body—rather than of fussy activity; to the reception of and reflection on a little well-chosen truth, rather than of much in misty, diluted outline; and thus, on surer foundation, to erect a superstructure fitted to encounter "storms" incident to this nineteenth century. The key-note throughout should be love—that love portrayed by the master-hand of St. Paul.[1] The intellect is taxed quite enough on week-days; let the heart be taught on Sundays. Not by rote, not by strained mental effort, but by bright illustration of what love has done, is still doing, let the children be taught, and that Christ and happiness are truths inseparably united even here below. For let us remember, on a right use and real enjoyment of the Sabbath by our children now, national issues of paramount importance may depend.

An extract from the writings of that kindly yet keen observer of human nature, the Rev. Dr. Boyd, may fittingly close these remarks:—

> The man who is able to *put things* so strikingly, clearly, pithily, forcibly, glaringly, whether these things are religious, social, or political truths, as to get through that crust of insensibility to the *quick* of the mind and heart, must be a great man, an earnest man, an honest man, a good man.[2]

Sunday School teachers may not possess the first of these qualifications. Let us hope and pray that the other requirements are not lacking.

FREDERICK ROBINSON.

ART. III.—STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS.

Stories from the State Papers. By ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A. (of the Record Office), Author of "The Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart," "The Life of Sir Robert Walpole," &c. Two vols. London: Chatto & Windus, 1882.

UPON the deserted site formerly known as the Rolls Estate, lying between Chancery Lane and Fetter Lane, there has arisen within the last thirty years a magnificent building, the Public Record Repository. Of the numbers who daily walk down Fleet Street, scarcely one man in a thousand knows to what use that vast edifice is put, what priceless treasures it

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[1] 1 Cor. xiii.

[2] "Recreations of a Country Parson," concerning the art of "Putting things."

contains, and what an important part it plays when knotty points of law have to be solved, and matters which interest the historian or the antiquary have to be investigated. A curious tale of neglect and indifference is that of the preservation of our public documents. Scattered about in damp cellars, tied up in rotten bags, lodged near explosive materials, exposed to the rats in sheds, the wonder is that our archives have survived the dangers to which they were subjected. For a long period there were three places of deposit: the Chapter-house, the Tower of London, and the Rolls. The accommodation in these buildings was limited; and rooms and offices in private houses, even stables, were taken by Ministers for the storing of the archives. On the accession of Charles II., Prynne, the keeper of the records in the Tower, implored his Majesty "to preserve these ancient records, not only from fire and sword, but water, moths, canker, dust, cobwebs." Prynne had found the parchments buried together in one confused chaos, under corroding dust and filth in a dark corner; and his helpers were unwilling to sort and arrange the documents "for fear of fouling their fingers, spoiling their clothes, endangering their eyesight and healths." Prynne's appeal, however, was made in vain. Not before the beginning of the present century, indeed, was there a satisfactory investigation of our public records; and even after an Act of Parliament had been passed providing that the country's archives should be placed in a suitable building under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls, years rolled on and nothing was done. The neglect seems unaccountable. No Englishman of average sense and education could really reckon the public records "antiquarian rubbish," yet the author of the work before us, it must be confessed, has reason for the remarks in his preface:—

To the ordinary Englishman, [says Mr. Ewald,] what signified it that his country possessed records of the Court of Chancery from the time of King John, without intermission, to the last decree made by the Lord Chancellor; that she owned ledger-books of the national expenditure, which Chancellors of the Exchequer had regulated, unrivalled even for their very external magnificence, and complete as a series since the days of Henry II.; that amongst her diplomatic treasures she had the treaty, with the very chirograph, between Henry I. and Robert Earl of Flanders, the privilege of Pope Adrian to Henry II. to conquer Ireland, the treaties with Robert Bruce, and the veritable treaty of the Cloth of Gold, illuminated with the portrait of Francis I., and adorned by the gold seal chased by Benvenuto Cellini himself? What signified it that his country owned that most perfect survey in its way, though compiled eight centuries ago, called Domesday Book; or records like the Pipe, Close,[1] and Patent Rolls, with the splendid

[1] The Close Rolls (documents of a private nature) and the Patent Rolls begin with the reign of John, while the Pipe Roll (the Great Roll of the Exchequer) begins with the reign of Henry II.

series of Fines? What, to the ordinary Englishman, was this magnificent collection but so many musty old parchments?

Yet to the few who knew the extent and value of our public documents; to those who were aware that we possessed stores of records "justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort," as Bishop Nicholson wrote—to such persons, it was indeed a national disgrace that muniments so important and so priceless should be housed in a manner in which "no merchant of ordinary prudence" would keep his ledger and daybooks.[1] This scandalous state of things, however, was at length to cease. Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, moved with effect; the stipulations of the Record Act were carried out; in 1851 the foundations of the present Repository were laid, and seven years afterwards the Public Records and State Papers, removed from their ignominious asylums, were placed under one roof. These documents, from their historical importance and extreme antiquity, stand unrivalled at the present day, and cast the archives of Rome, Paris, Vienna, the Hague, and Madrid, completely into the shade. They appeal to various classes of inquirers, to the ecclesiastic, to the genealogist and pedigree-tracer, to the antiquary, to the lawyer, to the historian, and the politician. The State Papers, like the Records, are a most wealthy and valuable collection. In the beginning, these letters were locked up in chests; at one time they were lodged in the larder of the Privy Seal; in 1833 the State Paper Office in St. James's Park was erected for their custody. When they were removed to Fetter Lane, it was found that many had suffered from "vermin and wet," and that the list of lost, stolen, or strayed from the collection, was no small one. Many of the papers of good Queen Bess had gone into the possession of the Earl of Leicester. During the Civil War many of the King's papers were designedly burnt. Many purely official papers are to be found in the manuscript collections of private individuals—borrowed and never returned. After the time of the Stuarts, a stricter watch was kept over the State Papers. In 1679, Dr. Gilbert Burnet was permitted by warrant "from time to time to have the sight and use of such papers . . . . as may help him in finishing his history of the Reformation of the Church of England." It is from these documents that Mr. Ewald has drawn

[1] Mr. Braidwood, Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, had stated, after an investigation, that no merchant of ordinary prudence would subject his books of account to the risks which the national archives then ran from destruction by fire. The Domesday Book, the most priceless record in Europe, was preserved in the Chapter-house of Westminster Abbey, behind which were a warehouse and workhouse, reported as "dangerous."

the materials for the exceedingly interesting "Stories" now before us.[1] His "Stories from the State Papers," fifteen in number, deal with historical subjects on which new light has been shed by the labour and researches of the editors of the different Calendars. Some of these subjects are of the highest importance; for instance, the mission of Cardinal Pole, the Invincible Armada, the Gunpowder Plot, and the revolution for which Archbishop Laud is, to a great extent, responsible. All Mr. Ewald's essays are ably written; here and there appears something new and striking; not a passage is dull or commonplace; and the thread of every "story" is deftly woven.

In writing on the youth of Henry V. Mr. Ewald remarks that within the latter half of this century historical subjects have been gradually re-written. To the national documents the historical student has now free access, whilst our landed gentry are doing their best to further a spirit of inquiry by permitting their papers to be examined by the Historical MSS. Commission. Evidence not before possessed by historical writers is now freely laid open and diligently explored. One result is that elderly readers, given to the study of history, have a good deal to unlearn at the present day. For the Anglo-Saxon period, Mr. Freeman's authority must be submitted to; Canon Stubbs lays down the law from Anglo-Norman Charters; Mr. William Longman has given a new reading of the reign of Edward III.; and the story of Perkin Warbeck has been told afresh by Mr. Gairdner. Bluff King Hal, as everybody knows, has been "whitewashed" by Mr. Froude; and Lord Macaulay's William III. is a masterly picture, nowhere lacking finish, but in some respects rather flattering than faithful. As to the rehabilitation of historical characters, however, whether certain recent attempts in this direction have been successful is matter of doubt. The general judgment, probably, as to most characters, is the right one. On this point we do not now touch; but in regard to Harry of Monmouth, long looked upon as the wild young man of history, Mr. Ewald's appeal against the Shakespearian portrait, as we think, is well grounded. The object of Shakspeare was to write a good play: he had read the chronicles; but he was a dramatist

[1] The Record office has not been content with publishing condensations of the documents preserved in its own Repository. The letters and despatches stored up at Simancas relating to the negotiations between England and Spain in the reigns of our seventh and eighth Henries; the Carew papers, housed in the Lambeth library; and the MSS. touching English affairs preserved amongst the archives of Venice, have all been examined and edited. Recently, M. Baschet, who is employed by the authorities of the Record Office in making researches in the libraries and archives of Paris for documents illustrative of British history, has sent to England a large collection of transcripts relating to the reign of Charles I.

and not an historian. The poet made a dramatic contrast: Hotspur and Henry, he assumes, are of the same age; Hotspur is the type of heroic, Henry of dissolute youth; the one is a father's pride, the other a father's disgrace. As a matter of fact, however, the Prince was born in 1387, and Hotspur in 1366. Again, while, according to Shakespeare, the king was lamenting the shortcomings of his son—"Young wanton, and effeminate boy"—and, later on, mourning his "riot and dishonour," the son had been created Prince of Wales with every tribute of homage and affection, and was scouring Glendower's country, and winning golden opinions as the Lord Deputy of Wales. The story of Prince Henry and the Chief Justice, says Mr. Ewald, is not a whit to be more credited than the rest of the Shakespearian statements:—

It is not mentioned or alluded to in the chronicle of any contemporary, or in the parchments of our public records. . . . . As a matter of fact, this incident is not even mentioned until Henry VIII. had been seated upon the throne some twenty years, nearly a century and a half after the occurrence is said to have taken place. In 1534, one Sir Thomas Elyot wrote a book entitled the "Governor," which he dedicated to the king, and in which he narrates the story of Madcap Harry and the old Judge, very much as we have told it. He gives no authority for his facts; he does not make a single reference to any contemporary evidence; yet compilers, with the credulity of their class, have accepted his statements as gospel, and have transferred the anecdote to their pages one after the other without a moment's hesitation or examination. Sir John Hawkins cites it in his "Pleas of the Crown." Hall quotes it and embellishes it by making the prince strike the Chief Justice "with his fists on his face;" Shakespeare follows suit. Hume, who candidly admitted that he found it easier to consult printed books than to spend any time over manuscripts, copies from Hall; and so the ball keeps rolling, and thus history is written. No wonder Sir Robert Walpole said, "Read me anything but history, for that I know is full of lies!"

Such a startling fact as the committal of the heir apparent to prison would hardly have escaped the biographers of the prince who lived a century nearer his time than Elyot's. Yet Elmham, Livius, Otterbourne, Hardyng, Walsingham, and the rest, who record the prettiest events in the young man's life, are all silent upon this grave matter.

Another statement as to the antecedents of this "much calumniated royal youth," is investigated by Mr. Ewald. Every student of Shakespeare remembers the fine passages in the "Chamber Scene" (2 Henry IV. act iv. sc. 4) when Henry the king is on his deathbed, and the young prince, in a hurry to claim his new honour, tries on the crown.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Historians and compilers, basing their labours on this incident, have narrated in their pages that during the latter years of

Henry IV.'s reign there was a feud between the sire and son. But what evidence is there for this estrangement? None:—

> Upon the membranes of the public records of the realm, we find nothing to justify the assertions that there were jealousies between the prince and the members of his family, that the king was alienated from him, and, finally, that the monarch became so jealous of the prince's popularity with the people, that he ended by excluding the young man altogether from the affairs of government. On the contrary, all the evidence we possess goes to prove that father and son were on the most excellent terms; that in the acts of council the name of the prince was always associated with that of the king; that what the prince suggested was approved of by his parents; and that on the death of Henry IV. his last hours were cheered by the devotion and affection of his son. In the king's will we find him writing of the prince—the prince who had been so wilful and disorderly, and who was so greedily eager to come into his kingdom!—as follows: "And for to execute this testament well and truly, *for the great trust that I have of my son the Prince*, I ordain and make him my executor of my testament aforesaid, calling to him," &c. Year after year, from the date when the prince was first appointed to office down to the time of the king's death, we come across entries upon the rolls of the kingdom proving that the son was in council with his father, and enjoyed his confidence and affection.

After investigating the whole case, our author asserts that Henry of Monmouth "was as discreet and unimpeachable in his conduct as a prince as he proved himself wise and blameless when called to the throne."

The story of Juana, "the Captive of Castile," is told with skill, and has many pathetic passages. In the year 1500, Juana, the eldest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel, became heiress to the crowns of Castile and Aragon. It has been the fashion with certain historians, says Mr. Ewald, to represent Queen Isabel as a most devout and unselfish woman; one devoted to her Church and the welfare of her children:—

> Yet, a more vindictive or unscrupulous creature never concealed her baseness beneath the mask of religion. She occupied the throne of her niece; she was one of the chief agents in introducing the terrors of the Inquisition into Spain; she crippled the energies of her subjects by the severest taxation; and on all occasions she was found to be merciless in her rigour, and a demon in her spontaneous and unaccountable hates. After her death crowds assembled beneath the windows of the palace at Medina del Campo, to give vent to the curses and execrations they dared not utter in her lifetime. . . . . With such a woman as her friend and adviser, the handsome Juana passed the most impressionable years of her life. The slightest departure from the tenets of the Catholic faith [We should insert the word *Roman*] was punished with rackings, burnings, and floggings; executions took place daily, the chief spectacles that met the eye were the *Autos da Fé*,

and the one topic in every household was the espionage of the Inquisition. To a young girl not wanting in independence of thought or in sympathy, the reign of terror she saw around her caused the future heiress of Castile to raise her voice against the miseries occasioned by her mother's rule. Whenever any punishment especially savage was about to be dealt out to a victim, it was always inflicted for "the love of Christ and His Holy Mother," until the name of religion became identified in the mind of Juana with all that was cruel and repellant in man. She refused to confess, to pray, to attend mass. . . . . To prove to her that a princess of the blood was not exempt from the pains and penalties of heresy, we learn that even the *premia* had been applied to her. What was the nature of this application? The *premia* was a form of torture then in use in Spain. The victim was hoisted in the air by a rope, with heavy weights attached to the feet; it was not unusual for the judge, before applying the torture, to inform the sufferer that the operation often resulted in the limbs being broken or dislocated.

To escape from the maternal tyranny, Juana gladly consented to unite herself to a husband. But the change was scarcely for the better. The Archduke Philip was as cruel as he was despicable. How, after the death of "Isabel the Catholic," the Archduke plotted with his father-in-law, Ferdinand, and was overreached by that crafty and unscrupulous king, Mr. Ewald tells us. Both Philip and Ferdinand were avaricious and greedy of power; the temptation to declare that Juana, rightfully Queen of Castile, was incapable of reigning, was as strong with the father as with the husband; in 1506, the rivals came to terms, and the unhappy Juana was placed in confinement as a lunatic; but the Archduke was speedily put out of the way, by poison, and the subtle King of Aragon became sole master of the rich revenues of Castile. Juana remained in her dreary palace-prison. After the death of him who had so belied the name of father, her condition was in no wise improved. The Emperor Charles V. had the same iniquitous reasons for keeping her shut up as had Ferdinand, his grandfather, and Philip, his father. The cold-blooded, calculating son—to use the words of one who waited on the Queen—"wished her mad;" and in the midst of all his imperial grandeur this devoted "Catholic," uprooting all human feeling from his breast, and renouncing everything that makes life worth having, traded upon falsehoods to the unspeakable misery of his mother, a harshly-treated prisoner during many years. She died in 1555, "thanking our Lord that her life was at an end, and recommending her soul to Him."[1]

The story of Cardinal Pole's "holy mission" to England is interesting and informing. The author well remarks that the

[1] Mr. Ewald refers especially to "Supplement to the Spanish State Papers," edited by Mr. Bergenroth.

conduct of Pole during the period of his office in England reveals the true nature of the creed of Rome where its actions are unfettered by the civil power. As a consistent "Catholic," possessing the opportunity of enforcing his principles, the Legate could not but show himself a merciless judge of unyielding "heretics." Archbishop Parker called him "hangman."

In the essay headed "A Princess of the Period," Mr. Ewald does not ignore his quoted motto, "No scandal about . . . . . Elizabeth;" but we cannot agree in the doubtfully-advanced suggestion (p. 207) grounded upon the "affection" of the Princess for the ambitious and unscrupulous Lord Admiral. Lord Sudeley, the Admiral, said Latimer, "was a man furthest from the fear of God that ever he knew or heard of in England." To the accomplished daughter of Anne Boleyn our author does justice. The Princess Elizabeth at Hatfield, he says, "immersed in her classical studies, astonishing her frequent visitors by the extent of her erudition, and delighting the heart of her old tutor by the depth and originality of her attainments, was undoubtedly the herald of the wise and fearless queen who gave liberty of worship to the Protestants, who freed Europe from the terror of a general submission to Spain, and who presided so skilfully over the councils directed by Cecil and Walsingham." Her portrait by Soranzo, Ambassador from the Doge to St. James's,[1] may be placed by the side of Ascham's; and it is worthy of note that the recent researches amid the Venetian archives have given no support to the charge that the Lady Elizabeth was connected with the plots against Queen Mary.

The character of Laud will always be open to a diversity of opinion. Mr. Ewald's estimate may be read with Macaulay's. "To the political layman," he says—

"Laud represents the worst type of the meddling ecclesiastic, always interfering in matters foreign to his province, and careless of all consequences provided the pride of his order be upheld. To the Protestant he is the type of that sacerdotal arrogance which seeks to create a marked distinction between the clergy and the laity, and to control the affairs of men and nations by calling into play the terrorism of the unseen, and the exercise of a special and peculiar authority. To the High Churchman he is the type of a true son of the Church, anxious to maintain a proper discipline within her fold, firm in his resolve to repress the mischief of dissent, and the vagaries of latitudinarianism, and conscious of his right to wield that power which belongs, and only belongs, to the consecrated priest of the Most High. Viewed apart from sectarian prejudices and partialities, Laud was a man of great industry, of much business-like capacity, of little knowledge of human

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[1] See THE CHURCHMAN, vol. II. p. 188; and "Venetian State Papers," edited by Mr. Rawdon Brown.

nature, and consequently deficient in tact; zealous, hasty, unsympathetic, and severe."

It may be added that as to this ecclesiastic being a spiritually-minded minister of Christ, the evidence, we think, is very scanty; and that in working with Wentworth to render the king independent of his Parliament, Laud might have taken as his own the imperious watchword "Thorough." To his action in regard to prosecutions for nonconformity, upon which the State Papers throw considerable light, we may return.

From the essay on the Invincible Armada, one passage may be quoted. The accomplished Essayist writes:—

The summer sun was casting its lengthening shadows upon the bowling-green behind that hotel well known to all officers of Her Majesty's navy, the Pelican Inn, Plymouth. It was the evening of July 19, 1588. An exciting game of bowls was about to be interrupted. Standing around the bowling-alley watching the play was a little throng whose names naval warfare and the story of adventure will not easily let die. There on that memorable occasion stood Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral of England; Sir Robert Southwell, his son-in-law, the captain of the *Elizabeth Jorcas;* Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Richard Grenville, Martin Frobisher, and John Davis; and last, but far from least, Sir John Hawkins, "the patriarch of Plymouth seamen," lazily watching the movements of his pupil, Sir Francis Drake, vice-admiral of the fleet. Raising his form to his full height, then slowly bending forward, the better to give impulse to the swing of his right arm, Sir Francis was about to send the bowl speeding along the alley, when he suddenly stayed his hand, and gazed open mouthed at an old sailor who, with the news-fever burning hot within him, had rushed into their midst. "My lord! my lord!" cried the weather-beaten old salt to the Lord High Admiral, "they're coming—I saw 'em off the Lizard last night—they're coming full sail—hundreds of 'em, a darkening the waters!" The cool vice-admiral turned to his chief, as he hurled the bowl along the smooth, worn planks, and said, "There will be time enough to finish the game, and then we'll go out and give the Dons a thrashing!" It was the first intimation of the long expected "Dons." The opal eventide was fast deepening into night when the towering hulls of the Armada were seen rounding the Lizard.

The story of the Earl of Essex's Rebellion is admirably told; and its closing passage is well worth quoting. Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex, was executed privately within the Tower. All his way from his prison to the scoffold, we read, he kept calling on God to give him strength and patience to the end. On the scaffold he protested that he was neither an atheist nor a papist, but a true Christian, trusting entirely for his salvation to the merit of his Saviour Jesus Christ, crucified for his sins:—

He now took off his gown and ruff, and advanced to the block.

The executioner came to him, and asked his pardon. "Thou art welcome to me," said Essex; "I forgive thee; thou art the minister of true justice." Then kneeling down on the straw before the block, with hands clasped and eyes raised to heaven, he prayed earnestly for faith, zeal, and assurance, craving patience "to be as becometh me in this just punishment inflicted upon me by so honourable a trial." On repeating the Lord's Prayer, in which all present joined with tears and lamentations, instead of the words "as we forgive them that trespass against us," he said, with marked emphasis, "as we forgive *all* them that trespass against us."[1] Rising from his knees, he asked the executioner what was fit for him to do for disposing himself to the block. His doublet was taken off, but on hearing that his scarlet waistcoat would not interfere with the proceedings, he retained it. Then he laid himself flat on the boards of the scaffold, and cried out, "Lord have mercy on me, Thy prostrate servant!" He was conducted to the block by his chaplain, and as he knelt before it said, "O God, give me true humility and patience to endure to the end; and I pray you all to pray with me and for me, that when you shall see me stretch out my arms and my neck on the block, and the stroke ready to be given, it may please the everlasting God to send down His angels to carry my soul before His mercy-seat." Then fitting his head into the hollow of the block, so that his neck rested firmly on the wood, and was fully exposed to the stroke, he was bidden by the divines to repeat after them the beginning of the Fifty-first Psalm. He obeyed their request in a clear, loud voice:—

"Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences. Wash me throughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin."

No sooner had he repeated these words, "cleanse me from my sin," then he cried out "Executioner, strike home! Come, Lord Jesus; come, Lord Jesus, and receive my soul! O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The executioner had to strike three times before the head was severed, though at the first blow the victim was deprived of all sense and motion. As the head rolled on to the straw, the executioner took it up by the hair, saying, "God save the Queen!" It was noticed that the eyes were still fixed towards heaven.

This account,[2] says Mr. Ewald, varies considerably from all other published accounts.

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[1] Surrounded by the enemies of the prisoner only one side of his case had been constantly presented to the Queen.

[2] State Papers, Domestic. Account of the Execution of the Earl of Essex, February 25, 1601.