

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

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]
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(Continued.)

She was not afraid now that the danger was over, and feared no new danger with Brandon at hand to protect her, for in her heart she felt that to overcome a few fiery dragons had a company or so of giants would be a mere pastime to him. Yet she how she treated him. The girls had stopped when Jane called Brandon, and he was at once by their side with uncovered head, hoping for and of course expecting a warm welcome. But when Brandon, with his fund of worldly philosophy, had not learned not to put his trust in princesses, and his surprise was unending when Mary turned angrily upon him.

"Master Brandon, your impudence in following us shall cost you dearly. We are sure to be standing at this hour. You are sure to leave us to our own affairs, as we wish you to attend exclusively to yours."

This from the girl who had given him so much within less than a week! Poor Brandon!

Jane, who had called him up and was the cause of his following them, began to weep.

"Sir," said she, "forgive me. It was not my fault. She had just said—'Slap came Mary's hand on Jane's mouth, and Jane was marched off, weeping bitterly.'"

The girls had started up toward East Cheap when they left Grouche's, intending to go home by an upper route, and now they walked rapidly in that direction. Brandon continued to follow them, notwithstanding what Mary had said, and she thanked him and her God ever after that he did.

They had been walking not more than five minutes when, just as the girls turned a corner into a secluded little street, winding its way among the fish warehouses, four horsemen passed Brandon in evident pursuit of them. Brandon hurried forward, but before he reached the corner heard screams of fright and as he turned in to the street distinctly saw that two of the men had dismounted and were trying to overtake the fleeing girls. Fright lent wings to their feet, and their short skirts afforded freedom to their limbs, for they were giving the pursuers a warm little race, screaming at every step to the full limit of their voices. How they did run and scream! It was but a moment till Brandon came up with the pursuers, who, all unconscious that they in turn were pursued, did not expect an attack from the rear. The men remaining on horseback shouted an alarm to their comrades, but so intent were the latter in their pursuit that they did not hear. One of the men on foot fell dead, pierced through the back of the neck by Brandon's sword, before either was aware of his presence. The other turned, but was a corpse before he could cry out. The girls had stopped a short distance ahead, exhausted by their flight. Mary had stumbled and fallen, but had risen again, and both were now leaning against a wall, clinging to each other, a picture of abject terror. Brandon ran to the girls, but by the time he reached them the two men on horseback were there also, hacking away at him from their saddles. Brandon did his best to save himself from being cut to pieces and the girls from being trampled under foot by the prancing horses.



One of the men on foot fell dead. A narrow jutting of the wall, a foot or two in width, a sort of flying buttress, gave him a little advantage, and up into the slight shelter of the corner thus formed he thrust the girls and with his back to them faced his unequal foe with drawn sword. Fortunately the position allowed only one horseman to attack them. Two men on foot would have been less in each other's way and much more effective. The men, however, stuck to their horses, and one of them pressed the attack, striking at Brandon most viciously. It being dark and the distance deceptive, the horseman's sword at last struck the wall, a flash of sparks flying in its trail, and lucky it was or this story would have ended here. Thereupon Brandon thrust his sword into the horse's throat, causing it to rear backward, plunging and lunging into the street, where it fell, holding its rider by the leg against the obstructions of a little gutter.

A cry from the fallen horseman brought his companion to his side and gave Brandon an opportunity to escape with the girls. Of this he took advantage, you may be sure, for one of his mottoes was that the greatest fool in the world is he who does not early in life learn how and when to run.

In the light of the sparks from the

illness, whereupon he asked to be shown to his room.

It was useless to resist or to evade, so I went and read the warrant to the sergeant in. Here he read his warrant to arrest Charles Brandon, Esq., for the murder of two citizens of London, perpetrated, done and committed upon the night of such and such a day of this year of our Lord 1534. Brandon's hat had been found by the side of the dead men, and the authorities had received information from a high source that Brandon was the guilty person. That high source was evidently Buckingham.

When the sergeant found Brandon covered with wounds, there was no longer any doubt, and although hardly able to lift his hand, he was forced to dress and go with them. A horse litter was procured, and we all started to London.

While Brandon was dressing I said I would at once go and awaken the king, who, I knew, would pardon the offense when he heard my story, but Brandon asked the sergeant to leave us to ourselves for a short time, and closed the door.

"Please do nothing of the sort, Caskoden," said he. "If you tell the king, I will declare instant the Lord will fall. You do not know her. She sometimes seems selfish, but it is thoughtlessness fostered by flattery, and her heart is right. I would trust her with my life. If you breathe a word of what I have told you, you may do more harm than you can ever remedy. Ask you to say nothing to any one. If the princess would not liberate me—but that is not to be thought of. Never doubt that she can and will do it better than you think. She is all gold."

This, of course, silenced me, as I did not know what the danger I might create or how I might mar the matter. I so much wished to mend. I did not tell Brandon that the girls had left Greenwich or of my undefined and perhaps unfounded fear that Mary might not act as he thought she would in a great emergency, but silently helped him to dress and made a dash for it with him and the sheriff's servants.

Brandon was taken to Newgate, the most loathsome prison in London at that time, it being used for felons, while Ludgate was for debtors. Here he was thrown into an underground dungeon with a few prisoners who had been taken from the old masonry of the city and were now being used to dig out the foundations of the new palace. It was a horrible place in which to spend even a moment. I had a glimpse of it by the light of the keeper's lantern as they put him in, and it seemed to me a single night in that awful place would have killed me or driven me mad. I was glad to stand outside the prison walls in the dreaching rain all the rest of that wretched night that I might be near as possible to my friend and suffer a little with him.

As soon as the prison gates were opened next morning I again implored the keeper to give Brandon a more comfortable cell, but his reply was that such crimes had of late become so frequent in London that no favor could be shown to those who committed them, and that even like Brandon, who ought to know and act better, deserved the maximum punishment.

I told him he was wrong in this case; that I knew the facts, and everything would be clearly explained that day and Brandon released.

"That's all very well," responded the stubborn creature. "Nobody is guilty who comes here. They can every one prove innocence clearly and at once. Notwithstanding, they nearly all hang, and frequently, for variety's sake, are drawn and quartered."

I waited about Newgate until 9 o'clock, and as I passed out met Buckingham and his man Johnson, a sort of lawyer-knight, going in. I went down to the palace at Greenwich and, finding that the girls were still at Scotland palace, rode over at once to see them.

Upon getting Mary and Jane to myself I told them of the girls' escape, and on the charge of murder and of his condition, lying half dead from wounds and loss of blood in that frightful dungeon. The tale moved them greatly, and they both gave way to tears. I think Mary had heard of the arrest before, as she did not seem surprised.

"The royal physician will tell the cause of the illness," she said.

"I know he will not," I answered, "but I also know that he knows your will." And I looked straight into her face.

"Certainly we will," said Jane. "We will go to the king at once." And she was on the quiver to start immediately.

Mary did not at once consent to Jane's proposition, but sat in a reverie, looking with tearful eyes into vacancy, apparently absorbed in thought. After a little pressing from us she said, "I suppose it will have to be done—I can see no other way—but blessed Mother Mary, help me!"

The girls made hasty preparations, and we all started back to Greenwich. On the road over I stopped at Newgate to tell Brandon that the princess would soon have him out, knowing how welcome liberty would be at her hands, but I was not permitted to see him. I swallowed my disappointment and thought it would be only a matter of a few hours' delay, the time spent in riding down to Greenwich and sending back a messenger. So, light hearted enough at the prospect, I soon joined the girls, and we cantered briskly home.

After waiting a reasonable time for Mary to see the king I sought her again to learn where and from whom I should receive the order for Brandon's release and when I should go to London to bring him.

What was my surprise and disgust when Mary told me she had not yet seen the king; that she had waited to "eat and bathe and dress" and that "a few moments more or less could make no difference."

"My God, your highness! Did I not tell you that the man who saved your



Here he read his warrant to arrest Charles Brandon, Esq.

life and honor, who is covered with wounds received in your defense and almost dead from loss of blood, spilled that you might be saved from worse than death, is now lying in a rayless dungeon, a place of frightful filth, such as you would not walk across for all the wealth of London bridge; surrounded by loathsome, creeping things that would sicken you to think of; resting under a charge whose penalty is, that he be hanged, drawn and quartered? And yet you stop to eat and bathe and dress! In God's name, Mary Tudor, what stuff are you made of? He had waited but one little minute, had stopped for the drawing of a breath, had held back for but one faltering thought from the terrible odds of four swords to one, what would you now be? Think, princess; think!"

I was a little frightened at the length to which my feelings had driven me, but Mary took it all very well and said slowly and absently-mindedly:

"You are right. I will go at once. I despise my selfish neglect. There is no other way—I have racked my brain—there is no other way. It must be done, and I will go at once and do it."

"And I will go with you," said I. "Do not blame me," she said, "for doubting me since I have failed once. But you need not doubt me now. It shall be done, and without delay, regardless of the cost to me. I have thought and thought to find some other way to liberate him, but there is none. I will go this instant."

"And I will go with you, Lady Mary," said I doggedly.

She smiled at my persistency and took me by the hand, saying, "Come!" At once we went off to find the king, but the smile had faded from Mary's face, and she looked as if she were going to weep. Every shade of color had faded, and her lips were the hue of ashes.

We found the king in the midst of his council, with the French ambassadors, discussing the all-absorbing topic of the marriage treaty, and Henry, fearing an outbreak, refused to see the princess. As soon as the king's determination, so she sat down in the anteroom and said she would not stir until she had seen the king.

After we had waited a few minutes one of the king's pages came up and said he had been looking all over the palace for me and that the king desired my presence immediately. I went in with the page to the king, leaving Mary alone and very melancholy in the antechamber.

Upon entering the king's presence he asked, "Where have you been, Sir Edmond? I have almost killed a good half dozen pages hunting you. I want you to prepare an embassy to go to Paris with an embassy to my majesty King Louis. You will be the interpreter. The ambassador you need not know. Make ready at once. The embassy will leave London from the Tabard Inn one hour hence."

Could a command to duty have come more opportunely to me? I was distracted, and upon leaving the king went at once to seek the Lady Mary. She had gone, so I went to her apartments, but could not find her. I went to the queen's salon, but she was not there, and I traversed that old rambling palace from one end to the other without finding her or Lady Jane.

The king had told me the embassy would be a secret one and that I was to speak of it to nobody, least of all to the Lady Mary. No one was to know that I was leaving England, and I was to communicate with no one at home while in France.

The king's command was not to be disobeyed. To do so would be as much as my life was worth; but, besides that, the command of the king I served was my highest duty, and no Caskoden ever failed in that. I may not be as tall as some men, but my loyalty and honor—

I was to make ready my bundle and ride six miles to London in one hour, and almost half that time was spent already. I was sure to be late, so I could not waste another minute.

I went to my room and got together a few things necessary for my journey, but did not take much in the way of clothing, preferring to buy that new in Paris, where I could find the latest styles in pattern and fabric.

I tried to assure myself that Mary would see the king at once and tell him all and not allow my dear friend Brandon to lie in the terrible place another night, yet a persistent fear gnawed at my heart, and a sort of intuition that seemed to have the very breath of certainty in its foreboding made me doubt

her.

As I could find neither Mary nor Jane, I did the next best thing—I wrote a letter to each of them, urging immediate action and left them to be delivered by my man Thomas, who was one of those trusty souls that never fail. I did not tell the girls I was about to start for France, but intimated that I was compelled to leave London for a dinner and said, "I leave the fate of my hands, to whom we all owe so much, in your hands, knowing full well how tender you will be of him."

I was away from home nearly a month, and as I dared not write, and even Jane did not know where I was, I did not receive much except my letters. The king had ordered secrecy, and if I have mingled with all my faults a single virtue it is that of faithfulness to my trust. So I had no news from England and sent none home.

During all that time the same old life, who I have heard that Mary might fall to liberate Brandon. She knew of the negotiations concerning the French marriage, as we all did, although only by an indefinite sort of hearsay, and I was sure the half-founded rumors that had reached her ears had long since been carried to her heart, and that heart was full of trouble and fear of her violent brother. She would certainly be at her cooing and wheedling again and on her best behavior, and I feared she might refrain from telling Henry of her trip to Grouche's, knowing how much she was sure to become at the discovery. I was certain it was this fear which had prevented Mary from going directly to the king on our return to Greenwich from Scotland palace, and I knew that her eating, bathing and dressing were all excuses for a breathing spell before the dreaded interview.

This fear remained with me all the time I was away, but when I reasoned with myself I would smother it as well as I could with argumentative attempts at self assurance. I would say over and over to myself that Mary would not fail and that even if she did there was Jane—dear, sweet, thoughtful, unselfish Jane—who would not allow her to do so. But, as far as they are our intuitions—our "feelings," as we call them—are worth all the logic in the world, and you may say what you will, but my presentiment—I speak for no one else—are well to be minded. There is another sense hidden about us that will develop as the race grows older. I speak to posterity.

In proof of this statement I now tell you that when I returned to London I found Brandon still in the terrible dungeon, and, worse still, he had been tried for murder and had been condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered on the second Friday following. Hanged! Drawn! Quartered! It is time we were doing away with such barbarity.

We will now go back a month for the purpose of looking up the doings of a friend of ours, his grace the Duke of Buckingham.

On the morning after the fatal battle of Billingsgate the barber who had treated Brandon's wounds had been called to London to dress a bruised knee for his grace the duke. In the course of the operation an immense deal of information came out of the barber, one item of which was that he had the night before dressed nine wounds, great and small, for Master Brandon, the king's friend. This established the identity of the man who had rescued the girls, a fact of which Buckingham had had his suspicions all along. So Brandon's arrest followed, as I have already related to you.

I afterward learned from various sources how this nobleman began to avenge his mishap with Brandon at Mary's ball when the latter broke his sword point. First he went to Newgate and gave orders to the keeper, who was his lover, to allow no communication with the prisoner, and it was by his instructions that Brandon had been confined in the worst dungeon in London. Then he went down to Greenwich to take care of matters there, knowing that the king would learn of Brandon's arrest and probably take steps for his liberation at once.

The king had just heard of the arrest when Buckingham arrived, and the latter found he was right in his surmise that his majesty would at once demand Brandon's release.

When I entered the king's room, Henry called to him: "My lord, you are opportunely arrived. So good a friend of the people of London can help us greatly this morning. Our friend Brandon has been arrested for the killing of two men night before last in Billingsgate ward. I am sure there is some mistake and that the good sheriff has the wrong man, but right or wrong, we want him out and ask your good offices."

"I shall be most happy to serve your majesty and will go to London at once to see the lord mayor."

In the afternoon the duke returned and had a private audience with the king.

"I did as your majesty requested in regard to Brandon's release," he said, "but on investigation I thought it best to consult you again before proceeding further. I fear there is no doubt that Brandon is the right man, it seems he was out with a couple of wenchers concerning whom he got into trouble and stabbed two men in the back. It is a very aggravated case, and the citizens are much incensed about it, owing partly to the fact that such occurrences have been so frequent of late."

"I thought under the circumstances and in view of the fact that your majesty will soon call upon the city for a loan to make up the Lady Mary's dowry it would be wise not to antagonize them in this matter, but to let Master Brandon remain quietly in confinement until the loan is completed, and then we can snap our fingers at them."

"We will snap our fingers at the scurvy burghers now and have the loan, too," returned Henry angrily. "I want Brandon liberated at once, and I shall expect another report from you immediately, my lord."

Buckingham felt that his revenge had slipped through his fingers this time, but he was patient where evil was to be accomplished and could wait. Then it was that the council was called

during the progress of which Mary and I had tried to obtain an audience of the king.

Buckingham had gone to pay his respects to the queen and on his way back had espied Mary waiting for the king in the anteroom and went to her. At first she was irritated at the sight of this man, whom she so despised, but a thought came to her that she might make use of him. She knew his power with the citizens and city authorities of London and also knew, or thought she knew, that a smile from her could accomplish everything with him. She had ample evidence of his infatuation, and she hoped that she could procure Brandon's liberty through Buckingham without revealing her dangerous secret.

Much to the duke's surprise, she smiled upon him and gave a cordial welcome, saying: "My lord, you have been unkind to us of late and have not shown us the light of your countenance. I am glad to see you once more. Tell me the news."

"I cannot say there is much of interest. I have learned the new dance from Caskoden, if that is news, and hope for a favor at our next ball from the fairest lady in the world."

And quite welcome returned Mary, complacently appropriating the title, "and welcome to more than one, I hope, my lord."

This graciousness would have looked suspicious to one with less vanity than Buckingham, but he saw no craft in it. He did see, however, that Mary did not know who had attacked her in Billingsgate, and he felt greatly relieved.

The duke smiled and smirked and was enchanted at her kindness. They walked down the corridor, talking and laughing, Mary awaiting an opportunity to put the important question without exciting suspicion. At last it came, when Buckingham, half inquiringly, expressed his surprise that Mary should be found sitting at the king's foot.

"I am waiting to see the king," said she. "Little Caskoden's friend, Brandon, has been arrested for a brawl of some sort over in London, and Sir Edmond and Lady Jane have implored me to obtain his release, which I have promised to do. Perhaps your grace will allow me to petition you in place of carrying my request to the king. You are quite as powerful as his majesty in London, and I should like to ask you to obtain for Master Brandon his liberty at once. I shall hold myself infinitely obliged if your lordship will do this for me." She smiled upon him her sweetest smile and assumed an indifference that would have deceived any one but Buckingham. Upon him under the circumstances it was worse than wasted. Buckingham at once consented and said that notwithstanding the fact that he did not like Brandon, to oblige her highness he would undertake to befriend a much more disagreeable person.

"I fear," he said, "it will have to be done secretly—by conniving at his escape."



"What is this?" cried Henry.

cape rather than by an order for his release. The citizens are greatly aroused over the alarming frequency of such occurrences, and as many of the offenders have lately escaped punishment by reason of their interior connections, I fear this man Brandon will have to bear the brunt in the London mind, of all these unpunished crimes. It will be next to impossible to liberate him except by arranging privately with the keeper for his escape. He could go down into the country and wait in seclusion until it is all blown over or until London has a new victim, and then an order can be made pardoning him, and he can return."

"Pardoning him! What are you talking of, my lord? He has done nothing to be pardoned for. He should be and shall be rewarded." Mary spoke impetuously, but caught herself and tried to remedy her blunder. "That is, if I have heard the straight of it. I have been told that the killing was done in the defense of two women." Think of this poor, unconscious girl, so full of grief and trouble, talking thus to Buckingham, who knew so much more about the affair than even she who had taken so active a part in it!

"Who told you of it?" asked the duke.

Mary saw she had made a mistake and, after hesitating for a moment, answered: "Sir Edmond Caskoden. He had it from Master Brandon, I suppose." Rather adroit this was, but equivalent from both truth and effectiveness.

"I will go at once to London and arrange for Brandon's escape," said Buckingham, prepared to leave the matter to the writers of the tale. You must not divulge the fact that I do it. It would cost me all the favor I enjoy with the people of London, though I would willingly lose that favor a thousand times over for a smile from you."

(To be continued.)

"What is your age madam?" thundered the attorney. "Must I tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" asked the witness. "You must," replied the attorney. "Then I will," said the witness. "It's none of your business."

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THE WILL OF THE LATE MR. FISHER.

Believed to Have Made Provision For Large School—Endowment to Hospital.

It was intimated by the Sun the other day that the province would obtain some \$50,000 in succession duties from the estate of the late L. P. Fisher, which with a somewhat larger sum from the W. H. Murray estate, would be quite a windfall to the treasury. Reports from Woodstock throw doubt on this conjecture. Property left to public purposes is not subject to succession tax. It was stated the other day that Mr. Fisher had left his large and splendid estate to the town of Woodstock and county of Carleton, to be used as a hospital. It is now supposed that provision has been made for the partial endowment of this hospital. Also that Mr. Fisher has left a large sum to provide the town with a large and suitably equipped school. It will be remembered that Mr. Fisher was for many years chairman of the Woodstock school board, and that he never lost his interest in local educational affairs. Some years ago Mr. Fisher proposed to give some thousands of dollars toward the establishment of a public library in the town. This design fell through at the time through the failure of the people to make provision for its maintenance, but it would not be surprising if Mr. Fisher never gave up the idea, and had made arrangements to carry it out. Further it is said that he has left bequests to a public park. If these bequests are made they will reduce by many thousands the succession duties.

FATHER GUARDS HIS TWO DAUGHTERS

Mysterious Strangers Had Demanded Payment of \$1,500 or "Heart's Blood."

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—John O'Connor, proprietor of the Elm View House at Gorham, N. H., whose defiance of blackmailers who threaten to kill his two little daughters and himself unless he pays them \$1,500, has attracted the attention of New England, a former manager of the Hotel Plaza on Columbus avenue, and is well known to Boston people. He left Boston about a year ago.

O'Connor has hired an armed body-guard to escort his two daughters, daughter Ellen to and from the Little district school house she attends, and with a number of friends guards her and his four-year-old daughter Katie, at night. The post office department is endeavoring to locate the man who wrote the blackmailing letter, and meanwhile O'Connor is taking the most radical precautionary measures.

The blackmail letter ordered Mr. O'Connor to sign a note for \$1,500 at the First National Bank of East Popperell, Mass., payable to Frank L. Hale & Co., in ninety days. With the note was a letter threatening that one of the children would be killed and the hotel destroyed unless the money was quickly forthcoming. There was also a threat that if the first demand were not complied with, \$5,000 more would be demanded, and the remaining child would be murdered.

The letter was received in an envelope postmarked Lancaster, N. H. In part it read:

"We demand you to loan us \$1,500 for ninety days, interest at six per cent. If you do not as we tell you, or if you say anything to anyone about this letter, we will murder one of your little girls. We will kill one, or both of them with poison or dynamite or with a knife or some deadly poison. Yes, we help me God, we will. If you refuse, your blood will be upon your own head."

HAS TO PUT MONEY IN BUSH

Instructions were given as to how Mr. O'Connor should deliver the note or money to the blackmailers. It was to be sewed in the lining of an old coat. At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning Mr. O'Connor was to ride in a buggy on the road to Woodsville. He was to have one of his daughters with him. The instructions said for him not to proceed at more than six miles an hour, and to watch the road carefully for signs of freshly cut wood or shavings. He was to follow a trail of these shavings into the woods, where he would come to a bush. In this bush he was to place the old coat, then turn around and return home. The instructions said that the writers of the note knew every movement Mr. O'Connor made.

NOTICE!

Copies of the DAILY SUN containing a full account of the Baptist Union, with many portraits of ministers taking part in the ceremonies, may be obtained at the DAILY SUN Office, at two cents each.