MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.*

A BARE record of names, dates, and facts is doubtless of considerable importance as an aid to other historical knowledge; but by itself is as dull as it is unprofitable to the reader. The matter is not much mended when the historian superadds the philosophy of his own times to the meagre materials in question, without giving due attention to the ordinary habits of thought and action which prevailed in the ages he undertakes to describe. He produces a more interesting and specious work indeed, but he is certain to mislead the student most grievously. The reason is obvious enough. The spirit of one era is always traceable to some extent as emanating from that of its predecessors. The present, on the contrary, does but bear witness to the existence of the past, while it is incapable of affording any explanation of its phenomena. Granting that an historian—as, for instance, Robertson—is wonderfully accurate in his narrative, and also far removed from the source of error we have indicated, he is in many instances apt to leave untouched an important desideratum to a just apprehension of the genius of the age and country he investigates. For the sake of conciseness he must often forego details and other illustrations in his text, and refer the reader to an appendix for them, if appendix there be. He must, therefore, deal largely in generalities and abstractions, the result of which necessarily is that his pictures are cold and flat, that his *dramatis personæ* are lifeless, statuesque, and void of individuality, and that therefore the imagination of the reader can hardly persuade itself that the phantom figures before it represent real men and women precisely similar, in all essentials, to those of whom it has had living experience, though widely differing from them in accidental and temporary circumstances.

With reference to supplying deficiencies of this kind there can be little doubt that the romances of Sir Walter Scott have done much solid service to the cause of historical knowledge. Never lived writer more successful than he in the wizard-craft of making flesh come again on the dry bones of history, and breathing the spirit of life into the heroes and heroines he summoned up from the past in their "habits as they lived." So vivid are our impressions upon laying down the book, that we seem to have been almost personally in the presence of the Charles II., or Cromwell, or Louis XI. of France, that fixes the date of the story. Nor have we merely seen them in the sorcerer's magic glass; their voices ring in our ears as living voices—we have recognised the reality of their existence, and our sympathies come in aid to our judgment when we would estimate their achievments, or pass sentence on their characters.

On the other hand, the imperfections of Scott's novels as a vehicle for conveying historical information are obvious enough. They are, indeed, inseparable from all fictitious tales, of which th primary object is mere amusement. The historic characters are modified to suit the exigencies of th story, and their conversation is necessarily a curiou medley of anachronisms of sentiment. Withou these anachronisms, however, the dialogue woul be as unintelligible and distasteful to the gener reader of the nineteenth century as the languag which the real historical personages used in thei own days.

The class of works to which Miss Strickland' writings belong are, of course, free from the defect we have been hitherto discussing. They are medium between the romantic novel and the phi losophic history, and aim at being more amusin than the one, and more instructive than the other In the present instance the biography of an indi vidual, including, of course, the small as well a the great events of life, is the central point aroun which the other personages are grouped; and th obvious advantage of this plan is, that it gives a unity and an interest to the narrative that i would be difficult to supply in any other way The real recorded dialogue, and extracts from letters and other contemporary documents, con tribute truth and liveliness to the descriptions popular explanations are supplied when necessary and information is thus given in an easy and familiar style which reduces the labour of the his torical student to a mere pastime. It must, how ever, be borne in mind that Miss Strickland doe not pretend to be very profound; and that though she undertakes to present the main substance o original documents in a form suited to the modern reader, she does not aspire to the scientific accu racy of a professed antiquarian. Giving her all due credit for the ability with which she performs her task in general, we shall have occasion to notice some instances in which she has been mistaken and some in which she is not altogether free from negligence.

From the preface we learn that the plan of the work before us was suggested by a desire to com pile a new biography of Mary Queen of Scots taking advantage of the copious information upon the subject which the recent publications of Prince Labanoff and others have supplied. The theme involves one of the undecided questions of history and Miss Strickland believes that the traditional veneration for John Knox may still be reconciled with a belief of the innocence of one whom he so mercilessly maligned. With the few whose re verence for the great apostle of Scottish freedom stops short on this side of idolatry it is possible she may succeed; but we may warn her that she must be prepared to encounter the wildest impu tations if she presumes to meet prejudice and bigotry with no more powerful weapons than those which are supplied by historical evidence. In the

* Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. London and Edinburgh: Blackwoods.

prosecution of this plan, however, Miss Strickland was naturally led to investigate the history of Mary of Lorraine, the mother, and of Margaret Tudor, the paternal grandmother, of her heroine. The marriage of the latter with James IV. was the direct *causa causans* of the union of the two crowns of Great Britain; and hence the design of the new series, of which the first volume is before us.

Margaret Tudor was the second child of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. Her elder brother was Prince Arthur, who died in his father's lifetime, leaving Catherine of Arragon his widow. Her next younger brother was Henry VIII. The importance of the birth of the Princess Royal was duly appreciated by her careful father. As a *parvenu* king, he was anxious to strengthen himself by family alliances; and as a wise statesman, he reckoned that, by affiancing his daughter to the King of Scots, he might do something towards putting an end to the useless and incessant feud that existed between the northern and southern portions of Great Britain. The steps taken in furtherance of these objects were characteristic of the age. The babe was named Margaret, and baptised on St. Andrew's day in the church at Westminster dedicated to St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, the Saxon spouse of Malcolm Canmore. The rest of the ceremonials on the occasion are, with one exception, what might have been expected. That exception is the total immersion of the royal infant in the baptismal font—an operation somewhat perilous to the bodily health of a new-born infant on a bleak November day. Considerations, however, of this kind did not occur to our ancestors in the fifteenth century. The foolish pagan mother who caused her child's death by fulfilling her vow, that if it recovered from a fever it should stand naked in the Tiber in honour of Jupiter, might have found thousands and tens of thousands of parallels among the mediæval votaries of a paganised Christianity. In the present instance, however, the protection of her patron saints, or the care of her nurse, preserved the royal babe from any unpleasant consequences, and she seems to have thriven as well as could be wished for under the tutelage of her grandmother at the palace of Shene, the name of which, by-the-bye, had recently been changed to "Richmond" by her sire. Of the system of education adopted Miss Strickland is by no means laudatory. The young princess had no better luck than most other folks who are destined from their cradle to wear a crown. Her spelling in an unorthographical age was always decidedly bad, and her writing villanous. She had, however, like all the Tudor race, some taste for music; and she also learned to dance—an accomplishment which we conscientiously believe is as instinctive in young ladies as that of swimming is in frogs. Here the list of her perfections comes to an abrupt termination. Moral and intellectual culture she had none. On the contrary, the selfishness she inherited from her father, and the caprice and sensuality that characterised her maternal ancestors of the house of York, grew up rank and luxuriant in the future Queen of Scotland.

Between the ages of seven and eleven her portrait, according to royal custom, was more than once committed to canvass. Mabuse, the precursor of Holbein, was the artist; and if it be true that his subject was always remarkable for roses and lilies, and beautiful golden locks, the poor little princess certainly had very hard treatment at his hands. The picture by him at Hampton Court presents the appearance of a little prim old woman rather than the soft features of childhood, and her bright hair is covered by a hood, similar in form to those worn by female mourners of the present day at the pedestrian funerals of the poor in London.

The following notice of the artist is curious enough:—"Mabuse was a profligate character, who lived long enough to be the subject of a curious anecdote. Many years afterwards, when the Emperor Charles V. had arrived at man's estate, that Sovereign was to pay a visit to the Marquis of Vanderveren, in whose service Mabuse then was. The marquis chose to array all his retainers in white damask. The painter requested to have his allotment of damask in his own possession, under pretence of devising some curious or quaint costume. The rogue bartered it at the tavern for drink, and did, indeed, devise a curious costume for himself, imitating damask on white paper. The trick had been whispered to his master; and the emperor, who could not help admiring the ingenuity of Mabuse, made him approach his chair, which led to the open discovery of his imposition." We may here observe, that the worthy marquis was, in all probability, largely though indirectly interested in the great staple of his fellow-countrymen, the Flemings; and, that as 1851 and its Great Exhibition were out of the question, the display of the white damask to the youthful Sovereign was no idle whim of wealth or caprice. The infirmity and ingenuity of the artist remind us of those of poor Morland. Human nature ever supplies parallels, though time builds up strange contrasts.

The first important event in the life of Margaret was the death of her brother Arthur, the heir apparent. This circumstance left only one life, that of Henry VIII., between the princess and the succession to the crown of England, the consideration of which precipitated the negotiations for the Scottish alliance. Miss Strickland gives us ample means of ascertaining how princesses were married in the fifteenth century. Our readers will judge how far we have improved in this respect in the nineteenth. First, it was settled that the young lady should have the jointure lands and castles of a Queen of Scotland, of the value of 2,000*l.* a-year, to which the bridegroom added an annuity of 500 marks; next, that the royal papa should give *something* to the young lady for *her* fortune, and in the present instance the *something* was a beggarly 10,000*l.*, to be paid in three instalments. We might blush for the meanness of Henry VII.; but Miss Strickland very properly puts the saddle on the right horse. The poor king could only afford this miserable sum from his privy purse, for Parliament, at the instigation of Sir Thomas More, positively refused to grant a single penny. In our enlightened age, 100,000*l.* a-year is the very lowest figure we could have the

face to offer to a queen-consort; and a thousand pounds a month is reckoned a cheap payment for the credit of having a Duke of Cambridge in the country. Talk of the wisdom of our ancestors after this!

To proceed, it was further arranged, for the comfort of the patriotic princess in such a barbarous country as Scotland, that she should be allowed twenty-four English attendants; and, further, that she should not proceed thither till she had nearly attained the mature age of fourteen. When all these preliminaries were settled, the marriage took place, by proxy, at Richmond—the Earl of Bothwell representing James IV., and the Archbishop of Glasgow and the Bishop elect of Murray attending as ambassadors and men of business.

Here Miss Strickland has misapprehended the words of the *fiancelles*. The king's representative declares that "all others for thee he forsaketh in and during *his and thine* lives natural," which clearly signifies nothing more than the husband's conjugal undertaking for the *joint* lives of himself and his spouse—a meaning so obvious, and at the same time so strictly corresponding to the words used, that we are struck by the singular notion of our authoress, that it might be held to bind James to widowhood in the event of his surviving Margaret.

After the marriage the usual rejoicings took place. Henry VII. made liberal presents to the ambassadors of his son-in-law; they in their turn gave largesse to the king's herald; and the nobles and knights of the court jousted in honour of the event. Even in those days, when chivalry was on the decline, it was indispensable at every festival that some desperately hard pokes with blunted lances should be given and taken by the grandees who assisted at the solemnity.

In the mean time, while his ambassadors were thus marrying him in England, James IV. had provided for himself the fair Margaret Drummond, whom he had wooed and won at her father's house of Stobbeshaw, while he was yet Duke of Rothsay; and at this period he was anxiously awaiting a dispensation from the Pope that would enable him to give publicity to his marriage with her. This, and the subsequent political difficulties which would have ensued, were prevented by the melancholy death of the lady. She, with her sisters Euphemia and Sybilla, were poisoned when at breakfast by some unknown persons. The king, thus set at liberty to fulfil his other engagement, showed his regard for the unfortunate lady by the affectionate care he bestowed on the infant Margaret, the sole surviving fruit of their ill-starred union. His treasurer's compotus (a barbarous word akin to the Latin *computare*, in French *compter*, and English *count*, formerly written *compt*) shows further that the broken-hearted king, according to the custom of the age, marked his regret for the loss of his late spouse by the masses which he caused to be sung for the repose of her soul by the priests of Edinburgh and Dunblane.

Whether Henry VII. was suspicious that his son-in-law elect might again prove faithless is uncertain; but at all events he hastened the departure of the bride before the period fixed in the marriage-articles. She began her journey northwards in June, 1503. Of the progress of the bride a very full account has been left by John Young, the Somerset Herald, who accompanied it. In addition to a gallant company attached to her person, the sheriffs of each county with their followers, and the principal nobles and gentry, attended the march as far as the limits of their respective shires. The notables of the towns received the *cortège* in their best clothes, and with their best speeches; and upon these occasions the ecclesiastics invariably figure as coming to meet it in procession, and presenting their crosses and reliques to be kissed by their Sovereign's daughter. The method of locomotion then employed had little affinity either to the yellow post-chaise of our immediate ancestors or the express-train of modern times. The bridal journey was made on the back of a white palfrey, varied by the occasional use of a horse-litter; and on approaching a town, the princess and her attendants had nothing for it but to make a hasty toilette by the wayside, that their appearance might satisfy the expectations of the loving lieges.

North of Berwick the provincial chivalry of England took their departure, and their place was supplied by a company of Scottish nobles and their followers, who had awaited their arrival at Lamberton Kirk. Under their escort the princess reached Dalkeith. Here our authoress gives the following account of the first meeting of the betrothed couple: "He entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest Sovereign in Europe, the black eyes and hair of his elegant father, James III., being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother. Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait *con amore*, and has not exaggerated the likeness:—

> "'For hazel was his eagle eye,
> And auburn of the darkest dye
> His short curled beard and hair.
> Light was his footstep in the dance,
> And firm his stirrup in the lists;
> And oh, he had that merry glance
> Which seldom lady's heart resists.'

"The young queen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them. It was noticed that he welcomed the chivalric Earl of Surrey with especial cordiality.

"'Then the King of Scotland took the queen on one side, and they communed together for a long space. She *held good manner* (was unembarrassed); and the king remained bare-headed during the time they conversed, and many courtesies passed between them. Incontinent (*immediately*) the board was set and served. The king

and queen washed their hands with humble reverence, and after that set them down at table together.

"'After supper they washed again, *with the reverences;*' which we opine to have been an elaborate series of bows and genuflexions performed with due solemnity. 'The minstrels began to blow; then Queen Margaret danced, accompanied by my Lady Surrey. This done, King James took leave of her, for it was late; and he went to his bed at Edinburgh very well content at so pleasant a meeting, and that he had found the fair company so well together.'"

A second meeting took place at Newbattle, in the course of which the Somerset Herald notes that "James of Scotland did leap on his horse without putting foot in stirrup, and the said steed was a right fair courser, and forward the king spurred, let follow who might"—a description which Sir Walter Scott seems to have had in his eye when he indited the parallel passage in the "Lady of the Lake."

It is also upon this occasion that Miss Strickland falls foul of the not very uncommon fur called "budge," with which the tan-coloured velvet of the royal gallant was trimmed. On what authority she explains it as the fur of the black otter we are at a loss to conjecture. That there might be fine sorts is very probable, from the fact of its being occasionally worn by royal personages; but it is certain that in general it was reckoned as the very commonest of furs. The University of Cambridge, though severely disciplinarian, permitted its use to students in the 15th century (*furruris buggeis vel agninis utantur*); and the budge bachelors of London, a class of almsmen who received largesse from the Mayor of London when he entered on his office, were so called from their robes being lined with nothing more costly than simple lambskins. The metaphorical use of the word, as in Milton ("Those *budge* doctors of the stoic fur"), is invariably in the sense of harsh and stiff, and therefore what we should call pedantic; so that whether it was prepared from goatskins or lambskins, it is clear that it did not possess those qualities which are usually most prized in furriery.

To resume our story: from Dalkeith it was arranged that the happy pair should make their state entry into Edinburgh. The bridegroom carefully tried his own charger, to ascertain if it would carry double; and finding that it would be a dangerous experiment with the steed of a gay bachelor, proceeded towards his capital on the princess's palfrey, with his bride, *en croupe*, behind him. As the royal pair were well supplied with horses and litters, we must not set this apparently unostentatious mode of locomotion to the credit of economy or simplicity of manners. It clearly was regarded as symbolical of marriage.

When within a mile of Edinburgh, the royal couple were diverted with a chivalrous pageant to which we have nothing analogous in modern days, except the performances under the auspices of the immortal Widdicomb. In a green meadow a rich pavilion had been erected, out of which "'came a knight on horseback and his lady-paramour, who bare his horn; then another knight rode into the meadow, and robbed him of his lady, and blew the horn. On which the pavilion-knight exclaimed, 'Wherefore hast thou done this? I say that I will prove upon thee that thou hast done outrage to me!' The invading knight demanded 'if he was armed?' 'Yea,' said the first. 'Well, then,' replied the other, 'prove thee a man by doing thy devoir.' They then took their spears and jousted, but without striking each other; they then took to their swords, and made a fair tourney. And the challenger struck the sword from the hand of the defender, but gave it to him again; and they began again the tourney with still more spirit; and they did their devoir so well that, expecting that they were about to proceed in good earnest, the king rode up to part them with the queen behind him, and both the king and queen cried out, 'Peace!' and ordered them to be parted.

"'When the combatants had ceased their sword-strife, the king called them before him to declare the cause of contest. 'Sire,' said the challenger, 'he hath taken from me my lady-paramour, whereof I was insured by her faith.' The defender answered, 'Sire, I shall defend me against him upon this case.'

"'King James replied, 'Bring your friends, and a day shall be appointed for you;' wherefore they thanked him, and everybody drew off towards the town; and the name of the challenger was Sir Patrick Hamilton, brother of the Lord Hamilton, the king's cousin, who rode next him in his procession; and the defender was Patrick Sinclair, Esq.' Great multitudes had issued out of Edinburgh to see this performance; and so seriously has the Somerset Herald described the scene, that it is not easy to decide whether they were fighting in earnest or in sport."

After this exhibition, the *cortège* proceeded amid masques and pageants to the Church of Holyrood; and, if we may credit the chroniclers of that day, loyal folk of Scotland were as zealous in their attendance upon their Sovereigns then as we have seen them on the northern trips of their present ruler.

In all these proceedings nothing could exceed the gallantry of James IV. to his bride. It appears that etiquette required the bridegroom to conduct his intended with his arm round her waist; but this affectionate familiarity was compensated by the king invariably doffing his bonnet in the presence of his intended. He also gave her precedence upon every occasion when the ecclesiastics presented their reliques to be kissed, and refused to permit to have *his* largesse cried by the recipients of their joint bounty. His courtesy and attention to her English escort, and particularly to its gallant commander, the Earl of Surrey, was pushed so far as actually to irritate the exacting selfishness of his child-bride. It was moreover carefully stipulated by the diplomatists, that two Scottish dames of the highest rank should walk abreast with the two noblest of the English ladies at all the solemn festivals with which the wedding was celebrated. It was at this time, we apprehend, that the ceremony of giving the young queen *seis-*

in (legal possession) of the Castle of Edinburgh was performed, as Mr. Grant tells us, by the Scottish garrison marching forth and a few English soldiers installing themselves in their place for a little while—an operation which was precisely analogous to the common-law process then in use for the purpose of transferring the fee simple of an ordinary private house. It is curious to reflect that this simplest of all possible forms grew to be so complicated with legal subtleties and difficulties, that it was at last regarded as the most intolerable of conveyancing exigencies, and was accordingly early evaded by the use of other forms. In England, at present, a mere deed with the seal of the donor or vendor, originally but an accessory to actual delivery, not only testifies to, but is itself the instrument of, transfer. In this, as in many other matters, the age of symbols is rapidly passing away.

We have observed that for mention of this incident we are indebted to Mr. Grant's "History of the Castle of Edinburgh." For the gayer details of the wedding we may refer our readers to the copious descriptions of Miss Strickland. It does not appear that any weeping was thought necessary, as at present, on such a festive occasion; on the contrary, everybody seems to have been most vulgarly bent on merrymaking to the utmost. The wedding-dresses of bride and bridegroom of course played an important part. It is our *devoir* to submit them to the judgment of our fair readers.

"The royal bride was arrayed in a rich robe of white and gold damask, bordered with crimson velvet, and lined with white sarcenet. She wore a magnificent crown, a collar of pearls and precious stones, and a rich coif; her hair was hanging down the whole length of her body. . . . King James wore a robe of white damask figured with gold, a jacket with slashes of crimson satin, and the border of black velvet, a waistcoat of cloth of gold, and a pair of scarlet hose. His shirt was broidered with gold thread, his bonnet black velvet, looped up with a rich balass-ruby, and his sword was girt about him."

The wedding-dinner (which, by-the-bye, was eaten in a state-chamber containing a state-bed, as was common in that age) is rather curious. The first course consisted of a "boar's head, a fair piece of brawn and a gambon" (either gammon of bacon or ham, both words being derived from the French *jambon*, and Italian *gamba*). The accumulation of all this pig at the royal board certainly does little credit to the invention of the cook; but it is doubly strange that it should figure at a first-rate banquet in Scotland, where an almost Jewish abhorrence of the unclean beast has prevailed till within the memory of living man. After this came a serenade, and after the serenade a ball; and Somerset Herald tells us that some "good bodies made games of *passe-passe*, which did very well."

Here, again, Miss Strickland confesses herself beaten, and says that the game of *passe-passe* remains a mystery to her. We may relieve the fair authoress by assuring her that nothing is meant more enigmatical than sleight-of-hand tricks. The worthy herald's phrase is a literal translation of *faire des tours de passe-passe*, which, we apprehend, is still tolerably good French, and not particularly abstruse.

After the marriage had taken place, the festivals involving the creations of nobility and knights-pageants, feasting, and jousting, continued for some time; and among other curious usages our authoress calls our attention to the etiquette which compelled James to give his wedding-dress to the English, while the bride was obliged to present hers to the Scotch heralds. "The next day Marchmont herald *barred the court in escharpe*, he and his companions thanking the queen therefor; but on the morrow she sent him a largess of fifteen nobles, and the Scottish heralds brought again the same robe." Here Miss Strickland, as usual, confesses herself puzzled by the words in italics; for our own part, we do not altogether despair. It is not impossible that these mystical words may mean that the heralds and pursuivants summoned the court to stand aside (*en escharpe*) while they advanced in procession to thank the queen for her munificence. We give this, however, merely as a conjecture till we are better advised.

At the conclusion of the festivities the bulk of Margaret's English escort returned home; and to some one of this party the bride intrusted her first letter to her father after her marriage. In it, notwithstanding all the attention lavished upon her by her husband, she can find no better term for him than "this king;" and she requites the care of the noble Surrey by accusing him of intriguing against her interests.

Of the short period of Margaret Tudor's married life our authoress tells us little; and probably there was little to be told. Her two first children died in early infancy; and the pilgrimages of her husband, ostensibly to obtain the favour of St. Ninian, were more than suspected to be pretexts for enjoying that of the frail and fair Jane Kennedy, afterwards Countess of Angus.

Neither were the political consequences of the marriage altogether so satisfactory as had been hoped. But for the quarrel between Henry and James the former was certainly to blame. He had arrested and maltreated the king's kinsmen, the Earl of Arran and Sir Patrick Hamilton, on the pretext that they were travelling in England without his safe-conduct. Margaret laboured in behalf of her father; but James was so indignant that for a long time he refused to see Dr. West, Henry's ambassador. "He sent him word that he was too busy with superintending the making of gunpowder, and with (what our authoress calls the very incomprehensible occupation of) *scotting hewmyss*." But why incomprehensible? Simply because Miss Strickland will not take the trouble of comprehending it. The fair authoress, if fond of field-sports, may enjoy the pastime in some parts of Scotland at the present day; and, when she has shot a roe-deer, may puzzle her fair friends by announcing in old English that she has been scotting hewmyss, or hemuse; for both of these words, in woodcraft, designate a roe-deer of three years old.

Three years after this Henry VIII. was on the

throne of England, and matters grew worse. Queen Margaret carried on negotiations with him on her own account, to obtain payment of the legacy left her by her brother Prince Arthur; and James was indignant and inconsolable for the loss of his Admiral Barton,* who was slain in a naval engagement by Sir Edward Howard. Henry refused to pay the legacy, unless Scotland would forsake the French alliance; and as James was determined to maintain it, he endeavoured to quiet his queen by the promise of "as many jewels, and better and richer *abuilzements*" than were detained from her. Abuilzement is probably so familiar to our authoress that she does not explain it for the benefit of the unlearned. We may supply the omission by pointing out that this strange-looking word is the French *habillement* (habiliment), spelt in old Scottish orthography exactly as it is pronounced—a feat far beyond the reach of modern *English* spelling.

The withholding of this legacy and the death of Barton were the main pretexts for the declaration of war that followed—a war that was promptly terminated by the disastrous field of Flodden. Our authoress details the contrivances of the queen and others to work upon the superstition of the king, that he might be deterred from the enterprise. With the exception of the dream in which the queen pretended to have seen all her jewels changed into pearls, the emblems of tears, they are familiar to the reader of the notes to "Marmion." Miss Strickland also adopts the popular tale of the military operations of James being retarded by the blandishments of Lady Heron, a tradition which Lingard, in his "History of England," seems to have refuted by a reference to dates. From describing the Battle of Flodden the writer claims the excuse of her sex; but we cannot help thinking that in discussing the preliminaries she has attributed too much influence to the romantic element in the character of the king. He might have permitted the passage of the river by the English leader, under the impression that his own forces were superior, and that the river in the rear would increase the discomfiture of a beaten enemy. Certain it is that he fought from no romantic feeling, but to regain his line of communication which had been cut off by the dexterous manœuvring of Surrey; and after all, when we remember that Lord Home was universally accused of treachery in that age, and that the Bastard of Ford brought a strong and unexpected reinforcement to the English at the critical moment of the battle, we can hardly pass sentence of unqualified condemnation on the generalship of the unfortunate monarch.

After this melancholy event, the character of Margaret Tudor showed itself in its true colours. The secret treasures of her late husband, in those times of personal government the exchequer of the State, were appropriated by her to her private use. Within eleven months she married the young Earl of Angus, grandson of old Bell-the-Cat, and thereby forfeited her claim to the regency of Scotland under her late husband's will, and to retain it became involved in a conflict with nearly all the nobility and people who were not of the Douglas faction. To pacify the distracted kingdom, a great portion of the nobility solicited the aid of the Duke of Albany, the exiled cousin of the late king, and himself possessing, in addition to the hereditary good qualities of the Stuart princes, a character as untarnished as we ever meet in history. He was unhesitatingly installed as regent on his arrival, and his first and most delicate duty was to deprive the queen of the custody of her two children, James V. and the young Duke of Ross. The threat to besiege the royal widow in the castle of Stirling was necessary to accomplish this object; and when it was attained, the good regent was of course accused of an intention to imitate the crimes of Richard III., in reference to his young charge.

The next proceeding of Margaret Tudor, though she was far advanced in pregnancy, was to escape to England, endeavouring at the same time to carry off the royal princes with her. The latter object, the most important one in every point of view, she failed to attain, and paid the penalty of her escapade by a dangerous confinement at Harbottle Castle, where Margaret Douglas, afterwards the mother of Darnley, first saw light. Our authoress gives the following humorous account of the troubles of the gallant Dacre, Lord Warden of the Marches, upon this occasion:—

"Lord Dacre has been considered remarkably insolent and neglectful in his manner of announcing the birth of the niece of his royal master; but the situation of Lord Dacre has not been properly considered. He was, in plain reality, much in the case propounded, by way of comic argument, to Dr. Johnson: 'If you were shut up in a castle with a new-born babe, what should you do with it?' And Lord Dacre, although not exactly alone with the royal babe, had aggravations of the case of difficulty far beyond the power of Boswell's imagination to conceive, being occupied in hourly repelling assault and siege—for the Scottish borderers, in a state of extreme exasperation at the flight of their queen, were hovering round the gray pile of Harbottle, ready to demolish all goers and comers from its gates, and make spoil or prey of all supplies brought within its walls. Moreover, tidings came, ever and anon, that the Regent Albany, at the head of forty thousand Scotsmen, was in full march to beleaguer the castle. He had already captured all Queen Margaret's jewels and fine clothes, at her deserted castle of Tantallan.

"'Glad would we have been,' proceeds Dacre, 'to have advertised your Highness of the queen's safe deliverance, but our causes (state) here was intricate, with so much cumber and business, that we could not ascertain your Highness of the same till this time, unless we should have sent up a post purposely for the said queen's deliverance, which we thought not greatly requisite.'

"Poor Lord Dacre! most undeservedly are you blamed, whilst your moderation in using such a temperate word as 'cumber,' to express the com-

* We may mention that there is now living a gallant seaman of Barton's blood and name, who has in his possession the seal of his brave ancestor the admiral.

plication of troubles which had suddenly descended in the midst of Harbottle is so remarkable, so praiseworthy. Let us coolly enumerate all that the hardy warrior had to try his patience. Assistance of the most delicate nature was indispensable, and no such requisites were at hand. A helpless baby was wailing for nourishment—its royal mother fainting between life and death within the walls of the castle, while inimical Border-riders were ranging without, ready to pounce upon and demolish every needful relay that approached Harbottle of doctors, nurses, caudles, potions, baby-clothes, and radles."

After this, the young mother and her infant repaired to Morpeth, where she received the sad tidings of the death of the Duke of Ross, and was herself overtaken by an attack of typhus fever so violent as to cause her life to be despaired of. At this critical moment her husband made his peace with Albany, and deserted her. The poor queen accordingly pursued her journey alone, and, for the credit of Henry VIII., we must say that he showed no want of affection in the reception he gave his sister. His munificence, however, was far exceeded by her grasping exactions; for not satisfied with *sorning* upon him from May 1516 to May 1517, she never hesitated at asking for anything that she wished to have, so that Wolsey found it no sinecure to parry or evade her demands. It seems about this time she commenced her system of mendicancy from her brother, which continued during her life, and was to some extent effectual till Henry discovered that she sold her influence to the highest bidder.

On her return to Scotland she found the regent had departed for France; and that, in addition to the insult the Earl of Angus had put upon her at Morpeth, he was living openly with the fair Janet Stuart, daughter of Lord Traquair. A violent and irreconcileable quarrel was the necessary consequence, and Margaret set about suing for a divorce forthwith—a proceeding which Henry VIII., who had not yet begun a similar course, thought exceedingly improper and scandalous. After five years' absence the Duke of Albany returned, and he appeared to be on such good terms with Margaret that, though he too had a wife living, to whom he was devotedly attached, Lord Dacre and others transmitted such scandalous reports, that the virtuous Henry VIII. was seriously alarmed for the credit of his family. Whatever foundation these might have had, they were put an end to by a violent attack of confluent small-pox, which destroyed for ever the boasted beauty of the queen. Soon afterward, though he had rid her of the presence of Angus by banishing him, her gratitude was turned into deadly hate to the regent. As war was raging between England and Scotland, she made no scruple of acting as a spy for her brother, though her services were not very amply rewarded; and did her best to thwart Albany's plans for the education of James V.

We may here remark that one of the most pleasing passages in the volume before us is the account of Sir David Lindsay, afterwards Lord Lion King-at-Arms, in his character of preceptor to the royal child. His duties began as soon as his charge was born, and his lively verses are still extant in which he describes how he performed them. It is curious enough that we find a close parallel in Æschylus, where he recounts, in his lofty tragic iambics, the not very elevated functions of nurse which the aged Phœnix, Agamemnon's herald, undertook for the behoof of Orestes in his infancy.

After the departure of Albany, Margaret took the education of her son into her own hands, that is to say, dismissed Sir David, and left his pupil to pick up what education he could. Her own engrossing project was to get rid of her second husband, Angus, and marry a third, Harry Stuart of Avondale. This, of course, produced grave remonstrances from her brother; and as his ambassadors were necessarily disagreeable, she devised the following annoyance in retaliation:—"She sent for Master Magnus and his colleague to visit her at Holyrood; and when they passed through her Grace's great chamber, they were beset by ten or twelve Edinburgh wives, all expert scolds, who pounced on the poor ambassadors as they went to the queen's privy-chamber or drawing-room, and commenced exclaiming upon them at the top of their voices. When Magnus and Radclyffe could get in a word or two above the din, to know the cause of this outburst of female eloquence, they found themselves accused, as representatives of the English Government, of the capture of the husbands and goods of the aggrieved wives, notwithstanding peace proclaimed; 'which mischief,' they said, 'was done by the subtlety of Englishmen manning the barque of Sandwich.' It was Hob-a-Barton, says Radclyffe piteously, Queen Margaret's comptroller, and mightily in her favour, who had maliciously contrived the onset of the enraged Edinburgh wives in his royal mistress's presence-chamber: a rather curious instance of the class of persons allowed to approach thus near to royalty—for these enraged matrons were the wives of the crew of one merchant-ship.

"Margaret, perhaps somewhat amused by the objurgations inflicted by the wives of Edinburgh on the ears of her brother's ambassadors, was in a very good humour, and prepared for them a much pleasanter scene."

Shortly after this scene, Angus made his appearance in Edinburgh at the head of an armed party; but, upon approaching too near to Holyrood, was received with a discharge of cannon, fired by order of his undaunted spouse, that frightened him away to Tantallan. Where there is a will, however, there is a way; and at last Margaret accomplished both her divorce from Angus and her marriage with Stuart of Avondale, afterwards Lord Methven—pronounced Mevin or Meffin, and, as our authoress thinks, disdainfully turned into Muffin by Henry VIII. At this moment of success, however, her old husband recovered his political power so far as to be able to imprison his successor, and compel his late spouse to wander about in destitution and disguise; and this seems to have been her lot till she combined with her son to rid the latter of the

odious bondage in which he was held by Angus. But soon after this had been brought about, her troubles, if the desire to get rid of a third husband and marry a fourth can be so called, began afresh. These were not destined to be ended during her life. Her son, as she thought most unfilially, refused his consent, though she had provided "forty famous proofs" for her divorce, and though, what with her was an all-sufficient reason for a separation, her husband had been spending more money than she thought fit. Mortified by her loss of political power, though still pursuing her selfish game of mendicancy, and supplying her brother with intelligence against her son, she expired from a stroke of palsy in November, 1541.

The short life of the charming Magdalene of France is a pleasant relief to the biography of Margaret Tudor. We regret that our limits only permit us to notice it thus briefly.

The married life of Mary of Lorraine may be better discussed when its continuation appears than at present.

In the mean time, though we have noticed a few slight blemishes, we may recommend the present volume as agreeable and not unprofitable reading.

THE SIEGE OF SMITHFIELD.*

The daughters of London are sad; their hearts are heavy because of the desolation that is to come upon that great city. They sit and weep beside the waters of Thames, hanging their harps (by Erard) upon the willows—at Richmond and Hammersmith. The flower and pride of London is departing. The spoilers have come upon Smithfield: their hands are turned against its drovers—to turn them out. The inhabitants round about have spoken evil things of that place; they have said it is an abominable nuisance, desiring to make it desolate:—which we, indeed, are particularly rejoiced at, and so hope they will persevere in compassing its overthrow. But certain citizens of London manfully resist this. Formed into an association, they have desperately thrown themselves into the breach: a course of conduct which sophisticated minds might suppose arises from a desire to retain a traffic of 8,000,000*l.* to the Corporation. A perusal of the pamphlets given below, however, will convince the *un*sophisticated that such is not the case; for though "the amount of revenue which is realised from the market is much less than would be produced by the ground if let for building purposes," such sordid considerations are wholly put aside. Indeed, it is quite beautiful to observe with what calm self-sacrifice the Corporation endeavour to dissuade the metropolis from injuring itself by the removal of the cattle-market, while that removal would absolutely be putting so many more pounds annually into their own pockets. It is affecting to see how generously they sink all reference to tolls and dues in the consideration of the subject, taking their stand solely upon the economy, morality, and salubrity of the thing. Now, without presuming to say that the upholders of Smithfield market mistake their own motives, we may fairly question the stability of the ground they have chosen, despite the medical evidence adduced, that the market is positively conducive to the health of the City, and the assertion in first-mentioned pamphlet that all contrary opinion is merely theoretical. Let any doubting individual pass through the avenues of Smithfield market on a Monday morning—let him choose muddy, drizzly weather; and by the time he has been thrown by the shoulder of an impatient drover upon the horns of the beast tied to the rails, had a half-dozen scared sheep, followed by a dog and a boy, scrambling past him and between his legs, got his eyes and limbs anathematised a few score times, and his apparel splashed to the coat-collar with odoriferous filth, he will come to the conclusion that *all* the objections to Smithfield are not theoretical. In fact, objections of the most unanswerable kind everywhere spring up; the concomitant slaughter-houses, bladder-dressers' and knackers' yards, &c., being of themselves more than sufficient to condemn the existence of any such thing in the heart of the City of London. It is not necessary now, however, to dwell upon these abominations, especially as the Corporation, while ignoring, propose to do away with them. Only let us retain our market on its present site, say these pamphlets, and we will abrogate all those evils you deplore. We will re-construct the market upon an extended and beautiful plan; open new avenues for the passage of cattle; construct lairs and extensive abattoirs, and divert the sewerage of such abattoirs and of the market from the Thames; erect a large meat-market, model lodging-houses, baths and wash-houses, and a public fountain: and for this purpose we will set apart the whole of the revenue we expect for forty-five years—merely asking the Legislature to sanction a "small addition to the tolls for that period:" viz., the small addition of *two hundred* per cent.; the present charge on each head of cattle and score of sheep being 2d., the proposed one 6d. Here, again, it will be seen, is

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* An Appeal to the British Public; or, The Abuses of Smithfield Market, and the Advantages of a new Cattle-market, fairly considered.

Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell on the proposed Removal of Smithfield Market. By T. M. Challis. London: Effingham Wilson, for "City of London Central Markets' Association."