

The Story of GOOD QUEEN BESS



Alida Sims Malkus

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J. G. G. G.

The Story of GOOD QUEEN BESS



by ALIDA SIMS MALKUS
illustrated by DOUGLAS GORSLINE

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To
ELIZABETH TUDOR
*In memory of one of the
greatest queens of history*

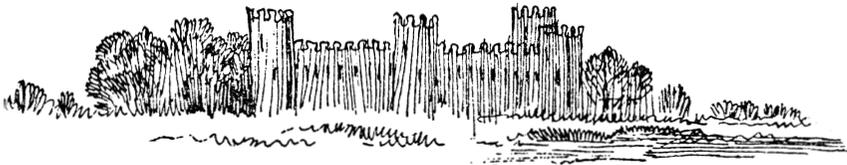
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1. Born at Greenwich, England
September 7, 1533



2. Is recognized by Parliament as
an heir to the throne, 1544



3. Is imprisoned in the Tower by her
sister, Mary Tudor, 1553



4. Becomes Queen of England at Coronation
in Westminster Abbey, 1559



10. Dies at Richmond, England,
March 24, 1603



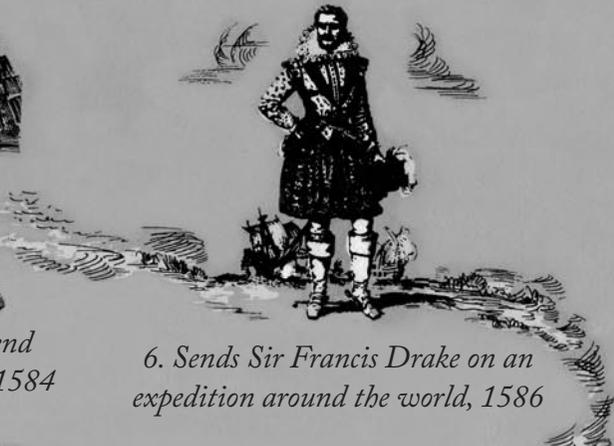
9. Names James of Scotland as her heir,
uniting England and Scotland, 1603



GREAT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF GOOD QUEEN BESS



5. Allows Sir Walter Raleigh to send explorers and colonists to America, 1584



6. Sends Sir Francis Drake on an expedition around the world, 1586



8. Sees the Spanish Armada defeated by the English fleet, 1588



7. Allows Mary, Queen of Scots, to be beheaded for conspiracy, 1587



THE LITTLE PRINCESS

CHAPTER I

HER GRACE is in a temper,” sighed good Dame Bryan. The gentle lady peeped through the curtains at the Princess Elizabeth Tudor.

The little girl stood before the diamond-paned windows of the dark old library. She gazed stormily down into the lovely English garden below.

“She is lonely without a playmate,” whispered Dame Bryan to herself. “Poor mite! Not a soul to visit her in months! Not even a glimpse of her little brother Edward.”

Dame Bryan coughed gently to let her royal charge know that she was there. But pride kept the little Princess from turning around, even though she heard her governess. She would let no one see her weep.

“I am the daughter of the King of England,” she thought crossly. “Yet here I am, penned up at Hunsdon—with no companions. I am nearly ten years old, and I am treated like a prisoner.” She clenched her fists.

“I may not even ride abroad alone,” her unhappy thoughts ran. “No one wants me. My father—” And now the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

“Now, now, Your Grace,” Dame Bryan coaxed behind her. “Master Grindell says your Latin is done for the day. Let us take a walk in the garden—”

“Walk in the garden!” screamed the Princess, whirling around. This was too much! “Walk in the garden, forsooth!” She looked wildly about for something to throw or to break.

“Am I a bumblebee, or a mole, perchance, to *walk* in a *garden!*” she stormed.

Her eyes were red from crying. She was a slender little girl, with satin-smooth hair of a pale golden red. Her skin was white and fine.

The Princess Elizabeth stood stiffly, unhappily, but at that moment a cheerful voice rang out from the hall.

“Oh-ho, there! I have news for Your Grace.” It was Master Grindell, Elizabeth’s tutor. His pleasant face appeared at the door. He came forward smiling.

A letter was in his hand. “Come now, a smile in exchange for this,” he teased.

“Oh, Grindell, Grindell, what is it?” Elizabeth brushed away the tears, and held out her hand imperiously. Her tutor bowed, and handed her the letter. It was sealed with the King’s seal.

The Princess Elizabeth unfolded the heavy white paper. As she read the letter her chin lifted. A smile broke over her fair face. Her small rosy mouth trembled. Then her eyes flashed with delight.

“His Majesty has sent for me! Do you hear, dear Dame Bryan? Do you hear, Grindell?” she cried. “My father has sent for me! I am to go to Whitehall to Court.”

The news spread down the halls like fire. His Majesty, King Henry the Eighth, had sent for Her Grace, the Princess Elizabeth! In but a few moments the hostler was telling the gardener... "She's not lived there at Whitehall since she was three, poor lamb. In 1536, that was. For seven years she's been exiled. Through no fault of her own, indeed!" So the talk ran around.

Elizabeth herself was dancing about the dark-paneled library. "When can we start, when can we start, Master Grindell?"

"Dame Bryan must see to your wardrobe first," smiled Grindell. "You must have new clothing for the Court."

"Ah yes, Your Grace." Dame Bryan beamed with delight. "There will be such fine-dressed ladies at Court. And His Majesty, he is most elegant, and he favors rich clothing. Come, let us go to your chamber and see what we must do about it."

Dame Bryan followed her young charge down the hall. "It will be wonderful at Whitehall. But you would not remember, my pet. You were only a baby when you came to me here..." Dame Bryan caught herself. How she did let her tongue run on!

"But I have *not* forgotten!" cried the Princess. They had reached her sleeping chamber, and she threw herself down in the window seat.

"I remember, I remember..." and she fell silent, thinking of a sudden just what she did remember.

Her mother, her tall, dark-eyed mother, with her flashing beauty and long, slender throat. But before that, her father... the King...how magnificent he was, all dressed in yellow brocade!

The little Princess looked out over the fair English countryside. But she did not see the beds of roses, the larkspur, and the blue delphinium blooming there. Elizabeth was far away in dreams. She was thinking of a day long ago when her father had tossed her up on his shoulders. He had showed her to a great company of splendid gentlemen. She was only two and a half then. But she had been told about it many times.

“Gentlemen!” the King had shouted. “Greet the Princess Royal of England!”

The Princess Royal! That had meant she was the heir to the throne—that she would one day be Queen of England. Queen Elizabeth!

But then everything had changed. When she was four, her half brother, little Edward, had been born. And now *he* was first heir to the throne, because he was a boy. The King had tossed his little son up into the air, just as once he had tossed her. And he had looked at her no more. But it was not her father’s throne, only his love, that she wanted.

“Come, come, Your Grace,” Dame Bryan broke into Elizabeth’s dreams. “You have almost nothing fit to wear. Stand up, pray, while I measure you. La, la, Your Grace has outgrown everything!”

“Then I shall have all new clothes,” cried Elizabeth, dancing about the room.

The sewing woman came bustling in, and the village draper was sent for. Elizabeth managed to stand still while she was measured, and the draper spread his best silks and woolens on the bed. The Princess looked at these materials and frowned.

“But this cloth, it is ugly!” she cried. “I will not wear this at Court. I want something bright and golden!”

Everything was thrown into confusion. The draper was sent back to his shop for a piece of russet velvet. He had hardly returned when in came Grindell with a big packet. It had just come, by a special messenger on a fast horse.

“From the Queen, for the Princess Elizabeth,” Grindell said, bowing. “With the compliments of Her Majesty, Queen Catherine.”

The package was opened. There were silks, velvets, sprigged taffeta, embroidered satin, and muslin as sheer as cobwebs. Elizabeth was delighted.

“Darling Dame, forgive my tantrum,” she cried, in radiant good humor once more. “And you, good sir, the draper. I shall wear your russet velvet too. It will become my hair, will it not?”

She smiled at them all, and thanked them prettily, and they forgave her, for the sweet way she had.

“Ah, she can be the best behaved of any child ever I knew,” sighed Dame Bryan to Master Grindell. “And clever. She was only six when she sewed a shirt for her little brother; with her own little hands.”

“She is a good pupil,” agreed Master Grindell. “But I think studies are over for today. Her Grace is too excited to practice her penmanship. She may ride, instead.”

Soon Elizabeth stood upon the mounting block, in her shabby little habit and old hunting hat, with its bronze plume. She set her foot in the groom’s hand, and sprang light as a feather into the saddle.

Then she was away like a hound after a hare, and her riding master had to press his horse to keep up.

“Softly, softly, Your Grace,” he called as he drew alongside.

“Not so fast, Your Grace. Gather the reins up firmly as you take yonder hedge. Lift your mount.”

Over the hedge like a bird she flew. Laughing and triumphant, she galloped on.

“Splendid, Your Grace,” cried the riding master. “A good seat, a light hand on the rein. I think that His Majesty will be pleased when he sees what a fine horsewoman he has.”

Elizabeth smiled gratefully. Then she was off again, jumping two ditches without rising from her saddle. Flushed and happy, she pulled up at Hunsdon Gate.



Grindell was waiting for her. "Your Grace looks lovely," he smiled. "The ride has brought color to the cheeks, and new sparkle to the eyes."

"Tell me, dear Grindell," she said softly, as he lifted her down from the saddle, "do you think that His Majesty will like me again? Will he still be disappointed in me because I was not born a boy?"

"He will find pleasure in you, Your Grace, I do believe," replied the tutor, as they walked toward the Manor House. "You have learned much since you began your studies. But



there is one thing, Your Grace—” Master Grindell paused as they entered the great hall.

“And pray, what is that, my master?” asked Elizabeth a bit pertly.

“It is that Your Grace might well remember always what I have taught you,” Grindell warned. “You are too quick to speak what is in your mind. You must not let Your Grace’s tongue run away with you.”

“Oh, I shall remember, Master Grindell, I shall! I promise!” Elizabeth replied earnestly.

That night as she made ready for bed, she looked with distaste at her shrunken, mended nightshirt.

“ ’Tis the last time I shall wear this shabby rail,” she laughed.



“Come now, Your Grace, try to get to sleep.” Dame Bryan had closed and fastened the windows, and pulled the curtains close against the night air. Now she came to draw the bed curtains close also. Her royal charge must not take cold from the night mists.

The Princess Elizabeth snuggled down in her great poster bed, and drew the feather quilt up about her chin. She thought of her father. Sometimes it must be hard for him to be a king, and lonely, too. Perhaps that was why he had married so often. His first wife had been a Spanish princess. She was the mother of Elizabeth’s half sister, Mary. Then the King had married a beautiful girl named Anne Boleyn, who was Elizabeth’s mother. Next he had married Lady Jane Seymour, the mother of Elizabeth’s little half brother, Edward. Now she was dead, like the others, and lovely Catherine Parr was the Queen.

“I shall see the Queen soon,” Elizabeth thought with a little smile. “And my father, too.”

Suddenly she felt uneasy. She had heard that her father had a terrible temper. When people disobeyed or offended him, he often had them cruelly punished. Sometimes they were even beheaded.

“But I shall behave most properly,” Elizabeth told herself, “and take great care not to displease him.”

She sighed happily. She could hardly wait to set out for the splendid Court of her father, King Henry the Eighth.