WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening In the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

Rewritten and Rendered Into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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(Continued.)

She gave the smile, and as he left followed his retiring figure with her eyes and thought, "After all, he has a kind heart."

She breathed a sigh of relief, too, for she felt she had accomplished Brandon's release and still retained her dangerous secret, the divulging of which she feared would harden Henry's heart against her blandishments and strand her upon the throne of France.

But she was not entirely satisfied with the arrangement. She knew that her obligation to Brandon was such as to demand of her that she should not leave the matter of his release to any other person, much less to an enemy such as Buckingham. Yet the cost of his freedom by a direct act of her own would be so great that she was tempted to take whatever risk there might be in the way that had opened itself to her. Not that she would not have made the sacrifice willingly or would not have told Henry all if that were the only chance to save Brandon's life, but the other way, the one she had taken by Buckingham's help, seemed safe, and, though not entirely satisfying, she could not see how it could miscarry. Buckingham was notably jealous of his knightly word, and she had unbounded faith in her influence over him. In short, like many another person, she was as wrong as possible just at the time when she thought she was entirely right, and when the cost of a mistake was at its maximum.

She recoiled also from the thought of Brandon's "escape," and it hurt her that he should be a fugitive from the justice that should reward him, yet she quieted these disturbing suggestions with the thought that it would be only for a short time, and Brandon, she knew, would be only too glad to make the sacrifice if it purchased for her freedom from the worse than damnation that lurked in the French marriage.

All this ran quickly through Mary's mind and brought relief, but it did not cure the uneasy sense, weighing like lead upon her heart, that she should take no chance with this man's life and should put no further weight of sacrifice upon him, but should go to the king and tell him a straightforward story, let it hurt where it would. With a little meditation, however, came a thought which decided the question and absolutely made everything bright again for her, so great was her capability for distilling light. She would go at once to Windsor with Jane and would dispatch a note to Brandon at Newgate telling him upon his escape to come to her. He might remain in hiding in the neighborhood of Windsor, and she could see him every day. The time had come to Mary when to "see him every day" would turn Plutonian shades into noonday brightness and weave sunbeams out of utter darkness. With Mary, to resolve was to act; so the note was soon dispatched by a page, and one hour later the girls were on their road to Windsor.

Buckingham went to Newgate, expecting to make a virtue, with Mary, out of the necessity imposed by the king's command in freeing Brandon. He had hoped to induce Brandon to leave London stealthily and immediately by representing to him the evil consequences of a break between the citizens and the king, liable to grow out of his release, and relied on Brandon's generosity to help him out, but when he found the note which Mary's page had delivered to the keeper of Newgate he read it, and all his plans were changed.

He caused the keeper to send the note to the king, suppressing the fact that he, Buckingham, had any knowledge of it. The duke then at once started to Greenwich, where he arrived and sought the king a few minutes before the time he knew the messenger with Mary's note would come. The king was soon found, and Buckingham, in apparent anger, told him that the city authorities refused to deliver Brandon except upon an order under the king's seal.

Henry and Buckingham were intensely indignant at the conduct of the scurvy burghers, and an immense amount of self importance was displayed and shamefully wasted. This manifestation was at its highest when the messenger from Newgate arrived with Mary's poor little note as intended by the duke.

The note was handed to Henry, who read aloud as follows:

To Master Charles Brandon, greeting: Soon you will be at liberty, perhaps ere this is to your hand. Surely would I not leave you long in prison. I go to Windsor at once, there to live in the hope that I may see you speedily. MARY.

"What is this?" cried Henry. "My sister writing to Brandon? God's death! My Lord of Buckingham, the suspicions you whispered in my ear may have some truth. We will let this fellow remain in Newgate and allow our good people of London to take their own course with him."

Buckingham went to Windsor next day and told Mary that arrangements had been made the night before for Brandon's escape and that he had heard that Brandon had left for New Spain.

Mary thanked the duke, but had no smiles for any one. Her supply was exhausted.

She remained at Windsor nursing her love for the sake of the very pain it brought her and dreading the battle for more than life itself which she knew she should soon be called upon to fight.

At times she would fall into one of her old fits of anger because Brandon had not come to see her before he left, but soon the anger melted into tears, and the tears brought a sort of joy when she thought that he had run away from her because he loved her. After Brandon's defense of her in Billingsgate Mary had begun to see the whole situation differently, and everything was changed. She still saw the same great distance between them as before, but with this difference, she was looking up now. Before that event he had been plain Charles Brandon and she the Princess Mary. She was the princess still, but he was a demigod.

So Mary remained at Windsor and grieved and wept and dreamed and longed that she might see across the miles of billowy ocean to her love, her love, her love! Meanwhile Brandon had his trial in secret down in London and had been condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered for having saved to her more than life itself.

Put not your trust in princesses!

CHAPTER X.

JUSTICE, O KING!

SUCH was the state of affairs when I returned from France. How I hated myself because I had not faced the king's displeasure and had not refused to go until Brandon was safely out of his trouble. It was hard for me to believe that I had left such a matter to two foolish girls, one of them as changeable as the wind and the other completely under her control. I could but think of the difference between myself and Brandon, and well knew, had I been in his place, he would have liberated me or stormed the very walls of London single handed and alone.

Next to myself I condemned those wretched girls for leaving Brandon to perish—Brandon, to whom they both owed so much. Their selfishness turned me against all womankind.

I did not dally this time. I trusted to no Lady Jane or Lady Mary. I determined to go to the king at once and tell him all. I did not care if the wretched Mary and Jane both had to marry the French king or the devil himself. I did not care if they and all the host of their perfidious sisterhood went to the nether side of the universe, there to remain forever. I would retrieve my fault in so far as it was retrievable and save Brandon, who was worth them all put together. I would tell Mary and Jane what I thought of them, and that should end matters between us. I felt as I did toward them not only because of their treatment of Brandon, but because they had made me guilty of a grievous fault, for which I should never so long as I lived forgive myself. I determined to go to the king, and go I did within five minutes of the time I heard that Brandon was yet in prison.

I found the king sitting alone at public dinner and, of course, was denied speech with him. I was in no humor to be balked, so I thrust aside the guards and, much to everybody's fright, for I was wild with grief, rage and despair and showed it in every feature, rushed to the king and fell upon my knees at his feet.

"Justice, O king!" I cried, and all the courtiers heard. "Justice, O king, for the worst used man and the bravest, truest soul that ever lived and suffered!" Here the tears began to stream down my face and my voice choked in my throat. "Charles Brandon, your majesty's one time friend, lies in a loathsome, rayless dungeon, condemned to death, as your majesty may know, for the killing of two men in Billingsgate ward. I will tell you all. I should be thrust out from the society of decent men for not having told you before I left for France, but I trusted it to another who has proved false. I will tell you all. Your sister, the Lady Mary, and Lady Jane Bolingbroke were returning alone after dark from a visit to the soothsayer Grouche, of whom your majesty has heard. I had been notified of the Lady Mary's intended visit to him, although she had enjoined absolute secrecy upon my informant. I could not go, being detained upon your majesty's service—it was the night of the ball to the ambassadors—and I asked Brandon to follow them, which he did without the knowledge of the princess.

"Upon returning the ladies were attacked by four ruffians and would have met with worse than death had not the bravest heart and the best sword in England defended them victoriously against such fearful odds. He left them at Bridewell without hurt or injury, though covered with wounds himself. This man is condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered, but I know not your majesty's heart if he be not at once reprieved and richly rewarded. Think, my king! He saved the royal honor of your sister, who is so dear to you and has suffered so terribly for his loyalty and bravery. The day I left so hurriedly for France the Lady Mary promised she would tell you all and liberate this man who had so nobly saved her, but she is a woman and was born to betray."

The king laughed a little at my vehemence.

"What is this you are telling me, Sir Edwin? I know of Brandon's death sentence, but much as I regret it I cannot interfere with the justice of our good people of London for the murder of two knights in their streets. If Brandon committed such a crime, and I understand he does not deny it, I cannot help him, however much I should like to do so. But this nonsense about my sister! It cannot be true. It must be trumped up out of your love in order to save your friend. Have a care, good master, how you say such a thing. If it were true, would not Brandon have told it at his trial?"

"It is as true as that God lives, my king! If the Lady Mary and Lady Jane do not bear me out in every word I have said, let my life pay the forfeit. He would not tell of the great reason for killing the men, fearing to compromise the honor of those whom he had saved, for, as your majesty is aware, persons sometimes go to Grouche's for purposes other than to listen to his soothsaying. Not in this case, God knows, but there are slanderous tongues, and Brandon was willing to die with closed lips rather than set them wagging against one so dear to you. It seems that these ladies, who owe so much to him, are also willing that he should die rather than themselves bear the consequences of their own folly. Do not delay, I beseech your majesty. Eat not another morsel, I pray you, until this brave man, who has so truly served you, be taken from his prison and freed from his sentence of death. Come, come, my king, this moment, and all that I have, my wealth, my life, my honor, are yours for all time."

The king remained a moment in thought, with knife in hand.

"Caskoden, I have never detected you in a lie in all the years I have known you. You are not very large in body, but your honor is great enough to stock a Goliath. I believe you are telling the truth. I will go at once to liberate Brandon, and that little hussy, my sister, shall go to France and enjoy life as best she can with her old beauty, King Louis. I know of no greater punishment to inflict upon her. This determines me. She shall coax me out of it no longer. Sir Thomas Brandon, have my horses ready, and I will go to the lord mayor, then to my lord bishop of Lincoln and arrange to close this French treaty at once. Let everybody know that the Princess Mary will within the month be queen of France." This was said to the courtiers and was all over London before night.

I followed closely in the wake of the king, though uninvited, for I had determined to trust to no one, not even his majesty, until Brandon should be free. Henry had said he would go first to the lord mayor and then to Wolsey, but after we crossed the bridge he passed down Lower Thames street and turned up Fish street hill into Grace Church street on toward Bishopsgate. He said he would stop at Mistress Cornwallis' and have a pudding and then on to Wolsey, who at that time lodged in a house near the wall beyond Bishopsgate.

I well knew if the king once reached Wolsey's it would be wine and quoits and other games, interspersed now and then with a little blustering talk on statecraft, for the rest of the day. Then the good bishop would have in a few pretty London women, and a dance would follow, with wine and cards and dice, and Henry would spend the night at Wolsey's and Brandon lie another night in the mire of his Newgate dungeon.

I resolved to raise heaven and earth, and the other place, too, if necessary, before this should happen. So I rode boldly up to the king and with uncovered head addressed him: "Your majesty gave me your royal word that you would go to the lord mayor first, and this is the road to my lord bishop of Lincoln. In all the years I have known your majesty, both as gallant prince and puissant king, this is the first request I ever proffered, and now I only ask of you to save your own noble honor and do your duty as man and king."

These were bold words, but I did not care one little farthing whether they pleased him or not. The king stared at me and said:

"Caskoden, you are a perfect hound at my heels. But you are right. I had forgotten my errand. You disturbed my dinner, and my stomach called loudly for one of Mistress Cornwallis' puddings, but you are right to stick to me. What a friend you are in case of need! Would I had one like you."

"Your majesty has two of whom I know—one riding humbly by your royal side and the other lying in the worst dungeon in Christendom."

With this the king wheeled about and started west toward Guildhall.

To the lord mayor we accordingly went without further delay. He was only too glad to liberate Brandon when he heard my story, which the king had ordered me to repeat. The only hesitancy was from a doubt of its truth.

The lord mayor was kind enough to say that he felt little doubt of my word, but that friendship would often drive a man to any extremity, even falsehood, to save a friend.

Then I offered to go into custody myself and pay the penalty, death, for helping a convicted felon to escape if I told not the truth, to be confirmed or denied by the princess and her first lady in waiting. I knew Jane and was willing to risk her truthfulness without a doubt—it was so pronounced as to be troublesome at times—and as to Mary—well, I had not doubt of her either. If she would but stop to think out the right, she was sure to do it.

My offer was satisfactory, for what more can a man do than pledge his life for his friend? We have Scripture for that, or something like it.

The lord mayor did not require my proffered pledge, but readily consented that the king should write an order for Brandon's pardon and release. This was done at once, and we—that is, I, together with the sheriff's sergeant and his four yeomen, hastened to Newgate, while Henry went over to Wolsey's to settle Mary's fate.

Brandon was brought up, with chains and manacles at his ankles and wrists. When he entered the room and saw me, he exclaimed: "Ah, Caskoden, is that you? I thought they had brought me up to hang me, and was glad for the change. But I suppose you would not come to help at that, even if you have left me here to rot, God only knows how long; I have forgotten."

I could not restrain the tears at sight of him.

"Your words are more than just," I said, and, being anxious that he should know at once that my fault had not been so great as it looked, continued hurriedly: "The king sent me to France upon an hour's notice the day after your arrest. I know only too well I should not have gone without seeing you out of this, but you had enjoined silence upon me, and—and I trusted to the promises of another."

"I thought as much. You are in no way to blame, my friend. All I ask is that you never mention the subject again."

"My friend!" Ah, the words were dear to me as words of love from a sweetheart's lips!

I hardly recognized him, he was so frightfully covered with filth and dirt and creeping things. His hair and beard were unkempt and matted, and



"Ah, Caskoden, is that you?"

his eyes and cheeks were lusterless and sunken; but I will describe him no further. Suffering had well nigh done its work, and nothing but the hardihood gathered in his years of camp life and war could have saved him from death. I bathed and reclothed him as well as I could at Newgate and then took him home to Greenwich in a horse litter, where my man and I thoroughly washed, dressed and sheared the poor fellow and put him to bed.

"Ah, this bed is a foretaste of paradise!" he said as he lay upon the mattress. It was a pitiful sight, and I could hardly refrain from tears.

I will ask you to go back with me for a moment.

During the week between Brandon's interview with Mary in the anteroom of the king's bedchamber and the tragedy at Billingsgate he and I had many conversations about the extraordinary situation in which he found himself.

At one time, I remember, he said: "I was safe enough before that afternoon. I believe I could have gone away and forgotten her eventually, but our mutual avowal seems to have dazed me and paralyzed every power for effort. I sometimes feel helpless, and, although I have succeeded in keeping away from her since then, I often find myself wavering in my determination to leave England. That was what I feared if I allowed the matter to go to the point of being sure of her love. I only wanted it before, and very easily made myself believe it was impossible, and not for me. But now that I know she loves me it is like holding my breath to live without her. I feel every instant that I can hold it no longer. I know only too well that if I but see her face once more I shall breathe. She is the very breath of life for me. She is mine by the gift of God. Curses upon those who keep us apart." Then musingly and half interrogatively: "She certainly does love me. She could not have treated me as she did unless her love was so strong that she could not resist it."

"Let no doubt of that trouble you," I answered. "A woman like Mary cannot treat two men as she treated you. Many a woman may love or think she loves many times, but there is only one man who receives the full measure of her best. Other women again have nothing to give but their best, and when they have once given that they have given all. Unless I have known her in vain, Mary, with all her faults, is such a woman. Again, I say, let no doubt of that trouble you."

Brandon answered with a sad little smile from the midst of his reverie, "It is really not so much the doubt as the certainty of it that troubles me." Then, starting to his feet, "If I thought she had lied to me, if I thought she could wantonly lead me on to suffer so for her, I would kill her, so help me God."

"Do not think that. Whatever her faults—and she has enough—there is no man on earth for her but you. Her love has come to her through a struggle against it because it was her master. That is the strongest and best in fact the only love, worth all the self made passions in the world."

"Yes, I believe it. I know she has faults; even my partiality cannot blind me to them, but she is as pure and chaste as a child and as gentle, strong and true as—as—a woman. I can put it no stronger. She has these, her redeeming virtues, along with her beauty, from her plebeian grandmother, Elizabeth Woodville, who with them won a royal husband and elevated herself to the throne beside the chivalrous Edward. This sweet plebeian heritage bubbles up in the heart of Mary and will not down, but neutralizes the royal poison in her veins and makes a goddess of her." Then with a sigh: "But if her faults were a thousand times as many, and if each fault were a thousand times as great, her beauty would atone for all. Such beauty as hers can afford to have faults. Look at Helen and Cleopatra and Agnes Sorel. Did their faults make them less attractive? Beauty covereth more sins than charity and maketh more grief than pestilence."

CHAPTER XI.

LOUIS XII. A SUITOR.

AS soon as I could leave Brandon I had intended to go down to Windsor and give vent to my indignation toward the girls, but the more I thought about it the surer I felt there had somehow been a mistake. I could not bring myself to believe that Mary had deliberately permitted matters to go to such an extreme when it was in her power to prevent it. She might have neglected her duty for a day or two, but sooner or later her good impulses always came to her rescue, and with Jane by her side to urge her on I was almost sure she would have liberated Brandon long ago, barring a blunder of some sort.

So I did not go to Windsor until a week after Brandon's release, when the king asked me to go down with him, Wolsey and De Longueville, the French ambassador special, for the purpose of officially offering to Mary the hand of Louis XII. and the honor of becoming queen of France.

The princess had known of the projected arrangement for many weeks, but had no thought of the present forward condition of affairs or she would have brought her energies to bear upon Henry long before. She could not bring herself to believe that her brother would really force her into such wretchedness, and possibly he would never have done so, much as he desired it from the standpoint of personal ambition, had it not been for the petty excuse of that fatal trip to Grouche's.

All the circumstances of the case were such as to make Mary's marriage a veritable virgin sacrifice. Louis was an old man, and an old Frenchman at that, full of French notions of morality and immorality, and, besides, there were objections that cannot be written, but of which Henry and Mary had been fully informed. She might as well marry a leper. Do you wonder she was full of dread and fear and resisted with the desperation of death?

So Mary, the person most interested, was about the last to learn that the treaty had been signed.

Windsor was nearly eight leagues from London and at that time was occupied only by the girls and a few old ladies and servants, so that news did not travel fast in that direction from the city. It is also probable that, even if the report of the treaty and Brandon's release had reached Windsor, the persons hearing it would have hesitated to repeat it to Mary. However that may be, she had no knowledge of either until she was informed of the fact that the king and the French ambassador would be at Windsor on a certain day to make the formal request for her hand and to offer the gifts of King Louis.

I had no doubt Mary was in trouble and felt sure she had been making affairs lively about her. I knew her suffering was keen, but was glad of it in view of her treatment of Brandon.

A day or two after Brandon's liberation I had begun to speak to him of the girls, but he interrupted me with a frightful oath: "Caskoden, you are my friend, but if you ever mention their names again in my hearing you are my friend no longer. I will curse you!"

I was frightened, so much stronger did his nature show than mine, and I took good care to remain silent on that subject until—but I am going too fast again. I will tell you of that hereafter.

Upon the morning appointed the king, Wolsey, De Longueville and myself, with a small retinue, rode over to Windsor, where we found that Mary, anticipating us, had barricaded herself in her bedroom and refused to receive the announcement. The king went upstairs to coax the fair young besieged through two inches of oak door and to induce her if possible to come down. We below could plainly hear the king pleading in the voice of a Bashan bull, and it afforded us some amusement behind our hands. Then his majesty grew angry and threatened to break down the door, but the fair besieged maintained a most persistent and provoking silence throughout it all and allowed him to carry out his threat without so much as a whimper. He was thoroughly angry and called to us to come up to see him "compel obedience from the self willed hussy," a task the magnitude of which he underrated.

The door was soon broken down, and the king walked in first, with De Longueville and Wolsey next, and the rest of us following in close procession. But we marched over broken walls to the most laughable defeat ever suffered by besieging army. Our foe, though small, was altogether too fertile in expedients for us. There seemed no way to conquer this girl. Her resources were so inexhaustible that in the moment of your expected victory success was turned into defeat; nay, more, ridiculous disaster.

We found Jane crouching on the floor in a corner half dead with fright from the noise and tumult, and where do you think we found her mistress? Frightened? Not at all. She was lying in bed with her face to the wall as cool as a January morning, her clothing in a little heap in the middle of the room.

Without turning her head, she exclaimed: "Come in, brother. You are quite welcome. Bring in your friends. I am ready to receive them, though not in court attire, as you see." And she thrust her bare arm straight up from the bed to prove her words. You should have seen the Frenchman's little black eyes gloat on its beauty.

Mary went on, still looking toward the wall, "I will arise and receive you all informally if you will but wait."

This disconcerted the imperturbable Henry, who was about at his wits' end.

"Cover that arm, you hussy!" he cried in a flaming rage.

"Be not impatient, brother mine! I will jump out in just a moment."

A little scream from Jane startled everybody, and she quickly ran up to the king, saying: "I beg your majesty to go. She will do as she says so sure as you remain. You don't know her. She is very angry. Please go. I will bring her downstairs somehow."

"Ah, indeed! Jane Bolingbroke," came from the bed. "I will receive my guests myself when they are kind enough to come to my room." The coverlid began to move, and whether or not she was really going to carry out her threat I cannot say, but Henry, knowing her too well to risk it, hurried us all out of the room and marched downstairs at the head of his defeated cohorts. He was swearing in a way to make a priest's flesh creep and protesting by everything holy that Mary should be the wife of Louis or die. He went back to Mary's room at intervals, but there was enough persistence in that one girl to stop the wheels of time, if she but set herself to do it, and the king came away from each visit the victim of another rout.

Finally his anger cooled, and he became amused. From the last visit he came down laughing.

"I shall have to give up the fight or else put my armor on with visor down," said he. "It is not safe to go near her without it. She is a very vixen, and but now tried to scratch my eyes out."

Wolsey, who had a wonderful knack for finding the easiest means to a difficult end, took Henry off to a window, where they held a whispered conversation.

It was pathetic to see a mighty king and his great minister of state consulting and planning against one poor girl, and, as angry as I felt toward Mary, I could not help pitying her and admired beyond the power of pen to write the valiant and so far impregnable defense she had put up against an array of strength that would have made a king tremble on his throne.

Presently Henry gave one of his loud laughs and slapped his thigh as if highly satisfied with some proposition of Wolsey's.

"Make ready at once," he said. "We will go back to London."

In a short time we were all at the main stairway ready to mount for the return trip.

The Lady Mary's window was just above, and I saw Jane watching us as we rode away.

After we were well out of Mary's sight the king called me to him, and he, together with De Longueville, Wolsey and myself, turned our horses' heads, rode rapidly by a circuitous path back to another door of the castle and reentered without the knowledge of any of the inmates.

We four remained in silence, enjoined by the king, and in the course of an hour the princess, supposing every one had gone, came downstairs and walked into the room where we were waiting.

It was a scurvy trick, and I felt a contempt for the men who had planned it. I could see that Mary's first impulse was to beat a hasty retreat back into her citadel, the bed, but in truth she had in her makeup very little disposition to retreat. She was clear grit. What a man she would have made! But what a crime it would have been in nature to have spoiled so perfect a woman. How beautiful she was! She threw one quick, surprised glance at her brother and his companions and, lifting up her exquisite head, carelessly hummed a little tune under her breath as she marched to the other end of the room with a gait that Juno herself could not have improved upon.

I saw the king smile, half in pride of her and half in amusement, and the Frenchman's little eyes feasted upon her beauty with a relish that could not be mistaken.

Henry and the ambassador spoke a word in whispers when the latter took a box from a huge side pocket and started across the room toward Mary with the king at his heels.

Her side was toward them when they came up, but she kept her attitude as if she had been of bronze. She had taken up a book that was lying on the table and was examining it as they approached.

De Longueville held the box in his hand, and, bowing and scraping, said in broken English, "Permit to me, most gracious princess, that I may have the honor to offer on behalf of my august master this little testament of his high admiration and love." With this he bowed again, smiled like a crack in a piece of old parchment and held his box toward Mary. It was open, probably in the hope of enticing her with a sight of its contents—a beautiful diamond necklace.

She turned her face ever so little and took it all in with one contemptuous, sneering glance out of the corners of her eyes. Then, quietly reaching out her hand, she grasped the necklace and deliberately dashed it in poor old De Longueville's face.

"There is my answer, sir! Go home and tell your imbecile old master I scorn his suit and hate him—hate him—hate him!" Then, with the tears falling unheeded down her cheeks: "Master Wolsey, you butcher's cur, this trick was of your conception. The others had not brains enough to think of it. Are you not proud to have outwitted one poor heartbroken girl? But beware, sir! I tell you now I will be quits with you yet or my name is not Mary!"

There is a limit to the test of feminine nerve, and at that limit should always be found a flood of healthful tears. Mary had reached it when she threw the necklace and shot her bolt at Wolsey, so she broke down and hastily left the room.

The king of course was beside himself with rage.

"By God's soul," he swore, "she shall marry Louis of France or I will have her whipped to death on the Smithfield pillory!" And in his wicked heart—so impervious to a single lasting good impulse—he really meant it.

Immediately after this, the king, De Longueville and Wolsey set out for London.

I remained behind hoping to see the girls, and after a short time a page plucked me by the sleeve, saying the princess wished to see me.

The page conducted me to the same room in which had been fought the battle with Mary in bed. The door had been placed on its hinges again, but the bed was tumbled as Mary had left it, and the room was in great disorder.



"There is my answer, sir!"

"Oh, Sir Edwin," began Mary, who was weeping, "was ever woman in such frightful trouble? My brother is killing me. Can he not see that I could not live through a week of this marriage? And I have been deserted by all my friends, too, excepting Jane. She, poor thing, cannot leave."

"You know I would not go," said Jane parenthetically. Mary continued, "You, too, have been home an entire week and have not been near me."

I began to soften at the sight of her grief and concluded with Brandon that, after all, her beauty could well cover a multitude of sins, perhaps even this, her great transgression against him.

(To be continued.)

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FIERCE BATTLE OVER IRISH FLAG

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Because Isaac Smith of 93 Bowdoin street, said something about the Irish flag that grieved James Hamilton of Zeigler street, Roxbury, yesterday, a terrific fight ensued and ended in a lively chase with Patrolman Welsh of station 3 as the pursuer, and the arrest of both men.

The two men were coming across the Common when Smith made the remark about the Irish flag that displeased Hamilton. A fight followed, in which both men were thrown about the ground considerably. The men then went up to the State House grounds to finish it.

Both went at it in hammer and tongs fashion, and Hamilton threw Smith all over the lot. Patrolman Welsh, seeing the crowd, was soon at the scene of the trouble. Hamilton ran through the arch to Ashburton place, closely followed by the crowd. The officer pulled his revolver, but dropped it. He did not stop to pick it up, but pulled his club and threw it at the fleeing prisoner.

After a good chase the officer finally cornered his man and marched him back to where Smith was lying on the ground, after recovering from his beating. Both were taken to station 3 and charges of assault and battery were lodged against each. The officer failed to find his revolver after searching Ashburton place from one end to the other.

ENDS LIFE OWING TO WIFE'S DEATH

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Driven insane through the death of his wife and mother several months since, Goon Lung, a Chinese laundryman for his cousin, Goon Fee, 548 East Eighth street, South Boston, committed suicide by hanging at that place yesterday.

Goon Fee and Lee Won left the laundry yesterday to visit friends, leaving Goon Lung there. When they returned at 8 o'clock last night they found the doors locked and the windows secured. They tried to arouse Goon Lung, but without success, and then notified Lieutenant Allen of the 12th division. He sent Patrolman Waugh and Reserve Officer Donohoe, who forced in the rear door.

They found the body of Goon Lung hanging from a beam with a stout cord about his neck. They immediately severed the cord, laid the body on the floor and sought to revive the man, but without result. Lieut. Allen was again communicated with, and he sent Dr. William J. Gallivan to the scene. He found that the man had been dead several hours. The body was sent to the City hospital morgue.

About a year ago Goon Lung received word that his wife had died in China. Since then his mother also died and this additional sorrow weighed so heavily upon him that his fellow-countrymen think he became insane. In Haverhill, three months ago, during one of his strange spells, he jumped into the river, but some young men rescued him.

INJURED IN A TROLLEY ACCIDENT.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 24.—John McKinnon, 35 years of age, a lumber surveyor of this city, died in the Eastern Maine general hospital shortly before one o'clock this morning from injuries received in a trolley accident which occurred at the corner of Harlow and Cumberland streets in the business district a few minutes before midnight. McKinnon was the only passenger in the car and was riding on the front platform. At the point where Cumberland street turns into Harlow there is a steep grade. On this grade the car began to slip on account of frost rails. The motorman used the emergency brake, but this had no effect, and on the curve the car jumped the track, slewed across Harlow street, jumped the curbing and ran into a house. When the car left the rails McKinnon leaped from the platform, but was caught and dragged, being painfully cut and bruised. The motorman and conductor remained on the car and were uninjured.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE ILL.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Decidedly alarming is the condition of the Duchess of Devonshire, one of the main, if not the chief of England's hostesses. At Newmarket last week she was so ill she had to be taken away from the race course quite suddenly, and at dinner on the previous night people remarked with distress her apparently weak condition, though she tried to bear up and appear cheerful for the sake of her guests. The Duchess was first taken suddenly ill while at Aix les Bains, but she rallied afterward. Undoubtedly there is much cause for serious alarm, but the nature of the malady is not yet stated.