

THE  
ENGLISHWOMAN'S  
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL,  
COMBINING  
Practical Information, Instruction, and Amusement.

1866.  
VOL. I.



LONDON:  
S. O. BEETON, 248, STRAND, W.C.  
(10 DOORS FROM TEMPLE BAR.)

P. 17503.

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## LEGENDS OF THE WEST COUNTRY.

BY FRANCIS DAVENANT.

## III.—SIR JUDAS OF AFFETON.

IN the parish of West Worlington, in the hundred of Witheridge, and in the deanery of South Molton, is Afton or Affeton, which, once the seat of a great family of that name, is spoken of by the people of the neighbourhood as the former seat of the Stucleys.

Though there are some remains of the ancient castellated mansion that once housed the Affetons, Time has been so busy with its destroying hand that it has obliterated the plan of the place, leaving but a few marks to testify how that even ruins are not exempted from decay. A farmhouse stands upon the ground where the mighty folk once had their dwelling. The name, little else, preserves the memory of the former possessors, and it is to the legendary lore and traditions of the country-side, rather than to history, that we are indebted for such information as we have respecting the family which held it last, and whose name is associated with the district in preference to that of the family who originally dwelt there and gave their title to it.

The earliest history of the place is soon told. At the time when Doomsday survey was held, it was possessed by Ralph de Pomeroy, of whom and of whose family the legends are legionous throughout the West Country. In the reign of Henry III., a family who took the name of the parish held Worlington, and conveyed it by descent and intermarriage to the Crawthornes, through whom it passed to the Marwoods. In 1358, Thomas Affeton, of Affeton, bought Worlington of the Marwood who then owned it, and the heiress of Affeton brought it to Sir Hugh Stucley.

Concerning the Stucleys, which family is now represented by that which took their name and property, and live at Hartland Abbey, it were long to tell. They are a family old and famous in Devonshire, and there is much that might be said of them did time and occasion serve. There was "the lusty Stucley" of whom quaint old Westcote writes, and Sir Hugh, and Sir Henry, and there was the Sir Lewis of whom I am now to write. He lived at Affeton, though he did not die there, as Howell in his *Familiar Letters* will tell you; and by common consent his name, during his lifetime even, was changed from that which he received at the font for the more appropriate though ill-sounding one which stands at the head of this chapter.

Having referred to Howell, I may at once give the quotation from his *Familiar Letters*. It will furnish a summary of the case of Sir Judas to those who do not care to read further, and it will give zest to the appetite of those who may wish to know more of the legend and its history.

Howell says, "Well did that faithless, cunning knight who betrayed Sir Walter Raleigh in his intended escape, being come ashore, fall to that contemptible end as to die a poor distracted beggar in the island of Lundy, having for a bag of money falsified his faith, confirmed by the tie of the Holy Sacrament."

The legend which probably now circulates, as it certainly did circulate a very few years ago, in the neighbourhood of Affeton, reports that in a well which is known to exist, though in what part of the grounds the oldest inhabitant cannot point out, there is hidden a treasure of great value, which for some reason or other is not allowed to see the light. To prevent the attempts of the avaricious or the curious to get possession of it, a spirit of formidable powers and wonderful ugliness is doomed to watch over it, and up to the present time his watchfulness has been rewarded with complete

success. No one has found, if any one has sought, the treasure, which yet without doubt lies at the bottom of the well, as valuable and rich as on the very day it was put there.

Not a few were the surmises which from time to time were hazarded with regard to the treasure, and the reason for its being there, for the tradition had outlived the history, and though every one knew of the treasure, no one could speak as to its owner. One suggested it was the price of blood, another that it was a miser's store, while a third rebuked them both for relaters of improbable things, and declared (though without knowledge, and some added, without likelihood) that it was the very money which Ahab ought to have paid to Naboth for his vineyard. The unlikelihood of this most authoritatively given statement was so extreme, the improbability of the very sum, not which was paid, but which ought to have been paid for the vineyard, having been kept apart in the Jewish king's treasury, spared by the petty larceners and embezzlers of the period, and brought from Syria to England, of all European countries, and finally deposited in a well upon the estate of the Stucleys, without any good reason why, was so great, that people preferred to believe the tradition without knowing the foundation of it, rather than accept the Naboth *v.* Ahab version of the story.

Mr. Isaac Disraeli, who, it is perhaps needless to say, did not credit the Naboth theory, was the first to throw light which was really worth having upon the hidden treasure at Affeton—light, metaphorically speaking, of course, for to this moment the light of day has not peered in upon the lost crown, worse luck for the guardian demon of formidable powers and wonderful ugliness, who will have to keep his solitary watch until that desirable event shall happen. Mr. Disraeli throws this metaphorical light incidentally in the course of his *Secret History of Sir Walter Raleigh*, which I propose to use, with other books, to help me the better to relate the historical legend of Sir Judas of Affeton.

Stow tells us that on "the 17th of November, 1603, was Sir Wal. Raleigh arraigned, being indicted the 21st of Sep. at Staines, for combining with Henry Ld. Cobham, the 9th of June, at S. Martin's in the Fields, to compass to destroy the king: raise sedition: commit slaughter: move rebellion: alter religion: subvert the estate: to procure invasion: levie warre: and to set up the lady Arbella Steward, &c., as in the inditement, with other arguments, which continued from morning till about 6 of the clock at night, that the jury in halfe an houre found him guilty of high treason."

The account of the trial given in the State Trials is very instructive and very amusing. From it one may see how great and coarse licence the crown lawyers took—at least, Sir Edward Coke did on this occasion—on trials for high treason, and also how truly dignified a great man can be, though pestered and annoyed even on a trial for his life.

Sir Edward Coke said, "Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived."

*Raleigh.* "You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly."

*Attorney.* "I want words sufficiently to express thy viperous treasons."

*Raleigh.* "I think you want words indeed, for you have spoken one thing half-a-dozen times."

*Attorney.* "Thou art an odious fellow, thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride."

*Raleigh.* "It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney."

*Attorney.* "Well, now will I make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth

than thou." And so on. After much more abuse he calls Sir Walter "a spider of hell," whatever that may be.

But I must not take up more space with this matter, interesting though it be.

The result of all the arraignments was, that though all the prisoners were condemned, George Brook, brother to Lord Cobham, and two priests, Watson and Clarke, were the only persons who were executed; Lord Cobham, Lord Grey of Wilton, and Sir Griffin Markham being respited after they had lain their heads upon the block. Sir Walter Raleigh was never pardoned, though the king did not then sign a warrant for his death. He was kept in prison, being, however, removed from the Castle of Winchester, where he was tried, to the safe keeping of the Tower of London.

Who that has been at the Tower has not seen that frightfully narrow cell in which, as Prince Henry, James's heir, said, "No king but my father would keep such a bird?" In that small place lived for eleven years the man who was perhaps the original "courtier, soldier, scholar" of Shakespeare, who was beyond all doubt a successful warrior both by land and sea, who was a bold and skilful explorer, a poet, a chemist, a historian, a kindly creature, and a most handsome Englishman to boot. There he lived, thought, and wrote, planned further expeditions against the power of the Spaniards, should it ever be his fortune to get out of that doleful prison, and settled in his own mind the exact point to which he would go in his next exploring voyage in search of El Dorado. There he wrote that ponderous *History of the World* which, for size and for the extraordinary diversity of its matter, has excited the wonder of the most industrious and the most learned. There he wrote letters full of sound advice and wisdom to that young Prince Henry who died all too soon for England, and who loved the counsel of the sage man of the world with an affection passing his years. There he proved emphatically what in the next reign Colonel Lovelace asserted in most pretty verse, how that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage."

He was rusting in this horrible confinement. He longed to breathe again the free air on the ocean, once more to seek new lands, to visit his own colony of Virginia, and his own-found land of Florida, and also, in the interests of the world and humanity, to have yet another brush with the Spaniards before he died.

So he wrote piteous, even fulsome letters to the king and his councillors, imploring, if not pardon, liberty to do his majesty great service, to add a splendid jewel to his crown, and to make him a present of a gold mine. More effectual weapons he employed than letters. He sent a welcome flow of money into the coffers of some of those about the court who were as needy as they were influential, and he was rewarded for the timely assistance thus lent.

Though the courtiers were unable, perhaps not altogether willing, to procure a pardon from James, they so far worked upon the thrifty disposition—which has been called avarice when seen in persons of less degree—of that monarch, as to induce him to let the noble bird out of his cage for the purpose of flying across the Atlantic, and finding an El Dorado for the English.

Everybody in that age believed in the existence of a mineral fountain-head, whence all the minor streams of gold that bubbled up here and there on the earth's surface derived their being. The presence of gold in almost all the parts of the West Indies and South America yet visited, gave rise to some such fancy, and the stories related by the natives of the untold wealth of the interior of the country confirmed it.

But no one had as yet discovered—has any one to this hour discovered it? Did not the Australian gold-fields begin to declare their richness in the yellow metal just as folk were beginning to have a bazy notion that California might after all be the El Dorado? And are we not just beginning to doubt, when we hear of a mountain of iron having been discovered in one of the Northern States of America, and when we hear of the seemingly inexhaustible riches of Petrolas, whether spots that yield so abundantly gold's worth are not more truly El Dorados than gold-fields themselves?

In Raleigh's day this was not so. Men expected to flush a gold-mine just as now they expect to "strike ile." Spaniards, French, English, Portuguese, all people that could manage to go, went in those days to seek El Dorado. Some thought it lay in the country of the Amazons, others *knew* it was in Peru, while one man, Sir Walter Raleigh, had his reasons for thinking it was in the country watered by the Orinoco and Essequibo.

In a former voyage to Guiana, Raleigh had made friendship with the Indians, who freely gave him pieces of gold which they said came from the interior of the country, and in a boat expedition up the Essequibo river Raleigh had seen what he considered to be confirmatory evidence so strong as to be conclusive.

He saw that which the writer of these words can testify any one who will take the trouble to make a boat expedition up the Essequibo as far as to its junction with the Mazoni can see now-a-days, the first spurs of the mountain chain which stretches south from Venezuela and runs down the centre of the South American continent. And these spurs which he saw being of plane cut crystals flash back the rays of the sun, and glitter though they are not gold. Raleigh thought they contained gold, and he thought rightly; but he thought they were El Dorado mountains, and there he was wrong.

The works now being carried on under the direction of a company got up in Demerara justify the suspicions of Sir Walter as to the presence of gold—a fact the rather to be noted that historians and commentators have been busy with the gratuitous statement that Sir Walter had no reason to expect a gold mine on the "Oronoque."

So permission was given to the prisoner, who for eleven years had lain under sentence of death, to act as though he were perfectly free and independent—to fit out a fleet, to enlist sailors, and to do all things necessary to insure success for the undertaking. Raleigh was let out of that abominable hole which visitors to the Tower know so well, and forthwith set about the work he had it in his mind to do. But there were endless difficulties in his way. The assistance promised by the king, though the less costly part of the whole expense, was spoken of by treasurers, comptrollers, directors-general, and all the army of obstruction layers, as if it were in fact ten times as great, and it was proportionately long in coming. Raleigh was not, in the eyes of those who see with courtier vision, the same with him who a few years back was the cynoure of admirers, who was easily chief even amongst the brilliant throng that surrounded the throne of Elizabeth. Then he was the risen, or the rising, star; now if he shone at all, it was only by the reflection of his former brightness upon the dull orb represented by his present forlorn condition. Who was Sir Walter Raleigh that the deputy-assistant comptroller-general of the royal hawsers and cables should put himself out of the way for him? Had the man colonised fertile places as large as England, and given them to the crown? Had he spent health and fortune in noble explorations, and been systematically the enemy unquenchable and severe of those Spaniards who roasted Indians that would not surrender their gold, "basting their bodies with burning

bacon," as did a certain governor of Trinidad—Spaniards of whom Girolamo Benzoni said that there were some among them who were "not only cruel, but very cruel," governing their slaves according to the law of Baiona, "a law suggested, I think," says Benzoni, "by some great demon;" or, as Purchas says, "devised by some cruel divell," and which is too horrible to be given here? What though Raleigh had again and again punished the oppressors, if he had not always been able to help the oppressed to right? Men ever adore the rising sun rather than the sun which will presently set; and fellows who were not worthy to clean Raleigh's boots insulted him when he hastened their operations, and they vexed his noble soul with delays.

At length, after much difficulty and with great charges which he had to take upon his own estate, Sir Walter got away with thirteen ships, and a company which included more than a hundred knights and gentlemen. Walter Raleigh, his well-beloved son, child of that "dear Bessy" for whose sake Sir Walter incurred the famous displeasure of Queen Elizabeth, who, if she did not hate men because they loved not her, "hated women because they were loved."

There was rough weather in the Channel, and the squadron suffered rather badly, but at length the voyage was begun to the land of El Dorado.

I am not going to repeat, much as the subject tempts me, the well-known story of the Guiana voyage. Suffice it here to say that the expedition arrived in due course in Guiana, where the natives gladly welcomed their old friend, the subject of "the great queen across the sea, who would protect them from the Spaniards;" that Sir Walter lost no time in sending his faithful and devoted Captain Keymisse, with whom he intrusted his own son Walter, on an expedition up the Oronoque, giving him rather vague instructions as to how he was to behave towards any Spaniards he might meet with, but particular directions to seek for a gold mine in the neighbourhood of those glittering mountains which he had himself once seen.

The results of this expedition were an attack on the Spanish town of St. Thomas, which was destroyed; the repulse of the English explorers; the death of young Raleigh; the failure to discover the mine; the return of the expedition to Raleigh, and the distressing suicide of Keymisse.

Whether Sir Walter really thought to discover gold, or whether, as some assert, he merely intended by the expedition to find some fair spot where he might found a dominion of his own, away from "jingling Geordie," and small, selfish interests like his, it is impossible to say, but Raleigh was easily dissuaded from further attempts after El Dorado, and in the face of bereavement, illness in himself, and a mutinous spirit in his crews, gave orders to return to Europe.

Calling on his way at Virginia, he found that the colony he had planted and cherished had been suffered to go to ruin, and so there came a fresh disappointment to his great mind. He had to go as far as the banks of Newfoundland before he could get a breeze that would bring him across the Atlantic; and at Newfoundland his crews, who were infected with the spirit of the deputy-assistant-comptroller-general of the hawsers and cables, again showed signs of insubordination.

As he neared England, Raleigh seems to have had a fixed presentiment that his end was near, and that his enemies would be too much for him. He knew how the Spanish influence was all-powerful with James, and that by burning the town of St. Thomas he had incurred the sure hatred of the Spaniards, who would demand vengeance from one to whom he had nothing but disappointment about the gold mine to offer as a palliative for his conduct. He felt this though he did not know in fact that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, had, as soon as he heard of the affair on the

Oronoque, rushed into the presence of James, shouting "Piratas! Piratas! Piratas!" taking that somewhat extraordinary method of informing the king of the attack on St. Thomas, of which place Gondomar's brother had been governor, and was slain.

So convinced was Sir Walter that he had sinned beyond forgiveness, that he desired he might be landed in France, but his crew would not suffer him, so he shaped a course for some English port, and anchored in Plymouth harbour in the beginning of June.

After paying off his men and arranging for the care of the ships, he set off for London in obedience to orders from the king, who was beginning to fear lest the threats of Spain should be put into execution, and the match which he was bent on making between Prince Charles and the Infanta should be broken off.

Mr. I. Disraeli says, "A few miles from Plymouth he was met by Sir Lewis Stucley, vice-admiral of Devon, a kinsman and a friend, who, in communication with government, had accepted a sort of surveillance over Sir Walter. It is said (and will be credited when we hear the story of Stucley) that he had set his heart on the *ship* as a profitable purchase, and on the *person* against whom, to colour his natural treachery, he professed an old hatred. He first seized on Rawleigh more like the kinsman than the vice-admiral, and proposed travelling together to London, and baiting at the houses of the friends of Rawleigh." But while he was thus acting to Sir Walter's face the friendly part of Iago, behind his back he was rivalling that eminent Venetian in the subtlety of his treachery. He sent secretly—why make a fuss about such a trifle?—to London, and procured a royal warrant for the arrest of his friend, if need should so require. At the same time he procured the assistance of another spirit as wicked as himself, in the shape of a Frenchman named Manourie, who was to act the confidential attendant to Raleigh, and worm his secrets out of him, assist him in every plan he might have either for escape or further plotting, build up a substantial fabric of accusation over the great man's head, and at the proper time pull the string which should bring the same clattering about his ears, and bury him in the ruins.

Stucley returned to Plymouth with his prisoner, and for some reason or other not known, allowed him an unusual amount of liberty, so much, indeed, that though the wolf's eye was probably fixed all the time on the victim, and the wolf was ready at any moment to pounce upon him, Raleigh had leisure to plan an escape. From his affectionate wife—his "dear Bess"—who joined him at Plymouth, and from other friends, Raleigh learned the inveterate hate of the king against him on account of the broil which his acts in the West Indies were likely to engender between England and Spain; and the king's determination to sacrifice him rather than to forego the Spanish match—so distasteful to the English people. He resolved, therefore, while he could, to save his life; and with the assistance of Captain King, who had sailed with him, he made arrangements to go to France in a bark from Plymouth, and was actually in a boat, half-way to the vessel which was to place him in safety, when the thought that flight might be construed into a confession of guilt, and so his honour might be aspersed, decided him to go back. He returned to the shore and to the keeping of Stucley.

Hoping to get time to vindicate his honour, he resolved, at the suggestion of Manourie, to feign sickness, in order that he might not immediately be sent to the Tower, and also that he might, if the worst threatened, contrive means of ultimate escape. Manourie lent himself to the plan, and gave Raleigh medicines which produced continued sickness, while Raleigh, with some chemical preparation of his own, anointed his face, and caused it to be spotted with spots like plague-spots.

Surely, but not until after the deception had been practised, did Manourie, the subordinate villain, acquaint Stucley, the chief villain, with the plan. This occurred at Salisbury, from which place Sir Walter sent on Lady Raleigh and Captain King to London, giving out that he himself was too ill to proceed.

The readiness with which Manourie, though well paid for his assistance, had entered into the feigned sickness plan, and the friendship which he pretended for the captive, led Raleigh to trust him more; and when Manourie, prompted by Stucley, proposed that Raleigh should escape to France, and drew out a plan in which he offered himself to help, Raleigh, lulled by the fairness of the deceit, disclosed to the Frenchman the secret for which that traitor and his master had been fishing, viz., that Captain King, who had gone to London from Salisbury, had instructions to prepare the means of escape by a vessel from Gravesend.

Manourie thought the plan a good one, entered fully into it, and suggested that Stucley might be induced to help. At the same time he told Stucley what he had discovered, and Stucley redoubled his vigilance on the prisoner. To win him, Raleigh sent him, through Manourie, "a jewel made in the fashion of hail powdered with diamonds, with a ruby in the midst," and, inasmuch as Stucley intimated he should lose his office as Vice-Admiral of Devon, for which he had given 600*l.*, promised that as soon as they should arrive in Holland or France, Lady Raleigh would give Stucley 1,000*l.*

Poor Raleigh, "thus benetted round with villains," did not know that these seeming friends, who took his money and his "hail powdered with diamonds," were but seeking occasion to found a charge against him of flying from justice; nor did he know that the arch-traitor had procured a warrant from the court to indemnify him for entering into his prisoner's plans for escape, and to authorise him to accept any offers made to him by Raleigh in that behalf. Manourie now left him, and Stucley, having brought his prisoner to London, informed his employers of what he had learned and done.

Raleigh, thoroughly persuaded of the king's intention to destroy him, set his hope on the Gravesend means of safety. Hart, a seaman who had sailed with him, and Cotterel, a servant of Raleigh, had been engaged by Captain King to provide the vessel at Gravesend, but they had been got at by Stucley and bribed to betray their noble master. Captain King was the only honest man of the party.

On the evening when, all being ready, the escape was to be made, Raleigh, disguised with a false beard, and accompanied by King, Stucley, and his son, went to the Tower dock and took a boat to go to Gravesend. Hart was with them.

"Have I not proved myself thus far an honest man?" asked Stucley of King, as they shoved off.

"I hope you may continue so," was the answer, and the rowers began to ply their oars.

Raleigh began to hope he was evading the clutches of the king, when one of the boatmen observed that Mr. Herbert (Raleigh's enemy and a cousin of Stucley's) had lately taken boat, and was following them down the river. Sir Walter's fears arose, but Stucley and Hart played their parts so well, urging the rowers to speed and expressing themselves so friendly towards the object of the expedition, that Raleigh and King thought them to be sincere.

They got to Woolwich, the strange boat sticking near them, evidently watching them, and then Raleigh, convinced he was betrayed, ordered the men to row back. But Stucley dissuaded him, though the boat coming near, discovered Mr. Herbert's crew, who hailed, and were answered by Hart. "It were better," said Stucley, "to land at Greenwich than to row back to London," and the villain, drawing Raleigh aside, suggested, in consideration of something which he

received out of the prisoner's pocket—Mr. Disraeli thinks more "rubies powdered with diamonds"—that if instead of surrendering to Herbert, who Raleigh knew would forthwith send him to the Tower, he would agree to its being said that Stucley and King had conveyed him thus far in order to betray him, he might still remain in Stucley's charge and find other means of escape. And this he said as though he had not given the information which had brought Mr. Herbert about them.

When they landed, the crew of the strange boat landed also, and then Stucley told Captain King how that he was to appear to have joined in the plan for entrapping Sir Walter. But Captain King was an honest man, and flatly refused to do anything of the sort; so Stucley, failing in what was but an attempt to lime an upright soul, for pure evil's sake, no longer delayed to show his own true character. He arrested the captain in the king's name, and handed him over to Mr. Herbert's people, while they and he went with their prisoners to a tavern in Greenwich for the night, with the intention of bringing them to the Tower next day.

Sir Walter's only remark, when he at length saw the manifold traitor in his true colours, was, "Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit." The next day he was taken to the Tower, where the faithful Captain King bade him farewell.

It is not my intention to pursue from this point to the end the remnant of the thread of life which remained to poor Raleigh; how he was beset by spies, false friends, and slippery-minded emissaries who were sent to try and draw from him matter of accusation against himself; how he in vain urged the circumstances of his case upon the king's notice, and sought to turn him away from the bloody course he had marked out to walk in rather than sacrifice the friendship of Spain. Enough here to say that James I. had written to the King of Spain, offering to put to death the great enemy of Spain, or, if his majesty preferred it, would send him to Spain to be dealt with there; and that Philip wrote back to the unworthy successor of Elizabeth, saying "that it would be more agreeable to him that the punishment of Raleigh should take place in England; and as the offence was notorious, that its chastisement should be exemplary and immediate."

The story of this great man's execution, under a sentence pronounced fifteen years before, and since the passing of which he had been employed under the royal commission, and treated in every way as a free man, is well known, and will last until the great assize at the Judgment Day. The following extract from Sir Walter's speech on the scaffold shows the temper in which he left his betrayers behind him:—

"I forgive that Frenchman, and Sir Lewis Stucley also, the wrongs he hath done me, with all my heart, for I have received the sacrament this morning of Mr. Dean (the Dean of Westminster), and I have forgiven all men. But that these two men are perfidious, I am bound in charity to speak, that all men may take heed of them. Sir Lewis, my keeper and kinsman, hath affirmed that I told him my Lord Carew and my Lord Doncaster here had advised me to escape; but I protest before God I never told him any such thing, neither did these lords advise me to any such matter."

Raleigh then noticed two other lies of Stucley's, and said, "Now I take my leave of Sir Lewis. God is not only a God of revenge, but also of mercy; and I pray God to forgive him as I myself hope to be forgiven."

I wish I had space to give *in extenso* the loving and considerate letter which he wrote to his wife the night before his execution. "I can say no more: Time and Death call me away. The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, that almighty God who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and

teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell! Bless my poor boy! Pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in His arms. Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown,

“WALTER RALEIGH.”

This is all I can give of it, and all I can say of Sir Walter. Let us see how it fared with Sir Judas of Affeton, after he had stricken the noblest deer of all the herd.

From the moment that it became known what part he had in Raleigh's death, and how Raleigh had spoken of him at the last, the wretch became noted by all men for the villain he really was; the title of “Sir Judas” was bestowed upon him; and in spite of an apology for his conduct which he persuaded Dr. Sharpe to write for him, he met at the court which he had served so basely well nothing but insult and scorn. He offered to take the sacrament upon his assertion that the accusations he had made against Raleigh were true; but the king merely said, “Why, then the more malicious was Sir Walter to utter these speeches at his death;” while Sir Thomas Badger said, “Let the king take off Stucley's head, as Stucley has done Sir Walter's, and let him at his death take the sacrament and his oath upon it, and I'll believe him; but till Stucley loses his head, I shall credit Sir Walter Raleigh's bare affirmative before a thousand of Stucley's oaths.”

Sir Judas went to a levée of the lord-admiral, who, seeing him about to speak, said, “Base fellow! darest thou who art the scorn and contempt of men, offer thyself in my presence? Were it not in my own house, I would cudgel thee with my staff for presuming on this sauciness!”

Mightily affronted, Judas went to the king and made his complaint, and the king asked him—

“What wouldst thou have me do? Wouldst thou have me hang him? Of my soul! if I should hang all that speak ill of thee, all the trees of the country would not suffice, so great is the number.”

Sir Lewis Stucley retired from court, and went, with the five hundred pounds he had out of the exchequer as the price of his service against Raleigh, to his house at Affeton, where it is probable that Manourie joined him, since they both appear at the same time in the same condemnation for a capital offence which was worthy of their antecedents. Whether they operated upon the very blood-money itself or upon other gains equally ill-gotten, is not known, nor is it of much importance; but this much is certain, they were both arrested, the one at Whitehall, the other at Plymouth, on a charge of clipping the coin of the realm.

Stucley writhed serpent-wise and tried to wriggle out of the mess by accusing his own son and his servant, but Manourie betrayed the betrayer, and gave such evidence as convicted both father and son. It is more than likely the brace of them would have been hanged, had not Stucley, by stripping himself of every atom of property, managed to buy a pardon for each. His office of vice-admiral was taken away, and, utterly destitute, he was left to the reprobation of the world he had so grossly insulted, till in August, 1620, he died, as Camden says, “in a manner mad,” or as Howell, in the passage already quoted from his *Familiar Letters*, says, “Well did that faithless, cunning knight who betrayed Sir Walter Raleigh in his intended escape, being come ashore, fall to that contemptible end as to die a poor distracted beggar in the island of Lundy, having for a bag of money falsified his faith, confirmed by the tie of the Holy Sacrament.”

The blood-money still lies hidden in the unknown well at Affeton, and the spirit who erst guarded it yet performs his dreary duty. Perhaps when the general accounts are taken,

and the final awards are made, the spirit may be released from its watch on bringing up the gold in evidence against Sir Judas, who with the faithless company of Iscariots, Brutuses, Cassinases, Scropes, Inklea, and other historical traitors, may then learn the truth of his victim's words—

“Sir Lewis, these actions will not turn out to your credit.”

## TOO POOR TO MARRY.

“I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse.”

*Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green.*

**ADVERTISEMENT.**—Wanted, by a young lady, a man who will marry her, and will leave her, by will, all his money, to do with as she likes. No one need apply who is not very old or likely to die soon, and who cannot leave her at least 100,000*l.*

There! that is *my* advertisement, and it is very odd that, often as it has appeared, no one has ever yet answered it. Surely there must be thousands of dying millionaires who might marry me and leave me their money if they chose! Perhaps, though, they think me rather cool and barefaced to declare thus plainly that I want to marry for money only. I may have done myself and my cause an injury by not publishing my motives, therefore I will do so now, feeling sure that when they are known my neglected advertisement will meet with full success.

Will my readers, whoever they may be, kindly cast their thoughts round all their acquaintance, and count how many people they know who wish to marry, but cannot do so for want of means? I do not allude merely to persons who would like “to be settled,” but to those couples who are really attached to each other. In what circle of society does one not meet with this sentence—“Too poor to marry?” Those who are initiated into the mysteries of court gossip know of that “affair” between the Princess Adela-Louisa-Ferdinande-Caroline-Léopoldine-Marie-Maximilienne-Crescens-von-Bergenfels and the Duke of Reithberg-Khevenhuller, Prince of Aichelberg, Count of Hohen Oberwitz, Baron of Strazovia, Seigneur of Krzizanowitz Milnik, etc., etc. The “affair” was true and deep, but they were too poor to marry. A duke with fourteen titles and a princess with nine names cannot marry without a larger amount of solid gold and silver to sustain such a weight than these two could muster between them; so they have died the death—that is to say, they have married other people. *She* has given her hand to a son of Sir Abraham Melchisedec, and *he* (the duke) has married a daughter of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, the great London tailors. Whether the duke and the princess have given their hearts with their hands and titles to their respective spouses history sayeth not, for the newspapers did not tell us. That is one extreme of society. I could go into the lower and the lowest ranks—the patient tradespeople, who hold on true to each other for years, and a few of the poorer class, with whom, however, peculiarly prudential motives weigh but little. Our housemaid Jane has been engaged for seven years to John Mason, the journeyman gardener, who *sometimes* gets ten shillings a week, but not often; so they wisely wait on, being “too poor to marry.” And thus, whilst every rank of society sings the old ditty—

“Ah, c'est l'amour, ah, c'est l'amour,  
Qui fait le monde à la ronde”

—we have a modern chorus of “But we are too poor to marry.”

Yet for every evil under the sun there is a remedy, so surely there must be one for this, if we did but know where to find it. Being only a young lady, I don't understand government or social economy, but could there be a tax for the benefit of these people? My strong-minded friend Arabella