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unity of the whole work, and falls into perfect harmony of form and colour with all that surrounds it. We cease to have any desire to spend our time and talents in criticising the features of irregularity and disunion which the exterior of the sacred books presents, and find it our chief pleasure, as well as our most urgent duty, to endeavour to reconcile their difficulties, and study the Scriptures in the light which is reflected upon them by the Spirit of God, which alone can fully clear up their meaning and exhibit their true proportions. That the Divine revelation went through a process of development from the days of Moses to that of the last of the prophets, that, during this process, it incorporated into itself many archaic and sometimes fragmentary elements which naturally and necessarily had a different form and structure to those of the later writings in which they were embodied, is sufficient to account for the differences of style and diction which it would otherwise be impossible to explain. But this process of development is rather internal than from without; it has been beautifully described by Vincent of Lerins in the well-known words:

"Crescat igitur oportet, et multum vehementerque proficiat tam singulorum, quam omnium, tam unius hominis quam totius ecclesiæ ætatum ac sæculorum gradibus, intelligentiâ, scientiâ, sapientiâ; sed in suo dumtaxat genere, in eodem scilicet dogmate, eodem sensu, eâdemque sententiâ. . . . Fas est enim ut prisca illa cœlestis philosophiæ dogmata, processu temporis excurentur, limentur, poliantur; sed nefas est ut commutentur, nefas ut detruncentur, ut mutilentur. Accipiant licet evidentiam lucem, distinctionem, sed retineant necesse est, plenitudinem, integritatem, proprietatem."[1]

ROBERT C. JENKINS.

ART. V.—THE TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

PROBABLY at no period of our history were scandals more rife than during the reign of James I. Mrs. Hutchinson calls the Court "a nursery of lust and intemperance, and every great house in the country a sty of uncleanness;" this is the view of a Puritan writer, but that there was a good deal of truth in it there are abundant facts to prove. Wilson tells us that the "streets of London swarmed day and night with bloody quarrels," and we are not likely to forget the picture of

[1] Common., l. i., c. 28, 30.

the state of society drawn with a master's hand in the "Fortunes of Nigel." But the monster scandal of all in that disgraceful period was, without doubt, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, which took place in the Tower in September, 1613. So many persons were implicated in this crime, and with it are connected the records of so many trials, the evidence in which is often not very clear, that it seems worth while to try to disentangle the thread of the story, and to set it down in its main details. The crime did not become known till nearly two years after its commission, when the principal actors in it had long been enjoying the highest honour and dignity, and were basking in the light of Court favour.

All readers of English history are familiar with the extraordinary rise into favour and power of the young Scotch page, Robert Carr, first brought to King James's notice by having his leg broken in a tournament, and afterwards, for no other merit than his personal beauty, loaded by the King with favours, until he reached the dignity of Viscount Rochester and the knighthood of the Garter. This youth, "drawn up by the beams of majesty to shine in the highest glory" (as the chronicler expresses it), was but poorly educated, and altogether but of mean ability; yet so great was his influence that "no suit, nor no reward but comes by him; his hand distributes, and his hand restrains." Such a man, placed in such a position, evidently needed, before all things, a clever friend who should be able to help and direct him, that he might not make too conspicuous blunders in exercising his patronage and performing the duties of the various offices which he held; and such a friend he found in Thomas Overbury. Overbury was the son of a country gentleman of Gloucestershire, and had been educated at Oxford and the Middle Temple, and had afterwards travelled in France. Determining to push his fortune at Court, he soon made the acquaintance of Carr, who, finding him clever and well informed, and perhaps not over-scrupulous, cultivated his intimacy. The two became inseparable, and their friendship, being mutually profitable, might have long continued, had it not been for the introduction of a third person who was destined to be the evil genius of poor Overbury. Bishop Goodman gives us an anecdote of the intimacy of Carr and Overbury: "His (Carr's) special friend was Sir Thomas Overbury, a very witty gentleman, but truly very insolent, and one who did much abuse the family of the Howards. He was once committed for a very short time. Upon this occasion the Queen was looking out of her window into the garden where Somerset and Overbury were walking, and when the Queen saw them, she said: 'There goes Somerset (Carr) and his

governor;' and a little after Overbury did laugh. The Queen, conceiving that he had overheard her, thought that they had laughed at her; whereupon she complained, and Overbury was committed. But when it did appear to the Queen that they did not hear her, and that their laughter did proceed from a jest the King was pleased to use that day at dinner, then the Queen was well satisfied, and he was released."[1] But now for the evil genius who was to be the destroyer of the prosperous courtier. Frances Howard, daughter of the Great Chamberlain, the Earl of Suffolk, had been married at the age of thirteen to the Earl of Essex, who was only a year older. After the marriage the children were separated, and the Earl went abroad for some years. Meantime the Lady Frances grew into a most beautiful woman, and became the belle of the Court. Wilson, a writer nearly contemporary, says of her: "The Court was her nest, her father being Lord Chamberlain, and she was hatched up by her mother, whom the sour breath of that age (how justly I know not) had already tainted, from whom the young lady might take such a tincture, that ease, greatness and Court glories, would more distain and impress upon her, than any way wear out and diminish. And growing to be a beauty of the greatest magnitude in that horizon, was an object fit for admirers, and every tongue grew an orator at that shrine."[2] Among her admirers she is said to have had the young Prince Henry, but the most favoured was Robert Carr, now Viscount Rochester. In that corrupt Court conjugal fidelity was but little prized, and, as this young girl had scarcely seen and knew nothing of her husband, her case was specially perilous. Carr was well furnished with personal graces, but he was deficient in literary skill, and desiring to back his suit by some of the courtly epistles then in vogue, he had recourse to Overbury, who readily put his talents at his disposal. The attack succeeded, and the beautiful young Countess became the mistress of Rochester, who was passionately enamoured of her. But now a terrible impediment to their amour arose: the husband came back to claim his young bride, and, in spite of her violent opposition, carried her off to his seat at Chartley in Essex. Here they passed a miserable time, the lady doing all in her power to alienate her husband's affections from her, and even having recourse to drugs and philters, which were supplied to her by her agents, Dr. Forman and Mrs. Turner. When they returned to London, and she again met Rochester, the two agreed together that

[1] "Court of King James," i. 215.
[2] "History of Great Britain," p. 56.

nothing would content them but the dissolution of the union with Lord Essex, and their marriage. To this infamous scheme the King readily lent himself, and so much did that age suffer from the miserable disease of king-worship, that grave bishops were found to carry out the project of the divorce under form of law. But there was one man who resolutely opposed the scheme of divorce and the intended marriage, and this was one who had hitherto had the greatest influence with Rochester, and had aided him in his love affair by his pen. Overbury was little troubled by conscientious scruples, and was ready enough to aid his patron in an illicit amour; but when it came to a proposed legal union, by such means as were devised, he saw how utterly this would ruin his friend, and did all in his power to dissuade him. The lady was furious, and determined to have her revenge. Able now, by his infatuation for her, completely to control Rochester, she set him upon a scheme for getting Overbury out of the way. The scheme was a very ingenious one. Rochester took occasion to extol to the King Overbury's shrewdness and tact, and to mention him as one particularly well suited for diplomatic service in some foreign Court. Presently the Archbishop, by the King's command, "propounded unto him the embassage to France or of the Archduke's Court,"[1] and as he did not show any desire for these posts, the King soon after "made him a formal offer of one of them by Lord Pembroke."[2] Upon this, Overbury consulted his friend Rochester—as, of course, had been calculated—and was strongly advised not to accept such an offer, which, it was suggested, had been probably put upon him by some enemy to get rid of a rising courtier. Consequently, Overbury refused the offer, "and in such terms, as were by the Council interpreted pregnant of contempt, in a case where the King had opened his will."[3] Upon this Rochester goes to the King and "blows the fire, incensing him with all the aggravations he could; so that the poor gentleman, for his contempt, was forthwith committed to the Tower."[4] Here he might be thought to be tolerably safe from the wrath of the Countess, but, in fact, he was thus placed helplessly in her power. The plot proceeded with extraordinary deliberation and skill. The divorce had now taken place, and the Countess was married to Rochester — created Earl of Somerset, in order that his rank might not be inferior to hers—but in the midst of her triumph the lady never relaxed her bitter vengeance. The first thing was to provide a lieutenant at the Tower who would be ready to

[1] Others say to Russia.
[2] "Letters of Sir H. Wotton."
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] Wilson.

second her designs. For this purpose Somerset, all-powerful with the King, obtained the removal of Sir William Wade and the appointment of Sir Jervis Elwes, who, as he had good reason to believe, would be ready to wink at anything that was done by the direct agents of the conspirators. Curiously enough, it was by the unguarded talk of this Sir Jervis Elwes, nearly two years after the commission of the crime, that the first revelation of it came about. This we learn from the journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes and from the speech of Sir Francis Bacon. It seems that some information had been conveyed to Sir Ralph Winwood by the apothecary Franklin, that a crime had been committed. This appears to have been merely a vague intimation, but soon afterwards Winwood, dining with Lord Shrewsbury in company with Sir Jervis Elwes, the Lord recommended Elwes to the patronage of Winwood, who was Secretary of State. Winwood replied that he could better help him if he was sure that he was innocent as regarded Overbury's treatment in the Tower. Upon this, Elwes virtually confessed that Overbury had been done away with, but declared that he had simply acted as the agent of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. The King having been informed of this, at once ordered Chief Justice Coke to proceed to a strict investigation. It then appeared that the unfortunate Overbury had been attended during his imprisonment by a servant named Weston, who had formerly been in the employment of Dr. Turner, a famous quack, and who understood somewhat of drugs. This man was found by Mrs. Turner, the widow of the doctor, at the request of the Countess of Somerset, and was recommended by Sir T. Monson to the Lieutenant of the Tower to wait on Overbury. The fitting agent thus provided was supplied from time to time with poisons by Mrs. Turner and the Countess. Either the drugs were not very effective, or they were unskilfully administered, as the process of poisoning occupied a long time.[1] The indictment against Weston specifies that on May 9 (1613) he maliciously mingled in Overbury's broth a certain poison called rosalgar, of green and yellow colour. On July 1 he administered white arsenic; on July 19, sublimate of mercury, which was put into certain tarts and jellies, all this proving ineffectual, except to make the poor man very ill. Finally, on September 14, on pretence of bringing him medical relief, he caused an apothecary to administer an injection which killed him. The amount of

[1] It was suggested in the trials that this was done purposely to avoid suspicion.

poisons inflicted upon the sufferer was something marvellous. Franklin, the apothecary, in his confession says: "Mrs. Turner came to me from the Countess, and wished me, from her, to get the strongest poison I could for Sir T. Overbury. Accordingly I bought seven, viz., *aqua fortis*, white arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, *lapis costitus*, great spiders, and *cantharides*—all these were given to Sir T. Overbury at different times. Sir T. never eat white salt but there was white arsenic put into it. Once he desired pig, and Mrs. Turner put into it *lapis costitus*. At another time he had two partridges sent him from the Court, and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides instead of pepper, so that there was scarce anything that he did eat but there was some poison mixed."[1] The Countess occasionally sent a present of tarts and jellies of her own making. These were accompanied, to avoid suspicion, by some dainties for the Lieutenant, but it was carefully arranged that what was destined for Overbury should be marked by letters. When brought to trial Weston refused to plead, acting, as was believed, under the influence of his employers. He was told of the terrible penalties of the *peine forte et dure*, and at last he yielded. Abundance of testimony proved his work in administering the poisons, and he was condemned and hanged. The next of the conspirators brought to trial was Mrs. Anne Turner. She was a woman of infamous character, and had been concerned in aiding the illicit amours of the Countess, and in furnishing her with charms to be used against her husband. There was no doubt that she had been the plotter of the whole matter with the privity of the Countess. She had found the agent in Weston, and had furnished him with the poisons which she had procured from Franklin. The Chief Justice told her that she had all the seven deadly sins, but according to Anthony Weldon (a very bitter writer) "she died very penitently, and showed much modesty in her last act, which is to be hoped was accepted with God."[2] A week after Sir Jervis Elwes was brought to his trial as an accessory. It was shown that Weston had actually consulted him about the administration of a poison, though he had affected not to understand. That the Countess had written him a letter when she sent poisoned tarts to Overbury, bidding him give the tarts to Overbury which had *letters* in them, but that he or his family might safely drink the wine sent with them. The Lieutenant made the most violent protestations of innocence, but a letter of his written to the Countess having been brought forward in which he writes: "Madam, this scab is like the fox, the more he is

[1] "State Trials," ii. 941. [2] "Secret History of King James," i. 416.

cursed the better he fareth," he was overwhelmed with confusion, and had no more to say. He was executed on Tower Hill, November 20, 1615. Meantime measures had been taken to bring the chief conspirators to justice. On October 17 the Earl and Countess of Somerset had been ordered to confine themselves to their apartments, and to have no communication with anyone. Somerset had doubtless felt that he might rely on the King to protect him, as he had been so high in his favour. But the King was getting weary of him, and another favourite had already appeared in the person of George Villiers, afterwards the famous Duke of Buckingham. James, however, was the prince of dissemblers. In parting from Somerset at Royston he threw his arms round his neck, kissing him and saying: "For God's sake when shall I see thee again? On my soul I shall neither eat nor sleep till you come again!" Weldon goes on: "The Earl was not in his coach when the King used these very words, in the hearing of four servants, of whom one was Somerset's great creature, who reported it instantly to the writer of this history, 'I shall never see his face more.'"[1] Somerset, repairing to London and being placed under arrest, set himself to tamper with and falsify the letters and documents which he proposed to produce on his trial, in which dishonest proceeding it is sad to think he was aided by the great antiquary, Sir Robert Cotton. The Countess was first brought to trial (May 24, 1616). Being a peeress she was tried by her peers, the judges being assistants. Sir Francis Bacon, as Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution. The convictions of those who had been tried before had made her guilt so apparent that she felt it would be in vain to plead "Not Guilty;" she pleaded "Guilty" accordingly, trusting to the clemency of the King. "Making an obeisance to the Lord High Steward, she answered 'Guilty,' with a low voice, but wonderful fearful."[2] Then Bacon made a speech, extolling the King, as was his wont, and holding out hopes that his mercy would be extended to the criminal. The sentence was pronounced that she should be hanged. The next day the Earl of Somerset was arraigned before his peers. There was much more difficulty in bringing the matter home to him, than there had been in the case of the Countess. Indeed, an able historian of these events is inclined to believe in his innocence.[3] But it is altogether incredible that the wife could have acted in this matter without the husband's knowledge. The attempts to poison were being carried on for a long time with scarce

[1] "Secret History," p. 412. [2] "State Trials," ii. 954.
[3] Mr. Gardiner.

any disguise, and Somerset himself sent drugs to Overbury, which shows at any rate that he knew that he was suffering. "His suppression of the letters which had been written at the time, his authorising Cotton to misdate them so as to mislead the judges, and his attempt to procure a pardon from the King, were undoubtedly indications that Somerset had done something of which he was ashamed."[1] This *something* was more than procuring the imprisonment of Overbury; it was nothing less than a passive, if not an active, participation in his murder. Bacon sums up the case against him, showing that he it was who put Overbury in the Tower; that he it was who got Elwes made Lieutenant; that he it was who procured for Weston the place of Under-Keeper, displacing Cary, who had been in that place before, and arranging that Overbury should be entirely in the care of Weston; that by Somerset's direction Overbury was kept as a close prisoner, and no one, not even his father, allowed to see him, though he was only in prison for contempt; that a constant communication as to the state of Overbury's health was kept up between the Countess and the Earl.

During the time of the trial the King was in a state of the greatest excitement. If the story told by Weldon be true, he had the night before been awakened from his sleep at Greenwich by the new Lieutenant of the Tower, who told him that Somerset had threatened that if he were brought to trial he would reveal some terrible secret. Upon this the King had "fallen into a passion of tears. 'On my soul, Moore,' he had said to the Lieutenant, 'I know not what to do. Thou art a wise man, help me in this great strait, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master,' with other sad expressions. Sir George Moore returns to Somerset about three on the morning of that day he was come to trial, enters Somerset's chamber, tells he had been with the King, "found him a most affectionate master to him, and full of grace in his intentions towards him. 'But,' said he, 'to satisfy justice you must appear, although return instantly again, without any further proceedings; only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.' With this trick of wit he allayed his fury, and got him quietly, about eight in the morning, to the hall; yet feared his former bold language might revert again, and being brought by this trick into the toil, might have more enraged him to fly out into some strange discovery; for prevention whereof he had two servants placed on each side of him with a cloak on their arms, giving them withal a peremptory order if that Somerset did in any

[1] Gardiner, "History of England," ii. 357.

way fly out on the King, they should instantly hoodwink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar and carry him away, for which he would secure them from any danger, and they should not want also a bountiful reward. . . . But who had seen the King's restless motion all that day, sending to every boat he saw landing at the bridge, cursing all that came without tidings, would have easily judged all was not right, and there had been some grounds for his fears of Somerset's boldness; but at last one bringing him word he was condemned, and the passages, all was quiet."[1] Mr. Gardiner is of opinion that the secret of which the King dreaded the revelation concerned certain negotiations with Spain. Others have thought that it was something very different. The pardon of the Countess was almost immediately made out. Probably Somerset might have had his pardon at once also had he been willing to resign certain property which had been granted to him to the new favourite, Villiers. As he was unwilling to do this, he and the Countess were kept in the Tower till 1622, when they were released, and finally obtained full pardon. Thus the unfortunate agents had been made to suffer, but the principal criminals escaped with comparative impunity.

GEORGE G. PERRY.

Notes on Bible Words.

No. XVII.—"CONTENTMENT."

WHAT Dean Burgon felt in regard to the study of Bible Words is well known. One of his characteristic letters, dealing with the word "contentment," appears in the Biography just published, vol. ii., p. 332. The Dean wrote:

I am glad to see you notice the word *αὐτάρκεια*. It is only by cultivating this habit that you will ever *understand* languages, and be worth powder and shot as a clergyman.

I have not time for many words; but I will tell you something about *αὐτάρκεια*. It does *not* mean *contentment*. *That* virtue is of Christian growth, and has no word to denote it in classical antiquity. The substitute is *ἀρκεῖσθαι*, *ἀρκούμενοι*, as in Heb. xiii. 5, 1 Tim. vi. 8,—or as in v. 6, *αὐτάρκεια*.

Now this, as you see, is in strictness, "self-sufficiency" (*not* in the conventional sense of the word, but in the classical meaning of being *sufficient to oneself*—not needing external aid). The underlying notion in all these substitutes for "contentment" is always *sufficiency*, or the *sense of sufficiency*. Take the place before us, 1 Tim. vi. 6, "But godliness *is* a gainful calling, if it be combined with the sense that GOD has given us enough."

Ponder the matter over, and you will see that *αὐτάρκεια* refers to the *outward supply* "contentment" to the *inward feeling*.

Of *αὐτάρκεια* (Vulgate: *sufficientia*) Grimm says: A condition of life

[1] "Secret History of James I.," i. 422-424.