Great Lady in 1357

If it were not for the man who wrote first, what would the man who wrote second, third or fourth do? He would have to work things out for himself, and that, as every one knows, is too much to expect for a man nowadays. So hail to the man that wrote first, the other writers can copy from him, and can refer to him with scorn when any one finds fault with their facts, or challenges their veracity in other ways. Then what the first writer omits, the second to the nth writer, need not insert. It is interesting to notice how many things are put into the histories or kept out of the histories—things that aren't so—just because the first writer made note of them, or left them out entirely.

It is this worship of the first writer that leads the historian of England (meaning really Great Britain) to write thus about Edward II.'s wife, Isabella of France. She, it will be remembered, was responsible largely for her husband's deposition, and after that event, say the historians: "The Queen was confined to her own house at Castle Rising; and, though the King paid her a visit of ceremony once or twice, a year, she was never reinstated in any credit or authority. She died in 1357."

In other words, according to the historians, Isabella sank into obscurity and remained out of sight for thirty years, at the end of which time she died, and in consequence, was buried.

Froissart started this story. But she put it rather differently: "The King, by the advice of his council, ordered his mother to be confined in a goodly castle, and gave her plenty of ladies to wait and attend on her, as well as knights and esquires of honor. He made her a handsome allowance to keep and maintain the state she had been used to, but forbade that she should ever go out or drive herself abroad, except at certain times, when any shows were exhibited in the court of the castle. The Queen thus passed her time there meekly, and the King, her son, visited her twice or thrice a year." Sir John says the King visited her twice or thrice a year; the later writers have reduced the number of visits to one or two a year.

But as a matter of fact, Queen Isabella had a better time than even Froissart would suggest, and a vastly better time than his improvers would allow. Castle Rising held the Queen for onlytwo years; thereafter she lived at Hertford Castle, and the strictness of her seclusion was relaxed. How much it was relaxed is shown in the expense account of the last year of her life, the manuscript of which is in the British Museum. The account also gives an idea of the way of life of a great lady of 550 years ago, and is interesting for that reason, too. Of course, the old writers of history scorned to look at the expense accounts of a household; such writings were not documents, they were not worthy of so dignified a name; but, nevertheless, there is just as good history in a wash list, sometimes, as in a protocol.

Day by day, in the accounts of Queen Isabella's household, the names of her visitors are set down. Early in October, 1357, 539 years ago, her Grace, a queen was not her Majesty in those days, was at Hertford, having returned recently from Castle Rising, and with her was her niece, Princess Joan. About the middle of October the Queen went to Canterbury on a pilgrimage. She stopped at Tottenham, London, Eltham, Dartford, and Rochester, visited Leeds castle in Yorkshire, and was back at Hertford by the first of November. She stopped a day or two in London, perhaps to do her fall shopping, and had her son the King, and her grandson, the Prince of Wales, to supper with her and entertained them with music—gave a little musicale,we should say nowadays. The account sets forth what her Grace paid to her artists; there were four of them and they got 13 shillings 4 pence. On her trip the Queen gave alms to the nunsminoresses without Aldgate; to the rector of St. Edmunds', in whose parish her London house was situated, and to prisoners in Newgate

In November, the Captal de Buche, cousin of Gaston de Foix, visited her Grace; and a number of French gentlemen who had been taken prisoner at Poictiers, "called to pay their respects." On Feb. 10, 1357, the year began on March 25, remember, messengers came from the King of Navarre to announce his escape from captivity. On March 20 the King came to supper, and in April the Queen went up to London again.

She was there for two weeks, having friends at dinner, after dinner, and at supper every day. She entertained them with music probably; for earlier in the year she had sent Walter Hert, one of her "vigiles," or viol-players, up to London to take music lessons.

On May 14, Queen Isabella left London, stopping at Chestnut the next day, and on June 4 she went again on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. She entertained the Abbot of St. Augustine's priory, had music in the evening and gave alms and oblations, as usual.

But ever since the middle of February the Queen had been unwell; she was nearly if not quite seventy years old, and her mode of life in her younger days had not been such as to justify her in expecting to live to that age. On Feb. 15 a messenger made his third trip to London for medicine, and Master Lawrence, a physician had been sent for, and the same messenger had been sent twice to St. Albans—evidently to get medicine in a hurry for he went by night. On Aug. 1, Master Lawrence received forty shillings for his attendance for a whole month, and Nicholas Thomasyer, apothecary, received his pay for medicines supplied. And on Aug. 23, the Queen died—rather suddenly at this last, with her niece, the Princess Joan by her side.

The body of the Queen remained in the chapel of the castle for three months watched by fourteen poor persons, day and night; each of these watchers received two pence a day and his food. On Nov. 23 the Queen was buried in the Church of the Grey Friars, Newgate, the site of Christ Church Hospital. And her son, the King distributed £540, equal to about £5,400, or say $27,000 of our present money, to her faithful servants.

Besides the notices of her journeys and her guests the account shows how the Queen lived. In about thirteen months she had given away in alms nearly £300, about £3,000 of our money. Poor scholars at Oxford came to Hertford to ask the Queen's help and got it, and the Queen gave away in doles nearly £2 a week, about £20 of the present money. She remembered her friends, too; for, after her death one William Ladde of Shene received 20 shillings £10 or $50, because his house had been burned while the Queen had been in Shene, and she had left word that he should receive this amount

Carpenters, plasterers, and tilers were at work around Hertford Castle and made repairs to the Queen's room. Her Grace's carpet was rebound, her chariot relined with colored cloth, her bathtub was repaired (probably it needed repainting; most bathtubs do); she laid in a supply of vellum, hired Richard the Painter to illuminate some books for her; repaid the Earl of Arundel £200 which she had borrowed; bought a black palfrey and gave it with a gold-mounted saddle and trappings to her daughter, the Queen of Scotland, and paid for two mules, which Louis de Rocan, merchant, of the Society of Maleballl in London, was to bring her from Avignon. The mules were delivered to her agent, after her death, and King Edward III. received them ultimately.

The Queen spent a good deal more money on her jewelry than on her alms, as most persons do. In the last year of her life she spent no less than £1,400, equal to about £14,000 of the present currency, or rather more than $70,000. She bought 300 rubies at 20 pence a hundred; 1,800 pearls at 2 pence each, and other things at equally astonishing prices, and in equally astonishing quantities. She also lent a little money out on promissory notes, when she saw a good chance; for instance,. £230, ten times as much today, was sent to Sir Thomas de la March.

Charles of Navarre, as noted above, sent word of his escape. Evidently Queen Isabella was still connected with the game of politics being played in France; perhaps she sent some of her money and jewels to help her grandnephew of Navarre in his fight against her second cousin, King John of France. She was a great lady to the last, and like a great lady, received many little tokens of regard. King Edward sent his butler to her with letters and three pipes of wine; later he sent three pipes of Gascon wine, and then some small birds; the King of France sent a present, and the Queen sent back two volumes of "Lancelot and the Sang Real;" the Duke of Lancaster sent to the Queen, who was his first cousin once removed a boar's head, Wilson Orloger, the St. Albans monk who made clocks, brought her several copper quadrants; the Countess of Clare sent twenty-four bream, and on New Year's Day, March 25, 1358, the King, Queen Philippa, the Countess of Pembroke,and Lady Wake all sent presents to Queen Isabella.

That same day she gave 100 shillings to each of her eight ladies, that is £50, or $250, and 20 shillings, $50, to each of her thirty-three clerks and squires, and when Isabella de St. Bol, one of her ladies, married Edward Brouart, the Queen spent $3,000 for a circlet of gold for herself to wear, and gave the fair bride. $3,300 as a wedding present.

Altogether, if Queen Isabella's early days had not been thoroughly edifying, her latter days were passed as a sort of Lady Bountiful, in dignified but not forgotten retirement

WILD BOAR AGAINST TIGER.

The Tiger's Only Aim Seemed to be to Jump Out of Reach of the Hog.

A gentleman recently traveling in India describes a fight he witnessed while there between a wild boar and a savage tiger. The fight was pulled off in a pit ten yards in diameter, with a sanded floor and 16-foot walls. Several trap doors served as entrances through which to introduce the animals. A trail of grain through one of these doors served to decoy a 2-year-old boar into the arena. A tiger, nearly full grown, that for a year had lived an inoffensive existence in a cage, was forced down a plane from another floor, and the two beasts were together.

The tiger wanted to get away. His head hung down like a whipped dog's, and his tail dropped. The fight was apparently going to be a fizzle, when the natives began to throw things at the tiger. Then the beast began to growl. Suddenly the boar dived at him. The tiger leaped into the air and the boar rushed underneath and went half a dozen feet beyond. It puzzled the boar immediately to have the tiger get away from him in that way, but he turned and made for his antagonist again. Three times the tiger leaped above the boar, but the fourth time the boar threw up his head and the tiger got a rip with the tusks that drew blood. Then the cat turned on the pig, grabbed him by the nape of the neck and shook him as a schoolmaster shakes a small boy. This done, the tiger dropped the boar and walked away. The tiger had merely intended to punish the little beast.

The boar got his breath and recovered somewhat from his dizziness, and, facing the tiger again, made for him just as if the tiger wasn't several times bigger. The tiger eluded the charge easily. Then a trap door was opened and the tiger bolted through it at full speed, leaving the boar wild for a fight.

William Schenck, of Pine Grove, Wis., who has been town treasurer for nineteen years, has recently made the first mistake in his books, and even this one is one of very little importance. He is 83 years old, and the townsmen intend to keep him in office for the rest of his life.

PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR

SELF-CONTROL OF THE TURKS IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

The Flight of the Greeks from Larissa and the Entrance of the Turks—A Correspondent's Good Opinion of the Turkish Soldiers.

The missing links in the story of Turkey's easy triumph over Greece have nearly all been supplied by the correspondents with the two armies, whose communications by mail are much more interesting than the severely censorized and condensed despatches which came earlier by wire, writes a London correspondent. It is interesting now to turn to the Turkish view of that critical event and what followed, for it brings into strong relief what is really the most surprising feature of the war thus far—the wonderful restraint and self-control manifested by the Turkish soldiers. The explanation of this exemplary behavior is contained in a four-line allusion to an incident which occurred in Larissa the morning after the Turkish occupation. It is mentioned thus in a letter to the Times:

"There have been several attempts at plundering among the Albanian regiments, but they have been isolated, and this morning two soldiers, who had been warned, were shot in the market place for disobedience of orders. The effect was instantaneous, and the commandant's exemplary action shows better than words the discipline that exists."

Those who have enjoyed G. W. Steevens's unique method of describing the

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY OF WAR

will thank me for quoting freely from his account of the entry of Larissa by the Sultan's troops. Beginning with the receipt of the news of the Greek evacuation at Edhem Pasha's headquarters, Mr. Steevens gives his experience as follows:

"I started off to ride straight across country, intending to swim the rivers, but at all costs to get into Larissa with all speed. There proved to be no water in the first river, and over the second the Greeks in the panic had not even broken the bridge, though they had left a case of dynamite on the further side of it. I saw it this morning; the Turks, with their magnificent carelessness, had never thought of clearing it away, and there it probably is still. Being Greek dynamite, I doubt if it will ever go off. It is the Greeks themselves who do the going off.

"The plan of going across country did not succeed. I fell in with some Turks, and joined myself with them, and as the Turk has no great love for going across country, and hardly ever knows his way anywhere, we decided to take the main road from Turnavo. Turnavo lies under Kritiri, the inaccessible, escarped height which delayed our right wing for four days till the Greeks kindly deserted it and Turnavo as well. Turnavo was empty and quite silent—a few fowls in the courtyards, a few dogs in the streets, but all the houses empty, doors and windows wide open, broken tables blocking the gates, pillows, shirts, and petticoats littering the streets—the village was as cold and dead as if the last day were come. Having decided to retreat, the Greeks had not done things by halves.

"Clattering over the long wooden bridge across the broad, dry, stony bed of the Xerias, I came out on to the main road to Larissa. Two inches thick with white dust, it was yet the broadest and best-metalled road I had seen in this part of the world. On the right was a

VAST CAVALRY BARRACKS.

'That was built by us,' said a Turkish officer. Never could there be seen more hopeless, harmless, headless confusion. Saddles and harness were strewn in heaps; regimental papers flew before the wind in clouds. There was a knapsack, here a cab, there an artillery ammunition wagon hanging over the ditch, with the wheels broken and the traces cut; there—shame!—a little pile of cartridges. A soldier may throw away much, and there is still hope for him; once he begins to throw away cartridges, there is none.

"Over the scattered, smashed, disheveled, disgraceful relics of Greece marched the conquering Turks. Already a huge army was pouring in from every opening into the plain—horse and foot and the perpetual patient baggage trains. But the conquering Turk displayed no exultation. Here, between the rich cornfields of the plain of Thessaly, he marched as always—strongly, sloppily, composedly. What news to such as he that the Greeks were afraid of him, and that he was going in to take their city? The Turk had been there before, and no Greek ever drove him out of it. 'We built that,' said my little Lieutenant.

"And it was still so when the faint blotch on the skyline hardened into the checker-board of white houses and dark green cypress trees that I had often seen from the mountains as Larissa. As the dominant impression of the town was the sweet smell of laburnums in the public places, of roses and sweet peas in the gardens, so the impression of the occupation of the town was fragrant and kindly. The entry of the Turkish troops into Larissa was the sweetest and most lovable thing I have seen during this week of war.

"I am afraid that Canon McColl will not believe me, but I am speaking the truth. That the Turkish army entering a town taken from the enemy should be

A PLEASANT SIGHT,

should be almost a kind of Sunday school treat, will be surprising information to many Englishmen. But I have eyes in my head, and I saw it.

"I will not say that there was no single case of disorder; a few men were arrested for looting. But I patrolled the city for hours, and I do say that the order, the discipline, and the good humor of the Turks and Albanians could have been exceeded by no nation in the world; more, I do not believe that any nation could have equalled it. In no other country I ever heard of are soldiers so well disciplined, so simply, unquestioningly, even childishly obedient to their officers. The officers had forbidden pillage and violence, and the soldiers obeyed. I have seen more rioting at a supper bar in the National Liberal Club than I saw on the first day of the occupation of Larissa.

"Why? Partly, no doubt, it was due to the admirable arrangements made by the officers. I saw Hakki Pasha, who had entered the town with his division—a Turk of the old type, short, stout, gray-bearded, grave, yet with a jolly twinkle somewhere under the surface of his eyes. When I congratulated him he was almost embarrassed, and said it was an accident. But the discipline he established was not an accident, and any General in the world might be proud of it to his death. Sentinels stood at every corner, mounted patrols paced down every street. The bank and all the other principal buildings had sentries of their own, and it was pleasant to see how the hard Albanians scorned the Greek sentry boxes and sat down contentedly on the stones. There was only one possible objection to the arrangements made—that they were not necessary.

"Partly, too, the good order may have been due to the fact that the Turks entered Larissa in cold blood; also that the Greek population had for the most part bolted, and that the Greek criminals released from jail had skimmed the cream of the loot. But to the Turk, you must remember, it is almost less irritating to have to fight for a place than to be cheated of his battle and come in

WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT.

Yet, when all is said and done, the great fact remains that Larissa was only half a hostile city. The thousands of Jews remained—these dauntless soldiers of current coin—the Jews remained, and did good business in Greek notes, taken from the dead, at 30 per cent. of their face value. Many Greeks remained also, and each hour of the occupation brings more into the streets. In any case, the Greek shops remained, and nobody put a finger to them.

"But Larissa was not a hostile town. The Turk was returning to his own. On the dusty road in I passed many families on horseback, in carts, on foot, hastening home again now that the day of persecution was over. As the troops marched in, the Muesulman population came trooping into the streets to salute their deliverers. For a fortnight many had not left their houses because of the tyranny of the Ethnike Hetairia; the night before they had been promiscuously fired at, after the evacuation, by Greek irregulars; I kicked up dozens of regulation cartridge cases in the streets. They streamed out to meet their brothers and their sons, to welcome the exiles and the volunteers to their birthplace. They laughed and cried and hugged each other in the street. The stranger did not escape; even I, because I came with the army, was laughed at and kissed and saluted till my arm was stiff with salaaming and my stomach sugared with cups of coffee. Greeks were quite forgotten, and all Larissa shone with one expansive, grave, courteous, friendly, very happy Turkish smile. The Turk was come to his own again.

"But always no outrages; let us end with that. If you have never ridden into a conquered city, where all the conquered are in terror of you, where all their stuff lies masterless before you, when you have many short, cold, hard nights and many long, dry, sweat-and-dusty, not quite undangerous days to avenge—if you have never felt it, you do not know what temptation is. It is the richest moment of your life. But it is full of temptation. It was not my conquered city, and it was not my enemy, but if it had been I know quite well I should have behaved a hundred times less considerately than the Turks."

COSTLIEST WOVEN MATERIAL.

One of the most beautiful, and without doubt, the costliest materials ever woven in Lyons is the magnificent and unique brocade manufactured last summer for the German Empress. The ground is silvery-white silk, and the highly raised design, consists of bold sprays of flowers and foliage, among which bright plumaged birds disport themselves. Every petal, leaf and feather is perfect, and the whole stands out in such strong relief that at a distance the effect is as though the pattern was laid lightly upon the silk beneath.

One weaver alone was capable of producing this masterpiece, and it took many long months to complete a piece of sufficient length for a gown. The wages he received in addition to his ordinary pay, were at the rate of 100 francs ($20) per yard, the eventual price of the brocade being 600 francs ($120) per yard. The stuff has been specially ordered for a state gown for the Empress, but when Her Majesty beheld it she instantly exclaimed that it was far too beautiful to be cut up, and gave the command that curtains should be made instead of utilizing it for the purpose originally intended. Up to that date the most expensive material on record was the cloth of gold bought by Louis XIV. for a dressing gown, which cost, according to modern reckoning, the respectable sum of 414 francs per metre.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

Scene: Aldershot Maneuvers—Soldier supposed to have been wounded is brought to surgeon's tent by bearers. Bearer (reporting) Severe scalp wound sir, accompanied with insensibeelity. Surgeon—Well, what have you done? Bearer—Dressed the wound, sir, and gave him a little whusky and water. Surgeon—Whisky and water! How did you expect an insensible man to swallow that? Bearer—He axed for't, sir.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

An electrical engineer battalion has been added to the volunteer corps of royal engineers in England.

In 1808 the number of Bibles printed in England was 81,157; in 1896 there were 3,970,439 copies published.

It is proposed to extend the Victoria embankment in London from the houses of Parliament to Lambeth Bridge at a cost of $5,000,000.

Mgr. Allen, who has just been appointed Bishop of Shrewsbury by the Pope, was one of the stenographers at the Vatican Council, twenty-seven years ago.

Rice is being exported from India in spite of the famine, according to London Truth, 75,000 bags being shipped in one week to Mauritius, while the people of the neighboring districts were appealing to England for food.

France has a dialect society, the Societe des Parlers de France, whose President is M. Gaston Paris of the Academie Francaise, which is collecting legends and songs in all parts of France by means of the phonograph.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has the luck to dispose of all his grown-up pretty daughters if the engagement of the King of Servia to the Princess Xenia turns out to be a fact. He will then have left only the ten-year-old Princess Vera.

Paris consumes 209,000,000 litres of milk a year, which comes to about only two-fifths of a pint daily for each inhabitant. City cows yield 21,000,000 litres, suburban cows within a radius of twelve miles 53,000,000 litres; the remaining 153,000,000 litres come by rail from a greater distance.

Australia's rabbit plague bids fair to come to an end, owing to the large exportation of frozen rabbits for the London market. From Victoria alone 12,000 rabbits a day, or over 4,000,000 a year are shipped now.

Budapest thieves are considerate. One who had stolen an ivory and silver statuette from the Art Exhibition, after pawning it sent the ticket to the Secretary of the Art Society, who then for the first time noticed its absence. On the pedestal was a written notice: "Stolen for a day or two."

By the birth of the Duchess of York's little girl the number of Queen Victoria's descendants rises to eighty, seventy of whom are alive. She has had nine children, four sons and five daughters; forty one grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren. Two of her children and eight grandchildren have died.

Filial regard is not extinct in South London. A young man charged with hitting a woman over the head with a beef bone explains that she had been fighting from 5 o'clock in the morning till noon with his mother, and that he thought it time to stop it. A policeman testified that in the same street two women once fought all day long, stopping only for meals, till one went home and died. Her husband had looked on, calmly mending shoes, while the fight went on.

The Rev. John Vallancey, vicar of Rosliston, near Burton-on-Trent, has been suspended for eighteen months and ordered not to come within twenty miles of his parish or to interfer with its management in any way during that time. His offence was violent and indecent behavior in his parish churchyard, which he treated as though it were his private garden, tearing up the flowers planted on the graves by the relatives of the occupants and using force to keep mourners out of the yard.

Australia, which has led in many socialistic experiments made by the State is now considering the question of State physic. The President of the Queensland Medical Association proposes that the country be divided into medical districts, under doctors paid by the State to look after all the inhabitants, and that the money for the purpose be raised by a poll tax of $2 a year. This would enable the State to pay $1,500 for the lowest medical saleries. A New South Wales labor league has declared that "the practice of medicine should be a national service."

Queen Victoria's watermen are disgruntled at having no part in the jubilee procession, the more so that the Queen has never made use of her state barges. She has two of them, kept at Teddington, which should be rowed with two watermen to an oar. The uniform consists of scarlet jackets, waistcoat, breechers, and stockings, with a remarkable black jockey cap and low shoes. On the front and back of the jacket is an enormous royal badge. The barge has only been used once, when the Prince of Wales and the Khedive Ismail of Egypt were taker by water to Richmond.

TWO PERIODS.

During the engagement.

He—An Indian is too cruel to know what love is. He makes his wife labor while he sits and smokes.

Two years after the wedding.

Same Chap—Here, Mary, just take the baby and this valise and go on to the station. I want to stop here and get a cigar.

MOTHER'S GUILE.

Mother, said Mrs. Smarton, says the smell of stale tobacco makes her sick.

Ah! said Mr. Smarton, filling his pipe. So she has concluded, she says, that she will stay until she gets used to it, if it takes her all summer.

Paderwski is a widower, but has one son who began playing the piano when he was 7 years old.