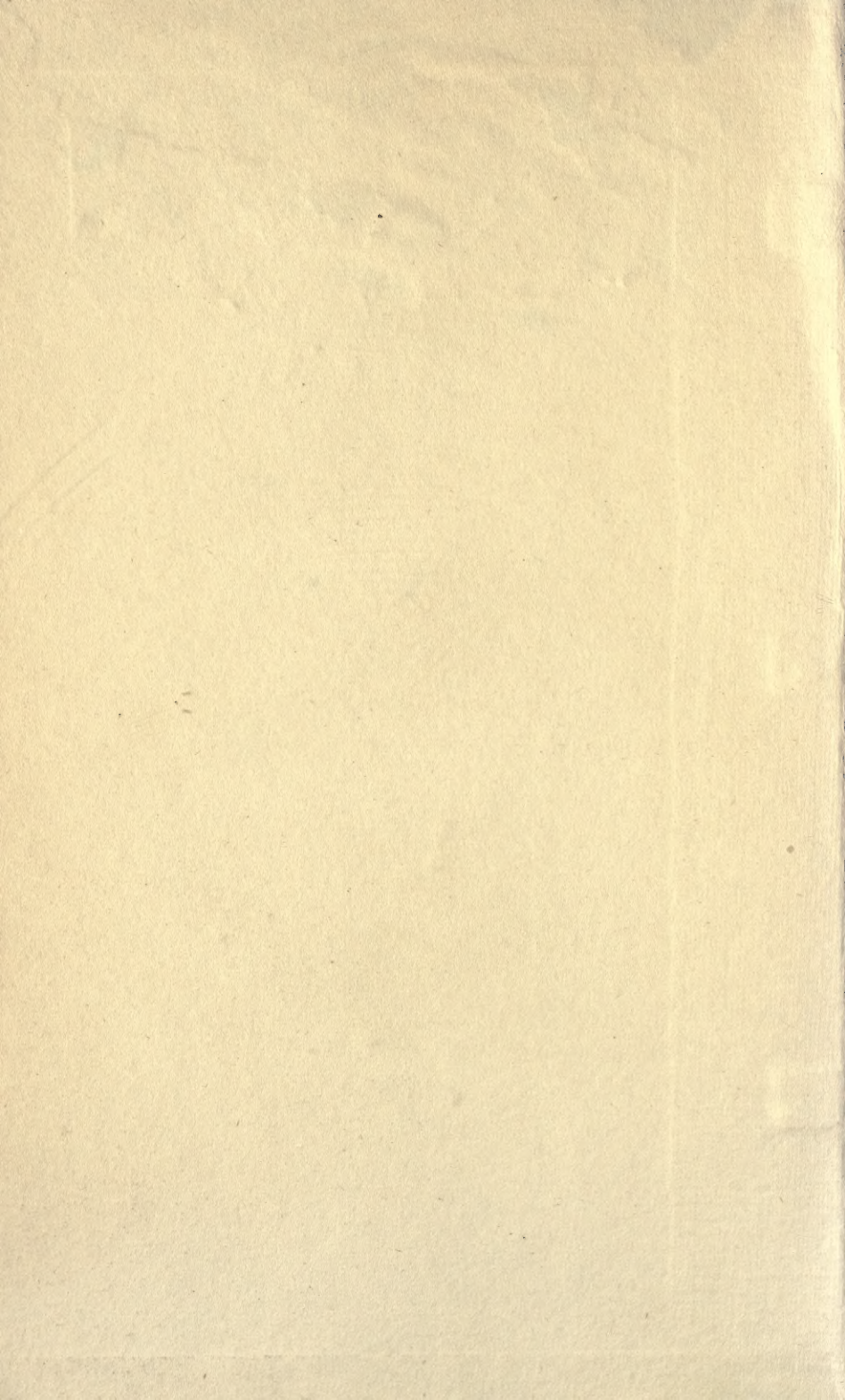
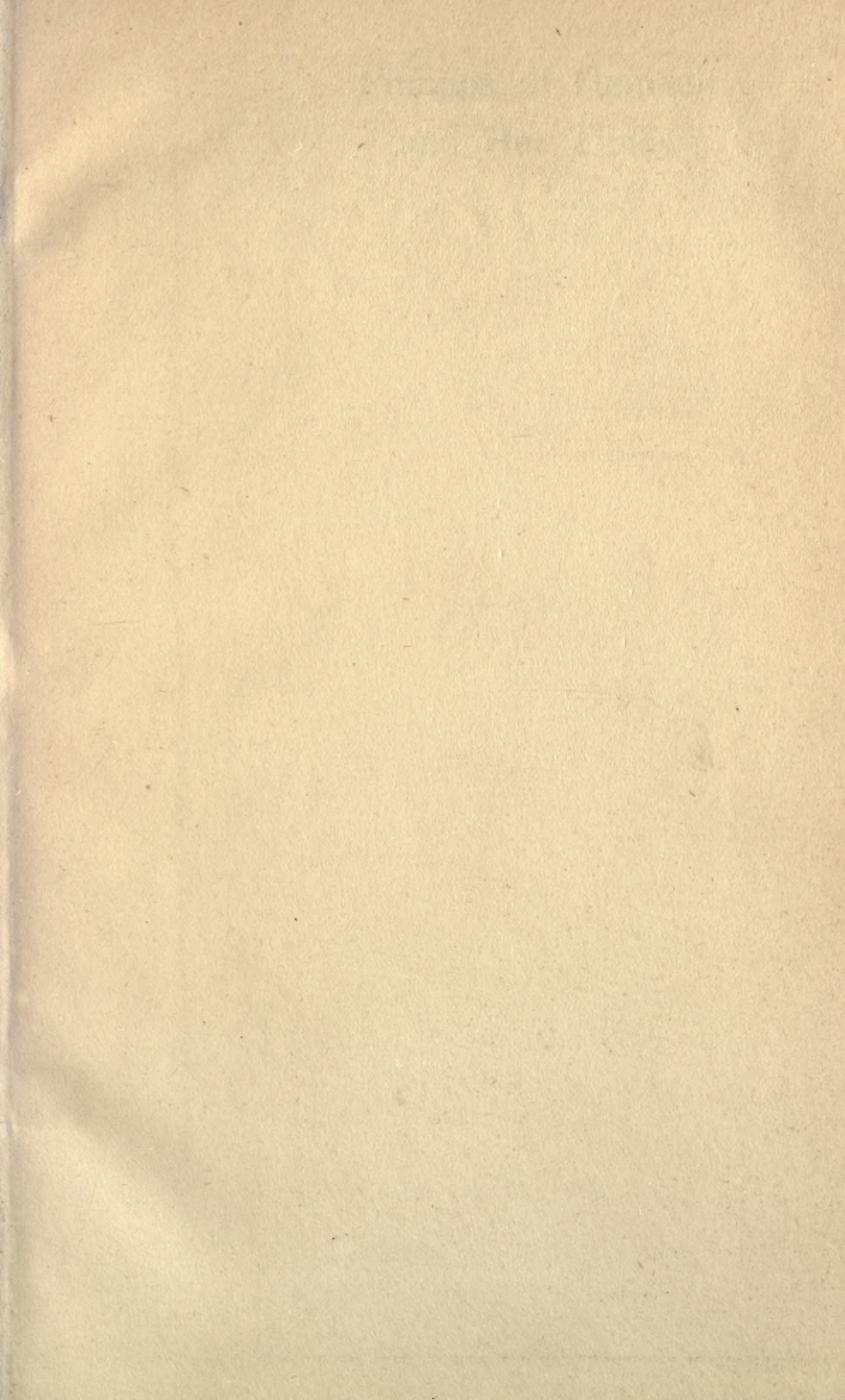


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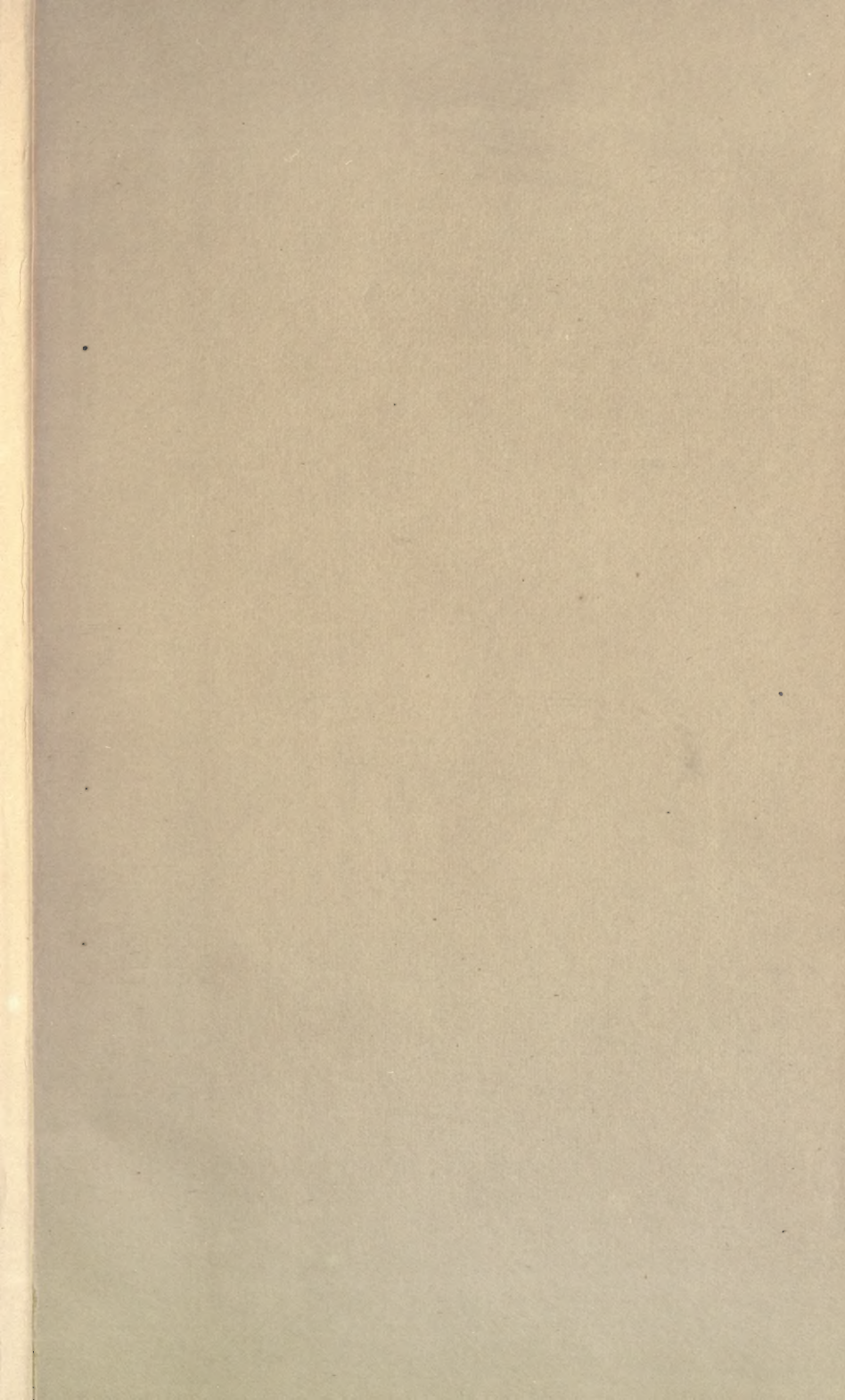




Philippa of Hainault  
and Her Times









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*Philippa of Hainault*  
Consort of Edward 3<sup>rd</sup>



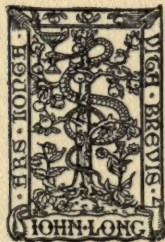
# Philippa of Hainault and Her Times

By

**B. C. Hardy**

Author of "The Princesse de Lamballe"

With Photogravure Portrait, Fourteen Illustrations  
and Genealogical Table

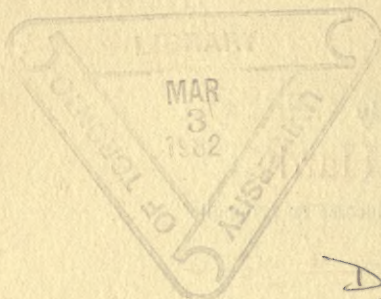


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“Tall and upright was she, wise, gay, humble, pious, liberal and courteous, decked and adorned in her time with all noble virtues, beloved of God and of mankind. . . . And so long as she lived, the kingdom of England had favour, prosperity, honour and every sort of good fortune ; neither did famine or dearth remain in the land during her reign, and so you will find it recorded in history.”—FROISSART.





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## CHAPTER I

### HOW EDWARD CAME TO VALENCIENNES

WHEN Isabella the Fair, daughter of Philip le Bel and sister to three Kings of France to be, was wedded in the great cathedral at Boulogne to Edward II, King of England, in presence of eight sovereign Kings and Queens, little could it have been dreamed that this union should sow the seeds of war through a hundred years, nor that the bride's name should pass down to futurity in abhorrence as that of the "she-wolf of France". Never since the days of Judith, wife of Ethelwulf, had King of England made so magnificent a match, and no circumstance was wanting to lend the ceremony all the pomp and splendour it deserved. Isabella was just fourteen, and had been betrothed since she was eight; while Edward was in his twenty-third year and, like all the Plantagenets, extraordinarily handsome. He had but just succeeded to the throne on his father's death; and the injunction to hasten his marriage was the only one of that father's dying commands which he took pains to fulfil. For grim old Edward Longshanks held but a poor opinion of this son of his, and hoped against hope that the French match should lend him the prestige and influence his own character could never command.

## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

The marriage took place on January 25, 1308, and after a fortnight's festivities the pair returned to England. Edward was a handsome fool and Isabella a brilliant child, with the seeds of a mad imprudence in her nature. For thirteen years, however, she played the part of an exemplary wife, mother and Queen, in the face of what must have been exceptionally trying circumstances. It is true Edward has never been proved unfaithful towards her; but perhaps she found his weakness, his coldness, his selfishness, his vacillation, and his really cruel neglect of her even harder to bear, and might have welcomed some human warm-blooded error in him as a sign of life. Edward undoubtedly possessed what is to-day called the "artistic temperament," never an easy thing to live with; he posed beautifully at every crisis of his life, wrote the most moving letters without an ounce of feeling behind them, was constitutionally incapable of forming an independent judgment, always in the hands of bad and unscrupulous friends, wildly excited over foolish whims, and absolutely careless of grave affairs of state. His fancy for his pretty bride soon passed, although for the first few years of the marriage Isabella remained deeply in love with him, spite of her natural indignation when she saw him, immediately on their arrival in England, hand over the chief part of the jewels presented to him by her father to Piers Gaveston, his favourite of the moment. Gaveston was hated as much by the nobles of England as by the Queen, and his fall was swift and sudden: for the King's cousin, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, took and beheaded him at Blacklow Hill in 1312. For a time Edward was inconsolable and mourned pathetically, but a few years later



## HOW EDWARD CAME TO VALENCIENNES

he found a fresh favourite in Hugh Despenser, a greedy and insolent young man, who flattered the foolish King to the top of his bent, and in consequence reaped for himself and his father wealth, honours, power, and the deadly hatred of every right-minded man in England. Each of the favourites had found it amusing to sneer at and make sport of the proud and beautiful young Queen, in order to show his influence with her lord, and it speaks volumes for Edward's despicable character that he not only permitted this, but took every opportunity himself of putting public humiliation upon his wife.

Edward was the only surviving son of his father's first marriage. Edward I had, however, been married a second time, to Marguerite of France, Isabella's aunt, and by her had two sons, Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, and Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent; who were thus at the same time the King's half-brothers and the Queen's first cousins. The sympathies of both lay entirely with Isabella and against the power and misdeeds of the Despensers; and the same might be said of the King's cousins, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and his brother Henry. In 1322 the Despensers got possession of the Earl of Lancaster, and beheaded him at Pontefract: and as he left no children, his title fell to his brother Henry, destined to long and glorious years in England's service. These three therefore, the Earls of Norfolk, Kent and Lancaster, the King's nearest relatives beyond his immediate family, were the most determined foes of his favourites and consequently of himself, since he had at this time no will but the Despensers'. The Queen's wrongs, however, were not so far

## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

mentioned or dreamed of as a political motive. It is necessary to make this clear in order to explain what happened after.

But there was bad blood in Isabella, and under the peculiar circumstances of her life, it could only be a question of time when it should rise to the surface. Her father has many an evil deed set down to his account in history, and her brothers and their wives were destined to add to the sum: none of that race ever controlled an impulse, and in certain branches were already marked traces of mental derangement. From the first she was immensely popular with the people, especially after the birth of her son, Edward of Windsor, in 1312: she was also extraordinarily beautiful, possessed of great charm, and seems all her life to have held the power of attaching people passionately to her person—all apparently except her husband. Her children every one adored her. Besides Edward of Windsor, she had John of Eltham, born in 1315; Eleanor, 1318; and Joan of the Tower, 1321. It was at the time of this last child's birth that matters began to go wrong. There was a good deal of rioting in London then, and the Queen retired to the Tower for her confinement; that wonderful building being a palace, as well as a fortress and a prison, and undoubtedly the safest place for her at the moment. But amongst those imprisoned there, was one Roger Mortimer, a bold and daring chief of the Welsh border, who lay under sentence of death for having defied the grasping injustice of the Despencers. Mortimer had a French wife, who visited him in his cell, and bethought herself that the Queen was French too, hated the Despencers bravely, and might be pleased to signify

## HOW EDWARD CAME TO VALENCIENNES

her happy recovery by obtaining a pardon for her countrywoman's husband. The plan was broached, and Isabella was gracious, and condescended to give audience to the condemned man.

That interview changed the history of England. Isabella had met her master ; her stormy heart was won, and henceforth she appears but as Mortimer's slave. By Christmas he obtained his reprieve from execution, though still a prisoner, and he immediately conceived the wild plan of seizing the Tower himself, as well as Wallingford Castle, and marching against the King's friends. Isabella can hardly have been a party to this scheme, but on its discovery she protected Mortimer again, and once more saved his life. Her staunch partisanship woke suspicion in Edward and the Despensers, and it is indeed probable that her guilty relations with Mortimer began almost as soon as their acquaintance : no doubt she saw as much as she wished of her protégé, but nothing could be proved against her. In August, 1323, very probably by her connivance, he escaped from the Tower, lay hidden some time in England, and at last got safely across to France.

For the moment the Queen breathed freely ; but soon she began to sigh sorely for her lover, and bent all her energies towards a possibility of reunion. Hitherto she had never cared to advertise her wrongs, manifold though they were, but now she deliberately made every possible use of them, and her prestige and popularity rose higher than ever. Nobody but Edward and his favourites really believed the tales against her, most people considering them wanton and cruel attacks upon her reputation ; and with an audacity worthy of a



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better cause, she traded upon this and upon her personal beauty and charm. Kent, Norfolk and Lancaster honestly believed her true and stood staunchly by her; while the relations between her and the Despensers became strained to the uttermost. At last, out of sheer spite, they persuaded the King to deprive her of the Earldom of Cornwall, her property by the marriage contract; and she wrote passionately to her brother, the King of France, to implore his protection and interference. He responded by informing Edward that since he had omitted to pay homage at the appointed time for the provinces of Guienne and Ponthieu, held by the Kings of England under the French Crown, he should be immediately dispossessed of them. This set the whole of England in a tumult, for the possessions were rich ones, and such a loss could not be endured. It seemed necessary that Edward himself should hurry to Paris and speak the French King fair; but now Isabella gently and sweetly suggested that she should go instead, make peace—the woman's sphere—between her husband and her brother, and smooth the troubled waters of diplomacy with the oil of a woman's tact. The idea was debated in Parliament; it seemed a good one; a hollow friendship was patched up between Isabella and the Despensers, and in the beginning of May, 1325, attended by the Lord John Cromwell and four knights, the Queen set sail for her native land.

At first all went well. Truce was made, Charles of France expressed himself charmed to receive his sister in Paris, and promised to give Guienne back to the English King, if he would pay certain

## HOW EDWARD CAME TO VALENCIENNES

costs and come himself to do personal homage for it. Isabella, happy and fêted, with Mortimer by her side, knew very well that Edward would do nothing of the kind : so she blithely made arrangements for the meeting of the Kings at Beauvais ; and was not at all surprised to learn that the Despencers so strongly dreaded the weakening of their influence with the King, should he join her alone, that they were throwing every possible obstacle in the path of his consenting to go. She affected to consult her brother again, and at last wrote to her husband that if he chose to invest their young son Edward with the Duchy of Guienne and the Earldom of Ponthieu and send him over to do homage in his stead, Charles would accept the compromise and regard it as sufficient. Even she, however, must have been amazed at the alacrity with which the King and his counsellors fell into this trap. The only scruple which seems to have troubled Edward concerned a treaty of marriage which he had almost concluded between his son and the Infanta Eleonora of Aragon, while his own little daughter Eleanor was at the same time to wed the young King of Aragon : the Pope's dispensation having already been asked in both cases. Before the Prince was allowed to start, therefore, his father made him swear to sign no treaty of marriage while abroad, nor to permit the Queen to do so in his name. The thirteen-year-old boy, impatient to join his beautiful and worshipped mother, readily promised anything ; and, accompanied by the Bishops of Oxford and Exeter and a great following of knights, sailed on September 12, 1325, from Dover to Boulogne ; where, two days

## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

later, mother and son were together once more. They immediately hastened to Paris, and on 21 September, the homage was paid at the Bois de Vincennes.

It might now have been supposed that no further necessity could keep the Queen and Prince of England in a foreign capital; but Isabella had won her freedom with such difficulty that she did not intend to renounce it too soon, and in drawing up the treaty had purposely left one clause vaguely worded in order to provide an excuse for lingering at the gay Court where she found herself so great a centre of attraction. It is difficult to say what her plans at this time were, or even if any definite ones had been formed; it is more likely she enjoyed herself from day to day, and put aside all thoughts of a future which could mean only a dismal return to the vexations and humiliations of her husband's rule. But no sooner had Edward sent his son and heir to his wife's side than he realized how enormous a power he had placed in her hands, and became gravely uneasy as the months slipped on, and no mention was made of their return. One of the Bishops who had accompanied the Prince, Walter Stapeldon, Bishop of Exeter, so strongly disapproved of all he saw in Paris that he returned, not without difficulty, to England, and warned the King of conspiracies against his person, his honour, and his kingdom; for Mortimer was ever at the Queen's side, and the name of Mortimer boded ever ill for Edward. Edward promptly wrote letters to both wife and son which are a perfect model of pathos and noble expostulation, imploring and commanding their return.



## HOW EDWARD CAME TO VALENCIENNES

“VERY DEAR SON” (runs one, dated December 1325), “As you are young and of tender age, we remind you of that which we charged and commanded at your departure from Dover, and you answered then, as we know with good will, ‘that you would not trespass or disobey any of our injunctions in any point for any one’. And since that your homage has been received by our dearest brother, the King of France, your uncle, be pleased to take your leave of him, and return to us with all speed in company with your mother, if so be that she will come quickly: and if she will not come, then come you without further delay, for we have great desire to see you and to speak with you, therefore stay not for your mother, nor for any one else, on our blessing. Given at Westminster the 2nd day of December.”

On March 18 comes the cry: “Fair son, trespass not against our commands, for we hear much that you have done of things you ought not;” and again in June: “Edward, fair son, you are of tender age: take our commandments tenderly to heart, and so rule your condition with humility as you would escape our reproach, our grief and indignation, and advance your interest and honour. Believe no counsel that is contrary to the will of your father, as the wise king Soloman instructs you. Understand certainly, that if you now act contrary to our command and continue in wilful disobedience, you will feel it all the days of your life, and all other sons will take example to be disobedient to their lords and fathers.”

It is difficult to understand how the boy could resist such appeals, but he took no notice. From his

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earliest childhood he could not have failed to observe the contempt in which his weak and foolish father was held by the whole Court: his allegiance too was unswervingly his mother's, and for years after this, he appears to have been curiously and absolutely ignorant of her notorious relations with Mortimer. She meanwhile wrote evasively to her husband, and caused her brother to do the same, to the effect that she dare not return to England, since she went in fear of her life from the Despensers. At the same time she received a deputation from the barons of England, instigated by a prelate of whom more will be heard later, Adam Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, imploring her to raise 1000 men and come with them to England, when all the land would rise in her favour, depose the King, and place the Prince her son upon the throne. Edward's own action was as usual fatuously foolish: since he merely seized Mortimer's wife and three elder daughters and imprisoned them in different convents, thus quite relieving the rebel of all anxiety lest they might arrive in Paris and embarrass his more delicate affairs.

But at last the English letters grew so urgent, and Isabella's own behaviour so outrageously scandalous, that even her brother felt he could countenance her proceedings no longer. In the summer of 1326 he told her she must go; but though she wept, she did not really believe that he would send her away. Froissart declares that the Despensers had bribed him to do so, but this seems hardly probable. Late one night, however, her cousin Robert of Artois (a striking and adventurous character, who for this service was ever after held in high friendship by

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herself and her son) came to warn her that a scheme was completed for removing her, the Prince and Mortimer by force to England the following day. Instantly she had her baggage packed, left money for the payment of bills, and hastily quitted the palace with her son Edward and a very few attendants. Mortimer also left Paris, but does not seem to have accompanied her, at any rate at the start.

It is evident that Adam Orleton's suggestion had already borne fruit, and Isabella was determined never to return to England except at the head of an invading army. But where to find a sovereign so far friendly as to provide the necessary forces? For some days she wandered almost unknown, probably to evade her brother's vigilance, for her plans were very astutely laid; and at last she reached Cambray, and subsequently Ostrevant, where she pathetically asked shelter of a poor knight of Hainault, Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt. So moving a sight as this beautiful Queen, persecuted and friendless, with her noble boy, stirred the gallant hearts of Sir Eustace and his dame, and the royal fugitives were entertained in as lavish a manner as was possible to their host, who was himself an exceedingly poor man. All fell out exactly as Isabella had planned. Her cousin, Jeanne de Valois, was married to William the Good, Count of Hainault; and Hainault, though a small province, was an enormously wealthy one. The Count and his wife were kindly, old-fashioned people, who lived a simple life at the little Court at Valenciennes with their son and four handsome daughters; and so soon as they heard of Isabella's arrival in their



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dominions, the Count despatched his brother, Sir John of Hainault, a dashing and romantic young knight, to wait upon the English Queen and do what he could to serve her. Isabella received him seated in a room in Sir Eustace's castle, and immediately put forth all her wiles upon him, and as the old chronicler Barnes has it, "won him with her charming tears". He worshipped her at once, and in the words of Froissart, exclaimed :—

"Lady, see here your knight who, though everyone else should forsake you, will do everything in his power to conduct you safely to England with your son, and to restore you to your rank with the assistance of your friends in those parts : and I and all those I can influence will risk our lives on the adventure for your sake, and you shall have a sufficient armed force if it please God, without fearing any danger from the King of France".

At this she rose from her seat and flung herself upon her knees before him, but he, raising her, exclaimed : "God forbid that the Queen of England should do such a thing ! Madam, be of good comfort to yourself and your son, for I will keep my promise : and you shall come and see my brother and the Countess his wife, and all their fine children, who will be rejoiced to see you, for I have heard them say so".

She replied : "Sir, I find in you more kindness and comfort than in all the world beside ; and I give you five hundred thousand thanks for all you have promised me with so much courtesy. I and my son shall be for ever bound unto you, and will put the kingdom of England under your management, as in justice it ought to be." After which rather startling announcement she collected her

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baggage, took an affectionate leave of Sir Eustace and his wife, "trusting the time would come when she and her son could ask them to their Court," and set out with the Prince, Sir John, and a small following to the city of Valenciennes.

## CHAPTER II

### A KINGDOM LOST AND WON.—1326

THE daughters of the Count of Hainault were named Margaret, Philippa, Jeanne and Isabelle, and they were all tall, fine, healthy, happy-looking girls, sensibly brought up by a sensible mother, with warm hearts and prudent heads. They had originally been five, and tradition tells of the eldest daughter Sybella that there had been some idea of betrothing her to young Edward, but that she had died in early youth. Probably in fact the boy had heard little of these particular cousins until fate threw him thus among them for one delightful week, while his mother was busy planning the invasion of her husband's country. Although destined later to rank in history as a valiant and forceful personality, Edward's character at this time seems curiously colourless and disappointing. It is true he had not yet reached fourteen; but in many cases this was an age of decision, at a period when boys and girls married in infancy, thirty meant advanced middle age, and few people lived beyond forty, so strenuous were their lives and so beset with danger from plague and war. But the boy seems to have followed mutely all the wishes of his mother and uncles, to have shown no feeling in favour of his father, and to have rejoiced, rather humanly, in this halcyon week at Valenciennes, where the pretty,



merry cousins made much of him ; “among whom,” says Froissart, “the young Edward devoted himself most and inclined with eyes of love to Philippa rather than the rest, and the maiden knew him best, and kept closer company with him than any of her sisters. So have I since heard from the mouth of the good Lady herself, who was Queen of England, and in whose service I dwelt.”

An extremely interesting paper, unnoticed by any former historian, has been pointed out by Mr. G. G. Coulton as inserted in the Official Register of Walter Stapeldon, the good Bishop of Exeter, as early as 1319. It is entitled “The Inspection and Description of the Daughter of the Count of Hainault,” and a later hand has added, undated, “who was called Philippa, and who was Queen of England, wedded to Edward III”. The description is most minute, and runs as follows : “The lady whom we saw has not uncomely hair, betwixt blue-black and brown. Her head is clean-shaped, her forehead high and broad and standing somewhat forward. Her eyes are blackish brown and deep. Her nose is fairly smooth and even, save broad at the tip and also flattened, yet it is no snub nose. Her nostrils are also broad, her mouth fairly wide. Her lips rather full, especially the lower one. Her teeth which have fallen and grown again are white enough, the rest not so white. The lower teeth project a little beyond the upper, but this is little seen. Her eyes and chin are comely enough. Her neck, shoulders, and all her body and lower limbs are reasonably well shaped ; and all her limbs well set and unmaimed, and nothing amiss so far as a man may see. Moreover she is brown of skin all over, and like her father, and in all things pleasant enough,

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as it seems to us. And the damsel will be of the age of nine years on St. John's Day next to come, as her mother saith. She is neither too tall nor too short for her age, of fair carriage, and well taught in all that becometh her rank, and highly esteemed and well beloved of her father and mother, and of all her meinie in so far as we could learn the truth."

It is still a moot point whether this description really applied to Philippa, or to her elder sister Sybella, who died before any marriage could be arranged; and the responsibility really rests with the unknown person who added the comment to the title of the paper, giving the Christian name of the princess. If, as seems probable, this was Bishop Grandisson, Stapeldon's successor, and Bishop of Exeter from 1327 to 1369, he must certainly have known the truth; but it is also quite possible that the words were inserted by some clerk who was at no pains to verify his references, and who took for granted that because Edward ultimately did marry a daughter of the Count of Hainault, this must necessarily apply to her. Stapeldon himself was murdered before Edward ever came to the throne. If Philippa was indeed described in these words, she must have been rather more than two years older than Edward, although she has been usually supposed to be a few months younger; and this makes one suspect that it really was Sybella who was meant, as this would just leave room for the second sister, Margaret, to come between her and Philippa. Probably the princess herself, whichever she was, had no idea that she was being inspected at the time: and certainly Edward II, who had sent Bishop Stapeldon on this errand in 1319, seems for some reason to have quite given

up the idea of the alliance afterwards, perhaps because of Sybella's death. He was now, as we have seen, anxious to arrange a marriage between his son and the Princess of Aragon. We may therefore regard Froissart as sufficiently correct in the roseate love-light he throws upon these radiant days at Valenciennes, when, threatened already with the storm of civil war, the young prince, who had hitherto endured rather a wretched and unnatural boyhood, torn between the rival factions of his parents, found now a human instinct for happiness awakening within him; and revelled in the frank and sunny atmosphere emanating from Philippa, who, though a child in years, was already dowered with the firm sweet character destined later to render her the darling of the English nation.

There seems very little question that these two young people did indeed meet for the first time in this place and manner. Longman has doubted whether the Prince ever accompanied his mother to Hainault: but it is in the highest degree improbable that Isabella, who had taken such pains to gain possession of her son, would have allowed him to leave her side at so crucial a moment, when his presence and apparent consent alone gave weight to her undertaking, and induced the Hainaulters to form an army on her behalf. All are agreed, however, that, although no official contract was made, the Queen entered into an informal agreement while on this visit to the effect that, should her enterprise prove successful, and her son be raised immediately to the crown of England, he should wed one of Count William's daughters, in return for the generous assistance in men and money provided by that



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Prince. More, a large portion of the dowry was demanded in advance, and immediately expended by Isabella on the necessities of her campaign ; but with all this Edward himself had nothing to do. When the day came for the expedition to leave Valenciennes, the Queen, says Froissart, “embraced all the damsels in turn, and after her the Prince of Wales. The Lady Philippa, when it came to her turn, burst into tears, and on being asked why she wept, said : ‘Because my fair cousin of England is about to leave me, and I had grown so used to him’. Then all the knights who were there present began to laugh.” It is evident they were in the secret, and knew it would not be very long before the pair should meet again : but Philippa guessed nothing of all this, and the open frankness of her disposition is thus early evidenced.

Sir John of Hainault rode off with Isabella at the head of the two thousand odd men who had been provided for her, and a proud young man was he at being chosen knight of so beautiful and fascinating a Princess. “My dear lord and brother,” he said to Count William before he went, “I am young, and I believe that God has inspired me with the desire for this enterprise for my advancement. Also I believe for certain that this Lady and her son have been driven from their kingdom wrongfully. If it is for the glory of God to comfort the afflicted, how much more is it to help and succour one who is the daughter of a King, descended from royal lineage, and to whom we ourselves are related !”

The combination of piety and worldly wisdom in this speech it would indeed be difficult to equal. The army was joined by Mortimer at Dort, where all set sail, and, after a stormy and adventurous

voyage, reached Harwich on September 25, 1326, being received on landing by the Earls of Norfolk, Kent and Lancaster, and a large force collected in the Queen's favour. Everything from the first played into Isabella's hands. The King, never a man of action and now thoroughly alarmed, issued a proclamation proscribing all arrayed against him, excepting only the Queen, Prince, and Earl of Kent, and offering £1000 for the head of Mortimer, whom he rightly regarded as the real cause of the rebellion. The Queen instantly published a counter-proclamation, offering £2000 for the head of Hugh Despenser, and marched upon London. A sermon was preached before her at Oxford on the text, "My head, my head aketh," openly advocating that when the head of a State was incapable, it was time it should be cut off. The King placed his little son, John of Eltham, in the charge of his niece, whom he had married to young Hugh Despenser; and leaving Walter Stapeldon, the faithful Bishop of Exeter, in command of the Tower of London, fled to Bristol *en route* for Ireland, with the two Despensers, Baldock, Bishop of Norwich, and the Earls of Arundel and Hereford. Isabella thereupon turned aside from the capital and followed him; but the people of London, who adored her, and hated the Despensers and consequently the King and all his adherents, immediately rose on their own initiative, seized good Bishop Stapeldon, cut off his head and sent it to the Queen at Gloucester. They then stormed and took the Tower, Lady Despenser surrendering at once in alarm, and despatched Prince John and his little sisters to their mother, who wept with joy when she beheld them. The impression thus created was most

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favourable, but was not in the least impaired when, on arriving at Bristol, old Despenser, Sir Hugh's father, a man of ninety, was taken by the Queen's party and hanged in his armour in her presence. The unhappy King and his beloved Hugh, inseparable to the last, escaped from the castle and hid, some say in a monastery, the Abbot of which betrayed them, and other accounts declare they got off in a boat. In any case they were captured and taken in triumph back towards London. Despenser, knowing it vain to hope for mercy, refused food on the journey, and became so weak that, for fear death should release him before she had worked her cruel will, Isabella was forced to have him tried at Hereford; where, again in her presence, he and the Earl of Arundel were executed under peculiarly horrible circumstances.

It is almost impossible now to describe the intense hatred which the people of England at this time felt towards their King: not so much perhaps for his neglect of State affairs, since those at least could be attended to by his Ministers, but for the manner in which he made himself ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of Europe. His grim old father had been feared, but adored; the son was but an idle buffoon, weakly at the mercy of every tyrannical caprice of the irresponsible Despensers or any other favourite of the moment. When the charges against him came to be reckoned up, they were mostly frivolous ones, dancing on the table, dressing up dwarfs, drinking till he became maudlin, acting silly parts and singing foolish songs in and out of season. A strong man might have done all these things without blame, but Edward never did anything else; and the English, though an in-



nately loyal people, will never become slaves to what they despise. If the King was hated, his favourites were loathed ; and thus the coming of Isabella, the beautiful and the injured, to avenge her people's wrongs in her own, seemed almost as a supernatural retribution for the humiliations under which they writhed. In her every move during this campaign, Isabella was accompanied by Mortimer, who, though twenty years older than herself, exercised the most extraordinary influence over her, and no doubt instigated most of her cruel actions. But even such an obsession as this will scarcely account for the radical change in her nature which made her now delight in scenes of blood and torture, ruthlessly gratify a wild appetite for revenge on all who had ever slighted her, and wring a constant agony from the husband whom she had once professed to love. The only possible explanation seems to lie in the seeds of madness inherent in her constitution, and one must suppose that so sudden and intoxicating a success after years of repression and humiliation had somewhat loosened her hold on sanity, an explanation that after circumstances will do much to corroborate. But a pathos surrounds misfortune which is absent from blatant victory, and although Isabella entered London in triumph, hailed deliriously as the saviour of her people, the glamour which even in history seems to veil her earlier misdeeds, drops from her here, and hangs instead about the forlorn and friendless figure of her wretched husband.

Edward was confined in Kenilworth Castle under the guardianship of his cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, and a Parliament was called at Westminster, at which Archbishop Reynolds preached a sermon on

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the words "Vox populi, vox Dei," and Adam Orleton asked all present whether they would have father or son for their King. All but four voted for the son. Isabella, who was present at the sitting, thereupon burst into tears, more probably from excitement than emotion ; but the young Prince was so moved by her apparent grief that he declared he would never accept the Crown unless his father first willingly renounced it. Isabella had hardly intended her attitude to be taken so seriously, but the Prince refusing to be persuaded otherwise, a party of twenty-four commissioners, amongst them being the Bishops of Lincoln and Hereford (Adam Orleton), Sir William Trussel, who had tried and condemned the Despensers, and Henry of Leicester, son of the Earl of Lancaster, started for Kenilworth to demand from the hapless monarch his crown, sceptre, and other symbols of royalty.

The commissioners were kept waiting a long while in the presence chamber before the King appeared, pale, robed in black velvet, haggard-eyed, and thoroughly in the picture. When his gaze fell upon Trussel, he sank into a swoon, from which two of the commissioners compassionately raised him ; but Orleton, devoid of pity, recited the reasons for their coming, the people's contempt and hatred for their unhappy sovereign, and their demand that he should at once abdicate in favour of his son. Since no alternative presented itself, the King did as he was commanded, humbly thanking the commissioners that his son had been chosen to succeed him : and a ceremony then took place which was only performed at the death of a sovereign. Sir William Trussel solemnly absolved all present and all English subjects from their allegi-

ance; and Sir Thomas Blunt, the High Steward, broke his staff of office, dismissing all the King's servants from his service. Thus, writes Rapin, "endeth the reign of Edward II in the forty-third year of his age, having lasted nineteen years, six months, and fifteen days". It was June 20, 1327, just four months since Isabella had set out from Hainault with her foreign forces.

No farther delay being necessary, Edward III was promptly proclaimed King, and on 1 February was knighted by his father's cousin, Henry, Earl of Lancaster, and crowned in Westminster Abbey by Walter Reynolds, Archbishop of Canterbury. A medal was struck and distributed among the people, having on the one side a sceptre lying on a heap of hearts with the motto "*Populi dat jura voluntas,*" and on the other a hand stretched out to save a falling crown, above the words "*Non rapit, sed accipit*". Being still only fourteen, a regency of twelve peers and prelates was arranged for the King under the presidency of his uncle Thomas, Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England; but Isabella, Mortimer and Bishop Orleton kept command of the military power, and practically did everything that pleased them. The Queen seized two-thirds of the revenue for her personal use, and, says Knyghton, "no one durst open his mouth for the good of the King or his realm". Sir John of Hainault remained in London till Twelfth Day, and then returned home with a pension of 400 marks a year, to be paid in Bruges. Queen Isabella had not been able to honour him in the extravagant manner she had suggested, but he apparently bore her no grudge, and kept his word to her to the letter. Nor was she sorry of a



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chance to recall him which occurred soon enough, when the thirteen-year truce with Scotland made in 1323 was broken at Easter by old Robert Bruce, who, though now too ill to lead an army himself, dispatched Douglas and Randolph with bands of light warriors to harass the English borders. Edward, if young yet to find much enjoyment in affairs of State, was just at an age to thrill at the prospect of leading an army into battle; and hurried with his mother, Mortimer, and a hastily collected force to the scene of the fray.

Meanwhile Philippa had dreamed of her handsome cousin and prayed for his welfare ever since their parting in the autumn; but she was not destined now to wait very much longer for news of him. For widely different reasons, both Isabella and her son were deeply anxious to ratify as soon as possible the half-made contract of marriage; but, even so, the matter proved one of some tedium. According to Froissart, when Edward was applied to on the matter, "he began to laugh, and said 'Yes, I am better pleased to marry there than elsewhere, and rather to Philippa, for she and I accorded excellently well together, and she wept, I know well, when I took leave of her at my departure'". Officially the young King, in his own name and that of his council, on March 30 dispatched an embassy consisting of Bishop Orleton, Bartholomew de Burghersh, Constable of Dover, and certain other lords to the Count of Hainault, asking formally for the hand of "one of his daughters" in marriage; Philippa's own name not being mentioned till much later in the proceedings. To the ambassadors, says Grafton, the Count "made marvellous great and costly cheere. 'Sirs,' said he, 'I thank greatly and

most hartely the King your prince and the Queen his mother and all the Lordes of England, for that they have sent such sufficient persons as you be, to do me suche honour as to treate for this marriage, to the which request I do right well agree if our Holy Father the Pope will consent thereunto.” The Pope’s dispensation was in such cases always usual and often necessary; particularly so here, since the parties were related within the prohibited degrees, their respective mothers being first cousins.

First, however, Orleton and the other ambassadors had ostensibly to choose the bride. The old chroniclers are quite frank as to the primary purpose for which a Queen was required, and Hardyng, in his “Rhyming Chronicle,” sets forth the whole episode rather quaintly. After Edward’s coronation, he says,—

He sent forth then to Henauld for a wife  
A bishop and other lords temporall,

who seem to have been allowed “in chamber privy and secretive” to watch the young ladies discoursing together “as seeming was to estate virginall”: and having observed them carefully,—

Emong them selfs our lordes for hie prudence  
Of the bishop asked counsail and sentence  
Whiche daughter of five should bee the queene;  
Who counsailled thus with sad avisement,  
“Wee will have her with good hippis, I wene,  
For she will beare good soones at myne entent”:  
To which they all accorded with one assent,  
And chase Philip that was full feminine . . .  
But then emong them selves thai laugh fast ay,  
The lordes then said the bishop couth  
Full meikyl skylly of a woman alwaye,  
That so couth chese a lady that was uncouth,  
And for ye very wordes that came out of his mouth.

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Uncouth in this instance evidently stands for undeveloped: but some years later, speaking of the family of Edward and Philippa, the same writer declares:—

There was no king Christen had such sonnes five,  
Of lyklynnesse and persones that time alive:  
So hygh and large they were of all stature,  
The leste of them was of persone able  
To have foughten with any creature  
Singler batayle in actes marcyable:  
The bishop's wit me thinketh was comendable,  
So wel coulde chese the princesse yt them bare.

It seems evident that Hardyng has mixed up this visit of Bishop Orleton in his narrative with the much earlier one of Bishop Stapeldon: the bishop's name it will be observed is nowhere mentioned, and he speaks of choosing one daughter of five, which has led some people to suppose that the whole relates to the first occasion. But the direct statement that "He sent forth then to Henault for a wife," determines that it took place in the young King's own reign, and that it must certainly refer to Orleton's own inspection. It does not appear, however, that there was really much choice for the Bishop of Hereford to exercise. Count William's eldest daughter Margaret was already betrothed to Lewis of Bavaria, Emperor of the Romans, whom she shortly afterwards married, so Philippa fell naturally to the King of England's share: but it is possible that Orleton had received private advice from the young lover as to his real intention. In any case the matter was arranged according to Edward's wish, although he seems to have found it politic to write to Sir John of Hainault at this time, requesting his furtherance of the suit and assuring



him that "he should love his niece more than any lady in the world on his account".

From Valenciennes the English embassy travelled to Avignon in the middle of July, not only to ask the Pope's blessing on the proposed alliance, but also to explain and excuse the late violent proceedings in England. At first His Holiness John XXII would listen to no excuses, and at once dispatched Burghersh back to Edward flatly refusing the desired dispensation; but Adam Orleton remained at Avignon, and he had always been a favourite with the Pope. On August 15 the young King himself wrote from York, praying the Holy Father to favour his marriage with "a daughter of that nobleman, William, Count of Hainault, Holland and Zeeland, and lord of Friesland": and on the 30th Orleton won consent. On September 3 Philippa's name appears for the first time in an official instrument relating to the marriage, and from henceforth busy preparations went on at Valenciennes in connexion with the bride's apparel, jewels, future household, and all the excitements of a wedding. On his part, Edward sent frequent messengers, as recorded in the Issues of the Exchequer, "to hasten this much spoken-of marriage".

On September 22, Edward II, the "Father of the King," as he is known in all state papers of the period, breathed his last at Berkeley Castle. The villagers near heard the air ring that night with blood-curdling shrieks, "so that they crossed themselves and prayed hartely to God to receive his soul, for they understood by those cries what the matter meant". This unfortunate Prince, whose every fault must be forgiven in the tragic horror of his death, was murdered by the orders of Mor-

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timer and Isabella in a peculiarly cruel manner in order that no outward marks of violence might appear upon his body, and it was given out that he had died from natural causes. The young King was told so, and since he trusted his mother implicitly, saw no reason to doubt the fact. He had been taught no sentiment but contempt for his father, and the affair therefore disturbed him but very little. He was not yet fifteen, and his mind was full of his approaching wedding, and of the first excitement of battle against the Scots: perhaps therefore one should hardly blame him too severely for not insisting upon immediate inquiries into the matter. It should also be remembered that he was still not his own master, and that, however much he had wished it, Isabella, Mortimer and Orleton would never have permitted any investigation: but as a matter of fact, he seems to have been easily satisfied. The murderers were well rewarded, and disappeared over seas: the unhappy victim found royal burial in the cathedral at Gloucester, and for the time being seemed utterly forgotten.

## CHAPTER III

### PHILIPPA THE BRIDE

EARLY in October, Edward dispatched Roger de Northborough, Bishop of Lichfield, to Valenciennes to perform the preliminary proxy marriage between himself and Philippa, and to declare the dower he meant to settle upon her : and on November 20 he writes from Nottingham to Bartholomew, Lord Burghersh, Constable of Dover, and William de Clynton, Earl of Huntingdon, to “ receive and welcome into the kingdom that noble person William, count of Hainault, with the illustrious damsel Philippa, his daughter, and the familiars of the said count and damsel : and the King charges all and singular his nobility and people of the counties through which the count, damsel, and familiars may pass, to do them honour and give them dutiful aid.”

The Count of Hainault did not, however, himself accompany his daughter, who parted (no doubt with some grief, for the family was a very attached one) from all her relatives at Valenciennes : and proceeded to Wissant, where, with a large following of knights, squires and ladies of her own nationality, she embarked for Dover. Here the fourteen-year-old Princess was met by her anglicised uncle, Sir John of Hainault, with whom she travelled to London, stopping at Canterbury on the way to make an offering at the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket :



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and reaching the capital on December 24. Edward was still in the north, whither she must immediately follow him, for he grew impatient for her coming ; but three days were spent in London, where the young Queen kept her Christmas, was escorted into the City by a great procession of clergy, and presented by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City with a magnificent service of plate to the value of 300 marks. The marriage was an exceedingly popular one ; and the Count of Hainault's daughter would in any case have been received with cordial rejoicings, for a most advantageous treaty of commerce had been concluded during the summer between England and the Low Countries (at this time the most wealthy States in Europe), which it was hoped would bring much money into England ; for the exchequer stood at a very low ebb in consequence of the civil and Scottish wars. But Philippa herself seems also to have conquered all hearts so soon as she was seen. She had not the extraordinary if sinister beauty of Queen Isabella ; but her bright and fearless face, tall, noble figure, and kind and radiant smile awoke an absolute enthusiasm, as genuine as it was unexpected, among her new people. She looked frank and true, and the English loved her for it. For three weeks rejoicings were carried on with the greatest excitement in the capital, but Philippa herself left on December 27, and proceeded north under the escort of the King's second cousin, John Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex and Lord High Constable of England.

New Year's Day, 1328, was spent at Peterborough Abbey, on leaving which an unfortunate incident occurred, which must have annoyed Philippa

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a good deal. Just as the party was starting a little boy, Godfrey de la Marck, living under the protection of the Abbot of Peterborough, was seized by Hereford, who claimed him as the son of a vassal, and succeeded in carrying him off in spite of what was almost a riot amongst the monks. From Peterborough to York all but a month was spent upon the road, for the winter was a severe one, the roads very bad, and the cavalcade loaded with heavy and unwieldy baggage. But at last the journey ended, York was reached, and "All the lords of England," says Froissart, "who were in the city came forth in fair array to meet her, and with them the young King, mounted on an excellently-paced hackney, magnificently clad and arrayed, and he took her by the hand, and then embraced and kissed her, and so riding side by side with great plenty of minstrelsy and honours, they entered the city and came to the Queen's lodgings. So there young King Edward wed Philippa of Hainault in the cathedral church of St. William."

Had Philippa not been the daughter of a rich man, her wedding would have been a very quiet and even shabby affair, for Edward III remained poor all his life, and indeed all the Plantagenets were recklessly extravagant and consequently for ever pressed for money. Philippa's own dowry, as has been explained, had been seized in advance by the Queen-Mother, and already spent on the expenses of her campaign against her husband. The Scotch wars too had been very costly and by no means too successful; Edward himself possessed no experience in generalship, and Mortimer, who really conducted them, though a bold soldier, was anything but a wise leader. His methods were

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violent and unintelligent ; the cause besides was nothing to him, and being now weary of it, conditions of a hastily patched-up peace stood already under consideration. Thus, although the entire nobility of England was gathered in York, where also Parliament met, very little luxury or display was possible, and some of the sternest hardships of a campaign were experienced. Count William however had sent with his daughter and her train bales of rich stuffs and handsome hangings, together with many fine jewels, so that on the whole the Court made a brave show when on that winter's day bride and groom at last plighted their troth to one another before the high altar in the great new minster, barely a hundred years old, at York.

Additional brilliance was lent to the ceremony by the presence of a hundred Scotch lords who had just arrived to negotiate the promised peace. This, afterwards known as the "Shameful Peace," was concluded entirely against the will of the English people on March 17. By its conditions, David Bruce was to marry the King's sister Joan, the Scots were to pay £20,000 in three yearly instalments, and England to restore the crown jewels of Scotland, "Ragmans Roll," and the Scone coronation stone, all of which had been carried away to London in triumph in the reign of Edward I. These terms were arranged by Mortimer, who promptly took possession of the £20,000 ; but the citizens of London absolutely refused to let the coronation stone go, and raised a riot around Westminster, which was pacified with difficulty, and the stone remained in its place.

After Easter the King and Queen, with the Queen-Mother and the whole Court, travelled



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slowly south, stopping at Lincoln, Northampton, and other places on the way. On April 9, at Stamford, one notes in the Collection of Patent Rolls, the first mention of Philippa other than those purely official ones in connexion with her marriage settlements. "Pardon," it records, "in consideration of her tender age, and at the request of Queen Philippa, to Agnes, daughter of Alice de Penrith, appealed before the stewards and marshals of the household, for robbery at Bishoppethorpe, York, and convicted: but being under eleven years of age, committed to the prison of the Marshalsea till of age to undergo judgment." Henceforth, through all the years of Philippa's life, many similar entries occur, and almost always it was in favour of her own sex that the young Queen's mercy was extended. On May 15, at Northampton, Edward bound himself to assign lands for the dowry of his wife within one year, and in the meanwhile executed a deed conferring £15,000 a year in property upon her. The old Saxon stronghold of Kyngeborough in the Isle of Sheppey formed a part of these lands, and later Edward rebuilt the castle and named it Queenborough in honour of his wife, thus rendering it a convenient spot whence she might set out when she wished to revisit her native country. In June the young pair reached Woodstock near Oxford, where they were to spend the chief part of their first few years of married life.

There had been a royal palace at Woodstock since the days of Ethelred in 866: mention is made of it in Domesday Book: Henry II greatly enlarged it and built a high wall round the park, ostensibly because he kept a menagerie there, but more probably for the convenience of Fair Rosamond de

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Clifford. Vestiges of the palace remained till Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, used the old stones for the building of Blenheim, and left not a ruin to mark the spot : but in Philippa's day it was a gay and charming place, not so splendid as Windsor, but rural and beautiful : and there is no doubt that she was exceedingly happy there, and always after regarded it as her true home in England. Chaucer, loving it well, writes of

The maple that is fair and green  
Before the chamber windows of the queen  
At Woodstock :

and though Chaucer was not born till some few years after this, there is no reason to suppose that the outlook of the palace had very greatly changed.

It was now time to settle the young Queen's household, and she must at last bid farewell to all but a very few of her Flemish attendants, who returned to Hainault in the train of Sir John, once more loaded with presents and gratitude by his English friends. One of the few countrymen she was permitted to retain was a young squire named Wantelet de Maunay, formerly a page at Valenciennes, whose duty it was to carve at her table, and who afterwards became known to much fame as Sir Walter Manny, one of the earliest Knights of the Garter, and a pattern of chivalry throughout all Europe. Of her English household we know little, but the names of Emma Priour, Amicia or Amy de Gaveston, Elena de Maule, Joan de Carru, and Mabel Fitz-Waryne, damsels of the chamber to Queen Philippa, appear very shortly in the Patent Rolls as the recipients of various grants of lands in kindly consideration of their services, so we may

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suppose these were most probably about her when she first took up her residence at Woodstock. In her desire to do good, Philippa seems at first, naturally perhaps, to have made certain mistakes, and a most pathetic letter may be found in the Official Register of the Diocese of Exeter, written in this year, "To the Lady Queen of England from the Prioress and Convent of Polslo".

"To the very honourable, powerful, and redoubtable Lady, my Lady Dame Phelipe, by the grace of God Queen of England, etc., her poor and humble servants the nuns of Polslo with all reverence and honour implore your sweet pity and mercy in our great poverty. Very noble Lady, we have received the letters by which we understand it is your will that we should receive Johanna de Tourbeyle among us as a Sister of our House to take the costume of a nun of the secular habit. In which thing, very debonaire Lady, for the love of God and his Mother, have pity on us if it plaees you. For certainly no Queen has asked such a thing of our little House before: and if it may please your debonaire Highness to know of our simple state, we are so poor, as God and everybody knows, that what we have would not suffice for our little necessities in performing the service of God day and night, if by the aid of our friends we were charged with seculars without lessening the number of our Religious, thus to the belittling of the service of God and to the perpetual prejudice of our poor House. And we firmly hope in God and in your great goodness that you will not take this thing ill and imperil our souls, for to command so novel a charge in so small a space, which would afterwards be demanded of us everyday, would



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also put in great peril your soul, my Lady before God, may His grace defend you! Our very blessed Lady, God give you good life and a long and pleasant one, and aid us and all poor servants of God on earth; and we shall have great joy in fulfilling your commands, if God will give us the power."

It is somewhat difficult to gather what were Philippa's relations with her mother-in-law. From the first she seems to have seen very little of her; and this although Edward was still quite undeceived in his mother's character, and this very year at her wish created Mortimer Earl of March at the same time as he made his brother John Earl of Cornwall. Perhaps Isabella regarded Philippa merely as a pawn in the game, and having secured the match, took no further notice of her; or it may be that Philippa, young as she was, recognized instinctively the warped and unnatural character of Isabella, and shrank from any close association. Certainly no two women could have been more unlike; but at least husband and wife seem to have been radiantly happy together.

But Philippa was no pawn, and others recognized it, however wilfully Isabella might blind herself to facts. In the summer of 1328, the young Queen, who from an inconsiderable position as younger member of a large family had now risen to one of European importance, received two letters from the Pope, congratulating her upon her marriage, exhorting her to fulfil the duties of her new position, to love her husband and assist him in defending the rights and liberties of the Church, to protect the poor, be fervent in good works, and always to apply to himself when in any trouble or perplexity. She seems soon to have risen to high favour with the

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Holy Father, who a few months later granted her several small indulgences, such as that she might have a portable altar in her rooms, that Mass might be said for her before daylight, that she might enter religious houses of women with full retinue, that her confessor might also hear the confessions of her household, and give her plenary absolution in case of sudden death, and that religious dining at her table might eat flesh on free days. She also obtained absolution for one William Cosin, who, when a little boy, had been much teased and tormented by a certain holy clerk whom he, boy-like, had in return struck and kicked, and even once, when the clerk would not let him go, had stuck a pen-knife in his leg. Not knowing that this spelt excommunication, Cosin had later become an acolyte and a subdeacon of Exeter, and for seven and a half months held a benefice of the value of one mark, before the enormity of his early indiscretion had been made manifest to him. In return for all these favours the Pope begged the Queen to induce her husband to make restitution to the Hospitallers of some property confiscated from the Templars; and in general to use her influence for the advantage of the Church.

In July part of the Court must needs travel to Berwick once more in order ostensibly to rejoice at the infamous marriage of poor little seven-year old Princess Joan of the Tower to the son, two years younger, of old Robert Bruce. David was an ugly little boy, with a feeble constitution and unpleasant manners; his father lay dying of a loathsome disease which it was more than likely he would inherit; and there could never have been the slightest hope that Joan was destined to any-

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thing but a sad and miserable life. The Scots themselves in mockery nicknamed her "Joan Makepeace". Edward could not altogether forbid the marriage, since the treaty had been made in his name; but it did not please him, and he refused to attend it, although his mother had arranged a "spear-fight" for the occasion on purpose to gratify him. She, however, with her two daughters, Prince John, and Mortimer, travelled north; and on 17 July the marriage service was read over the children, and Isabella without a pang left her youngest daughter amongst the rough wild Northerners merely because she and Mortimer were tired of the war and ready to sacrifice the honour of England and the happiness of hearts for the sake of a few poor thousand pounds. The temper of the people of England, however, was gradually but surely changing towards Isabella. Her husband's death and the rumours in connexion with it, more especially the fact that of late miracles had been said to have been worked at his tomb, thereby proving him a martyr, caused much shaking of heads; and the unhappy woman's absolute infatuation for Mortimer, with the more than unseemly incidents it called forth, when added to the highly unpopular conditions of the Shameful Peace, rendered her anything but the idolised Queen of a few years before. Edward's favourites had been hard to bear, but Isabella's favourite, men felt, would shortly become unbearable; and yet his power was still so great that it became difficult to put any check upon it. The Earls of Norfolk, Kent and Lancaster, once all devoted adherents, now seldom appeared at Court, and it was an open secret that they gravely disapproved of much that obtained there.



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The autumn and winter of 1328 passed thus politically in a state of tension. Every one felt that matters could not long remain as they were, and the least movement from any party awoke distrust. Mortimer blustered about at the head of an army, threatened Parliament wherever it sat, which was in any city where the King happened to be, and affected the most insufferable airs of guardianship over Edward himself. He kept a retinue of 180 knights, besides squires and pages, greater than that of royalty, and walked in public by the King's side "step by step and cheek by cheek". On one occasion he summoned all nobles of the realm to a Parliament at New Sarum; but Norfolk, Kent and Lancaster, warned in time that evil was intended them, stopped at Winchester and did not attend it. Mortimer was furious, burst in upon the Parliament as it sat, dictated his will to it, with threats if that should be disputed; and commanded the young King and Queen to proceed at once with him to Winchester. The barons of England felt it time to make a stand, and with the three royal Earls at their head, formed a confederacy against the rapacious Earl of March; but all were timid of bearing the chief brunt of his fury. Lancaster, however, took the lead, and issued a manifesto of eight articles against Mortimer, all of which he would have found it difficult if not impossible to answer before a Court of Justice. Isabella thereupon threw herself weeping into her son's arms, and assured him that Lancaster was an enemy and meant her evil by these false and cruel accusations. Edward believed her implicitly, gave full vent to his always fiery temper, and it was with difficulty the Archbishop of Canterbury made peace

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between the cousins. The manifesto was withdrawn.

The Queen-Mother and her favourite could now no longer be unaware of the general distrust with which they were regarded. They cared little for the people; but the nobles, if banded together, might prove dangerous, especially with the leadership of the royal Earls; these therefore they decided to remove. Norfolk was a cautious man, and interfered little with political affairs; it would not be easy to fix an accusation upon him; Lancaster had already received a check; and Kent seemed for the moment the most suitable subject upon which to deal vengeance. Kent was of a kindly, simple nature, generous and warm-hearted; he had not else so blindly espoused his sister-in-law's cause when he believed her wronged and insulted; and these same qualities now made him a prey to remorse and uneasy suspicions concerning the manner of his brother's death. He, with all the rest of England, had not actually known the truth; and now already whispers were abroad that the late King had not died at all, but remained a close prisoner in Corfe Castle. Kent inquired eagerly into this story, and Isabella and Mortimer heard of it, and with devilish ingenuity set themselves to work upon the unhappy man's credulity. A friar told him that he had positively seen the former King from a distance; and Kent went straight to the Governor and demanded speech with his brother. The Governor assured him this was impossible, though without denying Edward's presence there, and even consenting to smuggle a letter through to him if the Earl wished. Kent, now deeply repentant of the part he had formerly

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played, seized the opportunity and wrote with warm affection. The letter was at once delivered up to Mortimer, and the writer arrested as a conspirator against the King, and condemned to death.

All the nobles were indignant, but none dared interfere. The execution was fixed for March 13 at Winchester, but "all the day," says Walsingham, "the King was so beset with the Queen his mother and the Earl of March that it was impossible for him to make any efforts to preserve his uncle from the cruel fate to which he had been so unjustly doomed". Yet sympathy was wide and universal. During the night before, the very executioner fled away, resolved that no power on earth should force him to perform his office on so beloved and unjustly condemned a man. Nevertheless the Earl was brought out on to the scaffold at twelve o'clock, and there he remained till five in the afternoon, when a criminal from the Marshalsea Prison was at last persuaded to slay him on condition of receiving a free pardon for himself. Kent was only twenty-seven when he died, "wise, affable, and beloved," says Froissart; and he left a widow, two sons and two daughters, but all his estates were confiscated and immediately grabbed by Mortimer. They were, it is true, restored at the fall of the latter; but two of the children only grew up, one of these being Joan, known as the Fair Maid of Kent, the most beautiful woman of her time, and ultimately the wife of Queen Philippa's first-born son.

Neither Isabella nor Mortimer did themselves any good by this dastardly business: a rule based on fear is the most precarious of all rules. But undoubtedly Isabella was at this time scarcely sane, and therefore hardly to be held responsible for all



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her outrageous acts. The same excuse can certainly not be urged for Mortimer, a coarse, crude creature, whose ambition overleapt all bounds, until his own son termed him the very King of Folly. Of his wife and seven daughters little is heard in history, but the four sons each held some small place at Court, and seem to have been quiet, simple gentlemen, with little anxiety to emulate their father's position.

A small cloud of quarrel now rose above the horizon, destined after some delay to develop into the greatest storm of war England has ever known, war that endured a hundred years, devastated the fair face of France, engulfed thousands of gallant knights and sturdy soldiers, and rendered desolate many a happy English home. The cause of it arose thus. Almost immediately after the marriage of Edward and Philippa, Charles of France, the last remaining brother of Queen Isabella, died, leaving no male issue; and his cousin Philip of Valois, brother of Queen Philippa's mother, was hailed as the rightful King and accepted by the French people. Had Isabella been a man, the Crown would of course have fallen to her, but in consequence of the Salic Law, by which no woman could sit the throne of France, she was naturally passed over. Many people, however, including Edward himself, held that though she could not herself reign, she could transmit her rights to her eldest son, and that he, Edward, held the chief claim to the Crown. Isabella, urged by Mortimer, was strongly against the idea of her son putting forth this claim, not because she thought it a poor one, since, though it may appear extremely flimsy to us, at the time it was regarded as quite seriously founded; but

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rather because it would certainly lead to a long and wearisome war, with which neither she nor her lover wished to be troubled. For the second time Edward's growing will stood opposed to that of his mother, and for the second time he yielded, but with increasing impatience. Philip of Valois ascended the throne of France without protest; but acquiescence was not all that was required.

At the beginning of a new reign it was necessary that all vassals of the Crown should appear in person, and do homage for the lands they held. Edward was requested to repair to France in representation of his provinces of Ponthieu and Guienne, but the requirement was highly distasteful to him, and he took no notice of the summons. In the end of February, 1329, Philip sent two lords and two lawyers to repeat the request. They landed at Dover, and rode straight to Windsor, where the King received them graciously, entertained them to dinner, and told them he could give no official answer without consulting his Parliament. They therefore slept that night at Colnbrooke, and went next day to London, whither Edward followed them; and Parliament was summoned. Unless Philip's right to the Crown were to be called in question, there could be no doubt that Edward must go; and on May 26 he set out for France. The ceremony of homage was performed at Amiens, and the scene must have been a remarkably striking one. Philip of France sat on his throne, crowned and sceptred, robed in blue velvet powdered with gold fleur-de-lis; and Edward of England stood before him in crimson velvet embroidered with gold leopards, wearing his crown, sword and golden spurs. Objection was raised that this should be a

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“liege homage,” to be performed bare-headed and with ungirt sword; but Edward stoutly contended that it was but a general homage; and was at last permitted to proceed according to his will, on the understanding that if, when he returned home, he should discover himself to have been wrong by precedent, he would admit the same in writing. This he afterwards did.

The Bishop of Lincoln then protested on Edward's behalf that “Whatever the King of England or anybody for him might do, he (the King) did not intend to renounce any right he had or ought to have in the Duchy of Guienne or in its belongings, and that by his acts the King of France did not acquire any new rights”. After this the Chamberlain of France, the Vicomte de Melun, announced: “Sire! You become the man of the King of France my Lord, in respect of the Duchy of Guienne and its belongings, which you acknowledge to hold of him, as Duke of Guienne and Peer of France, according to the forms of peace made by your ancestors and those of the King of France, in the same manner as your ancestors the Kings of England and Dukes of Guienne have done for the said Duchy to previous Kings of France”.

To this Edward replied “*Voire*”. (Truly.) The Chamberlain then, speaking for Philip, said: “The King of France, our Lord, receives you, save and except his protestations”. Edward again replied “*Voire*”: put his hands between Philip's, kissed the French King on the mouth, and the affair was over.

If he had originally been reluctant to go to France, the young King of England thoroughly enjoyed his stay, once his disagreeable duty had



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been performed; and he returned home on June 11, full of delight at all he had seen and done, and eager to arrange a double marriage between his brother and sister, John and Eleanor, and the son and daughter of King Philip. In this he did not succeed, but for the time at least the threatening cloud of war bade fair to fade away. Philip had also suggested that they two should lead a crusade against the Saracens in the Holy Land or the Moors in Spain, and Edward was eager to agree; but Parliament rather wisely persuaded him to postpone the project for three years. Philippa was at Windsor Castle when her husband returned, and he hurried straight thither to join her and give her news of her French relatives; but a sudden and decided change had appeared in his manner towards his mother. He treated her distantly and with restraint; and she noted it with a sinking soul. Writing to a friend not long after, she admits herself "in great trouble of heart". Edward was nearing his majority, and should she lose her hold over him, the world would go but ill with her. Few believed in her now, she ruled only by fear; but her son had hitherto been positively bewitched into belief of all she told him, and it was plain that such a state of things could continue little longer.

Edward had indeed learned much while in France concerning his mother's true character; much that seemed the commonest of talk, and that, while meeting it with a violent scorn and denial, his inmost soul told him with a shuddering horror, might, nay almost must, be true. Not yet indeed would he wholly believe, but his old childish faith in her was swept utterly away,

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and from that time forth Mortimer at least was doomed.

*Note.*—An extremely interesting discovery among the Papers in the Vatican is just reported as this book goes to press. It concerns a letter from Edward to Pope John XXII of about this date, and contains the words "Pater Sancte" in the King's own handwriting—his only known autograph. He explains that he has written these words himself and will do so again in any further document where necessary, that the Holy Father may know by this sign that he is really anxious to have the requests contained in any such letter granted. The incident throws much light upon the suspicions thus suddenly aroused in his mind at the time, and the necessity for arranging some private code of signals with the Holy See in the event of his mother and Mortimer forwarding petitions in his name and without his authority.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE FALL OF MORTIMER.—1329-30

FOR the first two or three years of her married life, Philippa lived so quietly that, overshadowed by the more dominant personality of Isabella, her name seldom appears in history, and then chiefly in connexion with her very tardily paid dowry. In the Calendar of Patent Rolls occasionally occur such entries as: "16th April 1329, Wallingford. Grant to Queen Philippa of a yearly sum of 1000 marks out of the Exchequer towards the expenses of her chamber, till some better provision be made for her estate". "12th February 1330, Tower of London. Grant to Queen Philippa of the castle, honour and borough of Pontefract, co. York, and of lands in Glamorgan and Morgannon in Wales and the marches of Wales, with castles, towns, manors, and other appurtenances in satisfaction of the dowry of £3000 of land and rent granted her at the time of her betrothal." "12th April, Woodstock. Grant for life to Queen Philippa of the manor of Lightburgh, with knights fees, advowsons, and all other things pertaining to the same, in augmentation of her dowry." The full dower, however, was not settled upon her till January 1, 1331, exactly three years after her marriage, and she only got it then because such matters were by that time taken out of the hands of Mortimer and the Queen-



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Mother. In the meanwhile great credit is due to her patience and sweet temper in that she bore this equivocal position without complaint, and devoted herself to soothing Edward's occasional violent bursts of Plantagenet temper rather than, as many princesses of her day would have done, inciting him to urgent measures on her behalf.

Philippa had been married two years before she was crowned, but on February 28, 1330, Edward writes from Eltham, where he was then stopping, to bid "his beloved and faithful Bartholomew de Burghersh to appear with his barons of the Cinque Ports, to do their customary duties at the coronation of his dearest Queen Philippa, which takes place, if God be propitious, the Sunday next to the Feast of St. Peter, in the cathedral of Westminster". Similar letters were addressed to all lords, spiritual and temporal, throughout the kingdom, and the larger part of them obeyed at once. Some could not come, however; and Bishop Grandisson's answer, begging the King to excuse him, may still be read in the archives of Exeter.

"Very high, redoubtable, and noble Prince, and our very honoured Lord," it runs; "May it please you to understand that we received your letters at our Manor of Chuddeleghe by the hand of Robert Blakherl, on Sunday the 11th day of the month of February. In the which you have commanded us to be at London on Sunday next, at the Coronation of your very dear Lady, Lady Philippa, Queen of England, your consort. The which thing we should have been glad to do if there had been sufficient time, for it would have been a great honour for us. But, since this is impossible to us, for the shortness of time and because the road is so long and so heavy,

we beg you, very dear Lord, you will by this accept our excuses, etc.”

On March 4, Quinquagesima Sunday, the coronation took place. It seems to have been abridged as much as possible, since the young Queen was shortly expected to give birth to an heir to the throne, but for that very reason, her popularity was greater than ever before. Directly after the ceremony, she returned to her beloved Woodstock, whither the King accompanied her, and would not leave her all that spring. Parliament sat at Woodstock, and from there the King wrote shortly afterwards to his treasurer that “his faithful and beloved Robert de Vere, being Earl of Oxford, was hereditary chamberlain to the Queens of England: that at all coronations the ancestors of the Earl had officiated in the same capacity, and that in consequence he claimed the bed in which the Queen had slept, her shoes, and three silver basins, one in which she washed her head and two others in which she washed her hands. And the King desires that the Earl may freely receive the basins and shoes, but as for the bed, the treasurer is to pay the Earl-chamberlain 100 marks as compensation for his claim thereon.”

Philippa wrote much and eagerly to her mother and sisters at this time, nor was she by any means forgotten by them. Her sister Margaret was married to the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria by now, and her younger sister Jeanne to the Count, afterwards Marquis, of Juliers, so Isabella was the only Hainault Princess left at Valenciennes. On May 10 this year we find entered in the Patent Rolls on Edward's behalf a “Promise to pay at midsummer to Dinus Forsetti and Bartholomew de

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Barde and other merchants of the society of the Bardi of Florence, 45 marks, being 25 marks paid by them at the King's command to Colard Malaysel, yeoman of the Countess of Juliers, sister of Queen Philippa, for bringing news to the said Queen of a child to the Countess," etc.

Philippa's own child was born at Woodstock at ten o'clock in the morning on June 15, and proved a splendid boy, huge in frame, with limbs whose firmness made all the old wives wonder, and features fulfilling all the finest Plantagenet traditions. England was wild with joy from King to peasant. Thomas Priour, the Queen's valet and the messenger who brought the news to Edward, was granted a reward of forty marks a year for life; and handsome gifts were also made to Matilda de Plympton, the baby's bersatrix or cradle-rocker, Joan of Oxenford, his nurse, and to the Queen's nurse, the Lady Katherine Haryngton, daughter of Sir Adam Banaster of Shevington, Lancs, and wife of Sir John Haryngton of Farleton in the same county. The state cradle was exceedingly magnificent, and was ornamented with paintings of the four evangelists, while beside it lay the pallet bed for the bersatrix, who was therefore ready to perform her duty at any hour of the day or night. The Pope wrote to congratulate Philippa, who, just sixteen, made a rapid recovery, and insisted upon nursing her child herself; the two forming a favourite model for Virgin and Child to every English and Flemish artist and sculptor for many years to come. Edward's delight in his son knew no bounds; the child was named after him, flourished and grew rapidly, and was the idol of the populace from the moment of his birth to the time when, as the "Black



Prince," he became the leader and the pride of all continental chivalry.

But while Philippa dreamed happy dreams over her baby at Woodstock, Edward, now himself a father and waking fully to his responsibilities as King of the realm, saw grim work before him; work too that, hateful as it was, must meet no shirking. The rule of Mortimer had become too abominable to be borne; the most scandalous tales were rife concerning him and Isabella; and both as a son and a sovereign the hour had struck for Edward to assert himself and take up the reins of government. This, however, was not easily to be accomplished; and the young King of England found it necessary practically to conspire against his turbulent subject. A favourite friend of his own age, William, Lord Montacute, was honoured with his confidence, and promised to assist him. Towards the end of October, a Parliament was called at Nottingham, whither the Court and all the nobles repaired. The King himself had intended with all his train to lie at Nottingham Castle, but found his mother and Mortimer had already taken possession of the fortress and, though he was admitted, there was only room for three of his servants, while all the rest were obliged to go elsewhere. The Earl of Lancaster, now an elderly man and almost blind, had fixed his lodging close to the Castle, but Mortimer, fearing a spy, rudely shouted out at him "Who made him so bold as to take up his lodgings close to the Queen?" and bade him go a mile outside the town. The Castle was locked every night, and the keys brought to Isabella, who placed them beneath her pillow. All these precautions will show in how great a dread the guilty pair now lived; but

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tyrants are never faithfully served, and William Montacute found means to keep his word to the King.

The Castle at Nottingham stands on a high cliff above the river Lyne; and almost unknown to all but the Governor, Sir William Eland, a secret passage ran from the keep down to the moat. This passage has been known through succeeding centuries as Mortimer's Hole. Through it at midnight on October 19, Eland privately admitted Montacute with nine picked friends, and led them to the chamber of the hated Earl of March. Many accounts represent Edward as himself having been present, but these seem to be inaccurate; and it is more probable that he trusted his friends, and waited in his own apartment for news. Montacute and his party pushed through the dark passages by torchlight, and broke into the chamber where Mortimer sat talking to the Bishop of Lincoln: Isabella was in an adjoining room, and Montacute's first act was to close and bolt the door upon her. Her despairing cry, believing her son to be present, "Bel Fitz, bel fitz, ayez pitie du gentil Mortimer!" echoes with a wild agony through the centuries, but it was of no avail. After a very short struggle, Mortimer was taken, carried out of the castle, and next day conveyed a prisoner to London. He was confined in the Beauchamp Tower at the Tower of London, hurriedly condemned to death, and hanged without any proper trial at Tyburn, then called Elms. He has the honour of being the first criminal executed at this place, and his body remained on the gallows for two days and two nights by the King's orders, that all men might be aware of his death and of the manner of it. Finally he

was buried in the Grey Friars Church at Newgate.

The Pope wrote hurriedly to Edward at this juncture, imploring him in his righteous wrath not to expose his mother's shame; but he need have been in no anxiety. The young King had loved his mother too deeply, and though his respect for her was now gone, his affection still remained too great for him to treat her with anything but sorrowful forbearance. He was besides by this time aware that the wretched woman's mind was quite disordered. On the day of Mortimer's death, she fell into a violent fit of madness, and for some time afterwards was subject to similar attacks, interspersed with periods of black melancholia. Edward had her removed to Castle Rising, a lonely castle on the Norfolk coast, where she dwelt for many years in the strictest seclusion, and closely watched. This was necessary as much for her physical and mental condition as for her crimes, though these stood now too patent for her to live much in the public eye. Her wretchedness worked upon the kind-hearted Philippa, whose attitude in the matter is sufficiently indicated by a letter she received from the Pope the following summer, in which the Holy Father thanks and commends her for the sympathy and consolation she had shown to Isabella in her tribulation, and begs her "to aim at restoring the good fame of the Queen-Mother, which has been undeservedly injured". Neither Philippa nor anybody else could do that, and the Pope must have been curiously misinformed if he thought it possible: but all Edward as an affectionate son could do for her in her present sad state was accomplished. He deprived her, it is true, of the



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immense revenues she had unjustly arrogated to herself, but settled three thousand a year upon her, visited her as often as possible, and gave permission for her to witness any travelling shows coming to the neighbourhood, and even occasionally to make pilgrimage to some shrine close at hand. Isabella was only thirty-six when she went to Castle Rising, and Miss Strickland would have us believe that with rare exceptions she never left it during her lifetime, was known no more as the Queen Dowager, but only as "Madame the King's Mother," and was so closely secluded that many people always believed her to have died on the same day as her lover. This is scarcely correct. Isabella lived for twenty-eight years after Mortimer, and towards the close of her life became quite sane, and often joined the Court at London, or Windsor. Her name frequently appears as a witness or party to State papers, and she was prayed for at religious services immediately after her son and his wife.

On the whole, for so young a man, Edward seems to have behaved in his mother's case with admirable discretion and firmness: but the matter of Mortimer's execution was so hurriedly and injudiciously carried out that it became necessary immediately after it to call a Parliament and pass an Act of Indemnity upon Sir William Eland and the others concerned; since otherwise they were legally liable to be tried for murder. The same Parliament restored the widow and eldest son of the Earl of Kent to their rightful possessions, and redressed many other grievances for which Mortimer had been responsible. The young King heaped honours on his friend Lord Montacute; made him, for that he had proved himself "strenuous in arms, provident

in counsel, useful and faithful in all things," seneschal of Aquitaine; gave him all rights over the Isle of Man; and granted him leave to hunt once a year in any of the royal forests: adding later on the forests of Ettrick and Selkirk, and the town and county of Peebles, while he also made him Castellan of Wark Castle.

Twenty-four years later, the judgment on Mortimer was reversed, as having been illegally pronounced; and his estates were restored to his family. This was then felt to be justice, since his descendants were worthy gentlemen, good subjects, and many of them allied to the royal family: but at the time of the tyrant's death, the dread of him was too great to wait for any formal trial, and all England ran wild with joy and relief at his summary execution. Thus at last Edward III avenged his unhappy father's memory, and became a King indeed.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SCOTCH CAMPAIGN.—1331-6

THE year 1331 must have dawned for Philippa as the happiest she had known since her marriage. Her position was now assured, her husband and people idolized her, she was the mother of a splendid boy, and best of all, the rule of Isabella and Mortimer, a period she must always have hated, was at an end, and the young King her husband was now held in rightful honour. Her household received an addition at this time in the person and attendants of the Princess Eleanor, Edward's unmarried sister, who had hitherto remained in the charge of her mother, and was now transferred to that of Philippa. Eleanor was twelve years old, and seems to have been very happy with her sister-in-law: the young Queen was undoubtedly a wise and kind friend for her. In February of the same year, a grant appears in the Patent Rolls "To Queen Philippa for the support of Edward, Earl of Chester, the King's son, and Eleanor, the King's sister, of the issues of the county of Chester from the time of the arrest of Roger de Mortui Mari, Earl of March". It was now too that Philippa's full dowry was settled upon her, and two months later it is recorded that she may dispose of any of her dower lands as she will. There is constant



mention of her name in the Rolls. Just before Christmas, 1330, the King granted her for life his houses in "La Reol" in the City of London for her wardrobe. On January 16, her tailor, William de London, who was also, by some strange combination of offices, the King's serjeant, was appointed "bailiwick of havener" to the ports in the county of Cornwall, during good behaviour. On February 20, Hasculph de Whitewell, her attorney in all the courts of England for two years, is empowered to appoint attorneys in his stead at his will.

Young as she was, Philippa could not fail to be struck with the comparative poverty of England as contrasted with her own small but flourishing country; and it was easy to gather that this was chiefly the consequence of the deplorable state into which all trade had been allowed to fall. The only exceptions to this rule seem to have been the goldsmiths and jewellers, of whom there were an immense number in London, and all in the most prosperous circumstances. This was scarcely surprising, since money-lending was the chief part of their business; and from the King downwards, every noble in England spent and borrowed steadily all his life, never earning except by plunder and war-prizes, which, with the lavish manner of the age, as often as not he gave away to his attendants so soon as won. Money must be had, for war was an expensive game; and money had to be raised on jewels, plate, armour and any sort of ornament; in the accomplishment of which the goldsmiths flourished exceedingly. But Philippa with a wisdom beyond her years held this a sinister kind of prosperity for her adopted country, and wished to

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introduce, or rather to recall, the more mercantile trade for which England has since been famous. The wool of this island had long been the best in Europe, but was almost all exported in its raw state, made into cloth in the Low Countries, and so returned. This had not always been the case, for the Romans originally started the woollen trade here; the Saxon women spun constantly, and their very name for an unmarried woman by her occupation is with us still; while William the Conqueror, noticing a falling off in this very matter, again introduced weavers from Normandy; but still the people seem to have been lazy, or perhaps by choice agricultural, preferring to produce sheep and get their cloth made for them. Now once more Philippa urged the wisdom of home industries: and persuaded the King in July of this year to write from Lincoln to one John Kempe of Flanders, cloth-weaver in wool, that "If he will come to England with his servants and apprentices of his mystery, and with his goods and chattels, and with any dyers and fullers who may be inclined willingly to accompany him beyond seas, and explain their mysteries in the Kingdom of England, they shall have letters of protection and assistance in their settlement". It does not appear certain whether Kempe accepted this invitation immediately, but four years later a colony of Flemish weavers was settled in Norwich under Philippa's auspices, and though at first the foreigners found themselves, perhaps naturally, extremely unpopular, Edward took them under his especial protection, the Queen visited Norwich constantly and brought much custom and prosperity to the town, and gradually the manufacture of woollen cloth became a

source of real wealth, not only to Norfolk, but to the whole of England.

There were gay doings in that summer of 1331. The Countess of Hainault arrived on a visit to her daughter, and was most royally entertained. Edward, at last his own master, allowed his love of splendour and display full rein, and held magnificent tournaments at Dartmouth, Stepney, and Cheapside. To the end of his life the handsome King delighted to play a part in a tournament; and at Stepney, he and fifteen knights challenged all comers for three days, riding every morning through the streets of London to the Lists in cloaks of green cloth lined with red silk and powdered with golden arrows, while their squires wore white kirtles and green sleeves. At the third and greatest tournament, held between Wood Street and Queen Street in Cheapside in September, a great wooden tower or gallery was erected right across the road for the Queen, her mother, and her Court, while the cobblestoned pavement was thickly strewn with sawdust in order that the horses might not lose their footing. One can imagine the busy excitement of the scene, every window filled with eager faces, crowds pressing about the narrow space kept for the Lists, children held high to mark the gaily moving colours, babble of talk and laughter beneath the pale sunshine of a bright September day. The tall young Queen, with her clear-coloured face and kind smile, would receive a rousing reception from her loyal Londoners, as she and her ladies rode up, and ascended to their seats in the great tower, erected but the day before across the street: then, when all were seated, a call of trumpets, a murmur of excitement breaking into a wave of cheers, and the



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procession itself approached. First, a band of musicians playing lustily ; after them, two and two, sixty squires dressed alike in the same livery ; followed by the King with his fifteen chosen knights, disguised to-day as Tartars in long fur cloaks and high caps, each led by a silver chain fastened to his wrist and held by a masked lady robed in crimson velvet with a white camlet cape. The King saluted the ladies' tower ; the Queen, smiling, rose with all her ladies to bow her acknowledgment ; but, alas ! the wooden tower had never been tested to carry its full weight ; this sudden movement was too much for it, and with a grinding crash, the timbers gave, and the whole erection came tumbling into the street in a perfect cloud of dust.

Edward's first feeling at this prodigious calamity was alarm for his wife's safety, but when, after a few minutes, it was discovered that the ladies had been extricated with no worse result than spoilt clothes and shaken nerves, the Plantagenet temper arose in all its wrath against the local carpenters responsible for the erection. The wretched men were dragged forth trembling ; the young King, shaking with rage and looking more fierce than usual in his Tartar garb, ruthlessly condemned them every one to death, and they were just about to be hurried away, when Philippa, still breathless and a little dishevelled from her fall, ran forward, threw herself on her knees in the street before her husband, and implored him to pardon the culprits. Edward could never refuse his wife a boon ; so mercy was proclaimed, and all ended well. The Queen became more popular than ever ; and a large stone tower was subsequently erected, to provide safety for sightseers on similar occasions in the future.

The Countess of Hainault's visit was a great joy to her daughter ; and Edward seems always to have been on the best of terms with his mother-in-law, and to have done everything in his power to please her. Young Walter de Manny, Philippa's Hainault squire, was knighted on this occasion, and soon proved himself a notable acquisition to his adopted country. The Countess also negotiated a marriage which took place the following year between the King's sister Eleanor and Reginald II, Count of Gueldres and Zutphen, one of the Princes of the Low Countries. This marriage was for some time a very happy one, and two sons were born of it, Reginald and Edward. Gueldres was a widower with four daughters ; a swarthy man, and a good deal older than Eleanor, who was fourteen at the time : but he had a great admiration for the King of England and all things English, and proved a valuable ally in later years ; while she cherished a deep affection for her sister-in-law and all her connexions, and readily agreed to an alliance which should link her yet closer to Philippa's family.

The royal family kept Christmas this year at Wells in Somerset, and Edward gave his brother, John of Eltham, and his sister Eleanor, a gold cup each as a Christmas present. He also settled a portion of £15,000 sterling upon his sister, and gave her a very handsome outfit for her wedding ; while it was probably in connexion with the festivities attending this ceremony that in February, 1332, he paid certain merchants £950 which they had advanced at his request as a gift towards Queen Philippa's wardrobe. In addition to many handsome dresses, the bride, as was customary in those days, carried away a quantity of furniture, including a magnificent

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green bed, and complete fittings for her private chapel; also several packets of sugar, rice, raisins, figs, pepper, and other groceries; and, most remarkable of all, a beautiful purple chariot covered with golden stars, which cost £20 and was furnished with a waxcloth cover to protect it from bad weather. Both Edward and Philippa were fond of their little sister, and accompanied her a short part of the way when she and her husband set out for his dominions. Philippa's parting present to her was a furred robe; and Edward gave six altar-cloths of cloth of gold, and £30 with which to settle certain little debts she had not been able to pay, and which were weighing upon her mind.

In the spring of 1332, Philippa was again expecting the birth of a child, and Edward gave official orders to have the palace at Clarendon prepared for her accouchement; but at the last moment she changed her mind, and it was again at her beloved Woodstock that, in June, her second child and first daughter, the Princess Isabella, was born. Edward was delighted, and if any doubt remained as to the continuance of his affection for his unfortunate mother, it should be dissipated by the fact that her name was bestowed upon this longed-for child. We have detailed accounts of the magnificence of Philippa's "*relevailles*," uprising, or reception of the Court after the birth of her daughter. All the household had new clothes for the occasion; and the Queen herself was gorgeous in a robe of red and purple velvet, embroidered with pearls; and sat on a state bed with a cover of green velvet upon it, seven and a half ells long and eight wide, on which was de-



picted in needlework the device of a merman and mermaid holding the shields of England and Hainault. The state cradle was adorned with similar shields and heavily gilded, lined with silk, and spread with a coverlet composed of 670 skins, which cost £16; while the baby wore a rich robe of Lucca silk edged with fur and trimmed with four rows of garnitures. A household was immediately arranged for her; John Bromley was her tailor, Joan Gambon her rocker, and Joan Pyebrook her damsel, each at the wages of £10 a year. Apparently all the expenses in connexion with the children, so long as they remained in her charge, were regarded as the Queen's affair; and if she had not been a clever and thrifty manager, this would soon have become a very serious tax, for the family rapidly increased. In her hands lay the appointment of a tutor for her little son, created Earl of Chester, when three years old; and her choice fell upon Dr. Walter Burleigh, a worthy Oxford scholar, who had been her almoner since she arrived in England, and in whom she rightly reposed a perfect confidence. Burleigh had a son Simon, a few years older than the little Prince, who with a few other boys was permitted to share his studies, and remained his lifelong friend. The young Queen was already regarded as a patron of learning, and only a year later, received a letter from the Chancellor and Masters of the University of Oxford, imploring her influence with the Pope to prevent the establishment of a rival University then under consideration in the town of Stamford.

The Scotch question meanwhile again became acute in the year 1333. Old Robert Bruce had died a year after the Shameful Peace was con-

cluded, and his little son David II was the first anointed King of Scotland. The Peace was most distasteful to the English people, and though Edward had himself been too young at the time for his opinion to be considered, now that he was a man grown, his judgment strongly coincided with that of his subjects. Still, the treaty had been made, and when Edward Baliol, son of the dethroned John who had been the rival of Robert Bruce, wished to reclaim his rights in Scotland, Edward would not suffer him to make his attack from English territory, however strong his sympathies might be; but allowed him to equip a small fleet in England and set sail for the coast of Fife. More by luck than courage, Baliol's army gained a victory at Dupplin, slew an immense number of the Scots, including the Regent Earl of Mar, and promptly marched to Scone, where Baliol was crowned King. He immediately begged the protection of Edward of England, offering to surrender him the important town and castle of Berwick, acknowledge him as his liege lord and superior, and promise to follow him in all his wars. Edward eagerly accepted the offer; and when the loyal party in Scotland rose up in defence of their young King against Baliol's usurpation, he seems to have been delighted at the opportunity to set all question of the Peace aside and march north to quell what he called the rebellion. The interests of poor little Joan met with no consideration, and she and her child husband were hustled off to France by their still faithful subjects, that they might remain under the protection of the French King while battles were fought for them at home.

No valid excuse can be urged for Edward in thus

breaking a Peace so lately made in his name, even though without his conscious approval ; but the soul of his grandfather stirred in the young man's blood, and he burned to be at war with his hereditary enemy. In spite of Baliol's perfidy, Berwick was still held by the loyal Scots ; so Edward hastened to besiege it, and with, or very shortly after him, travelled Philippa. The love romance begun at Valenciennes had ripened by now into so deep a devotion that husband and wife could not bear separation a day longer than necessary ; and thus Philippa, who all her life remained a great traveller, embarked upon the first of those many journeys she was henceforth to take in the wake of her lord's triumphal arms. The two children were left in charge of a governess at the Palace of Clarendon, and Edward made his wife a curious grant for their benefit, in the form of a licence to cut down, sell, and carry away all old oaks bearing no leaves in her own parks and lands, to the value of £1000 ; while a month later, considering her lands insufficient to bear the increased expenditure of her household, an extra 500 marks yearly was settled upon her, which he believed would be calculated to meet the deficit. The King and Queen were together at Knaresborough in April, when the young monarch's clemency was again claimed by his wife on behalf of one Agnes de Scarborough, who had been convicted of the larceny of a surcoat and three shillings in money at York, and sentenced to be hanged, but whose execution had been deferred till her child was born. A full pardon was granted her at Philippa's request ; and so the war-train moved on : at Tweedmouth in June the King gave orders for lodging all carts, horses, carters, and sumpter



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horses of his Queen, besides her war-horses and palfreys: and it was apparently shortly after this that she retired to the almost impregnable stronghold of Bamborough Castle, while Edward and his army pushed on to invest Berwick.

The long summer days must have passed anxiously in the high stone chambers at Bamborough, while the surf beat on the rocks below, and tidings good or evil might any moment arrive from the King's army twenty miles away. Mostly the news was good: the two young sons of the Governor of Berwick had fallen into Edward's hands, and he hoped with such hostages very shortly to compel the castle's surrender; when suddenly the rush of war made a fierce dart in Philippa's own direction. The Earl of Douglas, planning a counter-attack, marched hastily by night on Bamborough itself, and the young Queen found herself closely besieged. Edward was furious when the news reached him; but he did not play into the enemy's hands as they had hoped by abandoning Berwick and flying to Philippa's aid. He knew her to be stout-hearted, and the castle well garrisoned and provisioned for some time; but his rage showed itself in that cruelty never very far beneath the surface in a Plantagenet, and to it the hapless hostage boys fell victims. It was the kind of revenge his mother would have taken without compunction, but it is safe to predict if Philippa had stood beside her husband the savage impulse would have been checked. But the boys were slain; with renewed fury Edward hurled himself upon Berwick, took it, marched back upon Bamborough, overthrew and slew the Douglas at Halidon Hill on July 19, rescued his Queen, and with

her entered in triumph Berwick-on-Tweed, which has ever since remained an English town.

As soon as possible after this, the King and Queen returned to the south; where they found those they had left in charge of their little son and daughter had proved unworthy of the trust, neglected the children, spent all the money left for their maintenance, and run heavily into debt. Edward paid out £500 to set their household in order, and Philippa wrathfully resolved never if possible to allow herself to be separated from her children again. Christmas was spent at Wallingford, and early in February, 1334, another daughter, the Princess Joan, was born to the royal couple. In the Rolls she is impartially styled "Joan of Woodstock" and "Joan of the Tower," but this last seems to have been an error in which she was confused with her aunt, the Queen of Scotland; and there is little question that it is she Stow means when he says: "The King kept his Christmas (1333) at Wallingford, and immediately after the Queen was delivered of a daughter named Isabella at Woodstock". The two Princesses are often spoken of only by their initials, and I and J being very interchangeable, a good deal of confusion frequently arises between them. Those who follow Stow literally place Joan's birth a year later, in 1335, but an entry in the Patent Rolls for 6 March, 1334, proves the date beyond question. In it Edward, then at York, makes a "Grant to Queen Philippa for the sustenance of Edward, Earl of Chester, the King's first-born son, and Isabella and Joan the King's daughters, so long as they are dwelling with her, that she shall receive the issues of the county of Chester, the castles of Chester,

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Beston, Rothelan and Flynt, and all other places in Wales and England that the said Earl holds of the King's grant, and that she shall order the household of the said Edward, Isabella and Joan at her will". Joan grew up to be the fairest of all Philippa's children, and the fame of her loveliness spread through all Europe. Edward already began to make tentative treaties of marriage for his children; and as early as October 2, 1332, his ambassadors had been instructed to treat of the marriage of his son with a daughter of Philip of France; while in 1335 a betrothal was mooted between Isabella and the eldest son of King Alfonso of Castille; and yet another between Joan and the eldest son of the Duke of Austria. None of these marriages ever took place, though the last came near it; and the children were theoretically betrothed many times yet before they grew up, but apparently Philippa foresaw this fact, for she seems so far to have taken all the arrangements very placidly.

By the end of February Edward was in the north of England again; and so soon as possible his Queen followed him, this time with her three children, for whom special rooms had been prepared in the castle at York; where the family established its headquarters for the present. Philippa seems to have travelled a great deal during all these years of the Scotch wars, and it is not always easy to trace her movements. On February 22, 1335, a grant is recorded "To Queen Philippa to support the heavy charges she has to meet daily as well in her household as her chamber, 350 marks yearly". This is dated from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and no doubt the constant journeys she took added largely



to her expenses ; there were also the dangers of the road to be reckoned with. From Carlisle in July a statement is made that “Queen Philippa lately caused a gold ring, a velvet robe set with pearls, and other jewels of great value, to be delivered to John de Laundes, merchant of Paris, to take to London” ; that the unfortunate merchant was murdered at Huntingdon, some of the jewels being left on his body, but the rest stolen ; and that the King appoints his yeoman to arrest the thieves. In this same summer Philippa visited Norwich, where the Flemish weaving colony had lately settled, and by her kindly sympathy and interest encouraged the foreigners, who had hitherto found themselves not over-welcome amongst the bluff East Anglians. During her absence, from June to August, her three children were sent to Peterborough Abbey, where the Reverend Abbot, Adam de Botheby, made great pets of them, and arranged constant treats and presents to give them pleasure.

In the midst of all this travelling, a fourth child was born at Hatfield in Yorkshire, and christened William after the Queen’s father ; a “white robe worked with pearls and a robe of velvet cloth of divers workmanship” were made “against the confinement of the Lady Philippa, Queen of England”. Little William only lived a few months, and was buried in York Minster the following spring. A curious incident recorded in the “History of Durham” probably took place some time this winter (though an earlier date is given for it), when, Edward having marched as far south as Durham, lodged there at St. Cuthbert’s Priory for a few days, and Philippa hurried over from Knares-

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borough to join him ; priories, abbeys and convents being the hotels of the period. "Being unacquainted with the customs of this church," proceeds the story, "the Queen went through the Abbey gates to the Priory, and after supping with the King, retired to rest. This alarmed the monks, one of whom went to the King and informed him that St. Cuthbert had a mortal aversion to the presence of women. Unwilling to give any offence to the Church, Edward immediately ordered the Queen to arise," and Philippa, always pious and kind, and deeply sorry to offend the susceptibilities of saint or sinner, did not even wait to dress, but hastily gathered her possessions together, and "in her under garments only, returned by the gate through which she had entered, and went to the castle ; after most devoutly praying that St. Cuthbert would not avenge a fault which she had through ignorance committed". Certainly no one could accuse Philippa of impiety, and she still remained in great favour with the Pope. In August of this year he pronounced that her confessor might have leave to commute any vows of hers which she could not conveniently observe, excepting only those of chastity and of pilgrimage to the Holy Land or Rome ; and he also granted that on the advice of her physician she might eat meat on days of fast and abstinence.

In 1336 Edward grew tired of the Scotch wars. Baliol was too poor a puppet to stand a day by himself ; the Scots were more than ever determined never to own him their King ; and Edward did not intend to fight on his behalf through a whole reign. He had dreams too now of greater ambition, and this spring left the campaign for a time to his brother

John, the young Earl of Cornwall, and came south to London once more : his state papers from March to May are all dated from the Tower, Westminster, or Windsor. Evidently little Prince Edward was considered by now to be past his nursery days, for several of these documents relate to rewards and pensions settled upon his early attendants. Joan de Oxenford, his nurse, is to receive £10 yearly at the Exchequer till the King provides an equivalent for the same in land or rent for her life; and Matilda de Plympton, his bersatrix, is to have 10 marks yearly in the same way; while to William of Sancto Omero and Elizabeth his wife, "for their gratuitous services to the King in staying with his son Edward, Earl of Chester, and his daughters," £25 yearly at the Exchequer is granted for their lives. In July Queen Philippa got a further grant of old oaks; and on September 27, "for the expenses of her household" she is to receive the third part of the King's prizes of wines in three ports. Edward was at this time on his way back to Scotland to relieve his brother the Earl of Cornwall: but the young prince, who had proved a fierce and cruel general, fell mortally wounded at Lesmahago, and died at Perth, then called St. John's Town, in the first week of October.

Unhappy Queen Isabella, in her seclusion at Castle Rising, felt this bereavement very deeply: and it was about the same time that her son the King granted her formal permission to make her will, leaving her goods to whomsoever she chose. He himself had also been much attached to his brother, on whose behalf the preceding year he had set on foot a treaty of marriage with the niece of Duke John of Brittany: and this event only served



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to disgust him still further with all the Scottish nation, friends and foes alike. In December therefore he placed the command of his army in other hands, and himself left the country, never to return there for twenty years.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE VOWS OF THE HERON.—1336-8

TWICE Edward of England had paid homage to Philip of France for his Duchy of Guienne; and there seems no reason to suppose that, had Philip remained friendly and honest, the English monarch's rather cloudy claim to the French Crown would ever have been pressed again. But Philip hankered after those English provinces, dearly longing to add them to his own realm; and he rather meanly encouraged the Scotch war, egging on both sides while privately sympathizing with the followers of Bruce, in the hopes that Edward's interests would thus be engaged and his powers exhausted so that he, Philip, might quietly steal away Guienne and Ponthieu without resistance.

Edward, however, though sincerely desiring friendship with France ever since his first visit, was far too quick to miss the trend of Philip's policy, and it raised a natural indignation within him. The French King constantly prated of Crusades, and in the beginning of 1336 sought the Pope's blessing at Avignon upon his immense preparation for what was ostensibly such a sacred adventure, but virtually, as everybody knew, destined for the invasion of England. The States of Sicily and Genoa, scorning such hypocrisy, flatly refused to guard his stores, and had them destroyed, for which Edward publicly

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thanked them ; and in April the English King created two new admirals, Sir Geoffrey Say and Sir John Norwich. Four months later, these gentlemen received instructions to put to sea, with the characteristic peroration : “ We, considering that our progenitors, Kings of England, were lords of the English sea on every side, and also defenders against invasion of enemies before these times : it would much grieve us if our royal honour in such defence should perish or be in aught diminished in our time, which God forbid ”. Evidently Edward realized that it was well to keep a watch upon his coasts.

Men of grave wisdom meanwhile were not wanting to remind the King of his claim on France, and to urge its prosecution. Absurd and unreasonable as it seems to us, they honestly held it a good and sufficient one : and as early as July, 1335, Count William of Hainault, Philippa's father, sent his son-in-law a gift of a magnificent helmet, richly beset with precious stones, and adorned with a coronet of gold, accompanying it with a remonstrance against wasting his power and wealth in Scotland, where no plunder and small glory could be had, while he might attack France and win himself much renown and another realm. Edward wore the helmet often, and gave a handsome reward to Sir Eustace of Hainault who brought it ; but he made no immediate response to the Count's suggestion, pondering it, however, privately with some care. His own original intention at Philip's accession had been, as will be remembered, to prefer his claim ; and he had then only reluctantly yielded to the counsels of his mother and Mortimer in the affair ; but his views had changed on many matters since,



and this was undoubtedly one of them. Hallam is of opinion that he would certainly never have attacked France on the strength of his claim alone, but that the constant disputes about Guienne, and Philip's secret help to the Bruces, while pretending to remain neutral, together with the generally insincere and shifty character of the French King, goaded him into war: and there is no question that the pressure of public opinion always weighed heavily with Edward, and that his people at this time looked forward to such a war with eagerness and spirit.

The chief onus of provoking hostilities, however, has always rested with Count Robert of Artois, the adventurous cousin who stood by Queen Isabella in France at the time of her quarrel with her brother, warned and helped her to escape from Paris with her son when King Charles would have forcibly sent her back to England; and whom she then urged, if ever in need or trouble himself, to hasten to the English Court. Things went well with Robert for some time, and he had no need to claim the invitation. His wife was a sister of King Philip, whose accession he had mainly managed; but a few years later, he became involved in family disputes, was accused of forging papers and poisoning his aunt and cousin; and the King, instead of recompensing his aid by affording him full opportunity to clear himself, believed or affected to believe the worst, seized and imprisoned his wife and children, and bade him fly from France at once under pain of instant death. Whether Robert was really guilty of all the charges preferred against him seems doubtful, but in any case Philip treated him very shabbily, and his was not the spirit to overlook

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an insult. He escaped from Namur disguised as a merchant, and reached England in 1333, nursing his grievance hotly. Edward was then at York, but sent him a warm welcome, and as an honoured guest he remained ever after at the English Court. It will easily be understood that no opportunity was lost by him to rouse enmity and irritation in his host against the man who had so injured him ; and in the autumn of 1335 his two nephews, the young Earl of Namur and his brother Sir Robert, "the most handsome and courageous bachelor in Europe," came over to England to offer Edward their services in the Scotch war "for the sake of their uncle". Edward gladly accepted their help ; but they seem to have been too rash and chivalrous to be of much use in conflict with so stern a foe, and were promptly taken prisoners. A strange tale is told of a beautiful woman disguised as a page, who fought and fell by young Sir Robert's side, he unaware of her identity till she lay dead before him ; but so soon as Edward could arrange for the Namurs release, they went home again, parting in all friendliness ; and Sir Robert afterwards became the husband of Queen Philippa's youngest sister, the Princess Isabella of Hainault.

Count Robert of Artois, however, remained in England, cynical, bitter, ever at Edward's side, hinting at dishonourable inaction, pointing out Philip's insidious advances, teasing and troubling always to induce the young King to take some marked step which could not afterwards be retraced. For his youth and temper, Edward seems to have behaved with remarkable discretion. It is true the Scotch wars lost savour with him ; and as we have seen, he thought it wise to guard his coast

and keep a watchful eye abroad; but for the rest, he found much to do in England when at last he left Baliol in command of a small force in the north, and returned to London.

This was in December 1336, and in March of the following year the little Earl of Chester received his dead uncle's title of Cornwall, raised to a Duchy instead of an Earldom. He thus became the first English Duke since William of Normandy merged the title in that of King; and ever since, the eldest son of the King of England has been born Duke of Cornwall. The little Prince was invested with his Dukedom by a wreath on his head, a ring on his finger, and a silver verge; at the same time twenty new knights were dubbed, and six new Earls created, amongst them being the King's cousin, Henry of Leicester, who was made Earl of Derby, and the King's own intimate friend, William Montacute, who was made Earl of Salisbury. £1333. 6s. 8d. was spent on clothes for Philippa and her son on this occasion. The entry also occurs: "To Amy de Gloucester, for free services as nurse to Joan the King's daughter, and William his son, now dead, £10 yearly for life". Great and small shared alike in the honours: and the following month record is made, signal of a peaceful end to old feuds, of £20 for life to "Joan and Eleanor, daughters of Hugh le Despenser the elder, nuns of Sempyngham"; while later claims are recognized in a "Grant to Robert de Artois of 1200 marks yearly at Exchequer during the King's pleasure".

Domestic affairs also claimed the King's attention; trade must be stimulated, and abuses checked. Extravagance in dress had become so



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great that rigid sumptuary laws were passed, and only the King, Queen, their children, bishops, and peers were henceforth to be allowed to wear clothes made beyond sea; while those only whose yearly rents exceeded £100 might wear foreign furs or silks; no English wool or live sheep were to be sent abroad, and all workers in cloth must be welcomed to the country. Apparently the increased friendly relations with the wealthy peoples of the Low Countries had introduced ridiculous and exaggerated fashions such as England had never before seen, but these must certainly have reached a great height, since even the wild Scots mocked at their enemies in the rhyme:—

Long beards, heartless;  
Painted hoods, witless;  
Gay coats, graceless;  
Make England thriftless!

while in Caxton's "Chronicle" we find the scandalized remark that "The Englishmen so much followed and counterfeated the madnesse and the folly of the straungers, that from the first commyng in of the Henaulters, they dayly chaunged their apparel, sometimes long and wide, and at another time, cutted, short and streight, and altogether unseemly and unhonest. And the apparel of the women was more fond than the men. For their clothes were made so streyt to their bodyes that for their foolish pride the Scottes deryded and made foolishe rimes and jests of them." Extravagance in food seems also to have been rife, for at the same time it was enacted that no private person should be served with more than two courses at each meal, and each course was not to consist of more than two messes: on feast days three courses

were allowed. This could only have been intended as a check, for no penalty was named for breaking the law; and as Longman remarks, unless a spy were stationed in each household, it would be impossible to know if it were kept. But the legislation of those days was curiously paternal. A few years later, Edward found it necessary to forbid butchers to sew the fat of good beef on to lean—certainly a most curious way of defrauding the public! The purchasing power of the pound, in reference to the income quoted above, was vastly greater of course than it has since become: in 1336, for instance, a “fat Pigge” could be had for 1d., a fat goose for 2d., six pigeons for 1d., a fat sheep for 4d., and a fat ox for 4s. 4d. In spite of the prohibition against exporting English sheep—the wool of which was so incomparably finer than any other that Edward is said to have received the almost incredible sum of £80,000 in one year from duties on wool alone—a flock was not long after smuggled across to Spain, from which it is stated that the famous merinos of that country are descended.

It will be observed that, though apparently engaged with small matters, Edward was all the time carefully building up the resources of his country, forming powerful friendships, and making wary progress. So strongly, however, was Robert of Artois credited at the time with having finally forced his hand in the matter of the French campaign that the account given in that wonderful old contemporary poem of the “Vows of the Heron” has by many been held to be literally correct. Even if we can scarcely accept it thus, it yet presents so curiously interesting a picture of the age

and so plain an indication of what was at the time considered the real source of Edward's subsequent action, that it deserves some careful words of description and explanation. Count Robert, living his restless life, consumed with the desire of revenge, runs the ballad, was hawking in Windsor Park one day when he beheld a heron, the most timorous of birds. Having brought it down, he returned to the castle ; and that night entered the banqueting hall followed by two noble maidens carrying the roasted heron in a dish. The King of England sat at the high table with his Queen, surrounded by nobles, and before him Artois set the bird, calling upon all knights present to utter vows of chivalry upon it, and telling Edward loudly to his face that he was no better than the coward bird himself to resign the fair realm of France without so much as the drawing of a sword. The young King sprang to his feet with scarlet face ; he does not seem to have resented Artois' rudeness, but impetuously fell in with his humour, and vowed before all present that he would enter France in arms, wait a month there for Philip to give him battle, and would meet him even though his forces were ten times his own. The Earl of Salisbury vowed next, closing one eye and swearing he would not open it till he had fought Philip for Edward's rights ; and after him Sir Walter Manny, the Earls of Suffolk and Derby, and many others, vowed fantastic vows, till all the chivalry of England were pledged to the enterprise. One can see the dark flush of triumph rising on Artois' face as he at last visioned his designs nearing accomplishment : and when all the knights had vowed, he turned to Philippa.



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Robert knelt before the Queen,  
And said that the Heron he would distribute in time,  
When she had vowed that which her heart should tell her.  
"Vassal," said the Queen, "now talk to me no more ;  
A lady cannot make a vow, because she has a lord ;  
For if she vow anything, her husband has power  
That he can fully revoke what she shall vow,  
And shame be to the body that shall think of it ;  
Before my dear lord shall have commanded it me."  
And said the King ; "Vow, my body shall acquit it ;  
But that I may accomplish it, my body shall labour ;  
Vow boldly and God shall aid you".  
Then said the Queen : 'I know well for some time  
That I am big with child, that my body has felt it ;  
It is only a little while since it moved in my body ;  
And I vow and promise to the God who created me,  
Who was born of a Virgin while her body remained perfect,  
And died on the cross, (they crucified him,)  
That the fruit shall never issue from my body  
Until you have led me to the country over there  
To perform the vow your body has vowed.  
And if it should be ready to issue when it will not be need,  
With a great knife of steel my body shall slay itself ;  
My life be lost and the fruit perish."  
And when the King heard this he thought of it very gravely  
And said : "Certainly no one will vow more".  
The Heron was divided : the Queen ate of it.  
Then, after this was done, the King made preparation  
And caused ships to be stored : the Queen entered :  
He led many a free knight with him.  
From thence to Antwerp the King made no halt.  
When they had finished the voyage, the Queen was delivered ;  
The lady was brought to bed of a graceful fair son,  
Lion of Antwerp he was called when they baptized him.  
Thus did the noble dame acquit her vow :  
Before all are acquitted, many a good man will die for it  
And many a good knight lament for it  
And many a good woman be tired of it.  
Then went the Court of England over there.  
Here end the Vows of the Heron.

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Not the least interesting feature of this curious old poem lies in the attitude of Philippa to her lord. A woman of sense and virtue, possessed moreover of a strong personality of her own, she yet refrained from expressing any opinion contrary to that of her husband; and indeed throughout her life, whether his quarrels appeared to her wise or foolish, she loyally embraced them, and followed his fortunes without one carping word. On this occasion it is true she knew her father had already urged the move on France, and for her father's opinion she held the greatest respect; but she must have been aware how heavily her words would weigh with Edward: and certainly, as the King observed, "no one could vow more". The proceedings of which the "Vows of the Heron" gives us a poetical parable, seem in reality to have begun with an embassy, consisting of Henry Burwash, Bishop of Lincoln, the Earls of Salisbury and Huntingdon, and two learned doctors, dispatched from Windsor by Edward on April 15, 1337; and instructed first to ask further counsel of his father-in-law, whom they found "sicke in bed with the Goute" at Valenciennes, with his brother Sir John. "As helpe me God," cried the good Count, "if the King might attain his desire, I would be right glad thereof, for I had rather the welth of him that hath maryed my daughter, than of him that never did anything for me, though I have maryed his sister." He then advised that Edward should form alliances with his other sons-in-law, the Emperor Lewis and the Marquis of Juliers, also with the Duke of Brabant, the Bishop of Liège, the Counts of Gueldres and Flanders, and other princes of mid-Europe; a sound suggestion, upon which the King

promptly acted. With most of these he stood already on friendly terms; but the last named, Count Louis of Flanders, had of late wavered somewhat towards Philip of France; and only the month before, Edward had himself written to the King of Castille that the Flemings had joined his enemies. Louis's co-operation was however particularly important, since through his country lay the nearest approach to France; and the same ambassadors were bidden instantly to press upon him the treaty of marriage, already mooted, between his eldest son and the Princess Isabella. It was on the occasion of this embassy that Sir Walter Manny and certain other young knights placed black patches over their left eyes and vowed not to remove them till each had performed some valiant deed of arms, a vow scrupulously discharged before they returned home. The treaty was not at that time concluded, and had the matter lain in Count Louis's hands, would have been declined at once; but he had made himself so unpopular by his friendship with Philip that he was now no more than a cypher in his own land, and all power rested with that remarkable character Jacob von Arteveldt, the famous brewer of Ghent. This man, idolized by his fellows, had been proclaimed Governor of Flanders, and for nine years exercised an almost absolute authority over the country. By means of a friendship subsisting between himself and Robert of Artois, he became a valuable ally to Edward: and finding it impossible to stand against so powerful a combination, the Count of Flanders and his son took refuge with Philip at the French Court.

In the end of this year, 1337, good Count William



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of Hainault died at Valenciennes ; an irreparable loss to his daughter Philippa and indeed to all his family. Her four daughters being now all married, the widowed Countess retired to a convent in France, and the title devolved upon her only son. The young Count, or Earl as he is usually called, assured Edward of the continued friendly relations of himself and his people ; but he did not prove so faithful an ally as his father ; and the immediate loss of funds, hitherto generously forthcoming from that quarter, proved a serious blow to Edward's preparations. Philippa would not have been her father's daughter had she not been a good woman of business, but she must all her life have had a hard struggle to make two ends meet. Edward used every penny he could scrape together upon his wars ; he was besides recklessly extravagant personally over the gorgeous pageants and rich raiment he loved ; but on Philippa fell all the responsibilities of her rapidly growing family, which must be clothed, fed, educated, and attended in a manner becoming its condition ; in addition to the expenses of her own household, charities, and constant journeys about England and abroad. The only complaint ever raised against her during all her long years of queenship is that she was occasionally somewhat prompt to collect her rents, a fact calling indeed for little wonder ; but that she was not always ruthless in extorting her uttermost farthing is proved by a letter of hers, now in the Madox Collection, which, although dated some sixteen years later, may as well in this connexion be inserted here and now. The matter dealt with, it should be explained, concerned certain writs which

had been issued against debtors to the Queen for *Aurum Regince* or Queen's Gold.

“ Philippa, by the grace of God queen of England, lady of Ireland, and duchess of Aquitaine, to our dear clerk Sir John de Eddington, our attorney in the exchequer of our very dear lord the King, sends greeting.

“ We command you, that you cause all the writs which have been filed from the search lately made by Sir Richard de Cressivil to be postponed until the octaves of Easter next ensuing ; to the end that in the mean time, we and our Council may be able to be advised which of the said writs are to be put in execution for our profit, and which of them are to cease for the relief of our people, to save our conscience. And we will that this letter be your warrant therefore.

“ Given under our privy seal, at Westminster, the 14th day of May, in the year of the reign of our very dear lord the King of England the twenty-eighth.”

By the end of 1337, in spite of the old Count of Hainault's death, it is plain that Edward stood determined to go to Flanders and seek help against Philip of France ; and to this end he was anxious as much as possible to set his house in order at home, settle old debts, and lay in fresh supplies and credit for the future. On October 10, from the Tower, he issued a “ Promise to pay John de Portenare, merchant, £4850 which he had paid Queen Philippa for her debts as well beyond the seas as within, and for other pressing business ” ; and having obtained a grant in kind, of 20,000 sacks of wool from the Commons, who seem ordinarily

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to have laboured under the impression that the wars of England were to be regarded as the King's private amusement and defrayed from his private purse, he settled 800 marks yearly upon Robert of Artois during his pleasure ; and paid out £564. 3s. 4d. on Philippa's behalf, to set her up in "Saddles, silver vases, zones, purses, silk and jewels" for the expedition ; since she was, as a matter of course, to accompany him. Another somewhat important member of the party was the little Lady Joan, who, aged four, had already been two years betrothed to Frederick, eldest son of Duke Otho of Austria ; and although baby weddings were not at this time common, it was usually understood in treaties of marriage between sovereign princes that the bride should be sent as early as possible to the Court of her future husband, in order that she might grow up amongst his people, and be fitted by education and surroundings for the position she was to occupy. Duke Otho had more than once pressed somewhat urgently for the fulfilment of this condition ; but the child's father and mother, reluctant to part with her so young, had excused themselves hitherto on the plea that Edward shortly intended to visit Germany, and would prefer to bring his daughter himself. Now, however, it would not be possible to postpone the parting longer. It is evident that Philippa never liked the prospect ; but Edward had already a very clear scheme of policy as to the advantages to be reaped from his children's marriages, and additional treaties were almost completed between the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Margaret of Brabant, and between the Lady Isabella and the young son of the Count of Flanders. The two elder children were



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therefore placed with suitable attendants in the Tower of London, the Duke of Cornwall being nominally entitled "Guardian of the Realm"; and "a certain pallet was provided for the Lady Joan the King's daughter on her passage to foreign parts in a ship". By July 12, 1338, the expedition, with a fleet of 500 ships, sailed for Antwerp from Orwell in Suffolk.

## CHAPTER VII

### PHILIPPA IN FLANDERS.—1338-41

EDWARD and Philippa, with their daughter, were well received in Antwerp, where they went first to the house of one Sirkyn Fordul ; but in his anxiety to place a sufficiently splendid dinner before them, the unfortunate man's house was set on fire that very night, and the royal party, only just rescued in time, took refuge at the Abbey of St Michael. Here they were warmly welcomed, and seem to have spent a few weeks settling down, or rather perhaps waiting for the promised sacks of wool, which were tardy in arriving. Edward's sister and her husband, the Count and Countess of Gueldres, paid them a visit during this time, and on August 17, a pleasure excursion is mentioned, when the King and his family were rowed across the Scheldt ; but Edward could not stay long, as he must needs push on to meet the Emperor at Coblenz, where too Joan must be handed over to the father of her future husband. Philippa accompanied the party as far as Herenthals, being very naturally loath to part so early from her pretty little daughter, but arrangements had been made for Joan to be still attended by the Lady Isabella de la Mote, her governess, and Lord John de Montgomery, who was to remain about her, and attend to her welfare. Although travelling seems to have been common in

these days, the next night's lodging was always a matter of some doubt, and at Herenthals the King and Queen had to put up at the house of a peasant, Podenot de Lippe. Podenot and his wife Catherine were most anxious to entertain their guests suitably, and being a hot evening, Catherine laid their supper in the garden, with the unfortunate result that the grass was trampled to the ground by the King's followers. When he left next day, however, he bestowed 46s. 8d. for the supper, and 22s. 6d. for the damage, which seems to have been considered very handsome treatment. Then the great train must get to horse again; and Philippa with heavy heart bade farewell to her husband and child, and rode back alone with her ladies to Antwerp.

Edward made his first stop at Cologne, then travelled up the Rhine to Bonn, Nonnenwerth, Andernach, and so to Coblenz. The Emperor and Empress had journeyed thither from Munich; and the King was met by the Emperor's barge, filled with musicians, and by his falconer, who presented the illustrious guest with a live eagle. The friendship of the German and Flemish Princes was not to be had for nothing, however, and the King found it necessary to fee them somewhat largely; but he considered the advantages he gained worth the money. Sixty thousand crowns purchased the Duke of Brabant; and 3,000 gold florins to the Emperor himself induced him to bestow upon the King of England the title of Vicar-General and Lieutenant of the Empire to the left of the Rhine, besides obtaining him the services of 2,000 men-at-arms. The scene when the Vicariate was bestowed upon Edward in the market-place at Coblenz must



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have been one of great splendour. Two thrones were erected, one for the Emperor and the other for the King; and there were present four sovereign dukes, three archbishops, six bishops, thirty-seven earls, and 17,000 barons, bannerets, knights and squires. The Emperor held the sceptre in his right hand and the globe in his left; and while a knight of Almain held a naked sword over his head, he openly defied the King of France, proclaiming him disloyal, false, and villainous, and declaring that he and his adherents had forfeited the protection and favour of the Empire. He then presented the King with his Imperial Charter, and constituted him Vicar-General of the Empire, with full and absolute power over all on this side as far as Cologne.

This was about all Edward ever did get from the Emperor, but it certainly gave him considerable influence with the other German Princes; and the first use he made of his power was to raise his brother-in-law, the Count of Gueldres, to a Duke, and to promise an English peerage to the Marquis of Juliers, whom four years later he made Earl of Cambridge. The situation was also rendered clearer, and henceforth friend and foe alike must range themselves decisively upon the one side or the other. Philip's allies were the Kings of Navarre, Scotland, Sicily and John of Bohemia, this last the head of the house of Luxembourg, and Lewis of Bavaria's unsuccessful rival for the elective dignity of Emperor of the Romans. The Pope, too, wrote to Edward, gravely remonstrating against his alliance with an Emperor who had been excommunicated; but the Popes of Avignon were not as the Popes of Rome, and were held in little reverence through Europe as the mere paid servants

of France. Edward therefore felt satisfied that his alliances were well based; and three days after the scene in the market-place, parted from the Emperor; having first handed over his little daughter to Duke Otho of Austria, who had been present at the ceremony, and with whose household she was henceforth to live. Here, however, the child's aunt, the Empress Margaret, perhaps instigated by letters from her sister Philippa, intervened, and begged to be allowed to keep Joan herself till she grew a little older, a suggestion to which Duke Otho could make no objection; and accordingly the little girl, with her faithful attendant Lord John, left Coblentz in the Emperor's train. Philippa wrote constantly to her daughter, and sent many presents of jewellery during the next year both to her sister and her sister's secretary, the Lady Ida, with the twofold object of retaining the Emperor's friendship for her husband, and ensuring kindly treatment for Joan; but Margaret cannot have been so motherly a woman as her sister, for the child seems to have been misunderstood and neglected, even sometimes not having sufficient to eat; and Philippa's heart must often have ached for her little girl during the eighteen months at the end of which, by a curious combination of circumstances, Joan was again restored to her mother's arms.

Edward meanwhile, on leaving Coblentz, made a point of visiting all the chief German and Flemish cities on his side of the Rhine, meeting with popularity and recognition wherever he went. At Herek, a small town on the frontier of Brabant, he called an assembly in the market hall, and though the resources of the little place were

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meagre, his dramatic instinct contrived as usual to arrange a very imposing spectacle for the people, with himself as principal figure. The hall was hung with the richest tapestry procurable, and he took his seat upon a throne raised five feet from the ground, whence, with a crown upon his head, he "made laws, dispensed justice, read letters, coined money, and received homage". It is true the throne was raised on a butcher's block, covered with cloth of gold, to make it thus high, but nobody except the carpenters knew that, and the moral effect seems to have been excellent. Having from his own point of view accomplished a good deal, Edward determined to defer his actual attack on France till the following spring, and on 20 September, sending the chief part of his troops into winter quarters, he returned to Philippa at Antwerp.

Here, says an old chronicler, they "kept house right honourably all the winter, and coined much money". Money was indeed at this time a harassing necessity to Edward, and throughout the winter he borrowed right and left upon every possible security. All the crown jewels were in pawn for the chief part of his reign, and even the Queen's personal jewellery was often pressed into service, she willingly renouncing it for the time. Her "best" crown was pawned in Cologne this winter, and was not redeemed for three years; while an entry of May, 1340, in the King's accounts, casts searching light upon some of the shifts to which he had been reduced. Payment is assigned in it to "Anthony Bache, merchant, in satisfaction of 34,000 florins of Florence lent by him for wages of men in the King's service in parts beyond the



seas, and of 25,000 florins of Florence to the Archbishop of Treves for the King's great crown of gold pledged to him, and 5500 florins with the shield for Queen Philippa's crown pledged in like manner at Cologne, as well as 4256 like florins for a small crown pledged in like manner," etc., etc. Writing earlier, too, in August, 1339, of the merchants of the Society of Bardi, the greatest banking company of Italy, the King rather pathetically pronounces that in consequence of "their services to the Crown from times far distant, and of their generous offer to render all aid in their power in the future, although by this they have lost capital and credit and some have even suffered imprisonment, he has taken them under his especial protection, and promises them full satisfaction of all moneys, etc., binding himself to restore the estate and honour of the Society by his bounty. And if this be not done in his lifetime, he enjoins Edward Duke of Cornwall his first-born son, by his paternal benediction, to fulfil this promise." Alas for the futility of good intentions! Five years later, the Bardi company failed, Edward owing them a million gold gulden; to be followed by the bankruptcy of the Peruzzi, another great house, to which he owed 600,000 florins.

To Philippa no doubt the most important incident of her sojourn at Antwerp was the birth of another son, which took place on November 29 at St. Michael's Abbey. The child was named Leo or Lionel after the lion in the arms of Brabant, as a compliment to the people who had welcomed his mother so kindly; and on December 12 record is made of a gift from the King of a hundred pounds to John de Bures for bringing him the news of his

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son's birth. Lionel's nurse was named Margery de Monceux. Philippa's uprising was attended by all the chief people of Antwerp, and her own minstrel Liberkin, with others, played merrily on the occasion; while on Innocents' Day, 28 December, the "singing boys" of the cathedral came up to her chamber to entertain her and the King with their melodies. The child suffering from some slight indisposition, she sent for her own old surgeon from Hainault to cure him, but he was on the whole a strong baby, and grew up to be the tallest and handsomest of all Philippa's children, seven feet high, and always gentle and courtly. A tender mother to all her twelve children, one always fancies that if she had favourites among them, these were Lionel and Joan. Philippa was glad at this time to have with her her great friend, the King's cousin, Eleanor de Lancaster, who, with her husband John de Bello Monte, had accompanied the royal pair to Brabant; but immediately after, Eleanor finding she was about to become a mother, had feared it would be necessary for them to return, since no child born out of the realm was allowed to succeed to lands within it. Philippa was so loath to part with them that she persuaded her husband to make a particular exception upon this occasion; and he announced that "since their stay was very grateful and desirable on account of their services to himself no less than their comfort to Queen Philippa," the succession of their child should be assured just the same as if he had been born in England. The birth took place a few months later; and some time afterwards a grant of £100 yearly for life was made to "the King's kinswoman, Eleanor of Lancaster, in consideration of her long

stay in the company of Queen Philippa, and of her charges and labours during that time”.

Philippa, as was usual wherever she went, made hosts of friends in Antwerp: all the ladies there admired and loved her, and she never forgot a service, or lost an opportunity of doing a kind action or urging her husband to do one. In August we find record of a grant made to the Abbot and Convent of St. Michael's Abbey, Antwerp, of the advowson of a church in Northamptonshire, with the comment that it was made “in consideration of the long stay which the King and Queen Philippa have made in the Abbey, and of the great easements which they have had there, as well as of the fact that the King's son Lionel has been born there, and baptised in the church of the Abbey”. She seems also to have given material help to the good Abbot's house-keeping, since in the same month the King issued an order to “provide carriage as required for Thomas Spenser, yeoman of Queen Philippa's larder, charged by her to bring venison from divers of her parks and chaces to London, and send the same thence to her in parts beyond the seas,” and later another mandate orders all sheriffs and other persons to “provide the necessary carriage for Queen Philippa's three huntsmen appointed by John de Monte Gomeri, her steward, to take her venison in the present season, and carry the same to divers places in her forest, parks, and chaces, to be kept for her use”. Large quantities of fish were also sent over for the English Court at Antwerp, one entry running, “Five lasts of red herrings from Yarmouth, fifty codfish from Blackheath, and five thousand stockfish from Boston”.

For all her good-nature, however, Philippa would



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not condone insolence and deceit, and when she learned that one Roger Mynot had stolen two horses worth twenty marks, and was wandering about Essex declaring them to be her property and demanding maintenance for them in her name, she indignantly requested the King to send his "serjeant" to arrest the thief and deliver him to the nearest jail. At a time when every citizen might be called upon to provide food, carriage, or aid for any person on the business of the King and Queen, such frauds were constant, and instructions are continually being given to "arrest all those who falsely represent themselves to be purveyors to the King, Queen Philippa, or their children when they are not, and take things and victuals from the people of England and convert them to their own use". When Philippa returned to England, many a case was fought on her behalf against certain bold poachers who had broken into her parks, fished in her fisheries, hunted her deer, felled her trees, carried away royal goods and wreck of sea, conies, pheasants, and partridges from her warrens, trod down and depastured her grass and crops, and assaulted her servants, "whereby she lost their services for a great while". Several chroniclers have declared that the Queen visited England in the autumn of 1339, and took the baby Lionel with her, but there is no official mention of such a journey; and it seems evident that on the contrary the English Court remained at Antwerp for the whole of that year, with short moves to Brussels, Louvain, and Ghent, Edward finding the conquest of France and the manipulation of his foreign allies not so easy a matter as he had hoped. Certain of the States had scruples against aiding him, since

the King of France was legally at least their liege lord ; and these, by the advice of shrewd old Jacob von Arteveldt, he reassured by the calm expedient of announcing himself to be the rightful King of France, quartering the French and English arms together on his shield, and speaking henceforth of Philip merely as the Duke of Valois. The lilies of France thus adopted remained on the shield of England till the reign of George III, when they were removed, but the motto Edward took at the same time, *Dieu et mon Droit*, is still a matter for national pride, notwithstanding the doubtful cause in which it was first used. At last, in September, the English troops marched to meet Philip at Cambrai. Supplies were now falling so low that it was a matter of urgency with Edward to fight his battle at once, and though for some time Philip seemed unwilling to move, a promise was at last wrung from him to meet his enemy on 22 October. Before that date arrived, however, King Robert of Naples, who dabbled much in astrology and had cast the nativities of both opponents, wrote warning him earnestly never to encounter the King of England personally in battle, since disaster would immediately overwhelm him ; and Philip, an intensely superstitious man, promptly retreated from his position ; while Edward, deeply disappointed, was obliged to return to Antwerp.

In December the young Duke of Cornwall, now in his tenth year, joined his parents abroad ; and it is reported of him that in spite of his youth, he was so tall and handsome that the ladies cast eyes at him as if he had been sixteen. He was already a daring rider and an accomplished swordsman, and Philippa must indeed have clung to her latest baby

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when she realized how rapidly her children were growing up. Edward was now again so harassed for supplies that, in spite of a promise to the Duke of Brabant not to leave the Low Countries till the war was ended, he found himself obliged to visit England in February, 1340, in order to induce his faithful Commons to make him fresh grants. He left his two sons and his Queen, who was shortly expecting another child, as pledges of his good faith, only first removing them to the Abbey of St. Bavon at Ghent for greater safety. He sailed for England on February 20, and Philippa gave birth to another son in March, "a lovely and lively boy," say the chroniclers. The child was christened John, had old Jacob von Arteveldt for a godfather, and was known henceforth as John of Ghent, or Gaunt as the English pronounced it, a very notable name in the annals of English history. Years after Philippa's death, when this same John, then Duke of Lancaster, had, by his great influence over his almost senile father, made himself dreaded and unpopular of the people, a wild rumour arose that the Queen on her death-bed had made confession to the Bishop of Winchester (William of Wykeham), that the Duke was no child of hers or of the King's at all: that she had borne a daughter at Ghent who had died within a few days, and fearing the King's wrath, she had substituted the new-born child of a Flemish porter for the royal infant; but she charged the Bishop, if ever this man seemed likely to succeed to the Crown of England, to make these facts public. The absurdity of such a story on the face of it would, one should imagine, have prevented it gaining any credence; but in those evil



days after the good Queen's death, men believed many wild things. It was probably invented as much to spite William of Wykeham, who strenuously denied having set it afoot, as to shake the Duke's own position; and it shortly died a natural death: but if arguments were wanted to confute it, John of Gaunt's particularly Plantagenet appearance, Philippa's own frank and fearless character, her hatred of deceit, and the facts that she had already lost one son, and now had four children living, so that the death of one little girl could have been no such overwhelming disaster, seem fully sufficient to demonstrate its entire untruth.

Shortly after John's birth, Edward made a further "Assignment to Queen Philippa, who had been put to such heavy charges in her stay beyond the seas, as well while the King was there as since his return to England, that the rents assigned to her chamber are not sufficient to meet them; of 2000 marks as a gift from the King". Almost at the same time, a son was born to Von Arteveldt, to whom Philippa in her turn stood godmother, giving him her own name. Jacob von Arteveldt was not, as is generally supposed, a brewer only, but a man of good family who had joined the Brewers' Company, much as any eminent personage to-day might become a member of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers or Grocers. He was also a man of strong and rather noble character, who had risen by natural merit to the leadership of his fellows; nor was Philippa's godchild, Philip von Arteveldt, destined to bear an undistinguished name in history. Von Arteveldt's wife, Catherine of Courtrai, became a friend too to the young Queen of England, and

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many "Lords, Ladyes, and damoselles of Ghent" visited the illustrious stranger during her stay. Her uncle Philip of France did his best to annoy her by skirmishes as near Ghent as he dared come, and by an unfortunate result of one of these, Edward's early friend the Earl of Salisbury was borne away a prisoner to Paris. But on the whole Philippa seems to have been safe enough with her Flemish friends, though they on their part felt anxiously their responsibility and frequently wrote urging Edward to a speedy return.

The proposed treaty of marriage meanwhile between the Lady Isabella and the eldest son of the Count of Flanders was from time to time urgently pressed "for perpetual alliance and mutual aid"; and in the autumn of 1339, the Emperor Lewis vacillating towards France and the news of Joan being very unsatisfactory, Edward wrote to her guardian Lord John de Montgomery, bidding him remove her from her aunt's Court and take her as formerly arranged to that of Duke Otho. He sent money for her to give handsome largess to the towns through which she passed and over which she was one day to reign; and all was accomplished as he wished; she reached the Austrian Court and made the acquaintance of the young prince Frederick, her allotted bridegroom. Shortly after this, Duke Otho died, and the children were left in the charge of his brother Albert, a man of strongly pronounced French tendencies, whom Edward disliked extremely. He suddenly changed his mind, therefore, declared that Joan should not wed an Austrian after all, and sent curt orders for her immediate return. Duke Albert expostulated, but there was

no help for it, and the little girl, herself extremely delighted, started for home in April, 1340, travelling in great state with two chariots and twelve horses, the entire expedition costing £132. 10s. Joan was destined to make two wedding journeys in her life, and never to be married after all; but young Frederick of Austria died soon after her return, so she would not in any case have married him. She went straight to her mother at Ghent, and it is not difficult to imagine Philippa's joy in once more clasping her little daughter to her kind and tender heart.

The children were all now together at Ghent with the exception of Isabella, who remained in lonely glory at the Tower of London, and so much disliked her situation that she persuaded her father, much against his better judgment, to take her out with him when he returned to the Continent in June. Edward systematically spoiled his eldest daughter from the day of her birth to the end of her life, and never could refuse her anything, encouraging in her a love of caprice and a reckless extravagance which both of them must in latter days have deeply deplored. No more foolhardy project could have been devised just now, when it was known that Philip had gathered a great fleet and patrolled the coast, intending to prevent Edward from landing in Flanders; but the King had given his word, and the little Princess, with a great company of "Countesses, ladyes, knightes wives, and other damoselles," embarked on her father's ship on June 22. Three hundred men-at-arms and 500 archers were bidden devote themselves entirely to defending the ladies; and certainly defence was



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needed, for the French fleet appeared off Blankenberg two days later, and though the English had but 200 ships, they sailed straight for the enemy, grappled with them immediately, and fought furiously for the whole of that long hot midsummer day. The French filled their ships with "trumpets and other warlike instruments," says Froissart; and he concludes that "the battle was very murderous and horrible". Little eight-year-old Isabella, below in her cabin, must have many a time repented her obstinacy and wished she had not come; but Edward was never so much at his best as in a fight, and both soldier and sailor stood amazed on this occasion no less at his energy and valour than at his wisdom and naval knowledge. The result of the encounter was a crushing defeat for France. No ordinary battle could have had such an exhilarating effect upon the English; they had long endeavoured to meet their foes without success, and now that the first engagement had been fought, and so signal a victory gained against such heavy odds, they felt themselves well-nigh invincible on sea or land.

The following day the King and his train landed, and paid a pious pilgrimage of gratitude to Our Lady of Ardenberg, where "the King dined, and then took his horse and rode to Ghent, where the Queen received him with great joy, and all his carriage came after by little and little". Thus Isabella rejoined her sister and brothers, and Edward made acquaintance with his youngest son John; but Philippa shook her head at Isabella's advent, pointing out the unwisdom for them all and the injustice to the English people in thus removing the whole royal family abroad for an in-

definite period. Edward could not deny the good sense of her contention. He and his eldest son must of course remain, and Philippa herself would not leave either him or her two youngest children : but the little girls could be of no use in the turmoil of a camp, and were besides at an age when a settled home and some sort of education were essential to them. Isabella would not be so lonely with her sister's companionship ; and in the end the two Princesses were sent back early in August to the Tower of London under the care of Lady de la Mote. Their journey cost £57. 14s. 2d. ; and from the Wardrobe Rolls of the year we are able to gather some idea of the life they lived at the Tower.

Joan was now six, and had two damsels in attendance upon her, but her sister, being two years older and Princess Royal, had three. Alexia de la Mote, probably a daughter or niece of Lady de la Mote, was Isabella's chief damsel, and Lonota de Werthyngpole Joan's : they each possessed a chaplain, but shared their chief cook, butlers, valets, scullions, etc. They were served on silver dishes which were kept in leathern hampers, and they slept in a bed covered with green silk and hung with green velvet ; green seems to have been a favourite colour, for mention is made of two dresses sent them by their mother from abroad, robes of green cloth cut in the German fashion and edged with fur. Fresh dresses were supplied to them for all the chief feasts of the Church, and it is especially recorded that they wore "scarlet hosen". A penny a day was doled out to each for their offertories in church and they were also encouraged to be

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generous to all their dependents and to any who did them service. They had a minstrel of their own, Gerard de Gay, to whom they gave a winter coat by their own hands in the beginning of November, when the days grew cold ; and Isabella also directed a winter coat to be bought as a gift from herself to her *valet de chambre*, Thomas de Bastenthwaite, for leading her palfrey whenever she rode between London and Westminster, which seems to have been a favourite excursion. Another expedition earlier in the year, finds record in the entry, "To John the bargeman and his companion mariners, rowing in their boats the Ladies Isabella and Joan with their attendants across the Thames, and leading them into the gardens ; by their gift with their own hands, 17th September, 12/-". Little Joan had much more retired tastes than her sister, loved needlework and embroidery, and made many gifts to be sent to the friends who had been kind to her while abroad ; among the accounts occur such entries as "£2. 7/2 for gold thread, silk, pearls, and other necessaries bought for the Lady Joan and delivered in her chamber for divers works going on there, to do with them at her pleasure". The people of England felt a personal interest in the little Princesses, and many treats and presents were devised for them : the Countess of Arundel sent her valet from "the parts of Sussex, to bring to the King's children four beasts of chace" ; the Bishop of Carlisle sent his valet from Horncastle with two young hares as a gift to the ladies in the Tower ; and whenever they appeared in public they were always welcomed and serenaded. Yet nevertheless they were often lonely, and wrote long letters



in their own hands to "their dearest father and mother" (the expression actually occurs thus in the list of expenses incurred in delivering the letter); and King Edward always treated Isabella as the head of the family in England, and wrote all instructions of importance direct to her.

It was not, however, so very long before the entire family met once more. The forces brought out by Edward from England in June, added to those already in Flanders, formed a splendid army of 150,000 men, part of which was placed under the command of Robert of Artois; and an immediate move was made on Tournay, which city the English assaulted with great violence six times a day for ten weeks without success. The inhabitants were reduced to great straits, and would no doubt have capitulated shortly, but Edward was already much pushed for means to continue the siege, when a romantic incident suddenly put an end to all hostilities for some time. The widowed Countess of Hainault had retired on her husband's death to a French convent which happened to lie close to Touraine, and to her also King Robert of Naples had written his warning concerning her brother Philip's danger should he encounter her son-in-law upon the field. At this time Edward was endeavouring to persuade Philip to settle their disputes by single combat, certainly the cheapest and most expeditious method of doing so; and Philip could think of no better means of refusing than by stating that the challenge was addressed to the Duke of Valois, and he did not know who that person might be: but the Countess, known now as the Lady Jeanne de Valois, determined to take the

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matter in her own hands, and kneeling first before her brother and then before Edward, implored them both by all they held sacred to cease this hideous warfare. One is surprised to find Edward (Philip is more understandable) consenting to a consideration of terms for peace, but, driven perhaps by his financial troubles, he at last did so ; and four nobles on either side met, presided over by the Lady Jeanne, for three consecutive days in the little chapel at Esplocin in the latter part of September. Here finally truce was made until the following 24 June, a truce afterwards prolonged for another year ; and after two months spent in arranging matters in Flanders (chiefly in getting a loan of 50,000 English marks from Van Arteveldt, for which Edward left his cousin the Earl of Derby as hostage and security), he and his wife and children took ship for home.

A "horrible tempest" attended them on their journey, raised it was supposed by French necromancers in the hope either of engulfing the English King in the waves, or so terrifying him that he would never dare to cross the Channel again. Neither of these objects were achieved, but three days were spent on the voyage, and Edward was in the blackest of tempers by the time the Tower of London was reached, late at night on November 30 ; nor did what he found there greatly serve to calm him. He had written as usual to his daughter Isabella to apprise her of his coming, but owing to some delay the letter does not seem to have arrived in time for this lady of ten years to make adequate preparation for the emergency. The fact was that the children and a few ladies were alone in the Tower ;



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the Constable de la Bèche had gone into the City on his own affairs, and his subordinates had taken the law into their own hands and absented themselves also. It has been facetiously suggested that the King's demeanour on this occasion was the origin of the term "a towering rage," and certainly it very adequately describes his state of mind at the moment; nor can the home-coming have proved a particularly cheerful one for Philippa, who, straight from the terrors of the storm, was obliged to set aside her own fatigues and her longing to embrace her daughters in the urgent need to soothe her husband's fury as she alone could do. Edward's rages were violent but soon over: next day he quarrelled with the Archbishop of Canterbury and all his Ministers, and turned them out of their offices, but was quickly appeased: and the same thing happened at home. The family spent a happy Christmas together, and early in January the King gave a party especially for his children, where his own minstrel Godelan sang to them; and the little girls, at their father's command, gave him a noble, a new coin recently struck, bearing the French arms, and worth about six and eightpence. According to the records, a visit from the physician, Master Philip, followed suspiciously close upon these revels, but the children do not seem to have been indisposed for long.

A week or so later, Philippa went to stay at Langley. Her daughters remained at the Tower, but paid her frequent visits, and much enjoyed riding through the streets of London to come to her, giving alms and receiving blessings as they went. Once they stopped for refreshments at the convent

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at Kilburn, and the nuns were overjoyed at the honour, and received a handsome donation at their departure. In the spring, however, the Princesses left the Tower, and went to Stratford for some time.



## CHAPTER VIII

### PHILIPPA AT HOME.—1341-5

PHILIPPA appears to have been much straitened for money just now, in consequence of the immense sums she had lent to her husband, as well as permitting him to pawn her most valuable jewels. He was, in fact, "bound to her by bill of the wardrobe" for £7375, most of which he paid off by degrees in sacks of wool. Almost all the taxes were paid in this commodity, and it was practically as legal tender as coin of the realm. In November, 1340, the Queen received a hundred sacks from Shropshire by the King's clerk for the expenses of her household; and the following April obtained permission for William and Dolfin Pouche, her merchants and attorneys, and their servants, to take 230 sacks to the Port of London and send them abroad in discharge of certain sums she owed there. All these debts, one is glad to notice, she paid off as soon as she could. A year later, more sacks were sent, "for deliverance of divers jewels pledged by Queen Philippa beyond seas"; and at the same time Edward paid her fifty more sacks in part satisfaction of his debts, and yet again more wool in "part payment" to John de Portenare, who had advanced £2500 to redeem her two crowns and certain other valuables.

One of Philippa's most distinguished claims to

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the grateful remembrance of a later age lies in her early patronage of Queen's College, Oxford. Some historians have endeavoured to detract from the importance of her share in this because she did not herself found the college; but it was founded in her honour and by her chaplain, Robert de Eglesfield; and from the first she fell with ardour into the scheme, and did all possible to her to further the glory and stability of the foundation. Both she and Edward were, for their age, great patrons of literature, and certain of their children became famous in the world of learning. Philippa wrote her own business letters in French with, says Warton, "great propriety"; and later in life she is famed for her protection of Froissart and Chaucer; while the King, though scarcely to be described as a scholar and student, had imbibed from his tutor, the witty cleric Aungerville, an immense interest in letters, could speak or at least understand five languages, Latin, English, French, Spanish, and German; and whenever his active life allowed him time enjoyed the reading of some rare book of chivalrous tales. As early as 1335, an entry of a hundred marks appears in his accounts to Isabella de Lancaster, the nun at Ambresbury, "for a book of romance purchased from her for the King's use, which remains in the chamber of the Lord the King". Thus when, in the beginning of 1341, his wife broached to him her desire of furthering her chaplain's wish, he at once agreed, and on January 18 recorded a "License to Robert de Eglesfield, King's clerk, to found a hall of scholars, chaplains and others, in the parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxford, to be called Queen's Hall".

Eglesfield had been making quiet preparations

for this event for some time, buying certain houses as they fell vacant; and he now set to work to build the hall and form the rules under which it was to be governed. There were to be a Provost, twelve Fellows, and seventy poor young men "to be nursed up and educated in good arts and sciences," and to supply the Fellows' places when they became void; the preference of choice however was always to be given to Cumberland men, since Eglesfield was a son of that county himself. The dominant dramatic sense of the period creeps out in the arrangement that trumpets were to summon the household to refectation, at which the Fellows were to be seated in scarlet robes at one side of the table and the seventy poor scholars to kneel humbly opposite them; but the founder died before this was incorporated in the rules of the college, and the Fellows soon grew tired of donning their scarlet robes at every meal. One curious custom, however, was longer lived—the presentation of a needle and thread in honour of the founder's name, *Aiguille et Fil*, Eglesfield, on every New Year's Eve. It was a clever thought of Eglesfield's to place his college under the patronage of the Queens Consort of England, and many a Queen has nobly come to its pecuniary aid during the last five centuries. At first the community was exceedingly poor, and about a year after foundation, the Provost and scholars made humble petition to the King, imploring him, "to save his soul," to excuse Eglesfield from a debt of nearly £27, since their college had nothing to live upon but the proceeds of the hamlet of Ravenwyk, which was now destroyed by the Scots; and Edward, "considering that they are as yet but moderately endowed, and



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considering that their founder and patron is his dear consort Philippa, and desiring to partake in the pious work of founding such a house," granted the petition.

Philippa herself was much too poor to promise any direct pecuniary assistance to her hall; but she bestirred herself to claim for it many a fat advowson, beginning with the church of Burgh, Westmoreland, of which Eglesfield had been rector; and following with Blechesdon; and then Newbold Pacey, Warwick, which had been held by the Convent of St. Oswald's, Nostell, "from time whereof there is not memory," but which was now at her request alienated to Queen's Hall. This appears a somewhat high-handed proceeding; and not less so an occasion in April, 1345, when, the King having granted the church and mill of Knights Enham, Southampton, together with a large piece of land, to the Dean and Chapter of Salisbury, the Queen heard of it, and since the grant was not yet confirmed, persuaded him to give it to Queen's Hall instead. Four years later, she settled an annuity of twenty marks upon it, to be paid by her receiver of the Richmond estates; and this, with her interest and her prayers, seems the utmost she was able to do.

In June, 1341, while staying at Langley, Philippa gave birth to another son, Edmund; one who also grew up tall and handsome: "Sir Edmund Langeley, full of gentleness," Hardyng describes him. He had the same nurse as his elder brother Edward, Joan of Oxenford, and the same bersatrix, Maud or Matilda de Plympton. Edward could not remain long with his wife on this occasion, as multitudinous affairs were already pressing upon him.

He found it advisable to prolong the truce with France to the end of August ; for his foreign allies were proving shifty, and in none of them but Von Arteveldt could he place any solid faith. The Earls of Hainault and Namur would help him across the Rhine, but both refused to cross the French border ; while the Emperor Lewis, after various vacillations, now at last decided upon reconciliation with the Pope and consequently with France, and, as a natural result, revoked the Vicariate so pompously bestowed upon the King of England three years before. The grant had never done Edward much more good than its revocation was likely to do him harm, but the circumstance was annoying ; and to it fate added a recrudescence of the Scottish troubles. Baliol, grown feebler than ever, was turned out of the country ; and Edward hastened north to check as he best might the ebullitions of his brother-in-law's subjects ; but one only incident of the campaign particularly concerns us. It will be remembered that Edward's friend, William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, had been made castellan of Wark Castle and had subsequently been taken prisoner by the French ; but the women of this day were ever ready to step into the places of their absent lords, and Katherine Grandison, Salisbury's Countess, with her fourteen-year-old son, held the castle manfully against a fierce attack of the Scots. Sorely pressed at last, the young man escaped from the besieged fortress, and reaching Edward's camp at Berwick, urgently begged for assistance, which was instantly accorded. The King marched on Wark, the Scots fled before him, and the valiant Countess entertained her sovereign that night as a guest.

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The tale of Edward's immediate subjugation by her beauty, and of her virtuous and triumphant baffling of his advances has been told times without number, and unquestionably holds some foundation in fact; there seems, however, a doubt whether it was indeed the Countess Katherine who inspired this passion, or her presumptive daughter-in-law, the beautiful Joan of Kent, daughter of Edward's uncle of Kent, who had been so wickedly hounded to death long before by Isabella and Mortimer. Joan had been betrothed in early childhood to Salisbury's son, and as usual in such cases, was brought up by his parents, so there is little doubt that she was in Wark Castle at the time. It is true she was not yet Countess of Salisbury, nor, as affairs turned out, ever became so; but confusion in the matter might easily have arisen. One historian, as a final clinching of the matter, asserts that it is impossible Edward could have fallen in love with the elder Countess, as she was at this time "advanced in years"; her age being exactly thirty-two. The King was thirty, and so far as that goes one may imagine the circumstance to have been rather in her favour. Froissart, too, takes for granted that Katherine was meant, and gives long and detailed reports of her interviews with the King: it is true also that immediately after this supposed incident, Edward ransomed the Earl of Salisbury and loaded him with fresh favours and invitations to bring his wife to Court. Nevertheless, though it is exceedingly difficult to arrive at a just decision concerning the claims of the rival ladies, it is quite possible that Joan may have been the real heroine of the tale. Ultimately, after her brother's death, she became Countess of Kent in her own right and sole



heir of the line, and some chroniclers have supposed her to have already occupied the position at this date, thus accounting for the combination of the "Fair Countess" and Wark Castle : but her brother did not die for nearly ten years after this. Her charm, however, appears always to have been extraordinary. She was known as the Fair Maid of Kent, and wherever she went, men of all ranks forgot pride, love, ambition and even honour in the glory of her beauty and the frantic desire to win her favour. Her character unfortunately did not equal this charm : for she is described as selfish, shallow, cruel, mean, capricious and indiscreet : but she had good reason, if she it was, for resolutely declining the King's attentions. Although nominally betrothed to the son of Salisbury, she had always wielded immense influence over her young cousin the Duke of Cornwall, and in spite of the fact that she was sixteen and he only eleven, she confidently hoped he might one day marry her and make her the prospective Queen of England. Edward was therefore obliged to leave Wark amazed at the firmness and virtue of so fair a woman, and to return to Philippa saved by circumstances rather than his own nature from the stain of unfaithfulness towards her.

A truce with the Scots followed their flight from before Wark Castle, and in the following June young David Bruce, now eighteen, returned with his English wife from the French Court where they had resided for the last nine years. The truce was prolonged, and for a few months the King and Queen of England enjoyed an almost domestic lull, concerned only with the affairs of their family and their people. As usual, so soon as he had a

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moment to spare, Edward organized several tournaments of great magnificence, for the men of this age were never content without war or its semblance, and sometimes indeed there was not very much difference between the two; at certain jousts held this year at Northampton, for instance, several people seem to have been seriously injured. Now also the King arranged for the exchange of his friend Salisbury, who arrived home from his French prison during the summer; and Queen Philippa was shortly after able to welcome her brother, the Earl of Hainault, and her uncle, Sir John, to the English Court, where splendid festivities were held in their honour. At one of these, a tournament at Eltham, young Hainault suffered some injury to his arm, but it does not appear to have been very grave. A notable tournament was also given at Norwich, when the King and Queen "kept their Court at the Bishop's Palace," visited the Flemish weavers, and won golden opinions from all; while early in 1342 at Dunstable, the two young Princesses for the first time took their places in the royal stand at a great tournament, and enjoyed themselves enormously, particularly Isabella, who shared all her father's love for splendour and display. The robes they wore on this occasion had taken eighteen men to make, working hard for nine days under John of Cologne, the King's armour-bearer: and eleven ounces of leaf gold were used upon them; they must have glittered astonishingly. The King himself wore a velvet tunic powdered with small saracens of gold and silver, and embroidered with trees and birds.

This same year the little Lord John, not yet

quite three, was created Earl of Richmond and girded with a sword; while the estates accompanying the title were assigned to the trusteeship of Philippa for the maintenance of her five younger children, Isabella, Joan, Lionel, John and Edmund. Some confusion arises here in consequence of the title having formerly appertained to Duke John of Brittany, and it was at his death that Edward transferred it to his own son; in November, 1343, a gift is recorded to Philippa of all the moneys due to "John de Brittainia, Earl of Richmond, on the day of his death, which should pertain to the King by reason of the sums he was indebted to him on that day". A few years later, however, the new Duke of Brittany, becoming, as will shortly be related, an ally of England, the King revived the title in his favour, and since it had also been bestowed on Robert of Artois, there were practically for some time three "Richmonds in the field". John of Gaunt was, however, known throughout his childhood merely as the Lord John.

For his elder brother Lionel a more ambitious dignity was devised. This boy Edward betrothed to the little Elizabeth de Burgh, an orphan a few years older than himself, Countess of Ulster in her own right, and owner of a good third of all Ireland. Married to her, Lionel might easily when he grew up be raised to the Kingship of Ireland, for Edward laid his matrimonial plans for his children well in advance. The small bride joined the royal nursery at Woodstock about this time, but it is difficult to say for certain at what period the marriage actually took place. Under ordinary circumstances, as has already been explained, prospective wives and husbands were usually brought



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up together from childhood, and when they reached a marriageable age (provided their parents had not changed their minds in the meanwhile), were solemnly married; but in Lionel's case, perhaps because Edward feared lest there should be any slip in the matter, the ceremony itself seems actually to have been performed. All the references to it are, however, very confusing. Thus in May, 1341, the King records his decision that Elizabeth "shall marry Lionel when he is old enough"; in the Wardrobe Book from 1343-5 a gift of twenty marks is entered to Liberkin the piper and his companions for making minstrelsy for the King and Queen at the Tower of London at the nuptials of the Lord Lionel; in May, 1346, Philippa is granted custody of all the lands in Ireland then in the King's hands by reason of the nonage of Elizabeth, "to hold till the King's son Lionel, still of tender age, who *has married* Elizabeth, shall be of age to rule them himself, or till the King give order for the sustenance of the said Lionel and Elizabeth"; in January, 1347, the writs to Ulster are henceforth directed to be made out in the name of Lionel, the King's son, although by reason of his tender age, the custody is granted to his mother; and yet, a year later, Edward gives "to his dearest consort Philippa the wardship of the person of Elizabeth de Burgh, daughter to the deceased Earl of Ulster (slain in Ireland), with her lands and lordships, until Lionel yet in tender years *shall take* the said Elizabeth to wife". At the same time he speaks formally of "the King's daughter Elizabeth, wife to his son Lionel," and yet as long after as 1359, the clerk of Philippa's chapel was paid a fee of £10 for the performance of three marriages, of which the

daughter of the Earl of Ulster's was one, and the other two had certainly only just taken place. Probably some sort of religious service was read over the children in order to ensure the alliance—we have seen that this was done in the case of Edward's sister Joan and David Bruce—and when they grew up, a supplementary ceremony took place. Edward seems to have been very proud of this marriage; and special patents were made out for "Elizabeth de Burgho, the King's kinswoman, staying in England," to nominate attorneys, free her attendants from compulsory service in the wars, etc., while she was still a little girl of nine or ten.

Queen Philippa must indeed have been a wise manager to rule all these various estates granted to her children from their earliest minority, and Edward showed great sense in placing them in her hands. Nor was she the less glad to welcome Elizabeth as a new daughter to her heart because she had just borne and lost another little girl herself. Blanche of the Tower scarcely opened her eyes before death took her: and her history in the records is merely that of the expenses of her funeral. Her tiny effigy, somewhat defaced, with that of a later-born brother, William of Windsor, may be seen in the Chapel of St. Edmund at Westminster Abbey; and at this little tomb the sorrowing mother often afterwards offered alms, jewels, and pieces of gold tissue. For all the children who lived and loved her, Philippa never forgot the dead babies who had gone straight from her arms to heaven: and from the death of little Blanche one notices immediately a more sober gravity in her demeanour, no lack of tenderness to all dependent upon her, but an acceptance of middle age, and an

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increased determination to fill her days with work and thought for others. Her characteristic Flemish motto, *Ich wrude muche* (I work hard), seems to have inspired her greatly about this time, and the further sadness brought upon her by the news of her mother's death worked a good deal of change in Philippa's mind. In a sense Edward may be said never to have grown up; he remained more or less a boy all his life; but Philippa's love for him, like that of all good and wise women for the men who adore them, became more and more protective as the years passed on.

Another possible bridegroom of infant years was committed to the Queen's care in the autumn of 1342; a child with a history requiring some explanation. Arthur III, Duke of Brittany, had left four sons, John, Guy, Peter, and John de Montfort. John the elder reigned after him, and died in 1341, leaving no children. The next two brothers, Guy and Peter, were both dead; so John de Montfort took possession of the Duchy. But Guy had left a daughter, who was married to Charles of Blois, a nephew of Philip of France, and Charles in his wife's name claimed the Duchy. Philip summoned both disputants to Paris to abide his decision, but John, feeling certain he would give it in favour of Charles, hurried first secretly to England, recognized Edward as King of France, paid him homage for the Duchy, received a promise of assistance, and returned to Paris. Philip did what was expected of him, and John pretended to take to his bed, gave out that he was sick and could see no one, and then, disguised as a tradesman, got out of France with four followers, and hastened immediately to Nantes to give battle to his rival. In



almost the first engagement he was taken prisoner and sent to Paris; and Charles considered the Duchy won; but he had not reckoned with Montfort's Countess Joan, sister of the Count of Flanders, a woman whom "no adversity could crush": "with the courage of a man and the heart of a lion," says Froissart. This martial lady rode to Rennes, held up her infant son before the soldiers, and exclaimed: "Be not afraid nor amazed for my lord whom we have lost. He was but a single man: see here my little son, who please God will be his restorer and who will do you much service!" Her words evoked great enthusiasm; and through the winter she seems to have been left unmolested in Rennes, one of the three chief cities of Brittany, the other two being Vannes and Nantes. With spring, however, a great French army appeared; and in spite of prodigies of valour performed by the Countess and her small band of followers, Rennes fell; and she herself was closely besieged in her castle at Hennebon. Now, bethinking her of King Edward's promise of assistance, she dispatched her trusty Sir Amauric de Clisson to England in March, imploring help, and offering an alliance between her baby son and one of Edward's daughters.

One wonders why Edward, already burdened with two great wars, should have allowed himself to be entangled in a fresh dispute, but he seems literally to have been unable to resist the offer of a fight from any quarter. In this case, oddly enough, he was taking arms against the principle for which in his own person he had so fiercely contended, that a man might inherit through a woman rights or properties which she herself could not hold. In

justice to his sense of chivalry, however, it should be pointed out that he had not waited for Clisson's advent to prepare for Lady Montfort's help; as early as February he had been collecting ships, and Sir Amauric was dispatched back again almost immediately with 3000 or 4000 of the best bowmen in England under the command of Sir Walter Manny, whom, said the King, "he loved much, for he had well and loyally served him in many perilous deeds". Manny and Clisson were met with terrible storms, and spent sixty days at sea: it was the end of May before the coast of Brittany was reached. The Countess of Montfort was by now in despair. Hennebon was hard pressed; her nobles insisted she must surrender; in spite of gallant sallies and energetic appeals, it seemed impossible to hold out another day; and messengers were actually on the point of being dispatched to the French camp with notice of capitulation, when the gallant woman ascended her watch-tower for the last time to look out over the sea. There, low on the horizon, fluttered the sails for which she longed. "I see the succour I have so long desired!" she cried. "I see the ships! They are coming!" The English forces landed, the Countess was relieved, and Froissart says: "It was good to see how she came down from the castle to meet them, and with a most cheerful countenance kissed Master Walter Manny and his companions one after the other two or three times, for this was a valiant dame".

Several of the chroniclers assert that so soon as Hennebon was relieved, the Countess herself crossed to England, and left her little son in the guardianship of the King and Queen; but others

maintain that he was sent earlier with Sir Amauric de Clisson. In any case the child was received some time in the summer of 1342, and joined the English royal children in their games and education : Philippa's nurseries were always full and always happy. Little Montfort was a good deal younger than the only two English Princesses, who were also at this time both half-betrothed, Isabella to the son of the Count of Flanders, and Joan to Pedro, son of the King of Castille ; but Edward was by now so prepared for a certain amount of leakage in the matrimonial engagements of his children, that he was loath to decline fresh advances from any quarter, however little advantageous they might appear at the moment. Lionel's future was already settled, and the King now became increasingly anxious to form an alliance between his eldest son and the Princess Margaret of Brabant—alas for the hopes of fair Joan of Kent ! The Pope was urgently applied to from time to time to furnish a dispensation for this marriage, but probably guided by hints from Brabant that he had far sooner marry his daughter to young Flanders, Isabella's prospective husband, the dispensation was continually postponed till Edward at last rather irrelevantly quoted the text " Knock and it shall be opened to you " as an excuse for his constant reminders. Not even this, however, proved efficacious.

If Lady de Montfort did indeed visit England this summer, she can have stayed but a very short time. In July Count Robert of Artois and the Earl of Salisbury, but lately returned from his French prison, sailed for Brittany with forty ships ; and she, says Froissart, accompanied them. Off Guernsey they were attacked by the French fleet, and the



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Countess again distinguished herself, "with a trusty sharp sword in her hand"; but darkness separated the combatants, and Brittany was safely reached. This was Robert of Artois' last campaign. He fell seriously wounded at the siege of Vannes, was taken back to England, and died a few months later in great agony: a curious character, never playing a prominent part in European history himself, but always wielding the most powerful influence behind the scenes. Edward's regard for him was strong and almost inexplicable, for he seems fully to have realized the unstable nature of the man's judgment, yet in many cases suffered himself to be guided by it, and undoubtedly felt his death deeply. Froissart says of him that he was "courteous, courageous, and gallant, and of the first blood in the world. He was buried in London in the church of St. Paul, and the King swore he would never rest till he had revenged his death." Edward did indeed cross to Brittany in October, but does not seem to have effected much, and early in 1343 made truce till Michaelmas, and returned to England.

Philippa was at the Tower of London when he returned in March, and they left to spend their Easter together at the charming retreat of Havering atte Bower in Essex. Havering had been a royal park since the days of Edward the Confessor, when it was supposed to have received its name from the miraculous gift of a ring brought to the saintly King from St. John by angels disguised as pilgrims. Philippa had land here of her own, and we find record on several occasions that she had given or let part of it to persons who had done her some service; she must have been a kind mistress, since her damsels of the chamber were constantly

in receipt of some mark of her favour. Certain of these gifts are very quaintly bestowed, as when the Abbot and Convent of Selby were requested by the King to grant for life a fitting sustenance to Emma Priour, damsel to the Queen, and assured that this should not prejudice their house as a precedent; or when Joan de Carrue, another damsel, got six tuns of wine yearly for life out of the prizes taken in wines at the port of Bristol; or Alice de Bedingfeld, yet another, "in return for her long services," was to receive £20 and a tun of Gascon wine yearly for life, the latter to be claimed from the King's butler in London. Prize wines were, however, a favourite method of paying off claims, and we find them mentioned in many cases: the Abbot and Convent of Coggeshall and their successors were to receive a tun of red wine every Easter from the King's butler in consideration of their promise to find a monk who should daily read a service for the safety of the King, Queen, and their children so long as they were alive, and for their souls after death: while a grant of three tuns yearly for life of the prize wines in the ports of Southampton and Bristol was made to the King's kinswoman, Isabella de Lancaster, the nun of Ambresbury. Sometimes Philippa let lands or farms to her dependents for such pretty fanciful rents as "a rose at mid-summer" or "a pair of hareskin gloves at Christmas"; while to the Prior and Canons of St. Margaret's by Marlebergh she gave a barton, the rents and services of two tenants, six hens, two cocks, common for pasture for a hundred swine, and the use of her sty for the same in Savernake forest all the year round, with the exception of "fence month," and her lawns not to be used: in

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recompense for which she was to have a prize of the ale called *toltestre* out of every brewing they brewed. More often her people obtained land forfeited by traitors, which the King had given his wife; or the fat pickings to be made out of the custody of an heirship during a long minority, with the bestowal of the heir in marriage at the end of it. This was a very favourite method of recompensing services, since the marriage of all minors or widows was a perquisite of the Crown: and it is not at all uncommon to find in the Patent Rolls such entries as the following—"To William Fitz Waryn 'le frere,' for long and great services to the King and Queen Philippa, grant of the marriage of Elizabeth, late the wife of William Latymer, if she will marry him, and if not, of what pertains to the King of such marriage, fine or forfeiture".

On May 12, Edward held a Parliament again, its first business being one of some sentimental import to Philippa. Her eldest son was created Prince of Wales, and invested with a ring, a gold coronet, and a silver wand; but not yet knighted, for an excellent reason, since in two years' time the King could claim a certain tax or "state aid" from all knights and baronets on the knighting of his eldest son at the age of fifteen, and this was an advantage he could not afford to forego. In October, both King and Queen sorrowed with their sister Eleanor in the sudden death of the Duke of Gueldres, who was killed by a fall from his horse. Eleanor had lived very happily with her husband till the previous year, when an odd story is related concerning her. It was noticed that her complexion grew discoloured, a red flush spread over



her face, no doubt owing to some temporary skin affection, but instantly the terrified whisper spread about the Court of *leprosy*, that scourge dreaded through all Europe for centuries after the Crusades. The Duke said nothing to his wife, but quietly separated himself from her, appointing different rooms, but apparently leaving his two little sons in her company without fear. Eleanor, always gentle and meek, having been thoroughly cowed by her mother in childhood, bore the humiliation in silence for some months, until she heard that her husband intended to pray the Pope to dissolve the marriage : but this was too much to endure without expostulation. The temporary disfigurement had already passed ; and one day, in spite of the Duke's orders, she took her two children by the hand, forced her way into his presence, and falling on her knees before him, uncovered the fairness of her face and neck, and implored him to renew his love and not thus cruelly cast her aside. The Duke was much moved, embraced and raised her, and restored her immediately to her former honourable position ; after which they lived for a year in their wonted happiness, and he was then suddenly killed. The poor Duchess got but little comfort from her children. They grew up to quarrel violently with one another, and rob their mother of her dower : and she died at the age of thirty-seven in great poverty. Afterwards the younger son murdered the elder, and himself died very shortly, so that the Duchy reverted to Gueldres' eldest daughter by his first marriage.

Edward's delight in pageants and tournaments never slept all the while he dwelt in his own land ; and what the King loved the people liked, so this

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form of amusement did not often lack. Some jousts given in Smithfield at Midsummer, 1343, by Lord Robert Mozeley, are remarkable as instancing the strong feeling throughout England against the power of Rome : knights representing the Pope and twelve Cardinals offered to hold the Lists for three days against all comers, and the Prince of Wales and his chief friends were their opponents. Holinshed does not relate who were the victors, but since the Prince was only thirteen, it would not be surprising to learn that the Pope's party won. But all such small affairs paled in the glory of the magnificent tournament which Edward himself announced to be held at Windsor early in the year 1344. Many people have confused this with the foundation of the Order of the Garter, which did not take place till four years later, but there is little doubt that in this first assembly lay the germ of that destined later to be the glory and honour of all England. A great cult of Arthurian tradition influenced the country at this time, and in accordance with it Edward named his tournament a Round Table, at which the Queen and 300 of the fairest ladies of England should be present, and to which knights from every part of the world were bidden, and safe-conducts made out for them for fifteen days, from the Monday after the feast of St. Hilary to the octave of the feast of the Purification. During this time no English knight or man-at-arms might leave the kingdom without special permission. The tournament was an immense success, and Edward himself shone resplendent in a "red velvet robe furred and purpled," while the Queen, her daughters and ladies, smiled and glittered in raiment of all colours from their gallery above the throng. Directly all was

over, the King gave orders to his carpenters to build him "a house called a Round Table," 200 feet in diameter, in which 200 people could dine, so that next time the jousts were held they might prove still more magnificent: and for this purpose the great Round Tower at Windsor was erected. Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, the King's cousin, distinguished himself valiantly upon this occasion, and on February 10 Edward issued letters patent commanding that certain "hasilitudes" or jousts were to be held every year at Lincoln on the Monday after St. John the Baptist's Day; that the Earl of Derby was to be the captain of them so long as he lived, and after his death the knights should choose another captain from among their number; but that if the day chosen interfered with the jousts of the Round Table (which he intended to hold every year), they must choose another day within the month. The magnificence of this tournament did not pass however without a dash of gloom. In the *mêlée* the King's old friend Sir William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, husband of the gallant Countess Katherine, was, says Holinshed, "so bruised that he departed this life, the more was the pitie, within eight daies after". His son and successor once again endeavoured to persuade the fair Joan of Kent to keep her affianced troth; but still she put him off with excuses, although now eighteen, an advanced age in those days for a lady and a beauty to remain unwed. And still, on his part, the Prince of Wales made, or perhaps could make, no sign.

Philip of France was furious when he heard of the great tournament at Windsor; immediately



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inaugurated counter jousts of his own, and forbade any of his subjects to approach the King of England's Court. Several had, however, already started, and Philip's entertainment fell flat, since all his best knights were distinguishing themselves at Windsor, a circumstance he never forgave. In spite of the truce, and the fact that Edward never left his dominions all that year, he and Philip bickered violently till it was time for them to fight again; but on the whole the year 1344 was a fortunate one for Edward, and early in it his great crown was at last ransomed from pawn.

On October 10, at Waltham, Queen Philippa gave birth to a fourth daughter, who was christened Mary, and acclaimed from her birth the affianced bride of the little five-year-old heir to the Duchy of Brittany. This child's nurse was Joan de Stodeley; and on October 31 Edward made his wife a grant of the custody of the temporalities pertaining to Westminster Abbey, which lay in his hands since the abbot's death, for her to hold till a new abbot should be appointed. About a month later, she sent her attorney, Thomas de Clogh, to the chancery to surrender these letters patent in her name, saying she would rather not intermeddle in the matter; so the grant was cancelled, and the custody made over to William de Kelleseye, the King's clerk; but she seems later to have resumed it, for early in February Kelleseye's authority is revoked, and Roger Basent is to "answer to the Queen for the temporalities of Westminster Abbey granted her by the King". Earlier in the year she had made a vow of pilgrimage to certain places abroad, but being unable personally to discharge it, ap-

pointed a proxy to do so in her stead, a proceeding apparently regarded as quite valid.

In the spring of 1345, John de Montfort, the rightful Duke of Brittany, escaped from Paris disguised as a pedlar, hurried to England, repeated his homage to Edward, and implored further aid. Edward could not promise much but his good-will, so, having embraced his son and been permitted by Philippa to gaze upon his baby daughter-in-law, Duke John returned to Brittany, and joined his gallant wife in her campaign. But good luck seems never to have attended him, and in September, 1345, "Death clenched his teeth, and so he died. God pardon him! This was John the good Breton." He left his son to the guardianship of Edward, who, immediately the truce was over, appointed Sir Nicholas Dagworth to command the forces in Brittany.

Meanwhile it was long since the King had seen anything of his good friends in Flanders, but rumours reached him that the popularity of Jacob von Arteveldt was by no means so great as it had formerly been. Edward had, however, evolved a daring plan, which was no less than the persuasion of the Flemings to renounce allegiance to their own Count, and take his son the Prince of Wales as Duke of Flanders; and in carrying this out he counted largely upon Von Arteveldt's influence. In January, 1345, he granted a handsome annuity to the worthy brewer "for his gratuitous services and labours, and the heavy charges he had been put to to maintain the King's honour and rights," and early in July, the King and Prince, leaving little Lord Lionel as nominal "Guardian of the

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realm," sailed for Sluys to develop this rather wild scheme. On the deck of Edward's great ship the "Catherine," he received Von Artevelde and the other burghers, and made them his proposal; but it was plain from the first that it was not received with much favour. The Flemings might be at variance with their own sovereign, but they resented the idea of being saddled with a strange and very young prince, and evidently disliked Von Artevelde the more because he championed the notion. However, they would say nothing for certain at the moment. They must consult their fellow-citizens: Edward should receive an answer within a month; and with this he was obliged to remain content. But so soon as the matter was broached in Ghent, feeling ran high; and when Artevelde came near, the whisper went, "Here comes one who is too much the master". That night the great brewer's house was surrounded and himself slain; whereat, says Froissart, Edward was "in a mighty passion and sore displeased". It is true he became somewhat mollified when a deputation of the burghers, nervously remorseful once the deed was done, waited upon him to implore his pardon, and suggested once again his long-cherished desire of wedding his daughter Isabella to their young prince Louis. Louis and his father would not willingly consent to it they knew, but this obstacle might possibly be overcome by force. The scheme was a hazy one: and in any case the first plan had failed, so three weeks after they had set out, the King and Prince returned moodily to England.

Almost immediately after all this had happened,



Queen Philippa's only brother, the young Earl of Hainault, was killed in Friesland, leaving a widow but no children. In this event, the title and Earldom passed to his eldest sister Margaret, Empress of the Romans, who deputed her uncle, the redoubtable Sir John, to govern the country for her until she had time to attend to it herself. A good part of the property was, however, to be divided between the sisters, and this, as proves unfortunately not seldom the case in families, seems to have led to much dispute and quarrelling. In October King Edward sent Sir John de Levedale, Sir William Stury, and Ivo de Clynton, clerk, to Sir John of Hainault, Lord of Beaumont, his "affinity," to beg his assistance in claiming for the King and Queen those lands in Zeeland and elsewhere pertaining to Philippa's inheritance by the death of her brother; but apparently the matter was not to be so easily settled. In the following June Edward gave consent to Theodore, Lord of Mountjoye and Falkynburgh, acting as arbitrators for Philippa and himself against her sisters and their husbands in the matter of the inheritance; but still disputes arose, and in the course of the negotiations, Sir John, so long a faithful friend to England, both in the time of the witch-queen who had enchanted his simple youth and in that of her gallant son who had recompensed his more solid services, was persuaded by his uncle Philip of France that Edward intended henceforth to stop the pension which had been settled upon him. This made him very angry, and without waiting to inquire into the story, he "changed his cote" as Holinshed expresses it, and left Edward's service

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for ever. The next time we find his name mentioned in history, it is as fighting a losing battle for France against England.

Death was rife this year in royal and distinguished circles. Queen Isabella's old friend Adam Orleton died, he who was once Bishop of Hereford and since, by the Pope's will but against Edward's wish, Bishop of Winchester. The King suffered too a real loss in the death of his father's cousin, the blind old Earl of Lancaster. Lancaster had a great and pompous funeral at Leicester, at which the King and both the old and young Queens were present; and strange indeed must Isabella's thoughts have been as she emerged at last from her solitude to stand beside the grave of the man who had once been the staunchest of her supporters in rebellion, and later, undeceived, the foremost to accuse her paramour of crime and treason. Curiously had the waves of that wild storm subsided now, and the grandson of Roger Mortimer (he who twenty years before had held such fierce dominion over her to the destruction of her husband and the shame of her son), was now one of that son's most trusted knights, and wedded to Philippa of Salisbury, daughter of the man who had taken the old traitor prisoner. Old Lancaster left six daughters and an only son, Henry, Earl of Derby, known familiarly as Col Tort, or Wry Neck, about the staunchest friend Edward ever had, and more an elder brother to him than a second cousin. This Derby, on his father's death, succeeded to the Earldom of Lancaster, which a few years later was raised to a Dukedom, and he thus became the second English Duke created, while the King had already on his behalf bought back from Philippa

for £1000 a year the castle and town of Pontefract, which was part of her marriage portion, but had formerly belonged to the Lancaster family. Henry Col Tort had two daughters only, Maud and Blanche, both of whom later made distinguished marriages.



## CHAPTER IX

### CRÉCY AND NEVILLE'S CROSS.—1345-6

ON June 24, 1345, the three years' truce expired ; and Edward sailed for France with his eldest son and 32,000 men on the last day of the month. Lionel remained guardian of the realm, and Philippa guardian of Lionel, with the young Earl of Kent, brother of the Fair Maid Joan, to help her. This young man was married to a niece of Philippa's, Elizabeth, daughter of the Marquis of Juliers ; and no doubt the Queen accepted his help gratefully, for a fifth princess, Margaret, was born at Windsor on July 20 ; and she had therefore much to occupy her domestically in addition to affairs of state. This child's nurse was named Agnes Pore : and Edward, just before he started, made his wife a grant of £2000 to be paid her within two years for the " charges and expenses of the sustenance of the King's children ".

Meanwhile the English landed at Cap la Hogue in Normandy on July 12, finding themselves quite unexpected by Philip, who had raised an enormous army of 100,000 men to meet them at Toulouse, leagues and leagues away. The Prince of Wales having now reached the age of sixteen, his father's first act on landing was to confer the honour of knighthood upon him and his young friend the Earl of Salisbury, bidding both win their spurs as

soon as possible. The army then marched without meeting any resistance through Barfleur, Cherbourg, and St. Lo to Caen, which was reached on the 26th. Here Edward found a paper called the "Ordinance of Normandy," setting forth detailed plans for the invasion and destruction of England as long before as the year 1339, which, although the scheme had so plainly proved abortive, set him in a most furious passion, and Philippa's quiet wisdom not being at hand to dissuade him, he had the town sacked in the cruellest manner, and marched raging on to Rouen. Still Philip appeared paralyzed in Aquitaine, and though the unfortunate peasants burnt all bridges before the conquering army in order to check it as much as possible, such measures could not serve to bring about more than a very short delay. At Poissy, close to Paris, Edward stopped a few days to build a bridge, and ravaged the whole country up to the very gates of the capital, burning and destroying every suburb; but he now began to find that he had gone too far. His daring march, apparently with very little plan, had landed him in the heart of the enemy's country; behind him all was blackened and destroyed, before him lay a long stretch of river-fed country without a bridge to cross, and now suddenly, heartened by a new ally, Charles of Luxembourg, who had joined him at St. Denis, Philip and his huge army made a great swoop to intercept the progress of the English.

Edward hurried straight north to Calais. His army was in size so absurdly inferior to Philip's that it would have been mere folly to risk a pitched battle, unless in particularly favourable circumstances; and often the French reached the in-

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vader's camp to find fires still burning and tables laid but hastily deserted, so close did they follow upon the enemy's heels. Every town Edward passed he burnt, but gave strict orders to respect all abbeys, churches or monasteries: and looking back to see the beautiful Abbey of Beauvais flaming against the sky, his rage broke out again, and he had the culprits hanged, although these were his own men and there was scant time to spare for punishment.

At last the banks of the Somme were reached, and Philip felt he had his foe checkmated; Edward could not possibly cross, and must meet him next day upon his own ground. So the French halted at Abbeville, well pleased: and meanwhile the English found a peasant who told them of the one spot where at low tide the river was still fordable, and after a small skirmish all passed safely over, just as Philip, with tardy information, rushed up to find the tide at full once more. With this start Edward was enabled to choose his position for the battle which could not now be avoided; and he fixed upon the woods surrounding the little village of Crécy. Here his army lay on the night before Saturday, August 26, and early in the morning all were early astir, the King and Prince setting an example by beginning the day with prayer. During the morning Edward divided his men into three companies, placing his son in the foremost, with Sir John Chandos, Sir Thomas Holland, and all the flower of the army to support him: and watching himself from the rear, where he had a post of vantage by a windmill. "Then," says Holinshed, "he leapt upon a white hobbie," and rode round the ranks, encouraging his men before



returning to his own position. About three in the afternoon, the French army appeared, in the greatest confusion, all marching together without any rank or discipline. Philip was advised not to risk a battle till the following day, when his men might be rested after their six leagues march; but he insisted on pushing forward at once, and ordered his Genoese bowmen to advance. The men were exhausted, and had no sooner taken out their bows than a short fierce storm broke over them, the skies being so dark that it was declared flocks of black ravens flew over the field, and an eclipse shadowed the earth. Afterwards, the sun burst out again, and as Edward had posted his men with their backs to it, it shone full into the eyes of the opposing force, who could scarcely see where they were marching. Nevertheless they proceeded, and suddenly all gave vent together to the wild barbaric shout which they usually found struck terror to the hearts of their foes. The English, however, never moved or stirred; again the Genoese shouted, and still their foes remained silent: a third time, accompanied by the pulling of bows, which it was now discovered had been rendered quite wet and useless by the heavy shower; and the unhappy Genoese, in spite of their noise, stood absolutely at the mercy of the English. These now whipped out their own bows, kept safe and dry in cases till the propitious moment; and instantly the "grey goose feathers" whistled through the air, thick and fast, says the chronicler, like storms of snow, men falling in every direction before them. Philip, fuming in the rear, believed the Genoese had played him false, shrieked the command to "Kill me those scoundrels!" and set the field in

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wildest confusion, the French falling upon their allies from behind. The blind old King of Bohemia, asking an explanation of the cries, heard what had happened, and in despair demanded to be led into the midst of the *mêlée* that he might strike one blow and die; and had his wish. It seemed as if the French rout was complete.

All was not, however, to be so easily won. The French rallied, and at one time the Prince of Wales's battalion became so sorely pressed that a messenger rode at top speed to the King for reinforcements. Edward, watching from his windmill, asked, "Is the Prince then dead or mortally wounded?" and on receiving a negative, replied, "Then I will send no help. Let the boy win his spurs; it is his day." This, being reported to young Edward, roused a treble valour within him, and he fought till the end of the battle as a hero indeed. By sunset the French stood hopelessly defeated. Eleven sovereign princes and eighty lords displaying their own banners lay dead: Philip himself was wounded in throat and thigh, and his horse slain under him, but it was still with difficulty that John of Hainault, his ally for the first time, persuaded him to turn his back upon the stricken field and fly. At midnight, loud blows were heard upon the gate of the Castle of La Braye. "Who knocks at this hour?" came the cry; and in answer, "Open, Castellan; 'tis the fortune of France". Philip spent the night here, and next day fled on to Amiens.

Meanwhile King Edward hurried down to the field to embrace his gallant son, and this was perhaps the proudest and happiest hour of life to both of them. The Prince is said on this occasion for

the first time to have worn a suit of black armour, whence ever after he was known as the Black Prince. Another very commonly accepted tradition that after the battle he took the dead King of Bohemia's crest and motto as his own, and thus first introduced the Three Feathers ever since known as the Prince of Wales's crest, cannot, however, be corroborated. John of Bohemia's crest was a vulture sprinkled with golden leaves ; and when the Prince did choose his Feathers, he took first, and for long after carried, two feathers only. Nor were these a "crest" for war, but a "badge" for peace ; and as such were represented, not only on his own plate, but on certain pieces belonging to his mother also. To return to the field of Crécy, great fires and torches were lighted in the English camp that night, and hearty thanks given to God for the victory ; though merry carousals were at the same time not only permitted but encouraged. The following day belated reinforcements for Philip appeared, and were again defeated. The flying French were not pursued, and some accounts declare that a three days' truce was arranged in order that they might bury their dead ; and that the King and Prince of England themselves accompanied the mourners when the bodies of the King of Bohemia, the Count of Flanders (Edward's old enemy, and father of Isabella's prospective bridegroom), and the other distinguished dead were carried to the Abbey of Maintenay. This is not certain, and in any case Edward hurried on as soon as possible to Calais, which he reached on September 3. Thus was Crécy, "this so terrible a bickering," fought ; and, says Grafton, "the English did neither crak nor boast thereof".

Edward sat down before Calais and summoned



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the Governor, Sir John de Vienne, to surrender the town. This being refused, the English King troubled himself little to attack, but built an entire town of streets and shops on the marshes between Calais and the sea, and devoted all his energies to stopping supplies from entering the citadel. He ordered from England food and all necessaries to be sent out and sold in "Newtown the Bold," as he named his erection; and the French naturally doing their best to stop and sink the ships which brought them, convoys were dispatched also, as well to protect the English vessels as to prevent the French from throwing supplies into the beleaguered city; since Edward meant to starve rather than batter Calais into subjection. As soon as he was sure of this, Sir John de Vienne turned 1700 "useless mouths" out of the town. These were the very aged, the very young, and the delicate women; and though one can perhaps scarcely blame the Governor, for these were cruel times and his first duty was to hold the town for the King of France, one is rejoiced to learn that Edward, instead of massacring these unfortunates, as it is certain they expected, gave them food and two silver pennies apiece, and passed them through his lines in safety. But he could not always afford to act thus. Later in the autumn, John de Vienne, trading upon his former generosity, turned out more people, and this time Edward severely left them alone, with the result that many died of cold and hunger.

Philip of France, his chivalry destroyed and his army disorganized, in a frantic hope of relieving the pressure upon Calais, implored his young ally, David of Scotland, to make a counter-attack upon the masterless kingdom of England. David, nothing

loath, swooped south to York, and burned the suburbs of the city. Hotfoot the news came to the guardian of the realm, little Lord Lionel, to whom it conveyed very little, save that he must part from his devoted mother for a time. The lords in the north had already banded themselves against the invader, but Philippa, throwing off now the busy housewife, the anxious mother, and the genial Queen, fell back upon the recollections of her early married life, when for months at a time she and Edward lived in camp; and determined to lead or at any rate to organize her army herself. She hurried, says Froissart, to Newcastle upon Tyne (more probably Durham), where the English forces were gathered, and next day received a message from David, who had arrived with 40,000 men within three miles of the town, to the effect that if her men were willing to come forth, he would wait and give them battle. That very morning he had boasted, as he sprang upon his horse, that he would never alight from it till he arrived, a conqueror, at the gates of Westminster. Philippa, with a very noble composure, though she can have known little of the powers either at her or his command, instantly replied that his offer was accepted, and her barons would meet him in defence of the realm for which she stood surety; but she seems, very wisely, to have had no intention of mingling in the fight herself. She realized just how far a woman, and even a Queen Regent, could help her people in such martial matters, and where her help would turn to hindrance; and on October 17, her army having assembled during the early morning in the Bishop's park at Auckland, she mounted her white charger and rode, says Holinshed, "from ranke to ranke and encouraged hir people in the

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best manner she could, and that done she departed, committing them and their cause to God the giver of all victories". She returned to Durham to pray for their success ; and her army marched on, carrying a huge crucifix in its van surrounded by a forest of banners and pennons, to meet David at Neville's Cross at nine o'clock in the morning.

The battle raged from nine till noon, and the Scots fought valiantly, but with very little method. All ended in their total defeat ; as at Crécy the English archers won the day ; and David, who had boasted of his conquering ride to London, was taken prisoner by a northern squire named John Copeland. Copeland is said by some to have been the Governor of Roxburgh Castle, but this is not certain, and in any case he was a man hitherto of no particular distinction. So intolerable was the shame of this that the young King fought like a demon, two spears hanging in his body, his legs almost incurably wounded, his sword beaten out of his hand, yet, disdaining capture, he even dashed out two of Copeland's teeth with his gauntlet in the frantic hope of goading him to sufficient wrath to slay him rather than take him alive. But Copeland was too canny, and hurried his prize away to his own castle thirty miles distant. To Philippa, at her prayers in Durham, came the glorious news of victory, and once more she sprang upon her white charger and rode out to meet the returning forces. Where, however, was her royal prisoner ? Copeland, if you please, had carried him away ; and the Queen, very naturally a little irritated, sent after him with the message that he "had done what was not agreeable to her in carrying off her prisoner without leave". Having surveyed the battle-field, she





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*From John's "Froissart"*

QUEEN PHILIPPA LEADING HER TROOPS AT NEVILLE'S CROSS



returned to Durham (or Newcastle, as Froissart has it), and next day wrote herself to Copeland, demanding with some hauteur the surrender of his prisoner. He replied that his prisoner was his prisoner, that Philippa might be sure he would take good care of him, but that he owed allegiance to no one but his sworn lord King Edward, to whom alone he would give David up, but to no woman or child in the world.

A good many women, particularly considering the circumstances of the case, would probably have run wild with anger and given violent and foolish orders; but Philippa, always distinguished no less for her sturdy good sense than for her deference to her husband's wishes, remembered the importance of holding the lords of northern England in good humour, and instead of forcibly coercing Copeland, swallowed his insult for the present, and wrote to Edward at Calais an impartial account of the whole transaction. Edward summoned Copeland to repair to him at once: and, placing King David in the care of a trusted kinsman, the young soldier obeyed. "Ha, welcome my squire who by thy valour hast captured mine adversary the King of Scots!" was the King's greeting; and Copeland must have been glad enough when he heard it, for he could not tell but Edward might be in one of his furious rages and order him to execution on the spot. This graciousness disarmed him, and he fell on one knee, explaining that God had been so good to a poor squire like himself in permitting him to effect so magnificent a capture, that he had felt it would be wrong to surrender the royal prisoner to any but him of whom he held his lands, and he apologized, in a somewhat grudging fashion, for any seeming



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discourtesy towards the Queen ; which he assured the King was not so intended. Edward, for all his simplicity and boyishness, seems always to have understood his people and been in marvellous sympathy with them, and while rendering John Copeland as happy as a prince with a knighthood, lands to the value of five hundred a year, and other honours, he bade him return to England and give his captive up to the Queen as soon as possible ; and the young man started back at once, as eager now to obey as he had formerly been reluctant.

Philippa was still at York with her army ; and hither Copeland with a party of friends and neighbours brought the pale angry young King, still weak from his wounds, and delivered him up in King Edward's name "with such excuses that the Queen was satisfied". Ultimately David was brought to the Tower of London, but not apparently by Philippa ; since he was received by the Lord Lionel, seated on his father's throne, on January 2, 1347, and by that time the Queen herself was overseas with her husband. His wounds were in fact so severe that he could not be moved earlier, although all the other Scottish prisoners had been brought south before Christmas : his procession through London, however, consisting as it did of 20,000 men, and all the City Companies in their state liveries, was quite as magnificent and drew quite as huge a crowd as he had ever hoped, though he himself appeared as the conquered rather than the conqueror. The small guardian of the realm greeted his captive uncle with becoming gravity, and had him removed to the Tower of London, whither, not many months later, came another famous prisoner, Charles of Blois, who, wounded

## CRÉCY AND NEVILLE'S CROSS.—1345-6

in eighteen places, was taken in battle by Sir Nicholas Dagworth in June, 1347, and brought in triumph to England by the Countess of Montfort. The struggle for Brittany, however, was not yet over, though one of the claimants was a prisoner, and the other a baby, in England. The wife of Charles, Joan de Penthievre, taking heart from her rival's example, fought on in place of her captive husband; and so fiercely did the contest rage for years yet that, even when peace was made elsewhere in Europe, "the two women in Brittany would not be quieted," says Holinshed quaintly, "but still continued the war the one against the other".

## CHAPTER X

### THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS.—1346-7

FOR many years Edward had been endeavouring to arrange suitable matches for his two elder daughters, now aged respectively thirteen and fourteen. Sometimes it seemed more likely that Isabella would be married first and sometimes Joan; the latter, since her return from Austria, her father had wished to betroth to Pedro, the son of King Alfonso of Castille; but although on the whole Alfonso seemed to approve the idea, the negotiations were carried on in a very dilatory manner. In the autumn of 1344, an ambassador had been sent to Spain about the matter, authorized to offer £10,000 as Joan's dowry, but if necessary to raise the amount to £15,000 or even £20,000. He returned the following June with the news that Philip of France had also offered his daughter, with a larger dowry than Joan's, but that the King of Castille would prefer alliance with England if Edward would promise the same sum and permit a Spanish knight to visit his Court and report upon the appearance of the Princess. This last was willingly conceded; Joan was too beautiful to fear comparisons; and Edward, at this moment literally penniless and in debt for huge amounts, lavishly agreed to the large dowry demanded. Still, however, delays followed. The



King wrote to the King and Queen of Castille, to Pedro himself, to the Chancellor, and even to Eleanora de Guzman, Alfonso's mistress, and perhaps the most really important person at the Court. This woman's influence was somewhat to be dreaded, for she had borne three sons to Alfonso, of whom he was very fond, and it had always been her hope that if Pedro died unmarried or childless, one of her boys might be acknowledged as the heir. Edward wrote ingratiatingly to her, suggesting that her eldest son should be sent to England to be a companion to the Prince of Wales; but Eleanora was far too shrewd thus to drop the substance for the shadow; and although in the end of August, 1345, Joan herself gave consent to the proposed treaty of marriage, nothing more was heard of it for nearly two years, a delay for which it is very evident Eleanora was responsible.

Edward's plans for Isabella meanwhile had never swerved. It had always been his wish that she should wed young Louis of Flanders, and now that the boy's father was dead, the alliance appeared even more to be desired than before. While waiting outside Calais, therefore, he sent for the burghers of the chief Flemish cities, pointed out their dependence upon the good-will of England for supplying them with the raw material necessary for their enormous output of woollen goods, and remarked that this might be endangered if their young Count, in accordance with Philip's wish, married the daughter of his former faithless ally the Duke of Brabant. The burghers were eminently men of sense, and they agreed with the King of England, and wrote to their Prince, who was now fifteen and had been brought up at the French Court, inviting him

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to return to his dominions. Somewhat reluctantly, young Louis came, and the plan being immediately broached to him, indignantly declared that no power on earth should induce him to wed the daughter of the man who had killed his father: a sentiment which would have done him some honour, if it had not been so palpably inspired by Philip of France for political reasons. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Count; he was made practically a prisoner among his own people, daily assured by them that he was very ill advised, and that his father might have been the greatest prince in Christendom had he not remained so French; and finally, the young man's resolve showing signs of weakness, Edward wrote urgently to Philippa to bring Isabella out to Calais and prepare for a wedding.

Philippa had evidently been expected to join her husband earlier than this, for on 8 October, nine days before the battle of Neville's Cross was fought, Edward had issued a writ of aid to the good men of Flanders in favour of the Empress of the Romans, who was "coming to Flanders to have speech with her sister the Queen of England," most probably upon the business of their late brother's estate. The troubles in the north naturally delayed Philippa, though it is worthy of notice that many of the English chroniclers and almost all the Scottish ones ignore her presence on or near the field of battle at all. Yet so detailed an account is given of her actions by Froissart, who, although he picked up his information at this date from hearsay, can yet never be laid open to the charge of sheer invention, that the probabilities seem in favour of her being there, and the more so in face of this evidence of the postponement of her visit to Calais.

Quite possibly Froissart has exaggerated her share in the battle, which was mainly engineered by the Archbishop of York and the lords Neville and Percy; but it is only in keeping with her character that she should have felt the responsibility of the kingdom's peace her own, have hurried to the scene of action and have refused to leave England till all seemed tranquil and till her husband imperatively sent for her. In any case she, with her eldest and youngest daughters and a large party of ladies and demoiselles, reached the French coast some time in November, and were received with great gladness and joy.

It must have been a curious scene upon which Philippa and her train arrived. The temporary town built by the King's orders outside Calais made a brave show, but was somewhat destitute of comfort and convenience; the men, though on the whole well in hand, for Edward as a master demanded strict obedience, were necessarily somewhat demoralized by victory and plunder; and food and drink, though not so scarce as in the beleaguered city, were none too plentiful without it. Nevertheless, many great and distinguished people visited the English Court here, and were royally entertained, and dismissed with magnificent presents. Sir Robert de Namur, that exceedingly handsome youth who had fought for Edward in his Scottish wars and had since married his youngest sister-in-law, was on his way home from the Holy Land when the spirit moved him to join the English banner again, and Edward made him welcome, and undertook to pay him £300 a year for his assistance. A single mention in a rather scurrilous ballad of the day, of a fair lady named Diana, who



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had followed Edward through France, and with whom he wasted hours of dalliance when he might have pushed on the siege, is scarcely sufficient evidence for us to accept the story as true; but it is not by any means unlikely. Philippa hardly looked for a rigid chastity from her husband, who always treated her with true worship and kept for her his warmest and deepest affection; and in those days no woman could ask for more. Nothing further is heard of Diana after the Queen's arrival; but this does not prove she was not there before it, nor that the other knights and princes, during this lull of the campaign, were not engaged in "making love to the lips that were near". Perhaps for that very reason did so many ladies swell Philippa's train, anxious to join their husbands, fathers, brothers and lovers, but Froissart at least declares that all were made very welcome. A characteristic detail is recorded here in the King's first words regarding his latest baby. The Lady Margaret's clothes, he said, were not rich enough; and the keeper of the wardrobe received special orders to see in future that her robes were made of cloth of silk, and in every way befitting her estate.

But Isabella rather than Margaret was the child at present chiefly in her parent's thoughts. This young lady was now fourteen, and truth compels us to state a vain, selfish and somewhat conceited young person. The idea of being married pleased her greatly; but it is unlikely that she was personally allowed to meet the Count of Flanders, who still remained a prisoner among his own people. Certainly she could not have had speech with him, for her father himself did not do so for some months; and it is not pretended that there was any

question of a love affair between them, beyond the natural interest that any girl in Isabella's position might have built upon the figure of a possible bridegroom. Christmas passed, however, kept by the King of England and his Court in "a royal and noble manner," and the winter went on with only occasional signs of vacillation from the obdurate youth. Then at last one day he informed his burghers that he had resolved to accede to their wishes and would wed the King of England's daughter. Immediately all was joy and congratulation. A meeting was arranged early in March at the Abbey of St. Vinoc at Bergues, near Dunkirk, and hither came Count Louis with his burghers and the King and Queen of England with their daughter. Edward took the young Count aside, and assured him with perfect truth that his father's death lay not at his door, that he had ever most earnestly desired his friendship, and was more grieved than words could express when he heard his name among those who had fallen at Crécy; offering moreover to build a church, hospital and monastery to the dead man's memory in order to demonstrate his friendly feeling towards him. Louis appeared perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and the matter of the dowry was then broached. It was settled that Isabella should receive £25,000 of Paris, money of Flanders, as a yearly rent until the possession of Ponthieu was obtained, and 400,000 gold deniers with the shield at certain terms expressed in writing. The young couple then knelt upon the altar steps together and solemnly exchanged their troth; the Count promised to espouse Isabella in the face of the Church a fortnight after Easter, and the two parties separ-

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ated in order to make due preparation for so magnificent a wedding. Philippa was delighted, and "anxious to acquit herself on the occasion with honour and generosity," while Edward and his daughter seem to have been entirely satisfied with the manner in which things had turned out.

But Count Louis had not the slightest intention of marrying Isabella, and fully meant to fulfil the wishes of his father and the King of France by wedding Margaret of Brabant; while by this seeming reconciliation he relaxed the vigilance of his guards and entirely hoodwinked all the wise men of Flanders and England. He was still "attended," however, by some of his faithful people whenever he went out, and escape did not appear so easy as he had hoped. The wedding day was fixed, and time went on till only a week was left. Then, one morning, he rode forth, followed of course, to fly falcons by the river. A heron rose, and he galloped forward, shouting with excitement, seemingly without a thought in his head save the capture of his quarry. His attendants good-naturedly held back that the glory of the chase might be his alone; but he rode on and on, and at last it became evident that some weightier purpose lay in his movements. The heron's course was left; he made straight towards Artois; it was now too late to overtake him, and he never drew rein till he had crossed the French border. So poor proud Isabella had lost her bridegroom.

There was consternation in the camp when this news arrived. No one was more furious than the Flemish burghers themselves, for they feared Edward would believe them to blame, and would



this time refuse forgiveness and remove the precious woollen trade from their shores, and with it all their prosperity. So far as he personally was concerned, indeed, Edward rather gained by the young Count's defection, for the burghers indignantly busied themselves to raise an army of 100,000 men in his favour to appease his wrath, and with this he was glad enough to appear content; for it was not in his programme to quarrel with the Low Countries. But Isabella's feelings in the matter were more complex, and her mother felt bitterly for and with her. There had been, it is true, no particular love affair between the two, and the young Princess could not complain that her affections had been wounded; but the insult was a cruel one to a girl of Isabella's temperament, and the jilting so public and so unexpected as to add ten thousandfold to the humiliation. Miss Strickland thinks that Isabella was in the secret and helped the escape, but there is no confirmation of this hypothesis, nor is it in keeping with the manners of the time that she should have had any opportunity of doing so. On the contrary, other reports state that she clung obstinately to her solemn betrothal before the altar, declaring that such vows could not be annulled, that she was in truth Countess of Flanders, and that she intended to bear the Flemish arms to the day of her death. Of course this phase did not last long. Her parents treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration, her allowance was increased, she was given extra ladies in waiting and raised to much importance; and by the time she returned home in the autumn, her rather vain and shallow nature had quite cast off the memory of this cruel mortification, and she threw herself heart and soul into the

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excitement of tournaments and festivities. She did not in truth lose much in Louis of Flanders, any more than her brother, the Prince of Wales, lost in Margaret of Brabant, whom Louis married a few months later. The young Count, brought up under Philip of France, was shifty and untrustworthy; twice he vowed alliance with Edward, and twice dishonourably betrayed him; while his wife's end was a wretched one. During an absence of her husband's, Margaret found a beautiful young peasant girl named Rose Burchard, whom the Count had seduced and who was about to bear him a child, while still unwitting of her lover's name and rank. The Countess savagely seized the girl, had her nose and lips cut off, and flung her into a damp cell, where she died in a delirium of fever a few days later. Count Louis, returning, heard of his wife's action, and in revenge put her in a loathsome dungeon without window or fire, the only ventilation to which was a small hole through which bread and water were pushed: and here she remained till she died.

Edward meanwhile, disappointed in this matter of his daughter's marriage, threw himself with renewed eagerness into the task of reducing Calais. The unhappy people shut up inside the town must now, he knew, be almost starving; and his own army being reinforced by a large number of knights and squires under the Earl of Lancaster, who joined him from Gascony, as well as the men supplied by the Flemish burghers, he took to "battering" Calais with more activity than ever before. Nevertheless, provisions did get smuggled in; till the Earl of Warwick with eighty ships was told off to watch the coast, and so soon as a foreign vessel

was seen, to chase it and never let go till all the food carried was thrown into the sea. A cruel sight this for those within the walls! Edward built too a strong castle out on a tongue of land between the town and the sea, and filled it with archers so that none could pass, and all approach to the city was closed. The only hope of the Calaisians lay now in their King, and both sides wondered indeed why Philip came not earlier to their rescue. At last, towards the end of July, his army appeared in the distance and halted doubtfully some way from the town: it was in fact by now difficult, not to say impossible, for them to approach any nearer. After a pause for consideration, the gallant knight Sir Eustace de Ribault led a deputation from the French camp to ask speech of the English King. This granted, Sir Eustace explained that Philip merely asked where and when Edward would come out and fight him, as the passes were so well guarded that he could not himself advance any farther. Edward waited till the spokesman had finished, and then quietly remarked that he had now been encamped before Calais for twelve months, any day of which Philip might have attempted to relieve the town; that he had spent an immense amount of money upon the siege, and expected surrender at any moment; and that under these circumstances he had not the slightest intention of being drawn out into the open to risk everything upon a battle when his game was as good as won. He therefore advised Philip to go home and wait until a pitched battle could be fought on fairer terms.

The French King lingered a few days still, and during this time the Governor of Calais made a last despairing effort to get a letter through to



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him. The master of a Genoese vessel took it, and with a French vessel as convoy, actually got past the harbour: but they were immediately chased. The French ship took alarm and went back; but the Genoese pushed on, and might have escaped if only, unfamiliar with the coast, she had not stuck on a shoal, when she was quickly taken by the English. Still, the faithful captain tied the letter to a hatchet and flung it into the sea; only for it to be washed up at the next tide close by the English camp. It was taken to Edward, who read it and found a passionate appeal to Philip for help, since all food was gone, and the men of Calais could not hold out another day. With a triumphant smile, the English King folded it again and sent it on to Philip, watching the French camp to see what would happen. That same evening, 2 August, the French burnt their tents and returned to Paris.

With aching hearts and haggard eyes the wretched people of Calais watched the relief party disappear. For them this was the end. They had held out for almost a year against every sort of hardship and privation, trusting loyally in the will and power of their King to relieve them, and it was now evident that they could hope no longer. A curious contemporary poem by Laurence Minot represents them as exclaiming to one another:—

“Oure horses, that were faire and fat,  
Are eaten up ilk one bidene;  
Have we neither coney nor cat,  
That they are not eaten, and houndes kene,  
All are eaten up full clene;  
Is neither living biche nor whelp,  
That is well in our semblance sene;  
And thai are fled that should us help.”

“They are fled”: that was the bitter note. Philip could perhaps under the circumstances have acted in no other way, but the desertion must have seemed horribly cruel. In any case it was useless to hold out any longer, and early next morning Sir John de Vienne sent to Edward offering surrender if he would grant the lives of the garrison and inhabitants. The King angrily bade Sir Walter Manny go to meet Sir John and tell him he would grant nothing: the whole city should be put to the sword. Manny, like the chivalrous soul he was, induced his sovereign to modify this decree, and finally Edward said he would spare all but six of the chief burghers, who should bring him the city keys, bare-headed and bare-footed, and with ropes about their necks. Amidst bitter weeping, the Governor made known this demand in the market-place of Calais, and immediately the richest man in the town, Eustace de St. Pierre, offered himself for death to save his fellow-townsmen, and was followed by his own son, John Daire, James and Peter Wissant, and one other. These six, with the ropes and keys as ordered, were handed over by the Governor to Sir Walter Manny with the request that “of your goodness, gentle sir, you will beseech the King that they be not put to death.” “I will do what I may to save them,” replied Sir Walter; “but I cannot answer for what the King may do.”

Edward, with his ever-present instinct for the dramatic, had arranged an impressive setting for the scene that followed. He himself sat moodily upon a great chair beneath a crimson canopy of state in his tent; beside him stood his Queen, about him his noble son, his fair daughter, and all the bravest knights and loveliest ladies of the English

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Court. The six wretched captives, gaunt with hunger, and with great ropes about their necks, approached, led by Sir Walter Manny; and fell upon their knees before their conqueror. "Most gallant King," they exclaimed; "we set ourselves in such wise as you see at your absolute will and pleasure, in order to save the remainder of our people, who have suffered much distress and misery. So may you have pity and mercy upon us for your high nobleness sake". All present burst into tears, says Froissart, save only the King, who frowned angrily and swore he would never forgive the folk of Calais for the loss of time and men they had put him to; after which he peremptorily ordered that the six prisoners should at once be beheaded. Courage was needed to cross his path in such a mood, but the gallant Manny, faithful to his promise, sprang forward, crying: "'Ah, gentle King, restrain your wrath! Tarnish not your noble reputation by such an act. Truly the whole world will cry out upon your cruelty if you should put to death these six worthy persons.' For all this," says Froissart, "the King made a sign to his marshal and said, 'Master Walter, hold your peace, I will have it so. Let the headsman come'."

"Then did the noble Queen of England a deed of noble lowliness, seeing she was great with child, and wept so tenderly for pity that she could no longer stand upright; therefore she cast herself on her knees before her lord the King and spake on this wise: 'Ah, gentle sir, since the day I crossed the sea with great peril to see you, I have never asked for one favour; now pray I and beseech you with folded hands for the love of Our Lady's Son, and



as a proof of your love to me, that you will have mercy upon these six men’.

“King Edward waited a while without speaking, and looked on the Queen as she knelt before him bitterly weeping. Then began his heart to soften a little, and he said, ‘Lady, I would you had been anywhere else than here: you have entreated so tenderly that I cannot refuse you. I do it against my will, nevertheless take these men: I give them to you’.

“Then took he the six citizens by the halters, and delivered them to the Queen, and released from death all those of Calais for the love of her.” And Philippa had the six citizens taken to her apartments, the halters removed, clothes and a good dinner given them, and so with six nobles apiece as a gift, they were safely escorted back to Calais.

Although this story is told only upon the authority of Froissart, who had it from Jehan le Bel, Canon of Liège, and it is not mentioned by any French chronicler, there is no real reason to doubt its truth. Philippa had pleaded in just such a way before, and it would have seemed very natural to her to do it again. Nor is it probable, as some have suggested, that the whole scene had been arranged between the King and Queen beforehand; it sounds too spontaneous; and Philippa was not the woman to lend herself to any such deception. Froissart, no doubt, as was usual with him, coloured his narrative somewhat highly, and, of course, invented the speeches given; but they seem to have represented very fairly what was actually said. In certain details he is incorrect, as in describing Philippa’s condition and continuing later that “The King remained in Calais till the Queen was brought

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to bed of a daughter named Margaret". The Princess Margaret, as we know, had been born at Windsor more than a year before : and it is scarcely possible that Philippa should have borne another daughter at Calais, since this would be the only reference to her, for she certainly never grew up, and there is no account of her death or burial, nor is she likely to have been given the same name as Philippa's last child. Margaret of Windsor was undoubtedly taken to Calais by her mother, who was probably nursing her at the time—witness Edward's remark about her clothes, and it is quite likely she was in Philippa's arms at the time when the Queen pleaded for and won the lives of the Calais burghers. This may have led to mention of her as "Margaret of Calais," and thus the whole story grew ; but in all state documents and records she is the Lady Margaret of Windsor.

Having vented his rage in this scene, Edward behaved very kindly to the rest of the Calaisians ; indeed tradition credits him with having fed them so amply that many of them, unused to plenty, died in the night. He also granted immunity to all who cared to remain in the town and swear allegiance to himself ; and many, Eustace de St. Pierre among them, mindful of King Philip's treachery, were glad to take advantage of the offer. Those who did not were allowed to depart, but of course by this means they renounced their houses and possessions in the town ; Philip, however, to do him justice, seems to have done what he could to make this up to them. The houses of John Daire were granted to Philippa, who shortly after took possession of them. Immediately after the surrender, Edward sent Sir Walter Manny and the Earls of Warwick and

Stafford to seize the Castle, and as soon as all was prepared, he and the Queen rode on horseback into the town, heralded by a band of drums and trumpets. This was on August 3, and so much was found necessary to be done within the walls, fortifications repaired, stores of provisions and weapons augmented, etc., that urgent word flew to England, bidding all anxious to come out at once, when free lands and houses should be given them; September 1 being mentioned as the latest date till when this offer held good. It met with a wide response. At first some fear obtained lest Philip might return and attack his enemy, now in a more vulnerable position: but it soon became evident that he had no such intention, and by means of the Pope's intervention, a nine months' truce was arranged before the end of September. All sieges were to be raised and all hostilities to cease: and Calais remained an English possession for over 200 years.

On October 12 the royal family sailed for home once more, and as was almost invariably the case in all Edward's homeward voyages, they were attacked by a violent storm. The King's expostulation to the powers above regarding this phenomenon is given by Walsingham. "St. Mary, my blessed Lady!" he cried: "What should be the meaning of this, that always in my passage to France the winds and seas befriend me, but in my return to England I meet with nothing but adverse storms and destructive tempests?" Apparently his remarks were considered reasonable, for the storm abated, and immediately on reaching England, he made an offering at his father's tomb of a golden ship studded with jewels in gratitude for his de-



## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

liverance from the perils of the sea. Philippa gave a gold heart on the same occasion, and her son a gold cross; but later, at the monks' request, the King redeemed his ship for £100, but left the jewels to the Abbey.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE HORRORS OF THE BLACK DEATH.—1347-9

“THIS peace being made,” writes Stow, “it seemed through England as though a new summer had followed, because of the plentie of all things ; for there was no woman of any name but she had some of the prizes of Caen and Calais and of other cities beyond ye Seas, whereof ye matrones being proude did bragge in French apparell.”

England was in fact in huge good-humour with herself and her King. On regarding the matter dispassionately, Edward had not really accomplished very much for his immense expenditure in men, money and time ; yet never surely had a doubtful cause and a poor result been viewed in a greater glamour of glory. It is a true saying that men are apt to be taken at their own valuation, and Edward's, never low, stood now at its zenith. His soldiers adored him, his people worshipped ; one kingly foe he had utterly crushed for the moment, two others lay captive in the Tower ; the day before he left Calais, his brother-in-law and old ally the Emperor Lewis died of apoplexy out hunting, and the Imperial Crown was immediately and unanimately offered to himself. He dallied for some months with the flattering proposal, but at last, to Philippa's intense relief, declined it ; knowing at heart all too well the constant worry and little

## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

advantage so barren a glory would bring him ; and it was afterwards given to Charles of Luxembourg, son of the blind King of Bohemia who had fallen at Crécy. At this time Edward's daughter Isabella seems to have been more in sympathy with him than any other member of his family. The disappointment she had suffered in the spring had passed off, leaving her rather more giddy and self-indulgent than before : she cared for nothing but excitement, extravagance and display ; and her father loaded her with gifts and honours, gave her seven bed-chamber women while her sister Joan had only three, and from the day he reached England till the end of the following April issued special orders for no less than nineteen tournaments, at almost all of which she was present, magnificently robed and extravagantly fêted. One given at Canterbury is particularly mentioned, as being expressly in her honour, when she and her ladies rode into the town in masks, and were received with splendid festivities.

At this, the moment perhaps of his highest popularity and satisfaction, it is but just that some account of Edward's personal appearance should be given. He was it seems a man of medium height, no giant like his grandfather Edward I, but well and gracefully made, brave, strong, dignified, a good dancer and musician, and with the most fascinating and gallant manners in the world. His face, we are told, was "godlike," his eyes blue, he wore a short beard, and his hair was "neither red nor yellow, but a fair mixture of silver and gold" ; though fierce rage possessed him on occasions, he never sulked, and could always win his friends back with a smile, and his enemies too if





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**EDWARD III**

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he chose. Nothing came amiss to him from the devising of a fresh motto to the conquering of a new kingdom ; he threw himself with inexhaustible interest into every fresh scheme, and was constantly undertaking novel adventures. He had unbounded confidence in himself, and possessed in a curious degree that sense common to many of the best and most popular English sovereigns, of understanding and voicing in person the more inarticulate public opinion of their people. Even where the interests of King and nation conflicted, as in the constant necessity for fresh money supplies, Edward's grand manner and genial smile could usually win him what he wanted. Just at present it was a question of collecting the "state aid" due on the knighting of the Sovereign's eldest son, which had taken place a year before at La Hogue, and out of it he promised Philippa £500, but afterwards said he would give her that separately, as he needed all he could get for his own use. Sometimes he was generous enough to forego this right, as in the case of St. Mary's Hospital, Ospreng, which pleaded poverty as an inability to pay the "Fifteenths, ninths, wools, and aids" due, and was acquitted of the debt. Altogether he makes a gallant figure in history, and a veritable King of romance.

Philippa seems hardly so joyous as her husband at this time. Perhaps she was more far-sighted, and could not live so easily in the present : tournaments and fine clothes were never an end and aim in life to her. She must have been very glad to return to her children : Joan, "the favourite of her mother," as she is called in letters of the period ; that diminutive husband and wife, Lionel and Elizabeth ;



## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

sturdy John of Gaunt ; Edmund of Langley and his inseparable friend the young Earl of Pembroke, who, an orphaned grandson of wicked old Roger Mortimer, was the King's ward and brought up with the royal children ; three-year-old Mary, with her betrothed husband, little Duke John of Brittany ; and now baby Margaret, a travelled young lady to return to her brothers and sisters at home. The elder two, Edward and Isabella, seem by now to have been beyond their mother's charge, and had their own households ; but still she held entire dominion over the younger ones ; and Edward's first action after the conquest of Calais was to make over to her, in trust for her son Edmund, all the castles and lands north of the Trent which had belonged to the late John de Warena, Earl of Surrey. A few months later, he also granted her all the prizes of wines taken in the port of Southampton for the next ten years : and no doubt she needed some pecuniary help, for her affairs must have been difficult indeed to deal with.

It has been remarked of Edward that he was always more ready to be generous to an enemy than just to a friend ; and he gave away posts and honours so lavishly that sometimes he forgot, and granted the same thing twice or three times over to different people, and was then annoyed because they grumbled. All these grand-sounding estates which he bestowed upon his children to be managed for the present by their mother were as often as not a source of more expense than revenue to her, and it must have needed a particularly clear head to deal with them. In the case of this very Warena estate for example, after he had given it to Edmund, it was discovered that the late Earl

had already during his lifetime sold or given part of it away to somebody else; and the King was obliged to appoint a commission to inquire into a matter so "to the prejudice and danger of disherison" of the little Prince. After this was settled, the Abbot and Convent of Roche made appeal that they had always been permitted to have one oak a year from the park of Haytfield on this estate for a tithe, as well as sixteen great animals (no rabbits, if you please!) one stick of eels, and permission to keep their swine in the park; but that now the Queen's bailiffs refused to allow them their rights; and inquiry had to be made into this matter too. After a while, Philippa appointed guardians and controllers for the Ulster estate, but kept the Richmond and Warena lands under her own management.

She was involved, immediately on her return from Calais, in an infinity of law-suits, and it was at this time that she was perhaps less popular than at any other period of her life. This was scarcely her own fault. The reckless habits of plunder and lawlessness which Edward's soldiers had picked up abroad were not likely to be dropped at once in England, and the rights of property and custom were for some time very lightly regarded by them. Philippa held manors and estates, either for herself or her sons, all over England; and hardly one of them was not at this time broken into with violence, game and fish stolen, fences destroyed, damage done, and her servants assaulted and injured. Usually gentle, where her children's interests were attacked, the tiger sleeping in every good mother's heart rose up within Philippa, and she insisted upon rigid justice being meted out for what was after all

## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

as often as not a mere ebullition of high spirits. This made the people angry, and signs of their displeasure appeared in many ways. In April "two of her carts, carrying two tuns of her wine worth forty pounds, and twelve of her horses, worth a hundred pounds, in the carts," were arrested, and detained so long that the wine entirely perished, and the horses died of hunger. Another time, Richard Hegham, appointed to purvey hay, oats, and necessaries for her horses at Nottingham, was assaulted with such violence that his life was despaired of. Again, the King made her a gift of all "fines, issues, amercements and chattels adjudged before the justices appointed to hear cases of trespass in the Warena parks, chaces, and stanks"; and only a fortnight later, it is recorded that evil persons had stolen such chattels to the value of £200. Most significant of all is the case of John le Tailleur, Vicar of Lincoln, who was thrown into prison for his violent language, in that he had from the pulpit publicly excommunicated the late and new parsons of St. Peter, Stamford, and circulated libels concerning the King and "Queen Philippa, his dearest consort, whereof on account of the horror and scandal of them the King is at present silent". The rabid preacher apologized humbly after he had been in prison for some time, and was pardoned: but straws such as these show which way the wind blew.

Of course there was another side to the matter, and the people had some cause for their discontent; the petty needs of the various royal households seem to have been provided for in a very unbusiness-like way. Certain persons were appointed to "purvey" various necessaries for the King or Queen



during a year or longer, and this meant that they took the best they could find from anyone who happened to possess it, leaving "promises to pay," which were usually it is true kept in the end, but it might be months or years before such debts were discharged. Philippa was a woman of thrift, kept careful tally of all her bills, and paid them as soon as she could; but it cannot have been an easy task, considering the haphazard way in which her allowance reached her, the constant occasions on which Edward borrowed large sums from it, the deadlock in the matter of her Hainault inheritance, and the great expenses that the maintenance of so many not very profitable estates on behalf of her children entailed. As an example of the variety of expenses incurred within a few months for her household alone, we note, "Gilbert le Foulere, porter of the Queen's household, to provide carriages, harness, victuals, and other necessaries, for the Queen and her household, to be paid by her wardrobe:" "John de Leuknore, her steward, to appoint men to provide necessaries for her buttery, bakery, and bakehouse:" "Roger Jolif, her usher of the hall, to provide brushwood, coal, litter, and other necessaries for her hall and chamber:" "John Makery ordered by her steward to provide the necessary appointments for her kitchen and pantry:" "Roger de Clune, her treasurer, appoints persons to purvey victuals for her kitchen and scullery:" her steward is to provide necessaries for the office of the poultry, with carriage: William de Swynfleet, clerk, to buy stockfish and other victuals for her household, with carriage: Roger de Nottingham, her ferreter and fisher, to take rabbits in her warrens, and fish in her fisheries and stews; carriage, nets and other

## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

necessaries for which are to be paid out of her wardrobe: John de Neuborne is to purvey wines, etc., for her buttery: and so on. Besides all this, she was constantly engaged in extensive building and repairing operations in connexion with her various estates; and Thomas de Tuttebury, the clerk of her great wardrobe, is frequently ordered to bring her timber from her parks at Havering, Banstead, and Istelworth, and stone from her quarry at Tollesworth and other quarries in the county of Kent, as well as workmen to cart and prepare the stone; all to be brought to her wardrobe at La Reol by land and water at her charges. As she grew older, Philippa's interests seem to have become more and more bound up in her husband and children; and if, at some times, the Martha in her seems to predominate above the Mary, one has to remember that it was entirely for the benefit of these others that she so materially busied herself.

Edward, on arriving home, let his business affairs slide, gave gallant tournaments, wore magnificent clothes, and was adored by his people; Philippa tried unobtrusively to set her house in order, and was not so greatly loved for it. This was in fact rather a demoralized period in England. The excitement of several great victories, the swarms of rollicking archers and men-at-arms overrunning the country and setting the quieter folk agape with wild tales of loot and plunder; the magnificent prizes in jewels, stuffs, and plate which, as Stow says, "no household was without"; all rather tended to loosen that sober sense usually so staunchly held by the English people; and there is no doubt they ran rather exuberantly wild for a time. To some of

the tournaments women came riding astride and dressed like men; "a very shameful thing," say the chroniclers; and even the more gentle ladies had their caps made in the shape of a man's helmet. In Edward II's day the women's dresses had been long and trailing, graceful if rather useless: but now they were made short and scanty; aprons were for the first time introduced and called lap-cloths; new stuffs such as sarcanet and gauze appeared; and the hair was coiled tight in a golden net in order to give full play to the rather ugly gorget, fixed with jewelled daggers. Men wore their hair long; with a rose behind the ear or between the teeth: and furs, silks and gems were heaped together on their garments in almost vulgar ostentation. Nor was it only in personal ornament that the vanity of the period found vent: manners too were very luxurious. There were only two meals a day, dinner a few hours after sunrise, and supper not long before bedtime; but these were very long and extravagantly costly. Knights and princes had spiced wine and cakes and comfits brought to them after they were in bed; while warm baths were constantly and lavishly used. The table appointments too must have been very magnificent. A discharged pantler not long before this was accused of stealing two of the royal salt-cellars, which are described in detail, and sound extremely beautiful and curious. One was of silver, enamelled all over with figures of apes and little birds; and the other of silver-gilt, "enamelled within and without with divers apes," standing on engraved masonry, with an enamelled foot and a crystal lid. Five spoons of plain gold were also missing; but one is glad to learn the



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pantler got his pardon, so probably the plate was found.

There is little doubt that Philippa's chief sorrow at this time lay in the prospect of a speedy parting from her favourite daughter Joan. The Spanish marriage, which had remained so long under discussion, now appeared likely to take place almost immediately. In April, 1347, while still in France, Edward had written orders to the Sheriffs of London for the fitting out of certain ships to sail at once from Sandwich with the "lady Joan, his very dear daughter," and sundry nobles, to him at Calais; but the expedition was again put off, in consequence of objections from Eleonora de Guzman, until after the King's return to England. On 18 November, however, letters of protection were issued for one year to Thomas de Baddely, clerk, who was "going to Spain on the King's service in company with the King's daughter Joan"; and Edward seemed determined now to force Pedro and his father to clinch the matter at once. That the dowry he had so easily promised with his daughter was not forthcoming does not seem to have troubled him in the least; and he appears finally to have sent her off without being very certain how she would be received. Certain Spanish ambassadors had evidently come to England about the matter, for Stow says, "the Earl of Lancaster gave great jousts at Lincoln after Easter in 1348 [this must be a mistake for 'after Christmas,' since Joan had left long before Easter], at which many ladies were present, with the Countess of Lancaster, and the messengers of the King of Spain, who had come to fetch the Lady Joan". One among them who is

more particularly mentioned than the rest was the King of Castille's own minstrel, "the illustrious Garcia de Gyvell," and it seems Joan was greatly honoured in that he should be sent to accompany and amuse her. The royal family's own Christmas had been spent at Guildford, and was a very merry one; the "King's Plays" took place there, and for the last time the whole big family feasted together; a happy occasion for Philippa to remember in after years.

Meanwhile, ships were ordered to assemble at Plymouth, and Edward wrote to Pedro with his own hand of his "dearest daughter Joan, distinguished, notwithstanding her youth, by the gravity of her manners, and the comeliness of her befitting grace," "the favourite of her mother"; while that mother bestirred herself to arrange a worthy wedding outfit for this lovely and gentle child, one day to be Queen of Castille. Joan's trosseau was very magnificent and comprehensive; her wedding dress was of cloth of gold, and, in keeping with her early love of needlework, everything that could possibly be embroidered, glittered with quaint and marvellous designs. Some of these indeed seem hardly appropriate, as when we find the vestments of her chaplains made of cloth of gold wrought with dragons and serpents; but it seems such things were particularly fashionable just then, for the coverlet of her best bed was of Tripoli silk, embroidered with "dragons in combat"—not a very restful notion!—and bordered with vine leaves. She also carried with her entire tapestry hangings for two rooms, with the necessary cords and rings, one worked with popinjays in worsted, and the

## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

other with roses and other flowers. Complete fittings for her private chapel she had of course, carpets, cushions, altar-cloths, and holy plate; and every sort of secular furniture as well. Scarlet and purple saddles embroidered with pearls for herself and her ladies, cloaks, hoods, dozens of beautiful dresses, ribbons, tassels, 12,000 pins, a looking-glass, a bath, a copper warming-pan, washing bowls, two folding chairs, various spices, coffers full of silver plate, including two gilt spoons "for the mouth of the lady," and quantities of magnificent and costly presents. The Bishop of Carlisle and Sir Robert Bouchier, in whose charge she was to travel, were instructed to take her to Bordeaux, and thence send word to King Alphonso and his son at Bayonne on the borders of Spain, saying that her dowry was not yet ready but would follow shortly, and that in the meantime the King of England had sent her, according to his promise, as bride to the infant Pedro. If Alfonso seemed vexed concerning the non-existent dowry, they were either to bring the Princess back, or wait with her at Bordeaux till Edward found it possible to raise the money; but, and this was so important that secret messengers were sent again after the ambassadors to impress it upon them, the marriage was on no account to take place unless Alfonso solemnly undertook that Joan's son, if she had one, should succeed to the throne of Castille.

On Wednesday, January 9, 1348, beautiful Joan Plantagenet set out upon her second wedding journey. Her father and mother accompanied her from Westminster to Mortlake, where they bade her farewell, and thence by slow stages she travelled



to Plymouth, which was not reached till February 6. Here, in spite of Edward's orders, ships were not found ready, and by the time these had been collected, the weather broke up, and the party remained storm-bound for five weeks. At Plymouth Joan spent her fourteenth birthday, and received constant kind and tender messages from her parents. On February 20, protection is recorded for "Master Andrew de Offerd, King's clerk, going to Spain in company with the King's daughter"; and on March 16, "Protection and safe-conduct for Garsias de Gyville, minstrel of the Infant of Castille, lately come from Spain to England, and now returning with the Princess Joan". One Stephen de Cusyngton seems also to have been much trusted in the care of her. At last, on March 21, it was found possible to sail; a week later the party landed in France, and on the 31st entered Bordeaux, an English city, since it was the capital of Guienne. The ambassadors hurried from Bordeaux to Bayonne with King Edward's message, and found themselves graciously and warmly received; all the necessary promises were given, and no objections raised concerning the missing dowry. King Alfonso arranged for the marriage to take place in the great cathedral at Bayonne on November 1, as it would not be possible to celebrate it with sufficient pomp in a shorter time, and meanwhile Joan and her train were to spend the summer and autumn at Bordeaux.

This matter so far satisfactorily settled, Edward threw himself heart and soul into the most magnificent of all the splendid shows and ceremonies of his reign, the institution of the Order of the Garter.

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It is strange to find that of an Order so world-famous and so important even in its beginnings, the date and origin of foundation have never with certainty been established. Some declare it was founded in 1344, confusing it with the Round Table jousts, which may very probably have given Edward the idea ; but as the Prince of Wales ranked as First Knight of the Order and he was not then even knighted, this is certainly a mistake. Others postpone it till 1349, when England was desolated by the Black Death, and it is very unlikely the Court would have had time or spirits for such gorgeous revels. There seems little doubt that the spring of 1348 was the real date. The Round Tower at Windsor was finished long before then, and the Order, though founded in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Virgin Mary, St. George of Cappadocia and Edward the Confessor, had always St. George for its chief patron, and its meetings were held on St. George's Day, April 23, at Windsor. Indeed the Knights of the Garter were known often as the Knights of St. George. As to the story of the Countess of Salisbury dropping her garter at a Court ball, and the King picking it up and to hide her confusion murmuring "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," this is the merest fable, built on the none too secure basis of Edward's sudden passion for a Countess of Salisbury at Wark seven years before. Katherine, Countess of Salisbury, had been a widow now for some years, and had long retired from Court ; while her son still remained unmarried, and if by any chance Fair Joan of Kent, his betrothed wife, was the heroine of this tale, the Black Prince is far more likely than his father to have been the hero. Undoubtedly there

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was something between this young couple, though it was the queerest and most dilatory love-affair ever known. Some have declared Philippa to have been the real heroine of the Garter story, and say that on picking up her ribbon, the King declared in full Court that "if he lived, most high honour should come to pass to be given her for the Garter's sake"; but that the troubadours of the period, thinking the relations of husband and wife too dull for so romantic an incident, transferred it to the lady of the former love tale instead. As a matter of fact, however, the Garter was a very old badge of honour among the chivalry of England. Richard Cœur de Lion, when storming Acre, had bade his noblest knights wear it, whence they were known as the Knights of the Blue Thong; and very likely Edward, remembering this occasion, thought he would perpetuate the idea. His intentions seem to have begun to take shape about the end of 1347, when "Twelve garters of blue, embroidered with gold and silk and the motto 'Honi soi qui mal y pense,'" were ordered for the King's jousts at Eltham. The motto itself seems to have been the merest chance fancy. Edward was constantly devising fresh mottoes, and had one for almost every tournament and every new costume. "It is as it is," was one favourite; and another was "Syker as ye wode bynd," worn with a satin hood embroidered with gold woodbine; while a famous appearance was made by him about this time in a harness of white buckram inlaid with silver, carrying a white swan as his device, and bearing on his shield the motto.

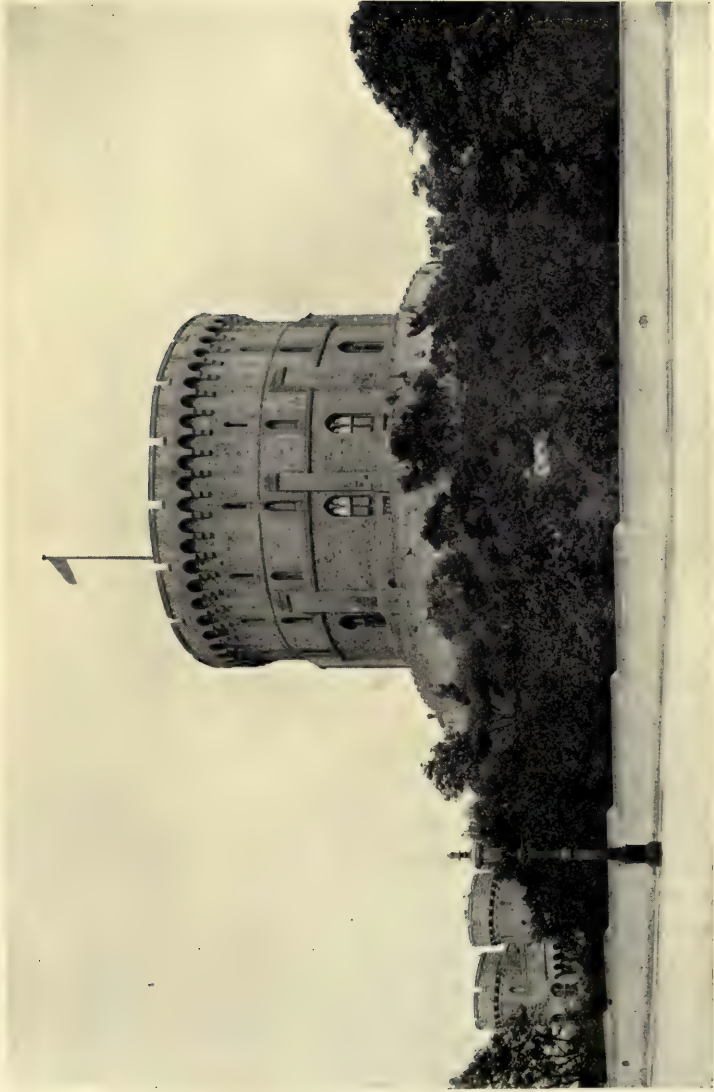
"Hay, hay! the white swan,  
By Goddes soul, I am thy man!"



## PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT AND HER TIMES

“Honi soit qui mal y pense” happened to be the whim of the moment, and by a curious fate remains incorporated with the royal arms of England after five centuries, when all the others are long since forgotten.

The first institution of the Garter Knights must have been a very magnificent spectacle. The King was, of course, Sovereign of the Order, and the Prince of Wales and Henry of Lancaster ranked first among the twenty-four Companions, each of whom paired with a lady, following the Queen; for the *Dames de la Fraternité de St. George* were as integral a part of the Order as the Knights, and each wore the badge and the regulation robes and cloak powdered with golden garters. The Prince, being not yet married, was accompanied by his sister Isabella, who no doubt heartily enjoyed the pomp and splendour of the occasion. The robes of herself and her mother are detailed in the wardrobe accounts of the day, and must have been extremely handsome. The habit was dark blue, no doubt in allusion to Edward's claim to France, this being the royal colour of that country; and the mantle and surcoat alike were made of woollen cloth, the King's tunic being lined with ermine, and those of the Knights with minever. As usual, crowds of foreign visitors flocked to Windsor for the revels, and friend and foe were made equally welcome. David of Scotland was permitted to leave his prison in order to take part in the jousts, where he distinguished himself mightily, and among other noble guests was the Countess de Montfort, or Duchess of Bretagne, as she held it her right to be named, who with her daughter, the demoiselle



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THE ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR  
BUILT BY EDWARD III.





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Jeanne de Bretagne, now dwelt almost entirely in England, leaving the conduct of her campaign to Sir Nicholas Dagworth. Edward gave her the castle of Tickhill in Yorkshire as a residence, but the young Duke her son remained with the King's children at Windsor.

The summer passed in joust and merriment, but all too soon great woe and terror came creeping upon England. The Black Death seems to have been the greatest and most terrible of all the mediaeval plagues wherewith the pages of history are made dark. Later investigation has traced its origin to a great war in the then almost mythical empire of China, which must have taken place some time between 1340 and 1343. In the course of it thousands died, and the corpses lay unburied and rotting till the whole country swarmed with germs of disease; almost the entire population fell before it, and lying still unburied, spread the infection to India, which again was all but depopulated. From here by caravan it came through Arabia and Constantinople to Greece and Italy, and thence, by the summer of 1348, to the whole of Europe. In all twenty-five millions died of it in this continent. Boccaccio has told the tale of it at Florence; and in Avignon Petrarch's Laura was one of the first victims. The horrible circumstances of the disease, the rapidity of its progress, and the practical inevitability of death once the person was attacked, all added to the almost supernatural terror it inspired. The first sign was usually a discoloured swelling under the armpits, after which other swellings might appear, or blood be coughed up, the symptoms varying slightly, but a violent thirst and then a

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sudden coma followed always, and in a few hours all would be over. Breath no sooner ceased than black patches appeared upon the skin, spreading over the entire body, decomposition set in in a few minutes, and a loathsome and sickening smell issued from the corpse. Infection was so strong that it was said to be sufficient to look upon a person afflicted to receive the attack oneself. Nor was it confined only to human beings; dogs, cats, cocks, and hens also died in great quantities from it. A very few people, it is true, recovered from the illness, but the recovery was looked upon as miraculous. No doubt the insanitary habits and dwellings of the age fostered its progress, and the almost impossibility of immediate burial for the victims accelerated its spread. Some few laws were hastily passed to check its advance, but with a futility to be expected. In Holland, for instance, it was forbidden that more than ten people should sit down to a meal together; no mourning was to be worn for the dead, and no shops to be open on Sunday, while funerals, when they could be held, were hurried through as soon as possible.

In Paris two Queens died of the Black Death, and at last in the end of July it reached Bordeaux, where pretty Princess Joan and her ladies sat busy with their needlework, preparing still for the royal wedding approaching now so near. Joan was a healthy girl, but her attendants thought it best to run no risks, and hurried her away from the populous town to the pretty country village of Loremo. For over a month all went well here, and then on the morning of September 2, the ominous marks appeared upon her skin, and in a few hours the poor

beautiful child lay dead. Some speak of a gorgeous funeral for her in the cathedral at Bayonne, the King of Castille and his son following her bier ; but there is no proof of this, and it is much more likely that her body was thrown quickly into a hasty grave in the churchyard of the village where she died.

Here was a disastrous blow to her parents alike in their affections and their hopes. How Philippa received it history never tells ; but it must have gone deep with her. Edward wrote long letters to the King and Queen of Castille and to the mourning bridegroom, crying to the former that "Your daughter and ours was by nature wonderfully endowed with gifts and graces ; but little now does it avail to praise them, or to describe the charms of that beloved one who is—oh grief of heart!—for ever taken from us". Alfonso himself died not long after, of the same terrible plague ; and Pedro succeeded him as King of Castille ; but it soon became evident that Joan was indeed happier in dying unwed than she could possibly have become in reigning as Pedro's Queen. The wife he did take, Blanche of Bourbon, lived and died neglected, poisoned by her husband some twelve years later ; nor was this the only crime of the sort laid to his charge. Eleonora de Guzman, his father's mistress, also fell a victim to his hatred ; and sooner or later many more followed the same road. Immediately on Joan's death, the Bishop of Carlisle returned to England, where he was able to give her sorrowing parents some account of her last moments. All those who had ever served the young Princess were rewarded, and never forgotten by Edward and



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Philippa. Her nurse, Amy de Gloucester, who had already been pensioned, now received an additional yearly sum : and some six months later, Stephen de Cusyngton, "in part satisfaction of the great sum due to him of the time when in the King's service he went in company with the King's daughter Joan, now dead, to Gascony," was granted all the winter crops then growing on the lands of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, void at the time by the death of good Archbishop Stratford.

Meanwhile the Black Death, having reached the coast of France, sprang from Calais to Dover, and spread rapidly over the whole of England and Scotland, the climatic conditions at the time being extraordinarily favourable to its dissemination. "From midsummer to Christmas," says Holinshed, "it continually rained ; not one day and night were dry together." Earthquakes, floods, and hailstorms further terrified the people ; rumours flew of showers of serpents that had fallen in the East, and whirlwinds before which strange and terrible insects had been carried for hundreds of miles. Superstition was rife ; and John Wycliffe at Oxford wrote "The Last Age of the Church," giving 1400 as the latest date for the end of the world. Nobody knew exactly how the awful plague had arisen, and as usual all blame was cast upon the Jews, who were accused of making poison out of owls, bats, spiders and "other venomous animals," and with it poisoning the wells. Thousands died of the Death, which raged its worst in London perhaps from November to Whitsuntide ; a Parliament had been called for January, but was of necessity prorogued, since it was considered dangerous for so

many people to assemble together ; while the truce with France, which should have come to an end in September, was by mutual consent prolonged till October, of the following year. Sir Walter Manny set a noble and practical example in purchasing a piece of ground for the disposal of the dead in Smithfield, and it was reckoned that in this district alone 200 bodies a day were interred while the plague raged ; whilst at Norwich 57,374 people died “ besides religious and beggars ” ; at Yarmouth 7000 out of 10,000 ; and at Bristol the living were scarcely sufficient to bury the dead. “ Many hamlets and villages,” says Knyghton, “ were desolated, without a house being let in them, all those who dwelt in them being dead ”. At last, towards the summer of 1349, some slight diminution in the awful scourge was observed, and by Michaelmas the worst was over ; but the effects of this dire visitation are visible even to-day. It practically made, or at least accelerated, the Reformation, by the enormous mortality among priests, in consequence of which hundreds of men of an inferior class hurriedly took orders, and ultimately brought their profession into scandal and disrepute ; it slew too a good half of the population, and the working man, finding himself in such extraordinary request, could make his own terms, and in the course of a few years doubled his earnings and laid down the first principles of the trade union system. Many regarded it as a judgment upon England for the reckless frivolities of the preceding year, set themselves strange penances to mollify Heaven, and worked hard to amend their ways ; while, as a bit of bathos, Holinshed records as one of its most

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serious results the curious fact that all children born during the year after the Black Death grew up to have "four cheek-teeth less than usual, namely twenty-eight instead of thirty-two, which people before that time commonlie used to have!"



## CHAPTER XII

### THE GREAT SEA FIGHT OF LESPAGNOLS SUR MER.—1348-51

DURING September, 1348, as already recorded, both England and France being devastated by pestilence, the truce between the countries was prolonged for another year, and at the same time, with the intention of arranging a lasting peace, Philip suggested a meeting between the dowager Queens of the rival countries. Some historians have seen in this a diabolical plot to degrade Edward by dragging forward again the wretched story of his mother's disgrace and crime, but it is doubtful if any such trick were intended. The proposal was declined, however, and the quiet elderly woman moving about her son's Court like some dim shadow out of the stormy past was never again called upon to take an active part in political history. The negotiations were made over instead to Henry of Lancaster and the Comte d'Eu, but no satisfactory basis for peace was at this time found.

David of Scotland had now been a prisoner in England for nearly two years, and although kept in no particularly cruel captivity, since he had comfortable rooms in Windsor Castle, made many friends, and was a welcome guest at all jousts and festivities ; yet prison is prison, and his people at

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home sorely chafed at his position, and longed heartily for his return. Mainly, of course, his release was a question of ransom: but Scotland was a poor country and Edward asked a large sum. There was one person, however, whose intercession might so obviously prove successful, that her people very naturally implored her to attempt it. Joan of the Tower, Queen of Scotland, received at her request a safeguard from her brother Edward to travel to England in the early part of October. It was made out to her merely as the "consort of David Bruce," and allowed her a stay of little more than a week in England: circumstances which must have added considerably to her natural timidity in approaching a brother whom she could scarcely remember and who was the most powerful foe of her captive husband. Joan, who is described by Wyntown, the rhyming chronicler of Scotland, in the words,

"She was sweet and debonnaire,  
Courteous, homely, pleasant and fair:"

had been, and remained till the end of her days, a true and gentle wife to a vicious and unsatisfactory husband. Edward and Philippa received her kindly, disarmed her nervousness, and made her very welcome in England for some months; but she was not allowed to enter David's cell, her proposals were quietly but firmly disregarded, and at last she rode back again to Scotland, sorrowful and alone. Edward was in fact kinder to her than she knew, for her husband was already happy with a mistress, and it could have given her little ease to observe how rapidly he had thrown off all interest in his country and his Queen.

The royal family left London early in February, 1349, probably in search of health, for the ominous shadow of the plague lay at its darkest over the capital; and spent their spring and summer at Woodstock, Langley, Clarendon, and other country palaces. Such elementary doctoring as was possible was naturally highly valued during this period of sickness and dismay, and it is not surprising to note that Master Godfrey de Fromound, the King's clerk and physician, is, for good services to the King within seas and beyond, "having by the King's orders many times attended Queen Philippa and others of her household," to receive 12d. daily, and eight marks yearly for his robes—a munificent allowance; and this whether he happened to be with the royal retinue or away. In spite of former failures, Edward made another attempt this spring to settle his daughter Isabella; for on 1 February the Marquis of Juliers was instructed to treat for a marriage between her and Charles, King of the Romans; and to report fully all steps taken in the matter, which, however, came to nothing. Isabella's favourite lady-in-waiting, Isabella de Throxford, died this April, probably of the plague; and the circumstance saddened her greatly for the time. Her extravagances still grew apace, however, and shortly after the King settled another £40 a year upon her "for the petty expenses of her chamber".

At Windsor in June Queen Philippa bore another son, who was named William. Her recovery afforded an excuse for some return of festivity and merry-making, long in abeyance at Court, since the Black Death was now subsiding, and England could draw free breath once more. "At the Feast of the



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Nativity of St. John," says Stow, "the Queen was purified, and great jousts were held at Windsor;" while an official paper of 20 July records that "The King orders his exchequer to pay our Philippa, our dearest consort, £500 to liquidate the expenses of her churching at Windsor". There is mention of a bill for £60 paid by the King "for twelve carpets for Queen Philippa's confinement". In spite of all the attempts at jollity, however, this second Prince William died in infancy, and shares the tomb of his baby sister, Blanche of the Tower, in St. Edmund's Chapel at Westminster Abbey. Little Margaret still remained the baby of the family. One happier accomplishment of this year was the completion, during August, of the beautiful chapel of St. Stephen at the Royal Palace of Westminster, "nobly begun by our ancestors," as Edward declares in his proclamation on the subject, and now at last ready to stand open day and night for prayer and worship.

During August and September Philippa made a royal progress through the west of England, of which one incident only finds record. She spent three days in Dorsetshire, and before she left, made offering of a piece of cloth of gold upon the tomb of Sir Hugh Courtenay, a young knight who had been an intimate friend of the royal family. He had taken part in the siege of Calais, had returned with the royal party to England, been created one of the first Knights of the Garter, and now, aged only twenty-four, lay dead. There were many deaths, of both old and young, to deplore that year in England, another being that of the fair Katherine, Countess of Salisbury, whom some hold to have unwillingly charmed the heart of her susceptible

King; and indeed it was a sad and unfortunate period altogether. Scandal came very near the royal family in the person of Fair Maid Joan, who, on her betrothed husband the Earl of Salisbury at last claiming her promise and carrying her off by force, announced herself to be no maid at all, but wedded secretly three years earlier to jolly Sir Thomas Holland of the Blind Eye, formerly Steward of the Household to Salisbury himself. Here was a question for the clerks to settle, for she had been contracted so long before to the young Earl that nobody knew which tie was the more binding; but the Pope being referred to, decided that since she and Holland had actually lived together privately as man and wife, the lesser evil would be to let him have her. The former promise, however, was considered so solemn and irrevocable that it was necessary for an actual divorce to be pronounced between Joan and Salisbury, who is always given in any genealogical table as the first of her three husbands.

All this cannot much have pleased Edward and Philippa, and there is little doubt Joan had kept her marriage so secret in the hope that her cousin the Prince might yet come forward to ask for her hand, in which case, she could plead the irregularities of her two unions as a sufficient excuse for slipping out of both. This plan was now baffled: Salisbury married instead Elizabeth de Mohun; and Joan fell from the rank of a Countess to that of plain Dame Holland. The husband she had married, however, was a distinguished man, one of the first Knights of the Garter, member of a family which boasted nine Knights of that Order in three

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generations, a notable warrior of Crécy and other campaigns, and now no less remarkable for thus carrying off the beauty of the Court under the noses of every sighing noble in England. The Prince's attitude on this occasion appears very enigmatical. Indeed Philippa's eldest son presents a curious character to the student of history, who, in many cases, finds the regrettable necessity of totally reversing traditional judgments, and cannot but paint the Black Prince, brave indeed as his father, but cruel from youth, cautious, coldly selfish, and never inspired by any generous enthusiasm. It is true he would not easily have won consent to marriage with his cousin, but he was nineteen now, of mature age as it was then considered, and if he had really evinced any ardour in the matter, both his parents were far too warm-hearted to have long withstood his wishes. Yet he stood silently by, with watchful eyes on Joan, and saw bluff Thomas Holland carry her off without a word. There is no doubt he desired her, but perhaps her deceitful and scandalous conduct had disgusted him for the moment, and in any case he never cared to range himself on the unpopular side. Yet he remained good friends with Joan, and as years went on and her boys and girls were born, even stood godfather to two of the children.

Philippa was still busy all this year with the affairs of her many estates. In the preceding September she had received an order of protection for her men and merchants of the town of Galway, Ireland, and for their ships, goods, and merchandise to trade for two years in England, Ireland, Wales, Gascony, Flanders, and all the King's dominions ;



this autumn she let two manors to William de la Pole for 250 marks; while during the winter a French ship laden with "wine, fruit, hides and other goods for the King's enemies" was arrested as a forfeit at Bristol, and at Philippa's request the whole rich prize was made over to her. In September, too, the King granted her the keeping of the lands of the late Philip le Despenser during the minority of his heir, together with the marriage of the said heir, which, properly managed, should provide her a rich income. Considering that the late Philip's widow was still living, and about a year later, the Queen sold back to her the custody of a great part of the lands and the marriage of the heir for a large sum down, this transaction seems hardly fair; but such a case was, as a matter of fact, a jealously-guarded perquisite of the Crown, and neither Edward nor Philippa could have been expected to forego it. A good part of the royal income arose from minorities and marriages, and there was nothing very surprising in an entry occurring not long after to the effect that "John de Shenle is appointed to seize the body of Elizabeth, one of the daughters and heirs of John de Wolverton, tenant in chief, within age, whose marriage belongs to the King, and to bring her with all convenient speed to Westminster, to be delivered to the keeper of the King's wardrobe there". But if Philippa insisted upon her rights and privileges, she at the same time never forgot to reward her friends and attendants; such entries are constant, and almost monotonous in their wording. Edmund Rose, the King's yeoman, married Agnes Archer, the Queen's damsel, and for their good services the pair received

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an annuity of forty marks. Forty marks yearly at the exchequer were made payable "at Queen Philippa's request" to her damsel Elizabeth de Vaux. John de Talworth and his wife Perota got twenty marks yearly for good services to the King and Queen; while ten pounds yearly was granted severally to Roger and Agnes Belet, and to Peter and Elizabeth de Routh, with the condition that if either of the parties should die, the annuity should be continued to the survivor. Queen Philippa also this year presented a cask of Gascon wine to the lady Amy de la Vache, wife of Sir Richard de la Vache, K.G.; and besides all these, she busied herself to obtain another advowson, that of Shawe, for her Hall at Oxford. A few months later, being apparently unable to obtain sufficient workmen for the making of a park she wished at Brixstoke, the King himself issued orders to his yeoman, Walter Wyght, keeper of the said park, to hire carpenters, workmen, and attendants, and to see that all was finished as soon and as completely as possible; with the proper dykes, lodges, deer-leaps and enclosures; trenches to be cut, palings repaired where necessary, and the wood of certain trees either to be sold or made into charcoal as should seem best for Queen Philippa's interests.

In spite of the truce with France, there was constant activity among the enemy, and Edward found it necessary to watch his coasts with due vigilance lest he be taken unawares. Late in December he learned that an attack was to be made on Calais on the last night of the year, and that Sir Almeric de Pavia, an Italian knight whom he had made Governor of the town, had been bribed to admit the

French. He ordered Sir Walter Manny to go to the defence, himself and his son choosing to fight as private gentlemen beneath Manny's banner, and with many a gallant feat of arms, the French were beaten back and Calais town held firm. Once more, flushed with victory, the King and Prince returned to Philippa, and the Feast of the Garter was celebrated with exceptional splendour this April at Windsor, the country being at last free from the dreadful shadow of disease. The King, his son, and the other Knights of the Order, all robed in russet with blue Garters and mantles, walked bare-headed to the Royal Chapel, where Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Winchester and Exeter. Having devoutly attended this service, they took part in magnificent jousts, and finished with a gorgeous banquet served at the Round Table in the great tower at Windsor, which had been built in ten months and cost Edward the sum of £500. The table was actually set in the gallery which ran all round the tower, and the knights sat at it upon one side only, with their backs to the wall, so that they could look and talk across the hall at their comrades. The servants' passage ran under the gallery, with an open space between.

The early spring had already brought news of two French weddings. Old Philip of France married Blanche of Navarre, a pretty girl of eighteen; and his son John allied himself with the wealthy and widowed Countess of Boulogne; but only seven months later, Philip died at Nugent le Roy, on August 22, 1350, and was succeeded by his son John, who immediately confirmed the truce,



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which had already been extended till August 1, 1351. Another royal death brought fresh enemies to England. Alfonso of Castille expired of the plague in March, and was succeeded by his son Pedro, who should have been Edward's son-in-law, and whose claim to the throne he therefore heartily supported. But an elder brother of Pedro's had died leaving a son, Charles de la Cerda, who held a prior right, and who, being cousin to the King of France, claimed and got his help, if only as a side means of attacking England without ostensibly breaking the truce. The trouble began with marauding raids of Spanish pirates upon the English coast, which soon became so daring and were perpetrated by such large numbers of ships that it was evident the movement could be no longer looked upon as a mere private enterprise. In the beginning of August news arrived that forty Spanish ships had assembled at Sluys with the intention of invading England; and Edward sent word to the Archbishop of Canterbury to pray and bid all the clergy of the country pray for the defeat of the intruders; while he himself promptly set out with Philippa, the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Lancaster, little Lord John, and 400 knights for Winchelsea. Here the Queen and her ladies parted from the rest and retired to a neighbouring convent, whence they could watch the seas and pray for victory, while the army embarked at Sandwich on August 28. Philippa, whom one would have imagined fairly inured to the risks of war by now, seems to have been more troubled upon this occasion than ever before. It is true the odds stood heavily against her husband, for his ships equalled

but a fourth part of the Spanish fleet ; yet in all his victories hitherto he had been greatly outnumbered, and the circumstance only appeared to render him more daring and more successful. Still, Philippa had not been actually present at the beginning of any of these battles, and did not fully know the dangers till they were over : nor had her little boy John ever yet taken part in one. John was only ten, but a great pet with his eldest brother, who insisted on taking him with him in his own ship ; and it is perhaps small wonder that the mother of both and wife of the King should have remained behind in some apprehension, for much was risked that day.

One of the most curious characteristics of these times is the carelessness and indeed the absolute glee with which royal and noble knights staked every day, not only their lives, but the happiness and actual safety of all they loved or who had claims upon them, on some reckless and foolhardy adventure. One cannot but admire the dashing gallantry of it, even while realizing, as apparently the knights themselves never did, the disastrous results which must have ensued had fortune not favoured them. Perhaps the mere madness of the attack carried them through where more prudent nations considered, hesitated, and were lost ; and certainly one cannot claim that luck alone won all the victories of Edward and his son. Both possessed cool heads, quick eyes, and the absolute confidence of their men, appealing thus both to the practical common sense and the romantic imaginations of those they led ; and their orders seem to have been fully as aptly given and as triumph-

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antly carried out on sea as on land. Edward himself set sail this time in his favourite ship the "Cog Thomas"; his two sons were in another vessel, and Lancaster in yet a third; Sir Thomas Holland too was of the party. For the whole of Saturday, the fleet cruised about seeing nothing; and Sunday afternoon being warm and misty, the King, dressed in a black velvet jacket and a black beaver hat which "became him well," sat upon deck, and commanded his minstrels to play a German dance which had been brought to England by his trusted knight Sir John Chandos. From time to time the King glanced up to the castle on the mast, where stood certain look-out men watching for the Spaniards, but these gave no sign, and the minstrels played right merrily, and never, says Froissart, was the King more joyous. After a time Chandos sang himself, and being an accomplished musician, won great praise from the King; in the midst of which came a hoarse cry from above, "Ho! I see one coming that looks like a Spanish ship!" Instantly the music stopped, and all listened breathless. Again the voice shouted, "I see two, three, four—God help me, I see so many I cannot count them!" "Sound the trumpet," shouted Edward; "and get the ships under way."

Almost before the knights could throw on their armour, the whole Spanish fleet burst out of the fog around them. The English tactics were childish elementary and direct; but they served. Each ship ran straight for a Spaniard, grappled her, and hung on with bull-dog tenacity, fighting till the English could get on board, and fling all still living into the sea. The Spaniards dropped huge bars of



wood and heavy lumps of metal upon their opponents, hoping thus to sink their ships, in which they often succeeded. Both the King and the Prince had ships sunk under them, and only just conquered a prize in time to scramble on to it and see their own vessel go down; indeed, the Prince would have drowned with his, had not the Earl of Lancaster sailed up in the nick of time to his other side. The "Salle du Roi," under Sir Robert of Namur, was just being carried off by the huge Spaniard to which she had hooked herself, when "a varlet called Hannekin" leapt on the foe's deck and cut the yards of her mainsail, which fell heavily, entangling and injuring many of her men, and so saved the English ship. The day ended in a glorious victory for England. In all fourteen (some say twenty-six) of the Spanish ships were lost or taken, and having pursued the rest back to the French coast, Edward and his fleet anchored at Rye and Winchelsea a little after nightfall, when, says Froissart, "the King and his sons took horses in the town and rode to the monastery where the Queen was, scarcely two English leagues distant. She was mightily rejoiced on seeing her lord and children; for she had suffered that day great affliction from her doubts of their success, for her attendants had seen from the hills of the coast the whole battle, as the weather was fine and clear; and had told the Queen, who was very anxious to learn the number of the enemy, that the Spanish had forty large ships: she was, therefore, much comforted by their safe return. The King and his knights passed the night in revelry with their ladies, conversing of arms and amours".

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This battle, which is known by the title of *Lespagnols sur Mer*, and which won for Edward the proud title of King of the Sea, has been little noticed by historians. It was quickly over, and the Spanish troubled these coasts no more for many years, but it might very easily have been the means of dealing a crushing blow at the prestige of England; and had the King or Prince been slain or captured, it would have taken years before the country could have recovered her position. As it was, an almost magical good fortune followed the English; their numbers might be paltry, their cause doubtful, their methods wild, still they remained unconquered, and the circumstance gave them an increasing confidence and their foes an ever-growing dread through every fresh campaign. But Philippa, as a looker-on, saw more of the game, and realized that all this could not last for ever. Of late she has appeared chiefly in the rôle of the much-busied woman of affairs, and it is almost with surprise that we find this other side of her many-sided character emerge—the tender mother and the anguished wife. Yet it was always there, and always the strongest instinct in her; though she was a strong woman, with that calm, steadfast strength that is not easily shaken. Many women might have envied Philippa, great Queen, wise Regent, worshipped wife, dearly-loved mother; but as another little English queen said many centuries later, "They don't know the difficulty". Philippa already saw the inevitable downfall of all that had been too quickly raised upon too giddy a foundation, and though this catastrophe arrived not in her lifetime, there is little doubt that



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**A SEA FIGHT**

*From Johne's "Froissart"*





the imminence of it greatly saddened her latter days.

Still for the moment all was joy and victory, and the royal family returned to London to be acclaimed by the populace, and to prepare for what was apparently an excessively severe winter. Early in October, Thomas Leggy, citizen and merchant of London, was charged by the Queen "to purvey furs and other things pertaining to the mistery of peltry for her and the King's children in her custody and the members of her household, and to hire workers in furs". She at the same time granted to Thomas, son of John de Berkampstead, and William Fifhide and his sons, ten waggon-loads of wood suitable for firewood, beeches, oaks, birches, etc.; to be taken from near her manor of Berkampstead in Ashdown forest yearly for her life at any time they chose; together with free ingress and egress, common of pasture for thirteen cows and a bull through the year, and for their issue while sucklings; also for thirty swine, and all this to be retained after her death. The cares of her many estates pressed heavily upon her again this winter. Her house and buildings at Castle Devizes, Wiltshire, needed repairing; and carpenters, plasterers and stonemasons were engaged for these; whilst at Mortlake in October, she leased to Thomas de Colleye her manor of Stratfield Mortimer, Berks, with its park, mill, etc., during her lifetime for the sum of £40 a year. She reserved to herself in this case all the knights' fees, advowsons, marriages, venison, fisheries in stews, stanks, lakes and dykes, swans, rabbits, and "all other royal liberties"; while on his part the tenant undertook to keep the

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place in complete order, provide timber for the roof when necessary, plough and manure the soil, and not to keep too many swine or little pigs—rather a vague condition. Apparently Thomas de Colleye found the advantages to himself somewhat small in this very complete repairing lease, for about a year after, he complained to the King that he could get no profit from the herbage of the park, out of which a great part of the farm ought to come, because his, the King's, mares, colts and fillies were always kept there. Edward on this agreed to give the Queen as lady of the manor 5s. apiece for the sustenance of his beasts, and she passed the payment on to her tenant, who was thereby satisfied; but a few years later, old Roger Mortimer's great-grandson being restored to his dignities and estates, this manor of Stratfield Mortimer formed part of them, and other arrangements were made.

The royal family seems to have employed many different doctors and apothecaries, and early in January, 1351, one Bartholomew Thomasyn, described as "a citizen of London, born in parts beyond the seas, but who from his youth up has made his stay in the city of London, and has there a permanent domicile, wife, and children," was rewarded by the King for his good services to himself, Queen Isabella his mother, and Queen Philippa his consort, by a grant of the full liberties of a citizen of London, and a quittance of the 3d. in the pound and other customs paid by aliens on all goods exported and imported. About the same time a curious entry appears in the Rolls to the effect that "William Pouche, who had been taken from the Flete prison



where he lay under debt to the King, and by the King's order had been permitted to go beyond seas upon some difficult business for him and for Queen Philippa, is so much occupied by the said business that he can by no means return to prison at the time appointed, and is therefore by the King's order not to be molested". In August Philippa started important works at Banstead, and her carpenter William de Ledecombe was appointed to engage stonemasons, plumbers, and other workmen, and to arrange about carriage for the necessary materials. But the most important business transaction of the year lay in her enterprise in opening up the coal mines of Tynedale and the lead works of Derby. The commercial prosperity of Great Britain owes indeed far more than it is aware to that great-hearted Flemish lady, Philippa of Hainault. Her shrewd common sense first placed upon a sound working basis the woollen manufacture of Norwich; and her keen eye first saw the possibilities lying dormant since the reign of Henry III in the Tynedale mines, and the chances of wealth to be got from the lead of the High Peak country. The coal mines had been abandoned in consequence of the Scottish wars and raids till now, when the King granted his wife permission for her bailiff, Alan de Strothere, to work certain mines at Aldernstone, and these proved so successful that shortly after other mines were sunk, and a fresh source of revenue for England opened up. In February she obtained permission to appoint one Thomas de Clogh, already her keeper of the castle, town and honour of High Peak, Derby, keeper also of the forest and lead mine and all appurtenances, with

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full power to search the forest for cattle and trespassers; for all which she paid him twenty marks a year, with robes and brushwood. In May he was charged by her to hire men to work the lead mine for her use; and she also engaged a certain John de Moneyasse, who undertook to "find lead from time to time as required by the King and Queen for their works in London," and to arrange as well with men, mariners, and ships for its transport from the Peak to London.

## CHAPTER XIII

### DOMESTIC TRIALS.—1351-5

THE better part of the year 1351 was enlivened once more with preparations for another royal wedding. The Princess Isabella, now nineteen, beautiful, wealthy, extravagant, and capricious, was pleased to fall violently in love with a humble adorer, a certain young Gascon noble named Bernard Ezzi, son of the distinguished diplomat of the same name, and Lord of Albret. There was no political importance to be gained from such a union, but Edward had hitherto been so unfortunate in his matrimonial plans for his children, and he had always found it so impossible to deny Isabella anything she demanded, that she had little trouble in winning his consent to this very inconsiderable match. Early in May he wrote to Ezzi the father concerning "our very dear elder daughter, whom we have loved with special affection," and warmly agreed to the betrothal "with mutually glad hearts". Nothing is said of Philippa's approval, but so shrewd a woman cannot have failed to perceive that although the young man was genuinely and desperately in love with so exalted a young lady as the Princess Royal of England, the whole affair was the merest caprice on Isabella's part. Nevertheless, preparations were pushed on. Grants were made, with



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the consent of Parliament, both to the Lord of Albret and his son, "in consequence of the marriage to be contracted between him and Isabella, the King's first-born daughter": and several of Isabella's old attendants were handsomely pensioned off. There is mention of payments "to Joan de Fostebury, for great labour long time endured in company of the King's daughter Isabella," and again "to Margery Ingelly, for good services to the King's daughter Isabella, and because she is now too old to labour as she used"; which sound as though Isabella's attendants enjoyed no sinecure. Edward was determined his favourite daughter should be honoured with a sufficiently splendid wedding, and gave orders to hang the Royal Chapel at Windsor with cloth of gold for the occasion; but on the Lord of Albret requesting that the marriage should take place in Gascony instead, he seems to have raised no objection, and indeed to have regarded such a suggestion as quite natural, as in the case of a royal prince it would of course have been. He settled a handsome portion upon Isabella, with the rather curious condition that if for any reason the marriage never took place, she should still retain it: this almost seeming as if on second thoughts he regretted his consent, and were half-bribing her still to give up her lover while there was yet time.

It went without saying that Isabella's wedding outfit should be no less gorgeous than that supplied to any former royal bride. The details of her dresses would fill pages to describe, and all were embroidered in silver or gold with trees, doves, bears, and all manner of curious devices. Special

mention is made of a costly mantle of Indian silk, furred with ermine; while she had much valuable jewellery, many beautiful chaplets, and in particular 119 "circlets of silk and pearls," each ornamented with an Agnus Dei in gold on green velvet, and probably intended for wedding favours. It was settled that the bride should leave home immediately after Christmas, and about the middle of November Edward issued orders to Walter de Harewell, his serjeant-at-arms, to "arrest" five ships in ports and places west of the mouth of the Thames for her passage, while all masters and mariners bound for Gascony were instructed to assemble at Plymouth, in order to conduct her to those parts. Then, quite suddenly, just a week or so before she was to sail, Isabella changed her mind, and said she would not marry Ezzi after all. Entreaties and remonstrances were of no avail: she decided she had nothing to gain and all to lose by such a marriage: she kept the money, and one presumes the clothes; and the unhappy Bernard Ezzi, alone and broken-hearted, returned to Gascony, renounced all his rights in favour of his younger brother, entered a monastery, and died very shortly after.

Edward seems to have taken a perverse delight in his daughter's conduct of this affair, and heaped honours and estates upon her as if to emphasise his approval. Certainly the match could have been for nothing but love, and if Isabella were not sure of her heart she was right to break it off even at the last moment, but there were circumstances of peculiar perfidy on her part; and if it be true, as the French say, that "*Il y a toujours une femme qui se*

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*venge de l'autre,*" she had taken excellent care in this case to make a true man pay for the misdeeds of a false. Philippa perhaps foresaw the catastrophe from the beginning; at any rate she took little part in the wedding arrangements, and her daughter's action only served, unhappily, to widen the gulf between them. Isabella enjoyed a quite unique position at Court, with all the advantages and none of the duties of a married woman; there were twelve years between her and her next sister Mary; she had her independent household and a generous income with no calls upon it but for her own amusement, and if, in spite of this, she never paid her servants and was constantly in debt, she knew well that very little wheedling was required to get anything she cared to ask from her father. The situation was a new one in English society; hitherto every Princess, unless destined for the cloister, had been married at fifteen; and it was left for Isabella to demonstrate how pleasant a time a single woman, wealthy and well born, might enjoy. But Philippa, burdened with all the tender cares of a young family, and hugging the high principles to which the least of debt spells degradation, could not approve her daughter's self-centred butterfly existence, and saw but little of her at this period. She too was harassed for want of funds, and at the close of the year it is recorded that the King pardoned her for life the yearly rent of fifty-one shillings due to him for her manor of Langele Marreys.

Slow negotiations had for some time too been proceeding concerning the Hainault estates. The whole matter had now been placed in the hands of



the faithful Henry of Lancaster, who by means of great tact persuaded the widowed Empress to abdicate in favour of her eldest son William, who thus became Earl of Hainault and Duke of Bavaria. William was an amiable if weak-minded youth, and always a great favourite with his English aunt and uncle—pardons are recorded at his request—so matters now were very quickly and amicably settled ; and in the following spring, the young Earl married Lancaster's elder daughter Maud, who had been the widow of the Earl of Stafford at six, and was now only twelve years old. Both Edward and Philippa were pleased at the marriage, which took place with great pomp at Westminster in the presence of the whole Court ; and almost immediately after, Henry, now created Duke of Lancaster, accompanied his daughter and her husband back to the Continent, leaving his only other child, little Blanche, at home in England. He had not been successful in another mission with which Edward had charged him, to arrange a marriage between John of Gaunt and the baby daughter of the Count of Flanders, Isabella's perfidious bridegroom ; and it was destined instead that in a few years' time that same little golden-haired Blanche should herself wed the Lord John, and bring him a great inheritance and a famous title.

Lancaster encountered many adventures while on his diplomatic errands abroad, and on one occasion was suddenly arrested and thrown into a German prison at the command of some mysterious personage whose name he could not discover. After some days' thralldom, and the payment of a stiff ransom, he regained his liberty, and on pushing inquiries

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concerning his captor learnt him to be the Duke of Brunswick, whom he promptly and publicly accused before the Marquis of Juliers and several others of dishonourably detaining him with the intention of handing him over to the King of France. Such a charge could not be ignored, and Brunswick sent heralds after Lancaster flatly denying it, and offering to decide the question by personal combat. There being at the time truce with France, King John's Court was held the proper place to decide the matter, and Lancaster obtained a safe conduct thither for himself and sixty attendant knights. He was received with great honour, and as he still insisted upon his charge and Brunswick as strenuously denied it, the lists were set before the whole Court for the trial by arms. Both Dukes appeared upon the field prepared for combat, and both took a solemn oath that their cause was just and that they bore no charms or secret weapons about them ; but whereas Lancaster's voice was firm and strong, Brunswick turned pale, hesitated, and dropped his shield as he spoke. On this the King of France refused to allow the duel to proceed ; but Lancaster, absolutely declining to withdraw his charge, left the field with all the honours of war.

Although on this occasion King John seems to have respected the truce, it was constantly and wantonly infringed upon the very flimsiest of pretexts. His sense of honour was to English notions woefully lacking, and the greatest indignation was caused at Edward's Court by his treatment of the noble Comte d'Eu, Constable of France, whom Stow styles "the Earl of Ewe". This gentleman had been taken prisoner a few years earlier, and had

spent some time in a kind of honourable captivity at Windsor: the King and Queen both granted him their friendship; he played a distinguished part at the great jousts: and was at length permitted to go free to France in order to collect his ransom. No sooner had he arrived in Paris, however, than King John sent for him, had him arrested, and ordered his execution without any proper trial. It was supposed that the King's jealous rage had been roused by his vassal sharing in the splendours of the English tournament while the French "Knights of the Star" met with very scant recognition from the rest of Europe; but the reason given was that the Count had treacherously entered into a compact with Edward to sell him the castle of Guisnes. Whether this story were true or not, so much resentment was roused against John among his own people that many of his nobles immediately renounced their allegiance to him and joined Edward, and the very castle of Guisnes itself was shortly after made over to the English King.

This was not the only evidence of treacherous conduct both to foes and friends on John's part. In the spring of 1351, in spite of the truce, St. Jean d'Angély was so straitly besieged by the French that the garrison sent in despair to Edward for help, since all their food was gone. Edward had the letters read twice to him, remarking that they contained "a reasonable request, to which he must listen"; and the fortress was relieved for the time, though subsequently taken by John. Affairs in England meanwhile were still troublesome. David of Scotland was allowed to return home in September, 1351, to attempt the settlement of his ransom,



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but was unable to arrive at any arrangement, and returned to prison the following spring. An attempt was made at more peaceful conditions with Ireland, and in the same September pardons were granted to several Irish outlaws, "on condition that they bore themselves faithfully to the King and people, and counselled and helped the Lord Lionel in the recovery and maintenance of his rights there": the counsel and help being of course rather more for Lionel's mother. Philippa continued to be busy and kind during this year and the next. She granted to her yeoman John de Sahan, in consideration of his long services to her, the constableness of Pevensey Castle, "with the herbage of the castle for his life so far as in her lay," with sixpence a day for his wages, and the castle to be well stocked with men and victuals; all on the understanding that no fault or mischief should come to it in his time. Her damsel Margery de Sutton was also granted lands at Tickhill, forfeited by the trespass of one Robert Clarell, then dead: another damsel, Elizabeth de Vaux, with an annuity of forty marks for life, got a farm as well; and her clerk, Augustine Waleys and his wife Maud received lands at Haveryng. John de Melford, her yeoman, for long services to the King and Queen, got twelve pence a day for wages about this time; Hugh de Segrave, on the same conditions, got the office of crier in the Bench, with fees and all profits; and John de Keynesham, who already had the keeping of the park at Keynesham for life, now in consideration of good services to the King's consort Queen Philippa and to his son Lionel, obtained in addition the keeping of the little park, outwood, and warren, to

be held for his life at the wages of threepence a day. In the spring of 1352 the Black Death again returned, though in a much milder form, to England; but it does not seem to have interfered materially with any of the Court festivities. The Feast of St. George was celebrated as usual at Windsor with great pomp; and Philippa's offering at High Mass on the occasion is particularly mentioned.

Sir Thomas Holland and his wife the Fair Joan appear to have quickly fallen into monetary difficulties. In August, 1352, a grant is recorded of "100 marks at exchequer to Thomas de Holand and Joan his wife the King's kinswoman, yearly for the said Joan's life, in aid of sustenance, unless her brother shall die without heirs of his body". Whether they would long have kept out of debt with this assistance will never be known, for only a year later the young Earl did actually die without heirs, and Joan became Countess of Kent and Lady de Wake in her own right, with all the revenues and estates pertaining to the titles in her own hands. In the summer of 1353, she and her husband gave formal consent to the assignment of certain manors to her sister-in-law the widowed Countess, and they thereupon took up their position once more in Court society, quite forgiven for their very unconventional wedding. Holland was summoned to attend Parliament the same autumn, and a few years later assumed the title of Earl of Kent in his wife's right.

During the summer of 1353, Holinshed speaks of a great drought, when there was no corn for the people, and "beeves and muttons waxed deere for want of grass". Young William of Hainault, hearing of this distress in his wife's country, brought

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“many ships of rye to London for the relief of the people who pitifully pined, if not utterly perished through the present pinching penurie”. Philippa claimed this March, as her right of wreck, a certain ship named “La Marie,” which certain merchants of Berwick had chartered from Flanders for home, and which was wrecked off Saltfletehaven in Lincolnshire. Some of the sailors were saved, but the ship was broken up, and evil persons carried off the goods and victuals, which belonged legally to the Queen; Edward therefore appointed a commission to inquire into the matter. In September, Margery, widow of John de Ravensholme, and her heirs, in consideration of her services to the King and Queen Philippa, was granted £100 yearly at exchequer; and a little later, one Peter Malore, chivaler, prisoner in the Flete for debts to the King and Queen Philippa, was set free to find the money to pay them, and was not to be arrested at any other suit till he had done so. At the same time Edward granted the manors of Weden Pynkeneye, Northampton; Cosham, Wiltshire; and Swalclyve, Berkshire, to his daughter Isabella for life, she still finding her income too small for her expenditure.

Philippa's mind was much troubled about this time concerning the futures of her two younger daughters. Mary had been betrothed from her birth to the young Duke of Brittany, whose rival, Charles of Blois, had been a prisoner in the Tower since 1347; but Blois, now wearied after five years of captivity, begged his release of Edward, offering a great ransom and his alliance against France in exchange; the pledge of his friendship to be a marriage between his son and the little Princess Margaret.



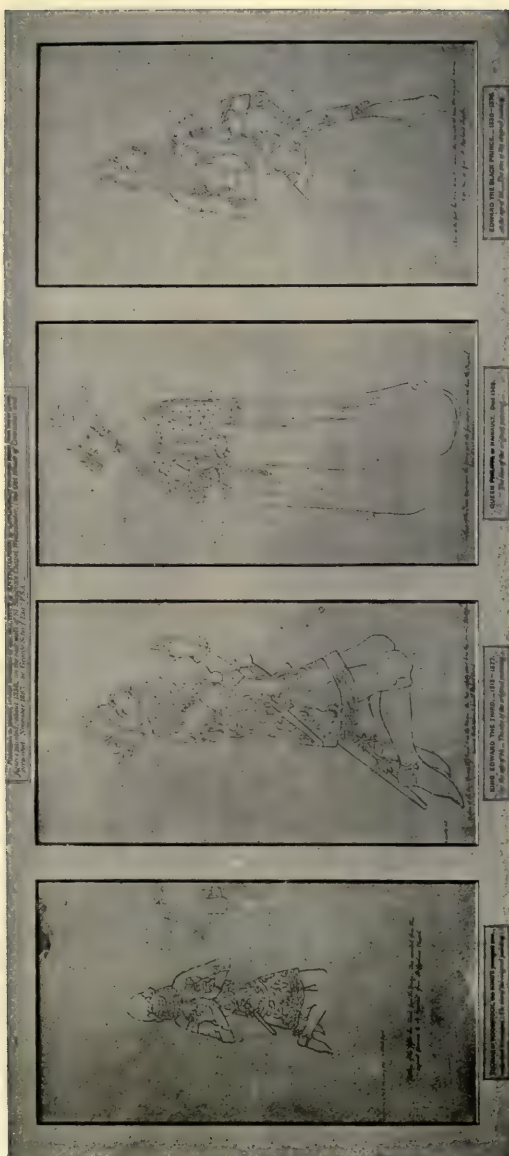
Edward seems to have seriously considered the idea, which had also the approval of the Pope, and since Blois was first cousin to Queen Philippa, no doubt he hoped for her good favour also; but though she would not actually interfere with any action the King chose to take, it is clear she viewed the proposal with the greatest distaste. Honest Lancaster spoke roundly out against it. It would not be possible, he pointed out, for the sisters to marry rivals, so if the offer of Blois was accepted, faith must be broken with young de Montfort and his mother, a very grave blot on Edward's honour; nor was it in the least likely that Blois would really keep his word, and desert John of France, to whom he was very necessary, and who would certainly stick at nothing to retain his support. Nevertheless, in the summer of 1353, Blois was permitted to return to France, leaving his two sons and daughter as hostages for the promised ransom of 40,000 florins; but young de Montfort, now thirteen years old, getting wind of the transaction, appeared at a great tournament in Smithfield in resplendent armour for the first time as the Duke of Brittany; and since Edward here recognized his title, the cause of his rival was again lost. Blois hurriedly collected the promised sum for his ransom, got a dispensation from the Pope for the wedding, and hastened back the following autumn to find his hopes once more baffled. As an excuse for his action, Edward pointed out that some of Blois' people had attacked a castle of his, in consequence of which he had regarded the proposed treaty as broken: he therefore refused to accept the ransom, and Blois was obliged to return to captivity for

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two years more, this time with the society of his daughter to cheer him, though his sons were dismissed to France.

The war had by this time lasted so long that murmurs were not wanting in England against the unnecessary waste of men, time, and money; and during the Parliament held in September, 1353, Edward adopted a conciliatory policy, and informed his people that he had sent the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Lancaster to offer King John terms of peace; but that these had been met only with a contemptuous silence, and he must therefore in honour continue the war; for which he needed fresh subsidies for three years. That his terms had been rejected is scarcely surprising, when we learn that his offer was to renounce all claims to the French Crown on condition that Guienne, Ponthieu, Normandy, and all the lands he had conquered in France, Brittany and elsewhere, together with the obeisance of Flanders, should be his without paying homage. Nevertheless, the matter was laid before the Pope at Christmas, when finally, as Holinshed puts it, "all went to smoke that had been talked of".

By January, 1355, it was understood that hostilities were to recommence as soon as possible, and great preparations were made for a fresh expedition. The Black Prince was this time appointed his father's Lieutenant in Aquitaine, with full power to take homage, make treaties, buy horses, and transact all necessary business: and England was mightily busy all that spring. In January orders were given that no horses were to be exported from the country; in March that all ships



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*From the Paintings at St. Stephen's Chapel*  
**THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR ELDEST AND YOUNGEST SONS**





were to be gathered together at Southampton and Plymouth and placed at the King's disposal; in June the Archbishops were commanded to pray for the success of the national arms. And in the midst of all the hurly-burly, Philippa's youngest child Thomas was born at Woodstock on January 7.

In spite of all his great preparations, Edward found time in March to hold "a great jousting at Woodstock, for honour of the Queen who was then purified of her son Thomas". Shortly afterwards Prince Lionel, now seventeen, was knighted, and the Duke of Lancaster created Chief Admiral of the English Navy. In the end of June the Black Prince and his army left London for Plymouth, and sailed in September for Bordeaux. Edward himself and his sons Lionel and John, with the Duke of Lancaster, reached Calais on November 2, leaving Philippa and little Edmund of Langley in charge of the realm; but they were not alone for long. King John hurried to Calais to meet his foe, who had started the campaign in his usual fashion by ravaging the neighbouring country, when he suddenly received news that the Scots had once more risen against him, and that Berwick was attacked. In his old fury he swore that "he would never sleep in any town more than one night till he reached Scotland," and leaving the whole French campaign in the hands of his eldest son, he hurried back, kept his word, held his Christmas that year in Newcastle, and relieved Berwick in the first week of January.

## CHAPTER XIV

### POITIERS AND AFTER.—1355-8

DAVID of Scotland was still at this time a prisoner at the Tower, but not for want of negotiations for his release. In September, 1351, he had been permitted to return to Scotland for a short time, but, unable to arrange the necessary terms, was obliged to yield himself prisoner again the following March. Again in July, 1353, he went to Newcastle while his devoted wife stood hostage for him in London, but yet again he had to return. A year later, however, in July, 1354, it really seemed as if satisfactory terms might be agreed upon, and Edward promised to release him on payment of 90,000 marks in yearly instalments, which agreement was confirmed in October: but before the necessary conditions were complied with, John of France, fearful before all things of an alliance between England and his own ancient allies, bribed the Scots to refuse payment, and the wretched David saw his hopes fade and himself sent back to captivity.

About this time, Baliol, whom Edward in stately parlance termed "Our dear cousin Edward, King of Scotland," weary of his barren honours, terminated his inglorious career as a puppet King by surrendering all his rights to his protector the



King of England, solemnly handing him the royal crown and a handful of Scottish earth and stones, and receiving in return promise of a pension of £2,000 a year, to be paid him quarterly. This ceremony took place at Roxburgh on January 17, Berwick having been relieved four days earlier; and after it Baliol retired as a private gentleman to his estate at Hatfield, Yorkshire, and his name troubles history no more. A pardon is recorded to him once for poaching on the royal estates, and seven years later he died almost forgotten at Doncaster. Edward meanwhile, having received the crown, announced his intention of governing Scotland himself; and marched farther north into the country. The Scots laid all waste before him, so that his men and horses could obtain scarcely any food; but in spite of this devastation, known as the "Burnt Candlemas," he pushed on to Edinburgh in order to meet his fleet with provisions at Leith. In consequence of a terrible storm, however, the ships were all destroyed, and he was obliged to retreat by land: a bad business, in which he was constantly harassed by the wild and unexpected attacks of the hill-men, and on one occasion at least was all but taken prisoner. One can picture the relief of Philippa when he reached London safely in March with his two young sons.

Not only the King and Queen but all the people of England were burningly interested throughout this winter in the campaign of the Black Prince. Gascony had welcomed him uproariously, promising to help him "make a good war"; but he soon found their ideas on this subject were mainly concerned with booty and plunder. He himself, young,

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brave, adventurous, and rather merciless to human suffering, was nothing loath to sweep ruthlessly through the more agricultural and less defended provinces of France, taking but seldom holding towns and castles with "great persecution of men, women and children, which was a pity," says Froissart. "For you must know this was before one of the fat countries of the world, the people good and simple, who did not know what war was, and no war had been waged against them till the Prince of Wales came. The English and Gascons found the country full and gay, the rooms furnished with carpets and draperies, the caskets and chests full of beautiful jewels. But nothing was safe from these robbers. They, especially the Gascons, who are very greedy, carried off everything;" and the Prince's own men became soon enough equally demoralized. In seven weeks 500 towns and villages were harried and despoiled; but the expedition was planned with little skill, and at the end of it nothing remained but individual plunder and the still deeper hatred of the French. The Prince himself returned to Bordeaux, which was at all times his headquarters; and on this journey it was said the horses of the English knights could scarcely move, so heavily were they loaded with spoil.

France was indeed in a sad state, torn by foes, taxed by her own rulers, and with a shifty treacherous King whom none could reverence. His treatment of the Comte d'Eu has already been recorded, and a very similar case now requires mention. Early in 1355, while Edward of England was still preparing for his expedition, John quarrelled with the King of Navarre, perhaps the least sincere and

most deceitful of all the French Princes of this period, who promptly offered Edward his friendship instead. Edward accepted it, but not reaching France as soon as expected, Navarre made up his quarrel with John, and ostensibly became his ally again; John appearing to treat him with his old intimacy and confidence for some months, though apparently all the time bearing a deadly grudge against him. At last in April, 1356, John and his son the Dauphin Charles being at Rouen, the Dauphin invited Navarre and his cousin the Comte de Harcourt to dine with him at a great banquet. No sooner were they seated at table than the King and his guards entered, and all doors were closed. Pointing to the guests, John exclaimed with passion, "By the beard of my father, I will neither eat nor drink as long as you live!" and they were immediately seized by the guards and dragged away to prison, Harcourt and several of the nobles being instantly executed. The brothers of the two chief victims, with twenty other lords, sent their defiance to "John, calling himself the King of France," and started for England, informing Edward that they would immediately join his cause. Edward received them graciously at Sheen, and wrote hastily to Lancaster, who had just started for Brittany with young de Montfort, instructing him to proceed first to Normandy, where he should meet and take the homage of these nobles; which was accordingly done on July 18.

The King and Queen remained quietly in England all this year, mostly at Windsor, where Edward was much occupied with his new protégé, the afterwards celebrated William of Wykeham.



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This William, though a poor boy, had been well educated by Sir John Scures, who later made him his secretary, and through a mutual friend introduced him to the King's notice. His genius for architecture soon became manifest : he had a share in the erection of the Round Tower ; and this year, 1356, was made clerk of the royal works at Henley and Easthampstead, and one of the surveyors of the works at Windsor. His duties seem to have been manifold : he was made chaplain to the King, and was all his life much trusted by Queen Philippa, by whose influence it chiefly was that he rose later in life to be Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England. At this time he was a little over thirty. He did not, however, neglect small things, and to his share fell the superintendence of the royal dogs and horses : in August of this year record is made of " Money paid by William of Wykeham for keep of the King's eight dogs at Windsor for nine weeks, each dog  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a day, and for wages of a boy to keep the said dogs during the same time, 2d. a day". Edward was very fond of dogs ; one Edmund de Kerdiff held a manor in Worcestershire of him by payment of yearly rendering a dog called a "rach". On one occasion this payment was nine years in arrear ; but Edmund was pardoned on condition that he sent two dogs at once and never failed again.

Into this more peaceful existence fell suddenly startling and glorious news from France. The Prince had left Bordeaux early in July on another marauding expedition, taking with him 2000 men-at-arms and 6000 archers, and this time bending his steps towards the north. For a few months he

pursued his former rather unwarlike tactics without meeting much resistance; but suddenly, while at Vierzon, he learned that King John lay close by at Chartres with an army six times the size of his own. It would be folly to risk a battle under such conditions, and having first killed the greater part of the garrison of the castle, he beat a hurried retreat; yet lingered three days at Romorantin, which he took, and then pushed on towards Poitiers. He had supposed the French to be behind him, but during this delay they got ahead, and it was now no longer possible to avoid a fight. It was reported to him that the fields were covered with men, and that the King of France had over 6000 horse. The Prince encamped six miles from Poitiers, and on Sunday, September 18, the battle was set.

Now at last King John believed that he held the power of England in his hand, and the day was opened with fitting pomp. His tent was "of vermilion samite, very elegant and very rich"; the Oriflamme of France hung over the Council table; twenty knights were dressed and armed exactly to resemble the King in order to limit the likelihood of his being taken prisoner; and he and his four sons devoutly began the day by attending Mass. The Black Prince seems to have shared the general feeling that his defeat was probable if not certain; but nevertheless he posted his men well, and determined to fight himself on foot. At the last moment the Cardinal de Perigord begged permission from the King of France to attempt the making of terms with the enemy, and hurried to and fro in his well-meant endeavours during the whole of that day; a circumstance which the English regarded as some-

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thing of a hardship, for no food had been served out to them, the fight seeming so imminent, and now it seemed as if there was to be no fight at all. It has been usual to represent the Prince as furiously impatient with the Cardinal for delaying the battle, but on the contrary it seems that in the beginning at least he welcomed intervention, feeling his own position exceedingly precarious, and hoping at all costs to avoid a direct conflict. The terms he on his own part offered will serve to show his anxiety, since he voluntarily undertook to give up all the towns and castles he had taken, set all his prisoners free, and not to fight against France for seven years ; an offer John would have done well to accept, for he never had a better in his life. So, as a matter of fact, he thought himself ; but the fiery Bishop of Chalons persuaded him that the English would never have proposed such terms stood they not in a parlous state, and that therefore no mercy should be shown them. Requirement was consequently made that the Prince and a hundred of his best knights should surrender themselves unconditional prisoners ; a demand which woke such rage in the young commander's breast that he withdrew all his former offers, and made ready for battle on the morrow.

On Monday, September 19, 1356, then, the battle of Poitiers was fought. The plain itself was small, and surrounded by narrow lanes with high hedges, behind which the English archers lay. John divided his army into three portions, each one of which was larger than the entire English force ; but he allowed only 300 of his chosen knights to ride on horseback, commanding the



rest to dismount, which so annoyed and insulted them that many refused to fight at all, and spent the day squabbling and disputing among themselves. The 300, however, made a dash for the English position ; but got first entangled in the trees and vineyards, which threw them into hopeless confusion, on the top of which the English bowmen began their deadly work, and the French cavalry were beaten back upon the rear ; where the horses became unmanageable, nobody could see what had happened, and panic set in. Promptly the English horse charged down, and the Dauphin and his brothers, in charge of the first division, jumping to the conclusion that the day was lost, fled hastily from the field. The second division followed them, without having even come in sight of the enemy ; but in their excuse must be remembered the almost superstitious awe with which the luck of the English was at this time regarded, and the practically charmed lives they were supposed to bear. Never yet had their numbers equalled those of their foes, but nevertheless they always conquered, and it seemed impossible for any force to stand against them. John's own division, however, still remained in the field, and he himself fought so stoutly that "if one quarter of his men had done so well the day would have been theirs". With him was his youngest and favourite son, little Prince Philip, who, axe in hand, hung at his heels and shouted directions : "Father, look to the right ! Father, look to left !" In spite of his courage and his precautions, however, the twenty disguised knights did not save him ; and by midday, wounded in several places, the King saw himself deserted by all of his troops

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that were not already prisoners, and was fain to yield himself captive to a knight of Artois; by whom he was conducted, still accompanied by little Philip, to the tent of the Black Prince.

The Prince had fought all that morning "like a fell and cruel lion"; but, like his father, he could be generous to a fallen foe, and he received John with the most chivalrous courtesy. The same evening he entertained him at a great banquet, where he waited upon the King himself, refusing to sit at table beside him, and trying to cheer his despondency with the words, "Although, noble sir, it was not God's will that you should win the day, yet you singly have won the prize of valour, since it was apparent to every Englishman that none bore himself so bravely as you". The next morning the triumphal train set out for Bordeaux, marching only a few leagues a day, and keeping a sharp lookout for fear of rescue parties; but no attacks were made; and John and his son were lodged safely in the Abbey of St. Andrew, where they remained imprisoned during the winter. Eleven thousand French were killed in this battle, and such an enormous number of prisoners taken that it was not possible to be charged with them all—the English had in fact more prisoners than army; and most were allowed free on parole to name and find their own ransoms: a notable instance of the rather curious sense of honour of the day. A man who would think nothing of decoying a foe into his own house and murdering him, would apparently have considered his honour for ever tarnished if he had failed to send the ransom which he himself had probably fixed at an extravagantly high figure

in order to demonstrate his own importance. All really distinguished prisoners the Prince bought from their captors, giving Denis de Morbec, the knight of Artois, 2000 nobles for the French King.

The first intimation Edward and Philippa received of this great victory is said to have been when the Black Prince sent the King of France's coroneted helmet to his father; and the joy and triumph in England when all became known can better be imagined than described. Edward ordered thanksgivings in all churches for eight days, and there were besides bonfires, feasts, and banquets everywhere; while, needless to add, the rejoicings in Bordeaux fell in no way short of those in England. The Prince's naturally extravagant tastes were allowed full play, and he entertained throughout the winter in so lavish a manner that he fell more heavily into debt than ever; but this does not seem to have troubled him very materially. Early in the spring he made preparations for carrying his illustrious captive back to England; and the French fleet assembled at the mouths of the Seine and the Somme, resolved at all costs to prevent him; but by the advice of the Pope's legate, he made truce with France for two years, put John on one ship and himself on another, and got safely away from the French coast in the end of April. After an eleven days' voyage, they landed at Sandwich on May 4, and rode straight for London, stopping at Canterbury, Rochester, and Dartford by the way.

Edward was so impatient to behold his son and his royal prisoner, that, not content to wait for the



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formal entry into London, he contrived to be hunting near Canterbury when the party was on the road; and suddenly broke out of a thicket upon them, abruptly inviting King John to join his sport. John, somewhat taken aback, replied rather reasonably that this was not a fitting time; to which Edward answered that he was perfectly at liberty to enjoy the chase or the river whenever he liked whilst in England, and so rode off. The triumphal procession through London, however, must have been a truly magnificent spectacle: the streets were thronged with enormous crowds; every house hung out tapestry, banners, armour, plate, and anything of value the owners possessed; the fountains ran with red and white wine; barrels of beer were broached free; at twelve conspicuous places on the route lovely girls had been hung in gold cages over the street to scatter gold and silver filigree flowers upon the King and Prince; at one time the young conqueror was delayed an hour to listen to a congratulatory address, and though we read that the procession was on London Bridge at three in the morning, mid-day had passed before it reached Westminster. England had known many victories of late, and many a distinguished captive had been brought in triumph to London, but never so great a one as this; and as if to emphasize his importance, the French King rode through the streets on his great white charger, while the young Prince his conqueror was mounted merely upon a small black palfrey. It must have been a hateful day for John, and the honour thus accorded him must have seemed a bitter mockery; but it was all in keeping with the curious chivalrous ideals of the age, and

seems to have been genuinely meant in honest kindness.

In Westminster Hall Edward sat on his throne, with Philippa by his side, and his younger children all about him, to receive this gallant son of his, and the rival he had fought so long. Both King and Queen did all in their power to welcome the prisoner, and let him feel his captivity as little irksome as possible; but Edward's tact seems at times to have been a little wanting. At a great banquet given in John's honour that very evening, he sat so silent and gloomy that the English King clapped him on the back and bade him "sing and be merry"; to which John replied in the words of the Israelites, "How shall we sing the songs of the Lord in a strange land?" At this same feast little Prince Philip broke out in rage at seeing Edward's cup-bearer serve him before the French King; and springing from his seat, he boxed the man's ears, crying out that "Although his father was unfortunate, he was at least the sovereign of the King of England." Edward treated the incident laughingly, exclaiming, "*Vous êtes Philippe le Hardi!*" a name that stuck to the child through life; and when later on the Black Prince courteously played a game of chess with him, and Philip quarrelled over a move, the matter was decided in the French boy's favour.

John was given the Savoy Palace, the property of the Duke of Lancaster, as a dwelling-place, and was always welcomed at Windsor for jousts, hunting, hawking, or any relaxation he chose. He was at this time about forty, tall and good-looking. Accounts of his character vary considerably: some

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saying that he was a mere man of pleasure and cared nothing for the troubles of his distracted country whilst he could hunt, play tennis, and amuse himself with certain fair ladies in England ; but his sadness on the occasion above mentioned scarcely bears this out ; nor is it easy to reconcile his known treachery of conduct in such cases as that of the Comte d'Eu and Charles of Navarre with the chivalrous incidents later related of him in English history. Perhaps, however, his sojourn at the Court of Edward and Philippa had improved his manners if not his morals.

Having now obtained possession of his arch-enemy, Edward could afford to let lesser game go. Charles of Blois was released in August, 1356, and David of Scotland in October, 1357. The first hurried straight to Brittany to fight the Duke of Lancaster ; the latter, who was then staying at Odiham Castle in Hampshire, parted on good terms with his royal jailer, undertook to pay him 100,000 marks ransom in yearly instalments of 10,000, and joined his devoted wife in Scotland after eleven years' absence. Joan's happiness, however, was of short-lived duration. David had always been of too coarse a fibre truly to appreciate her delicate fidelity ; and whilst in England had taken for his mistress a bold, low-class woman named Kate Mortimer, who now followed him to his own country. He received her with boisterous welcome, set up an establishment for her in his own castle ; and Queen Joan immediately left for England to claim her brother's protection. Edward settled £200 a year upon her, gave her the old Saxon castle of Hertford as a dwelling-place, and announced that



she was "taken into the special defence and protection of the King while she stays in England"; but, gentle always, she would not actually quarrel with her husband, and when he later visited England for a short time, leaving Kate behind, she joined him in London; but absolutely refused to return with him to Scotland. Joan lived very quietly at Hertford, and seldom left the castle for the remaining five years of her life; but Philippa visited her there often, became much attached to the younger and less fortunate woman, nursed her in her last illness, and lent her money when her finances were at a low ebb. Edward and David remained politically on good terms, and a ten years' truce was made between them; while Scottish trade was encouraged in England, and young Scotsmen were made welcome at the English universities.

Another domestic disaster this year brought another young royal wife sadly back to the English Court and the pitying kindness of the English Queen. Young William, Earl of Hainault, always weak-minded and somewhat erratic, became suddenly raving mad, and it was found necessary to place him under restraint, while his brother Albert took the reins of government. William had ever been particularly attached to his English aunt, and Philippa grieved greatly over his sad fate; the more as Albert was a hard, grasping young man, and she foresaw further trouble concerning her inheritance. Maud of Lancaster, William's wife, had no children; and being thus sadly parted from her husband and on anything but good terms with her brother-in-law, returned to England, and was sympathetically

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received as now doubly a relation by the English King and Queen. William himself lived for thirty years confined in the castle of Quesnoi, and then died without ever having regained his mental powers.







**KING EDWARD the THIRD and his family.**

Engraved after drawings made by Richard Smirke, for the Society of Antiquaries, from paintings found on the Eastern wall of St Stephens Chapel, Westminster, afterwards used on the old House of Commons. They were accidentally discovered in 1800, behind a coating of paneling, and were washed up again immediately after the carpets had been taken. The date of these paintings is about the year 1386, before the battle of Poitiers. They perished in the great fire which consumed both Houses of Parliament in 1834.

Presented, November 1805, by the President and Council of the Society of ANTIQVARIAS, in illustration of the larger tracings of separate figures.



THESE FIGURES WERE FIRST DISCOVERED IN 1800, BEHIND A COATING OF PANELING, AND WERE WASHED UP AGAIN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CARPETS HAD BEEN TAKEN. THE DATE OF THESE PAINTINGS IS ABOUT THE YEAR 1386, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF POITIERS. THEY PERISHED IN THE GREAT FIRE WHICH CONSUMED BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT IN 1834.

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THE ROYAL PORTRAITS COMPLETE, AS DISCOVERED AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL





## CHAPTER XV

### WEDDINGS AND DEATHS.—1357-61

FOR a whole year after the return of the Black Prince, there were great festivities in England ; and it was probably at this time that the famous picture of Edward and Philippa with all their children, grouped on either side of their patron saint St. George, was painted for St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster. The picture is extraordinarily interesting, since though many of the faces were unfortunately obliterated before the tracings were taken, it is evident they were all intended as careful portraits, and in spite of the curious stiff art of the age, it is easy to see what a remarkably handsome family this royal group must have made. Little wonder that the English people were so proud of them. The original picture was hidden behind pannelling for many centuries, but was discovered in 1800, and unfortunately entirely destroyed when both Houses of Parliament were burnt down in 1834. Careful drawings had been made of it however for the Society of Antiquaries ; and an excellent copy may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

The Feast of St. George was celebrated with exceptional splendour at Windsor on April 23, 1358 ; and an especial grant of £500 is recorded to Philippa

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for clothes for the occasion. The Prince of Wales had found another early friend ready with the incense of admiration for his victorious return; fair Joan Holland, now Countess of Kent in her own right, still remained at Court with her husband; and it was perhaps in consequence of too obvious a renewal of their former intimacy that the King found it wise to bestow a post in Normandy on Sir Thomas, and ship him and his lady off there soon after the Windsor jousts this year. Joan was thirty-three now, the mother of four children, growing stout and losing something of her radiant beauty, but still apparently exercising the old charm over her princely cousin. He, the hero of all Europe, handsome, brave, triumphant, and heir to a great kingdom, might have wedded any woman, Princess or commoner, as he chose; but greatly to the distress of his parents, he refused to discuss any such matter, followed the example of his sister Isabella, and remained obstinately single. Indeed, with the exception of Lionel, wedded in infancy, not one of Philippa's children had yet attained to matrimony; but Lionel and Elizabeth, Countess of Ulster, seem about this time to have gone through some further form of marriage, and set up their own household together as husband and wife. The exact date of their doing so is not certain; in July, 1359, fees were paid to the Clerk of Philippa's Chapel for solemnizing three weddings, of which the "daughter of the Earl of Ulster's" is one, but this does not necessarily imply that all three had only just taken place. Indeed, record is made of John of Gaunt staying with his brother and sister-in-law at their house at Hatfield for Christmas 1357,

which certainly gives an earlier date for the ceremony. Elizabeth seems to have been a very charming Irish girl, and to have attached all her royal relatives very sincerely to her; Edward and Philippa were both very devoted to her. She was unfortunately never strong; and as early as December, 1356, the King paid £13. 6s. 8d. to "Master Pascal, physician, for a cure performed on Elizabeth, Countess of Ulster".

Interesting in the light of his after fame is one humble member of the Ulster household, a certain page of seventeen, on whose behalf in Elizabeth's Account Book is entered for April, 1357, "7/- for an entire suit of clothes, consisting of a paltock (cloak) and a pair of red and black breeches, with shoes, provided for Geoffrey Chaucer"; and again in May of the same year an article of dress "purchased for Geoffrey Chaucer in London"; and in December a gift of 3s. 6d. "for necessaries" to Geoffrey Chaucer. This Geoffrey was the son of John Chaucer, who had been in attendance on Edward and Philippa when they were living in Flanders at the time of Lionel's birth, and who no doubt easily obtained a post for his son in the household of the young Prince, but a few years older than Geoffrey himself. Geoffrey was always a reader and a dreamer, and when his time came a few years later to follow his Prince to war, his career as a soldier was not a particularly brilliant one: in fact he promptly got taken prisoner, and the King had to pay £16 towards his ransom. He does not seem to have cared to follow the fortune of war farther, but took to his pen instead; being much favoured in his position about Lionel, for he



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thus came in contact with all the greatest wits and intellects of his age; and in particular attracted the interest and attention of John of Gaunt and Princess Margaret. John was a clever man and a deep thinker always, the greatest contrast to his brother Lionel, a big, fair, kindly fool, handsome and good-natured, but a baby all his life; and Geoffrey soon transferred himself to John's household as soon as that Prince set one up.

Margaret, if she had lived longer, would perhaps have been the cleverest, most ardent and most unconventional of all Philippa's children. Only twelve years old now, she loved romance and literature, wrote poems herself, and took the deepest interest in young Chaucer and his powers. After the Blois plan had fallen through, her father had thought of betrothing her to the son of Duke Albert of Austria; but her own heart was set upon John Hastings, the young Earl of Pembroke, who had been brought up with the royal children, and was the especial friend of her favourite brother Edmund of Langley. She and her sister Mary lived very simple lives, in the greatest contrast to their elder sister Isabella, who was loaded with jewels and estates, while they had but twenty marks a year each for pocket money. Mary was not yet married to her young Duke of Brittany, and it was understood that he must make some personal effort to gain possession of his hitherto nominal Duchy before he could claim her troth; but Edward himself had rather lost interest in the matter, and though Lancaster helped him, the boy Duke was not yet able to accomplish much. In May, 1357, he had made his maiden effort at subduing Rennes, but was

scarcely strong enough to reduce the city, and the affair ended in a four years' truce: after which he returned to enforced idleness in England, and very unwisely spent his time in making love to his mother's pretty maid-of-honour, Mademoiselle de Ponteallen. The stern old Countess did not intend to risk the favour of the King of England by any slights upon his daughter, and the French girl was promptly clapped into a convent; while her true lover, Sir Taneguy de Chatel, hastened in despair and rage to join the banners of France. Mary seems to have been a gentle, delicate girl, rather lethargic of nature, and chiefly devoted to her pretty, lively cousin, Blanche of Lancaster, whom rumour already assigned as a bride to Prince John, the young Earl of Richmond.

Philippa, as was perhaps natural, lived chiefly now in the lives of her children. After the April festivities at Windsor, she spent the principal part of this summer with her young daughters in the country, at Marlborough and Cosham, where they rode and hunted much, and where, on one occasion, she had the misfortune to fall from her horse and dislocate her shoulder. In August the English Court was thrown into mourning by the death of that strange and sinister woman, the Queen-Dowager Isabella. Isabella was as great an enigma in her death as in her life. For twenty-eight years she had passed a silent and subdued existence at various country houses, seldom but occasionally visiting her son's Court, taking a grandmotherly interest in his children, and never interfering in public affairs: it seemed as if the turmoil of her early years must be quite forgotten. Yet when

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she died, her will commanded that she be buried in the Church of the Grey Friars at Newgate, by the side of Roger Mortimer her lover, with her murdered husband's heart upon her breast. Which of them had she really loved? That she commanded the affection if not the respect of her two remaining children to the end, is at least certain: Joan of Scotland, whom she had cruelly treated, corresponded regularly with her mother, and left instructions at her own death to be buried near her: Edward of England insisted upon a royal interment for her; and though she died in August, it was the end of November before her funeral procession through London could be organized in a fashion stately enough to satisfy him. On the 20th of that month, he wrote to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, directing them to lay gravel through the streets of Bishopsgate and Aldgate, and to see that the City was made clean and sweet in honour of the coming of the body of his "very dear mother, Queen Isabella"; and the officers of his exchequer were ordered to pay out £9 for these preparations. Isabella was buried in the habit of the Grey Friars, a splendid tomb of alabaster was erected over her; and so her wild and stormy life closed, if not in sanctity, at least in dignity and peace.

For the rest of the year 1358 little happened in England; but matters went very badly indeed with France, which, after the loss of King John, fell almost into a state of anarchy. The Dauphin Charles took charge of the kingdom in his father's absence, but found no one would obey him, and he had no money: he called the States General to his assistance, and John wrote from England forbidding his



people to obey the decrees of the States. All the nobles swore to wear no furs or jewellery, and to permit no minstrelsy or festivities for a year, unless the King were rescued: hoping by this means to collect money to continue the war, but these designs were frustrated by the rise of certain "Free Companies," which roamed the land in search of booty, and attacked and despoiled all sides impartially. Both English and Navarrese disowned these Companies, but there was no quelling them. Added to all this, the down-trodden peasantry of France at last rose in a desperate insurrection known as the Jacquerie, the motto of which was "Death to all Gentlemen"; and which, though stamped out in time, may be regarded as the true precursor of the terrible Revolution of 500 years later. Every man's hand was against his neighbour, and "Indeed," says the French chronicler, "it needed not the English to destroy the country, for in truth the English, enemies of the kingdom, would not have done what her own nobles did". It may be guessed how pleasant was all this news to the unfortunate John imprisoned in England, and in despair he signed a treaty of peace consenting to the most unfavourable terms for his own country. The Dauphin repudiated the treaty, and called the States again in May, 1359; and, the truce made by the Black Prince expiring in the end of June that year, Edward made ready to invade France once more.

First, however, there were domestic matters to settle. No child of Edward's, with tact to hit his moods, need ever be afraid to ask a boon of him; and Princess Margaret knew her wants very well.

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Young Pembroke was a fine lad and a great favourite with the King, who purposed indeed to take him to France with this new expedition ; and the entreaty of the young lovers that they might be united before he went, met with no very serious opposition. Margaret made a pretty and very young bride ; the wedding was solemnized by Thomas of Clyneham, Queen Philippa's own chaplain, in her private chapel, and the King gave his daughter a beautiful coronet of gems, pearls, in compliment to her name, playing the principal part in her ornaments. The young couple were radiantly happy ; and this wedding proved but the precursor of a still more important one, when, early in June, the Lord John of Gaunt, Earl of Richmond, was married at Reading to beautiful Blanche of Lancaster, sister of Maud of Hainault and co-heiress with her to all the wealth and possessions of their father the Duke of Lancaster. John was nineteen and Blanche a few years younger, tall, fair-haired, and "the flower of English womanhood," says Chaucer ; and the wedding was a very great affair indeed. In the Issues Roll for this year is noted, "For jewels purchased for the marriage of the Earl of Richmond and the Lady Blanche, to wit, for one ring with ruby, £20 ; and for belt garnished with rubies, emeralds and pearls, £18 ; and for trypod with cup of silver-gilt £20 " ; while a month or two later comes the further entry, "For divers jewels purchased for the marriage of the Earl of Richmond and Blanche, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, £139-7-4 ". These must have been sad and happy days together for Philippa ; her children seemed growing fast away from her ; and yet these mar-



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JOHN OF GAUNT, DUKE OF LANCASTER  
FOURTH SON OF EDWARD III. AND PHILIPPA





riages opened wider and pleasanter outlooks for their future than the lonely and single paths chosen by her eldest son and daughter. One can almost imagine the disdainful smile with which the Princess Isabella, now nearing thirty and still unmarried, attended the weddings of her younger brothers and sister. To Blanche she gave a handsome pair of silver buckles, worth £30, as a wedding present; but two years later her father discovered that she had never paid for them, and was besides in debt for several other jewels, even having been forced to pawn many of her own valuables. For once he was exceedingly angry with her, and gave her a sharp reprimand; but nevertheless he saw that the bills were paid.

John and Blanche were married on Sunday in Rogation week, by the Pope's dispensation; and immediately there followed three days jousts at Reading in their honour, and three days more in London. It was announced by trumpet in the capital that the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen would hold the lists for three days against the whole of Europe, and all the Court was invited to attend. Queen Philippa and her daughters and ladies appeared, and the crowds each day were enormous; but much disappointment was caused by the absence of the King and Princes, who, however, it was understood must be much occupied in preparing for the French campaign. The tournament was an immense success, the civic arms carrying all before them; and at the close of the last day, when the gallant defenders must remove their helmets, the most unbounded enthusiasm was roused by the discovery that Edward himself, his

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four sons, and nineteen chosen knights, had taken it upon them to represent the City of London, and bearing her arms, to uphold her glory before all the world. It is doubtful if Edward ever did a more popular action than this, and no sooner was it over than preparations for war began in serious earnest.

The Dauphin having finally rejected the terms to which his father had consented, King John was imprisoned in Somerton Castle, all Englishmen between the ages of 16 and 60 were commanded to be in readiness to join the King, and all manner of stores were hastily gathered together for the campaign. Eight thousand four-horse carriages must go, thirty falconers, sixty couple of strong hunting dogs and greyhounds, fishing boats, ovens, mills, and many other articles which read very strangely as part of an invading army; but it is evident the face of unhappy France was by this time so pillaged that it was not safe to trust to any provisioning on the spot. The Duke of Lancaster sailed first; and Edward with his four elder sons, Edward, Lionel, John and Edmund, left Sandwich on 25 October, 1359. Some historians assert that the Queen accompanied her husband, but this is not correct. Philippa's travelling days were over, and she stayed behind to govern the country in the name of her little son Thomas, aged four, who as usual was formally entitled Guardian of the Realm. Mary remained with her too, and the young Countess of Pembroke returned to her mother on being thus early parted from her bridegroom. Philippa's position on this occasion was no sinecure, for the French made several attempts at a counter invasion during the winter, and so few men were left



in England to guard her shores that without careful watching the enemy might very easily have succeeded. Beacon fires were laid ready along the coast; and in spite of all precautions a party of French did actually land at Winchelsea on 15 March, 1360, when all the inhabitants of the town were at Mass; and, having got a footing in the place, managed to effect "horrible atrocities" before they were driven back to sea with great loss. This caused a commotion in the country, and orders came from the Lord Thomas to "get all ships ready, garrison the Castles of Pevensey, Old Sarum, and Marlborough, and remove King John to the Tower". The raid, however, was not followed up, and no further attacks were made.

Meanwhile, in France Edward found himself opposed by heavenly rather than by earthly enemies. His huge army, swelled every day by bands of freebooters, who joined him on the understanding that they were to receive no pay, but might pick up any loot they chose, moved slowly across the barren and deserted country, meeting no opposition, covering but three leagues a day, and encountering scarcely a single human being. The Dauphin was shut up in Paris, and all his people remained inside their various towns, making no sign of life. The war train of the English army must have been a magnificent sight to watch, for it marched amidst a forest of banners, with flashing shields and armour, resembling more a gay procession of knights than an invading force; but the soldiers soon became discontented enough, since the country was picked so bare that there was no plunder to be had; and every day without ceasing

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fell torrents of rain, drenching themselves, their horses, their tents, their food, and allowing never a dry hour in which to recover from its effects. In November they reached Rheims, and before this city Edward encamped till January, 1360, when he proceeded to Paris, and called upon the Dauphin to come forth and meet him. Charles made no sign, and in disgust Edward turned early in April towards Brittany, where at least he would get his fill of fighting, leaving a threatening message that he should return in the autumn. No sooner had he gone, however, than the Dauphin became alarmed, and sent a herald after him to Chartres, offering terms of peace, but Edward was now too angry to listen to anything save an unconditional acknowledgment of himself as King of France; and in spite of the wise remonstrances of Lancaster, he dismissed the messenger in a rage.

Then, according to contemporary chronicles, did heaven let fall her vengeance upon him for his presumption and his pride. On April 14, Easter Monday, and long known in history as "Black Monday," "which daye," says Holinshed, "was full darke of miste and haile, and so bitter cold that many men dyed on their horsebackes with the cold"; there fell a terrible thunderstorm upon the English army some two leagues from Chartres; a storm in which 1000 of Edward's bravest knights and 6000 of his finest horses were struck down by lightning, and the horrors of which no words can fully paint. The number of fatalities seems almost incredible, but all historians unite in ascribing an absolutely supernatural appearance to the storm, and assuring us that nothing like it had

ever been known in the world before. Barnes says the hailstones were of prodigious size: "it seemed as if the whole fabrick of Nature was falling to pieces". It must undoubtedly have been very severe and very alarming, for Edward, a man not easily intimidated, actually sprang from his horse in the middle of it, fell upon his knees on the ground, and stretching his hands towards the distant towers of Notre Dame de Chartres, swore if it might only cease, that he would make reasonable terms of peace with France. The storm passed, and the King of England kept his word. On May 8, a Peace between the two countries was signed at Bretigny, by the terms of which Edward undertook to renounce all claims upon the Kingship of France, and to receive instead the full sovereignty of the Duchy of Aquitaine, including Guienne, Ponthieu, and the territory about Calais, the lords of which were to transfer their allegiance to him; to release King John on payment of three million golden crowns; and to consider neither himself nor John the sovereign of either Brittany or Flanders. The rival claims of de Montfort and Blois were to be discussed at a separate meeting at Calais; and this settled, the English army joyfully embarked for home once more. The terms of the treaty were certainly far more advantageous to them than to France; but this was perhaps only just, since Edward was really in a position to dictate any settlement he chose.

Edward landed at Rye on May 18, and immediately took horse for Westminster, which he reached at nine o'clock in the morning; was warmly welcomed by Philippa, and sent for King John secretly to his Chapel to tell him the good



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news himself. Thanksgivings for peace were offered at St Paul's, and it was agreed that until John's ransom could be collected, his brother and sons, the Dukes of Orleans, Anjou and Berri, and the Duke of Bourbon, should be received as hostages in his stead. Early in July, the Black Prince and the Duke of Lancaster conducted the royal captive, loaded with gifts, to the English town of Calais, where Edward followed a few weeks later, and a fortnight of pageants and festivities set in. On October 25 the four French Princes, known as the "Lords of the Fleur de Lis," having arrived, John was pronounced free, and left for Boulogne, which he entered on foot as a pilgrim, to offer his thanksgivings in the Cathedral. By December he had reached Paris, where he was received with magnificent presents and much joy. Edward himself returned to England early in November; and the following January held a Parliament at Westminster to ratify the Peace. He and his son and the French lords then took the Sacrament together, and the Archbishop of Canterbury celebrated Mass in honour of the Holy Trinity in Westminster Abbey, after which "the King and his sons standing up in the presence of the French hostages, torches being lighted and crosses held over the eucharist and missal, they witnessed the ceremony of all the English Peers present making their oath *on the sacred body of our Lord* to keep the peace and concord sworn that day by the two Kings."

It seemed now as if war must really be at an end, and the King and Queen might know some domestic happiness again. The two young royal bridegrooms hastened back to their brides; William

of Wykeham, that "provident and discrete man," according to Stow, having accompanied Edward to Calais to see the Peace treaty signed and sealed, was set to work upon further alterations at Windsor, made chief warden and surveyor of the Castles of Dover, Leeds, and Hadleigh, and charged to rebuild the castle at Sheppey hitherto called Kyngeborough, but henceforth in Philippa's honour to be known as Queenborough. The master mason of this work was John Gibbon, ancestor of the historian. From Hainault this year came too a certain young clerk named Jean Froissart, in humble hope of being allowed to present to the great and glorious Queen of England a manuscript account he had written of the battle of Poitiers. His reception was even more gracious than he had hoped, and he writes of it with warm enthusiasm. "The Queen," he exclaims, took his history "sweetly and courteously"; she is "a very fair lady, sweet-tongued and feminine, . . . the most gracious Queen, most liberal and most courteous that reigned in all her time." Philippa was indeed always glad to encourage learning and enterprise, and the youth of her own country held ever a warm place in her heart. She appointed young Froissart her clerk or secretary, and finding the Poitiers book to be but the germ of the universal history of his own times it was his ambition to write, she gave orders that all information he might require should be supplied to him, and kept him about her Court for as long as he chose to stay. Five years later, with her permission and approval, he left London to travel about England, but always as a member of her household; and one must therefore regard his

famous Chronicle as more or less produced for and accepted by her; and consequently, where he clashes in detail with other historians, it is often but just to give the benefit of the doubt to him. A great part of the history it is true Philippa never saw, and another part is merely copied from a former writer, Jehan le Bel, Canon of Liège; but even allowing for this, he undoubtedly had better opportunities for obtaining authentic information than most other chroniclers. He himself says, "The good Queen Philippa was in my youth my Queen and sovereign. I was five years at the court of the King and Queen of England. In my youth I was her clerk, serving her with fair ditties and treatises of love; and for the love of the noble and worthy lady my mistress, all other great Kings and lords loved me and saw me gladly."

The only matter left unsettled by the peace of Bretigny was, it will be remembered, the question of succession to the Duchy of Brittany; and though young de Montfort, anxious to have his claim acknowledged once and for all, hurried to meet Charles of Blois at the appointed time for settling their disputes, Blois failed to appear, and he was obliged to return unsatisfied. Princess Mary, meanwhile, was staying at Leicester with her favourite cousin and sister-in-law, Blanche, Countess of Richmond, whose first child had just been born; but rejoicings over this event were sadly checked in March, when the Black Death swept over England again in a modified form, carrying off, we are told, many men but few women; and amongst its earliest victims was the gallant Henry, Duke of Lancaster. Edward never lost a better





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**JEAN FROISSART**



friend than this kindly and honest cousin, whose name is little known in history, but whose strong sense and sturdy arm had saved the honour of England in many a perilous moment. Nor was the "Good Duke Henry" an unlettered man; for during an earlier sickness he had written a book of devotional reflections, named "Mercy, Grand, Mercy"; which was very highly thought of in its time. Philippa had loved him well, and sorely wept his loss; while his daughters Maud of Hainault and Blanche of Richmond, were heartbroken, for to them he had been the best of fathers. He was buried at Leicester, and leaving no son, his wealth was divided between his daughters. In consequence of the plague, the Law Courts were adjourned this year from May till October, lest the gathering of many should facilitate the spread of the disease.

It was a sorrowful year, and Edward soon resolved to make no further objections to the marriage of his daughter Mary and the young Duke of Brittany. To the great joy of the old Countess de Montfort, this wedding took place very quietly at Woodstock during the summer, the bridegroom being twenty and the bride seventeen. Mary wore a robe of "cloth of gold of Lucca, furred and turned up with ermine," and seemed quietly happy; but within thirty weeks after her wedding, she fell into a strange torpor, from which it seemed impossible to rouse her, and she at last died very peacefully without ever regaining her full consciousness. She had never seen the Dukedom over which from her birth she had been accounted Duchess, and it was remarked of her afterwards that her face had always



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worn a sad and melancholy expression. Philippa's grief was doubled by the shock, mercifully kept from Mary, of the sudden death of her youngest daughter Margaret, the brilliant and beautiful young Countess of Pembroke, only a few weeks earlier; and thus these two sisters who, with diametrically opposite characters, had been so much together in life, were in their deaths not long divided. They were buried together in the Abbey of Abingdon, where their mother raised tombs to their memory, long since destroyed in the wild zeal of the Reformation. The two unfortunate bridegrooms, both favourites with the King, swore both that they would never marry again without his consent; but when the time arrived for them to wish to do so, Edward's permission was freely given. The Duke of Brittany's second wife was a daughter of Sir Thomas Holland and Joan of Kent, and his third the Princess Joan of Navarre; while the Earl of Pembroke married Anne, only daughter of Sir Walter Manny.

Sir Thomas Holland himself, who had recently taken the title of Earl of Kent, had meanwhile died in Normandy the preceding December, and his widow and children had immediately returned to England. Philippa's anxious forebodings concerning the influence this woman still exercised over her eldest son seemed soon enough likely to be realized. The Fair Countess was fat and almost forty, but the Prince of Wales followed her still like a shadow; and within a very short time of her widowhood, with a timidity strange in so valiant a warrior, approached her bearing pretended proposals from a nameless friend. Joan had lost something

of her maiden delicacy by now, and perceiving that her cousin would never speak out without some very plain encouragement, said frankly that if she were ever married again it should be to himself and no one else. The Prince was overjoyed; his parents, though heartily disliking the match, realized that he would never wed any woman but Joan, and they must therefore make the best of the matter, so gave reluctant consent; and the Pope's dispensation was requested. This was doubly necessary on such an occasion, as not only were the parties nearly related by blood, but the Prince had also stood godfather to two of Joan's children, a position held to imply a spiritual relationship even closer. The dispensation was granted at last, but the bride and bridegroom had not waited for it, and were married very hurriedly at Windsor before it arrived. The King refused to be present at this ceremony, in which some have seen a confirmation of the old tale of his own early infatuation for Joan, miscalled the Countess of Salisbury, years ago; but it is much more probable that the whole affair angered him, and he felt his son might have allied himself far more nobly. Lionel was absent too, but Philippa and her younger sons were present, with Isabella, her only surviving daughter, Queen Joan of Scotland, and the Countess Maud of Hainault.

For hir beaute all onely he hir tooke,  
And wed hir so, and to Guyan went,

writes romantic Hardyng. Fair Joan had her desire at last, and as Princess of Wales and presumably Queen to be, accompanied her lord immediately to his country house at Berkhamstead;

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John of Gaunt stepped into the vacant Garter stall, and sturdy Thomas Holland seemed quite forgotten. Twenty-five years later, however, at the death of Joan, long since a widow for the second time, it was by the side of her first husband that she elected to be buried.



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE KING'S JUBILEE.—1361-4

THE marriage of her eldest son and the death of her two younger daughters narrowed yet further what had once been the wide circle of Philippa's children ; and in September, 1361, she lost too for a time the society of her favourite son Lionel. Edward's intention in marrying this boy during infancy to the heiress of the chief part of Ireland had frankly been that he should become Governor, and later King, if perhaps a subordinate King, of that country ; and he now held it quite time for the young Prince to take up his mission. The Earl and Countess of Ulster therefore left England and landed in Dublin, where they went into residence at the Castle, early this autumn ; and Lionel, the most unsuited of men for so difficult a task, gaily entered upon the Lord-Lieutenantship of that much tried and trying country. It is scarcely necessary here to tell of all the foolish laws and tactless orders issued by this unfortunate and feather-brained young man ; suffice it to say that his first command was to the effect that no man born in Ireland was to be suffered to approach him ; and with this notion of conciliating his hoped-for subjects, it is with little wonder we find his father the following February urging the return of all absentee

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lords to the sister-island, to assist "his very dear son and his companions, who are in imminent peril". Lionel did actually weather this storm, and clung to his post with much reluctance and discontent during four years more; but the Irish hated him to the full as heartily as he despised them, and the connexion probably did incalculable harm to all hope of friendly relations between the countries for many years to come. It is difficult to realize any son of Edward and Philippa behaving with such utter lack of common sense as Lionel, and it can only be pointed out that many a careless and good-natured soldier without a thought beyond his horse or his sword might have done as ill, if not worse, if suddenly planted at the head of what was admittedly the most difficult nation in Europe. Nevertheless his woeful incompetence must have given Philippa many an anxious hour, and she would gladly have had him recalled far earlier had not the King remained determined that his plans should not fail.

Christmas after this year of many changes was somewhat sadly spent at Windsor, and an extraordinarily high wind, which "bowed the towers of the churches," says Stow, ushered in the new year, 1362; in the course of which Edward reached his fiftieth birthday, and, this being a great age for the period, celebrated his jubilee with much pomp and rejoicing. Honours were bestowed upon his children; the Duchy of Aquitaine was made over to the Black Prince on payment of an ounce of gold at Westminster every year as homage; John of Gaunt, Earl of Richmond, was granted his dead father-in-law's Duchy of Lancaster by right of Blanche his

wife; Edmund of Langley became Earl of Cambridge (the Marquis of Juliers, who had formerly borne that title, having died some years earlier); and Lionel, Earl of Ulster, through his wife's descent from the Clares of Suffolk, was made Duke of Clarence. All outlaws and prisoners were released, even those whose crime had been treason; order was given that henceforward English was to be used in all law courts, for that "the French tongue is much unknown in England"; and Edward and Philippa made triumphal progresses through the kingdom and were everywhere enthusiastically received. They spent a great deal of money on these journeys, even it is said £100 a day at times; they hunted merrily in the forests of Sherwood, Clun, Rockingham, etc.; and during the first week of May great tournaments were held at Smithfield, at which the King and Queen were present, and, says Stow, "the most part of the chivalry of England, France, Spain and Cyprus"; the Lords of the Fleur de Lis and the other French hostages in particular being made honoured guests. The old grievance concerning the "purveyance" of food, goods and necessities from the common people for the nobles was also firmly dealt with, and it was enacted that the King, Queen and their children alone had the right to do this; and that any other person of however noble birth must pay ready money for what he took.

One hears very little of Philippa individually during these later years of her husband's reign. She was now forty-nine, only a year younger than Edward, and her life had been one of much change and movement, though, except for the natural



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sorrows of bereavement, she had not had to encounter any very startling griefs or adverse fortune. She was a strong woman, but advancing years told upon her, and she took little more active part in the history of her times; since her return from France after the surrender of Calais, indeed, she had not crossed the seas again. Her dignified figure and kind sensible face were seen beside her husband's on all state occasions of festival and tourney; she was the mother of five gallant sons; the patroness of literature and learning, the friend of the sad and the unfortunate, and the loved and honoured Queen of England to her dying day. Rewards to her damsels and others for "services to Queen Philippa" still constantly occur in the Calendar of Patent Rolls, for she never forgot even the humblest friend; but the merry-makings of the Jubilee were saddened to her by many deaths among personal friends and relatives of her own. Queen Joan of Scotland died in September at Hertford Castle, Philippa being with her to the last, and a loan of twenty-one marks from the English Queen was found noted among the dead woman's papers; while, not many months afterwards, Maud of Hainault, a beautiful and comparatively young woman, died in England, some say of poison, but there are also confused suggestions that she fell a victim to the same plague that had carried off her father. Since she left no children, the entire fortune of Lancaster now devolved upon her sister Blanche, through whom John of Gaunt became the wealthiest and very shortly the most important of all Philippa's children. He had always had more brains than any of the rest, except perhaps Thomas

and Margaret; and as his father's energies began to flag, and the old King grew more and more to depend upon this son, whose duties seldom called him out of England, and who was always at hand to advise and act, John quickly realized his chances of power, and firmly grasped the position which more or less remained his through this and the succeeding reign.

Neither Joan of Scotland nor Maud of Hainault had enjoyed particularly happy lives, and perhaps death came not with any great sadness to them; but a more sorrowful case was that of Lionel's young wife, the pretty Irish Elizabeth, who died in August of this year, leaving an only daughter, Philippa, to whom the Queen herself, with the Countess of Warwick and the Archbishop of York, had stood sponsor. It is not very easy to discover whether Lionel had been much attached to his wife, but Philippa had loved her dearly, and now took entire charge of her daughter, whom she brought up with care and real affection. The Duke of Clarence, it is true, returned to England for a short time the following summer, and again the year after, on business connected with his late wife's estate, but it was chiefly in the hope of obtaining the complete possession of it for himself, a hope in which, spite of money lent him by his father for the purpose, he was considerably disappointed. But Lionel, one fears, was a lazy, careless giant; handsome, good-natured and selfish; and taking for granted all his life the love and kindness showered upon him by mother and wife alike.

Christmas, 1362, was spent at Windsor; and

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immediately after, Edward and Philippa with all their Court paid a ceremonious visit of farewell to the Prince and Princess of Wales at their country house at Berkhamstead, prior to their departure for Aquitaine. "I, Jean Froissart, author of these chronicles," we read, "was in the service of Queen Philippa, when she accompanied King Edward and the royal family to Berkhamstead Castle to take leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales on their departure for Aquitaine. I was at that time twenty-four years old, and one of the clerks of the chamber to my lady the Queen. During this visit, as I was seated on a bench, I heard an ancient knight expounding some of the prophecies of Merlin to the Queen's ladies. According to him, neither the Prince of Wales nor the Duke of Clarence, though sons to King Edward, will wear the crown of England, but it will fall to the House of Lancaster." Already we see the growing power of John of Gaunt casting its shadow upon the future; and the prophecy did, in fact, come perfectly true long after the death of Froissart who recorded it. None of Edward's own sons ever wore the crown of England, though children of both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Lancaster, and descendants of the daughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, did so; but the Tudor, Stuart, and ultimately Hanoverian dynasties of this country are directly descended from the younger branch of John of Gaunt's family. The royal visit to Berkhamstead may be regarded as one of peace and reconciliation between Joan and her husband's family; and the Queen at least must have been glad afterwards that it was paid. The young couple left to take up their residence at





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EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, "THE BLACK PRINCE,"  
ELDEST SON OF EDWARD III. AND PHILIPPA



Bordeaux in the end of February, and Philippa never saw her eldest son again.

During the year 1363, further laws of a sumptuary or domestic character were passed. It was prohibited to any whose income did not exceed £10 a year to wear "rich ornaments"—this scarcely seeming necessary—but it is followed by much talk concerning the "outrageous and excessive apparel of divers people against their estate and degree to the great destruction and impoverishment of all the land". In June the people were commanded to give up "vain games, handball, football, stick-play, and dog and cock fights," and instead to learn and practise archery, bow and arrow or cross-bow shooting, under pain of imprisonment: at periodic times throughout history, it seems, the English people have always needed some such reminder as this. It had also for long been strictly forbidden to export horses or cattle; but this year Philippa obtained permission for Andrew Destrier of Bruges, her guitar player, to take over with him twenty-five oxen or cows without paying any duty. All such little matters, however, paled in the interest which was now suddenly again aroused in France.

Edward had from the beginning been extremely generous to his French hostages. King John had been permitted to take his favourite son Philip back to France with him; and the four Lords of the Fleur de Lis becoming discontented with their life in England, he not only allowed them to live at Calais, but even to take their dogs and falcons and go on long hunting or hawking excursions from there, provided only that they were not absent



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from English territory for more than three consecutive days. About this time the wealthy Duke of Burgundy died, and John bestowed the title on his youngest son Philip, which news so enraged his elder son, the young Duke of Anjou, that he cast honour to the winds, took advantage of the privileges allowed him, rode off hawking one day in September, and never returned at all. King John himself had been treacherous enough in his youth; but he was now elderly, in poor health, and chastened in spirit; and he was just entertaining the King of Cyprus and promising to start a fresh Crusade in his company, when Anjou appeared, and horrified his father with his tale of broken parole. Upon this the King promptly wrote to Edward for a safe-conduct for himself and 200 knights and attendants, and started for England in December, reaching Dover on 4 January, 1364.

Sentimental historians have represented John as, heartbroken at his son's dishonour, returning voluntarily to his English prison; but his care in obtaining an official passport before he started will scarcely bear this out. Others suggest that his life in England had been so calm and peaceful, Philippa so gracious a hostess, and the ladies of the Court so kind and lovable, that he found his return to the thorny splendours of the Crown of France a weariness and a pain, and was glad to grasp at the first opportunity of resuming his pleasant quarters at the Savoy. Some say that he came merely upon a friendly visit to apologize for his son's conduct; some that he knew his life to be nearing an end, and dreamed that if he died in England, the conditions to which he had sworn in the Treaty of

Bretigny might not be regarded as binding upon his sons ; or that at the least the further payment of his ransom would not be necessary. A rather plausible suggestion to account for his coming is his wish to persuade Edward to join also in the projected Crusade, and the fact that the King of Cyprus shortly followed him to England will give colour to the idea. But whatever the true motives of his action may have been, there is no doubt that he had made himself very popular in England and was warmly welcomed on his return ; none the less that he was credited with the noble sentiment that "If honour were lost everywhere else upon earth, it ought to be found in the conduct of Kings". Edward sent his own sons and many of his bravest knights to receive John at Dover, from whence they rode to Canterbury, and offered at the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket ; and on the next day, a Sunday, proceeded to Eltham ; where Edward and Philippa happened to be staying at their country palace. "I can never relate," says Froissart, "how very honourably the King and Queen behaved to King John at Eltham." He arrived at ten o'clock in the morning, dined immediately, and "between that and supper time was great dancing and rejoicing". Holinshed says that "after dinner he took his horse and rode towards London, and on Blackheath the citizens met him all dressed and horsed alike, and rode with him to the Savoy"; but according to other accounts he remained for two months at Eltham before proceeding to London.

The King of Cyprus, King Waldemar of Denmark, and David of Scotland were also Edward's

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guests about this time ; and these five sovereigns were sumptuously entertained by Sir Henry Picard, the late Lord Mayor of London, at the Vintry Hall one day, while his wife the Lady Margaret "held her chamber" for the royal ladies. Picard offered to play dice and hazard against all comers, and at first the King of Cyprus won fifty marks from him, but afterwards lost it, and rather sulkily refused to pay. Henry Picard apologized grandly, gave him the money again, and with it "rich gifts all to the glorie of the citizens of London in those days". The King and his sons, however, insisted upon fair play, and Amadeus had to lose with a bad enough grace. His visit was not on the whole a very satisfactory one, as Edward entirely declined to be responsible for any new Crusades, on the score that he was now too old to undertake fresh adventures.

This was a very cold winter and spring in England, and there was a great frost which lasted from September till April. King John's health, never very robust, broke down completely under it, and early in April he died, to the real regret of his English hosts, no less than of his own people. His body was removed to France, and buried in the cathedral of St. Denis ; and his son Charles V ascended the throne of France.

Amongst the French nobles who were either hostages in England, or had accompanied the French King on his journey, was a certain young knight named Ingelram de Coucy, handsome, amiable, accomplished, brave, and possessed of the most fascinating manners. He was Lord of Coucy, la Fère and Oisi, grandson to Duke Leopold of Austria, and bore the proud motto :—



## THE KING'S JUBILEE.—1361-4

Je ne suis roi, ne duc, prince, ne comte aussie :  
Je suis le sire de Coucy.

During the festivities which welcomed King John to Eltham, Stow remarks that "the young lord of Coucy did his best to dance and sing well when his turn came : he was gladly seen by both the French and the English, for it well suited him to do all that he did". The younger knights and ladies of both countries displayed all their accomplishments ; but Ingelram de Coucy was the hero of the hour, and his praises were on every tongue. The Princess Isabella, now thirty-two and never expected to marry, fell desperately in love with the good-looking foreigner at first sight, and he, although seven years her junior, warmly reciprocated her passion. A very little persuasion induced Edward to consent to their union, and the curiously assorted couple were actually married at Windsor "in royal and triumphal wise," says Holinshed, in July of the following year. De Coucy was given his freedom, and later created Earl of Bedford, and made a Knight of the Garter, with an annuity of 300 marks : while Edward settled £4000 upon his daughter, in addition to the property she already held. The jewels Isabella wore at her wedding, all gifts from her father and brothers, were worth nearly £3000, and the King exerted himself to make the occasion in all respects a very splendid one : £100 was distributed among the minstrels alone. To Philippa, his dear and true wife, he gave a present of two beautifully embroidered corselets or bodices, one worked with the words *Myn Biddinye*, and the other with her own favourite motto *Ich wrude mucho*. Isabella seems to have disliked the

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idea of leaving her native land, and for four months yet she and her young husband lingered at her father's Court; but in November, 1365, they took ship for France, and de Coucy introduced his royal bride to the castle of his fathers.

## CHAPTER XVII

### GATHERING CLOUDS.—1365-9

IN this same year came the great news from Bordeaux of the birth of a son to the Black Prince. The child was named Edward, and there were great rejoicings in England, for now the direct succession seemed assured throughout two generations; although in the end neither father nor son ever ascended the throne. Little Edward died at seven years old, and Stow remarks ominously "not too soon, it was said". The Prince was much annoyed at this time by the appointment of the Duke of Anjou to the Lieutenant-governorship of Languedoc, close to his own Court; in spite of King Edward's dignified warning to the faithless young man that unless he returned to England and gave himself up within twenty days, he would "tarnish the honour of himself and all his lineage". Charles the Wise, King John's son and successor, apparently approved his brother's action, for he thus rewarded instead of punishing him; and taking no notice of remonstrances, coolly ordered the Prince of Wales to put down the Free Companies which still devastated the land, and over which he had of course no authority whatever. Meanwhile, the fortunes of Brittany had been at last settled in a great battle fought at Auray in September, 1364,



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when Charles of Blois was killed, the famous Bertrand du Guesclin was taken prisoner, and young de Montfort, by the help of Sir John Chandos, finally obtained undisputed possession of his Duchy. Shortly afterwards he married, as already noticed, the Prince of Wales's stepdaughter, the child of Holland and Joan.

Philippa had been right in anticipating trouble when her nephew Albert undertook the regency of the Hainault Earldom on behalf of his unfortunately afflicted brother William. William had now been mad for seven years; and since there was no possible hope of his recovery, Albert wished to have himself acknowledged as the full and legal Earl; his first step towards which was the Assembly of the Estates of Holland at Gertruydenburg; where he persuaded them to pronounce that Queen Philippa could not inherit any part of her brother's dominions, the whole being one and indivisible. Edward and Philippa were much annoyed at this, and refused to accept so arbitrary a reversion of a matter which had been settled long ago; in the summer of 1365, therefore, Albert himself came over to England to try and persuade them; but Edward refused to listen to any arguments, and Philippa's nephew was obliged to return disappointed. Apparently, however, friendly relations between the countries were not materially disturbed by this private quarrel.

Edmund and Thomas were now the only two of Edward's children still unmarried, and Edmund being at this time twenty-four, his father anxiously looked about for a suitable alliance for him. The richest Princess in Europe was Margaret, the widow

of that Duke of Burgundy at whose death a few years earlier the title had been conferred on King John's youngest son, Philip le Hardi; and this lady therefore the King determined to make his fourth daughter-in-law. Negotiations for the marriage went very smoothly, and no trouble was experienced until the dispensation of the Pope was asked. This was usually such a mere formality that the date of the wedding was actually fixed for February, 1365, when like a thunderbolt came the news that the Pope refused to grant any such dispensation. The wedding was postponed till May, and Edward made every endeavour to persuade His Holiness to consent to it, but without avail; and, since although England was already restive beneath the Papal authority, no marriage could legally take place without the blessing of the Church, Edmund lost his wealthy bride, who several years later married the new Duke of Burgundy, Philip le Hardi himself. There is little doubt that it was in anticipation of this event that the King of France had urged the Pope on no account to permit Margaret's marriage with any son of the King of England.

In April, 1366, Princess Isabella gave birth to a daughter whom she named Mary; and immediately upon her recovery she sent joyful messengers to inform her father of the event, and started for England with her husband and baby. The Earl and Countess of Bedford were very warmly welcomed in this country, where they remained for over a year; and during this time Isabella, softened by marriage and maternity, seems happily to have entered far more into sympathy with her mother

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than ever before. In the spring of 1366, when her second daughter was born, in the Palace at Eltham where she and de Coucy had first met, the Queen was in kind and constant attendance upon her child, and the little girl was named Philippa after her. A few months later, the Bedfords returned to France again.

In the hands of the Prince of Wales and Sir John Chandos meanwhile rested for the present the full command of all Edward's foreign possessions. The Prince and Princess kept their Court at Bordeaux, and hither in 1365 came Pedro of Spain, a fugitive from his own country, to implore shelter and assistance. Pedro had become King of Castille at the age of sixteen, had married Blanche of Bourbon (whom he left for a mistress two days after the ceremony, and murdered some years later), and had ultimately made himself so hated and unpopular that his illegitimate brother, Henry of Trastamare, rose against him by the wishes of his people, and claimed his throne. Trastamare was at first defeated, and fled to France, where the King promised him help; and the Pope pronounced him legitimate, and excommunicated Pedro, who promptly made alliance with the King of England, always his friend since the sad ending of his betrothal to the Princess Joan. This was in 1362, shortly before the famous Bertrand du Guesclin became a prisoner in the hands of the Prince of Wales, who fixed his ransom at the sum of 100,000 francs. The Pope, the King of France, and Henry of Trastamare together collected this sum and redeemed the gallant du Guesclin, who immediately joined Henry, and was followed by most of the in-



dependent companies at that time patrolling the Continent in search of what booty they could get. Some of these at least seem to have been under English control, for on December 6, 1365, Edward wrote to Chandos not to permit these to join in the invasion of the dominions of "that noble prince the King of Spain"; but in spite of Chandos' remonstrances, most of them had already gone. Pedro, terrified, fled from his country, and with his two handsome daughters, the Princesses Constantia and Isabella, took refuge at the Court of Aquitaine; where, in the Abbey of St. Andrew at Bordeaux, the Prince and Princess received them with the greatest courtesy, and entertained them with many banquets and rejoicings.

Pedro implored assistance from the English Prince, assuring him he had plenty of money to pay soldiers if they could be supplied, and the Prince, who seems to have been completely deceived by the Spaniard's silky manner, approved the idea, in spite of remonstrances from the chief nobles of Aquitaine, loath to render aid to a tyrant and a villain. A Parliament was called at Bordeaux to discuss the subject, and four knights were dispatched to England to ask King Edward's advice. He received them in London, called a Council, at which John of Gaunt and several other prominent men expressed their approval of the alliance, and so sent them back with a message that if sufficient funds were forthcoming, he had no objection to his son's fighting for the rights of the King of Castille. Pedro laughed at the idea of any difficulty concerning money, and left his daughters in the Prince's hands as surety for all the sums he promised; nevertheless the

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sums themselves were delayed upon one excuse or another, and at last the Prince had to melt down all the gold and silver in Bordeaux, and finally to apply to his father for help. Edward made over to him 500,000 francs due from the King of France; and early in 1367, the Duke of Lancaster sailed with a large company of archers, to join his brother's army.

The day the Prince left Bordeaux, his wife gave birth to a second son Richard, afterwards Richard II.; but, having obtained reassuring news of her, the young commander could delay no longer, and hurried on to meet the English contingent at Dax on the Adour. In the Pass of Roncesvalles the army struggled through a terrific storm of snow and wind, and afterwards met with many small reverses, but at last in April the Battle of Navarrete was fought, resulting in another great victory for the English arms. Now, if not sooner, the Prince of Wales began to realize the despicable character of the man he had made his ally. Henry of Trastamare had fled, but du Guesclin was a prisoner again, and Pedro demanded his life with violence, but the Black Prince refused to give him up. Three weeks' tournaments and festivities in Burgos did not much improve matters by a hollow show of merriment where treachery and fraud began to appear all too evident. Pedro was again asked for the money of which he had so lavishly spoken, and professed to hurry to Seville in order to fetch it; but as a matter of fact he had none, and by this time everybody knew it. What with war and disease, barely a fifth of the English army now survived, and the Prince himself lay seriously ill, when Joan wrote

to her husband that Henry of Trastamare was advancing on Aquitaine. Sick though he was, the Prince hurried back to Bordeaux, since his first business was to defend the Duchy he held of his father; and Henry, his ruse successful, returned to Spain, where he was joyfully received. Lancaster went back to England with his archers, as there was no money to maintain them any longer; by the end of the year du Guesclin was ransomed again; and thus, in spite of the English victory, Henry of Trastamare actually conquered, for the allies had not been able to hold what they had won at such vast expense.

Pedro, finding the English would help him no longer, risked the repudiation of Christendom by gathering a ruffianly army of Moors, Jews, and Infidels, and marching once more upon his half-brother. The untrained army fled; Pedro was defeated and taken prisoner, and the brothers met in the victorious Henry's tent. Pedro watched his opportunity, sprang upon Henry with a dagger and strove to stab him, but Du Guesclin, who was present, caught him by the leg, and Henry killed him in sheer self-defence. Thus miserably, a prisoner and a traitor, fell the man who should have been beautiful Joan's husband, and who by his crimes and his unknightliness had made himself the most hated and despised creature in all Europe. His two daughters remained at Bordeaux, and ultimately both married English Princes, Constantia the elder becoming the second wife of John of Gaunt, and Isabella the younger marrying Edmund of Langley. The Black Prince himself never recovered either his health or his moral tone after



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this disastrous Spanish campaign. Always rather inclined to be hard and cruel, he had lately developed both a callous lethargy and an impatient obstinacy which proved very trying to his friends and admirers. Constant pain and physical weakness no doubt clouded his clear outlook; and it was whispered too that this strange exhaustion was no result of natural illness, but caused by some insidious Spanish poison; this seems, however, not very probable. All unusual symptoms at this period were set down to poison; but the violent exercises in which the Prince had indulged since early childhood, the extravagance of luxury to which he gave way between his campaigns, and the exposure, hardship and anxieties of his Spanish expedition, were quite sufficient to render his constitution particularly sensitive to malarial fever, and to make it difficult for him to throw off its after effects. His wife was not likely to be of much moral use to him; and after his return to Bordeaux, in spite of the difficulty of obtaining money to pay troops, the Court life was resumed with no less extravagance than of old. Good Sir John Chandos remonstrated in vain; and at last retired sadly to his estates in Normandy, unable any longer to influence his former princely pupil. In despair at the impossibility of raising money, the Prince at last imposed a "hearth-tax" in Aquitaine, by which one franc must be paid on every hearth during the next three years: an expedient which rendered him excessively unpopular. \*

At home in England things went not much better. If Queen Philippa was troubled about her eldest son, her second and favourite was progressing

equally ill. Every measure Lionel introduced into Ireland appeared less pleasing than the last; instead of soothing, he fomented the quarrels between the "English by birth and by blood"; and at last he had to move his Exchequer from Dublin to the walled city of Carlow, where he might be safer in case of attack. In Lent, 1366, he passed the famous Statute of Kilkenny; and soon after found he could be tolerated in the country no longer. The same November he returned to England, declaring he would never go back of his own will, and the Governorship of Ireland was consequently handed over to the Earl of Desmond. Disappointed by his son's failure here, Edward had, however, already attempted to make a place for him elsewhere. David of Scotland possessed no children, and David and Edward were now, by reason of common interests, fast friends. By Edward's desire, David had some time earlier proposed to the Scottish Parliament that he should appoint Lionel of England his heir; and though the proposal was met at the time with violent scorn and dislike, he had nevertheless entered into private treaty with Edward that so it should be. Whether Lionel would have succeeded better with the Scots than with the Irish seems doubtful, but he never had the chance to try; for David lived the longer of the two. Philippa now had her favourite son at home for almost two years, during which time negotiations were being pushed forward for his second marriage. Edward was by no means particular as to his children wedding only into royal blood, but a handsome portion was a necessity for the bride; and the lady chosen this time was an Italian, Vio-

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lante, only and beautiful daughter of the wealthy Galeazzo Visconti, Lord of Pavia, and niece of Bernabo, Lord of Milan.

These Italian sovereign Lords were practically Kings, and despotic ones, of their own great estates ; but, nevertheless, to marry his daughter to a son of the King of England would be a proud thing for Galeazzo ; and he was prepared to pay largely for the honour of the alliance. In July, 1366, Humphrey de Bohun, Constable of England, went to Milan to open negotiations in the matter ; but much discussion and delay followed, and it was not till April, 1368, that the treaty was actually signed at Windsor, and that Lionel set out for Italy to fetch his bride. Her dowry was to be 2,000,000 gold florins (part of which was paid in advance), besides towns, castles, and estates almost beyond number. All Italy was in the wildest state of excitement over the wedding ; and Lionel himself, foolishly exhilarated, boasted extravagantly of the wealthy wife he was taking, and made of his journey across Europe a veritable triumphal progress. Before starting, his little daughter Philippa was married off to the Earl of March, great-grandson of wicked old Roger Mortimer ; but this seems to have interested him little, and he took a careless leave of his mother, who, one fancies, must have clung to him with a rather more demonstrative emotion than ever before. Had she any forebodings, one wonders ? Did she guess that she and he would never meet again ; but within little more than a year would both lie cold in their graves, with half a continent between them ? He rode away with his gay retinue of 500 attendants and 1280 horses, sailed



from Dover to Calais with a fleet of thirty-nine great ships and thirteen small, pushed on to Paris, and Philippa never saw him more.

In Paris Lionel was entertained at the Palace of the Louvre by Charles of France, and by his own sister Isabella, Countess of Bedford and Lady de Coucy, proud as ever of making display of any of her handsome and distinguished relations. His reception seemed all that could be desired in the way of courtesy and kindness, and Lionel was far too shallow and too full of his own good fortune to notice the preparations for war scarcely veiled beneath the gay Court life. From Paris he pressed on to Sens and Chambéry, where he was warmly welcomed by the Count of Savoy, whose sister Blanche was the mother of Violante, and consequently future mother-in-law to himself. On leaving Chambéry, the Count of Savoy accompanied the bridal train across the Alps to Milan, which was reached in the end of May; and on June 5, Lionel of England, Duke of Clarence and Earl of Ulster, married his beautiful Violante before the door of the great cathedral at Milan in the presence of a great and truly famous assembly. Never, throughout the Middle Ages, do we read of such magnificent and prolonged festivities as attended this occasion; the wedding banquet consisted of thirty courses, between each of which gifts of fabulous value were presented to the English Prince and his knights. "There were," says Stow, "in one only course seventy goodly horses adorned with silk and silver furniture; and in another, silver vessels, falcons, hounds, armour for horses, costly coats of mail, breast-plates glistening of massy steel,

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helmets and corselets decked with costly crests, apparelled distinct with costly jewels, soldiers' girdles, and lastly, certain gems by curious art set in gold and purple, and cloth of gold for men's apparel in great abundance. And such was the sumptuousness of that banquet that the meats which were brought from table would sufficiently have served ten thousand men." Geoffrey Chaucer is said to have accompanied his Prince upon this journey, during which his fertile mind gathered many an impression destined later, decked in poetic imagery, to delight the hearts and ears of his own countrymen. Froissart was also of the train, and the legend goes that at this famous feast they met with the aged Petrarch and the great Boccaccio; truly a company of genius, of which Galeazzo might have been far prouder than of his daughter's wondrous match. The festivities lasted nearly five months, all through the heat of an Italian summer; and Lionel we may be sure never checked himself in the indulgence of any pleasure. In the beginning of October he and his bride went to Alba in Piedmont, and here he was suddenly taken violently ill. On October 3 he made his will, and on the 7th he died.

The unfortunate Galeazzo was nearly frantic with dismay and grief. All his fine plans were toppled to the earth, vast sums of money had been spent, and the English alliance was not only at an end, but he found himself actually regarded with suspicion and enmity by many of the Prince's friends, who openly accused him of poisoning their master through some of his rich gifts. There does not seem the smallest likelihood of this story being true,

since Galeazzo at least had everything to gain by Lionel's life and all to lose in his death ; but so persistent were the rumours that long afterwards Lord Edmund Spenser and Sir Thomas Hawkwood, with the White Company, marched to Italy to demand revenge, and were with difficulty satisfied by the Duke of Milan. Stow's account of Lionel's death leaves little doubt that it was purely natural ; " Not long after," he writes, " Lionel, living with his new wife, whilst after the manner of his own country, as forgetting or not regarding his change of air, he addicted himself overmuch to untimely banquetings, and, spent and consumed with a lingering sickness, died at Alba ". The ill-fated Duke of Clarence was buried first with great pomp at Pavia, but later, at his father's desire, his remains were transferred to the church of the Austin Friars at Clare in Suffolk, where his first wife Elizabeth lay buried. Violante shortly afterwards married Otho Paleologus, Marquis of Montferrat.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### PHILIPPA'S FAREWELL.—1369

QUEEN PHILIPPA had long felt her strength failing her; she suffered much from a painful internal disease, and in 1367 was attacked by dropsy. When in the end of the following year the sudden news of her favourite son's death reached her without any warning, it seems to have dealt a blow from which she never afterwards really recovered; nor were her last years particularly happy ones. Edward's vitality, over-spent in his early wars, left him an almost foolish old man over fifty; now and again gleams of the old spirit informed his frame, but for the most part he left the conduct of affairs to his sons and ministers, and dawdled away his days in the company of a handsome courtesan named Alice Perrers. This woman, who must undoubtedly have been exceedingly attractive, was one of the Queen's own damsels, and seems indeed to have remained in the royal service until Philippa's death, immediately after which she obtained an absolute and shameful ascendancy over her royal slave. The *liaison* however had begun long before; for in 1368 Edward made her a grant of the manor of Ardington in Berkshire, which had belonged to his aunt, Mary, late Countess Marshall. It is scarcely possible that so shrewd a woman as Philippa can have



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BUST OF QUEEN PHILIPPA FROM THE EFFIGY ON HER TOMB





been unaware of her husband's infatuation, and it must have added much to the anxieties of her last days; but with the exception of one allusion on her deathbed, she made him no reproaches, and remained a faithful and devoted wife to her dying hour.

The last year of her life was further saddened and unsettled by a renewal of the war with France. Her eldest son, suffering from the same disease as herself and woefully ill, hungered for home: in the spring of 1368 preparations were made for his return to England, but Aquitaine was still in a very unsettled state, and at the last moment he decided not to go, foreseeing that the loss of prestige in his departure would be too great, and that a change of government at this time would probably result in the loss of the Duchy altogether. Stricken with mortal illness, however, and no longer his old knightly self, he persisted in the harsh and unpopular "*Fouage*" or hearth-tax, which he had levied upon Aquitaine; and by this so angered the Gascon lords that they complained of him to the King of France. This was a quite unjustifiable action, since England alone held sovereignty over the Duchy, and no greater insult could have been offered the Prince than that Charles should interfere between him and his people. In the end of January, 1369, however, a French embassy arrived at Bordeaux, bearing orders that the Prince of Wales and Duke of Aquitaine should appear at Paris without delay, to answer before the French King to the charges and accusations preferred against him by his own subjects. At this the wounded hero rose from his couch, and with a

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flash of his ancient spirit cried aloud, "Ay, willingly shall I come to France since the King of France desires it, but verily it shall be with helmet on head and sixty thousand men at my back!" And with that he dismissed the Embassy, sent to recall Sir John Chandos, and made prompt preparations for another armed expedition. Charles of France was a wily fox, whose game was usually played in "masterly inaction," and who had for long been quietly building up his resources for some such opportunity as this; but for once he found himself to have acted too precipitately. In haste to recover his footing, he dispatched friendly messengers to the King of England, with many fair words and a gift of fifty pipes of wine. Edward did not receive them very cordially, for he had never trusted Charles, and when almost immediately after, he heard of what had happened in Aquitaine, the old lion arose in his wrath once more, and he bade them, says Stow, "get home with their deceitful presents to their deceitful Lord, whose mocks he would not leave long unrevenged". The messengers fled home with their despised gifts, but at Calais were detained, and the wines and goods taken from them: they were, however, lucky to escape with their lives, for Charles's preparations being now complete, he threw off the mask, seized Ponthieu, and at Dover the returning Embassy was actually met by the King of France's *scullion*, bearing a declaration of war.

Never before had the majesty of England been so offended; and the indignation of King and people knew no bounds. This French scullion or "varlet of the household," came to the Palace at

Westminster, where Parliament sat; and delivered the letters he bore, declaring himself ignorant of their contents. At first it was thought the man must be mad, or the whole affair a hoax; but the seals on the letters were genuine, and it became evident on the contrary that Charles had deliberately chosen this method of insulting his country's old enemy. If he had supposed Edward now too old and weak to encounter him, his mistake soon became apparent. The Prince of Wales might lie dying, but the King had other sons, and every man in England sprang to arms, eager to discipline French insolence. Once more, as in the old days, the country rang with a ferment of warlike bustle. All English ships were bidden "resist the malice of our enemies the French already on the seas"; John of Gaunt was appointed his father's Lieutenant for Calais, Guisnes, and the country around; every English castle in France was victualled and prepared for siege; companies of archers were made ready to embark; and at a Parliament held early in June, Edward resumed his title of King of France, a claim incorporated in the great seal of England till the reign of George III. Meanwhile, alliances were formed in every possible direction: the truce with Scotland was renewed for fourteen years; the young Duke of Gueldres and the Marquis of Juliers were friends already, and Sir Robert of Namur was made a Knight of the Garter; but Henry of Trastamare, now King of Castille, naturally stood for France; and Albert of Hainault, whom it had been hoped to gain, had already promised to remain neutral. Philippa, now a very sick and weary woman, bestirred her-



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self to write personally to this nephew, sending him some valuable jewels which had formerly belonged to Maud of Lancaster, his brother's wife, and asking his aid and friendship. Perhaps Albert was really sorry to refuse her, but it must have been an ungracious task: he did, however, equally decline to support France. Philippa sent handsome presents and jewels to the King of Cyprus also; and thus to the last moment worked for the good of her husband and her adopted country.

Ingelram de Coucy, Earl of Bedford, the King's own son-in-law, was torn in both ways by this renewal of war; and at last, rather than bear arms against either King, he decided to travel in Italy, and send his wife and two little daughters home to England. Isabella returned, therefore, apparently for good, and after her mother's death took the place of chief lady as her father's Court. She seems to have seen little more of her husband, who ultimately, on Edward's death, returned his Garter to the new King of England, on the plea that he was "obliged to serve the King of France, his natural and sovereign lord, according to his duty as a liege subject"; but that he surrendered this decoration "which it had been his honour and pride to wear, and humbly besought the Sovereign to elect another knight in his room".

In the early summer the Duke of Lancaster took a last leave of his mother and sailed for Calais; and at the same time Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, with his friend and brother-in-law the Earl of Pembroke, poor little Margaret's bridegroom, took command of another army which was to land in Brittany. Pembroke was a hot-tempered

and reckless young man, very vain of himself and his own prowess, and he promptly quarrelled with the veteran Sir John Chandos, and by refusing to follow all advice placed himself in some very awkward situations. Chandos was generous, however, and rescued the hare-brained Earl, who lived for many years after to share Lancaster's influence over old King Edward, and perhaps to render England little service by so doing. The King himself took no active share in this expedition, but remained at Windsor, and with Thomas of Woodstock, their youngest son, now aged fourteen, was alone of all her great family with Philippa when that good and faithful wife sank to her well-earned rest. The end came on August 15. The Bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham, confessed the Queen and gave her the last sacrament; and all her sorrowing damsels wept bitterly at their approaching loss. Froissart, who was very genuinely devoted to her, has described her last words in so simple and touching a fashion that they can scarcely be told otherwise; and if Edward had indeed no qualms of shame at the gentle dignity of her requests, he must have been more or less than human.

“When the good Lady perceived her end approaching,” writes the old Hainault chronicler; “she called to the King, and extending her right hand from under the bedclothes, put it into the right hand of the King, who was very sorrowful at heart, and thus spoke: ‘We have enjoyed our union in happiness, peace and prosperity; I entreat therefore of you that on our separation you will grant me three requests’. The King with sighs and

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tears replied, 'Lady, ask; whatever you request shall be granted'. 'My Lord, I beg you will acquit me of whatever engagements I may have entered into formerly with merchants for their wares, as well on this as on the other side of the sea. I beseech you also to fulfil what gifts or legacies I may have made or left to churches here or on the continent, where I have paid my devotions, as well as what I may have left to those of both sexes who have been in my service. Thirdly, I entreat that when it shall please God to call you hence, you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and will lie by my side in the cloister at Westminster.' The King in tears replied, 'Lady, I grant them'. Soon after, the good Lady made the sign of the cross on her breast, and having recommended to God the King and her youngest son Thomas, who was present, gave up her spirit, which I firmly believe was caught by the holy angels and carried to glory in heaven, for she had never done anything by thought or deed which could endanger her losing it."

Edward did indeed fulfil his wife's last wishes to the letter. He bought from the Canons of St. Paul's, who had taken it from the tomb of Bishop Northbroke, a magnificent wrought-iron hearse for the Queen's funeral procession through London; after which she was buried with much pomp and lamentation in Edward the Confessor's Chapel at Westminster Abbey, and a costly tomb of black marble was erected over her remains. On it was laid a life-sized alabaster figure of herself, and around it were placed thirty small alabaster figures of her more distinguished relatives and contemporaries, of which two only now remain. Stow, quoting from an old





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TOMB OF QUEEN PHILIPPA IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY



manuscript, describes them as originally representing the Kings of Navarre, Bohemia, Scotland, Spain, and Sicily at the Queen's feet : her father, husband, and eldest son, with King John of France and the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria at her head : on her left, Queen Joan of Scotland, Edward's young brother John of Eltham, her own daughter Isabella, her sons Lionel, John, Edmund and Thomas, and her three daughters-in-law, Joan of Kent, Princess of Wales, Elizabeth de Burgh, Duchess of Clarence, and Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster : while on her right were her mother, brother, and sister-in-law, her two younger daughters Mary and Margaret, her uncle Sir John of Hainault, her nephew William, and Charles, Duke of Brabant. The figure of Philippa herself is not a very pleasing one, and as it apparently represents her at the time of her death, and after she had long suffered from a disfiguring disease, it does her little justice. Handsome heads of her were set up in certain Bristol churches, but undoubtedly her most becoming representation is the painting already described in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster. According to custom, a mortuary gift of the state bed on which she died was made to the Chapter of York Minster, and it is gleefully recorded that they got thirteen copes, six tunics, and a chasuble out of the valuable stuffs with which it was hung. Edward's own monument, when he came to die, was placed at the head of his Queen's ; but Dart declares that his body was actually buried at Philippa's side according to his promise.

“Dead is she and buried, that kind lady who in all honour without blame passed her life. Alas what news for all her friends !” laments the faith-



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ful Froissart. A Latin epitaph, long since destroyed, was hung beside Philippa's tomb, but the translation of it, rendered into English by the poet Skelton, who flourished a hundred years later, still remains to us.

Faire Philippe, William Hainault's child, and younger daughter  
deare,

Of roseate hue and beauty bright, in tomb lies hilled here ;  
Edward the Third, thro' mother's will and nobles good consent,  
Took her to wife, and joyfully with her his time he spent.  
Her uncle John, a martial man, and eke a valiant knight,  
Did link this woman to this king in bonds of marriage right.  
This match and marriage thus in blood did bind the Flemings  
sure

To Englishmen, by which they did the Frenchmen's wrack procure.

This Philippe, flowered in gifts full rare and treasures of the mind,  
In beauty bright, religion, faith, to all and each most kind.  
A fruitful mother Philippe was, full many a son she bred,  
And brought forth many a worthy knight, hardy and full of  
dread ;

A careful nurse to students all, at Oxford she did found  
Queens College, and Dame Pallas school, that did her fame re-  
sound.

The wife of Edward, dear  
Queen Philippe, lieth here.  
Learn to live.

The Queen's requests concerning the payment of her debts seem all to have been faithfully discharged, together with certain gifts she had bequeathed to St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster, and to the Hospital of the nuns of St. Katherine's by the Tower ; but only the year after her death, the King commanded his Exchequer to pay to " our beloved damsel Alicia de Preston, late damsel to Philippa late Queen of England," for her good and faithful services to the said Queen, the sum of ten

marks yearly during her life, at "Pasche" and Michaelmas. There is little doubt that the damsel thus affectionately mentioned was the same as Alice Perrers, and it seems somewhat unworthy of Edward to describe his bounty as a reward for so treacherous a service. The ten marks can have meant little to Alice, who, before many years had passed, was possessed of fat manors in seventeen different counties; but it would perhaps have seemed invidious to omit her name entirely from the paper, which concludes with a mere list of the Queen's other damsels. "To Matilda Fisher, Elizabeth Pershore, and Johanna Kawley, ten marks yearly; to Johanna Cosin, Philippa the Pycard, and Agatha Liergin, a hundred shillings yearly; and to Matilda Radscroft and Agnes de Saxilby, five marks yearly." A mark was worth about 13s. 4d. but could of course purchase a great deal more than that sum would do to-day. Philippa the Pycard, mentioned above, was the wife of Geoffrey Chaucer, and had already received a pension of ten marks yearly in 1366, perhaps upon her marriage. Her father was a native of Guyenne; but it seems doubtful that she was, as some declare, the sister of Katherine Roet, John of Gaunt's acknowledged mistress, whom in the last years of his life he married. Philippa Chaucer was transferred, soon after the death of her beloved lady, to the service of John of Gaunt's second wife, Constantia of Castille; for England still wept the loss of the good Queen when the fair and noble Duchess Blanche of Lancaster followed her to the grave, less than a month later. Blanche was 29, and the mother of seven children, of whom three only lived, amongst

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them being Henry Bolingbroke, who thirty years later usurped the throne of his cousin Richard II, and became King of England. Geoffrey Chaucer has sung pathetically of Blanche's death in "The Boke of the Duchess," and painted for us the desolation of England at the loss of these two good and noble women; and England indeed might well regret, and look heavily and apprehensively towards the future. Blanche was buried in "Paul's Church of London".

Philippa's forebodings were all too well fulfilled: within a few years of her death, Edward's great schemes had crumbled, his influence waned, his character deteriorated: and little was left of all his mighty victories. As Froude has said, "Under him England was successful in battles, but defeated in war". His Queen had borne him twelve children, none of whom ever wore a crown, and five only survived her. Blanche and the two Williams died in infancy; Joan, Mary and Margaret in early youth; Lionel in his prime; and the Black Prince not many years after his mother. On the last day of this year died Sir John Chandos, when which news was brought to the Prince, he said only, "I have lost but too much this year on both sides of the water". His own strength sank wretchedly, and with it his own chivalry; his first victories in the new war with France were followed by wholesale massacre and bitter cruelty; and after a while there were no more victories, for fortune went to France. By 1373 he was too ill even to mount his horse; and he gave up the command of Aquitaine to his brother the Duke of Lancaster, and returned to England with his wife and remaining son. Here





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TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL



for three years he lingered yet, dying at Westminster in June, 1376, aged forty-seven, rather disliked and feared than honoured and adored as he had been in youth. His body was embalmed and lay in state at Westminster till Michaelmas, when it was conveyed to Canterbury and buried in the Cathedral according to his wish. A striking and noble effigy of himself is laid upon his tomb, and above it to this day hang the rusty helm and the tattered surcoat of the young hero of Crécy and Poitiers. A melancholy end to so radiant a promise; and it had been better far for him to have fallen in the hour of victory. But Philippa at least was spared the witness of these last sad years.

King Edward himself was never the same man after his wife's death. He had depended more than he knew upon her steadfast and straightforward character; her loss plunged him into uncontrollable grief, and his consolation fell unfortunately into the ready hands of Alice Perrers. This woman seems to have understood well enough how to attend to his creature comforts, and in his gratitude and great weariness he let her ask of him in return what she would. A few years after Philippa's death, the shameful order was given: "Know all that we give and concede to our beloved Alice Perrers, late damsel of the chamber to our most dear consort Philippa now dead, and her heirs and executors, all the jewels, goods and chattels that the said Queen left in the hands of Euphemia, wife to Walter de Heselarton, knight; and the said Euphemia is to deliver them to the said Alice on receipt of this our order". Perhaps Philippa would have forgiven him if she knew; for sense, patience



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and pitifulness were not the least of her virtues ; but her people and her children looked upon the situation with unspeakable disgust. Nor did it cease here. Alice obtained such influence over her royal lover that she was permitted to interfere in affairs of State, and even took bribes to induce judges to pronounce unjust sentences. Edward allowed her to flaunt her power before the whole Court ; she and his daughter Isabella, Countess of Bedford, were treated as joint leaders of society ; and at a great seven days' tournament held at Smithfield in 1374, Alice appeared in a chariot by the King's side, dressed in gorgeous raiment as the Lady of the Sun. It is one of the worst traits in the Duke of Lancaster's character that he, alone of all Philippa's children, encouraged his father in this unworthy infatuation, in order to please and occupy him while he himself worked to obtain absolute power in the State. In this, however, he overreached himself. As his elder brother approached death, it was thought that Lancaster intended to set aside the little Prince Richard, and himself claim next heirship to the throne, and this rumour made him exceedingly unpopular. It was now that the absurd story sprang up of Philippa's so-called confession to the Bishop of Winchester as to his being no son of hers or the King's at all, and for some weeks this was much talked of and perhaps believed by some. At any rate it spoiled Lancaster's plans for the moment. He was already at enmity with his brother the Prince of Wales ; and as, even should little Richard and his father both die, the next heir was emphatically not himself, but Philippa, Countess of March, only child

of the dead Lionel, the March party stood also strongly against his desires. In April, 1376, Parliament made ordinance in the King's name that "Whereas many women prosecute the suits of others in courts of justice by way of maintenance, and to get profit thereby, which is displeasing to the King, he forbids any woman henceforward, and especially Alice Perrers, to do so, on pain of the said Alice forfeiting all her goods, and suffering banishment from the kingdom". The Duke of Lancaster was also forced to retire from public life for a time, and all this had the unfortunate effect of promoting estrangement and embitterment between the King and his eldest son, who died two months after the ordinance was passed.

Once the Black Prince lay dead, it was not long before everything was reversed, and Lancaster and Alice rose to more supreme power than ever: but Edward's great days were over. He, who had loved popularity and applause all his life, died neglected and almost alone at Sheen Palace in June, 1377, just a year after his son the Prince of Wales. He was sixty-four, a good age for a man of that period, and he had used himself to the full; he died worn out in body and spirit. Alice Perrers clung to him during his last illness for fear lest her influence might be weakened, but when she saw him actually at the point of death, she tore the rings from his stiffening fingers, and fled away to her lover Sir William de Windsor, who shortly after married her. All Edward's servants were busy plundering his palace, and had it not been for one priest who found and stayed with him, the old King would have died quite forsaken.

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This too was a sad ending for so great a man. How must his thoughts have turned at the last to the tender heart and firm goodness of his lost Philippa!

John of Gaunt made no attempt, as was half expected, to wrest the crown from his ten-year-old nephew, who immediately ascended the throne as Richard II, under the guardianship of his three uncles. The Princess of Wales, fair Joan of Kent, took up a dignified position as Princess Mother, and lived till 1385, when she expired of grief, it is said, at a quarrel between her two sons, the King and Lord Holland.

Isabella, Countess of Bedford, made several attempts to rejoin her husband, but he does not seem to have welcomed her very warmly, and at last told her, gently but firmly, that he intended resuming his French allegiance, and would prefer to part finally from her. He renounced his English title, and all his lands in England; returned his Garter; and since they had no sons, kept his elder daughter Mary with him, and afterwards married her to a French nobleman, while his wife retained possession of their younger daughter Philippa. This renunciation of lands left Isabella in a somewhat straightened position, and since she had never been economical in her life and knew not how to begin, she complained bitterly to her nephew King Richard and her brothers his guardians, with the result that the Archbishop of Canterbury and certain Bishops were made her trustees for the same estates, the revenues of which she should still enjoy during her lifetime. This settlement left her in easy circumstances till her



death in 1379: but since it was a common thing at this time for women to hold and administer large estates themselves, it is evident that Isabella's brothers considered her too flighty and extravagant to be trusted in business matters, or they would not have taken them so entirely out of her hands: nor is de Coucy's rather extraordinary action to be accounted for otherwise than by his wife's conduct and all-but impossible temper. It will be remembered that he was some years younger than herself, and there is no reason to suppose that her selfish, vain and overbearing character had been materially altered by marriage. De Coucy is spoken of by every contemporary chronicler as the pattern of his time, a model of chivalry, a patron of learning, wise, noble, brave, and virtuous; it seems probable therefore that if faults there were to cause this separation, they lay chiefly upon the wife's side. Isabella died two years after her father, and later in life her widower married Isabella de Lorraine: while Philippa de Coucy became the wife of an English nobleman, the Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland.

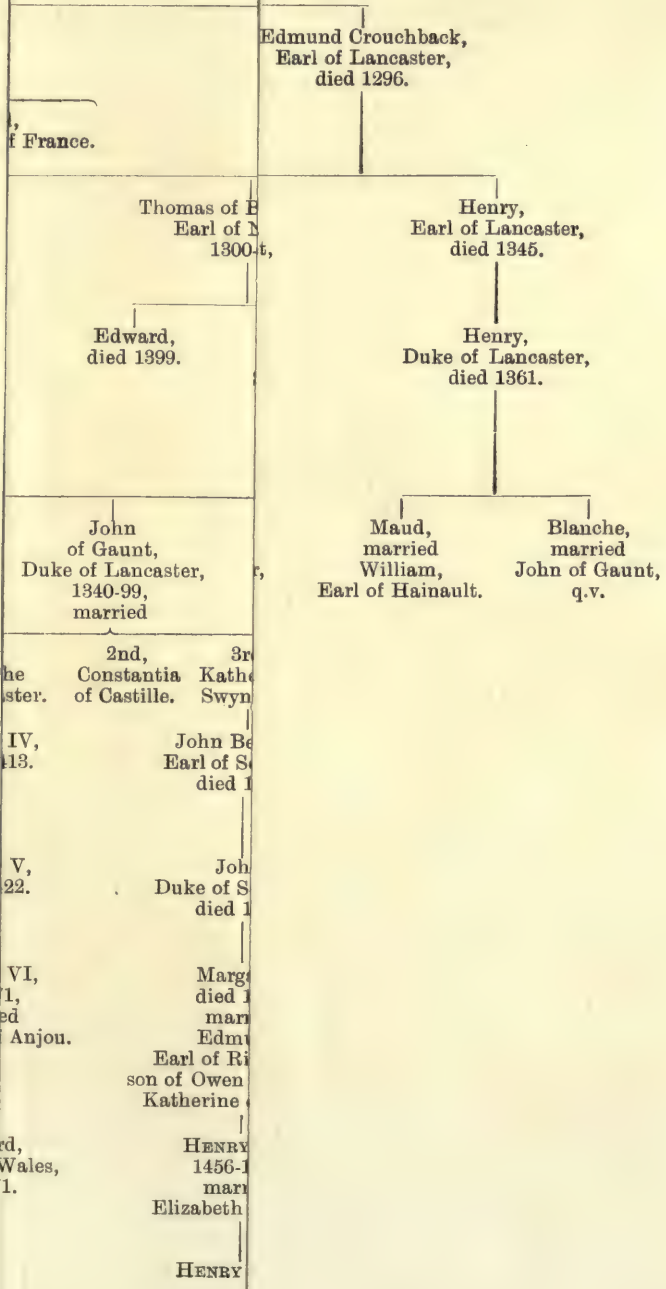
After the death of the Duchess Blanche, John of Gaunt had married Constantia of Castille, elder daughter of his brother's ally Pedro the Cruel, and by her right he assumed the title of King of Castille, but it was merely a barren honour. Pedro's younger daughter Isabella was married to Edmund of Langley, afterwards Duke of York, and their son Richard married Anne, the granddaughter of Philippa of Clarence, from whom sprang the House of York and party of the White Rose, which thus undoubtedly held a better right to the throne than

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the House of Lancaster, Lionel being the elder brother of John. Edmund of Langley seems to have much resembled his brother Lionel in character. He was handsome, pleasant, lazy, and never accomplished anything important, though great issues lay often in his hands: he did not die till 1402. On the death of Isabella of Castille, he married Joan Holland, granddaughter of the Princess of Wales; who survived him long enough to have three more husbands before she died in 1434. "Turbulent Thomas of Woodstock," Duke of Gloucester, might have done much had he not been overshadowed by his brother John, and had his energy been equally tempered by the coolness of that brother. Their tastes were somewhat similar, for both loved literature and the new learning: Thomas patronized the poet Gower, who was originally a member of his household; and even himself wrote a "History of the Laws of Battle". He married Eleanor, the heiress of Humphrey de Bohun, Constable of England. Thomas came into conflict with his nephew Richard II during the last years of his reign, was suddenly arrested one night in his country house in the summer of 1397, charged with treason, and hurriedly conveyed to Calais. It would have been scarcely safe publicly to impeach and execute him, so it was given out that he had died of apoplexy; but confession was afterwards made that he had been smothered between two feather beds.

Three years later, after a reign of twenty-two years, the young King himself died an equally mysterious death at the will of his cousin Henry Bolingbroke, Lancaster's son, who immediately

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usurped the throne. "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," did not himself live to see this consummation, but it was in good training before his death in 1398. In his old age, after Constantia's death, he had married Katherine Swynford, formerly Katherine Roet, who had been first governess to his children, then mistress to himself, and finally his wife. By her he had a large family of children, legitimized by the name of Beaufort. He was on the whole a clever but rather unscrupulous character, and had it not been for his deep interest in and patronage of Wycliffe and the Lollards, he would scarcely perhaps have met with so much respect as history has accorded him.

Gallant Sir Walter Manny died in January, 1372. He had married Margaret Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, half-brother to Edward II., and by her had one son, Thomas, who was drowned in a well at Deptford during his father's lifetime; and one daughter, Anne, married to the Earl of Pembroke, whose first wife had been the Princess Margaret of Windsor. Anne also had but one son, John, who was killed at a joust at Woodstock while still a minor, leaving no children; and thus the posterity of this noble knight died quickly out. Manny left also two illegitimate daughters, who bore the curious names of Mailosel and Malpessant.

The house of Salisbury was equally unfortunate, for the second Earl, son of King Edward's early friend William Montacute, had the dire mischance to kill his only child in a tilting match at Windsor

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in 1382: and this title also lapsed for some centuries.

David of Scotland died in February, 1371, aged 47, having reigned forty-two years, and spent eleven of them in an English prison. He left no children, but was succeeded by his first cousin, Robert Stewart, whose mother had been a Bruce: and thus the Stewart line came into possession of the throne of Scotland.

Few, if any, Queen-consorts of England have left behind them so noble and distinguished a record as Philippa of Hainault. From the days when she was a schoolgirl at Valenciennes to the hour when she died, a tired woman, at Windsor forty-three years later, she was the good angel of Edward and of England. All the years of her life, and they were fifty-six, she had worked faithfully and untiringly for those dear to her, nor did her labours cease when failing health, sorrow, bereavement and disillusion darkened her path. A true Mother of her people, through the most difficult period of history she held the balance even between duty and inclination; nor did she win the less love because, with all her kindness, she was never weakly indulgent to follies, her own or others'. The few murmurs that rose against her have been mentioned, and in a great measure explain themselves: she was a woman of business, and against such the unbusinesslike will ever rebel. The England of the fourteenth century was unsettled and excited, naturally perhaps, with such constant mighty victories and violent issues hanging ever in the balance; but through it all Philippa walked with clear head and steady feet. The



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tenderest of mothers, the most devoted of wives, and never more royal than when she occupied herself about the smallest detail of her people's lives, she seems, indeed, as Froissart painted her, "la plus gentil roine, plus large, et plus courtoise que oncques regna en son temps".

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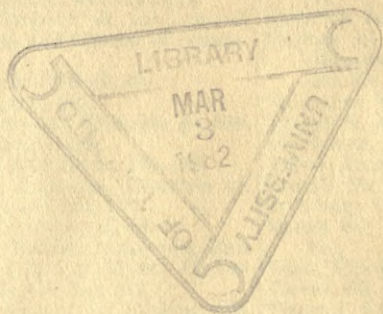
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