

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

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

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

CHAPTER XIX.

SO the love received for Wolsey's friendship to Brandon was Mary's promise to marry Louis.

Mary wanted to send a message at once to Brandon, telling him his life would be spared and that she had made no delay this time—a fact of which she was very proud—but the Tower gates would not open until morning, so she had to wait. She compensated herself as well as she could by writing a letter, which I should like to give you here, but it is too long. She told him of his pardon, but she would not word upon the theme he so wished yet feared to hear of—her promise never to wed any other man. Mary had not told him of her final surrender in the matter of the French marriage, for the reason that she dreaded to pain him and feared he might refuse the sacrifice.

"It will almost kill him, I know," she said to Jane that night, "and I fear it is a false kindness I do him. He would, probably, rather die than that I should marry another. I know that I should rather die or have anything else terrible to happen than for another woman to possess him. He promised me he never would, but suppose he should fall in his word, as I have today failed in mine? The thought of it absolutely burns me." And she threw herself into Jane's arms, and that little comforter tried to soothe her by making light of her fears.

"Oh, but suppose he should?"

"Well, there is no need to borrow trouble. You said he promised you, and you know he is one who keeps his word."

"But I promised, too, and think of what I am about to do. Mary in heaven, help me! But he is made of different stuff from me. I can and do trust his word, and when I think of all my troubles and when it seems that I cannot bear them the one comforting thought comes that no other woman will ever possess him—no other woman, no other woman. I am glad that my only comfort comes from him."

"I hoped that I might have been some comfort to you. I have tried hard enough," said Jane, who was jealous.

"Oh, yes, my sweet Jane. You do comfort me. You are like a soothing balm to an aching pain." And she kissed the hands that held hers. This was all that modest little Jane required. She was content to be a humble balm and did not aspire to the dignity of an elixir.

The girls then sent their prayers in concert, and Mary gently wept herself to sleep. She lay dreaming and tossing nervously until sunrise, when she got up and added more pages to her letter until it filled to take it.

I was on hand soon after the Tower gates had opened and was permitted to see Brandon at once. He read Mary's letter and acted like every other lover since love letters first began. He was quick to note the absence of the longed for but not expected assurance, and when he did not see it went straight to the point.

"She has promised to marry the French king to purchase my life. Is that not true?"

"I hope not," I answered evasively. "I have seen very little of her, and she has said nothing about it."

"You are evading my question, I see. Do you know nothing of it?"

"Nothing," I replied, telling an unnecessary lie.

"Caskoden, you are either a liar or a blockhead."

"Make it a liar, Brandon," said I, laughingly, for I was sure of my place in his heart and knew that he meant no offense.

I never doubt a friend. One would better be trustful of ninety-nine friends who are false than doubtful of one who is true. Suspicion and superstitiousness are at once the badge and the bane of a little soul.

I did not leave the Tower until noon, and Brandon's pardon had been delivered to him before I left. He was glad that the first news of it had come from Mary.

He naturally expected his liberty at once, and when told that he was to be honorably detained for a short time turned to me and said: "I suppose they are afraid to let me out until she is off for France. King Henry flatters me."

I looked out of the window up Tower street and said nothing.

When I left, I took a letter to Mary, which plainly told her he had divined it all, and she wrote a stern answer, begging him to forgive her for having saved his life at a cost greater than her own.

How full we were of important business as we scurried along the corridors, one on each side of Mary, all talking excitedly at once! When anything was to be done, it always required three of us to do it.

We found the king, and without any prelude Mary proffered her request. Of course it was refused. Mary pouted and was getting ready for an outburst when Wolsey spoke up: "With your majesty's gracious permission, I would subscribe to the petition of the princess. She has been good enough to give her promise in the matter of so much importance to us, and in so small a thing as this I hope you may see your way clear toward favoring her. The interview will be the last and may help to make her duty easier." Mary gave the cardinal a fleeting glance from her lustrous eyes full of surprise and gratitude and as speaking as a book.

Henry looked from one to the other of us for a moment and broke into a boisterous laugh.

"Oh, I don't care, so that you keep it a secret. The old king will never know. We can hurry up the marriage. He is getting too much already—400,000 crowns and a girl like you. He cannot complain if he has an heir. It would be a good joke on the miserly old dotard, but better on 'Ce Gros Garcon.'"

Mary sprang from her chair with a cry of rage. "You brute! Do you think I am as vile as you because I have the misfortune to be your sister, or that Charles Brandon is like you simply because he is a man?" Henry laughed, his health at that time being too good for him to be ill natured. He had all he wanted out of his sister, so her outbursts amused him.

Mary hurriedly left the king and walked back to her room, filled with shame and rage, feelings actively stimulated by Jane, who was equally indignant.

Henry had noticed Jane's frown, but had laughed at her and had tried to catch and kiss her as she left, but she struggled away from him and fled with a speed worthy of the cause.

This insulting suggestion put a stop to Mary's visit to the Tower more effectively than any refusal could have done, and she sat down to pour forth her soul's indignation in a letter.

She remained at home then, but saw Brandon later, and to good purpose, as I believe, although I am not sure about it even to this day.

I took this letter to Brandon along with Mary's miniature—the one that had been palmed for Charles of Germany, but had never been given—and a curl of her hair, and it looked as if this was all he would ever possess of her.

De Longueville heard of Henry's brutal consent that Mary might see Brandon, and, with a Frenchman's belief in woman's depravity, was exceedingly anxious to keep them apart. To this end he requested that a member of his own retinue be placed near Brandon. To this Henry readily consented, and there was an end to even the letter writing. Opportunities increase in value doubly fast as they drift behind us, and now that the princess could not see Brandon or even write to him she regretted with her whole soul that she had not gone to the Tower when she had permission, regardless of what any one would say or think.

Mary was impatient and impatient by nature, but upon rare and urgent occasions could employ the very smoothest sort of finesse.

Henry's brutal selfishness in forcing upon her the French marriage, together with his cruel condemnation of Brandon and his vile insinuations against herself, had driven nearly every spark of affection for her brother from her heart. But she felt that she might feign an affection she did not feel, and that what she so wanted would be cheap at the price. Cheap? It would be cheap at the cost of her immortal soul. Cheap? What she wanted was life's condensed sweets—the man she loved—and what she wanted to escape was life's distilled bitterness—marriage with a man she loathed. None but a pure woman can know the torture of that. I saw this whole disastrous campaign from start to finish. Mary began with a wide flank movement conducted under masked batteries and skillfully executed. She sighed over her troubles and cried a great deal, but told the king he had been such a dear, kind brother to her that she would gladly do anything to please him and advance his interests. She said it would be torture to live with that old creature, King Louis, but she would do it willingly to help her handsome brother, no matter how much she might suffer.

The king laughed and said: "Poor old Louis! What about him? What about his suffering? He thinks he is nursing such a fine bargain, but the Lord pity him when he has my little sister in his side for a thorn. He had better employ some energetic soul to prick him with needles and bodkins, for I think there is more power for disturbance in this little body than in any other equal amount of space in all the universe. You will furnish him all the trouble he wants, won't you sister?"

"I shall try," said the princess demurely, perfectly willing to obey in everything.

STORY OF BULLOCK'S CREEK

Where the Banner of Presbyterianism Was Planted By Pioneers

CRADLE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Dr. Joseph Alexander, the First Pastor, and His Successors—Comprehensive Survey of a History That Reflects Credit Upon Its Makers, and Honor Upon Their Successors.

By Col. James L. Strain.

About the year 1750 the tide of immigration brought from Pennsylvania a lot of Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Irish and Welsh people, who settled in York, Chester and Fairfield counties. Many of them settled in Western York in the Bullock's creek valley, and sections contiguous to and along Broad River, as well as other portions of the county.

By the year 1765 there were several strong settlements of Presbyterian families in the different sections, and it is natural to conclude that these people would seek ministers from the section whence they came and of the same religious persuasion.

First we find Rev. Azel Roe and Rev. John Chase, who it seems were sent to upper South Carolina and the adjoining counties of North Carolina to spend a season and do what missionary work they could among those destitute people.

These pioneer ministers organized on the waters of Bullock's creek two churches—one near its mouth where it empties into Broad river and the other near the head waters. They were called respectively Dan and Beersheba. Afterwards the congregation concluded to change the name of the former to "Bullock's creek," which name it retains to this day.

The only elder of whom we can at this time find any account was Captain William Jamieson, who commanded a company in the Revolutionary war in General Sumter's command. He lived to be fully 100 years old. Rev. Azel Roe was born on Long Island, N. Y., and graduated at Princeton, N. J., in 1756, and was licensed to preach in 1759 or 1760. He was an ardent patriot, and took sides with his country against Great Britain in the war of the Revolution.

When New Jersey was over-run by the British in 1776 he was captured and taken to New York city as a prisoner, and confined in the old "Sugar house." Tradition says of him, that while en route the prisoners and their guard had to cross a stream of water that was pretty deep. The officer in charge of the prisoners from some cause had formed quite an attachment for Rev. Mr. Roe and proposed to carry him over the stream on his back, to which Roe consented.

When about half way across the stream Mr. Roe said to his captor, "Well, sir, you can say now, if you could not before, that you were once priest-ridden." This very much amused the officer, who thought he would get the joke on him by dropping the preacher in the water and then saying to him, "Well, sir, you are the first Presbyterian minister I ever immersed." But he didn't do it.

Mr. Roe's history was national as well as local. The next morning after reaching his New York prison house Mr. Roe's breakfast was sent to him by the father of Washington Irving. Whether Mr. Roe and his friends ever realized the far-reaching results of his labors in South Carolina, we are unable to say. But we should never overlook the mustard seeds of history, for tradition is that Bullock's Creek, Beersheba, Bethesda and Bethel were all organized near the same time—about the years 1765 to 1769. Of Rev. Mr. Chase we can find nothing further than hereinbefore stated.

To be a Presbyterian in those days was to be a Whig and the four B's—Bullock's Creek, Beersheba, Bethesda, and Bethel, with their strong interlaced congregations stood like grim sentinels upon the four corners of the territory now comprising York county. These churches were the Mizpahs where the patriots rallied for the struggle of Hanging Rock, and the pursuit of the infamous Huck at Brattonville, and to join the lion-hearted Williams at King's Mountain and brave Morgan at Cowpens or to follow the Swamp Fox into the lagoons of the Pee Dee.

In 1774 Rev. Joseph Alexander assumed the pastorate of Bullock's Creek church. His history, too, is closely allied with that of the American Revolution. In fact they are largely one and the same so far as the purpose of this sketch is concerned. Enough is known to justify the conclusion that Bullock's Creek was amongst the first places of public worship established in this part of the county.

Its first regular pastor of whom we can get any definite information, was Rev. Joseph Alexander, D. D., a native of Princeton, N. J., in the year 1760. He was licensed by the presbytery of Newcastle in 1767 and was appointed by the synod of New York and Pennsylvania to visit Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, and as far as possible to supply the vacancies in that unoccupied territory. On the 11th of Oct., 1777 he met the presbytery of Hanover and produced his testimonials, and having accepted a call from Sugar Creek, North Carolina, he was ordained at Buffalo, Guilford county, N. C., large porringer, which was passed around to the guests in turn. The diners helped themselves to the pieces of meat they desired from the common dish with their fingers.

Napkins were considered a luxury, and were only provided in very aristocratic and wealthy families.

ANCIENT TABLE MANNERS.

A description of a dinner given in 1350 shows that there has been a vast improvement in table manners since then. As a rule, one knife had to serve for two people, and often a bowl of soup was used by two persons. For this reason the party giving the dinner arranged his guests in couples, trying to place people together who would be congenial and not adverse to this common use of table appointments.

Spoons were seldom supplied to the table, and the soup was drunk directly from the bowl, the latter usually having side handles by which it was held. In less refined company there were no separate soup bowls, only one large porringer, which was passed around to the guests in turn. The diners helped themselves to the pieces of meat they desired from the common dish with their fingers.

Napkins were considered a luxury, and were only provided in very aristocratic and wealthy families.

Rev. Dr. Alexander was a man of fine education and commanding talent; an animated speaker and withal revered as a teacher of the youth, and his influence extended far beyond the bounds of his own charge. He greatly aided the destitute sections around him—one of which was Salem, in Union county, where the seeds of Presbyterianism were planted from which sprang Salem church.

Mr. Alexander was an ardent, conscientious, fearless patriot. He felt the wrongs imposed upon his country by Great Britain and did not scruple to advocate its cause both in public and private. He therefore became obnoxious to those who favored British authority, but he had the confidence and support of his followers, who carried their guns with them to defend him and themselves during their religious services. His preaching and teaching especially prepared men for the duties devolving upon them. A number of those he taught here as well as at Waxhaw entered Mount Zion college at Winnsboro, and became ministers of the gospel.

On March 26, 1784, Bullock's Creek church was incorporated under the name of the Presbyterian or Congregational church on Bullock's creek in Camden district. (See Statutes, Vol. viii, page 126).

Dr. Alexander was a lame man. He was a small man—perhaps did not weigh over 150 or 120 pounds, if that much. But he was as brave as a lion and was ever ready to defend the cause of his Master as well as that of his country. From all we can gather, he

human heart to the offices of religion, but will at once admit that nothing short of Divine wisdom and power could have directed and crowned his efforts with success.

To win this class to virtue and religion, he must first conciliate their attachment to himself, which he accomplished after a time by means of family visitation.

The familiar and friendly intercourse established in this way between himself and his thoughtful parishioners, soon won him their regard, and secured willing ears to such suggestions as he chose to make on the subject of religion, while he sat by their firesides encircled by a listening household.

With such treatment of his people it was not long until he had the satisfaction of looking out from his pulpit on a Sabbath morning and seeing first one, then another and then a third, and so on of the families upon whom he had thus bestowed his attentions and his prayers, entering the church and fearful of attracting the attention of the congregation, seating themselves in the nearest vacancy to listen to the preaching of the word of God.

From witnessing the fruits of this apostolic measure, Mr. Alexander was encouraged to ply his energies with an industry so untiring that in due time a crowded audience thronged the church and gave evidence of their appreciation of the gospel in his mouth, by a profession of their faith in Christ, and an exhibition of the fruits of that faith in their godly lives.

Thus, under the early ministry of Rev. Mr. Alexander was a church al-

tar erected in Bullock's Creek congregation, and a flame kindled upon it which has never ceased to give forth its light through all the changes of one and a half centuries.

It was while Dr. Alexander was at work here that he organized Nazareth church in Spartanburg county, and Salem in Union county, (then Ninety-Six). His ministry contributed greatly to advance the cause of Christ and further the interests of our national independence.

So long as he was able to serve the church in the ministry, he was careful to employ a portion of his time in fostering the growth of family religion, by visiting from house to house throughout his congregation; conversing with the heads of families, interesting the youth and children of the household, and uniting with them in prayer for Divine blessing. He also conducted a catechetical examination in the several quarters of the congregation at stated periods, in which both old and young were required to take a part and show their knowledge of Divine truth and their experience and progress in practical religion. These wisely directed labors were productive of much good.

The congregation advanced in Bible knowledge; the pastor and elders were cheered with frequent and large accessions to the communion of the church from the youth, under their joint care and instruction; and the several churches in charge of this beloved minister became vigorous and flourishing branches of the "True Vine," clothed in beautiful foliage, and laden with the fruits of righteousness.

During the lapse of twenty-seven years, embracing the period of the Revolutionary war, Dr. Alexander continued to serve this (with other churches) which his labors had been blessed in planting and building up, until within a few years of his death when infirmity and old age forced him to give up his pastoral charge, and rest from his ministerial labors.

During the twenty-seven years of Dr. Alexander's ministry at Bullock's Creek he baptized eleven adults and 753 infants.

It was said by men who grew up under the ministry of Dr. Alexander that his style of preaching was bold and pungent, making the understanding captive to the demonstration of the truth, and the appeals with which he was wont to close his sermons were like a storm scattering in fragments the strongholds in which sin and impotence seek shelter and repose.

To the services of this good man we might add that he was a fearless patriot. Of such an ardent type was his patriotism that from the day the Stamp Act and Boston Port bills passed the British parliament until the smoke vanished from the last gun fired in defence of American independence, the glowing fires of his truly American heart burned with intensity in his conversation, and with the force of lightning from the pulpit, on suitable occasions. He drew the picture of his country's wrongs and in the name of liberty, humanity and religion summoned her sons to the rescue.

His unflinching and spirited hostility to British tyranny and Tory ascendancy procured for him a prominence that frequently imperilled his property, his person, and the regular exercise of

his professional functions. With mature deliberation he had transferred his temporal all on board the ship of the Revolution and resolved to share his country's fortunes, and with her to sink or swim, live or die.

In the dark days of Carolina's prospects, when British and Tory ascendancy hung like a pall over her sky from the seaboard to the mountains, so fierce was the storm that raged around the partisan preacher, and so deep was the hold he had on the affections of his people, that the few men and boys of Bullock's Creek, not already in military service, repaired to the church on Sabbath mornings with their guns in their hands, and stationing themselves around the church guarded their minister and worshipping with him while he preached to them the everlasting gospel of the Son of God.

Ah, what a priceless gem is our liberty when we consider what it has cost!

The very spot where the church now stands has been sanctified by the blood of heroes—heroes of the cross as well as of the battlefield. Often have we heard it spoken of by the old people who were more or less well informed of these facts and who told it with tears in their eyes—an impression more forcible than words—the price it cost to place in our hands the Charter of Liberty, with the unchallenged right to worship the God of our fathers according to the sanction of the Bible and the dictates of our own consciences.

Emerging from the Revolutionary war South Carolina presented an aspect calculated to awaken the tenderest sympathy of the human heart. Her farms and plantations were devastated. Her workshops, academies and school houses that had escaped the vandals' touch were left to silence and decay.

The sires and sons, mothers and daughters who had survived the awful ravage and privations incident upon her war were reduced to poverty. The plough-share of devastation had raptured all the resources of her former prosperity. But thanks to Heaven, over this dreary disaster the voice of Liberty and Independence rung with a restorative power and awakened into life and activity the intellectual, the moral and the physical energies of all classes to the noble work of repair and improvement.

In 1787 or 1788 Dr. Alexander opened a classical school near his own residence, situated a short distance west of Bullock's Creek church and in a few months the infant seminary was thronged with young men from his own and adjoining districts. For a number of years he continued to discharge the duties of preceptor with eminent ability, and he had the satisfaction, after days to see many of his pupils in stations of honor, and usefulness, as clergymen, physicians, jurists and statesmen.

Many Presbyterian ministers, who from the beginning of the last century until the time of their death contributed so largely to give strength and extension to that arm of the church in York and the neighboring counties, were indebted to him, not only for their academic training but for their early attainments in theology.

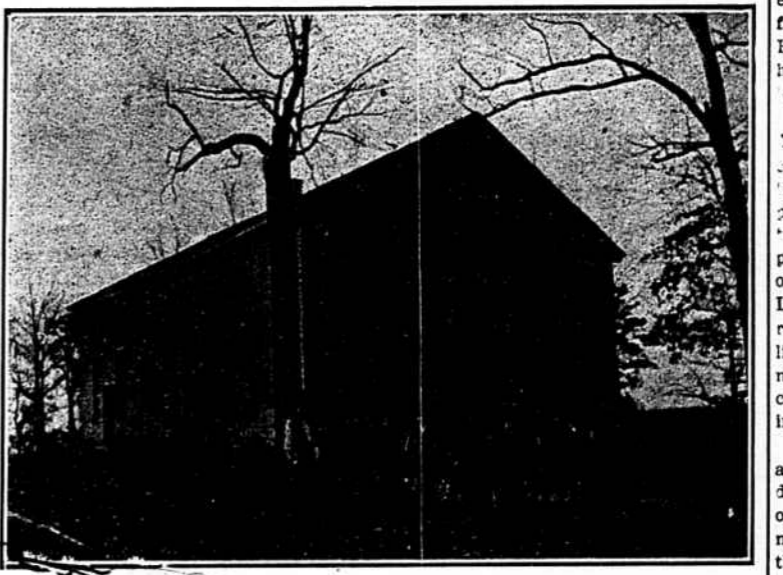
The late Governor Johnson, furnishes a specimen of the solid stamp of true South Carolina character and early scholarship, with which he and many others of Dr. Alexander's pupils during the period of a long life, were permitted to adorn and benefit the south and society. Governor Johnson entertained the highest regard for his venerated preceptor and spoke with pride of his academy in the Bullock's Creek forest. From the descendants of some of the old men of Bullock's Creek congregation, who grew up under the ministry of Dr. Alexander, it who were true and tried men we have had the opportunity of forming a tolerably correct estimate of the mighty results which accrued both to the church and the state from the labors of an enlightened and faithful gospel ministry. The religion, the morality, the patriotism and the solid common sense maxims of the Bible had been brought to bear with steady and formative influence upon the youthful minds in the congregations, with whose origin, progress and interests the greater part of Dr. Alexander's life had been identified, and the result was that a generation of men grew up and matured under his plastic economy whose worth to their country as soldiers and as citizens is beyond our power of comprehension. What a grand people! What they were upon the field of battle we have but partially learned from the historian; of the scars which they carried on their persons, and the recital from their own lips of the many scores of mortal stripes through which they passed, we know comparatively little. But what they were as men and as citizens we know for we have looked upon their labors and lives which they passed with noble before our eyes.

To the authority of God in His Word they bowed with reverence, and believed, and in the duties formed.

The family altar, the Sabbath house of God were their heart of hearts. The purity and the strength of their Presbyterianism.

Rev. Joseph Alexander, D. D., his eventful life on the 26th of Feb., 1809, in the seventy-fourth year of age. He was buried in the grave at Bullock's Creek. A simple stone slab, taken from the quarry, was placed at his grave to mark his name, age and date of his death, which was on the 26th of Feb., 1809. Rev. R. P. Smith, who was Bullock's Creek with his congregation, was the one who wrote the inscription on the grave, to mark

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BULLOCK'S CREEK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.