



Elizabeth's Ghost

the afterlife of the Queen in Stuart England

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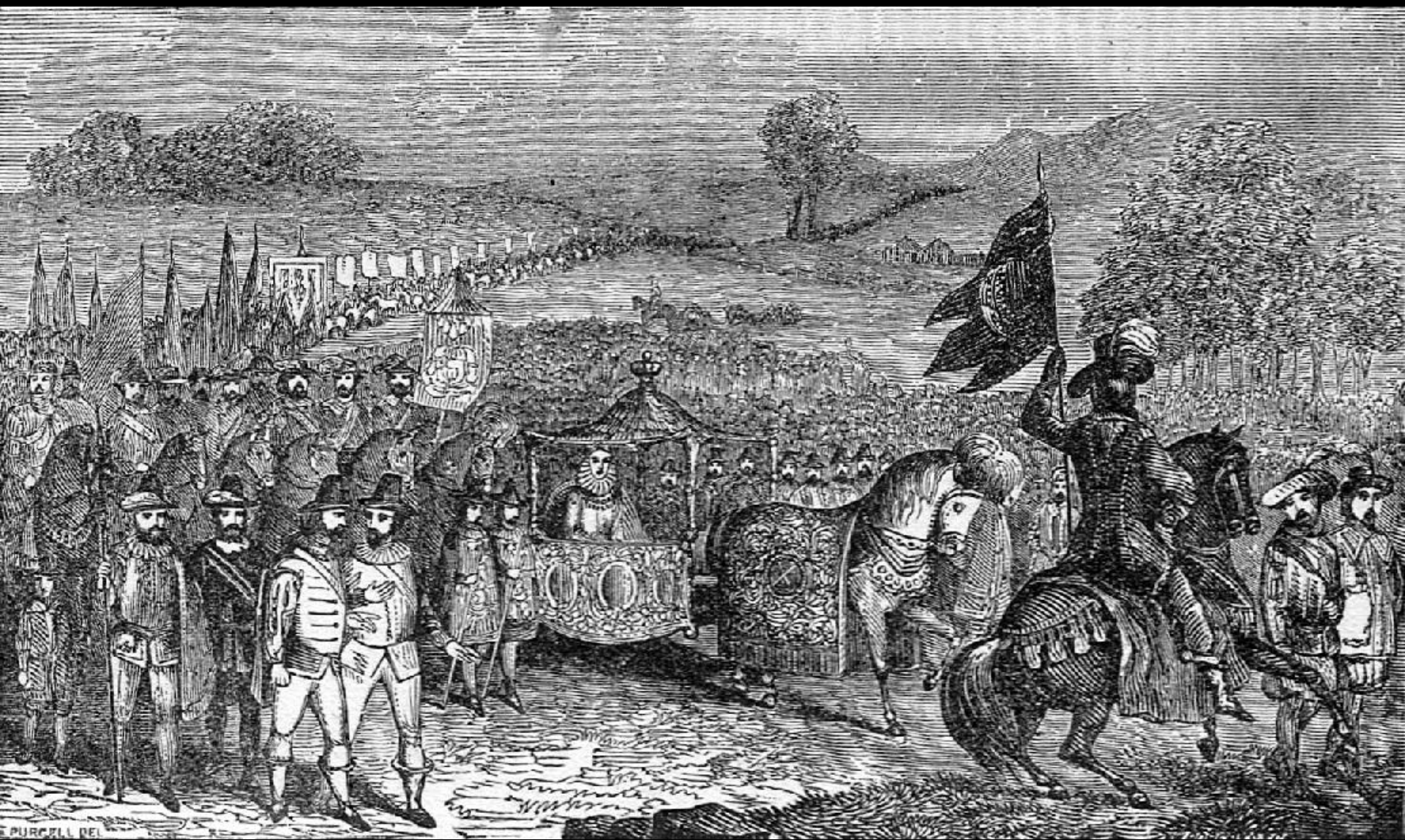
ELIZABETH that famous Queens lives
Who govern'd England sovre and souer
With Inth tam'd Low country protected
Friend'd France, foild Spaine & Pope's malice
For found her powerfull all People victorious
The World wise and iust, Heav'n religious
God hath her Soule men her Admirers
ENGLAND her good deeds Kings her imitators



- I may have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too.

The Queen with a masculine spirit
came and took a view of her Army



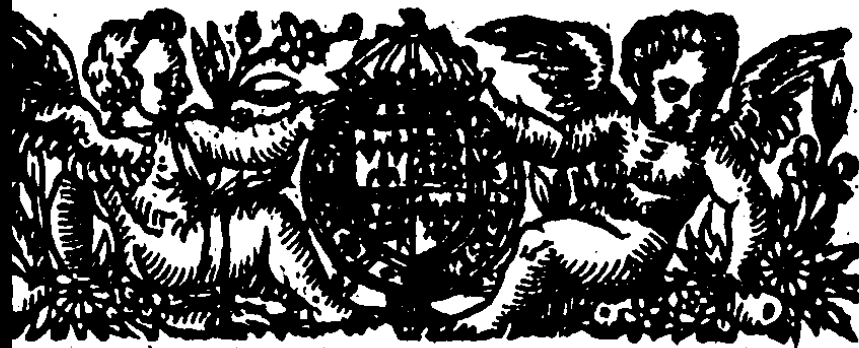


THE
LIGHT OF
BRITAYNE.

A Recorde of the hono-
rable Originall & Antiqui-
tie of Britaine.



AT LONDON
Printed: Anno. Domini.
1588.



To the most high
and mightie Princeſſe, Eliza
beth by the grace of God, Queen
of England, Fraunce and Ireland : defen
drefſe of the true, auncient, Catho
lique, and Apoſtolique
faith. &c.

S. Pauwls Church

5. y Waterhouse

S. Andre in Holborne

Heygat



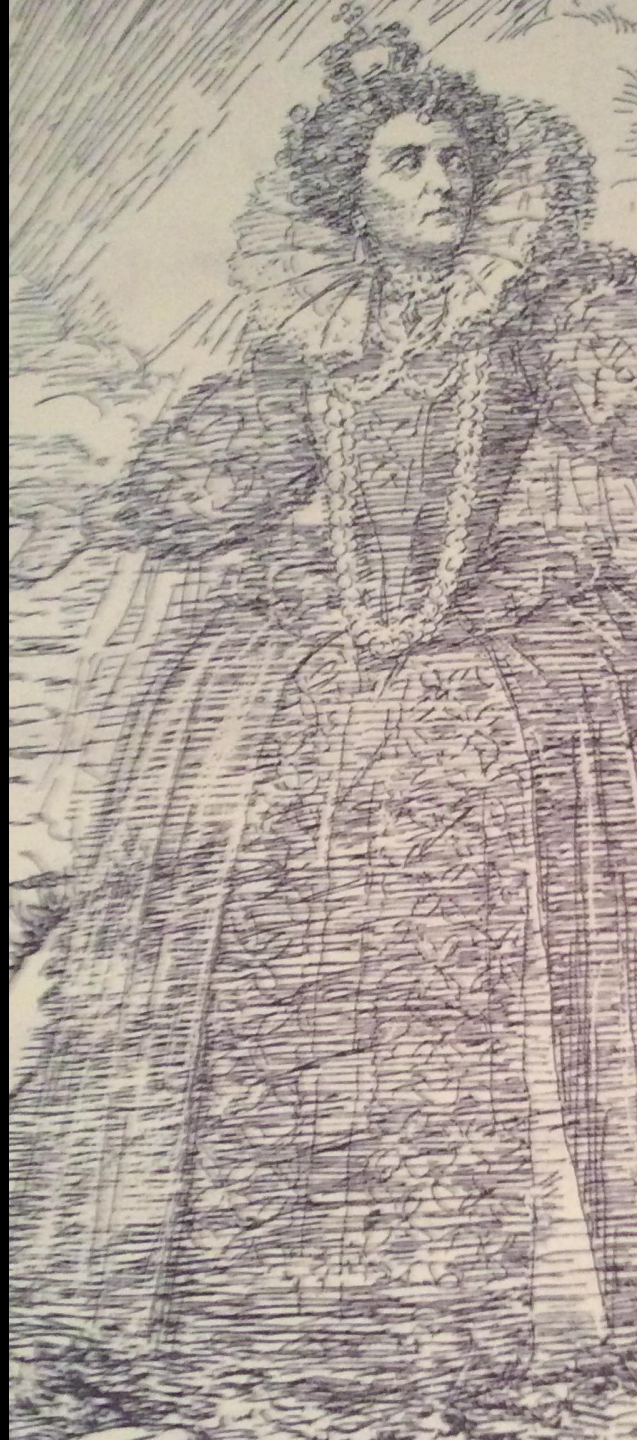


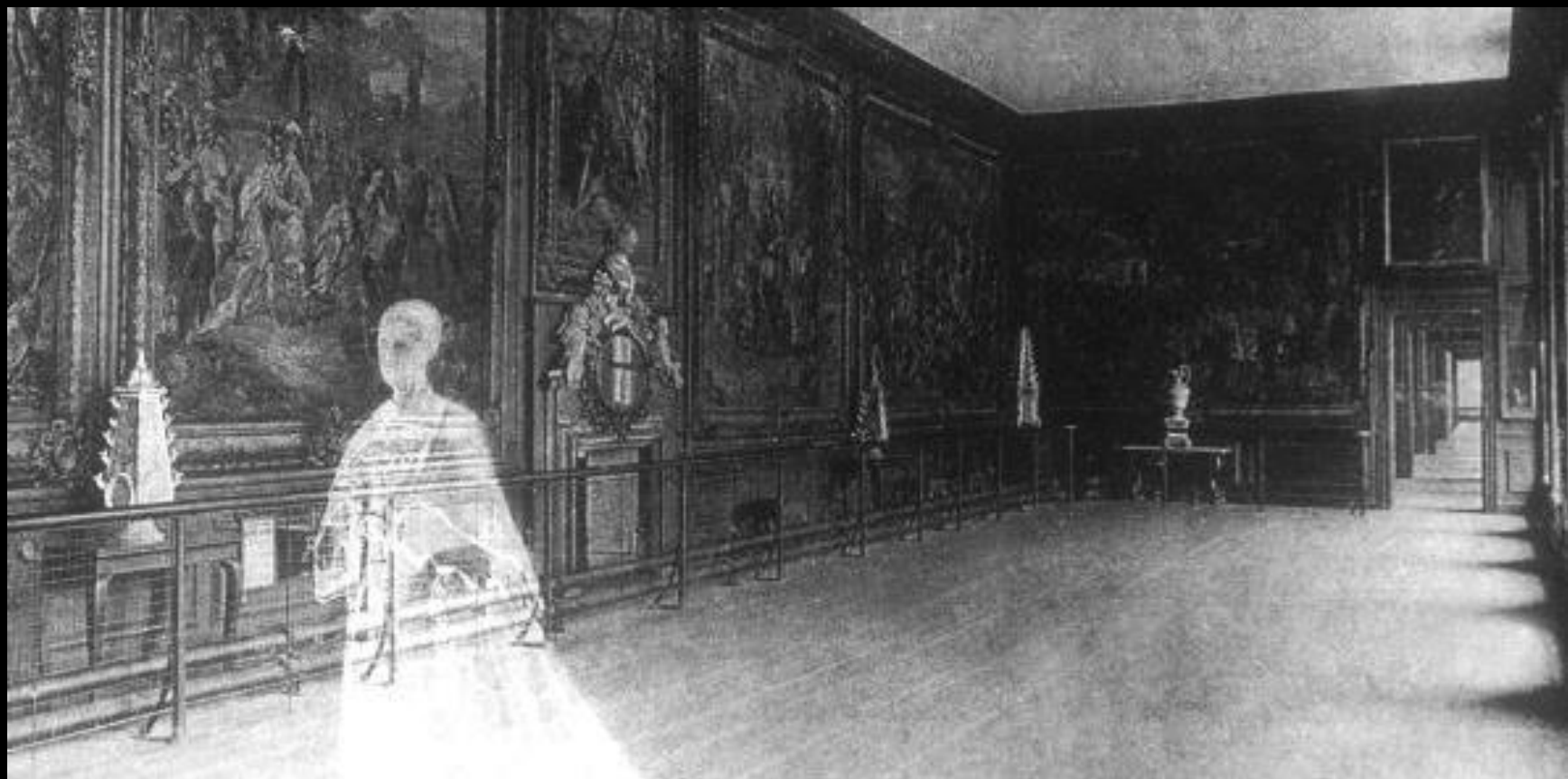


JACOBUS STUARTUS I.
Magnæ Britannia Monarcha.

Alexander Craig

- “Cease loving Subjects, cease my death for to deplore.”





23

Strange Apparitions, OR The Ghost of King James,

With a late conference between the ghost of
that good King, the Marquess *Hambelton*, and
George Eglisham, Doctor of Physick, unto which ap-
peared the Ghost of the late Duke of *Bucking-*
ham concerning the death and poisoning of King
JAMES and the rest



If you know not me,
You know no body.

OR,
The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.

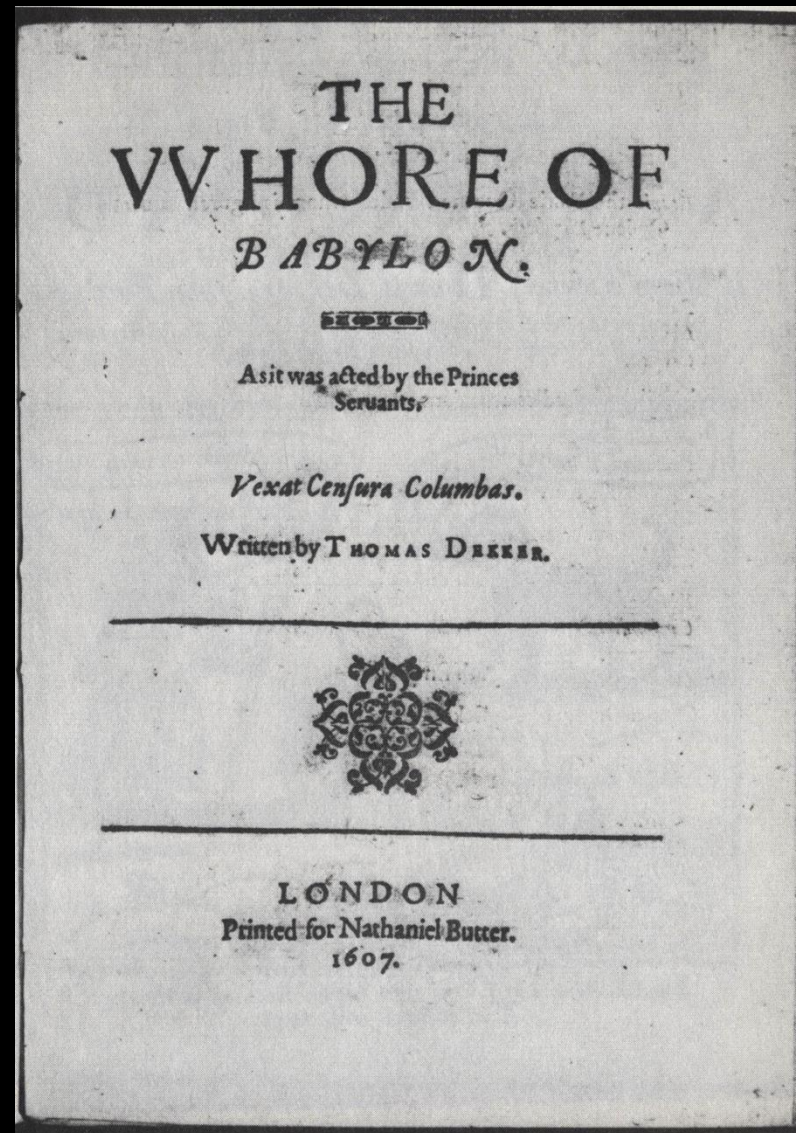


LONDON,
Printed for NATHANIEL BUTTER, 1623.

- If I miscarry in this enterprise,
- and aske you why,
- A Virgine and a Martyr both I dy.



The Whore of Babylon





He stole, and here imagine still he stands,
Thrusting his silver lock into your hands.
There hold it but two hours: it shall from graves

- Raise up the dead. . . .



THE SECOND PART OF VOX POPULI.

OR

Gondomar appearing in the likenes of
Machauell in a Spanish Parliament.

wherein are Discouered his treacherous & subtle Practices

To the ruine as well of England as the Netherlands.

*Faithfully Translated out of the Spanish Copie by a well wiler
to England and Holland.*



Vox Cœli,
OR
NEWES FROM
HEAVEN.

Of a Consultation there held by the high
and mighty Princes, King *Hen. 8.* King *Edw. 6.* Prince
Henry, Queene *Mary*, Queene *Elizabeth*, and Queene *Anne*,
wherein SPAINES ambition and trecheries to most Kingdoms and free
Estates of EVROPE, are vnmaskd and truly represented, but more
particularly towards ENGLAND, and now more especially vnder
the pretended match of Prince CHARLES with the
Infanta DONA MARIA.

Wherunto is annexed two Letters written
by Queene *Mary* from Heauen, the one to Count
Gondomar, the Ambassadour of SPAIN, the
other to all the Romane Catholiques
of ENGLAND.
Written by S. R. N. J.



Printed in Elisium. 1624.

He even went so far as to say, that, in Scotland, long before the death of that princess, he had directed her whole council, and governed all her ministers, by whom he had been better served and obeyed than herself.





that immortal Mayden Queene . . . whose
heart ever loved *England*, as her soule did
Heaven

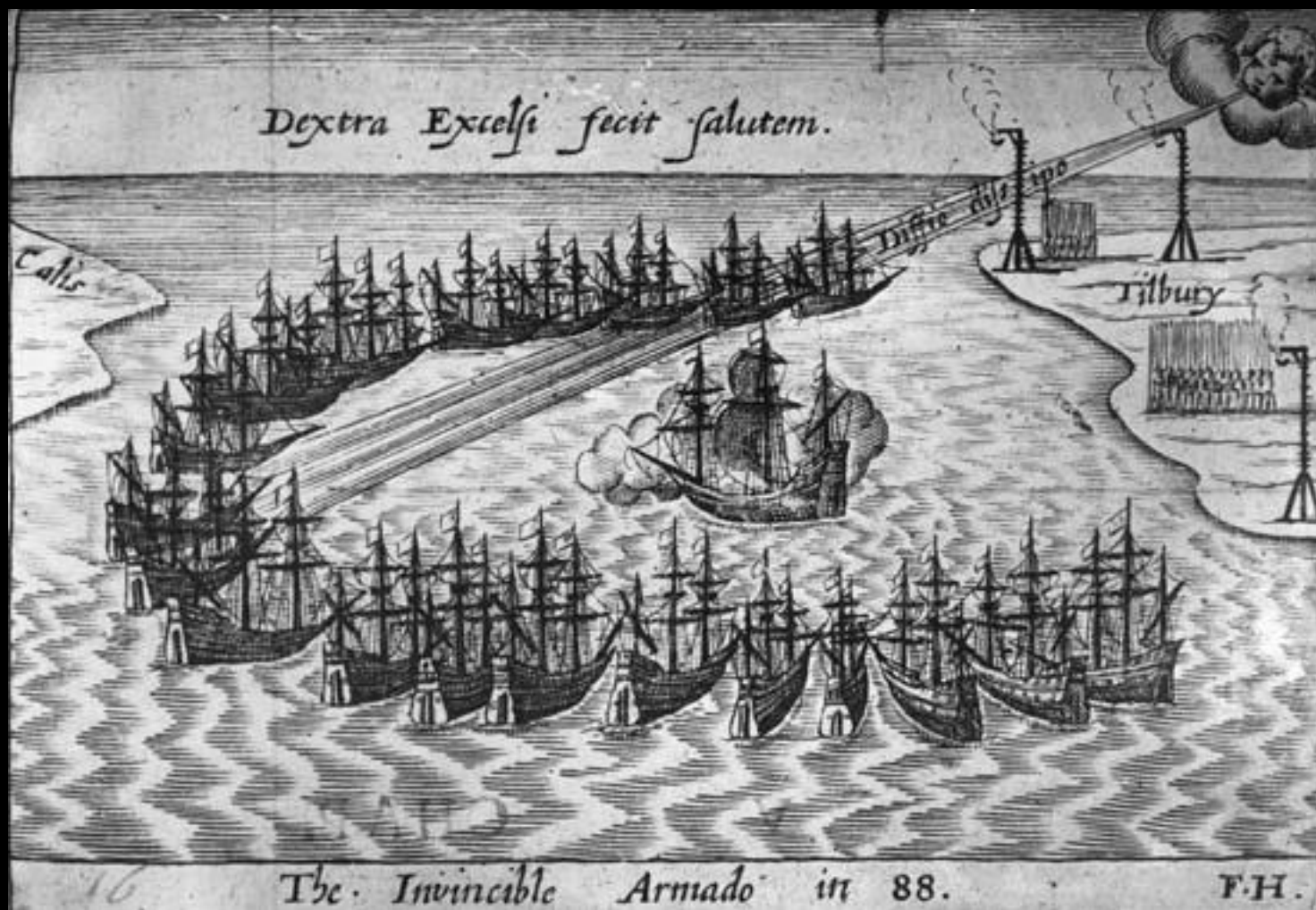








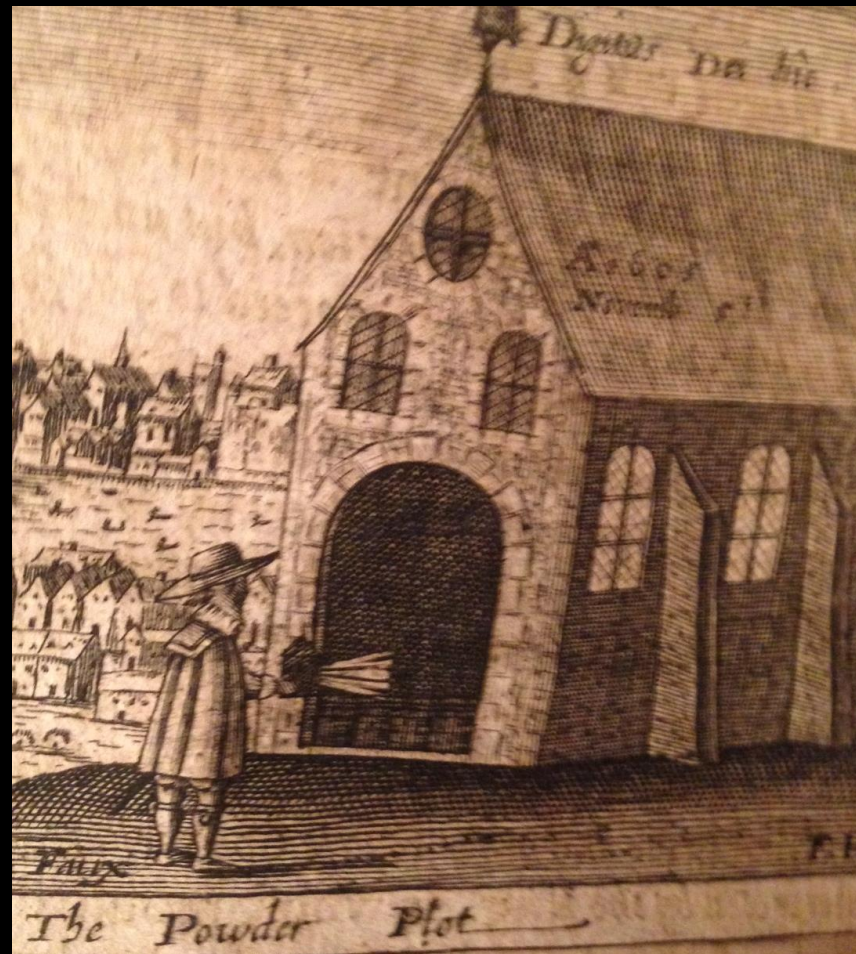
Dextra Excelsi fecit salutem.



The Invincible Armado in 88.

F.H.

Gunpowder plot



“O my ships, my ships”









A
BRIEFE AND
TRUE RELATION
OF THE MVRTHER

of Mr. THOMAS SCOTT

Preacher of Gods Word and
Batchelor of Diuinitie.

Committed by *John Lambert* Souldier
of the Garrison of *Vtricke*, the 18.
of Iune. 1626.

*With his Examination, Confession,
and Execution.*



L O N D O N,
Printed for *Nath. Butter.* 1628.





*Rebellious Crafty Rebels fighting,
Only to draw a Zealous Knight in.*



*Whom striving to appease their brigade,
That wick'ed old man does hastily decede.*



*See how they were here with Delight,
Whilst Lady's Dance and Pipot were set.*



*By watchful sentry they are not seen,
For the Devil cheats his Fair between.*



*No longer though how his joyals are lent,
In Chair, and then again extended.*



*Our Towns they burn, our goods they plunder,
By such the tricks will make you wonder.*



*And wonder more how they dare venture
For killing King to raise Indignation.*



*Behold their General, a stout Fry,
Peter again was only Fry.*



*Peas might hope to mend his fortune,
What suffers and what we are certain.*



*These Captives were spied Long,
Their Master General Camp was long.*



*The peas Pilgrims inclination,
Was to persecute and damn the Nation.*



*And forth Fry with black Bull,
Went till as all, if we fit still.*

A True Narrative of the Horrid Hellish Popish-Plot.



THE EXPLANATION.

Such is the just and Generous Detestation and Hatred of the English Nation against the Tyranny and Superstition of the Popish Religion, in its bewitching and such a Malt of Cruelty and Nonſence, by its Superſtitious Names, that they have taken all occasions to express their Abhorrence thereof; but more especially since the Discovery of that horrid and Traitorous Conspiracy against His Majesty's Person, the Protestant Religion and Government established, which they sufficiently testified upon the 17th of November, That being the Day wherein the Unfortunate Queen Mary Died, and that glorious Sun, Queen ELIZABETH of Happy Memory, arose in the English Horizon, and thereby dispelled those thick Fogs and Mists of Romish Diminution, and restored to these Kingdoms their just Rights both as Men and Christians. In Commemoration of this great blessing, some Honourable and Worthy Gentlemen, both in London, and at the Temple (remembering the Burning of London, and the Temple, by Popish Hands) were pleased to be at the Charge of an extraordinary Triumph upon the Day aforesaid, to Confront the Infidelity of the Romish Faction, who after all the Miraculous Discoveries of their Curied Conspiracies, have still the Impudence yet to hope of Succeeding in their Traitorous Designs for Enslaving these Nations.

Upon the said 17th of November, 1679, the Bells began generally to Ring at Three of the Clock in the Morning: About Five a Clock in the Evening, all things being in readiness, the Solemn Procession began, setting forth from More-Gate, and so proceeded to Bishop's-Gate, and down Hornchurch to Ald-Gate,

and from thence through Lambeth-Hill-Street, the Royal Exchange, Chancery, and so to Temple-Bar, in the following Order;

I. Marched six missives to clear the way, in Pioneers Caps and Red Waiters. II. A Bell-man Ringing, who with a Loud and Doleful Voice Cried all the way, *Romish Priests Godfrey*. III. A Dead Body Representing Sir Edmund Godfrey, in the Habit he usually Wore, the Cravat wherewith he was Murdered, about his Neck, with Spots of Blood on his Wrists, Shirt, and white Gloves that were on his Hands, his Face Pale and Wan, riding on a White Horse, and one of his Murderers behind him to keep him from falling, Representing the manner how he was carried from *Somerſet-House to Brown's-Hill*. IV. A Priest in a Surplice, with a Cape Embroidered with Dead Mens Bones, Skeletons, Skulls, &c. giving Pardons very freely to those who would Murder *Protestants*, and Proclaiming it Meritorious. V. A Priest alone, in Black, with a large Silver Cross. VI. Four Carmelite Friars in White and Black Habits. VII. Four Grey Friars in their proper Habits. VIII. Six Jesuits with Bloody Daggers. IX. A Consort of Wind-Musick, called the waites. X. Four Popish Bishops in Purple and Lawn Sleeves, with Golden Croſſes on their Breasts. XI. Four other Popish Bishops in their pontificalibus, with Surplices, Rich Embroidered Copes, and Golden Miters on their Heads. XII. Six Cardinals in Scarlet Robes and Red Caps. XIII. The Popes Chief Physician with *Jesuits Powder* in one hand, and an *Horn* in the other. XIV. Two Priests in Surplices, with two Golden Croſſes. Lastly, The Pope in a lofty Glorious Pageant, Representing a Chair of State, covered with Scarlet, the Chair Richly Embroidered, Fringed, and bedecked with Golden Balls and Croſſes; at his Feet a Cushion of State,

two Boys in Surplices, with white Silk Banners and Red Croſſes, and bloody Daggers for Murdering Heretical Kings and Princes, painted on them, with an Inceuous Pot before them, fate on each side censuring his Holiness, who was arrayed in a rich Scarlet Gown, Lined through with *Ermine*, and adorned with Gold and Silver Lace; on his Head a Tripple Crown of Gold, and a Glorious Collor of Gold and precious Stones, St. Peters Keys, a number of Beads, *Agnus Dei's* and other Catholic Trumpery; at his Back stood his Holiness's Privy Councillor, the Devil, frequently Carelling, Hugging and Whilpering, and oft-times Instructing him aloud, to destroy His Majesty, to forge a Protestant-Plot, and to Fire the City again; to which purpose he held an Infernal Torch in his hand. The whole Procession was attended with 150. Flambeaus and made them up some Thousands. Never were the Balconies, Windows and Houses more numerously filled, nor the Streets cloſer throng'd with Multitudes of Peoples, all expressing their Abhorrence of Popery, with continual Shouts and Acclamations; so that by a modest Computation it is judged there could not be fewer than Two Hundred Thousand Spectators: Thus with a flow and solemn State they proceeded to Temple-Bar, where with the innumerable swarms, the Houses seemed converted into Heaps of Men, Women and Children; for whole diversion there were provided great Variety of excellent Fire-Works. Temple-Bar being since its Rebuilding, Adorned with four stately Statues, those of Queen Elizabeth and King James fronting the City, and of K. Charles the First of Blessed Memory, and our present Gracious Sovereign, on the other side towards Westminster. The Statue of Q. Elizabeth in respect to the Day, was Adorned with a Crown of Gilded Laurel, in Her

hand a Golden Shield, with this Motto inscribed, *THE PROTESTANT RELIGION, MAINA CHARTA*, and Flambeaus placed before it: The Pope being brought near thereto, the Song following was sung in Parts, between one who Represented the English Cardinal Howard, and another, the People of England.

Cardinal Howard, From York to London Town we come To talk of Popish Rome; To reconcile you all to Rome, And prison Smithfield Fire.	our popish Plot, & Smithfield Fires We do not fear at all For lo before Queen Belles Feet Ten fall, you fall, you fall.
The People Answer: Craſte, Craſte, thou Norfolk Cardinal, See yonder stands Queen Belles Who ſaw'd our souls from Popish torments O Queen Belles, Queen Belles, Qu. Belles.	Now God preſerve Great Charles our And eke all honest Men; Amens, Amens, Amens.

Thus having Entertained the thronging Spectators for some time with Ingenious Fire-works, and a vast Bonfire being prepared just over against the Inner-Temple-Gate, his Holiness, after some Complement and Reluctancy, was decently tumbled from all his Grandeur into the Impartial Flames; the Crafty Devil, his Chief Minister, leaving his Infidelity in the Lurch in his Extremity. This Justice was attended with a prodigious Shouts, that might be heard far beyond *Somerſet-House*; and the same Evening there were large Bonfires generally in the Streets, with universal Acclamations, *Long Live King CHARLES*, *Let POPERY perish*, and *PAPISTS with their PLOTS and CONSPIRACY-PLOTS as hitherto, be Confounded*. To which every honest English-man will readily lay, Amen.

London, Printed for Jonathan Wilkins, at the star in cheapſide next Mercers Chappel, 1680.



QUEEN

ELIZABETH'S

Opinion concerning TRANSUBSTANTIATION, Or the Real Presence of Christ
in the Blessed Sacrament; with some Prayers and Thanksgivings composed by Her in Imminent Dangers.

DURING the Reign of Q. Mary, the Lady Elizabeth being a Prisoner at Woodstock, a Popish Priest came to visit her, and after some Discourse, press'd hard upon her to declare her Opinion of the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, to whom she truly and warily answered in these following verses:

'Twas God the Word that spake it,
He took the Bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
That I believe and take it.

The sense of which is more fully explained in the following P O E M.

A MEDITATION how to discern the Lords Body in the Blessed Sacrament.

AND if Mens Fingers cannot make the Wheat,
Which makes the Sacramental Bread we eat;
What Art of Transubstantiation can
Make God of Wafers, who of Dust made Man?
When we are by th' Apostles truly told,
The God-head is not like Silver or Gold;
Or any thing Corruptive Power can waite,
For He to all Eternity must live;
And if the Art of Man can make his Maker,
The Smith may do as well as do's the Baker;
Bread was the substance which our Saviour gave,
And Bread it was the Apostles did receive;
His Real Body was but in the Sign,
He gave his Flesh, and Blood in Bread and Wine;
For if his Body he did then divide,
He must have eat himself before he dy'd.
His humane Body which for us was given,
Is given to us of Bread which came from Heaven;
The which if we unworthily Receive,
We eat our Judgments, and our selves deceive.

In not discerning what his Body is,
Our Souls are rob'd of everlasting Bliss.
We must believe the Words of him, who said,
This is my Body, when he gave the Bread;
And sure that Blood which cur'd'd in each Vein,
Did in His Sacred Body still remain,
'Till he was Crucify'd and slain.

However, there's great Influence therein,
Which expiates and cleanseth us from Sin;
We are made One with him in Holy Union,
When we in Faith receive the Bless'd Communion.
In Commemoration of his bitter Passion,
Who shed his Blood to purchase our Salvation;
We on his Merits must depend alone,
Sufficient 'tis that Merit we have none;

Nor can there any other Name be given
To save us, but by him who sits in Heaven.
His Body here on Earth need not appear,
When Angels to the Women say, He is not here;
He's not in Trench or Cup-board, as some say;
For then the Mice might carry him away.

The Primitive Christians never were so blind,
To think he could be blown away with wind.
Or that some Thief or Robber might devour
Him who created Heaven by his Power.

We are not sav'd by Sense, but by his Faith,
And ought to credit what our Master saith,
He call'd himself a Vine, and yet we see,
He was a perfect Man, and not a Tree.

He call'd himself a Dove; 'tis understood,
We enter Heaven through Him, and not thro' Wood.
He call'd himself a Way, the which doth lead
Ourselves to Heaven, yet none doth on him tread.

'Tis blessed Words were oft-times Myfical,
And are not rightly understood by all;
Save such on whom he doth that Gift bestow,
Who to the Ignorant the Truth may show.

His Blessed Body Heaven must contain,
Where He a King eternally doth Reign;
Until the Resurrection of all,
Then we with him and Angels ever shall,
Sing Alleluia in their Hierarchie;

For where He is, there must his Servants be.

A PRAYER of Queen Elizabeth upon her escape from being burnt in her Bed, by a Fire flaming through the Board of her Chamber, during her Imprisonment at Woodstock in Oxfordshire.

O Gracious Lord God, I humbly prostrate my self upon the bended Knees of my Heart before thee, entreating thee for thy Sons sake, to be now and ever merciful unto me: I am thy work, the work of thine own Hands; even of those Hands which were nailed to the Cross for my Sins. Look upon the Wounds of thy Hands, and despise not the work of thy hands. Thou hast written me down in thy Book of Preservation; read thine own hand-writing and save me: Spare me that speak unto thee, pardon me that pray unto thee. The Gracious Lord enforce me to speak, the Calamities I suffer compel me to complain: If my hopes were in this life only, then were I of all People most miserable.

It must needs be that there is another life; for here thou live many times longell, who are not worthy to live at all. Here the Israelites make Bricks, and the Egyptians dwell in the Houses: David is in wars, and Nabab abounds: Sion is Babylons Captive. Hast thou nothing in store for Joseph but the flocks, for Esay but a Saw? Will not Elias adorn the Chariot as well as the Juniper Tree? Will not John Baptists Head become a Crown as well as a Platter? Surely there is great Remission for the Just, there is Fruit for the Righteous: Thou hast Palm for their Hands, white Robes for their Bodies. Thou wilt wipe away all Tears from their Eyes, and shew thy goodness in the Land of the Living. How good and desirable is the shadow of thy wings? O Lord Jesus! That is a safe Sanctuary to flee unto, a comfortable refreshing fountain for sin and sorrow: Whatsoever Cup of Affliction this Life makes me drink of, it is yet nothing to those bitter Draughts that thou hast already drank for me: Help me, O thou my strength, and thereby I shall be illuminated; appear thou Glory to which I shall be exalted: Hasten thou Life by which I shall be hereafter glorified. Amen, Amen.

When Q. Mary was dead, and the News thereof came to Q. Elizabeth, she removed from Hatfield to the Charter-house, from whence she was Royally Attended to the Tower of London, and Nov. 24. 1558. She set forward from the Tower to pass through the City to Westminster. But the Queen considering that she was now exalted from Misery to Majesty, from a Prisoner to a Princess: She very devoutly and religiously lifted up her Hands to Heaven before she would suffer her self to be mounted in her Chariot, and made the following Prayer.

O Lord, Almighty and ever living God, I give thee most humble and hearty thanks that thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to see this joyful and blessed day; and I acknowledge thou hast dealt as graciously and wonderfully with me, as thou didst with thy true and faithful Servant Daniel thy Prophet, whom thou didst deliver out of the Lions Den, from the cruelty of the called Elements; and thou hast delivered me from the cruelty of greedy and raging Lions; even so was I overwelcomed, and by thee delivered: To thee therefore only be Thanks, and Honour, and Praise, for evermore. Amen.

In 1588, The Spanish Armado invaded the Kingdoms: the Design being no less than the Conquest of England; at which time Q. Elizabeth having raised a considerable Army of Horse and Foot, who were encamped at Tilbury, near the Thames mouth; the Queen with a Masculine Spirit, like another Deborah, came and took a view of her Army; and going about through the several Ranks of Armed Men, drawn upon both sides of her, with a Generals Truncheon in her hand, walkt sometimes with a Martial pace, another while gently like a Woman: It is incredible how much the presence, but especially by her most gentle and untainted Speech, which she made in the midst of them, to this effect:

My Loving People, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit our selves to armed Multitudes, for fear of Treachery; but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving People: let Tyrants fear, I have always behaved myself, that under God I have always placed my chief strength and safeguard in the loyal Hearts and good will of my Subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see at this time, not for my Recreation and Dis-

port, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the Battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and my Kingdom, and for my People, my Honour, and my Blood, even in the dust: I know I have the Body but of a weak and feeble Woman, yet I have the Heart and Courage of a King, and of a King of England too; and think foul should dare to invade the Borders of my Realm; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I my self will take up Arms, I my self will be your General, Judge, and Rewarder of every one of your Vertues in the Field: I know wards and Crowns, and we do assure you in the word of a Prince, they shall be duly paid you: In the mean time my Lieutenant General Leicester shall be in my stead; than Subject's not doubting, but by your Obedience to your General, by your Concord in the Camp, and your Valour in Enemies of my God, of my Kingdom, and of my People.

The Queen provided also as good a Fleet as possible, consisting of 140 Ships, divided into 3 Squadrons, commanded by the L. Howard Admiral, Sir F. Drake Vice Admiral, and the L. Essex Rear Admiral; which being ready to sail, the Religious Princes composed this Prayer for their good Success.

Almighty Omnipotent Creator and Governor of all the Land of the Living, and knowest the bottom of all hearts and thoughts, and therein hast the true intention of all our Actions: Thou knowest, O God, that it is neither malice, nor revenge for any injury offered us, neither the desire of blood, nor greediness of gain, that hath been the occasion of raising and setting forth this Navy, but only that necessary care and wary watchfulness, that neither the malice of our Enemies, nor our own over-security may bring danger to us, or triumph to them: These being the true grounds and reasons of our attempt, as thou, O Lord, knowest, I humbly beseech thee with bended Knees to prosper the undertaking; command the Winds to still us, and grant us Victory and Deliverance from this imminent danger; that shall may end in the advancement of thy Glory and Honour, the exalting of thy Name, and the safety of this Realm, with the least loss of the English Blood that may be: To thee my devout Petitions, Lord give thy blessed Assent. Amen.

After the Defeat of the Spanish Invincible Armado, as they called it, the gracious and godly Queen, who ever held Ingenuitie a capital sin, especially toward her Almighty Protector, as she had begun with Prayer, so she concluded with Praise, and Thanksgivings; commanding a solemn Thanksgiving to be celebrated to the Lord of Hosts; and composed her self a Prayer of Thankfulness to this effect:

Almighty Omnipotent Creator, Redeemer and Preserver of Mankind; when it seemed good to thy Almighty Wisdom to create the whole Earth; thou didst divide it into four several parts: the materials thereof, which are Elements; and do all serve to continue that order which Government which thou hast designed them: And all these, O God, out of thy most singular bounty, and unbounded care, thou hast made to serve as Instruments to daunt and destroy our Foes, and to confound their malice; for which, with bowed Heart, and bended Knees, I humbly return hearty thanks and acknowledge; and it is not the least part of this great deliverance that the weak Sex hath been so assisted by thy strongest help; that my own People have no cause to complain of my weakness, nor Foreigners triumph at my ruin: Yes, such hath been thy unwaived Grace in my days, that though Satan and his Instruments have been continually plotting against my Life and State, yet thy mighty Hand hath defended us, and thy Wings have covered us, that they have not prevailed against us, neither have we received any damage by them; but have cause to bless and magnify thy Holy Name, that thou hast clothed our Enemies with shame, and the greatest dishonour: for which great goodness of thine, O Lord, grant that we may be continually thankful, and ever mindful: And if I may find favour in thine Eyes, be pleased, O God, to grant thy countenance and favour to us in my days, that my years may never see any change of thy love and grace toward me, but especially to this Kingdom: which grants, O Lord, for thy Sons sake, may flourish for Many Years, after I shall go hence and be no more: Grant this, O Lord, in the Name of Jesus. Amen.



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Most Renowned and Victorious
PRINCESS
ELIZABETH,

Late **QUEEN** of **ENGLAND**;

CONTAINING

All the most Important and Remarkable Passages of
STATE, both at Home and Abroad (so far as they
were linked with *English* Affairs) during her
Long and Prosperous **REIGN.**

Written by **WILLIAM CAMDEN,**
Clarenceux King at Arms.

The Fourth Edition,

Revised and compared with the Original, whereby many
gross Faults are amended, several Periods before omitted are added
in their due places, and the English Phrase much altered,
more consonant to the Mind of the Authour.

With a new Alphabetical INDEX of all the Principal things con-
tained in the HISTORY.

L O N D O N,

Printed by M. Flejber, for R. Bentley at the Post-Office
in Covent-Garden. 1 6 8 8.





- **“I know what is due to me, and expect to have it from you.”**
- **“I am the Queen and I will be obeyed”**

“the Princess discoursing her sufferings often made a parallel between her self and Queen Elizabeth.”





- As threatening Spain did to Eliza bow
- So France and Spain shall do to Anna now

“the Blest ELIZABETH”







ELIZABETH IN HER LAST HOURS.

