in person to Ormond before he took the field to sue for her husband's pardon. Ormond could but reply that he had no power to grant her request, that nothing could be accepted but an unconditional surrender. This being so the Countess desired to remain in Ormond's hands; but her presence, it was thought, would embarrass Desmond's movements, and she was therefore forced to return to him. He too was weary of his miserable hunted life. He was a poor creature at heart, with no quality of the Geraldines except their pride. The enchantment of the name, the feudal sacredness of the person of the chief, alone had made him formidable. But his pride at the crisis of his

[1] Memorandum to the Earl of Ormond by Walsingham, March 24, 1583: *MSS. Ireland.*

fate would not allow him to save himself. Never, he said, would he stoop to a Butler, 'whose blood he would drink like milk but for the English churles.'[1] In the vanity of chieftainship he spoke out stoutly from his mountain stronghold, and imagined that he could still treat with Elizabeth as an independent prince. Addressing himself no more to Ormond, he wrote in regal style to Sir Warham St Leger:—

'Where I understand that the Earl of Ormond giveth forth that I should submit meself before him as attorney to her Majesty, you may be sure he doth report more thereof than I have sent him either by word or writing. But this I have offered in hope to prove the unreasonable wrongs and injuries done to me by her Highness's officers in this realm from time to time, unguilty in me behalf as God knoweth. I am contented upon these conditions, so as me country, castles, possessions, and lands, with me son, might be put and left in the hands and quiet possession of me council and followers, and also me religion and conscience not barred. With a pardon, protection, and passport for me own body to pass and repass, I would have gone before her Majesty to try all those causes just and true on me part, as still I do allege if I might be heard or have indifferency, and likewise hoping I might have more justice, favour, and grace at her Majesty's hands when I am before herself than here at the hands of such her cruel officers as have me wrongfully proclaimed. And so

[1] Gold to Burghley, April 13: *MSS. Ireland.*

thereby thinking that her Majesty and I may agree, if not that I may be put safe in the hands of me followers again, and I to deliver me son and me said possessions back to her Highness's officers. At Abbey Feale, April 28, 1583.

'GEROT DESMOND.'

May.

No one save Desmond himself could have imagined that such conditions as these would be entertained by the Queen. There was nothing left but for Ormond to draw the sword once more, and the campaign was commenced by an execution at Cork. Fitzgerald of Imokelly, who had killed the Englishmen at Youghal, was the most dangerous of the rebels next to Desmond. His mother, Lady Fitzgerald, 'that devilish witch,' as Ormond calls her, was supposed to have been the instigator of his cruelties. She fell into Ormond's hands, and he tried and hanged her. Then without more delay he set once more about his old work. A few days after he was in motion he reported himself as having killed or executed a hundred and thirty-four insurgents, while the chiefs, to whom he had made known the terms on which they might earn their pardon, were bringing him sacks full of heads.[1] By measures of this kind the county of Cork was speedily pacified. He then pushed on into Kerry to finish the work. Desmond, he said, would have long since been captured, but that the soldiers in garrison at Castle-

[1] Ormond to the English Council, May 28, 1583: *MSS. Ireland.*

maine and Ashketyn had made acquaintances among the Irish women, who had seduced them into negligence. A few necessary changes and moderate diligence would place 'the archfool' in his power.[1]

June. It appears that Desmond still clung to the hope either of a fresh rebellion in the Pale, or of a rising in Ulster, or of the interference in his favour of Philip. Every one in Ireland, high and low, in the Pale as well as out of it, was a Catholic openly or inwardly. Annexation to Spain had become a universal passion, and the people could not believe that Spain would leave them to be destroyed.[2] But the summer went on, and the O'Neils lay still, and the Catholic chivalry of the Pale were rotting on the gallows. No Spanish sail came again to the harbour at Dingle: and Desmond, gulping down his pride, wrote at last to Ormond in ab-

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[1] Ormond to the English Council, May 28, 1583: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Wallop to Walsingham, June 18. The temper to which even the Anglo-Irish of the Pale had been brought, was curiously illustrated by a declaration of Walter Eustace, Lord Baltinglass's brother, who had hitherto escaped capture, but had been betrayed by a comrade.

'Being examined he confessed himself a Catholic. He said that he had done no offence against the Queen's Majesty, for that she was no Catholic; but what he had done, he had done it for God's cause, and by authority from the Pope. And that touching the robbing and murdering of her people, God did not forbid it, but rather commanded him to kill and rob all such as were out of the Catholic faith and religion of the Pope, who also had given him and the residue authority so to do; that he saw no cause to repent him of anything done against her Highness, for that he had done nothing against her as a lawful Queen, being no Catholic. That this doctrine had been taught him from the beginning, and that he would die in this opinion.'—Loftus and Wallop to the English Council, June 14: *MSS. Ireland.*

A theory of this kind, professed and acted upon by a whole people, does certainly go near to justifying extermination.

ject humility asking an opportunity to explain how he had been misled. Ormond had but one answer. He must surrender and plead his excuses at his trial. Lady Desmond, the companion hitherto of all her husband's adventures, forsook him now, perhaps by his own desire. She again came to Ormond. He would have sent her back a second time, but she would not go unless by force, 'lamenting greatly the folly of the Earl, whom wisdom could never rule.'[1]

July.

Free from the encumbrance of her presence, the last of the Munster Geraldines wandered from glen to glen, and mountain to mountain, attended only by a priest and three or four faithful followers who would not leave him. The wildest enthusiast had abandoned his cause as hopeless. Every chief had made his peace by a bloody offering to Ormond. Even Fitzgerald of Imokelly had earned forgiveness and been received to grace, and not a hand by the end of the summer was raised against Ormond's rule. Loftus, St Leger, and Wallop hated him and disparaged his success. They insisted that the pardoned insurgents would revolt again with the winter, and they persuaded the Queen to bid Ormond revoke his protection and seize them unprepared. Ormond's answer was worthy of his name. 'My Lord,' he proudly wrote to Burghley, 'the clause in the Queen's letter seems most strange to me. I will never use treachery to any, for it will both touch her Highness's honour too much and mine own credit; and who-

[1] Ormond to Burghley, June 18: *MSS. Ireland.*

soever gave the Queen advice thus to write is fitter to execute such base service than I am. Saving my duty to her Majesty, I would I were to have revenge by my sword of any man that thus persuaded the Queen to write to me.'[1]

To Ormond the Irish were human beings, with human rights. To the English they were vermin, to be cleared from off the earth by any means that offered. Desmond, unhappily for himself, was beyond even Ormond's concern or pity. A price was set upon his head; one by one the remaining companions of his misfortunes were taken from him. The priest was captured first, brought handcuffed to Cork, and hanged. MacSweeny of the Kenmare mountains fell next.

MacSweeny was the best friend that he had left, and had sheltered him and fed him through the summer; and when MacSweeny was gone, killed by an Irish dagger, the Earl's turn could not be distant. He was hunted down into the mountains between Tralee and the Atlantic. Escape was impossible either by sea or land, and the reward offered for his head was a temptation which the savages among whom he had taken refuge were not likely long to resist. One of these, Donell Macdonell Moriarty,[2] had been received to grace by Ormond on his last visit to Tralee, and had promised to deserve his pardon. One night, a fortnight after the dispatch of MacSweeny, this man came to the captain of Castlemaine, and informed him that the

October.

[1] Ormond to Burghley, September 10: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] The name Moriarty still hangs about those parts of Kerry.

Geraldine chief was at that moment in a cabin at Glanquichtie, five miles up the river. The captain, with half a dozen English soldiers and a few Irish kerne, stole in the darkness along the path which followed the stream, and this time no friendly scout gave warning of the enemy's approach. The house was surrounded, the door dashed in, and the last Earl of Desmond was killed in his bed, as his brother had killed Henry Davell four years before in Tralee.

So ended a rebellion which a mere handful of English had sufficed to suppress, though three-quarters of Ireland had been heart and soul concerned in it, and though the Irish themselves man for man were no less hardy and brave than their conquerors. The victory was terribly purchased. The entire province of Munster was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, and the sick, and the blind, the young mother and the babe at the breast, had fallen under the English sword, and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions.

Had no Saxon set foot on Irish shores, the tale of slaughter would have been as large or larger. To plunder and to kill, to massacre families of enemies, and to return to their dens with the spoil, while bards and harpers celebrated their triumphs, was the one occupation held in honour by the Celtic chiefs, and the Irish as a nation only began to exist when English rule at last made life and property secure. But England still pays the penalty in the hearts of an alienated race

for the means by which it forced them into obedience. Millions upon millions of Celts have been enabled to exist, who, but for England, would never have been born—but those millions, not wholly without justice, treasure up the bitter memories of the wrongs of their ancestors.

November. Desmond's body was taken to Cork, where it was swung by the skeleton of his brother. The head went to Dublin Castle to be shipped for London and moulder upon a spike on London Bridge. The council at Dublin, true to their policy of death, again urged the execution of Fitzgerald of Imokelly, and of others who had been Desmond's companions. Ormond had pardoned them, but the Lords Justices had not pardoned them, and the confiscation of their lands was held out as a bait to tempt the Queen to severity.[1] But Ormond pleaded successfully 'that it could not but be honourable to her Majesty after so much bloodshed to grant an indemnity,' 'and it could not stand with her honour to stay her mercy from those to whom he had himself given his word by virtue of her Majesty's authority.'

The south of Ireland had been made a desert; the last

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[1] Wallop to Burghley, November 20: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Ormond to Burghley, November 28: *MSS. Ireland.* Sir Warham St Leger, who had received large grants in Munster, and wished to make himself secure from his Irish neighbours, was still an advocate of severity. Ormond spoke contemptuously of him as 'an old alehouse knight, malicious, impudent, void of honesty; an arrogant ass that had never courage, honesty, or truth in him, nor put him on a horse one hour in the field to do any service.'

gleanings of the harvest had been gathered, and it was called peace. The insurgents of the Pale were dead or in exile. Tirlogh Lenogh, unable to move on account of the Scots when Fitzmaurice landed, and distrusting afterwards the chances of the insurrection, had spared his own people till Spain would speak out more clearly. Submission was the order of the day. Connaught had been scourged into quiet by Malby and Brabazon. Clanrickard died, and his sons, united hitherto in evil, quarrelled over his inheritance. The younger brother, John, was the favourite of the clan. He was a rollicking, marauding scoundrel, 'beloved by all the bards, and rhymers, and women,' and setting a fair example of morality by living in incest with his sister, Lady Mary, the wife of O'Rourke of Roscommon. Ulick the elder, fearing his too successful rivalry, marked him down one night when he was out on an expedition for plunder, broke into the castle where he was sleeping, and murdered him. The service was well received, and well rewarded. Ulick, with Elizabeth's consent, was installed at Portumna in the earldom.[1]

One more cruel melodrama at Dublin concluded the tragedy of the Desmond rebellion. It had arisen from the direct action of the Pope. Fitzmaurice had landed with a Papal commission and an accredited Legate. The rebels everywhere pleaded Elizabeth's deposition as the ground of the war, and in England as well as Ireland the Pope was trying the question of allegiance, with

[1] Connaught correspondence, November, 1583: *MSS. Ireland.*

conspiracy and attempts at force. But for the incapacity of the Irish leaders he would have driven the English out of the island; and when the revolt of Ireland had been accomplished the train was laid for an answering movement across the Channel.

A Papal emissary, whatever he might be, therefore, landing on the Irish coast was a fair object of suspicion, especially if commissioned to some permanent employment; and if born a subject of the Crown of England, was liable to prosecution for high treason. No person bearing a commission from an open enemy, and coming to a country which through that enemy's instigation was in a state of deadly civil war, could be allowed to plead innocence of unlawful intention.

In September, 1583, two months before Desmond's death, there appeared suddenly in Drogheda an Irish priest named Hurley. He had been for some time resident at Rome, where he had been a member of the Inquisition, and had been closely connected with the English Catholic College. He had brought with him letters of induction from Gregory XIII. as Archbishop of Cashel, and he had arrived to take possession of the See. He was making his way in disguise across the Pale, intending to go to Kilkenny, of which he was a native, and claim the protection of the Earl of Ormond. Unfortunately for himself he had also secret letters of commendation with him, undirected, but seemingly addressed to Catholic noblemen of the Pale who had given cause of distrust. He was seized, searched, and his papers found, and he was carried to Dublin before the Lords

Justices, Archbishop Loftus and Sir H. Wallop. He refused to give an account of himself, maintaining an obstinate silence on all points on which he was examined. The Irish council wrote for instructions to London, and he was told that unless he would speak they must apply torture. There was no 'rack or other engine' in Dublin, and the justices, wishing perhaps to be rid of the responsibility, or doubting how far the rest of the council would support them, suggested that he should be sent to London. It was considered however that a sharp example would produce a salutary effect in Ireland, and after a few months' delay, the intended Archbishop was brought again before Loftus. Proof had been obtained, he was told, that his letters were for Desmond and Baltinglass, that they were in the hands of the Government, and that denials would be to no purpose; if he would deal frankly and discover all that he knew, her Majesty's mercy would be extended towards him.

1584. March.

Walsingham must share with Loftus the responsibility for what ensued, for the substitute for the more regular engine was suggested by Walsingham himself.

'Not finding,' wrote Loftus to him, 'that easy method of examination to do any good, we made commission to Mr Waterhouse and Mr Secretary Fenton, to put him to the torture, such as your Honour advised us, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots.'[1] Yielding to the agony he confessed something,

[1] Irish tradition says that melted rosin was poured into his boots.

probably less than the truth. The letters proved 'how deeply he was overtaken with treason,' though it does not appear that they contained matter plain enough to ensure conviction on a trial, unless the presentation to the See by the Pope was ruled to be treasonable in itself. It was proved that he had been intimate at Rome with the English refugees; it was not shown that he had come to Ireland with a distinct insurrectionary purpose; and like the Jesuits in England, he insisted loudly that his mission was purely religious. Loftus consulted the Dublin lawyers, who being Catholics themselves, 'found scruple to arraign him for that his treason was committed in foreign parts.' It was thought too that his 'clamorous denials' in open court would produce a bad effect on the people. To allow him to escape would be a manifest failure of justice; both Loftus and Wallop therefore considered that, with the Queen's approval, it would be well to execute the unfortunate wretch 'by martial law,' 'against which he could make no just challenge, for that he had neither lands nor goods.'[1] Elizabeth took a month to consider, and then answered, 'that the man being so notorious and ill a subject as he appeared to be, the Lords Justices should proceed to his execution by ordinary trial first;' but that 'if they found the effect of

[1] Loftus and Wallop to Walsingham, March 7, 1584: *MSS. Ireland.* Forfeiture of property could only be enforced after a legal trial and conviction. Martial law therefore was confined to the poor, but the inverse argument of Loftus that because a man possessed no property he was to be expected himself to acquiesce in being arbitrarily executed, could hardly have been used out of Ireland.

that course doubtful, through the affection of such as should be of the jury, or the interpretations of the lawyers, or the Statute of Treasons,' 'they might then take the shorter way' which they had proposed. No further confession being expected, the torture was not to be repeated; 'for what was past her Majesty accepted in good part their careful travail, and greatly commended their doings.'[1] April.

The Irish judges persisting in their opinion that there was no case for a trial, the second alternative was taken. Sir John Perrot had been appointed at last to succeed Grey as Viceroy. He had arrived in Dublin, and was ready to begin his duties; but Loftus and Wallop were permitted to conclude the work which they had commenced, and finish with the Archbishop before they delivered up the sword. 'On the 19th of June,' they wrote, 'we gave warrant to the Knight Marshal to do execution upon him, which accordingly was performed, and thereby the realm rid of a most pestilent member.'[2] June. July.

Thus with one more barbarity, of all the deeds connected with the suppression of the insurrection perhaps the least excusable, the chapter of executions closed. The chain of English authority was once more riveted on Ireland, and the rule of the sword superseded by the rule of law. Sir John Perrot, in taking office, made a speech to the people in which he endeavoured to soothe their apprehensions, and give

[1] Memorandum to the Lords Justices, April 28: *MSS. Ireland.*

[2] Loftus and Wallop to Walsingham, July 9: *MSS.* Ibid.

them hopes of better days. He told them that as 'the natural born subjects of her Majesty they were as dear to her as her own people,' and that they should have no more cause to complain of English oppression.

'In this particular,' reported Secretary Fenton, 'the Deputy was universally noted most acceptable to all men, that he wished to be suppressed and universally abolished throughout the realm the name of a churle and the crushing of a churle; affirming that howsoever the former barbarous times had devised it and nourished it, yet he held it tyrannous both in name and manner, and therefore would extirpate it, and use in place of it the titles used in England, namely, husbandmen, franklins, or yeomen. This was so plausible to the Assembly that it was carried throughout the whole realm in less time than might be thought credible if it was expressed.' [1]

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[1] Sir Geoffrey Fenton to Walsingham, July 10: *MSS. Ireland.*

END OF VOL. X.

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