

THE AFFECTING HISTORY OF  
**JANE SHORE,**  
THE WIFE OF A LONDON MERCHANT,  
WHO WAS SEDUCED BY  
**KING EDWARD IV.**  
KING OF ENGLAND,  
RECOUNTING  
HER SPLENDID LIVING  
During the Life of her Royal Lover,  
*The Severe Penance she underwent,*  
THE DESERTION OF HER FRIENDS,  
*HER SUBSEQUENT WRETCHEDNESS,*  
AND  
**DREADFUL DEATH**  
IN THE OPEN FIELDS,  
BY ORDER OF  
*KING RICHARD THE THIRD,*  
OTHERWISE  
**CROOKED-BACK DICK.**

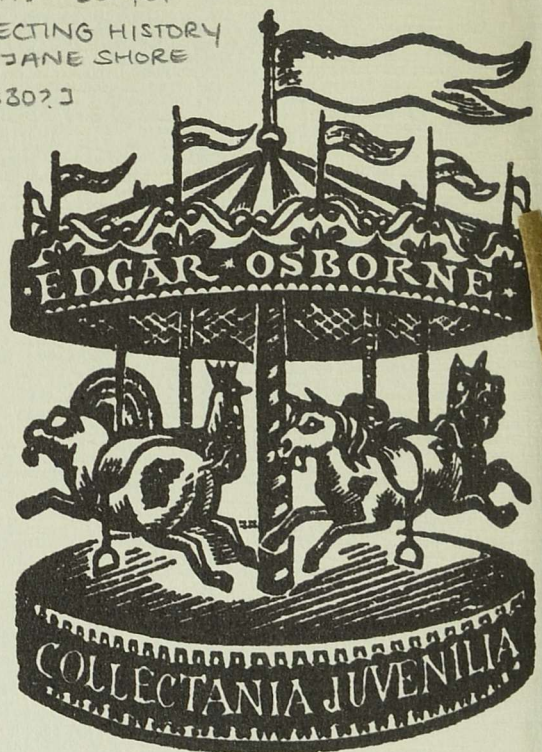
DERBY :

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS RICHARDSON ;  
AND BY HURST, CHANCE, AND CO., LONDON.  
Price Sixpence.



C 36

(BH) dr fol  
AFFECTING HISTORY  
OF JANE SHORE  
[1830?] ]



37131 137 005 617

(C 1830)

250<sup>00</sup>







marks fecr

*Jane Shore's Interview with Lord Hastings.*

Derby, Published by T. Richardson, Friar Gate.

*Jane Shore doing Penance.*



THE AFFECTING HISTORY OF  
**JANE SHORE,**

THE WIFE OF A LONDON MERCHANT,

WHO WAS SEDUCED BY

KING EDWARD IV.

KING OF ENGLAND,

RECOUNTING

HER SPLENDID LIVING

During the Life of her Royal Lover,

*The Severe Penance she underwent,*

THE DESERTION OF HER FRIENDS,

HER SUBSEQUENT WRETCHEDNESS,

AND

**DREADFUL DEATH**

IN THE OPEN FIELDS,

BY ORDER OF

KING RICHARD THE THIRD,

OTHERWISE

CROOKED-BACK DICK.

DERBY:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS RICHARDSON;

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., LONDON;

S. HORSEY, PORTSEA;

AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.







## THE HISTORY OF JANE SHORE.

BEAUTY, what a treasure art thou for a time to thy possessors! and what a misfortune too often to the gay things, who boast thee in the highest perfection! thou short-lived rose, that bloomest in the summer of our youth, to how many destroying cankers are thy glories liable! the accidents of grief and sickness often wither thee; but those avoided, envious age is sure to root thee up. It is certain nothing takes a stronger hold of human hearts than thy attractions; but triumph not, ye fair, in so fading a possession. The symmetry of features, the fine turn of shape, the blooming countenance and the brilliant eye make us captives to your charms; but innocence and virtue are your brightest ornaments. Without these, those other gifts are a prey to vanity, affectation, and wantonness; passion, that inspires us to flattery, seduces you to yielding, and how soon do we condemn the beauties we have rifled! then ignominy and the brand of reproach succeed: virtue, conscious of infection, declines your society; you become the shame and disgrace of your sex, and subject to the insults and licentiousness of the libertine.

The unhappy person, whose history we are now preparing to give, is a fatal instance what calamities have attended a wanton beauty and unguarded character. Therefore to be a concubine even to a king, is no security either against contempt, misfortune, or beggary.

All that we know of the family of this celebrated but unfortunate beauty, at this distance of time, is, that her maiden name was Wainstead, the only child of Mr Thomas Wainstead, a mercer of considerable figure and reputation in Cheapside, London. As she was an only child, we may easily conceive with what tenderness and indulgence she was brought up: and, as her growing years gave the promise of that uncommon loveliness, which afterwards graced her person, we may be sure she was the object of her parents' pride and affection. The conscious pleasure with which we view our children, when they are more than ordinarily handsome, shoots out into



an ambition of having them provided for proportionably to nature's bounty. Then education is frequently stretched beyond the necessary, to ornamental accomplishments; and music, singing, dancing, and all the qualifications, the requisites of politeness and gallantry, are more industriously inculcated, than those rudiments by which the mind is improved, or those virtues implanted, by which young women are formed to be good wives, or exemplary in any social duties.

This was the foible of her over-fond parents: the repeated commendations of their daughter's charms taught them to admire as well as love her; and no cost, or arts of education, could be too extravagant, either to express their affection or pave the way to her after fortune. Too unhappy it was for her, in the sequel of her life, that they mistakingly gave way to such refined sentiments: had they brought her up as the plain city-mercator's daughter, it is probable she had lived and died the comfortable citizen's wife. But fate, or whatever other influence solicits in the affairs of our life, marked her out for a more distinguished fortune. It happened, that her father's trade was much among the ladies of the court; the vanity and ambition of showing his fair daughter prompted him to embrace all opportunities of participating in the gallantries and diversions of the royal palace. These gaities and splendours lost no part of their impression upon her, who had a delicate and lively spirit, with a capacity to distinguish between the triumphs of a court and private domestic pleasures; which, upon a comparison, gave her a dislike to the dull phlegmatic entertainments of the city. As she had frequent advantages of being introduced into the best companies, she made wonderful improvements in all the parts of good breeding; nor was she a little remarkable for the fineness of her address and winning behaviour. The gracefulness of her mien, and the sweetness of her beauty, drew the eyes and notice of all the men upon her, nor could any one gaze without being sensible of her charms, and fixing her lovely image in their souls. The imperceptible intercourse that trades betwixt the eye and heart, and is only discovered in its effects, broke out in a numerous train of her votaries, and showed itself in the glowing symptoms of a lover's flame.

The nobility at court no sooner beheld the bloom of this enchanting maid, than their hearts panted with eager desire to be in possession of so sweet, and, we may say,



so exquisite a beauty; nor were they idle towards gaining the possession of so fair a prize. The vigilance of an indulgent father could not be insensible of these designed attacks upon his daughter's honour: he now began to be fearful for her character and reputation, and thought it necessary to secure her from the loose attempts of these young and dissolute courtiers. The best means he could suggest to rescue her from these dangers, was to give her the benefit of the country air, and sent Jane secretly to an aunt, who resided at Northampton. Whether the father discovered his fears to the young lady, or how willingly she dispensed with this sudden retirement, is a secret which time has concealed from our knowledge. However, we are told, she remained with her aunt for about a twelvemonth, and then returned to her father.

Such an interval of absence Mr. Wainstead considered might be sufficient to cool the passion of her lovers, and turn their roving thoughts to another amour.

No sooner was her return to town known, but strata-gems were formed against her virtue. The amorous Lord Hastings, particularly, had laid a design to carry her off by night; and, to effect his purpose with more certainty, had bribed her father's maid with a handsome purse of gold, and promises to a greater extent; but the girl (whether conscious of the atrocity of the action, or fearful of being discovered as an accessory) made known the intentions of Hastings, which were happily defeated.

Mr. Wainstead now looked back with some compunction on his unweighed and foolish conduct: gave himself a thousand secret reproaches for having shown his daughter to a luxurious court. He was now fully convinced that he could not, without the utmost hazard to her, and 'he forfeit of his own repose, continue his daughter longer in a single state: therefore, though she was very young, he resolved to impede the hopes of all irregular pretenders, by throwing her immediately on the protection of a husband. Among those who formerly addressed her with honourable intentions, was Mr. Matthew Shore, a goldsmith, in Lombard-street, a man of very fair character and flourishing circumstances. These considerations, though Mr. Wainstead had once perhaps designed to match her above that rank, determined him to settle in the choice of Mr. Shore for her husband. The young lady, whose thoughts were rather turned on general gaiety than fixed to any particular inclination, and who preferred the amuse-



ments of company, and the joy of being addressed and flattered, to the calm pleasures of conjugal endearments, was not over fond of the union. However, the authority of an indulgent father, and the rich and costly presents of a generous lover, at length won her, at least to external appearance, to consent to Mr. Shore's pretensions. The solemnity of the wedding was no less ardently wished for on the part of her father, than it was zealously pressed on that of her lover. The one wanted to be rid of a thousand uneasy fears and torturing suspicions, and the other to be put in possession of a beauty, for whose love so many rivals of eminence contended. Preparations were made suitable to the affection of her father and the fortune of her destined husband; and that her marriage might be fully proclaimed, to put an end to the solicitations of those who had laid wanton siege to her, many ladies and gentlemen from the court were invited, and graced the ceremony with a most pompous appearance.

Now are we to look upon our young beauty as a bride; the darling ambition of her enamoured husband, and the envy of her own sex, who repined at her superior charms and happiness. Each day beheld her rising in fresh glory, decked with all the profusion of jewels and other ornaments that an amorous and over-fond husband could bestow, to improve and set off her native perfections.

Lord Hastings, who, as we have before observed, entertained a very early inclination for her, regretted much at the change of her condition — as he was not a guest invited to the solemnities of her marriage, he would not, however, omit the opportunity of paying her his compliments on that occasion. The husband smiled for this honour, and the engaging courtesy of Mrs. Shore occasioned him to repeat his visits, and sometimes, in return, he would invite them to court, where he always took care that their entertainments should be suitable to his dignity and the respect he secretly professed for his fair guest. Time and frequent conversations brought him into greater familiarity with their family, and no less confidence with the husband. The over-happy man harboured no suspicions of any design upon his wife's chastity; so that Lord Hastings was denied no opportunity of being alone with her. This indulgence was all his amorous heart could wish for. He, who was a practised gamester in the affairs of love, and knew all the avenues and inlets to a woman's affection, soon found an opportunity, accompanied with rich and



costly presents, for making the overtures of his passion. Mrs. Shore, who might not, perhaps, be secretly displeased at her lover, yet had no vice which inclined her to gratify his inclination. She was witty and facetious in giving a turn to all his arguments; and, by dissembling her knowledge of his aim, so baffled him with her quick and smart replies, that he found his batteries would not carry the town. He was reduced by her defence, either to raise the siege in despair, or must more desperately resolve to take her by storm. His fervent inclination would not suffer him to relinquish her, and he began now to persuade himself, that she (who had accepted his gifts and heard his vows, yet admitted him) expected he should make some efforts that she must not, in modesty, consent to. Upon these suggestions, it is said, that one day, when he was alone with her, after giving her the warmest and most passionate kisses, made use of such unwarrantable liberties, that she immediately flew from her apartments, and communicated Lord Hastings's unhandsome conduct to her husband, who, roused at the indignity offered to the chastity of his wife, desired him to retire from his house, and for ever relinquish his visit.

The repulse, which this young nobleman had thus met with from Jane, and the unexpected eclairsissement of his passion to her husband, overwhelmed him at once with indignation and shame. He was now determined, that revenge should succeed his disappointment; and he vowed, upon taking his leave, that he would send such a rival in his room, as neither the husband's authority, nor the wife's chastity, should be able to withstand. What an incumbent duty it is for husbands to watch over the actions of their wives! not to scrutinize into trifles, but to be particularly cautious to what class of people they introduce the partners of their affections, nor place too much confidence in their fellow-men. Were many of our city tradesmen, as well as independent gentlemen, inclined to attend to this slight admonition, we should not hear any declamations against the connubial state, which, according to its institute, should be the happiest in the world.—We, therefore, repeat, that it is dangerous, as well as impolitic, for men in a matrimonial state, to treat them with a seeming indifference, and adopt others to participate as well as escort them to the rendezvous of pleasure, the ill consequences of which too frequently fill the columns of our public journals with scenes that disgrace human nature.



Hastings was lord chamberlain of the household to his prince, Edward the Fourth; whose inclinations to fine women are sufficiently known to those who are acquainted with English history.

King Edward was a prince so happily adorned with the accomplishments of mind and body, that he seemed to be the pride and darling of nature. His body was framed to and proportioned to an uncommon degree of symmetry and exactness, his aspect was very bright and inviting, his hair copious and flowing, and all his limbs and features wonderfully regular; yet, with this delicacy, he was blessed with as much vigour, health, and strength of constitution, as men of the most robust and athletic size are capable of enjoying.

Nor did nature, for this her liberality in external gifts, make any abatement (as too often we perceive she does) in the inward faculties of the soul; for this prince had large extent of wit, and a sagacity which was certainly owing to nature. The grossness of the times in which he lived, did not much improve men's learning. Bodily exercise then carried it against scholastic education; and tilts and tournaments prevailed above the cultivation of the mental powers. Nor had custom and fashion given a sanction to peaceful studies, could the turbulent circumstances of King Edward have given way to them; the trumpet of civil discord sounding too loud in his ears to admit any conversation with the silent muses. However, he had the faculty of thinking properly, and a force of language to express his ideas; his wit was sharp and ready, just and free from all those little subtleties, which men of shallow understanding and sordid views most value themselves upon.

In his councils he was judicious, and adjusted matters of the greatest importance with little difficulty; for his understanding was clear and dexterous in resolving doubts, not dark and cloudy, and apt to create them. His great judgment in leading his armies, and personal courage in fighting, declared him a daring soldier and an expert commander; and the many battles he fought, in all of which he triumphed, made him to be as much admired for his military discipline, as his happy success.

The revolutions of his life were very signal and various; and, as fortune changed her modes, sometimes he was a conqueror and settled monarch, sometimes again dethroned and an abandoned exile. But in all these chan-



ges he discovered a genius truly great and good. For prosperity raised him to a complacency in his fortune, not to a disdain of his adversaries for their losses, or a pride in himself for his own acquisitions. And when he had most security in his kingdom, and consequently most allurements to tyranny, had his disposition taken that bent, then did he show himself most humane and indulgent.

Indeed, the goodness of his nature was something extravagant towards the fair sex; and youth and constitution, seconded by uncontrolled power, made him give way to his luxurious appetite. His marriage with Lady Elizabeth, the widow of Sir John Gray, is an eminent instance of his want of power to curb that passion. His mother had earnestly dissuaded him from this union; and the dukes, his brothers, who knew him to be voluptuous, held him in a degree of contempt for his weak licentiousness. For though Lady Elizabeth Gray (who was a petitioner to him for certain lands forfeited by her husband) had charmed him with her beauty and excellent good sense, his solicitations to her at first were for obtaining wanton favours, and so little command had he of himself, when beauty had once made its impressions, that though her virtue would not stoop to the infamy of being his paramour, he, contrary to the interest of his crown, and in contempt of a treaty then depending for his marriage with Lady Bona, sister to the French King's consort, made her the partner at once of his bed and throne.

But to return from this digression to the affairs of Mrs. Shore, and the prosecution of those schemes, which, though they raised her at first to an eminence of pomp and affluence, were afterwards the foundation of her downfall and misery. King Edward's tedious wars and struggles with the house of Lancaster were now happily ended, and the victorious monarch in quiet possession of the crown, and at leisure to attend the prosecution of any pleasing adventure. Hastings, who well knew the turn and amorous disposition of the king's heart, seized the first opportunity, when his prince was agreeably disposed, to recount the entertainments to advantage which he had received at Mr. Shore's; in what manner his wife excelled all the females that ever he conversed with, in beauty, wit, and all the accomplishments that are desirable in that engaging sex.

These encomiums from the mouth of a favourite, and



from one whom the king believed a good judge, sensibly touched the heart of the young monarch. He, who had a fresh appetite for every fresh beauty, took instant fire at the report of this unknown charmer's excellence, and grew impatient for the opportunity of seeing her.

Hastings, though he was a gentleman of many virtues and good qualities, yet was so true a courtier, that he thought it no disgrace to assist his prince's pleasures, even by being subservient to the offices of a common pander. Revenge too was a motive to make him active in this cause; nor was he out of hopes that the beauty, once humbled to his master's embraces, might, after that revolt, be less obstinate to his solicitations.

The difficulty was in what manner the king should obtain a sight of her. Gorgeous majesty must be laid aside for this purpose, or the jealous husband, alarmed and on his guard, would certainly secure his wife and prevent the design; the court too might have an eye on the intrigue, and the queen be concerned in its discovery and disappointment.

It was, therefore, agreed that the king should disguise himself in the habit of a merchant, and with the attendance of only one servant, go to Mr. Shore's on pretence of business in his line. This scheme was accordingly put in practice: the king finding the good man busy in his affairs, sat down till he was at leisure; he then contracted for a considerable quantity of plate, which he was commissioned to buy and send beyond sea. The bargain finished, and the fair creature not yet appearing for whose sight he had turned merchant, the king grew impatient, and at a loss what method to take, he discoursed of news and trade, and as love is happy in furnishing us with counsels, he at last fell upon the topic of matrimony. Observing that Mr. Shore had a rich stock, and a commodious and splendid dwelling, "It is a pity, methinks," says the king, "that there is not a mistress to this fair house. I think I could recommend you to one, that is young, beautiful, and a fortune answerable to your circumstances." "Sir," replied Mr. Shore with a smile, "I must thank you for your good will, but am already provided;" and soon after ordered his wife to make her appearance. The secret lover blushed at this summons, and his heart fluttered with expectation of the adorable object. Presently, upon the command, appeared the lovely creature, not only equal, but superior to Lord Hastings's



description; and though her beauty wanted no assistance of art, she was dressed according to the fashion of the times.

The description which we have of her person is likely to be authentic, because it is left us by the pen of a contemporary and eye-witness, thus: "Her stature was somewhat low, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round, her eyes grey, her body plump, her skin white and smooth, her aspect sweet and cheerful, her air brisk and sprightly, and her deportment obliging." Sir Thomas More allowed her beauty to have been complete in every thing, except her height. "Proper she was," says he, "and fair, nothing in her body you could have changed, unless you would have wished her a little higher. Yet," he says, "this beauty, so near to perfection, was not the thing which charmed men so powerfully, as her admirable and never-failing wit, which made her conversation incomparably delightful; for she never appeared sullen nor out of humour, but easy and pleasant at all times; neither apt to be mute, nor pour out words without measure, nor punish the company with impertinent noise and nonsense. Her answers were ready and much to the purpose, and she would rally with a peculiar smartness, yet with such wit and good manners, as never to offend any body."

By the character already given of King Edward, we may reasonably presume that a woman of these qualifications must prove a strong temptation to him, who was a person of so much wit and good humour. We are not to doubt but he thought the minutes flitted away too fast, while he sat in full view of Mrs. Shore's irresistible charms, and was ravished with the music of her enchanting tongue; with how much reluctance must such a lover depart, and leave her in the quiet possession of her husband, a licensed rival; his heart was subdued by this single interview, and he resolved, at any rate, to purchase so inestimable a jewel.

But the method of making his approaches was now the point to be gained. He could not long hope to be concealed in his disguise, should he repeat his visits to her husband; and though his quality might not be discovered, yet his business once known, he expected the same repulse, which had before been given to his chamberlain. To assume himself, and court her in the character of a king in Lombard-street, he judged would lessen his majesty; and to force her from her lawful husband's embraces,



might be construed such an act of tyranny, as would enrage his subjects: obtain her he must, and with her consent; for love has no charms nor satisfaction in it, except it be mutual and unconstrained on both sides.

Instantly he made his beloved Hastings the partner of his counsels. Hastings glowed with secret transport, to find the train had taken to his wish; and, observing the emotions of his enamoured master, assured him, with a smile, that all his service should be devoted to him.

The monarch was all on fire, and impatient for the joy: it now remained with the favourite to show his zeal in his address and industry. The chamberlain knew that women were the best instruments to be suborned in such affairs, and that the sex is most readily betrayed by one another. It happened, a Mrs. Blague or Blake, who was a lace-woman to the court, lived in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Shore, with whom she was intimately acquainted. They often exchanged visits, and spent whole evenings together. Mrs. Blague was not a person of the most unblemished reputation. She was now grown old, and past the enjoyment of gay pleasures; but was such an intriguing person, that for money she would not only betray her best friend, but her own daughter into the snare. Hastings found no difficulty to be on good terms with this woman; he presented her with a purse of gold, and bid her hope for much greater advantage, if she would faithfully serve her prince in a particular manner. Mrs. Blague protesting a heart devoted to the service, Hastings immediately communicated the whole affair to her, which she undertook to manage with the utmost secrecy and conduct. Every thing being arranged, the king was continually admitted in disguise as Mrs. Blague's acquaintance, and luxurious entertainments, the incentives to pleasure, were constantly provided. Mr. Shore, during this, was guiltless of his wife's meeting company at her female friend's. Her repulse of Lord Hastings, and free discovery of his attempt upon her, gave him such a strong assurance of her virtue, as sealed up the eye of suspicion, and put him in full repose as to the integrity of his wife's conduct.

The old procuress acted up to the rules of her trade; and often left Mrs. Shore alone with her royal gallant, who made the best use of every favourable opportunity, and used all the arts of a passionate lover, to gain her affections. But she took care to keep him at a proper distance, ob-



stinate and inflexible to all his attempts. The eager baffled lover, impatient longer of the bliss delayed, put his passion into such terms, and pursued his efforts with so much warmth, that Mrs. Shore now plainly understood the drift of his passion. Hereupon she expostulated seriously with her friend Mrs. Blague, for suffering such a rude man to frequent her house, and acquainted her with the design he had upon her virtue. Mrs. Blague showed a well-feigned confusion at the story, protested she took him for a man of very modest behaviour, and promised Mrs. Shore should not in future be troubled with his company.

But though the king was now in policy to be banished from her conversation, the intrigue was not to be broken. The city was apprized of a splendid mask ready to be presented at court, and the fair sex were busy in making preparations for it. Mrs. Blague, whose profession furnished her with some acquaintance at court, undertook, if Mr. Shore approved of it, to assist his wife to a good place at the approaching festival. This offer was gladly accepted, and she, not surmising any plot, dressed herself with an elegance that might vie with any of the court ladies. After much pastime and diversion, a person of extraordinary figure stood out to dance, upon which Mrs. Shore heard a whisper run among the ladies, "that is the king," who soon spied her through his mask (for he knew where she was to be placed), and, stepping to her seat, took her out for his partner. The transport of such an honour done her called forth a becoming blush upon her lovely cheeks, and gave a double lustre to the bloom of her beauty. When she had performed her part with a transcending grace, her partner, with the most careful respect, placed her in her seat, and secretly sliding a billet-doux into her hand, retired unsuspected. So unlooked-for an encounter could not but put her under some confusion, as well as eagerness to know the contents. The entertainment being ended, away she went with Mrs. Blague, and the first opportunity she could obtain, opened the letter. It was to acquaint her that the person who had that night danced with her, and who had so often enjoyed her company at her female friend's, was the king; that he was an humble suitor to her for her affections, which he prized above all the glories of his empire, and offered her all the delights and pleasures of the court in recompense for it.

Upon so plain a discovery, passions of a different sort raised a conflict in her bosom; and she was not a little



divided in her thoughts what to do. At length she produced the billet, and advised with her companion, who was privately bribed to betray her. Was there room for a struggle or debate upon such a question? replied Mrs. Blague; if princes thought fit to make startling demands, allegiance obliged a subject neither to canvass nor dispute them. What would be a crime with a common person was sanctified with a king, and she ought to have that regard to her husband's welfare and safety, to weigh what consequence of danger a perverse refusal in her might bring upon him. Besides, there was a fate over every body that was not to be resisted; and, therefore, the choice did not require a moment's determination betwixt a king and a goldsmith.

O ye fair, be cautious of yourselves, and do not be too communicative to each other, but mark the character well before you are about to impart an affair of much importance, lest, by a precipitate detail of circumstances, you may blast the moment your tongue delivered them.

It may be remembered that Mrs. Shore was married very young, to a person who never was in full possession of her heart. And though she wanted nothing which a woman of her rank could expect or desire, yet she was ambitious of shining in the highest sphere — her heart was fondly set upon pleasures and entertainments — she had been trained up to fancy rich attire and attendance, and knew very well the court was the fountain of all these felicities. For these reasons her mind was prepared with the less reluctance to quit a tradesman and his habitation, when the inviting exchange was for a king and a palace.

Her resolutions being overruled, nothing now remained but to change her station with as much secrecy and silence as possible. Mrs. Blague had given the king notice of her successful management for him, who immediately despatched a chariot to her house to bring off the long desired prize. Mrs. Shore, on her part, conveyed her jewels and choicest things thither, intending not to stay long behind them. However, she sat down to supper with her husband, and was showing herself most obliging and complaisant to him, when on a sudden a messenger came with a feigned errand, that her mother was taken very ill and wished to see her immediately. Her husband would have accompanied her, but she found means to detain him at home; therefore, giving him the last embrace he ever had, with tears in her eyes, and promises of not staying, took her



leave of him. She no sooner arrived at Mrs. Blague's than the careful procuress attended her into the chariot, and lodged this treasure of beauty in her monarch's arms.

Her forsaken husband, yet unconscious of his fate, past the tedious night in vain expectation of his wife's return. Upon her continued absence, his concern and trouble increased, on which occasion he sought Jane at her mother's house. Here began the first assurance of his unhappiness: her mother had not seen her all the preceding evening, neither had been disordered, as was pretended by the messenger. This struck him with consternation, and he ran from one relative to another in fruitless pursuit after her. The next day was spent to as little purpose, that the poor man was almost out of his wits, and concluded from what had been formerly attempted, that she had at length yielded to the importunities of some amorous courtier.

Intelligence, that is ever busy in the communication of ill news, did not keep him long in suspense of what had happened; but it was rumoured confidently, and seconded with assurance, that she was entertained by the king. This put him out of all hopes of ever recovering her again. He now reflected on the menaces of the repulsed Lord Hastings; and doubted not but that resenting courtier had taken pains to inflame the king to this action.

Historians say, that from this time Mr. Shore entirely quitted her for her royal lover; and never had any farther enjoyment of her. Others inform us that this unhappy man was thrown into a deep melancholy by this misfortune, became incapable of following his business, and, to repair his distempered mind, went into foreign parts, and travelled through France, Flanders, Spain, and Turkey, till he had consumed all his substance, and returning home, when he thought every body had forgot him, he lived poorly, and died miserably in the reign of Henry the Seventh.

It has been conjectured by some, but I think upon no colour of authority, that he was probably the brother of Sir Richard Shore, draper, who was sheriff of London in the year 1505, that is, the twenty-first year of Henry VII. and who was a benefactor to St. Mary's Woolchurch, and St. Mildred's Poultry, as we find recorded in Stow's Survey of London. But this circumstance seems to clash a little with our Shore's languishing out the remainder of his days in such a state of penury. A brother of so large a fortune must have screened him from those necessitous calamities; and, by proper comforts, weaned him from the me-



mory of his unfaithful wife. But, perhaps, he laid his loss too close to heart; and chose rather to die by the hand of famine, than stand the shock of revealing himself to a thriving relation. But as this question is of no moment to our present history, we will leave it undetermined; and pursue the adventures of his yet more successful wife.

And now we find her mounted to the highest point of elevation that her enamoured prince could raise her, excepting that she was not his lawful queen, whom she eclipsed, as she did all the rest of his mistresses. For whoever had any favour to solicit at court, they made Mrs. Shore their patroness to the king; as knowing that she had the greatest influence over him. Indeed he loved her so tenderly he could deny her nothing. Many times, when offenders lay under his heavy displeasure, and the greatest court-favourites durst not presume to intercede for them, she with her sprightly wit and pleasant humour would so mollify and sweeten the king, that many a man's life was saved, many a fine remitted, and many a poor prisoner set at liberty. The good offices she did for all manner of people were numberless, and make up a large part of her history, if the world were as grateful as it is revengeful, or half so apt to remember good as ill turns. But the former men write in dust, or upon the waters, and the latter they engrave on brass and cut in marble. One thing is particularly recorded, that she obtained of the king for her old acquaintance, Mrs. Blague, an estate of the value of two hundred pounds a-year: a kind requital of an ill piece of service! This is said of her in general, that she never used her great interest with the king to hurt any creature, or to serve herself in any act of spleen or revenge; nor was she ever known to stain her hands with bribes, or sell the favours she obtained; but was truly noble, and generous, in every step of her conduct. If ever she accepted of any present, or token of gratitude, it was something rather gay than costly, either because she was satisfied with having done a good work, or proud to show how much the royal graces were at her disposal, or sensible that she had enough, and regarded riches no farther than as they were subservient to her pleasures.

How many years of this supreme power and glory she enjoyed, is unknown to us at this day, because we have no account of the year from whence to date the first of her advancement; but without doubt she lived many summers in the warmth and splendour of this eminent good fortune.



From the first hour the king received her into his arms, she held the chief place in his affections all the remaining part of his life. And considering what sort of person he was, a hero in arms, and famous for warlike adventures; considering he was pleasant and agreeable in conversation, great in the riches and splendour of his court, liberal of his favours, young, jovial, and comely to the last; nothing could be wanting, which a lady, most addicted to the pleasures and gratifications of sense, could require at his hands.

Our historians have none of them left us any particular account where the scene of pleasure was betwixt the king and this his favourite mistress. We can hardly imagine, that, as he had a young queen, who bore him two princes, he could not, with any decency or convenience, lodge her in any apartments of the tower, the palace royal of those times. The vulgar tradition is, that he kept her at a little seat about two miles distant from the palace, called Tottenham-court; and in a moated house there they pretend, to this day, to show Mrs. Shore's dining-room, and hospitable table.

In this happy retirement, caressed and complimented by a numerous train of dependents (who either thought they pleased the king by paying their attention to, or were making way to his favour through her well-timed intercessions), lived this beauteous concubine of pleasure and prosperity, during the reign of the royal keeper. We have no notices left, whether she showed, at any hours, a remorse or contrition for her disloyalty to her husband. While fortune smiled upon her, it is not improbable but merriment and plenty might exclude the reproaches of conscience and severe reflections.

But when the fatal day was, in which King Edward ended his reign and life together, his beloved mistress was cast out of her paradise, and fell from the summit of her exalted station. Yet was not her ruin so total and sudden, as to plunge her at once into that ocean of miseries, which at last swallowed up all her joys. It was but an easy descent at first from the crown to the coronet; from the bed of majesty to that of high nobility.

It has been already hinted that the lord chamberlain Hastings, was in the number of her most early admirers; and had more than once attempted to seize by violence upon that, which his most ardent addresses could not obtain from her consent. And though, as it has been ob-



served, he gratified his revenge by stirring up the king to carry her from her husband's bed; yet this did not make a perfect cure of his passion, nor efface the bewitching image which she had impressed upon his heart. He contained himself indeed, and kept a due distance from her during the king's life, either out of reverence to his royal master, or from a pure principle of honour and fidelity. Upon his prince's decease, he renewed his former offers of kindness, which being accepted, he took her home to himself. The tongues of men give themselves some license towards an abandoned mistress, which she was, perhaps, willing to stop by the protection of that peer; or gratitude, as much as policy, might induce her to oblige the man, who had for so many years retained a constant affection for her. Unhappy, however, for them both, was this pleasurable union: it too surely involved her in Hastings's ruin, and sunk her to the lowest degree of wretchedness.

King Edward was now dead, and the eldest of his sons much too young to hold the reins of the empire. The cruel Duke of Gloucester, afterwards King Richard the Third, now made protector of the realms, aspired to the crown of England. The rage of his ambition made him mow down all obstacles that he suspected might oppose his accession to it. He had his spies and informers upon the looks and tongues of every great man, to sound how far they stood affected to his wearing the garland, or what zeal they professed for the succession of his dead brother's issue. Sir William Catesby was one of these notorious bloodhounds; and he, in sifting the lord Hastings upon the question, found that loyal peer strenuous for his late master's son's succession.

The Protector had ordered a council at the tower, upon pretence of considering how to solemnize the coronation of his nephew King Edward the Fifth. When they were sat, frowning, knitting his brows, gnawing his nether lip, he took his place with all the marks of secret rage and displeasure. Many at the board knew by the complexion of his aspect, what foul weather was brewing in his bosom; and justly dreaded where the storm would fall. After a short silence, he asked what they deserved, who, without any regard to his family or office of protector, had conspired his destruction? This unexpected question startled the lords, as not able to imagine at whom it was levelled, or what he should mean by it.



The man that ventured to speak first (being very familiar with the Protector), unhappily was Lord Hastings; who answered, that, whoever they were, they well deserved the punishment of the worst of traitors. "The wicked instrument," replied the Protector, "is that sorceress, my brother's wife (meaning the queen) with her accomplices." The Lord Hastings was not a little pleased that the queen (for whom he had never entertained a sincere affection) was aimed at in his resentment, only it troubled him that he had not been privy to the apprehending of several of her friends, who were to be executed that day at Pomfret Castle. The Protector immediately stripped up the sleeve of his left arm, and showing it small and withered, "See," says he, "how execrable that sorceress, and others of her council, as Shore's wife, and her abettors, have, by their sorcery and witchcraft, consumed my body."

There was not one in the company but perceived that this was a groundless calumny; for they all knew that his arm had been withered and contracted from the hour of his birth; and besides, if the queen had been guilty of any such practice (which she thought wise and good to be concerned in), she would never have chosen Mrs. Shore for a confederate, whom she had the most reason to hate, as that concubine, whom the king, her late husband, most loved.

Lord Hastings, nearly touched with this broad accusation of Mrs. Shore, whom he passionately doted on, answered, "Certainly, my Lord, if they have done this, no punishment can be too great for them." "If!" replied the Protector, snarling; "what dost thou serve me with *ifs* and *ands*? I tell thee they have done it; and I will make it good upon thy body, traitor!" Hereupon he struck his fist with vehemence upon the table, on which signal, one, planted without for the purpose, cried, "Treason!" and armed men rushing in as many as the room could hold, the Protector crying out to Lord Hastings, "I arrest thee, traitor!" "What! me, my Lord?" said Hastings. "Yes, thee! thou traitor!" says the Protector furiously; "and by St. Paul, I will not dine to-day till I have thy head for thy offences!" — This threatening sentence was no sooner pronounced, but he was hurried to the green by the tower chapel, and his head laid down upon a piece of timber which lay there for building, and in a most arbitrary and tyrannical manner struck off.

And here I cannot but take notice how eminently the



hand of Divine Justice was exemplified in the execution of this lord, who had so far joined with the Duke of Gloucester, as to be aiding in and privy to the execution of the queen's father, Lord Rivers, and the rest of her relations, who were, by his contrivance, beheaded at Pomfret on that very day, on which, by the machinations of Gloucester, himself was beheaded in the tower; so certain does sin and guilt lead men to their destruction.

As this lord was much esteemed by the late king's friends, for his loyalty to the house of York, and by the people for his regard to the common good; the Protector for these reasons was sensible, that the news of his death would cause great discontents in all parts of the nation. And hereupon he thought it his wisest course to send for the lord mayor and chief citizens to him into the tower, to give them a full account of the justice of Lord Hastings's sufferings; that, the murmurings of the city being appeased, the nation might have no cause to repine.

But, upon more mature deliberation, this was not thought sufficient to appease the people's minds; therefore, soon after the citizens were gone, a herald at arms was sent into the city, to publish a proclamation, purporting, That Lord Hastings had conspired to assassinate the Protector, and seize upon the young king and government; that by his ill advice he had enticed the late king to debaucheries, and thereby shortened his days; that, since the death of the king, he had lived in continual incontinency with Shore's wife, and lain nightly with her, and particularly the very night before his death; so that it was no wonder if his ungracious life brought him to as unhappy an end.

But there was an after-game still to be played to this illegal proceeding; the Protector thought himself obliged to prosecute Mrs. Shore, whom he had charged with the same treason; lest, if he should let her escape, he should betray his own plot: for if she were not guilty, no more was the Lord Hastings; and if he deserved to die, so did she on the same accusation. For this reason, Sir Thomas Howard was sent to her house with an order of council, to apprehend her person and seize her goods, as were rigorously executed; her goods, to the value of about three thousand marks, were taken from her, and she was committed to confinement in the tower.

Within a few days she was brought to examination before the council, charged with witchcraft, and combining with Lord Hastings to the Protector's destruction; to which



articles she made so clear a defence, that there appeared not the least colour of guilt upon her. Open and scandalous debauchery was now imputed to her; a charge too well known for her either to deny or evade. To make an example of her, she was turned over to the correction of the spiritual court; and public penance for her incontinency enjoined her in St. Paul's cathedral, on the ensuing Sunday.

Now was opened the first scene of her shame and confusion, which was soon attended with a series of increasing calamities. Stript of all her ornaments, and covered with a white sheet, bare legged, and the sharp stones wounding her tender feet, she was brought by way of procession, with the cross carried before her, and a wax taper in her hand, from the Bishop of London's palace to St. Paul's, through crowds of rabble, who flocked to gaze on her. Being placed in the choir, directly opposite the preacher, she, in a set form of words, declared her enormities and her repentance of them. In all this pageantry of humiliation, she behaved with so much modesty and decent sorrow, that such as regarded her beauty more than her crime, never thought her so fair and lovely as under that affliction. For wanting nothing to complete her charms but a little colour, this publishing of her shame and the gazing of the multitude upon her, brought such an agreeable red into her cheeks, as made her look extremely fine. Even many of a rigid character, who hated her course of life, and who were glad at other times to see vice corrected, yet now, considering that the Protector punished her more out of hatred to her person, than offence at her sin, turned severity into compassion, and were sorry that she was singled out to be made the example.

From this period of her life, we are to call the once admired, flourishing, and almost royal Jane Shore, a mean and helpless woman. She was now thrown down from the palace to the prison; reduced from the highest seat of honour to the lowest state of reproach. She had forfeited all interest in her husband, and death deprived her of her potent lovers; she was spoiled of her goods, and bereaved of her friends; her father and mother died with grief; the rest of her relations lost all they had by the violence of the Protector, who pretended they got it from the crown, by her interest with the king.

Tradition goes farther with her misfortunes, and carries them to a height most terrible, and horrid even to mention;



that the tyrant Richard put out a proclamation, commanding all people, upon pain of death and confiscation of goods, not to harbour her in their houses, or relieve her with food or raiment. But, notwithstanding the proclamation, many gave her secret assistance, among whom was a baker, (that resided near the palace), who, perceiving the unfortunate Jane, meagre through want, and almost unable to support her feeble frame, which she supported by leaning on a post nearly opposite his shop, humanity as well as gratitude pierced his heart, and at the impulse of the moment, snatched from his shelf a loaf, which he presented to her as a testimony of his remembrance of her former kindness towards him; having, through her interest, saved his life by procuring him a free pardon when sentenced to meet an ignominious death for a riot in the late king's reign. Alas! his fate was only reserved for a future period: the unfeeling guards perceiving him from the gates of the palace, had him immediately apprehended; and the inexorable tyrant caused him to be hanged for disobeying his cruel mandate.

Thus the miserable Jane, bereft of almost every relief, wandered about, no one daring to relieve her, lest they should witness the same fate as the humane and grateful baker. It may, therefore, be supposed, the wretched state of a beggar attended her to the end of her life; and her fortune never cleared up, or again smiled upon her.

The tyranny of her chief prosecutor was but of two years' continuance. If ever her condition changed again for the better, the most promising juncture was, when her irreconcilable enemy, Richard the Third, was slain at the battle of Bosworth, and his usurpation succeeded by the milder government of Henry VII.

But unhappily for this poor disconsolate woman, this Henry married the daughter, and consequently took into favour the consort of Edward the IV. to whom the wretched Jane was truly odious, for the wrongs which she had done her in alienating her sovereign's affections.

It might be justly expected that a woman, who, in the days of her great prosperity and power with the prince, had done so many good offices in the world as has been before observed, and raised so many men to riches and honours, should have found one friend at least endowed with so much gratitude, as to rescue her from the last extreme of poverty and want; but every one of them (as if



they had combined together), shut their doors against her, and showed the unfortunate no compassion whatever.

One piece of notorious ingratitude is told us of her old friend and confidant, Mrs. Blague. — Upon the first notice of the death of Lord Hastings, and the storm that hung over her own head upon his account, Mrs. Shore presumed the house of one whom she had obliged in every thing, would be a safe harbour for such goods as she could conceal. With her, therefore, she deposited them; but, when necessities compelled her to seek after them, it is said, this faithless woman denied her every thing, and thrust her out of the house with threatening and reproachful language.

Thus to fall from the fullest affluence of riches and pleasures, to the most abject state of indigence and beggary; to be turned out of a royal palace, where she had the command of all things, into the streets and fields; to be the companion of the meanest of vagabonds; to be not only prosecuted by mortal enemies, but frowned upon and deserted by ungrateful friends, and scorned by all her acquaintance, who once thought it an honour to wait upon her, and esteemed her smiles a blessing; these things must make dreadful wounds in the heart of a delicate and tender female.

It is the work of the divine, and not of the historian, to draw severe inferences of vengeance, and heavenly dispensations, from the calamities which attend us in this mortal warfare. To view her in such a point of light, would be to make all her misfortunes whips in the hand of Providence for the miscarriages of her past life. Then just and equitable it appears to us, that she should feel the smart of those necessities and hardships, into which she had first driven her own husband; that the melancholy and sorrows which she created a good queen, should return upon herself at last, and overwhelm her own soul; that since she had abused her rich attire, her soft and clear skin, and her pleasant wit to such a wicked end, she should be reduced to rags, turned into a haggard unlovely creature, and not be able with all her eloquence to prevail with any body to give her a piece of bread.

But leaving such reflections to the pulpit, I shall rather close her miseries with pity, than a galling censure. It was hard enough upon her, that her calamitous days made up the greatest share of her life. Where, and in what manner she ended her wretched life is uncertain.



The received opinion is, that she was found dead in Shore ditch (the suburbs of London at that period); but that that place took its name from her, is a vulgar mistake; it having been so called from the Sorditches, lords thereof; of which family Sir John Sorditch flourished long before her time, in the reign of Edward III. But the same notable inventors, who framed a proclamation prohibiting her food and shelter, consequently supposed she might be starved, and die in a ditch, which ought to carry the remembrance of that accident in its future name.

We have the testimony of a very excellent writer, Sir Thomas More, that she was still living in the eighteenth year of Henry the Eighth, old, lean, withered, and dried up, nothing left but shrivelled skin and hard bone. This grave historian, after having been particular in her character, doubts, some may think her too slight a thing to be written of, and set among the remembrances of great matters; "Because, happily" says he, "they shall esteem her only by that they now see her; but, to me seemeth, the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembered, in how much she is now in the more beggarly condition; unfriended, and worn out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as great favour with the prince, after as great suit, and seeking too, with all those that those days had business to speed, as many other men were in their times which be now famous only by the infamy of their ill deeds"



379



# A LIST OF BOOKS

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS RICHARDSON, DERBY.

PAMPHLETS, WITH COLOURED FRONTISPICES,  
SIXPENCE EACH.

Art of Legerdemain.	Jane Shore.
Bamfylde Moore Carew.	Maid of the Inn.
Doctor Faustus.	Munchausen's Travels.
Dream Book.	Nixon's Prophecies.
Dutchess of C ———.	Norwood Gipsy.
George Barnwell.	Turpin, the Highwayman.
Hoggart the Murderer.	

CHILDREN'S BOOKS, EXCELLENT CUTS,  
SIXPENCE EACH.

Beauty and Beast.	Red Riding-Hood.
Blue Beard.	Robin Hood.
Children in the Wood.	Robinson Crusoe.
Fables for Children.	Select Poetry for Children.
Jack and the Bean-stalk.	Seven Champions.
Natural History.	Sindbad the Sailor.
Pretty Tales for Youth.	

CHILDREN'S BOOKS, MANY CUTS,  
THREE-PENCE EACH.

Children in the Wood.	Mother Hubbard.
Cinderella.	Natural History.
Cock Robin.	Nursery Rhymes.
Goody Two-Shoes.	Select Pieces for the Nur-
Jack the Giant-Killer.	sery.
John Gilpin.	Tom Thumb.
Juvenile Cabinet.	Whittington and his Cat.

Fenning's, Dilworth's, Vyse's, and Markham's Spelling-  
books, 1s. 3d. each, well bound.

Easies, 6d. each; Primers, 3d. each.

Children's Penny and Half-penny Books, Battledores,  
and Lotteries, in great variety.