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ABBEYS, CASTLES,
AND
ANCIENT HALLS
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES.



WINDSOR CASTLE FROM HOME PARK.

ABBEYS, CASTLES,
AND
ANCIENT HALLS
OF
ENGLAND AND WALES;

THEIR LEGENDARY LORE AND POPULAR HISTORY.

BY
JOHN TIMBS.

RE-EDITED, REVISED, AND ENLARGED BY
ALEXANDER GUNN.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

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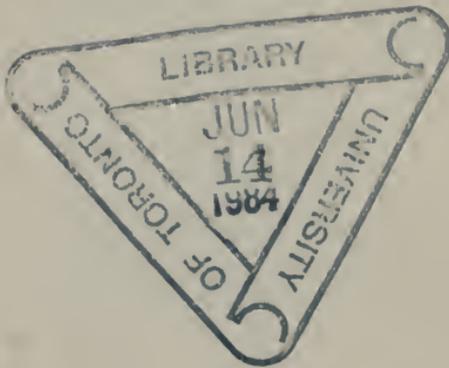
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ABBEYS, CASTLES, AND ANCIENT HALLS

OF

England and Wales.

WILTSHIRE.

Sarum Castle.



ABOUT a mile and a half north of Salisbury lie the earthworks of Old Sarum, generally regarded as the *Sorbiodunum* of the Romans; its name being derived from the Celtic words *sorbio*, dry, and *dun*, a city or fortress, leads to the conclusion that it was a British post. The entrenchments are formed upon a conical-shaped hill, in two parts, circular or rather oval; the outer wall and ditch, and the keep or citadel. In digging the outer ditch, the workmen heaped the earth partly inside and partly outside, so that a lofty mound defended the approach to it; whilst a rampart, still more lofty, and surrounded by a wall 12 feet thick, and of proportional height, arose inside of it. This wall was strengthened by twelve towers, placed at intervals, and the entrances on the east and west sides were commanded by lunettes, or half moons. In the centre of this vast entrenchment was the citadel or keep, considerably higher than the rest of the city, and into which, the outwork being forced, the garrison and inhabitants might retire for safety. A well of immense depth supplied them with water; and the wall, also 12 feet thick, and inclosing 500 feet in diameter, and 1500 in circumference, would afford protection to a considerable multitude. Between the exterior wall and the citadel was the city, of which the foundations can be traced; of the buildings, the towers, walls, and ancient cathedral, only two fragments remain—built of flint imbedded in rubble, and coated with masonry in square stones.

In the Saxon times, Sarum is frequently mentioned. Kenric, son of Cerdic, defeated the Britons in this neighbourhood, A.D. 552, and

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established himself at Sarum; in 960, Edgar held a great Council here; and in 1003 the place was taken and burned by Sweyn, King of Denmark, who pillaged the city, and returned to his ships laden with wealth. In 1085 or 1086, William I., attended by his nobles, received at Sarum the homage of the principal landowners, who then became his vassals. In 1095, William II. held a great Council here; Henry I. held his Court and Council here; and in 1142, Sarum was taken by the Empress Maud. A castle or fortress here is mentioned as early as the time of Alfred, and may be regarded as the citadel.

The decline of Sarum originated in a disagreement between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. In the reign of Henry I. the Bishop of Sarum was entrusted with the keys of the fortress; but he fell into disgrace, and the King resumed the command of the Castle, and the military openly insulted the disgraced prelate and the clergy. New animosities increasing, the Empress Maud bestowed many gifts upon the cathedral, and added much land to its grants. Herbert, a subsequent Bishop of the See, attempted to remove the establishment; but this was done by his brother and successor, Richard Poor, about the year 1217, from which time many or most of the citizens also removed, and the rise of New Sarum (Salisbury) led to the decay of the older place, the inhabitants pulling down their dwellings, and with the materials constructing their new habitations. Old Sarum returned members to Parliament 23 Edward I. and again 34 Edward III., from which latter period it continued to return them until it was disfranchised by the Reform Act of 1832.

Old Sarum used always to be quoted as one of the most flagrant examples of the absurdity of the old system. But till about 120 years ago, there was not even one inhabitant of Old Sarum; and it was puzzling at first how to reconcile this fact with the record of "contested elections" which occurred there in the reign of Charles II., and again in the reign of Queen Anne. Still, on examining the point one sees that these were cases rather of disputed returns than of contests in the modern sense. Not but what there were materials for even these. It did not follow in those days that because there were no residents, therefore there were no voters. And on the site of Old Sarum still flourished fourteen freeholders, who were likewise "burgage holders," and who met periodically under the "Election Elm" to choose their representatives in Parliament. Sarum had once been a place of great importance. Its castle was one of the chief barriers of the south-west against the incursions of the Welsh; and before the removal of its cathedral into the valley where it now stands, it must have been one of

the finest cities in the kingdom. But when no longer required as a military post, it is easy to see that its inaccessible position, on the summit of a very steep and very lofty hill, would soon lead to its desolation. As early as the reign of Henry VIII., the old town was in ruins, and not a single house in it inhabited. And we may suppose that by the end of the seventeenth century it had become just the bar-mound that it is at present.

Bishop Seth Ward gave Aubrey a curious account of Old Sarum: he told him that the cathedral stood so high and "obnoxious to the weather," that when the wind blew, the priests could not be heard saying mass. But this was not the only inconvenience: the soldiers of the Castle and the priests could never agree; and, one day, when they had gone out of the fortress in procession, the soldiers kept them out all night, or longer. The Bishop was much troubled, and cheered them up, and told them he would accommodate them better; and he rode several times to the Lady Abbess at Wilton to have bought or exchanged a piece of ground of her Ladyship to build a church and houses for the priests. The Bishop did not conclude about the land; and the Bishop dreamt that the Virgin Mary came to him, and brought him to or told him of Merrifield; she would have him build his church there, and dedicate it to her. Merrifield was a great field or meadow, where New Sarum stands, and did belong to the Bishop, as now the whole city belongs to him. The first grant or diploma that ever King Henry III. signed was that for the building of Our Ladie's Church at Salisbury.

Wardour Castle.

The ancient Castle of Wardour, situate a short distance from Salisbury, was a baronial residence before the reign of Edward III., and was a possession of the Crown, until it came to Sir Thomas Arundel by gift of his father. Sir Thomas was created a Knight of the Bath, at the coronation of Anne Boleyn; but, being convicted, *temp.* Edward VI., with Edward Duke of Somerset, with conspiring the murder of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, he was beheaded, 28 February, 1552. King Edward VI., in his Journal, states that Arundel was only condemned "after long controversy," the jury remaining near a day and a night shut up before they returned their verdict. Sir Thomas married Margaret, sister of Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII. The most memorable event in the history of Wardour Castle took place in 1643, when it was besieged by Sir Edward

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Hungerford and Edmund Ludlow. It was garrisoned by twenty-five men under the command of the heroic Lady Blanche Arundel, who, in the absence of her husband, made a gallant defence of five days, and surrendered on honourable terms. The learned and illustrious Chillingworth, the divine, was here when the Castle was taken. "The besiegers, however, violating the treaty, were dislodged by the determination of the noble proprietor, (Thomas, second Lord Arundel,) who directed, on his return, a mine to be sprung under the Castle, and thus sacrificed this noble and magnificent structure to his loyalty. His lordship died of wounds received at the battle of Lansdowne, 19 May, 1648." (Burke's *Peerage*.)

The ruins of the Castle remain to this day, a striking object in the surrounding scenery, and a sad memorial of civil war and the basest treachery. The noble family, however, had built a magnificent mansion on a gentle eminence adjoining; whence it rises to view in a picturesque manner from a thick grove: the new mansion, designed by Paine, is called Wardour House, where are a portrait of the heroic Lady Blanche Arundel, by Angelica Kauffmann; an exquisite carving in ivory, by Michael Angelo, of our Saviour on the Cross; the cross worn by Cardinal Pole; and the Grace Cup, or Wassail Bowl, brought from Glastonbury Abbey—of carved oak, and Saxon execution. Here is also the state bed in which Charles I. and II., and James II., lay when at Wardour. The chapel, fitted up for the Roman Catholic service, is very superb: near the altar is a monument to the memory of Lady Blanche and her husband.

Aubrey tells us, "Wardour Castle was very strongly built of freestone. I never saw it but when I was a youth; the day after part of it was blown up: and the mortar was so good that one of the little towers reclining on one side did hang together and not fall in peeces. It was called Wardour Castle from the conserving there the amunition of the West." Many of the old yews and hollies in the grounds were formerly cut into the forms of soldiers on guard.

The Castle and Abbey of Malmesbury.

The town of Malmesbury, on the north-western extremity of Wiltshire, was anciently rendered famous and flourishing by its Abbey, the most considerable monastic institution in the west of England, except that of Glastonbury. According to an anonymous history of Malmesbury Priory, compiled in the middle of the fourteenth century, and quoted by Leland, *temp.* Henry VIII., there was a town here with

a Castle, reputed to have been built by Dunwallo Malmutius, one of the British Kings, said to have reigned before the Roman invasion. The town was altogether destroyed by foreign invaders, but the Castle remained; and near its walls a Scottish monk, called Maildelph, who had been so plundered in his own country as to be induced to flee into England, established himself as a hermit, and afterwards founded a monastic community, which rose to the rank of a Benedictine Abbey. The chronicler gives to the Castle the British name of Bladon and the Saxon name of Ingleburn. He affirms that the neighbouring village had been the residence of Kings, both Pagan and Christian, but without distinguishing whether British or Saxon. This partly fabulous narrative may, perhaps, indicate that there were at Malmesbury, at a very ancient period, a Castle and a town. Maildelph founded his monastery in the seventh century, and from him the modern name Malmesbury, a corruption of Maildelphsbury, appears to have originated. It is probable that the Abbey suffered from the Danish invasions in the ninth and the tenth centuries, when the town was twice burnt; but it recovered; and being enriched by lands and rendered venerable by relics, became a most important monastery: its Abbot was mitred in the reign of Edward III. The borough had a charter as early as the reign of Athelstan, who in 939 defeated the Danes, when the men of Malmesbury contributed greatly to the victory. In the reign of King Stephen a Castle was built here, and the town was walled by Roger, Bishop of Sarum, who had, however, to surrender the Castle to the King. In the Civil War of Stephen and Maud the town and Castle were taken (1152) by Prince Henry, son of Maud, afterwards Henry II.; and by some the Abbey is said to have been built by Bishop Roger, who, however, died as early as 1139. Sir Richard Colt Hoare referred the Abbey to the Saxons.

At the Dissolution, William Stumpe, the wealthy clothier of Malmesbury, bought many Abbey lands thereabout, and the Monastery. When King Henry VIII. hunted in Bradon forest, Stumpe gave his Majesty and the Court a great entertainment at his house (the Abbey). The King told him he was afraid he had undone himself; he replied that his own servants should only want their supper for it. At this time, most of the Abbey buildings were filled with weavers' looms; and Stumpe had liberally contributed to the purchase of the Abbey church, which was made parochial. Near it are the remains of the Abbot's house; and in the centre of the town a richly-ornamented Market Cross, supposed to be of the age of Henry VII.; it has been judiciously restored. West of the Abbey is the supposed chapel of a

Nunnery, which tradition fixes on this spot. There are traditions of two other Nunneries in or near the town.

Leland calls the Abbey church "a right magnificent thing;" but only a small portion remains, and this stands in the midst of ruins. The interior architecture is Anglo-Norman and the English or Pointed style; here, inclosed by a screen, is an altar tomb with an effigy, in royal robes, said to represent King Athelstan: but the tomb is of much later date than that prince, and is now far from the place of his interment, which was in the choir, under the high altar of the Abbey church: besides this there were in the Abbey churchyard two other churches.

Three writers of eminence in their respective ages were connected with Malmesbury: St. Adhelm, a Saxon writer, was Abbot; William of Malmesbury was a monk of the Abbey, and librarian; and Thomas Hobbes, "the Philosopher of Malmesbury," was born here. Oliver, one of the monks, having affixed wings to his hands and feet, ascended a lofty tower, from whence he took his flight, and was borne upon the air for the space of a furlong, when, owing to the violence of the wind, or his own fear, he fell to the ground, and broke both his legs.

Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, gives this curious "digression" upon the dispersion of the Abbey MSS. in his time:—"Anno 1633, I entered into my grammar at the Latin school at Yatton-Keynel, in the church, where the curate, Mr. Hart, taught the eldest boys Virgil, Ovid, Cicero, &c. The fashion then was to save the forules of the bookes with a false cover of parchment, &c., old manuscript, which I [could not] was too young to understand; but I was pleased with the elegance of the writing and the coloured initial letters. I remember the rector here, Mr. Wm. Stump, gr.-son of St. the cloathier of Malmesbury, had severall manuscripts of the Abbey. He was a proper man and a good fellow; and when he brewed a barrell of specciall ale, his use was to stop the bung-hole, under the clay, with a sheet of manuscript; he said nothing did it so well, which sore thought did grieve me then to see. Afterwards I went to schoole to Mr. Latimer at Leigh-delamer, the next parish, where was the like use of covering of books. In my grandfather's dayes the manuscripts flew about like butterflies. All musick bookes, account bookes, copie bookes, &c., were covered with old manuscripts, as wee cover them now with blew paper or marbled paper; and the glover at Malmesbury made great havock of them, and gloves were wrapt up, no doubt, in many good pieces of antiquity. Before the late warres, a world of rare manuscripts perished hereabout; for within half a dozen miles of this place were the Abbey of Malmesbury, where it may be presumed the

library was as well furnished with choice copies as most libraries of England; and, perhaps, in this library we might have found a correct Plinie's *Naturall History*, which Camitus, a monk here, did abridge for King Henry the Second. . . . One may also perceive, by the binding of old bookes, how the old manuscripts went to wrack in those dayes. Anno 1647, I went to Parson Stump out of curiosity to see his manuscripts, whereof I had seen some in my childhood; but by that time they were lost and disperst. His sons were gunners and souldiers, and scoured their gunnes with them; but he showed me severall old deedes granted by the Lords Abbotts, with their seales annexed."

About six miles west of Malmesbury is Great Sheriton, the scene of an indecisive battle (1016), between Edmund II. (Ironside) and Canute, who engaged during the fight in personal conflict. The village is partly within the site of an ancient encampment. There is a local tradition of a conflict between the Saxons and the Danes, in which the Saxons were commanded by a warrior called "Rattlebone," of whom a gigantic figure is seen on the sign of an inn. Rattlebone is thought to be a popular traditional name of Edmund II.

Wilton Abbey and Wilton House.

Wilton, three miles north-west of Salisbury, is a place of great antiquity, and gave name to the county, which is called, in the Saxon Chronicle, Wiltunscire. Here, in 821 or 823, Egbert, King of Wessex, fought a successful battle against Beornwulf, the Mercian King, and thus established the West Saxon dynasty. In 854, at Wilton, Ethelwulf executed the charter by which he conveyed the whole of the tithes of the kingdom to the clergy. It was the scene of one of Alfred's earlier battles with the Danes, in 871, whom he defeated after a most sanguinary contest.

Wilton was the occasional residence of the West Saxon Kings; and an Abbey for nuns, which was originally, or soon after became of the Benedictine order, existed here at an early period, to which Alfred and his successors, Edward the Elder, Athelstan, Edmund, Edred, and Edgar, were great benefactors. Wilton was plundered and burnt by the Danish King, Sweyn, in the reign of Ethelred II. (1003), but it so far recovered as to be a place of importance at the time of the Conquest. It received a charter from Henry I. In the Civil War of Stephen, the King was about to fortify the nunnery, in order to check

the garrison which Maud, the Empress, had at Old Sarum, when Robert Earl of Gloucester, the Empress' chief supporter, unexpectedly set the town of Wilton on fire, and so frightened the King away. Here the first English carpet was manufactured by Anthony Duffory, brought from France by the Herberts, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The church was formerly the Abbey church. The Hospital of St. Giles was the gift of Queen Adelia, wife to King Henry I. Adelia was a leper; she had a window and a door from her lodging into the chapel, whence she heard prayers.

Wilton House, the magnificent seat of the Pembroke family, originated as follows: William Herbert married Anne, sister to Queen Katherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. He was knighted by that monarch in 1544, when the buildings and lands of the dissolved Abbey of Wilton, with many other estates, were conferred on him by the King. Being left executor, or "conservator" of Henry's will, he possessed considerable influence at the court of Edward VI., by whom he was created Earl of Pembroke. He immediately began to alter and adapt the conventual buildings at Wilton to a mansion suited to his rank and station, the porch designed by Hans Holbein. Solomon De Caus, Inigo Jones, and Webb and Vandyke, were employed by succeeding members of the family upon Wilton. Horace Walpole says: "The towers, the chambers, the scenes, which Holbein, Jones, and Vandyke had decorated, and which Earl Thomas had enriched with spoils of the best ages, received the best touches of beauty from Earl Henry's hand. He removed all that obstructed the views to or from his palace, and threw Palladio's theatric bridge over his river. The present Earl has crowned the summit of the hill with the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and a handsome arch designed by Sir William Chambers." "King Charles I.," says Aubrey, "did love Wilton above all places, and came thither every summer. It was he that did put Philip, first Earle of Pembroke, upon making the magnificent garden and grotto, and to build that side of the house that fronts the garden, with two stately pavilions at each end." Again, Aubrey tells us that "in Edward VI.'s time, the great house of the Earls of Pembroke, at Wilton, was built with the ruins of Old Sarum."

Fonthill and Fonthill Abbey.

Near Hindon, a short distance from Salisbury, the famous Alderman Beckford possessed a large estate at Fonthill, with a fine old mansion,

of which we remember to have seen a large print. It possessed a collection of paintings of great value, and costly furniture, which made it a show-house. It was burnt down in 1755; the Alderman was then in London, and on being told of the catastrophe, he took out his pocket-book and began to write, when on being asked what he was doing, he coolly replied, "Only calculating the expense of rebuilding it. Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer; I will build it up again; it wont be above a thousand pounds each to my different children." The mansion was rebuilt. The alderman died in 1770, leaving his only son—a boy, ten years of age—with a million of ready money, and a revenue exceeding 100,000*l.* Young Beckford travelled and resided abroad until his twenty-second year, when he wrote his celebrated romance of *Vatbek*, of which he records:—

"Old Fonthill had a very ample loud echoing hall—one of the largest in the kingdom. Numerous doors led from it into different parts of the house through dim, winding passages. It was from that I introduced the Hall—the idea of the Hall of Eblis being generated by my own. My imagination magnified and coloured it with the Eastern character. All the females in *Vatbek* were portraits of those in the domestic establishment of old Fonthill, their fancied good or ill qualities being exaggerated to suit my purpose."

Mr. Beckford returned to England in 1795, and occupied himself with the embellishment of his house at Fonthill. Meanwhile, he had studied ecclesiastical architecture, which induced him to commence building the third house at Fonthill, wherein to place a much more magnificent collection of books, pictures, curiosities, rarities, bijouterie, and other products of art and ingenuity, in the new "Fonthill Abbey," built in a showy monastic style. Mr. Beckford shrouded his architectural proceedings in the profoundest mystery: he was haughty and reserved: and because some of his neighbours followed game into his grounds, he had a wall twelve feet high and seven miles long built round his home estate, in order to shut out the world. This was guarded by projecting rails on the top, in the manner of *chevaux-de-frise*. Large and strong double gates were provided in this wall at the different roads of entrance, and at these gates were stationed persons who had strict orders not to admit a stranger.

The building of "the Abbey" was a sort of romance. A vast number of mechanics and labourers were employed to advance the works with rapidity, and a new hamlet was built to accommodate the workmen. All around was activity and energy, whilst the growing edifice, as the scaffolding and walls were raised above the surrounding trees, excited

the curiosity of the passing tourist, as well as the villagers. Mr. Beckford pursued the objects of his wishes, whatever they were, not coolly and considerately like most other men, but with all the enthusiasm of passion. After the building was commenced, he was so impatient to get it finished, that he kept regular relays of men at work night and day, including Sundays, supplying them liberally with ale and spirits while they were at work; and when anything was completed which gave him particular pleasure, adding an extra 5*l.* or 10*l.* to be spent in drink. The first tower, the height of which from the ground was 400 feet, was built of wood, in order to see its effect; this was then taken down, and the same form put up in wood covered with cement. This fell down, and the tower was built a third time on the same foundation with brick and stone. Mr. Beckford was making additions to a small summer-house when the idea of the Abbey occurred to him. He would not wait to remove the summer-house to make a proper foundation for the tower, but carried it up on the walls already standing, and this with the worst description of materials and workmanship, while it was mostly built by men in a state of intoxication.

In the winter of 1800, in November and December, nearly 500 men were employed day and night to expedite the works, by torch and lamp-light, in time for the reception of Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, who were entertained here by Mr. Beckford with extraordinary magnificence on December 20, 1800. On one occasion, while the tower was building, an elevated part of it caught fire and was destroyed; the sight was sublime, and was enjoyed by Mr. Beckford. This was soon rebuilt. At one period every cart and waggon in the district was pressed into his service; at another, the works at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 400 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men relieved each other by regular watches, and during the longest and darkest nights of winter it was a strange sight to see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and the torch being associated for that purpose, and their capricious employer was fond of feasting his senses with such displays of almost superhuman exertion.

Mr. Beckford led almost the life of a hermit within the walls of the Fonthill estate: here he could luxuriate within his sumptuous home, or ride for miles on his lawns, and through forest and mountain woods,—amid dressed parterres of the pleasure-garden, or the wild scenery of nature. A widower and without any family at home, Mr. Beckford resided at the Abbey for more than twenty years, ever active, and constantly occupied in reading, music, and the converse of a choice circle

of friends, or in directing workmen in the erection of the Abbey, which had been in progress since the year 1798.

About the year 1822 his restless spirit required a change; besides which his fortunes received a shock from which they never recovered. He now purchased two houses in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath, with a large tract of land adjoining, and removed hither. The property at Fonthill, the Abbey, and its gorgeous contents, were to be sold. The place was made an exhibition of in the summer of 1822: the price of admission was one guinea for each person, and 7200 tickets were sold: thousands flocked to Fonthill; but at the close of the summer, instead of a sale on the premises, the whole was bought in one lot by Mr. Farquhar, it was understood, for the sum of 350,000*l.*

In the following year another exhibition was made of Fonthill and its treasures, to which articles were added, and the whole sold as genuine property; the tickets of admission were half a guinea each, the price of the catalogue 12*s.*, and the sale lasted thirty-seven days.

In December, 1825, the tower at Fonthill, which had been hastily built and not long finished, fell with a tremendous crash, destroying the hall, the octagon, and other parts of the buildings. Mr. Farquhar, with his nephew's family, had taken the precaution of removing to the northern wing. The tower was above 260 feet high: it had given indications of insecurity for some time; the warning was taken, and the more valuable parts of the windows and other articles were removed. Mr. Farquhar, however, who then resided in one angle of the building, and who was in a very infirm state of health, could not be brought to believe there was any danger. He was wheeled out in his chair on the front lawn about half an hour before the tower fell; and though he had seen the cracks and the deviation of the centre from the perpendicular, he treated the idea of its coming down as ridiculous. He was carried back to his room, and the tower fell almost immediately.

Mr. Farquhar sold the estate about 1825, and died in the following year. The "Abbey" was then taken down, merely enough of its ruins being left to show where it had stood.

Castles of Marlborough, Great Bedwin, and Trowbridge.

Marlborough is supposed to have been a Roman station, from evidences at Folly Farm. There was a Castle here in the time of Richard I., which was seized during his imprisonment by his brother

John; but on Richard's return it was reduced under the King's power. A Parliament or assembly was held here in the time of Henry III., the laws enacted in which were called the Statutes of Malbridge, one of the older forms of the name, which in Domesday is written Malberge. The site of the Castle is covered by a large house, which was a seat of the Dukes of Somerset, and was afterwards the Castle Inn: it is now a Clergy School. The mound of the ancient Castle keep is in the garden.

Great Bedwin was a place of note in the Anglo-Saxon period, and has in its neighbourhood an earthwork called Chisbury Castle, said to have been formed or strengthened by Cissa, a Saxon chieftain; though some think Cissa's fortification was on Castle Hill, south of the town, where foundations of walls have been discovered.

Trowbridge had a Castle, or some fortification, in the reign of Stephen, which was garrisoned by the supporters of the Empress Maud, and taken by the King's forces. John of Gaunt either repaired this Castle, or built another; but it was in ruins in Leland's time, when of seven great towers there was only a part of two. The Castle stood on the south side of the town, near the river Were: there are no remains now, and the site is built over.

Longleat.

On the immediate confines of Somersetshire, to the west of Warminster, was built a stately Priory, the site of which was granted by King Henry VIII. to Sir John Horsey and Edward, Earl of Hertford, from whom it was purchased by Sir John Thynne, ancestor of its present possessor, the Marquis of Bath. Upon this site Sir John Thynne laid the foundation, in January, 1567, of the magnificent mansion of Longleat, which, some writers assert, was designed by the celebrated John of Padua; from which time the works were carried on during the next twelve years, and completed by the two succeeding owners of the property. Sir John Thynne married Christian, daughter of Sir Richard Gresham, Knt., Lord Mayor of London, and sister and heir of Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the first Royal Exchange. His eldest son, Sir John Thynne, Knt., married Joan, youngest daughter of Sir Rowland Hayward, Knt., twice Lord Mayor of London.

Longleat is in the mixed style of the end of the sixteenth century, but principally Roman; and with respect to magnitude, grandeur, and variety of decoration, it has always been regarded as the pride of this part of the country; it was even said to have been "the first well-built house in the kingdom." Aubrey describes it "as high as the Ban-

queting House at Whitehall, outwardly adorned with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars." In 1663, King Charles II. was magnificently entertained at Longleat by Sir James Thynne. The ancient baronial hall, of very elaborately carved work, is most appropriately decorated with armorial escutcheons, hunting-pieces, and stags' horns. The picture-gallery contains portraits of the Thynnes, and other distinguished characters of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successors. The grounds were originally laid out in the most elaborate style of artificial ornament, but have been remodelled by Brown. The whole domain comprises a circumference of fifteen miles.

The venerable Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, passed much of his time in this palatial house, which is a more interesting incident than any of the royal visits here. Ken was one of the seven Bishops committed to the Tower for refusing to read James's declaration in favour of Romanism; and he was suspended and deprived by William III. for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. But he found an asylum in Lord Weymouth's mansion of Longleat; and here he walked, and read, and hymned, and prayed, and slept, to do the same again. The only property he brought from Wells Palace was his library, part of which is to this day preserved at Longleat. In an upper chamber he composed most of his poems of fervid piety. He died in 1711, in his seventy-fourth year, and was carried to his grave in Frome churchyard by six of the poorest men of the parish, and buried under the eastern window of the church, at *sunrise*, in reference to the words of his *Morning Hymn*:

"Awake, my soul, and *with the sun.*"

It has been erroneously stated that there is not a stone to mark where Ken lies; whereas there is a monument near the spot, probably erected at the time of his death by the noble family at Longleat, where the Bishop died. Many years ago the sculpture was decayed, and the epitaph had disappeared: let us hope this memorial has been restored.



Lacock Abbey.

The ancient forest of Chippenham has long been destroyed, and the Abbeys of Stanley and Lacock, within three miles of the town, are changed in their appropriation: the former is converted into a farmhouse; the latter has fallen into the hands of the Talbot family, who have preserved it, and made it their family seat.

The Nunnery of Lacock, situate in a level meadow watered by the Avon, has a chivalrous origin besides its holier history. It was founded in the year 1232 by Ela, Countess of Salisbury, in her widowhood, in pious remembrance of her husband, William Longspé (in her right Earl of Sarum), who was the eldest natural son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond. Ela was reared in her childhood in princely state: her father, Earl William, held a place of honour under Richard the Lion-hearted, and licensed tournaments, one of the appointed fields for which is to this day pointed out in front of the site of Sarum Castle. At a very early age after the death of her father, Ela was secretly taken into Normandy, and there reared in close custody. An English knight, William Talbot, in the garb of a pilgrim, during two years sought for the Lady Ela; in the guise of a harper, or troubadour, he found the rich heiress, and presented her to King Richard, who gave her hand in marriage to his brother, William Longspé, Earl of Salisbury, she being then only ten years old. The Earl was in frequent attendance upon King John, and was present at the signing of Magna Charta. After the death of John, the Earl returned to his Castle at Salisbury, and assisted in founding the Cathedral. Here he died in 1226, it was suspected by poison. Six years after, Ela, directed by visions, founded the monastery at Lacock, and in 1238 took the veil as abbess of her own establishment. Five years before her death she retired from monastic life: she died in 1261, aged seventy-four, and was buried in the choir of the monastery. Aubrey states that she was above a hundred years old, and outlived her understanding, which account is disproved. Of her family we have only space to relate that her second son perished in battle in the Holy Land, and the monkish legend adds that his mother, seated in her abbatial stall at Lacock, saw, at the same moment, the mailed form of her child admitted into heaven, surrounded by a radius of glory.

Lacock was surrendered in 1539: the church was then wholly destroyed, and the bones of the foundress and her family scattered; but her epitaph in stone was preserved, with the cloisters and cells of the nuns, and the ivied walls. Lacock was sold in 1544: thirty years later it was visited by Queen Elizabeth. Aubrey relates that "Dame Olive, a daughter and co-heir of Sir [Henry] Sherington of Lacock, being in love with [John] Talbot, a younger brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and her father not consenting that she should marry him, discoursing with him one night from the battlements of the Abbey church, said she, 'I will leap down to you.' Her sweetheart replied he would catch her then, but he did not believe she would have done it. She leapt downe;

and the wind, which was then high, came under her coates, and did something break the fall. Mr. Talbot caught her in his arms, but she struck him dead. She cried out for help, and he was with great difficulty brought to life again. Her father told her that, since she had made such a leap, she should e'en marrie him."

We do not find this romantic story in the Rev. Canon Bowles's exhaustive History of Lacock; but it is thought to be authentic, and an old tradition lingers about the place, that "one of the nuns jumped from a gallery on the top of a turret into the arms of her lover." Mr. Britton notes, in Aubrey's *Natural History of Wilts*, the heroine of the anecdote, Olave, or Olivia Sherington (one of the family who bought the Abbey), married John Talbot, Esq., of Salwarpe, in the county of Worcester, fourth in descent from John, second Earl of Shrewsbury. She inherited the Lacock estate from her father, and it has ever since remained the property of the branch of the family* now represented by the scientific Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., the discoverer of photography, to which beautiful science we are indebted for some charming Talbotypes of Lacock Abbey, wherent the discovery was matured. Here is preserved "The Nuns' Boiler," from the Abbey kitchen: it was made at Mechlin in the year 1500, and will contain sixty-seven gallons.



Amesbury Monastery.

At Amesbury, seven miles north of Salisbury, says Bishop Tanner, "there is *said* to have been an ancient British monastery for 300 monkes, founded, as some say, by the famous Prince Ambrosius, who lived at the time of the Saxon invasion, and who was therein buried, destroyed by that cruel Pagan, Gurmehndus, who overran all this country in the sixth century. (*Geoffrey of Monmouth*, lib. iv. c. 4.) The foundation is also attributed to one Ambri, a monk. This Abbey appears to have been destroyed by the Danes, about the time of Alfred. About the year 980, Alfrida, or Ethelfrida, the Queen Dowager of the Saxon King Edgar, erected here a monastery for nuns, and commended it to the patronage of St. Mary, and St. Melarius a Cornish saint whose relics were preserved here. Alfrida is said to have erected both this and Wherwell

* Sir John Talbot, of Lacock, was the person who received King Charles II. in his arms upon his landing in England at the Restoration. In the Civil War, Lacock Abbey was taken possession of by the Parliamentary Colonel Devereux, September, 1645.

monastery, in atonement for the murder of her son-in-law, King Edward. The house was of the Benedictine order, and continued an independent monastery till the time of Henry II., in 1177. The evil lives of the Abbess and nuns drew upon them the royal displeasure.

The Abbess was more particularly charged with immoral conduct, insomuch that it was thought proper to dissolve the community; the nuns, about 30 in number, were dispersed in other monasteries. The Abbess was allowed to go where she chose, with a pension of ten marks, and the house was made a cell to the Abbey of Fontevrault, in Anjou; whence a Prioress and 24 nuns were brought and established at Amesbury. Elfrida's nunnery, notwithstanding some changes, lasted till the general Dissolution of the religious houses. Eleanor, commonly called the Damsel of Bretagne, sole daughter of Geoffrey, Earl of Bretagne, and sister of Earl Arthur, who was imprisoned in Bristol Castle, first by King John, and afterwards by King Henry III., on account of her title to the Crown, was buried, according to her own request, at Amesbury, in 1241. From this time the nunnery of Amesbury appears to have been one of the select retreats for females in the higher ranks of life. Mary, the sixth daughter of King Edward I., took the religious habit in the monastery of Amesbury in 1285, together with thirteen young ladies of noble families. Two years after this, Eleanor, the Queen of Henry III. and the mother of Edward I., herself took the veil at Amesbury, where she died, and was buried in 1292. She had previously given to the monastery the estate of Chadelsworth, in Berkshire, to support the state of Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Bretagne, who had also become a nun there. Amesbury finally became one of the richest nunneries in England: how long it remained subject to the monastery of Fontevrault we are not told. Bishop Tanner says, it was at length made denizen, and again became an Abbey. Isabella of Lancaster, fourth daughter of Henry, Earl of Lancaster, granddaughter to E. Crouchback, son of Henry II., was Prioress in 1292. (Communication to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 213.) Aubrey tells us that the last Lady Abbess of Amesbury "was 140 yeares old when she dyed."

Cranbourn Chase: King John's Hunting-seat.

W In the Chase of Cranbourn, within a mile of the county of Dorset, in the parish of Tollard Royal, Wilts, is an ancient farm-house, known as King John's Hunting-seat. Cranbourn Chase formerly extended over no less than five hundred thousand acres of land, and was the sole

property of George, Lord Rivers. There is an ancient custom kept up until our time—that on the first Monday in September, the steward of the Lord of the Manor holds a Court in the Chase, and after the Court break up they hunt and kill a brace of fat bucks. A writer in the *London Magazine*, who was present at the hunt in the year 1823, after pleasantly describing the opening of the Court, the fair in the forest, the assemblage of country lads and lasses, sportsmen, foot and horse, and ladies on horseback, the buck breaking cover, who steals out, dashes over the vale, bounds up the summit of an opposite hill, where he is fairly surrounded by the hounds and his pursuers, informs us that the two bucks, having been divided, are hung up; and next day the steward presents the several parts to gentlemen who were present at the hunt. The hunting-box is nearly in the same state as when King John was present there as Earl Moreton: it is now a farm-house; the walls are of great thickness, and the rooms are large and lofty, and there is a carved oak chimney-piece in one of them. There is a legendary story of the Chase, as follows:—"Once upon a time, King John, being equipped for hunting, issued forth with the gay pageantry and state of his day. There were dames mounted upon high-bred steeds, that were champing and foaming on the bit, and whose prancing shook the ground; and Knights, whose plumes were dancing in the wind, while borne by fiery chargers, swift as the deer they followed; the yeomen dressed in green, with girdles round their waists; and to add to the brilliancy of the scene, the morning was as unclouded as the good-humoured faces of the party."

The King appeared overjoyed, and during the time all heads were uncovered as he rode along, he overheard a gallant youth address a lady nearly in these words:

"We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction."

The happy couple left Tollard Royal on horseback. As they took leave of the King, the moon was sinking below the horizon. The King had observed before they left—

"This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick:
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

But they rode on, too happy to remember that the moon would soon leave them.

They were missing for several days, until the King, while hunting with his courtiers, found their lifeless remains. It appeared that when

the moon descended, the faithful pair must have mistaken their road, and had fallen into a hideous pit, where both were killed, as likewise the Knight's horse, close beside them. The lady's horse, a dapple grey, was running wild as the mountain-deer: he was soon caught, and became the King's, who rode him as a charger.

King James I. often hunted in Cranbourn Chase. In a copy of Barker's Bible, printed in 1594, which formerly belonged to the family of the Cokers of Woodcotes, in the Chase, are entries of the King's visits: "The 24th day of August, our Kinge James was in Mr. Butler's Walke, and found the bucke, and killed him in Venedich, in Sir Walter Vahen's walk; and from thence came to Mr. Horole's walk, and hunted ther, and killed a buck under Hanging Copes. And sometime after that, and (*sic* in MS.) came to our Mrs. Carren^e, and ther dined; and after dinner he took his choch, and came to the Quene at Tarande. Anno Dni. 1607." "In our dayes," says Mr. Coller, in his Survey, Cranborne gave the honourable title of Viscount unto Robert Cicell, whom King James for his approved wisdom created first Baron Cicell of Essendon: and the year after, viz., 1604, Viscount Cranborne; and 1605, Earle of Sarum; whose son William nowe enjoys his honours and this place, where he hath a convenient house, at which the King, as often as hee comes his Westerne progresse, resides some dayes, to take his pleasure of hunting both in the Park and Chase."

In May, 1828, an Act of Parliament was passed for disfranchising Cranbourn Chase; and Lord Rivers's franchise thereon, which was seriously curtailed in 1816, expired on the 10th of October, 1830. The gradual destruction or removal of the deer (about 12,000 head) was commenced by the Chase-keepers shooting nearly 2000 fawns, many of which were taken for sale to the neighbouring towns in Dorset, Wilts, Hants, &c., and disposed of at the low price of 5*s.* or 6*s.* apiece. The Committee and other proprietors of lands who formed the agreement with Lord Rivers, framed a very judicious mode of assessing the yearly payments to be made to that nobleman, his heirs, &c., by the several landowners, by which means the uncertain question of boundary was avoided.

There is also in Wiltshire, at Aldbourne, near Marlborough, a farmhouse, supposed to have been a hunting-seat of King John. Aldbourne Chase, an extensive waste, with a large rabbit-warren, was formerly well wooded and stocked with deer.

Devizes Castle.

In ancient records this place is called *Divisæ, De Vies, Divisis, &c.* The origin of the name seems to be a supposition that the place was divided by the King and the Bishop of Salisbury. In the reign of Henry I. a spacious and strong fortress was erected here by Roger, the wealthy Bishop of Salisbury, which his nephew, Nigel, Bishop of Ely, garrisoned with troops and prepared to defend until the expected arrival of the Empress Maud; but Stephen having besieged it, he declared that, in the event of its not surrendering, he would hang the son of Bishop Roger on a gallows which he had erected in front of the Castle. On this being made known to Nigel, he surrendered the fortress, together with all the Bishop's treasures, amounting to the sum of 40,000 marks. The Castle was afterwards (1141) seized by Robert Fitzherbert, on pretence of holding it for Maud, but on her arrival he refused to deliver it up, and was subsequently hanged as a traitor to both parties. In 1233, Hubert de Burgh was confined in Devizes Castle, whence he escaped to the high altar of the parish church, but was seized and reconducted to the fortress. The guards who took him were excommunicated, and he himself was soon afterwards released. About the end of the reign of Edward III. the Castle was dismantled; the site has been converted into pleasure-grounds.

Richard of Devizes, a Benedictine monk of the twelfth century, who wrote a Chronicle of English History, was a native of this place. In the reign of Henry VIII. Devizes was celebrated for its market. A large cross, which is said to have cost nearly 2000*l.*, was erected, in 1815, in the market-place by Lord Sidmouth, for many years Member for and Recorder of the borough: it bears an inscription recording a singular mark of divine vengeance, by the sudden death of a woman detected in an attempt to cheat another, in the year 1753.

Littlecote House—A Mysterious Story.

Littlecote House, a large, respectable and ancient mansion in the midst of a finely-wooded park, in the valley of the Kennet, and about four miles from Hungerford in Wiltshire, is "renowned," says Macaulay, "not more on account of its venerable architecture and furniture, than on account of a horrible and mysterious crime which was perpetrated there in the days of the Tudors."

It occupies a low situation at the north side of the park, which, though broken and unequal in its surface, comprehends an area of four miles in circumference, and is watered by a branch of the river Kennet, which runs through the garden, and forms a preserve for trout. The mansion, built by one of the Darell family—the original proprietors—in the beginning of the sixteenth century, has undergone alterations on many occasions, but still retains a remarkable number of the features of the architecture and decorations of the period from which it dates. It has twice been honoured by royal visits. Once by one from Charles II., who at his coronation created Sir Francis Popham, the heir of Littlecote, a Knight of the Bath; and again by one from William III., who slept here one night while on his journey from Torbay to London. The walls of the great hall are hung with ancient armour—buff coats, massive helmets, cross-bows, old-fashioned fire-arms and other warlike weapons, together with a pair of elk-horns, measuring seven feet six inches from tip to tip. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board. The remainder of the furniture is in a corresponding style. The picture gallery which extends along the garden front of the house, is 115ft. long, and contains many portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bedchambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shown a place where a small piece has been cut out and sewn in again—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following remarkable story:—

The horrible and mysterious crime alluded to by Lord Macaulay in connexion with this house was first divulged to the general public

in a note which Sir Walter Scott appended to the 5th canto of his "Rokeby." Since the publication of that poem, however, the whole subject has undergone re-examination. The local pride of the members of local archæological societies was not to be satisfied with a story which seemed merely a wild tradition, and of which the possible fact and probable fiction were inextricably blended together. The result of the recent sifting of the whole evidence is that the mysterious story of Littlecote is in its main and most prominent features strictly and incontestably true. The following is an outline of the story as told in the light of recent investigations.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the mansion of Littlecote was still in the possession of its founders—the Darells—a midwife of high repute dwelt and practised her art in the neighbourhood. This person having returned fatigued from a professional visit at a late hour one night had gone to rest—only however to be disturbed by one who desired to have her help. The midwife pleaded fatigue, and offered to send her assistant, but the messenger was resolved to have the principal only. She accordingly came down stairs, opened the door, disappeared into the darkness, and was heard of no more for many hours.

Where had she been during this long interval? This is a question which she alone was able to answer; and as we find that her story, originally told in the presence of a magistrate, detailed circumstances which led to a trial, at which it was again repeated, and confirmed by a number of curious facts, we shall give her own account of the terrible night's adventure:—

She stated that as soon as she had unfastened the door and partly opened it, a hand was thrust in which struck down the candle and at the same instant pulled her into the road in front of the house, which was detached from the village or any other dwelling. The person who had used these abrupt means desired her to tie a handkerchief over her head and not wait for a hat, as a lady of the first quality in the neighbourhood was in want of immediate assistance. He then led her to a stile at a short distance, where there was a horse saddled, and with a pillion on its back; he desired her to seat herself, and then mounting he set off at a brisk trot. They had travelled thus for about three quarters of a mile, when the woman, alarmed at the distance, the darkness, the hurry and mystery of the whole matter, expressed great fear. Her conductor assured her that no harm should happen to her, and that she should be wel

paid; but that they had still further to go. The horseman had frequently to dismount to open gates, and the midwife was certain that they had crossed ploughed and corn fields; for though it was quite dark the woman discovered that they had quitted the high road about two miles from her own house: she also said they crossed a river *twice*. After travelling for an hour and a half they entered a paved court or yard, on the stones of which the horse's hoofs resounded. Her conductor now lifted her off her horse, conducted her through a long, narrow, and dark passage into the house, and then thus addressed her:—"You must now suffer me to put this cap and bandage over your eyes, which will allow you to speak and breathe but not to see; keep up your presence of mind, it will be wanted—no harm will happen to you." Then having conducted her into a chamber, he continued—"Now you are in a room with a lady in labour, perform your office well and you shall be amply rewarded; but if you attempt to remove the bandage from your eyes, take the reward of your rashness."

According to her account, horror and dread had now so benumbed her faculties that for a time she was incapable of action. In a short time, however, a male child was born and committed to the care of an aged female servant. Her impression with respect to the mother of the child was that she was a very young lady; but she dared not ask questions or even speak a word. As soon as the crisis was over the woman received a glass of wine and was told to prepare to return home by another road which was not so near but was free from gates or stiles. Desirous of collecting her thoughts, she begged to be allowed to rest in an arm-chair while her horse was being got ready. Whilst resting she pretended to fall asleep; but was busy all the time making those reflections which laid the foundation of the legal inquiry that afterwards took place. Undiscovered and unsuspected, she contrived to cut off a small piece of the bed-curtain. This circumstance, added to others of a local nature, was supposed sufficient evidence to fix the transaction as having happened at Littlecote, then possessed by William Darell, commonly called "Wild Darell" from the reckless, wicked life he led. In the course of her evidence the midwife declared she perceived an uncommon smell of burning, which followed them through all the avenues of the house to the courtyard where she remounted the horse. The guide on parting with her at a distance of about fifty yards from her own door, made her swear to observe secrecy, and put a purse containing twenty-five guineas into her hand.

He also now for the first time removed the bandage from her eyes.

Up to this point there is some contradiction in the different versions of the legend. Scott says that the bandage was first put over the woman's eyes on her first leaving her own house that she might be unable to tell which way she travelled; and that when she was brought to the house and led into the bedchamber the bandage was removed, and she found herself in a sumptuously furnished room. Besides the lady in labour there was a man of a "haughty and ferocious" aspect in the room. As soon as the child was born, continues Scott, he demanded the midwife to give it him, and snatching it from her, he hurried across the room and threw it on the back of the fire that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself out upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and raking the live coals upon it soon put an end to its life.

After the return of the midwife to her own home all accounts of this story agree in the main. In the morning the woman was so much agitated that she went to a magistrate and made a deposition of all she knew. Two circumstances afforded hope of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed—one was the clipping of the curtain, the other was that in descending the staircase she had counted the steps. Suspicion fell on Darell, whose house was examined and identified by the midwife. "Darell was tried for murder at Salisbury," says Scott, "but by corrupting his judge (Sir John Popham, afterwards proprietor of Littlecote, which, according to Aubrey, Darell gave to him as a bribe) he escaped the sentence of the law—only to die a violent death shortly after by a fall from his horse."

Some few years ago (see *Wills Archaeological Magazine*, vols. i.—x.) an attempt was made to disprove the whole story from beginning to end as connected with Littlecote, chiefly on the grounds that, after every inquiry possible, no record of any trial could be found; that from various existing state papers Darell appeared to have held his position as a gentleman and magistrate, and had no apparent blot on his character; that Sir John Popham was not created a judge at all until three years after Darell's death, which took place quietly in his own bed at Littlecote in 1589, and that legends of a similar kind could be produced, connected with

other old houses both in this and other counties. On the other hand, the inquiry brought to light some evidence of a very extraordinary kind, which makes it no longer doubtful that the story is, in the main facts of it, correct. This evidence consists of the actual statement in writing by the magistrate, Mr. Bridges, of Great Shefford, in Berks (about seven miles off), who took down the deposition of the midwife on her deathbed. Her name, it appears, was Mrs. Barnes, of Shefford. She does not say that she was blindfolded, but that having been decoyed by a fictitious message pretending to come from Lady Knyvett, of Charlton House, she found herself, after being on horseback several hours in the night, at another house. The lady she had to attend to was masked. She does not say what house this was, and seems not to have known. Her deposition gives the fullest particulars of the atrocity committed, but still fails to identify Littlecote as the house and Will Darell as the gentleman. The case seemed, therefore, likely to continue one not proved, but only of very strong suspicion. The subsequent discovery, however, at Longleat, by the Rev. Canon Jackson, of Leigh Delamere, of another original document has set the matter at rest. Sir John Thynne, of Longleat, had in his establishment a Mr. Bonham, whose sister was the mistress of W. Darell, and living at Littlecote. The letter is from Sir H. Knyvett, of Charlton, to Sir John Thynne, desiring "that Mr. Bonham will inquire of his sister touching her usage at Will Darell's, the birth of her children, how many there were, and what became of them; for that the report of the murder of one of them was increasing foully, and will touch Will Darell to the quick." This letter is dated 2nd January, 1578-9. How Darell escaped does not appear, but it is certain that in 1586 he sold the reversion of his Littlecote estate to Sir John Popham, who took possession of it in 1589, and in whose descendants it still continues. All these facts, together with many details for which space cannot be afforded here, will be found in the eighth and in earlier volumes of the *Wiltshire Archaeological Magazine*.

Draycot House.—The Legend of the White Hand.

This ancient mansion, situated a few miles to the north-east of Chippenham, derived its distinguishing appellation of Draycot-Cerne from a family to whom it belonged as early as the thirteenth

century. Henry de Cerne, Knight, Lord of Draicot, was witness to an ancient deed preserved by Aubrey, relative to the gift of land at Langelegh to the Abbey of Glastonbury. From the Cernes Draycot passed by marriage to the family of Wayte; and in the reign of Henry VII., Sir Thomas Long of Wraxhall became proprietor in right of his mother, Margaret, heiress of the family of Wayte. He married Margery, daughter of Sir George Darell of Littlecote, by whom he had three sons. Of these Henry, the eldest, greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Therouenne, and was knighted for his gallantry by Henry VIII., who likewise granted him a new crest—"A lion's head erased, crowned, with a man's hand in the mouth." His grandson, Walter Long, had two wives—the second of whom was Catherine, daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleat.

The manor of Draycot is a large irregular building, with a park of considerable extent, and pleasure grounds attached to it. The house contains many objects of interest, as paintings, Sevres china, curious fire-dogs and candelabra presented to the Longs by Charles II. after the restoration. The park, richly studded with ancient oaks, crowns a hill commanding an extensive prospect, and is esteemed one of the most beautiful in Wiltshire.

The following legend of Draycot, one of the most singular in the whole range of English legends, is abridged from Sir J. Bernard Burke's "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, and Episodes in Ancestral Story." Sir Bernard introduces his story with a few words to the effect that the marvels of real life are more startling than those of the pages of fiction, and this reflection "may serve," he says, "to qualify the disbelief of our readers, should any happen to suppose that we have drawn upon our imagination for the facts, as well as the colouring, of this episode in domestic history—a supposition that, we can assure them, would be altogether erroneous. And singular as this story may seem," continues Burke, "no small portion of it is upon record as a thing not to be questioned; and it is not necessary to believe in supernatural agency to give all parties credit for having faithfully narrated their impressions." We have already said that Walter Long of Draycot had two wives—the second being Catherine, daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleat. Six weeks after their marriage the happy couple returned for the first time to the halls of Draycot. The day of their return was a great occasion for the villagers. Revelry after the approved old English fashion prevailed, and all were happy—save one. This sole exceptional

person was no other than John, the heir of the houses of Draycot and Wraxhall, son of the man who was that day a happy bridegroom—if of somewhat mature years—and of that lady now in her grave, and whose place a girl and a stranger had come to fill. John Long, though himself of that disposition which joins in festivities with even reckless enthusiasm, was silent, sad and solitary on the morning of the “Welcome Home” of his father and his step-mother.

John Long was simple and candid in disposition, while at the same time his affections were warm and generous. He never suspected man or woman. He never took the trouble to consider the motives of others, or to estimate the weight that interest might represent in an action apparently spontaneous and cordial. Lady Catherine, his father's wife, and her brother, whom Sir J. B. Burke names Sir Egremont, had thought it worth while to study the character of the simple and confiding young Master of Draycot with some attention. They had the same object in so doing, and results too important almost to be estimated hung upon the success with which they did understand the youth. They had hardly been upon the scene at Draycot for more than a few days when, from servants and others, they were informed that the Master was never far off when there was a cheerful party over the wine bottle, or a freely-spend-freely-win group around the dice-box. The knowledge ascertained, their course of conduct was already arrived at. Young Long, the heir of all his father's property—the obstruction in the way of whatever children might come by the second marriage—must be ruined, or, at least, so disgraced as to provoke his father to disinherit him.

The means of arriving at this end readily presented themselves. John's father, Sir Walter, a man of grave and unrelenting character, who had already frequently had occasion to visit his son's peccadilloes heavily upon his head, was, neither from principle nor from interest, at all given to lavish pocket-money upon the young squire. His parsimony was his son's enemies' opportunity. They stuffed young Long's pockets with gold, encouraged him to take life easily and freely, merely smiled when in his presence they heard of his excesses, but took good care that all these excesses were magnified into heinous crimes by themselves, and so brought under the notice of the lad's father. This old gentleman, influenced on the one hand by the wiles of his charming wife, on the other by the deeper wiles of his brother-in-law, agreed to make out a will, disinheriting his son

by his first wife, and settling all his possessions on his second wife and her relations.

Meantime Sir Walter Long had declined in health, was, in fact, on the brink of death. Without any genuine sympathy with his son at any part of his career, he had now been alienated from him in all things for a considerable time. He deemed it a sin to make any provision for one who would spend all his possessions in drinking and gambling. It was then with alacrity that, when Sir Egremont Thynne, of Longleat, drew up a draft will and set it before him, he approved of it and ordered it to be copied. It was accordingly given to a clerk to engross fairly.

The work of engrossing demands a clear, bright light. Any shadow intervening between the light and the parchment would be sure to interrupt operations. Such an interruption the clerk was suddenly subjected to, when, on looking up, he beheld a white hand—a lady's delicate white hand—so placed between the light and the deed as to obscure the spot upon which he was engaged. The unaccountable hand, however, was gone almost as soon as noticed. The clerk paused for a moment and pondered ; but concluding that he had been deceived by some delusion of his own brain, prepared to go on with the work as before.

He had now come to the worst clause in the whole deed—the clause which disinherited poor John Long, and which was rendered yet more atrocious by the slanders which it pleaded in its own justification—and was rapidly travelling over this black indictment, when again the same visionary hand was thrust forth between the light and the parchment !

Uttering a yell of horror, the clerk rushed from the room, woke up Sir Egremont from his midnight slumbers, and told him his story, adding that the spectre hand was no other than the late Lady Long's, who leaving for a moment her avocations in the other world, had visited this one to put a stop to those machinations that were to result in the ruin of her son.

The deed was engrossed by another clerk, however, and duly signed and sealed. The son was with all due form disinherited, and Sir William dying soon afterwards, left his great fortune to the alien and the stranger.

Yet the miraculous interference of the white hand was not without its results. The clerk's ghostly tale soon got abroad, and his story becoming a matter of universal conversation, a number of friends rose up to aid the disinherited heir, who might otherwise

have forgotten him. The trustees of the late Lady Long arrested the old knight's corpse at the church door; her nearest relations commenced a suit against the intended heir; and the result was a compromise between the parties—John Long taking possession of Wraxhall, while his half-brother was allowed to retain Draycot. Hence the division of the two estates, which we find at the present day.

John Long, the disinherited son, married subsequently Anne, daughter of Sir William Eyre, of Chaldfield, and left issue, which is now extinct in the male line. His half-brother, to whom Draycot fell, became Sir Walter Long, knight, and represented Wiltshire in Parliament. From him directly descended the late Sir James Tylney Long, of Wraxhall and Draycot, the last known male representative of the Longs of Wraxhall and Draycot. He died in early youth, 14th of September, 1805, when his extensive estates devolved on his sister Catherine, wife of the Hon. William Wellesley Pole. This lady's fortune, at the time of her marriage, is said to have exceeded 80,000*l.* a year!



Avebury, Stonehenge, and Silbury Hill.

In 1869, the history of these celebrated remains received very interesting illustration, in a communication from Mr. A. Hall to the *Athenæum*, which we quote here, as it affords a special view intelligible to those who are at all acquainted with them:—"Those centres of interest, Avebury and Stonehenge, serve to make the district in which they stand a very shrine for the antiquary; and, as investigated by me for the first time, a most gratifying treat. 1. As to the names: I would suggest that the *v* in Avebury is a *u*, and should be read as 'Au,' *quasi* Auld-bury—*i.e.* 'old burrow'; barrows here are called burrows, and the terminal 'borough' in English names has been held by antiquaries to indicate remote antiquity. Here, however, we have a village old, as a residence, among boroughs—older, for instance, than *Marlborough*, *Woodborough*, and other places in the neighbourhood. The word Stonehenge has been frequently explained; it refers to the raised stones, *henge*, from A.S. *hon, hen, gehengon*, 'to hang.' Here we find massive uprights, with huge imposts hung or supported upon them. Henry of Huntingdon says, 'Stones of wonderful magnitude are raised in the manner of doors, so that they seem like doors placed over doors.' This feature is no longer apparent, but the fallen stones

show clearly this was the case at one time: the wonder being that such immense blocks should be so raised—a feeling that has descended with the name that recorded the fact.

“2. The first position I wish to lay down is, that there is one great marked distinction between Avebury and Stonehenge—viz., that while the latter gives in its structure indisputable proof of design, by the removal, shaping, elevation, and superimposition of the stones, the former was not so formed by man; but that the stones at Avebury are still *in situ*—i.e., in their rough, unhewn, natural state, as placed there by Dame Nature herself, and that man has since located himself there and entrenched the spot for habitation.

“3. It must, I think, be conceded that Avebury is the older, probably very much the older, place of the two. Stonehenge has no name as a habitation, but it adjoins Amesbury, an old town, whose name, however, dates from subsequently to the Christian era; it is, therefore, necessarily posterior to Avebury, the name of whose founder is lost in the mists of ages. The Avebury stones are unhewn; this must be held to prove great antiquity. It is clearly understood that the Romans introduced the art of working in stone—an art lost to us by the withdrawal of their legions and the consequent invasion of Saxon barbarians, but restored by Norman influence under the later Saxon kings. With this fact before us, I should hesitate to believe there had been a previous introduction of this art from other than Roman sources, and also a previous loss of it. I am, therefore, driven to the conclusion that Stonehenge is a work of post-Roman time. The labour of collecting and transporting these huge masses must have been great, but nothing as compared to the fitting and fixing of them, which is very complex. Each upright has been reduced into the shape of a round tenon at top, to match with a round mortice-hole in the impost; besides which, the lower end of each upright has been worked with a lateral projection to bite the earth underground, like an ordinary post for a wooden gate; then, being placed in a prepared hole, the cavity has been filled in with rubble. Further, all the imposts round the outer circle, when complete, fitted closely together, each one being jointed or grooved into its neighbour by the process called match lining; the rough, weather-worn outline of this dovetailing may still be perceived. I cannot believe that the rude Celts whom Cæsar found here could have done this, they may have chipped flints and rounded celts, but if they could have dealt thus with huge blocks of stone, they would have had stone habitations, for the material is plentiful; but Cæsar saw none such.

“4. Stonehenge is therefore clearly within the historical era, and, as I

think, was erected for a Memorial, the object being to produce a conspicuous mark in the landscape, at a particular spot. The first we know of it is quoted from Nennius, in the *Eulogium Britannicæ*, who, though sufficiently fabulous in other things, ascribes Stonehenge to the fifth century A.D. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote three or four hundred years later, partly confirms this conjecture. Moreover, when Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, excavated the area in 1620, he brought to light some Roman remains.

“5. Viewing Stonehenge as comparatively modern, I consider Avebury is greatly older, and that its existence has most probably suggested the idea that we see carried out at Stonehenge. The latter has now about 95 blocks left; Avebury, so far as I could ascertain, only 25, and has no evidence of the use of imposts.

“Although Stonehenge is mentioned so frequently and so copiously by our early chroniclers, history is silent as to Avebury. The antiquary, Aubrey, is the first writer who describes it. In 1648 he found 63 stones; Stukeley, in 1743, describes 29. The imagination that can magnify this trivial quantity into 650, without any evidence whatever, is bold, but dangerous. I decline to believe in circles or avenues. The whole district teems with these stones. Take an area of four or five miles, and we may count them by thousands; but there is no proof that any vast quantity was ever concentrated at Avebury. As they are now found, they were evidently dispersed or deposited by a natural process. The line may be traced southward, from Marlborough Downs, along a sloping valley which crosses the regular coach-road about Fyfield. Down the Lockridge, towards Alton, there they lie—called grey wethers at one place, large stones at other places. At Linchet’s, otherwise Clatford Bottom, we have the Devil’s Den: a cromlech, apparently. They have been forced along this route by the agency of water or ice, and appear to consist of primary rock and a soft oolitic sandstone that crumbles into dust. Finding them so freely scattered in the immediate neighbourhood, I infer that those found at Avebury have been lodged there as a freak of Nature. Accordingly, I look upon devil’s dens, serpent avenues, charmed circles, and high altars as just so many myths. That Avebury was entrenched at an early period, and inhabited by primitive Britons, seems very clear. Their rude imaginations may have prompted them, from lack of knowledge, to venerate—yea, to worship—these huge fantastic blocks, weather-worn into all sorts of queer shapes, placed there by a power which they could not divine, and thus found in possession of the land before themselves.”

The soil of Abury rendered the great Druidical temple an incumbrance upon its fertility. For two centuries we can trace the course of its destruction. Gibson describes it as 'a monument more considerable in itself than known to the world. For a village of the same name being built within the circumference of it, and, by the way, out of its stones too, what by gardens, orchards, enclosures, and the like, the prospect is so interrupted that it is very hard to discover the form of it. It is environed by an extraordinary vallum, or rampire, as great and as high as that at Winchester; and within it is a graff (ditch or moat) of a depth and breadth proportionable. . . . The graff hath been surrounded all along the edge of it with large stones pitched on end, most of which are now taken away; but some marks remaining give liberty for a conjecture that they stood quite round.' In Aubrey's time sixty-three stones, which he describes, were standing within the entrenched enclosure. In Dr. Stukeley's time, when the destruction of the whole for the purposes of building was going on so rapidly, still forty-four of the stones of the great outward circle were left, and many of the pillars of the great avenue: and a great cromlech was in being, the upper stone of which he himself saw broken and carried away, the fragments of it alone making no less than twenty cartloads." In 1812, according to Sir Richard Hoare, only seventeen of the stones remained within the great inclosure. Their number has since been further reduced.

It must have been a proud day for John Aubrey, when he attended Charles II. and the Duke of York on their visit to Abury, or Aubury, which the King had been told at a meeting of the Royal Society in 1663, soon after its formation, as much excelled Stonehenge as a cathedral does a parish church. In leaving Abury, the King "cast his eye on Silbury Hill, about a mile off," and with the Duke of York, Dr. Charlton, and Aubrey, he walked up to the top of it. Dr. Stukeley, in his account of Abury, published in 1743, probably refers to another royal visit, when he notes: "Some old people remember Charles the Second, the Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth, *riding* up Silbury Hill."

We subjoin a few of the more striking and generally received opinions upon the origin of Avebury and Stonehenge:—"The temples in which the Britons worshipped their deities were composed of large rough stones, disposed in circles; for they had not sufficient skill to execute any finished edifices. Some of these circles are yet existing: such is Stonehenge, near Salisbury: the huge masses of rock may still be seen there, grey with age; and the structure is yet sufficiently perfect to enable us to understand how the whole pile was anciently arranged. Stonehenge

possesses a stern and savage magnificence. The masses of which it is composed are so large, that the structure seems to have been raised by more than human power. Hence, *Choirganer* (the 'Giants' Dance,' the British name of Stonehenge) was fabled to have been built by giants, or otherwise constructed by magic art; and the tradition that Merlin, the magician, brought the stones from Ireland, is felt to be a poetical homage to the greatness of the work. All around you in the plain you will see mounds of earth, or '*tumuli*,' beneath which the Britons buried their dead. Antiquaries have sometimes opened these mounds, and there they have discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the primæval Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow heads of flint or of bronze, and beads of glass and amber; for the Britons probably believed that the dead yet delighted in those things which had pleased them when they were alive, and that the disembodied spirit retained the inclination and affections of mortality."—Palgrave's *History of England*.

The investigations of the nature of the stones employed in these wonderful monuments present some curious points, of which the following are specimens:—

Mr. Cunnington, quoted in the *History of South Wiltshire*, says: "The stones composing the outward circle and its impost, as well as the five large trilithons, are all of that species of stone called *sarsen*, which is found in the neighbourhood; whereas the inner circle of small upright stones, and those of the interior oval, are composed of granite, hornstones, &c., most probably brought from some part of Devonshire or Cornwall, as I know not where such stones could be found at a nearer distance." Sir R. Colt Hoare says: "What is understood by *sarsen* is a stone drawn from the natural quarry in its rude state. It is generally supposed that these stones were brought from the neighbourhood of Abury, in North Wiltshire, and the circumstance of three stones still existing in that direction is adduced as a corroborating proof of that statement."

A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, No. 304, remarks: "The stones have not been quarried at all, being boulders collected from the Downs. It is supposed by eminent geologists that they belong to the tertiary formation, and that the strata in which they were embedded (represented in the Isle of Wight) have been swept away by some great catastrophe. The outer circle probably contained thirty-eight stones, of which seventeen are standing; and the number of their lintels in the original position is about seven or eight. Of the large trilithons only two are now complete."

Another Correspondent says: "The stones for the great Temple of Abury were easily collected from the neighbouring hills; but, judging from the present state of Salisbury Plains, it must be supposed that the materials of Stonehenge were sought for on the Marlborough Downs, and transported down the course of the Avon. Still, it is not unlikely that even the largest of these stones might have been found near at hand; for, doubtless, many such were dispersed about at that time, which have since been used up for economical purposes."

Sir R. Colt Hoare adds to Stukeley's opinion: "A modern naturalist has supposed that the stratum of sand containing these stones once covered the chalk land, and at the Deluge this stratum was washed off from the surface, and the stones left behind. Certain it is that we find them dispersed over a great part of our chalky district, and they are particularly numerous between Abury and Marlborough; but the celebrated field, called from them the Grey Wethers, no longer presents even a single stone, for they have all been broken to pieces for building and repairing the roads."

Mr. Loudon, when he visited Stonehenge, in 1836, formed this conjecture as to its origin: "On examining the stones we find they are of three different kinds—viz., the larger stones of sandstone, the smaller of granite; and two or three stones, in particular situations, of two varieties of limestone. This shows that they have been brought from different places: still, there is wanting that mathematical regularity and uniformity which are the characteristics of masonry; and we conclude by wondering how savages that knew not how to hew could contrive to set such stones on end, and put other stones over them. Upon further consideration, observing the tenons and the corresponding mortices, and reflecting on the countless number of years that they must have stood there, we yield to the probability of their having been originally more or less architectural." Many persons have absurdly supposed that the stones are artificial, and formed in moulds.

Mr. Browne, of Amesbury, author of *Illustrations of Stonehenge and Abury*, considers Stonehenge to have been erected before the Flood; and Abury, a similar monument, to have been constructed under the direction of Adam, after he was driven out of Paradise, as a "remembrance of his great and sore experience in the existence of evil."

Mr. Rickman, the well-informed antiquary, on June 13, 1839, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries an essay containing some important arguments, tending to show that the era of Abury and Stonehenge cannot reasonably be carried back to a period antecedent to the Christian era. After tracing the Roman road from Dover and Can-

terbury, through Noviomagus and London, to the West of England, he noticed that Silbury Hill is situated immediately upon that road, and that the avenues of Abury extend to it, whilst their course is referable to the radius of a Roman mile. From these and other circumstances, he argued that Abury and Silbury are not anterior to the road, nor can we well conceive how such gigantic works could be accomplished until Roman civilization had furnished such a system of providing and storing food as would supply the concourse of a vast number of people. Mr. Rickman further remarked that the Temple of Abury is completely of the form of a Roman amphitheatre, which would accommodate about 48,000 spectators, or half the number contained in the Coliseum, at Rome. Again, the stones of Stonehenge have exhibited, when their tenons and mortices were first exposed, the workings of a well-directed steel point, beyond the workmanship of barbarous nations. It is not mentioned by Cæsar or Ptolemy, and its historical notices commence in the fifth century. On the whole, Mr. Rickman is induced to conclude that the era of Abury is the third century, and that of Stonehenge the fourth, or before the departure of the Romans from Britain; and that both are examples of the general practice of the Roman conquerors to tolerate the worship of their subjugated provinces, at the same time associating them with their own superstitions and favourite public games.

The mysterious monument of antiquity, Stonehenge, or as it has been called the "Glory of Wiltshire," and the "Wonder of the West," is situated on Salisbury Plain, about two miles directly west of Amesbury, and seven north of Salisbury.

Two authors suppose it to have been built for a very different purpose; one assuming it to have been a temple dedicated to Apollo, and the other a heathen burial-place.

The soil is excellent and fertile; and the harvest is made twice in the same year. Tradition says, that Latona was born here, and therefore, Apollo is worshipped before any other deity; to him is also dedicated a remarkable temple, of a round form, &c.

The Rev. James Ingram considers it to have been destined as a heathen burial-place, and the oblong spaces adjoining, as the course on which the goods of the deceased were run for at the time of the burial; and this opinion, he thinks, is strengthened, from the circumstance of the vast number of barrows which abound in this part of the plain. Within a short distance, also, are two long level pieces of ground, surrounded by a ditch and a bank, with a long mound of earth crossing one end, bearing a great resemblance to the ancient Roman courses for horse-

racing. In the year 1797, three of the stones which formed part of the oval in the centre fell to the earth; and this appears to have been the only instance on record of any alteration having taken place in these remains of antiquity.

For whatever purpose it was erected, or whoever may have been the architects, the immense labour necessarily employed in bringing together the materials, and the amazing mechanical power that must have been used to raise the stones, some of which weigh upwards of 70 tons, to their proper situations, show that it could have been only constructed for some great national purpose, connected either with religion or the government of the State.

The author whose description we have quoted concludes his remarks in this manner:—"Such, indeed, is the general fascination imposed on all those who view Stonehenge, that no one can quit its precincts without feeling strong sensations of surprise and admiration. The ignorant rustic will, with a vacant stare, attribute it to some imaginary race of giants: and the antiquary, equally uninformed as to its origin, will regret that its history is veiled in perpetual obscurity; the artist, on viewing these enormous masses, will wonder that art could thus rival nature in magnificence and picturesque effect. Even the most indifferent passenger over the plain must be attracted by the solitary and magnificent appearance of these ruins; and all with one accord will exclaim, 'How grand! How wonderful! How incomprehensible!'"

The belief now appears tolerably settled that Stonehenge was a temple of the Druids. It differs, however, from all other Druidical remains, in the circumstance that greater mechanical art was employed in its construction, especially in the superincumbent stones of the outer circle and of the trilithons, from which it is supposed to derive its name: *stan* being the Saxon for a stone, and *heng* to hang or support. From this circumstance it is maintained that Stonehenge is of the very latest ages of Druidism; and that the Druids that wholly belonged to the antehistoric period followed the example of those who observed the command of the law: "If thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." (Exodus, chap. xx.) Regarding Stonehenge as a work of masonry and architectural proportions, Inigo Jones came to the conclusion that it was a Roman temple of the Tuscan order. This was an architect's dream. Antiquaries, with less of taste and fancy than Inigo Jones, have had their dreams also about Stonehenge, almost as wild as the legend of Merlin flying away with the stones from the Curragh of Kildare. Some attribute its erection to the Britons after

the invasion of the Romans. Some bring it down to as recent a period as that of the usurping Danes. Others again carry it back to the early days of the Phœnicians. The first notice of Stonehenge is found in the writings of Nennius, who lived in the ninth century of the Christian era. He says that at the spot where Stonehenge stands a conference was held between Hengist and Vortigern, at which Hengist treacherously murdered four hundred and sixty British nobles, and that their mourning survivors erected the temple to commemorate the fatal event. Mr. Davies, a modern writer upon Celtic antiquities, holds that Stonehenge was the place of this conference between the British and Saxon princes, on account of its venerable antiquity and peculiar sanctity. There is a passage in Diodorus Siculus, quoted from Hecatæus, which describes a round temple in Britain dedicated to Apollo; and this Mr. Davies concludes to have been Stonehenge. By another writer, Dr. Smith, Stonehenge is maintained to have been "the grand orrery of the Druids," representing, by combinations of its stones, the ancient solar year, the lunar month, the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the seven planets. Lastly, Stonehenge has been pronounced to be a temple of Buddha, the Druids being held to be a race of emigrated Indian philosophers.

After noticing that a chief Druid, whose office is for life, presides over the rest, Cæsar mentions a remarkable circumstance which seems to account for the selection of such a spot as Sarum Plain for the erection of a great national monument, a temple, and a seat of justice:—"These Druids hold a meeting at a certain time of the year in a consecrated spot in the country of the Carnutes (people in the neighbourhood of Chartres), which country is considered to be in the centre of all Gaul. Hither assemble all, from every part, who have a litigation, and submit themselves to their determination and sentence." At Stonehenge, then, we may place the seat of such an assize. There were roads leading direct over the plain to the great British towns of Winchester and Silchester. Across the plain, at a distance not exceeding twenty miles, was the great temple and Druidical settlement of Avebury. The town and hill-fort of Sarum was close at hand. Over the dry chalky downs, intersected by a few streams easily forded, might pilgrims resort from all the surrounding country. The seat of justice, which was also the seat of the highest religious solemnity, would necessarily be rendered as magnificent as a rude art could accomplish. The justice executed in that judgment-seat was, according to ancient testimony, bloody and terrible. The religious rites were debased into the fearful sacrifices of a cruel idolatry.

Sir William Gore Ouseley describes a Druidical circle, and a single upright stone standing alone near the circle, as seen by him at Darab, in Persia, surrounded by a wide and deep ditch and a high bank of earth; there is a central stone, and a single upright stone at some distance from the main groups, the resemblance of the circle at Darab to the general arrangement of Stonehenge, and other similar monuments of Europe, led Sir William Ouseley to the natural conclusion that a "British antiquary might be almost authorized to pronounce it Druidical, according to the general application of the word among us." At Darab there is a peculiarity which is not found at Stonehenge, at least in its existing state. Under several of the stones there are recesses, or small caverns. In this particular, and in the general rudeness of its construction, the circle of Darab resembles the Druidical circle of Jersey, although the circle there is very much smaller, and the stones of very inconsiderable dimensions,—a copy in miniature of such vast works as those of Stonehenge and Avebury. This singular monument, which was found buried under the earth, was removed by General Conway to his seat near Henley, the stones being placed in his garden according to the original plan.

At Abury are two openings through the bank and ditch, at which two lines of upright stones branched off, each extending for more than a mile. That running to the south, and south-east, from the great temple, terminated in an elliptical range of upright stones. It consisted, according to Stukeley, of two hundred stones. The oval thus terminating this avenue was placed on a hill called the Hakpen, or Overton Hill. Crossing this is an old British track-way: barrows scattered all around. The western avenue, extending nearly a mile and a half towards Beckhampton, consisted also of about two hundred stones, terminating in a single stone. It has been held that these avenues, running in curved lines, are emblematic of the serpent-worship, one of the most primitive and widely extended superstitions of the human race. Conjoined with this worship was the worship of the sun, according to those who hold that the whole construction of Abury was emblematic of the idolatry of primitive Druidism. On the high ground to the south of Abury within the avenues is a most remarkable monument of the British period, Silbury Hill; of which Sir R. Hoare says, "There can be no doubt it was one of the component parts of the grand temple at Abury;" others think it a sepulchral mound raised over the bones and ashes of a king or arch-druid, as does the author of these lines:—

"Grave of Cuneda, were it vain to call,
For one wild lay of all that buried lie

Beneath thy giant mound? From Tara's hall
 Faint warblings yet are heard, faint echoes die
 Among the Hebrides : the ghost that sung
 In Ossian's ear, yet wails in feeble cry
 On Morvern ; but the harmonies that rung
 Around the grove and cromlech, never more
 Shall visit earth : for ages have unstrung
 The Druid's harp, and shrouded all his lore,
 Where under the world's ruin sleep in gloom
 The secrets of the flood,—the letter'd stone,
 Which Seth's memorial pillars from the doom
 Preserved not, when the sleep was Nature's doom."

Silbury Hill is the largest mound of the kind in England ; the next in size is Marlborough Mount, in the garden of an inn at Marlborough. No history gives us any account of Silbury ; the tradition only is, that King Sil, or Zel, as the country-foik pronounce it, was buried here on horseback, and that the hill was raised while a posset of milk was seething. Its name, however, seems to have signified *the great hill*. The diameter of Silbury at the top is 105 feet, at bottom it is somewhat more than 500 feet ; it stands upon as much ground as Stonehenge, and is carried up to the perpendicular height of 170 feet, its solid contents amounting to 13,558,809 cubic feet. It covers a surface equal to five acres and thirty-four perches. It is impossible, at this remote period, to ascertain by whom, or for what precise purpose, this enormous mound of earth was raised ; but from its proximity to the celebrated Druidical temple of Abury, it is supposed to have had some reference to the idolatrous worship of the Druids, and perhaps to contain the bones of some personage.

It requires no antiquarian knowledge to satisfy the observer of the great remains of Stonehenge and Abury, that they are works of art, in the strict sense of the word—originating in design, having proportion of parts, adapted to the institutions of the period to which they belonged, calculated to affect with awe and wonder the imagination of the people that assembled around them. But Druidical circles are not confined to England or Scotland. On the opposite shores of Brittany the great remains of Carnac exhibit a structure of far greater extent even than Abury. "Carnac is infinitely more extensive than Stonehenge, but of ruder formation ; the stones are much broken, fallen down, and displaced ; they consist of eleven rows of unwrought pieces of rock or stone, merely set up on end in the earth, without any pieces crossing them at top. These stones are of great thickness, but not exceeding nine or twelve feet in height ; there may be some few fifteen feet. The rows are placed from fifteen to eighteen paces from each other, extending in length (taking rather a semicircular direction) above half a mile,

on unequal ground, and towards one end upon a hilly site. When the length of these rows is considered, there must have been nearly three hundred stones in each, and there are eleven rows : this will give you some idea of the immensity of the work, and the labour such a construction required. It is said that there are above four thousand stones now remaining." (Mrs. Stothard's *Tour in Normandy and Brittany*.) It is easy to understand how the same religion prevailing in neighbouring countries might produce monuments of a similar character ; but we find the same in the far east, in lands separated from ours by pathless deserts and wide seas.

BERKSHIRE.

Windsor Castle, and its Romances.

Windsor, as a royal Castle and domain, has existed from the Saxon era of our history. It has also been a place of considerable resort for nearly six centuries; or from the period when Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., came hither by water, the roads being impassable for waggons, the only vehicular conveyance then in use—to our own railway times, when the journey from London occupies little more than half an hour. The picturesque beauty of the country, as well as the royal fame of the locality, have doubtless aided this enduring popularity.

The name is from *Windlesofra*, or *Windlesbora*, from the winding course of the Thames in this part.* This, however, was Old Windsor, a distinct parish, where the Saxon Kings had a palace, about two miles south-east of New Windsor. Edward the Confessor occasionally kept his court here: by him it was granted to the monks of Westminster, who subsequently exchanged it with the Conqueror for Wokendom and other lands in Essex. William immediately commenced the erection of a fortress near the site of the Round Tower of the present Castle, which, from its commanding situation, was admirably adapted for a military post; and it is doubtful whether it was ever used as a residence. It is mentioned in Domesday as covering half a hide of land (30 or 50 acres). The tenure is "Allodial," *i.e.*, being held by the Sovereign, subject to no chief lord, and therefore not strictly in "fee." Henry I. enlarged the Castle in 1109, and added a chapel; and in the following year he formally removed from the old Saxon palace to the new Castle, and there solemnized the feast of Whitsuntide.

Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, often visited the fortress-palace, which frequently became the scene of chivalric spectacle; and in the sixth year of the King's reign a grand tournament was held in the park by 38 knightly competitors.

* This is Camden's statement; but Stow gives two other etymologies—from *Wind us over*, from the ferry-boat, rope and pole; and from the *Wynd is sore*, because it lies high and open to the weather.—Harl. MS. 367, fol. 13, "Of the Castell of Wyndsores," in Stow's handwriting.

In the treaty terminating the Civil War between King Stephen and Henry, Duke of Normandy (afterwards Henry II.), by which the former gives assurance to his successors of the Castles and strengths which he holds in England, Windsor appears as second in importance only to the Tower of London. That it was at this time, therefore, a stronghold of strength, there can be but little doubt. In the treaty it is coupled with The Tower, and described as the *Mota de Windsor*. A few fragments of Norman architecture were brought to light during the excavations made in our time, by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville.

King John lay at Windsor during the conferences at Runnymede. Henry III. made considerable alterations and enlargements in the Lower Ward, and added a chapel 70 feet long and 28 feet high, of which "the roof was of wood, lined and painted like stone, and covered with lead." This Chapel would appear to have stood where the Tomb-house stands. But Windsor Castle owes all its glory to King Edward III.; for it had been but little more than a rude fortress, with an adjacent chapel, till Edward of Windsor (it was his native place) gave it grandeur, extent, and durability. "The two Higher Wards" were built with the ransoms of the captive Kings; the Upper Ward with the French King's (John), the Middle Ward, or Keep, with the Scotch King (David's) ransom. Edward's architect was William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. Edward began, it would appear, with the Round Tower in 1315, when he was in his 18th year. Wykeham built a Castle on the site for its royal owner, worthy of Edward, of Philippa, his queen, and of his warlike son, the hero of Poitiers.

Froissart's story of Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury, tells of the unhallowed love of the King, and the constancy of the noble lady, when she welcomed him in the Castle that she had been bravely defending against her enemies! "As soon as the lady knew of the King's coming, she set open the gates, and came out so richly beseen that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness with her great beauty, and the gracious words and countenance she made. When she came to the King, she kneeled down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the Castle, to make him cheer and honour as she that could right do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the King himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady; he was stricken therewith to the heart, with a sparkle of fine love that endured long after; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be loved as she. Thus they entered into the Castle hand-in-hand; the lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber,

nobly apparelled. The King regarded so the lady that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest, and so fell in a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, then she came to the King with a merry cheer, who was then in a great study, and she said, 'Dear sir, why do ye study so for? Your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you: let other men study for the remnant.' Then the King said, 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth that since I entered into the Castle there is a study come into my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot.' 'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therewith your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doubted (feared) and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times ere (ere) this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.' 'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the King, 'other things lieth at my heart that ye know not of: but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so surprised my heart, that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.' Then the lady said, 'Ah! right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, or that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me, and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small praise, and nothing the better thereby. I had never as yet such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice to be dismembered.' Here-with the lady departed from the King, and went into the hall to haste the dinner. When she returned again to the King, and brought some of his knights with her, and said, 'Sir, if it please you to come into the hall, your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.' Then the King went into the hall and washed, and sat down among his lords and lady also. The King ate little; he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his

knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the King tarried there, and wist not what to do: sometime he imagined that truth and honour defended him to set his heart in such a case, to dishonour such a lady and such a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him; on the other part, love so constrained him that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the King debated to himself all that day and all that night: in the morning he arose, and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying, 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.' 'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'God the Father glorious, be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the King departed all abashed."

To carry on the legend, it may be believed that the King subdued his passions, and afterwards met the noble woman in all honour and courtesy; then we may understand the motto of the Garter—"Evil be to him that evil thinks."

Such is the legend of the old chronicler that has been long connected with the Institution of the Order of the Garter—a legend of virtue subduing passion, and therefore not unfit to be associated with the honour and self-denial of chivalry. Touching it is to read that the "fresh beauty and goodly demeanour" of the lady of Salisbury was ever in Edward's remembrance; but that at a great feast in London, "all ladies and damsels were freshly beseen, according to their degrees, except Alice, Countess of Salisbury, for she went as simply as she might, to the intent that the King should not set his regards on her."

Henry VI. was born at Windsor; but "Holy Henry" did little for his native place beyond adding "a distant prospect of Eton College" to the fine natural view of the lofty keep. To Edward IV. we owe St. George's Chapel as we now see it; to Henry VII. the adjoining Tomb-house; and to Henry VIII. the Gateway still standing, with his arms upon it, at the foot of the Lower Ward.

When the Protector Somerset was outnumbered by the conspirators leagued against him, he, for his own safety's sake, hurried the boy-king, Edward VI., from Hampton Court, in the middle of the night, to the stronghold of Windsor Castle, where he was heard to say, "Methinks I am in prison: here be no galleries nor no gardens to walk in." A gallery was added by Elizabeth: it ran east and west along the

North Terrace, between "the Privy Lodgings," and "the Deanes Terras, or Grene Walk." After the Restoration, the fortress-like character of the Castle was reduced to the taste of a French palace; and thus it mostly remained until, in 1824, King George IV. began a thorough restoration of the Castle, with the directing taste of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, which eventually cost a million and a half of money.

The great Gateways without the Castle are King Henry VIII.'s, St. George's, and King George IV.'s; and one within, called the Norman, or Queen Elizabeth's Gate. The Round Tower, or Keep, was built for the assembling of a fraternity of knights who should sit together on a footing of equality, as the knights sat in romance at the Round Table of King Arthur, which King Edward designed to revive at a solemn festival annually; but in this he was thwarted by the jealousy of Philip de Valois, King of France. This induced King Edward to establish the memorable Order of the Garter. For the construction of the famous Round Table, fifty-two oaks were taken from the woods of the Prior of Merton, near Reading, for which was paid 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

When King Edward III. held the great feast of St. George at Windsor, "there was a noble company of earls, barons, ladies and damsels, knights and squires, and great triumph, justing, and tournaments." Of his unhappy grandson, Froissart thus describes the last pageants: "King Richard caused a joust to be cried and published throughout his realm, to Scotland, to be at Windsor, of forty knights and forty squires, against all comers, and they to be apparelled in green with a white falcon, and the Queen to be there, well accompanied with ladies and damsels. This feast was thus holden, the Queen being there in great nobleness; but there were but few lords or noblemen, for more than two parts of the lords and knights, and other of the realm of England, had the King in such hatred, what for the banishing of the Earl of Derby and the injuries that he had done to his children, and for the death of the Duke of Gloucester, who was slain in the Castle of Calais, and for the death of the Earl of Arundel, who was beheaded at London: the kindred of these lords came not to this feast, nor but few other."

The Round Tower stands on an artificial mound, surrounded by a deep fosse, or dry ditch, now a sunk garden. "The compass of the Tower," says Stow, "is one hundred and fifty paces." Wyatville added thirty-three feet to the Tower, exclusive of the Flag Tower, giving an elevation of twenty-five feet more.

The interior is approached by a covered flight of one hundred steps; a second flight leads to the battlements of the proud Keep, from which

twelve counties may be seen. The Prince of Wales is Constable of this Tower, and indeed of Windsor Castle.

This fine old Keep was the prison of the Castle from the reign of Edward III. to the Restoration in 1660.

The first great prisoner of note confined here was the poet-king of Scotland, James I., who, in the tenth year of his age, on his way to France to complete his education, was taken prisoner by the English, and confined by King Henry IV., first at Pevensey, in Sussex, and then at Windsor. The period of his imprisonment was nineteen years. The romantic love of King James for the beautiful Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, is beautifully told in *The King's Qubair*, a poem of the King's own composing. The Tower, he informs us, wherein he was confined, looked over "a garden faire," in there was

" Ane herbere green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with treis set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That life was none, walkyng there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espye.

• * * * * •
And on the smalle greene iwis issat
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear the hymnis consecrate
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

• * * * * •
And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Whereas I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comyn her to pleyne,
The fairest and the frest younge flower
That ever I saw (me thought) before that hour :
For which sudden abate anon astert
The blood of all my body to my heart."

How beautifully he describes the Lady Jane Beaufort :

" In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, richness, and womanly feature,
God better wote than my pen can report ;
Wisdom, largesse, estate and cunning lure,
In every poynt so guided her mesure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance."

The Lady Jane became the wife of the poet-king, and they lived long in mutual love and sincere affection.

The next great prisoner of note at Windsor was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the last victim brought to the block by King Henry VIII. Here Surrey felt "the sacred rage of song," and his

“childish years” were passed pleasantly; but the latter portion of his too short life was spent in imprisonment. He had the King’s son for his companion—ill-exchanged for the warder and the lieutenant, the gaoler and his man; which exchange he thus felt and sung:

“So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
 As proud Windsor? where I, in lust and joy,
 With a king’s son my childish years did pass,
 In greater feast than Priam’s son of Troy:
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sown!
 The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
 With eyes upcast unto the Maiden’s Tower,
 And easy sighs such as folks draw in love:
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
 The dances short, long tales of great delight,
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
 When each of us did plead the other’s right:
 The palm-play, where, desported for the game,
 With dazed eyes, oft we by gleams of love
 Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
 To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above;
 The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts;
 The secret groves, which oft we made resound
 To pleasant plaint and of our ladies praise;
 Recording oft what grace each one had found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays,
 The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
 With reins avail’d, and swiftly breathed horse,
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 When we did chase the fearful hart of force.
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we past the winter nights away,
 . . . And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,
 And tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue.”

He calls for the noble companion of his boyhood, but Richmond was no more. How touching is his plaint:

“Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint;
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.”

The walls of the prison house bear names, and dates, and badges, and even the cause of the captivity here of other prisoners. “From this Tower,” says Stow, “when ye wethar is cleare, may easily be descryed Poll’s steple.” This was the steeple of old St. Paul’s. The dome and lantern of the new Cathedral may be descryed in clear weather.

Henry VIII. often resided at the Castle, and held his Court there.

The Tomb-house east of St. George's Chapel was built by Henry VII. for his own remains, but he erected a more stately tomb for himself at Westminster; and Henry VIII. granted his father's first mausoleum to Cardinal Wolsey, who commenced his own tomb within it, employing a Florentine sculptor on brazen columns and brazen candlesticks; after Wolsey's fall, that which remained in 1646 of the ornaments of this tomb was sold for 600*l.* as defaced brass. James II. converted the tomb-house into a Romish chapel, which was defaced by a Protestant rabble. In 1742 it was appropriated as a free school-house. Next George III. converted it into a tomb-house for himself and his descendants. It has since been vaulted in stone, inlaid with mosaic work (the finest modern work extant), and the windows filled with stained glass,—as a sepulchral chapel in memory of the late Prince Consort.

The west wall is covered with mosaic pictures of the sovereigns, churchmen, and architects more intimately connected with the Castle and its ancient and Royal Chapel of St. George. Here are the portraits of Henry III., Edward III., Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. Beneath are pictures of Wolsey, Beauchamp, and William of Wykeham, in enamel mosaics. On the north side the windows are filled with portraits of German princes, ancestors of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

Queen Elizabeth first caused the terraces to be formed, and annexed the portion of the Castle built by Henry VII. to that designed by herself, and called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; the state beds, "shining with gold and silver," were her additions. In the Civil War the Castle was mercilessly plundered, until Cromwell stopped the spoliation. Charles II. made it his summer residence. In Prince Rupert's constabship, the Keep was restored: here, says Mr. Eliot Warburton, he established a seclusion for himself, which he soon furnished after his own peculiar taste. In one set of apartments, forges, laboratory instruments, retorts, and crucibles, with all sorts of metals, fluids, and crude ores, lay strewed in the luxurious confusion of a bachelor's domain; in other rooms, armour and arms of all sorts, from that which had blunted the Damascus blade of the Holy War to those which had lately clashed at Marston Moor and Naseby. In another was a library stored with strange books, a list of which may be seen in the *Harleian Miscellany*. In 1670, Evelyn described the Castle as "exceedingly ragged and ruinous." Wren spoiled the exterior, but added Star Buildings, 17 state-rooms and grand staircase. Gibbons was much employed, and Verrio painted the ceilings, to be satirized by Pope and Walpole. Thus the Castle mostly remained until our time.

There are three divisions in the palatial part of Windsor Castle: 1. The Queen's Private Apartments, looking to the east. 2. The State Apartments, to the north. 3. The Visitors' Apartments, to the south. We shall not be expected to describe the relative position and magnitude of the buildings and towers composing the Castle. It has been principally enlarged within the quadrangle, on the exterior facing the north terrace, to which the Brunswick Tower has been added; and by converting what were two open courts, into the State Staircase and the Waterloo Gallery. The corridor, a general communication along the whole extent of the Private Apartments, is an adaptation of the old French *boiserie* of the age of Louis XV. The south and east sides of the quadrangle contain upwards of 369 rooms.

It is gratifying to add, that as the attractiveness of the Castle has been increased, has been the desire of our excellent Sovereign that all classes of her subjects should have free access to the State Apartments of this truly majestic abode.

Southward of Windsor Castle lies the Great Park, a part of Windsor Forest, which, in the reign of Queen Anne, was cut off from the Castle by the intervening private property; and it was, therefore, determined to buy as much land as might be required to complete an avenue from the Castle to the Forest. This is the present Long Walk, generally considered the finest thing of the kind in Europe. It is a perfectly straight line, above three miles in length, running from the principal entrance to the Castle to the top of a commanding hill in the Great Park, called Snow Hill.

On each side of the Long Walk, which is slightly raised, there is a double row of stately elms, now in their maturity. The view from Snow Hill is very fine; on its highest point, in 1832, was placed a colossal equestrian statue of George the Third, in bronze, by Sir Richard Westmacott; it occupies a pedestal formed of huge blocks of granite: the total elevation of the statue and pedestal exceeds fifty feet, and the statue (man and horse) is twenty-six feet in height. The statue was raised by George the Fourth: we are not aware of its cost, but the expense of the pedestal was 8000*l*.

Curious accounts are preserved of the building of the Castle by Edward III., for which purpose writs were issued to sheriffs, mayors, and bailiffs of the several counties to impress labourers, who were imprisoned on refusal. William of Wykeham was clerk of the works, with a salary of one shilling a day. In 1360 there were 360 workmen employed there; in 1362 many died of the plague, when new writs were issued. The works were not completed at the time of King Edward's

death, and were continued by Richard II.; they included the mews for the falcons, a large and important establishment not within the walls. Chaucer was appointed clerk of the works in this reign, and he impressed carpenters, masons, and other artisans.

In the reign of Edward IV. (1474), St. George's Chapel, one of the finest Perpendicular Gothic buildings in this country, was commenced, Bishop Beauchamp and Sir Reginald Bray being the architects. The first chapel was built here by King Henry I.; the second by King Edward III. upon the site of the present chapel: built when 1*s.* 6*d.* per day was high wages; and built by Freemasons. The Choir is fitted up with the stalls and banners of the Order of the Garter, each knight having his banner, helmet, lambrequin, crest, and sword; the dead have mementoes only in their armorial bearings. The very large Perpendicular window has 15 lights. In this Chapel is the tomb of King Edward IV., inclosed by "a range of steel gilt, cut excellently well in church-work," not by Quintin Matsys, but by Master John Tresilian, smith. On the arch above hung this King's coat of mail, covered over with crimson velvet, and thereon the arms of France and England embroidered with pearl and gold interwoven with rubies. This trophy of honour was plundered thence by Captain Fogg in 1642, when also he robbed the Treasury of the Chapel of all the rich altar plate. In 1789, more than 300 years after its interment, the leaden coffin of King Edward IV. was discovered in laying down a new pavement. The skeleton is said to have measured seven feet in length! A lock of the King's hair was procured by Horace Walpole for his Strawberry Hill collection. Here also are the graves of Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Queen Jane Seymour; the loyal Marquis of Worcester; and the grave of King Charles I.:

"Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies."—*Byron.*

In 1813 the coffin of King Charles I. was opened by Sir Henry Halford, when the remains were found just as the faithful Herbert had described them, thus negating the statement that the King lay in a nameless and unknown grave.

We have a few additions to the Romances. Froissart, adopting the common belief of his age, relates that King Arthur instituted his Order of the Knights of the Round Table at Windsor; but the existence of such a British King as Arthur is at least a matter of doubt, and that part of his history which assigns Windsor as one of his residences, may be certainly regarded as fabulous. Harrison, in his description of England, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, says the

Castle was "builded in times past by King Arthur, or before him by Arviragus, as it is thought."

Froissart, who lived at the Court of Edward III., probably had in his recollection some current traditions of the day, which have not descended to our age, or at least have not yet been brought to light.

Lambard, in his *Topographical Dictionary*, says: "It would make greatly (I know) as wel for the illustration of the glorie, as for the extending of the antiquitie of this place, to alledge out of Frozard that King Arthur accustomed to hold the solemnities of his Round Table at Wyndsore: but as I dare not over bouldly avouche at King Arthure's antiquities, the rather bycause it hathe bene thought a disputable question wheather theare weare ever any suche Kinge or no; so like I not to joine with Frozard in this part of that stoarie, bycause he is but a forrein writer, and (so farre as I see) the only man that hath delivered it unto us; and therefore, supposing it more safe to follow our owne hystorians, especially in our owne historie, I thinke good to leave the tyme of the Brytons, and to descend to the raygne of the Saxon Kings, to the end that they may have the first honour of the place, as they were indede the first authors of the name."

The tradition of "Herne the hunter," which Shakspeare has employed in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is that Herne, one of the Keepers of the Forest, was to be seen, after his death, with horns on his head, walking by night, "round about an oak," in the vicinity of Windsor Castle. It is said that, "having committed some great offence, for which he feared to lose his situation and fall into disgrace, he hung himself upon the oak which his ghost afterwards haunted." In the first sketch of the play, the tradition is briefly narrated, without any mention of the tree in connexion with it:

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed,
That women to allright their little children
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge."

No allusion to the legend has ever been discovered in any other writer of Shakspeare's time, and the period when Herne or Horne lived is unknown. In a manuscript, however, of the time of Henry VIII., in the British Museum, Mr. Halliwell has discovered, "Rycharde Horne, yeoman," among the names of the "*hunters* whiche be examyned and have confessed for hunting in his Majesty's forests;" and he suggests that this may have been the person to whom the tale related by Mrs. page alludes, observing that "it is only convicting our great dramatist of an additional anachronism to those already known of a similar character, in attributing to him the introduction of a tale of the time

of Henry the Eighth into a play supposed to belong to the commencement of the fifteenth century.”

The Abbey of Abingdon.

In Berkshire, during the prevalence of the Roman Catholic faith, thirty-five religious houses were built and endowed, three of which were numbered at the Reformation among the “greater monasteries.” The most important of these were the Benedictine Abbeys of Abingdon and Reading.

Abingdon Abbey appears to have been originally founded upon a hill called Abendune, about ten miles from the present town, nearer Oxford, by Cissa, King of Wessex, and his nephew, Heane, Viceroy of Wiltshire, in 605, begun at Bagley Wood, now Chilswell Farm. Five years after, its foundation was removed to a place then called Sevekisham, and since then Abbendon, or Abingdon, and enriched by the munificence of Ceadwalla and Ina, Kings of Wessex, and other benefactors. This Abbey was destroyed by the Danes, and the monks were deprived of their possessions by Alfred the Great, but their property was restored and the rebuilding of the Abbey commenced at least by Edred, grandson and one of the successors of Alfred. It became richly endowed, and the Abbot was mitred. At the Suppression the revenues of this Monastery amounted to nearly 2000*l.* per annum; a gateway is nearly all that remains. At the Abbey was educated Henry I., and with such fidelity as to procure him the name of Beauclerc. Here was buried Cissa, the founder; St. Edward, king and martyr; Robert D'Oyley, builder of Oxford Castle, tutor to Henry I.; and the Abbot, the historian Geoffrey of Monmouth. Here, in 1107, Egelwinus, Bishop of Durham, was imprisoned and starved to death.

The *Chronicle of Abingdon* gives a trustworthy record of this great Benedictine establishment during a period of 500 years. It was written at a time when the monks were still secure of the affections of the people, and when, therefore, there was no temptation either to suppress or pervert the truth; the *Chronicle* is an unvarnished narrative, strung together by an honest compiler of materials, and truthful recorder of events. It may be useful as well as interesting here to quote from an able review of a translation of the *Chronicle of Abingdon*, by Mr. Stevenson, inasmuch as it will show the interest and value attached to the sketches of Abbeys in the present work.

“The history of an establishment like that of Abingdon is not merely the narrative of a brotherhood, isolated from the outer world by their

peculiar aims and occupations, as might be the case with the description of a modern religious fraternity; it is the narrative of the social condition of the whole English people. Most persons who have bestowed any attention to our early annals will admit, however strong may be their Protestant prejudices, that the best features of our modern civilization are due to the social organization introduced by the monks. Agriculture, for example, the parent of all the other arts, was despised and neglected by the pagan tribes of German origin, whereas the rule of St. Benedict, which was of primary authority with every monastic establishment, proclaimed the 'nobility of labour' as a religious duty, inferior in its responsibility only to prayer and study.

"Benedict thought it good that men should be daily reminded that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, and day by day they toiled in the field as well as prayed in the church. After having been present at the service of Prime, the monks assembled in the Chapter-house, each individual received his allotted share of work, a brief prayer was offered up, tools were served out, and the brethren marched two and two, and in silence, to their task in the field. From Easter until the beginning of October they were thus occupied from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10, sometimes until noon. The more widely the system was diffused the more extensive were its benefits. Besides the monks lay brethren and servants were engaged, who received payment in coin, and as by degrees more land was brought into tillage than the monastery needed, the surplus was leased out to lay occupiers. Thus, each monastery became a centre of civilization, and while the rude chieftain, intent on war or the chase, cared little for the comfort either of himself or his retainers, the monks became the source, not only of intellectual and spiritual light, but of physical warmth and comfort, and household blessings.

"The boundaries, which are incorporated with the Saxon charters, supply us with many characteristics of Anglo-Saxon social life, and throw considerable light on the topographical history of Berkshire and the adjoining portion of Oxfordshire. The absence of any remark about the earlier Celtic population is noteworthy. Not only do they seem to have been exterminated, but every trace of their occupancy, except in the names of brooks and rivers, had vanished. Our ancestors at that period were chiefly occupied with the breeding of sheep, swine, horses, and horned cattle. They had made little progress in agriculture; wheat and oats are not mentioned; barley and beans rarely. The indigenous trees were the oak, the hazel, the ash, the birch, and the beech. The willow, alder, maple, apple, and linden are also occasionaly

named. The Berkshire hills and woods abounded with wolves, wild cats, stags, foxes, and badgers; beavers and wild boars were also numerous, while in the marshes were to be found geese, snipe, and swans."

Wallingford Castle.

Wallingford is a place of great antiquity, on the west bank of the Thames, and is thought to have existed in the time of the Romans, their coins having been dug up here; the form of the ramparts (not of the Castle, which is of later origin) indicating that they had been traced by the Romans. The first historical notice of Wallingford is A.D. 1006, when it was taken by the Danes; but it was rebuilt in 1013. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it was a royal borough, containing 276 houses paying a tax to the King.

There was a Castle here at the time of the Conquest, belonging to Wigod, a Saxon noble, who invited William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings, to come to Wallingford, where William received the homage of Archbishop Stigand, and the principal nobles, before marching to London. About a year after, 1067, Robert D'Oyley, a Norman baron, who had married Wigod's only daughter, built a strong Castle at Wallingford, but whether on the site of Wigod's Castle is not clear. In the Civil War of Stephen, this Castle was held for the Empress Maud. Stephen besieged it without success several times, and here the Empress Maud found refuge after her escape from Oxford. In 1153, Henry, son of Maud, besieged a fort, which Stephen had erected at Crowmarsh on the opposite side of the Thames; and Stephen coming to its relief, a peace was concluded. During the imprisonment of Richard I., Wallingford Castle was occupied by his brother John, but was taken from him by the King's party. In the troubles of John's reign, one or two of the meetings of King and Barons were held at Wallingford; and in those of Henry III. (A.D. 1264), Prince Edward, the King's son (afterwards Edward I.), Prince Henry, his nephew, and Richard, King of the Romans, his brother, were confined for a time in this Castle. It was twice besieged in the troubles of the reign of Edward II. Leland and Camden describe the fortress as having a double wall; and Camden speaks of the citadel, or keep, as standing on a high mound. In the Civil War of Charles I., it was repaired and garrisoned for the King; and it was a post of importance. Towards the close of the war it was besieged by Fairfax, and was afterwards demolished, except part of the wall towards the river. The mound is overgrown with trees, but in our time balls have been dug up here.

Holy Trinity, the blessed Virgin, St. James, and St. John the Evangelist. At Reading, it was commonly known as St. Mary's. Henry authorized the Abbey to coin in London, and keep there a resident master or moneyer. The body of King Henry was interred here, as well as those of his two queens, Matilda and Adeliza; though it seems that the King's bowels, brains, heart, eyes, and tongue, by a strange fancy of disseveration, were buried at Rouen; and here, probably, was interred their daughter Maud, the wife of the Emperor Henry IV. and mother of Henry II. of England. Her epitaph, recorded by Camden, has been deservedly admired:

“Magna ortu, majorque viro, sed maxima partu;
Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens.”

William, eldest son of Henry II., was buried at his grandfather's feet. Constance, the daughter of Edmund Langley, Duke of York; Anne, Countess of Warwick, and a son and daughter of Richard Earl of Cornwall, certainly here found their latest abiding-place in this world. There was an image of the royal founder placed over his tomb; but that, and probably many other monuments, either suffered demolition or removal, when this religious house was changed into a royal dwelling. Camden says: “The monastery wherein King Henry I. was interred, was converted into a royal seat, adjoining to which stands a fair stable, stored with horses of the King's, &c.,” but this does not justify Sandford in asserting that the bones of the persons buried were thrown out, and the Abbey converted into a stable; nor does such a circumstance seem likely to have taken place at this time, or on such an occasion; though such indignities afterwards characterized the days of Cromwell.

A well-known trial by battle occurred here in 1163, at which Henry II. sat as judge. It was the appeal of Robert de Montfort against Henry of Essex, the King's standard-bearer, for cowardice and treachery, in having in a skirmish in Wales, at which the King was present, cast away the royal standard and fled, upon a report of his Sovereign being killed. Essex pleaded that at the time he believed the report to be true. The combat took place, it is supposed, on an island by Caversham Bridge. Montfort was the victor, and the body of Essex, who was apparently killed, was given to the monks of the Abbey for burial. He recovered, however, from his wounds, and being permitted to assume the habit of a monk, was received into the monastery. His estates were, of course, forfeited.

The Abbey provided for the poor, and necessary entertainment for travellers. William of Malmesbury, who, however, died about 1142, says, there was always more spent by the monks on strangers than on

themselves. One Amherius, the second Abbot of this house, had already founded an hospital for the reception of twelve leprous persons, where they were maintained comfortably. Hugo, the eighth Abbot, founded another hospital near the gate, for the reception of certain poor persons and pilgrims, who were not admitted into the Abbey. To this hospital the Church of St. Lawrence is given in the grant for ever, for the purpose of maintaining thirteen poor persons; allowing for the keeping of thirteen more out of the usual alms. The reason assigned by the Abbot was that (though we are told more money was laid out on hospitality than expended on the monks), yet, he had observed and lamented a partiality in entertaining the rich, in preference to the poor. But some have suspected that this was a mere pretence whereby to exclude the meaner sort entirely from the Abbot's table.

At the Dissolution, in 1539, the Abbot, Hugh Cook, alias Hugh Farrington, whom Hall, in his *Chronicle*, calls a stubborn monk, and absolutely without learning, was, with two of his monks, hanged, drawn, and quartered, for refusing to deliver up the Abbey to the Visitors, and immediate possession was taken. The clear revenues at this period, Lysons, writing in 1806, considered equivalent to at least 20,000*l.* The Commissioners found here considerable quantities of plate, jewels, and other valuable articles. Henry VIII. and his successors for some time kept a portion of the Abbey reserved for their occasional residence. No record exists of the time when the buildings were first dismantled, but it is evident that they were in ruins in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for when the church of St. Mary in the town of Reading was rebuilt, the Queen granted two hundred loads of stones from the old Abbey, to be used as materials. But after the reign of James I. it does not appear to have been long occupied as a royal residence. The buildings generally began to decay, and immense quantities of the materials were carried off. Some of these were used in the construction of the Hospital for poor Knights at Windsor, as well as in the rebuilding of St. Mary's Church; and large masses were used by General Conway in the construction of a bridge at Henley. The Abbey appears to have been surrounded by a wall, with four arched and battlemented gateways, the ruins of some of which are still visible. There was also an inner court, with a gateway, which still exists. The north front has a beautiful Saxon arch, with an obtuse point at the top, rising from three clustered pillars without capitals. Among the chief remains is a portion of the great hall, now used as a school-room. The dimensions of the hall, were 80 feet by 40. Here it is supposed were held the numerous parliaments which sat here. What remained

of the Abbey church up to the period of the Civil War was then further dilapidated; the ruins of the north transept, in particular, are then recorded to have been blown up. The Abbey mills are still remaining in excellent preservation, and exhibit arches evidently coeval with the Abbey itself. Over the mill race is a large Norman arch, with a zig-zag moulding. In 1815 a fragment of a stone sarcophagus in two pieces, was found about the centre of the choir, supposed, with some probability, to be the coffin of King Henry I.

In those ages, when a belief existed in the efficacy of real or fancied relics of saints, a most singular object of this kind was presented to the Abbey by the Empress Maud, who brought it from Germany in the reign of Henry II. It was the hand of St. James the Apostle, and in such high estimation was this relic held, that it was carefully inclosed in a case of gold, of which it was afterwards stripped by Richard I. This monarch, however, granted an additional charter, and gave one mark of gold to cover the hand, in lieu of the precious metal he had taken away. His brother, King John, confirmed this charter, and presented to the Abbey another equally wonderful relic, namely, the head of St. Philip the Apostle. The relic of St. James's hand is at present in existence: it was discovered about 80 years ago by some workmen, in digging, and after passing through various hands, at last found its way into the Museum of the Philosophical Society of Reading. The relic consists of the left hand of a human being half closed, with the flesh dried on the bones. Among other relics were a quantity of glazed tiles on the floor of the church. These were covered with various ornaments, and appeared originally to have formed a kind of cross of mosaic work, but the greater portion was missing. Fragments of stained glass of beautiful colours were found; in one place a kind of coffin, or excavation, was discovered, just capable of receiving a human body: it contained bones, but had no covering. The steps leading down to what is supposed to have been the cellar have been laid open, while the fragments of carved stones which have been found show that the building, in its pristine state, must have been as beautiful as it was extensive.

Prynne, in his *History of the Papal Usurpation*, tells us that the Abbot of Reading was one of the Pope's delegates, together with the legate Randolph, and the Bishop of Winchester, commissioned for the excommunication of the Barons that opposed King John, in 1215, and the succeeding year. The maintenance of two Jewish female converts was imposed on this House by King Henry III. The same prince, desiring to borrow a considerable sum of money of the greater abbeys, the Abbot of Reading positively refused to comply with the requisition.

There is in existence a letter of Edward, the first Prince of Wales, written in 1304, to Adam de Poleter, of Reading, commanding him to lodge four tuns of good wines in the Abbey of Reading, against the arrival of the Prince's servants at the Tournament about to be held there.

Of the ancient glory of the Abbey, but a few walls, or a ragged, broken skeleton, remain; though, in recent excavations, the plan of the building has been traced; and "there have been brought to the surface, from the neighbourhood of the high altar, the relics of kings, and warriors, and holy men, the fathers and founders of a church, which they probably trusted would have confined their bones till doomsday."

The Franciscan Friars settled here in 1233. Their convent stood near the west end of Friar-street. On its Dissolution, the warden petitioned that he and his brethren, being aged men, might be permitted to occupy their lodgings during life; but even that humble request was denied. According to Leland, there was also on the north side of Castle-street "a fair house of Grey Friars."

Among the Curiosities shown to the stranger in Reading is a stratum of sand in Catsgrove-lane, which is filled with oyster-shells and other marine fossils. In Dr. Plot's amusing *Natural History of Oxfordshire* (in which the wonders of any other county are, however, gladly laid under contribution), their situation is proposed to be accounted for by an hypothesis as good in its way as Voltaire's pilgrims' cockle-shells, and for which it might have afforded a hint. When the Danes were besieged in Reading by King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, they endeavoured to secure themselves by cutting a trench across the meadows. Now, says Dr. Plot, "the Saxons having in all probability removed their cattle, it is likely that they might be supplied by their navy with oysters, which, during the time of the abode of their army on land, might be very suitable employment for it. Which conjecture allowed, there is nothing more required to make out the possibility of the bed of oysters coming thither, without a deluge, but that Catsgrove was the place appointed for the army's repast."

Cumnor Place, and the Fate of Amy Robsart.

Cumnor, about three miles west of Oxford, has an old manor house, which formerly belonged to the Abbots of Abingdon, but after the Reformation was granted to the last Abbot for life, and on his death came into the possession of Anthony Forster, whose epitaph in Cumnor church, speaks of him as an amiable and accomplished person. But, in Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, he is represented as one of the parties to the murder of Anne Dudley, under very mysterious circumstances. This unfortunate lady, who became the first wife of Lord Robert Dudley, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, was the daughter of Sir John Robsart. Her marriage took place June 4, 1550; and the event is thus recorded by King Edward in his Diary: "S. Robert dudeley, third sonne to th' erle of warwic, married S. John Robsarte's daughter, after whose marriage there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a gose's heade, which was hanged alive on tow crose postes." Soon after the accession of Elizabeth, when Dudley's ambitious views of a royal alliance had opened upon him, his wife mysteriously died; and Ashmole thus relates the melancholy story:—

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor, or widower, the Queen would have made him her husband: to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands his wife, or perhaps with fair flattering entreaties, desires her to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster's house, who then lived at the aforesaid Manor-house (Cumnor-place); and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney (a prompter to this design), at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to despatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime Fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and Professor of Physic in that University, who, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the earl endeavoured to displace him from the Court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators to have poisoned this poor innocent lady, a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off), began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy, and other humours, &c. And therefore

would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst: whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would get the same at Oxford, meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the Doctor, upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic; and therefore he peremptorily denied their request, misdoubting (as he afterwards reported) lest if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might have been hanged for a colour of their sin; and the Doctor remained still well assured, that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus:—For Sir Richard Varney aforesaid (the chief projector in this design), who by the earl's order remained that day of death alone with her, with one man only, and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abingdon market, about three miles distant from this place, they, I say, whether first stifling her or else strangling her, afterwards flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but yet, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down stairs, but yet without hurting her hood that was upon her head. Yet the inhabitants will tell you there that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another, where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door, where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her downstairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villany. But, behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder; for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder was afterwards taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away with in prison by the earl's appointment. And Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who has related the same to others since) not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth and music, was afterwards observed to forsake all this, and being affected with much melancholy (some say with madness) pined and drooped away. The wife, too, of Bald Butler, kinsman to the earl, gave out the whole fact a little before her death. Neither are the following passages to be for-

gotten:—That as soon as ever she was murdered, they made great haste to bury her before the coroner had given in his inquest (which the earl himself condemned as not done advisedly), which her father, Sir John Robertsett (as I suppose) hearing of, came with all speed hither, caused her corpse to be taken up, the coroner to sit upon her, and further inquiry to be made concerning this business to the full; but it was generally thought that the earl stopped his mouth, and made up the business betwixt them; and the good earl, to make plain to the world the great love he bore to her while alive—what a grief the loss of so virtuous a lady was to his tender heart—caused (though the thing by these and other means was beaten into the heads of the principal men of the University of Oxford) her body to be re-buried in St. Mary's Church in Oxford, with great pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable when Dr. Babington, the earl's chaplain, did preach the funeral sermon, he tript once or twice in his speech by recommending to their memories that virtuous lady so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying pitifully slain."

We need scarcely add that these circumstances, with considerable anachronisms, have been woven by Sir Walter Scott into his delightful romance of *Kenilworth*. "Of the gose and poste" this explanation has been given: the gose was intended for poor Amy, and the crosse posts for the Protector Somerset and his rival, Dudley Duke of Northumberland, both of whom were bred to the wicked trade of ambition. Dudley did not, however, escape suspicion. The lady and gentleman were so fully assured of the evil treatment of the lady, that they sought to get an inquiry made into the circumstances. We also find Burghley, presenting, among the reasons why it was inexpedient for the Queen to marry Leicester, "that he is infamed by the murder of his wife." Mr. Froude, in his *History of England*, gives the following summary of the proceedings taken to inquire into the cause of the lady's sad fate.

"In deference to the general outcry, either the inquiry was protracted, or a second jury, as Dudley suggested, was chosen. Lord Robert himself was profoundly anxious, although his anxiety may have been as much for his own reputation as for the discovery of the truth. Yet the exertions to unravel the mystery still failed of their effect. No one could be found who had seen Lady Dudley fall, and she was dead when she was discovered. Eventually, after an investigation apparently without precedent for the strictness with which it had been conducted, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death; and Lord Robert was thus formally acquitted. Yet the conclusion was evidently of a kind which would not silence suspicion; it was not proved that Lady Dudley had been murdered;

but the cause of the death was still left to conjecture; and were there nothing more—were Cecil's words to De Quadra proved to be a forgery—a cloud would still rest over Dudley's fame. Cecil might well have written of him, as he did in later years, that he 'was infamed by his wife's death;' and the shadow which hung over his name in the popular belief would be intelligible even if it was undeserved. A paper remains, however, among Cecil's MSS., which proves that Dudley was less zealous for inquiry than he seemed; that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered; and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered. That there should be a universal impression that a particular person was about to be made away with, that this person should die in a mysterious violent manner, and yet that there should have been no foul play after all, would have been a combination of coincidences which would not easily find credence in a well-constituted court of justice. The strongest point in Dudley's favour was that he sent his wife's half-brother, John Appleyard, to the inquest. Appleyard, some years after, in a fit of irritation, 'let fall words of anger, and said that for Dudley's sake he had covered the murder of his sister.' Being examined by Cecil, he admitted that the investigation at Cumnor had, after all, been inadequately conducted. He said 'that he had oftentimes moved the Lord Robert to give him leave, and to countenance him in the prosecuting of the trial of the murder of his sister—adding that he did take the Lord Robert to be innocent thereof; but yet he thought it an easy matter to find out the offenders—affirming thereunto, and showing certain circumstances which moved him to think surely that she was murdered—whereunto he said that the Lord Robert always assured him that he thought it was not fit to deal any further in the matter, considering that by order of law it was already found otherwise, and that it was so presented by a jury. Nevertheless the said Appleyard in his speech said upon examination, that the jury had not as yet given up their verdict.' If Appleyard spoke the truth, there is no more to be said. The conclusion seems inevitable, that, although Dudley was innocent of a direct participation in the crime, the unhappy lady was sacrificed to his ambition. She was murdered by persons who hoped to profit by his elevation to the throne; and Dudley himself—aware that if the murder could be proved public feeling would forbid his marriage with the Queen—used private means, notwithstanding his affectation of sincerity, to prevent the search from being pressed inconveniently far. But seven years had passed before Appleyard spoke, while the world in the interval was silenced by the verdict; and those

who wished to be convinced perhaps believed Dudley innocent. It is necessary to remember this to understand the conduct of Cecil."

Donnington Castle, and the Battles of Newbury.

About a mile from the town of Newbury, on an eminence thickly wooded, at the base of which runs the river Kennet, are the remains of Donnington Castle, understood to have been erected by Sir Richard Abberbury, the guardian of Richard II. during his minority, and who was expelled the Court in 1388 by the Barons, for his adherence to the cause of that monarch. It has been asserted that Chaucer, the poet, was possessor and inhabitant of this place, but the assertion is not borne out by evidence, more than a supposition that the Castle was purchased about this time by his son, Thomas, who had married a rich heiress. After Thomas Chaucer's death, the estate was settled upon his daughter, Alice, through whom William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, the lady's third husband, obtained possession of it, and enlarged the buildings. Upon the attainder of the above Duke, Henry VIII. granted the estate, with the title of Duke of Suffolk, to Charles Brandon. Camden describes the Castle as a small but neat structure. It was garrisoned for the King in the beginning of the Civil War, being a place of considerable importance as commanding the road from Newbury to Oxford. It was first attacked by the Parliamentarians under Major-General Middleton, who, to a summons of surrender, received a spirited reply from Captain John Boys, the King's officer. The place was accordingly assaulted, but the besiegers were driven back with great loss. On the 29th September, 1644, Colonel Horton invaded Donnington, and having raised a battery at the foot of the hill near Newbury, continued for twelve days so incessant a fire, that he reduced the Castle almost to a heap of ruins; three of the towers and a part of the wall being knocked down. A second summons was now sent, but still in vain; and, although the Earl of Manchester came to join in the attack, and the Castle was again battered for two or three days, every effort to take the place failed, and ultimately the Parliamentarians raised the siege. Captain Boys was knighted for his services on this occasion.

After the second battle of Newbury, the same gallant officer secured the King's artillery under the walls, while the latter retired towards Oxford; upon which the Castle was once more attacked, the Earl of Essex being the leader, but as fruitlessly as ever. In a few days, the

King was allowed to revictual the garrison without opposition. The only part of the Castle now remaining is the entrance gateway, with its two towers, and a small portion of the walls. The principal entrance was to the east. The western part of the building terminated in a semi-octagon shape, and the walls were defended by round towers at the angles. The gateway is in good preservation, and the place for the portcullis is still visible. Round the Castle, occupying nearly the whole eminence, are the remains of entrenchments thrown up during the Civil War, and the evident strength of which helps to explain the successful defence of Donnington.

It is related in *Knight's Journey: a book of Berkshire*, that in the second battle of Newbury, the King's troops were posted at Shaw Place, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Page, who, being attacked by a large body of foot, repulsed them with great loss. A basket-full of cannon-balls thrown either during the battle of Newbury or in the siege of Donnington Castle, and picked up from different parts of the grounds, is still preserved. In the old oak wainscot of a bow-window is a small hole about the height of a man's head, which, according to tradition, was made by a bullet fired at the King whilst dressing at the window, and which very narrowly missed.



Lady Place, or St. Mary Priory.

The parish of Hurley, Berkshire, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames about thirty miles from London. In the Norman survey, commonly called Domesday, it is said to have lately belonged to Esgin, probably a Saxon or Danish family; but to be then in possession of Sir Geoffrey Mandeville. This person had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Hastings in which King Harold was defeated, and received this estate from William the Conqueror among other spoil, as the reward of his labours and attachment. Towards the end of the Conqueror's reign—in 1086—Geoffrey de Mandeville founded here the priory of St. Mary, to this day commonly called Lady Place, and annexed it as a cell to the great Benedictine Abbey of Westminster. The charter of the foundation is still preserved in the archives there. In the instrument the founder calls himself Gosfridus de Magnavilla, and thus states the motives of his donation:—"For the salvation of my soul and that of my wife, Lecclina, by whose advice, under the providence

of divine grace, I have begun this good work ; and also for the soul of Athelais, my first wite, the mother of my sons, now deceased ; and also for the souls of all my heirs who shall succeed me." He then states the particulars of his endowment and its objects—" For the support of the religious order serving God perpetually in this church."

William the Conqueror approved and confirmed the endowment of the founder of Hurley Priory, and afterwards Pope Adrian IV., in a bull dated 1157, confirmed it among other possessions to the Abbey of Westminster.

Geoffrey, the son of the founder, created Earl of Essex, was likewise a benefactor. He married Roisia, sister to Aubrey de Vere, first Earl of Oxford. This lady caused a subterraneous chapel to be cut out of the solid rock, near the centre of the present town of Royston, in which she was buried. This chapel, on the walls of which many rude figures are still to be seen in relievo, after being lost and unknown for ages, was accidentally discovered by some workmen in 1742, and an account of it published by Dr. Stukely. It is well worthy the attention of tourists, and being perfectly dry and easily accessible, is often visited by strangers passing between London and Cambridge.

The Earl of Essex was standard-bearer of England in the time of the Empress Maud and of King Henry II.

Hurley Priory remained for about 450 years nearly in the same condition as that in which the founder and his son left it. It was suppressed among the lesser monasteries in the 26th of Henry VIII. In the 33rd year of the same king's reign the Priory of Hurley became the property, by grant, of Charles Howard, Esq. ; and three years afterwards the site, then and ever since called Lady Place, from the convent having been dedicated to the Virgin Mary, as already mentioned, became the property of Leonard Chamberleyn, Esq., from whom it passed in the same year to John Lovelace, Esq., who died in 1558.

From Mr. John Lovelace, himself merely a private gentleman, a distinguished family sprung. Richard, the son of John, spent an adventurous youth. He was with Sir Francis Drake, on the Spanish Main, and being a gentleman of position and means he very probably, as was the custom in those days, invested money in fitting out the expedition on the guarantee that when the expedition was over, that money should be repaid together with a per-centage on all the spoils captured during the voyage. But on whatever

condition he went out with Drake, it is certain that he returned from the El Dorado of that age enriched with a harvest of moidores and broad-pieces, the spoils of the Spanish treasure-ships or of the palaces of the Spanish Governors, who, being inveterate robbers themselves, and always having good store of gold and silver in their cellars, ready for transport periodically to Spain, were always tempting prey to the English buccaneer. This young and lucky adventurer spent his money profitably in building Lady Place upon the ruins of the ancient convent, about the year 1600. His son, Sir Richard Lovelace, was elevated to the peerage in 1627, as Baron Lovelace, of Hurley, Berks. John Lovelace, second baron, married Lady Anne Wentworth, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Cleveland, and this lady, upon the death of her niece, Baroness Wentworth, succeeded to that barony in 1686. Thus the family had become wealthy and powerful; but it was probably under the third baron, John Lord Lovelace, a somewhat stormy but resolute and consistent man, who succeeded to the barony in 1670, that the family rose to the zenith of its power. Lord Lovelace was distinguished by his taste, by his magnificence, and by the audacious and intemperate vehemence of his Whiggism. He had been five or six times arrested for political offences. The last crime laid to his charge was, that he had contemptuously denied the validity of a warrant signed by a Roman Catholic justice of the peace. He had been brought before the Privy Council and strictly examined, but to little purpose. He resolutely refused to criminate himself, and the evidence against him was insufficient. He was dismissed, but before he retired James exclaimed in great heat, "My lord, this is not the first trick that you have played me." "Sir," answered Lovelace, with undaunted spirit, "I have never played any trick to your Majesty, or to any other person. Whoever has accused me to your Majesty of playing tricks is a liar!" Lovelace was subsequently admitted into the confidence of those who planned the Revolution.

"His mansion," says Macaulay, "built by his ancestors out of the spoils of Spanish galleons from the Indies, rose on the ruins of a house of our Lady, in that beautiful valley, through which the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and falling with the flow and ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire. Beneath the stately saloon, adorned by Italian pencils, was a subterraneous vault in which the bones of monks had sometimes being found. In this

dark chamber some zealous and daring opponents of the government held many midnight conferences during that anxious time when England was impatiently expecting the Protestant wind." It was in this retreat of darkness and secrecy that resolutions were first adopted for calling in the Prince of Orange, and it is said that the principal papers which brought about the Revolution were signed in the dark recess at the extremity of the vault. When the time for action came—when William, having landed at Torbay, was on his march to London—Lovelace with seventy followers well armed and mounted, quitted his dwelling and directed his course westward. He was one of the boldest and most earnest of William's supporters. After King William obtained the crown he visited Lord Lovelace at his estate, and descended with him to view the vault in which his fortunes had been so often the theme of whispered conversations. Inscriptions, recording this visit, as well as that of George III. and General Paoli in 1780, to the same vault, as the cradle of the Revolution, were placed here by a subsequent proprietor, Joseph Wilcocks, Esq.

Lord Lovelace, who was captain of the band of pensioners to King William, lived in a style of such splendour and prodigality that he involved himself in difficulties. A great portion of his estates came to the hammer under a decree of the Court of Chancery. One source of his embarrassment was the expense he incurred in fitting up and decorating the family mansion. The grand inlaid staircase was very magnificent. The ceilings of the principal hall and of other rooms were painted by Verrio probably at the same time with those at Windsor Castle, and the panels of the saloon, painted in landscape by Salvator Rosa, were in themselves treasures of an almost inestimable value. The inlaid staircase has been removed to a house in the north of England, and the painted panels were sold in one lot for 1000*l*.

On the decline of the Lovelace family, which speedily followed, the estate was sold under a decree of Chancery.

Lady Place and the Woodlands were purchased by Mrs. Williams, sister to Dr. Wilcocks, Bishop of Rochester, which lady in one lottery, had two tickets only, and one of these came up a prize of 500*l*., the other of 20,000*l*., with which she purchased the property here. The estate then passed to Mrs. Williams's daughter, and from her to her relative Joseph Wilcocks, in 1771.

The next person in the entail was the brave but unfortunate Admiral Kempenfeldt, who went down in the *Royal George* off

Portsmouth. His brother succeeded to Lady Place ; but dying unmarried, he left the property to his relative Mr. Richard Troughton, of the Custom House, whose representatives sold the estate in lots some time after. Lady Place itself and part of the estate were purchased for the Hon. Henry Waller.

The old mansion of Lady Place, venerable even in decay, with its enclosure of fifteen acres, having fish ponds communicating with the Thames, having been much neglected or inadequately occupied for so many years, gradually fell into a ruinous condition.

The house itself was entirely destroyed in 1837, and the vaults, covered by a mound of green turf, are all that remain. Admiral Kempenfeldt and his brother planted two thorn trees here during the proprietary of the former. One day on coming home the brother noted that the tree planted by the admiral had withered away. "I feel sure," he said, "that this is an omen that my brother is dead." That evening came the news of the loss of the *Royal George*.

Bisham Abbey.

Bisham, anciently Bisteham or Bustleham, the most interesting house in Berkshire, is situated about four and a half miles north of Maidenhead, and one mile from Great Marlow, in Bucks, from which it is separated by the river Thames.

The manor was given by William the Conqueror to Henry de Ferrars, whose grandson, Robert, Earl Ferrars, gave it in the reign of King Stephen to the Knights Templars, who are said to have had a preceptory there. After the suppression of that order, it was successively in the possession of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Hugh le Despencer, and Eubulo L'Estrange. In 1335 it was granted by Edward III. to William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who two years afterwards procured a royal licence for founding a monastery at Bisham and endowing it with lands of 300*l.* per annum.

Within the walls of this convent were interred William, Earl of Salisbury, son of the founder, who distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers ; John, Earl of Salisbury, who, confederating against King Henry IV., was slain at Cirencester in 1401 ; Thomas, Earl of Salisbury, the famous hero of Henry V.'s reign, who lost his life at the siege of Orleans in 1428 ; Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, who was beheaded at York in 1460, for his

adherence to the house of Lancaster; Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, and his brother John, Marquis of Montague, who both fell at the battle of Barnet, 1470; and the unfortunate Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, who, bred up from his cradle in prison, was beheaded in 1499, for attempting to taste the sweets of liberty. Most of the above-mentioned illustrious characters had splendid monuments in the conventual church; but these were all destroyed after the dissolution of the abbey, without regard to the rank or famed exploits of the deceased—not even excepting the tomb of Salisbury, “The mirror of all martial men, who in thirteen battles overcame, and first trained Henry V. to the wars.”

King Edward VI. granted the site of Bisham Abbey to his father's repudiated wife Anne of Cleves, who having surrendered it to the Crown again in 1552, it was then given up to Sir Philip Hobby. This personage was the last English Papal Legate at Rome, where he died, and his brother, Sir Thomas, was ambassador in France, where he died also. The widow of the latter had both their bodies brought back to Bisham, and raised a magnificent monument to their memory. This monument, still to be seen in the church, was inscribed with three epitaphs, in Greek, Latin, and English respectively, and all of them composed by the widow herself—the most learned lady of the period. One of her epitaphs concludes with the lines—

“Give me, O God! a husband like unto Thomas;
Or else restore me to my beloved Thomas.”

This prayer had its answer in her marriage, after the lapse of a year, with Sir Thomas Russel.

In this ancient house the princess Elizabeth, who was committed to the care of the two sisters of Lady Hobby, resided during part of three years, and at this time the bow window in the council chamber was constructed for her pleasure, and a dais erected sixteen inches above the floor. This portion of the great Princess's life does not appear to have been spent unhappily, judging from the welcome she gave to Sir Thomas when he first went to Court after she became Queen. “If I had a prisoner whom I wanted to be most carefully watched,” said the Queen, “I should entrust him to your *charge*; if I had a prisoner whom I wished to be most tenderly treated, I should entrust him to your *care*.”

The Rev. Sir Philip Hobby, Bart., the last heir male of the family,

died in 1766, when this estate went to the Mills in Hampshire, who were connected with the Hobbys by marriage. Bisham Abbey is now the seat of George Vansittart, Esq.

"The scenery of this beautiful spot is well known from the pictures of De Wint and other water-colour artists, who have portrayed the broad sweep of the transparent river, the gigantic trees, the church and the abbey, with its mossy roof, projecting oriels, and tall tower, in every effect of cloud or sunshine."

Of the building as it at present stands, the octagonal tower, the hall, and the pointed doorway are part of the original foundation of Stephen. The rest of the building, which is a fine specimen of the Tudor style, was built by the Hobbys.

The hall, which was beautifully restored in 1859, has a fine ancient lancet window of three lights at one end, and a dark oak gallery at the other. "Here is a picture of Lady Hobby, with a very white face and hands, dressed in the coif, weeds, and wimple then allowed to a baronet's widow. In this dress she is still supposed to haunt a bedroom, where she appears with a self-supported basin moving before her, in which she is perpetually trying to wash her hands. The legend is that because her child, William Hobby, could not write without making blots, she beat him to death. It is remarkable that twenty years ago, in altering the window shutter, a quantity of children's copy-books of the time of Elizabeth were discovered, pushed into the rubble between the joists of the floor, and that one of these was a copy-book which answered exactly to the story, as if the child could not write a single line without a blot."

Behind the tapestry in one of the bedrooms a secret room was discovered with a fireplace, the chimney of which is curiously connected with that of the hall, for the sake of concealing the smoke.

According to tradition, Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, was going to the Crusades. He came with all his train for last prayers at the abbey he had founded; and his daughter, then at the convent at Marlow, came hither with all her nuns to meet him. A squire who had been in love with her before, seized the opportunity for elopement, and they escaped in a boat, but were taken at Marlow. She was sent back to her convent and he was shut up in the tower, whence he tried to escape by means of a rope which he made from his clothes torn into shreds. The rope broke and he was dreadfully injured, and was taken into the abbey, where he afterwards became a monk.

Engelfield Manor.

Engelfield, in Berkshire, six and a half miles west of Reading, a little to the north of the Bath road, from which it appears a conspicuous object, is one of the most ancient and interesting manorial residences in England, and was the seat of a Berkshire family who claimed to have been settled for two centuries and a half before the Norman Conquest in the place which still bears their name, and to have enjoyed an uninterrupted possession of the soil for seven hundred years. Here, in 871, the battle of Æscendun was fought between the Saxons under Ethelwulf, alderman of Berkshire, and the piratical Danes. A lofty spirit seems to have inspired the defenders of their homes, and Ethelwulf added a sublime confidence to their bravery and heart for the fight when, addressing them, he said, "Though the Danes attack us with the advantage of more men, we may despise them, for our commander, Christ, is braver than they." In the conflict the Pagans were defeated, and two of their great sea-earls, who were more accustomed to the deck than to the saddle, were unhorsed and slain.

According to Camden, the ancient family of the Engelfields was surnamed from the town of Engelfield, of which place they are said to have been proprietors as early as the second year of King Egbert—i.e., A.D. 803. Haseulf di Engelfyld is mentioned in several pedigrees as lord of the manor about the time of Canute, and again in the reign of Hardicanute. He died in the time of Edward the Confessor. Guy de Engelfyld, son and heir of Haseulf, flourished in the time of William the Conqueror. His grandson gave the parsonage of Engelfield to the abbey of Reading in the reign of Henry I.—the gift being confirmed by charter of King Henry II. But the honours of the Engelfields under Egbert, or Ethelwulf, or Alfred, concern us only very remotely; and it is not until later times that the public transactions of this famous family have a really living interest for us. Those more stirring times commenced with the year 1307. That year, says the Earl of Carnarvon, in his pleasing and useful "Archæology of Berkshire," was the last in the long and eventful reign of Edward I., who, as he gave by his politic foresight an early impulse to commerce, was amongst the first also to mould into rude but real form that parliamentary system which has since been developed into those mighty proportions which we now recognise as without precedent or rival. In that year Sir Roger of Engelfield was duly returned to Parliament as a knight of

the shire; but in those days service in the Commons House was considered less as an honourable than a burthensome task, to which the elected member yielded with so much reluctance, that, in the words of a modern historian, it was almost as difficult to execute a Parliamentary summons in parts of England, as it has been of recent times to effect the execution of a writ of *capias* in the county of Galway; and the sheriff was sometimes obliged to appeal to force to prevent the flight of the member to the Chiltern Hundreds or to some other place of refuge. The public career of the Engelfields, thus begun in the public service of the country, extends continuously onward to times almost recent. Nicholas Engelfield, grandson of Sir Roger, was comptroller of the household of Richard III. A century later and we find the Engelfield of the day is a certain Thomas, whom we discover standing among kings and princes on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII. and the unfortunate Katherine of Aragon, and receiving the honour of his knighthood on this auspicious day. A few years afterwards he is appointed Speaker of the first of those important Parliaments which legislated during the reign of Henry VIII. His son, another Sir Thomas, still maintained the position of the family in public life as Justice of the Common Pleas, but in his grandson the honours, the eminence, and the prosperity of the family attained their zenith.

Sir Francis Engelfield was a man of considerable distinction in his time. He was a Privy Councillor under Edward VI., and under Mary he united to that duty the office of Master of the Wards. But Mary's reign soon passed away, and the times of Elizabeth were uncongenial to those who had been the trusted ministers of her sister. Not perhaps that there was any substantial difference between the loyalty and patriotism of Roman Catholic and Protestant, but—setting aside the controverted question as to the religious faith of Lord Howard of Effingham—when the Armada appeared off the southern coast there was neither doubt or division in the country, and national honour and interests were equally safe in the keeping of Roman Catholic or of Protestant. But Sir Francis Engelfield trod a more slippery and dangerous path: he was not only devoted to the Roman Church, but he was a zealous adherent of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. In the sixth of Elizabeth he was indicted in the King's Bench for high treason committed at Nemures, *in partibus transmarinis*, and outlawed. He was subsequently attainted and convicted of high treason at the parliament

In the twenty-eighth of Elizabeth, and all his manors, lands, and vast possessions were declared forfeited to the queen. Sir Francis, however, had by indenture of the 18th of the same reign, settled his manor and estate of Engelfield on Francis his nephew, with power notwithstanding of revoking his grant, if he, "during his natural life, should deliver or tender to his nephew a gold ring." "With intent," says Burke, "to make void the uses of his said settlement, various disputes and points of law arose whether the said manor and estate of Engelfield were forfeited to the queen." In order to settle the dispute off-hand, Elizabeth, in the ensuing session, had a special act passed, establishing the forfeiture of Engelfield to herself, her heirs and assigns; and backed by this enactment she came upon the scene, tendered a gold ring to the nephew of Sir Francis, "and seized and confiscated the said manor and estate, and many other possessions." He withdrew to Spain, and there he is said to have spent the remainder of his life, devoting the wreck of his fortunes to the endowment of the English College at Valladolid. Strong in attachment to his hereditary faith, and animated perhaps by generous impulse in the cause of a lady and captive sovereign, we may not lightly pass a censure upon him.

By the ingenious if not cunning device by which Elizabeth confiscated the estates of the Engelfields, this ancient family was stripped of an inheritance upon which they had flourished for 780 years.

Sir Francis Walsingham, who, curiously enough, was afterwards the chief agent in threading the mysteries of Babington's conspiracy; who sat as a commissioner at Mary's trial, and whose clerk deciphered the secret letter on which the verdict was supposed mainly to turn—then became, by a grant from the Crown, the owner of Engelfield. Soon, however, the property passed to the Powlets, and after Loyalty House was burnt to the ground by Cromwell and his Ironsides, its possessor, Lord Winchester, spent the remainder of his life at the old seat of the Engelfields, and lies buried in the parish church. Anne, daughter and sole heir of Lord Francis Powlet, only surviving son of the Marquis by his second wife, brought this estate to the Rev. Nathan Wright, younger son of the Lord Keeper. On the death of his son Nathan, in 1789, Engelfield devolved to the late Richard Benyon, by the widow of Powlet Wright, elder brother of the last mentioned Nathan. In the possession of the Benyons the estate remains to the present day.

What manner of structure Engelfield House was in the early Saxon and Norman periods we can only conjecture. It is only natural, however, to suppose that when the Engelfields themselves became aggrandized, as in the days of the Tudors, the old house, whatever may have been its excellences or its archæological interest, would be taken down and a new mansion erected. The house is a Tudor building, and was quaintly described in 1663 as a "well-scated palace, with a wood at its back, like a mantle about a coat of arms." Its chief features are a series of projecting bays, a central tower, and fine stone terraces leading to gardens, &c.

In the Park, which abounds in deer, is the little church containing a number of noteworthy monuments. The north aisle of the chancel was built as a burial-place for the Engelfield family in 1514, and here the greater number of the Engelfield monuments and inscriptions are to be seen. Here was buried, in 1780, Sir Henry Engelfield, with whose son, Sir Henry Charles Engelfield, the title became extinct. In the south wall of the south aisle of the church, under an obtuse, is the effigy of a crusader cut in stone—doubtless, one of the early Engelfields. Under a similar arch is the effigy of a lady, carved in wood, in the dress of the early part of the fourteenth century. It appears to have been painted originally. But the most noteworthy monument is that of John, Marquis of Winchester, who defended Basing House against the Parliamentary army; he died in 1674. The following fine lines by Dryden are inscribed on the monument :—

“ He who in impious times undaunted stood,
 And midst rebellion durst be just and good :
 Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
 Confirmed the cause for which he fought before,
 Rests here, rewarded by an Heavenly Princee
 For what his earthly could not recompense ;
 Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
 Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
 Ask of this age's faith and loyalty
 Which to preserve them, Heaven confined in thee,
 Few subjects could a king like thine deserve ;
 And fewer such a king so well could serve.
 Blest king, blest subject whose exalted state
 By sufferings rose and gave the law to fate !
 Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
 To earth, and meant for ornaments to heaven.”

White Horse Hill—Battle of Ashdown—Scouring of the White Horse.

White Horse Hill, a bold eminence of the chalk-hills of Berkshire, about ten miles north of Hungerford, and over twenty miles west north-west of Reading, rises to the height of nine hundred feet above sea-level. It is the highest point of the hill district, which extends right across this county from Lambourne and Ashdown on the west to Streatley on the east. Its summit is a magnificent Roman camp, with gates, and ditch, and mound all as complete as it was after the strong old legions left it. This summit, from which it is said eleven counties can be seen, is a table-land of from twelve to fourteen acres in extent. This table-land the Romans deeply trenched, and on its surface they planted their camp. On either side of White Horse Hill the Romans built a great road called the "Ridgway" (the Rudge it is called by the country folk) straight along the highest back of the hills to east and west. Leaving the camp and descending westward the visitor finds himself on sacred ground—on the field of the battle of Ashdown (the *Æscendun* of the chroniclers) where Alfred broke the Danish power and made England a Christian land. There is a curious story told of why the Danes came over here: the following is the version of it given pretty much as it is told by the chronicler John Brompton:—

There was a man of royal birth, in the kingdom of Denmark, named Lodbroc, who had two sons, Hungnar and Hubba. This man embarked one day with his hawk in a small boat to catch ducks and other wild fowl on the adjoining sea-coast and islands. A terrible storm arose by which Lodbroc was carried away and tossed for several days on every part of the ocean. After numberless perils he was cast ashore on the coast of Norfolk, where he was found with his hawk, and presented to King Edmund. That king, struck with the manliness of his form, kept him at his court and heard from his own mouth the history of his adventures. He was there associated with Berne, the king's huntsman, and indulged in all the pleasures of the chase—for in the exercise of both hunting and hawking he was remarkably skilful, and succeeded in capturing both birds and beasts according as he had a mind. In fact Lodbroc was the sort of man to please King Edmund; for the art of capturing birds and beasts was next to the art of fighting for one's home

and country, the art most esteemed by the Anglo-Saxons, who acknowledged that skill and good fortune in this art as in all others are among the gifts of God. The skill of Lodbroc bred jealousy in the heart of Berne, the huntsman, who, one day, as they went out together hunting, set upon Lodbroc, and having foully slain him, buried his body in the thickets of the forest. But Lodbroc had a small harrier dog, which he had bred up from its birth, and which loved him much. While Berne, the huntsman, went home with the other hounds, this little dog remained alone with his master's body. In the morning the king asked what had become of Lodbroc, to which Berne answered, that he had parted from him yesterday in the woods and had not seen him since. At that moment the harrier came into the hall and went round wagging its tail, and fawning on the whole company, but especially on the king; when he had eaten his fill he again left the hall. This happened often; until some one at last followed the dog to see where he went, and having found the body of the murdered Lodbroc, came and told the story to the king. The affair was now carefully inquired into, and when the truth was found out, the huntsman was exposed on the sea without oars, in the boat which had belonged to Lodbroc. In some days he was cast ashore in Denmark and brought before the sons of Lodbroc, who, putting him to the torture, inquired of him what had become of their father, to whom they knew the boat belonged. To this, Berne answered, like the false man he was, that their father Lodbroc had fallen into the hands of Edmund, King of East Anglia, by whose orders he had been put to death.

When Hungnar and Hubba heard the tale of Berne the huntsman, they, like good and true sons, according to the notions of piety then current among the Danes, hastened to fit out a fleet to invade England and avenge their father, and their twin sisters wove for them the standard, called the Raven, in one day—which flag waved over many a bloody field from Northumbria to Devonshire, until it was taken by King Alfred's men. It was said that when the Danes were about to gain a battle, a live crow would fly before the middle of the standard; but if they were to be beaten it would hang motionless.

So Hungnar and Hubba landed in the country of the East Angles, and wintered there; but in the spring of the year 867 they crossed the Humber, marched hastily upon York, and took it. The kingdom of Northumbria was just the place for the army of Pagans and

the Standard Raven at this time ; for it was divided against itself. The Northumbrians marched to York to avenge the insult, and a most bloody battle took place within the walls of the ancient city.

In the winter of 869, large reinforcements from Denmark, under King Bøgseeg and King Halfdane, came over the sea to the Danes, and these having now stripped Northumbria of all its spoils rose up and marched fearlessly down upon King Edmund's country of East Anglia. King Edmund was not the man to see the desolation of any part of his people, or to shut himself up in fenced cities, while the Pagan cavalry rode through East Anglia ; so he gathered his men together, and in the words of the old chronicler, "fought fiercely and manfully against the army. But because the merciful God foreknew that he was to arrive at the crown of martyrdom, he there fell gloriously." Hungnar and Hubba took the wounded King on the field of battle, and tied him to a tree, because he chose to die sooner than give over his people to them, and there shot him through the body with their arrows. But his people got his body, and buried it at a place named after him, St. Edmund's Bury.

And now the Pagan kings, with a new army, very great, like a flowing river which carries all along with it, having doubtless been reinforced again from over the sea when the story of their victories had spread far and wide, were looking about for some new field for plunder and murder. The whole north and east of England was a desolate waste behind them, London was in ruins, and Kent had been harried over and over again by their brethren the sea-kings. But some thirty miles up the Thames was a fine kingdom, stretching far away west, down to the distant sea. This was Wessex, the kingdom of the West Angles, over which Ethelred, the brother of Alfred, was now ruling.

It was just a thousand and one years ago that the Danes (in an early month of the year 871) marched up the Thames with their usual swiftmess, and seized on Reading, then the easternmost city in Wessex. A day or two after they had taken the town they began scouring the country for plunder.

But the men of Wessex were numerous and valiant, and their leader, Ethelwolf, Alderman of Berkshire, was a man "who raged as a lion in battle." So Ethelwolf, with as many men as he could assemble, fought the Pagans at Englefield and defeated them with great loss.

Within the next three days King Ethelred and his brother Alfred came up from the west, each leading a strong band of West Saxon

warriors, and joined Ethelwolf. On the fourth day they attacked the Pagans at Reading. But after a terrific combat in which there was great slaughter on both sides, the Pagans succeeded in retaining their position, while the Wessexmen were obliged to fall back with their king along the line of chalk hills to the neighbourhood of White Horse Hill.

But every mile of retreat strengthened the forces of Ethelred and Alfred, for fresh bands of men were continually coming up from the rear. At length, deeming themselves strong enough, Ethelred and Alfred turned to bay at Ashdown, and drew up their men in order of battle.

It was about four days after the battle of Reading that King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, afterwards known as the Great King, fought against the whole army of Pagans at Ashdown, under the shadow of White Horse Hill. It was determined that King Ethelred with his men should attack the two Pagan kings, but that Alfred with his men should take the chance of war against the Danish earls, who were second in command after the kings. Things being so settled Ethelred remained a long time in prayer, hearing mass, and said he would not leave it till the priest had done, nor abandon the protection of God for that of man. But the Pagans came up quickly to the fight. "Then Alfred," continues the chronicler, "though holding a lower authority, as I have been told by those who were there, and would not lie, could no longer support the troops of the enemy unless he retreated or charged upon them without waiting for his brother: so he marched out promptly with his men and gave battle. The Pagans occupied the higher ground, and the Christians came up from below. There was also in that place a single stunted thorn-tree, which I myself have seen with my own eyes. Around this tree the opposing hosts came together with loud shouts from all sides. In the midst of the fight, and when Alfred was hard pressed, the king came up with his fresh forces. And when both hosts had fought long and bravely, at last the Pagans, by God's judgment, could no longer bear the attack of the Christians, and having lost great part of their men took to a disgraceful flight, and continued that flight not only through all the dead hours of the night, but during the following day, until they reached the stronghold which they had left on such a fruitless mission. The Christians followed, slaying all they could reach, until it became dark. The flower of the Pagan youth were there slain, so that neither before nor since was ever such destruction known since the Saxons first gained Britain by their arms."

"This year, 871," says T. Hughes, himself a Berkshire man, and the well-known describer of the "Scouring of the White Horse," "is a year for Berkshire men to be proud of, for on them fall the brunt of that fiery trial; and their gallant stand probably saved England a hundred years of Paganism. For had they given way at Ashdown, and the reinforcements from over the sea come to a conquering instead of a beaten army in the summer-time, there was nothing to stop the Pagans between Reading and Exeter. Alfred fought eight other battles in this year against the Danes. But they were mere skirmishes compared with the deadly struggle at Ashdown. Alfred felt that this great victory was the crowning mercy of his life, and in memory of it he caused his army (tradition says on the day after the battle) to carve the White Horse, the standard of Hingist, on the hill-side just under the castle, where it stands as you see until this day."

"Right down below the White Horse," says Mr. Hughes in his "Tom Brown's School Days," "is a curious broad and deep gully called 'The Manger,' into one side of which the hills fall with a series of the most lovely sweeping curves, known as the 'Giant's Stairs;' they are not a bit like stairs, but I never saw anything like them anywhere else, with their short green turf and tender bluebells and gossamer and thistle-down gleaming in the sun, and the sheep paths running along their sides like ruled lines."

The other side of the "Manger" is formed by the Dragon's Hill, a curious little, round, self-asserting projection, thrown forward from the main range of hills, and having no similar natural feature in its vicinity. On this hill some deliverer of his country, St. George, or King George, the country people say, slew a dragon. The essential meaning of the legend has long ago been lost. The track where the blood of the monster ran down is still pointed out, and the clenching statement is added that from that day to this no grass has ever grown where the blood of the enemy of mankind ran. It remains a puzzle, however, that the track taken by the blood in coming down the hill is the way which visitors find easiest in ascending it.

The famous figure of the White Horse, cut out of the turf of White Horse Hill, can be seen from a great distance, but is not always seen to the same advantage. After a lapse of bad weather the horse gets out of condition, and is only brought into proper form by being "scoured." Wise, one of the old topographical writers, thus speaks of it after having suffered from exceptional weather:—"When I saw "the head had suffered a little and wanted reparation, and the ex-

tremies of his hinder legs, from their unavoidable situation, have by the fall of rains been filled up in some measure with the washings from the upper parts ; so that, in the nearest view of him, the tail, which does not suffer the same inconvenience, and has continued entire from the beginning, seems longer than the legs. The supplies which nature is continually offering occasion the turf to crumble and fall off into the white trench and not a little obscures the brightness of the horse ; though there is no danger from hence of the whole figure being obliterated, for the inhabitants have a custom of 'scouring the horse' as they called it ; at which time a solemn festival is celebrated, and manlike games, with prizes, exhibited, which no doubt had their original in Saxon times in memory of the victory."

The ceremony of scouring the horse, from time immemorial, has been solemnized by a numerous concourse of people from all the villages round about. The White Horse is in the manor of Uffington, yet other towns claim, by ancient custom, a share of the duty upon this occasion.

The figure of the White Horse is 374 feet long. It has been said that lands in the neighbourhood were held formerly by the tenure of cleaning the White Horse by cutting away the turf so as to render the figure more visible ; but what is certain is, that the neighbouring inhabitants had an ancient custom of assembling for this purpose. On these occasions they are entertained (while with pick and shovel and broom they render more distinct the form of the thousand-year-old horse) at the expense of the lord of the manor. The custom of scouring was formerly an annual one ; but it was suspended in 1780, only, however, to be renewed with great pomp and much rejoicing, as well as with a good chance of being continued periodically, on the 17th and 18th September, 1857.

Passing along the Ridgeway to the west for about a mile from the hill, an old "cromlech"—a huge flat stone raised on seven or eight others—is seen. A path leads up to it, and large single stones are set up on each side of it. This is traditionally known as Wayland Smith's Cave. It stands on ground slightly raised, and at certain seasons has a weird look, from the mysterious character of the structure itself, from the loneliness of its situation, and from the wind-stricken trees near it, which heighten the effect of desolation and devastation. The origin of the cave is wrapped in mystery. It is supposed by some to be Danish, and that it was the burial-place of King Bægseeg, slain at the battle of Cēscendun.

Lysons suggests that the origin is British. In the Earl of Carnarvon's "Archæology of Berkshire," the following on this topic occurs :—"What shall we say of the wild legends of Wayland Smith, which it will be our duty to examine and discuss? And first, by what name shall we know him? Shall it be Weland, who, in Scandinavian lore, plays the part which is assigned to the old fire-god, Ἡφαίστος, in the classic tales of Greece, who learnt the art of working metal from the dwarfs, the supernatural indwellers of the mountain—the same, perhaps, as they who, in another northern tale, wrought the famous sword of Tiring, which was doomed to accomplish three of the most disgraceful acts—who forges the breastplates and the arms of the heroes? Or shall we call him by his French and Mediæval name of Ealand?—Ealand, who enters into every tale of love and war and adventure, who tempered the blade of Sir Gawaine of the Round Table, and who wrought the famous blade with which Charlemagne hewed his way through the ranks of paynimry? . . . Or shall we view him by the light of Anglo-Saxon legend, as Wayland Smith, the cunning goldsmith, the magical farrier, whose name still lives in the stories of the White Horse Hills, and whose cave has been consecrated by the genius of Sir Walter Scott?" In a note to "Kenilworth," Sir Walter Scott says the popular belief still retains memory of this wild legend, which, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre, may have arisen from some legend concerning the northern Duergar, who resided in the rocks and were cunning workers in steel and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith's fee was sixpence, and that, unlike other workmen, he was offended if more was offered. Of late his offices have been again called to memory; but fiction has in this, as in other cases, taken the liberty to pillage the stores of oral tradition. This monument must be very ancient, for it has been pointed out that it is referred to in an ancient Saxon charter as a landmark. The monument has been of late cleared out and made considerably more conspicuous."

BALLAD OF THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE.

"The owld White Horse wants zettin to rights;
And the Squire hev promised good cheer,
Zo we'll gee un a scrape to kip un in zhape,
And a'll last for many a year.

"A was made a long, long time ago,
Wi' a good dale o' labour and pains,
By King Alfred the Great when he spwiled their consate,
And caddled (worried) thay wosberds (birds of woe) the Danes.

White Horse Hill.

- "The Bleawin Stwun, in days gone by,
Wur King Alfred's bugle harn,
And the tharnin tree you med plainly zee
As is called King Alfred's Tharn.
- "Tner'll be backword play and climmin' the powl,
And a race for a peg and a cheese ;
And us thinks as hisn's a dummel (dull) zowl
As dwoant care for zich spwoarts as these."

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Ashridge House.

At a short distance from the Berkhamstead Station of the London and North-Western Railway, lies the magnificent domain of Ashridge, which, for upwards of six centuries and a half has been a site of great interest. It is an extensive pile of buildings, as large as half a dozen German or Italian palaces; and with its beautiful church, lovely gardens, and noble avenues of beech and chestnut trees, forms one of those pictures of combined architectural and sylvan picturesqueness, which can only be seen to perfection in England.

The present mansion was built between 1808 and 1814, on the site of an ancient monastic edifice, parts of which have been preserved and incorporated with the modern edifice. Its principal front is to the north; to the east and west are double lines of stately elms and limes, the frontage from the eastern to the western tower extending one thousand feet. The spire of the chapel, with the embattled tower of the mansion, and noble Gothic doorway, with large oriel windows, present an impressive architectural group. The entrance-hall is separated from the grand staircase by a rich screen of arches and open galleries. The hall, round which the staircase turns in double flight, is 38 feet square, and 95 feet high; and is adorned by statues, Gobelin tapestry, armorial bearings, and ancient brasses. A magnificent suite of apartments, each 50 feet by 30, extends at one end into a greenhouse and orangery, and at the other into a conservatory; the dining-room, drawing-room, and library, open by deep oriel windows upon the garden lawn. The conservatory again opens into a Gothic chapel, with windows of ancient painted glass brought from the Low Countries.

The historical associations of Ashridge render it doubly attractive in its memorials of the past. On going over it, we see here a fine crypt, there a stately Gothic doorway, here a cloister, there a monumental brass; here the arches of monkish sepulture, there a flourishing tree planted by the hand of Queen Elizabeth; in one room embroidery worked by the maiden Queen, when she was residing in "the Old

House;" and in another apartment the portrait of "the Lady" for whom Milton wrote his *Comus*.

The monastic history of Ashridge may be thus briefly told. About the year 1221, there came over to England an order of preaching friars, nearly allied to the Albigenses. Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of King John, founded at Ashridge an Abbey for an order of these friars, called Bonhommes, which edifice was completed in 1285. The statutes and ordinances of this College are still preserved among the family papers at Ashridge: and an epitaph written by one of the monks is still extant, for the tomb of the founder, who it appears, died at the College. Among the registers are entries of donations from the Black Prince; with many curious ordinances and customs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. One of the last entries in the register refers to the fall of the College, and the expulsion of the monks, under Henry VIII. After relating the decapitation of Anne Boleyn, the writer says, in Latin: "In this year, the noble house of Ashridge was destroyed, and the brethren were expelled." He adds, with extreme anger, "In this year was beheaded that great heretic and traitor, Thomas Cromwell, who was the cause of the destruction of all the religious houses in England."

After the dissolution of the College, Ashridge became a royal residence; and subsequently to the reign of Henry VIII., was given to the Princess Elizabeth by her brother, Edward VI., after whose death she continued to occupy Ashridge during the reign of Queen Mary. Letters exist in the British Museum from her, both to Edward and Mary, dated from Ashridge; and after her retirement from the Court of her sister, Elizabeth resided there constantly, until she was suspected of conniving at Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. Then a troop of horse was dispatched to Ashridge; and although she was confined to her bed from illness, she was taken prisoner to London.*

* Her committal to the Tower is related in vol. i. p. 24, of the present work; but the following additional details may be quoted here. The Earl of Sussex came to inform her that she must go to the Tower, that the tide served, and the barge was in readiness. In great distress she begged for delay, and asked permission to write to Mary, whereupon her removal was postponed, but next day being Palm Sunday, that she might be taken to prison with more privacy, it was directed throughout London that the people should all repair to church carrying palms. Thinking every hope had vanished, Elizabeth followed the Earl down the garden to the barge. There were with her divers gentlewomen and lords, but in passing London Bridge, owing to the great fall of water at half-tide, the whole party narrowly escaped with their lives. When she came to 'Traitors' Gate it rained, and a cloak was offered her, but she angrily refused, adding her memorable declaration of loyalty, and reliance

Among the family archives are grants of various portions of the domain of Ashridge by Elizabeth to different persons; but, before the end of her reign, it had passed into the possession of her Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Thomas Egerton, Baron of Ellesmere, who was afterwards Lord High Chancellor to James I. The son of this Chancellor, soon after the death of his father, was created Earl of Bridgewater; and to his appointment as Lord President of Wales, we owe Milton's masque of *Comus*. Lord Bridgewater had been long before acquainted with the great Poet, and invited him to join the festivities at Ludlow Castle on the occasion of his entering upon his new duties. Lady Alice Egerton and two of her brothers, on coming to join their father's guests, after having visited a relation, mistook their road, and Lady Alice was lost for some time in a wood. This accident furnished Milton with the subject for his masque, which was performed as a Michaelmas festivity, in 1643.*

We need not follow the history of Ashridge through the successive

upon God. Her confinement was extremely harsh. Mass was forced upon her in her apartment, and she was not allowed to take exercise in the Queen's garden. A little boy of four years old, who was wont to bring her flowers, was strictly examined, with promises of figs and apples, and was asked who had sent him to the Princess, and whether he had messages for her, upon which he said, "I will go to the Earl of Devonshire, and ask what he would give me to carry to her." Whereupon the Chancellor said, "This same is a crafty child." "Ay, my lord (exclaimed he), but pray give me the figs." "No, marry (quoth he); you shall be whipped if you come any more to the Lady Elizabeth." On her release from the Tower, some of the city churches rang their bells for joy of her deliverance, and there is a tradition that when she became Queen, she presented them with silk bell-ropes, and on inquiry it was found that some silk bell-ropes, of very ancient date, were preserved in the vestry at Aldgate. Elizabeth attended service at the church of Allhallows Staining, Langbourne Ward, on her release from the Tower, and dined off pork and peas afterwards, at the King's Head in Fenchurch-street, where the metal dish and cover she is said to have used is still preserved. But upon inquiry in the neighbourhood, we learn from persons likely to be best informed, that no relation of the above story is to be found in the parish records, or elsewhere; nor is there any known traditional authority for it.

* Mr. T. F. Dillon, in a paper read by him to the British Archæological Association, at Ludlow, in 1867, recapitulates well known facts in reference to the production of *Comus*, and thus refers to some of its localities as

"The perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger—

In which spot, mindful of Lady Alice, we may perchance lose our

unacquainted feet

In the blind snares of this tangled wood.

And where the Lady adds—

Earls and Dukes of Bridgewater, to Viscount Alford, eldest son and heir of the Earl Brownlow, to whom the broad lands of Ashridge were bequeathed by the last Earl of Bridgewater. At one time this extensive property was in danger of being converted into farms; when the Duke of Bridgewater, the "Father of Inland Navigation," risked his whole fortune upon the success of the great Canal which bears his name. But the good conferred upon the country was not without its due reward; and we have the satisfaction to know that Lord Alford followed in the steps of his great predecessor, establishing schools for the children of the poorer classes on his estates, converting the peasants cottages into neat and comfortable homes, encouraging industry and orderly habits, and thus raising the moral tone and physical condition of his tenantry.

Borstall Tower.

On the western side of Buckinghamshire, near the border of the county, is situated this fine specimen of castellated architecture of the best period. It is within two miles of Brill, which formed part of the ancient demesne of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, who had a palace there; and a close near the church at Brill, at this day called "the King's Field," is reputed to have been the site of the palace. Edward

My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With the long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray hooded Ev'n
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
 But where they are and why they came not back
 Is now the labour of my thoughts.

We would there picture to ourselves 'the tufted grove, over which a sable cloud turned forth her silver lining on the night,' and we would note 'the prosperous growth of this tall wood.' We would point to that which may, or may not, have been the identical grassy turf' on which the lady was 'left weary.' We should explore

Each lane and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side;

or, 'In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs' we may 'lean against the rugged bark of some broad elm,' and so conjure up the stately palace, where

Immur'd in eypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
 O! Bacchus and of Circe born. great Comus."

the Confessor frequently retired here to enjoy hunting in Bernwood Forest, which, tradition says, was about that time infested by a wild boar, which was at last slain by a huntsman named Nigel; to whom, in reward, the King granted some lands, to be held by cornage, or the service of a horn; a mode of livery which, in that age, was not uncommon. On the land thus given Nigel erected a large manor-house, and named it *Bore-stall*, or Boar-stall, in remembrance of the incident through which he obtained possession. These circumstances are corroborated by various transcripts relating to the manor, which are contained in a manuscript folio volume, composed about the time of Henry VI. It has also a rude delineation of the site of Borstall House, and its contiguous grounds; beneath which is the figure of a man on one knee, presenting a boar's head to the King, who is returning him a coat-of-arms.

From an inquisition taken in the year 1265, it appears that Sir John Fitz-Nigel, or Fitz-Neale, then held a hide of arable-land, called the Dere-hide, at Borstall, and a wood, called Hull Wood, by grand-serjeantry, as Keeper of the forest of Bernwood; that his ancestors had possessed the same lands and office prior to the Conquest, holding them by the service of a horn; and that they had been unjustly withheld by the family of De Lazures, of whom William Fitz-Nigel, father of John, had been obliged to purchase them. Prior to this, William Fitz-Nigel had been compelled to pay King John eleven marks for the enjoyment of his father's office, and for liberty to marry at his own pleasure.

In the reign of Edward I. (1300) John Fitz-Nigel gave his daughter in marriage to John, son of Richard de Handlo, who, by this match became in a few years Lord of Borstall; and in 1312 (6th Edward II.) he obtained licence from the King to fortify his mansion at Borstall, and make a Castle of it. In 1327 (2nd Edward III.) the said John was summoned to Parliament as a baron; but his son, or grandson, Edmund, dying in his minority, in 1356, this estate afterwards passed, by heirs female, into the families of De la Pole, James, Rede, Dynham, Banistre, Lewis, and Aubrey. Bernwood was not disafforested until the reign of James I.

Willis called Borstall "a noble seat;" and Hearne described it as "an old house moated round, and every way fit for a strong garrison, with a tower at the north end, much like a small castle." This tower, which is still standing, forms the gatehouse. It is a large and square massive building, with a square embattled turret at each corner. The entrance was across a drawbridge, and under a massive arch, protected

by a portcullis and door strengthened with studs and plates of iron. The mansion was a fortified post of strength and importance, especially in situation, about half-way between Oxford and Aylesbury; the latter garrisoned by the Parliament, and Oxford being the King's chief and strongest hold, and his usual place of residence during the Civil Wars.

Early in the struggle, Borstall House, then belonging to Lady Dynham, was taken possession of by the Royalists, and converted into a garrison; but in 1644, when it was decided to concentrate the King's forces, Borstall was abandoned. It was then taken by Parliamentary troops from Aylesbury, who harassed the garrison at Oxford, and seized provisions by the way. It was, therefore, determined to attempt the recovery of Borstall; and Colonel Gage, with a party of infantry, a troop of horse, and three pieces of cannon, attacked the fortified house, after a slight resistance gained possession of the church and out-buildings, and battered the house with cannon. It at once surrendered, with the ammunition and provisions, the garrison being allowed to depart only with their arms and horses. Lady Dynham being secretly on the side of the Parliament, stole away in disguise.

Next year, the house was again strongly garrisoned for the King, under the command of Sir William Campion, who was ordered "to pull down the church and other adjacent buildings," and "to cut down the trees, for the making of palisades and other necessaries for use and defence." Sir William Campion is thought to have demolished the church-tower for this purpose; and three attempts were made to recover Borstall from the Royalists. In 1644 it was attacked by Sir William Whalley, and by General Skippon in May, 1645, unsuccessfully. Anthony Wood, who was then a schoolboy at Thame, describes this harassing warfare. One day a body of Parliamentary troopers rushed close past the Castle whilst the garrison were at dinner. On another occasion, a large Parliamentary party at Thame was attacked and dispersed by the Cavaliers from Oxford and Borstall, who took home 27 officers and 200 soldiers as prisoners, together with between 200 and 300 horses. Some venison pasties, prepared at the vicarage for the Parliamentary soldiers, fell as a prize to the schoolboys in the vicar's care. Meanwhile, the Bucks peasantry were incessantly terrified: labourers were forcibly impressed into the garrison; farmers' horses and carts were taken for service without remuneration; their crops, cattle, and provender carried off; gentlemen's houses were plundered of their plate, money, and provisions; hedges were torn up, trees cut down, and the country laid waste. Nor was it only the pro-

perty of the peaceable that suffered : in November, 1645, a force from Borstall and Oxford made a rapid expedition through Buckinghamshire, carrying away with them several of the principal inhabitants, whom they detained till they were ransomed. Dragoons carried off persons, and deprived them of their horses, their coats, and their money. We read of a parson being brutally treated by a party of dragoons, though he pleaded that he was a clergyman, a prisoner, and disarmed ; he was stripped of his hat and cap, jerkin and boots, and so severely wounded in one of his arms, that it was necessary to amputate it, when although he was sixty years old, he bore the loss of his limb with incredible resolution and courage.

In 1646, on the 10th of June, Sir William Fairfax again attacked Borstall, and reduced it, after an investiture of eighteen hours only, it being surrendered by the governor, Sir William Campion. He is described as "a little man, who upon some occasion lay flat on the ground on his belly, to write a letter, or bill, or the form of a pass." He was subsequently slain at Colchester.

Borstall being now entirely relinquished by the Royalists, was taken possession of by its owner, Lady Dynham. In 1651, Sir Thomas Fanshawe, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, was brought here on his way to London. Lady Dynham received him kindly, and would have given him all the money she had in the house ; but he thanked her, and told her that he had been so ill that he would not tempt his governor with more, "but that if she would give him a shirt or two, and a few handkerchiefs, he would keep them as long as he could for her sake. She fetched him some shifts of her own, and some handkerchiefs, saying, that she was ashamed to give them to him, but having none of her son's shirts at home, she desired him to wear them."

At length, peaceful times returned. In 1668 Anthony Wood again visited Borstall, which he describes as quite altered since he was there in 1646 : "for whereas then it was a garrison, with high bulwarks about it, deep trenches, and palisades, now it had pleasant gardens about it, and several sets of trees well growne. Between nine and ten of the clock at night, being an hour or two after supper, there was seen by them, M. H. and A. W., and those of the family of Borstall, a *Draco volans* fall from the sky. It made the place so light for a time, that a man might see to read. It seemed to A. W. to be as long as All Saints' steeple at Oxon, being long and narrow ; and when it came to the lower region it vanished into sparkles, and, as some say, gave a report. Great rains and inundations followed."

Late in the seventeenth century, Sir John Aubrey, Bart., by marriage,

became possessed of Borstall; and it continued to be the property and residence of his descendants till it was pulled down by Sir John Aubrey, about the year 1783: he had one son, born in 1771, who came to an early and melancholy death. When about five years old, he was attacked with some slight ailment, for which his nurse had to give him a dose of medicine. She then prepared for him some gruel, which he refused to take saying it was nasty. She then sweetened it, and he swallowed it. Within a few hours, he was a corpse! She had made the gruel of oatmeal with which arsenic had been mixed to poison rats. Thus died, January 2, 1777, the heir of Borstall, and of all his father's possessions. The poor nurse became distracted; the mother never recovered the shock, and within a year died of grief, at the early age of 32. Sir John Aubrey, having thus lost his wife and child, pulled down the house in which they died, with the exception of the turreted gateway, which still exists, in fair preservation: it was built in 1312, by John de Handloo, and one of its bay windows still contains part of the original stained glass, particularly an escutcheon of the De Lazures and the De Handloos.

The antique horn, said to be the identical one given to Nigel, as already mentioned, has descended with the manor of Borstall, and is still in the possession of the present proprietor. This horn is two feet four inches long, of a dark brown colour, resembling tortoiseshell. It is tipped at each end with silver-gilt, and fitted with a leather thong, to hang round the neck; to this thong are suspended an old brass ring bearing the rude impression of a horn, a brass plate with a small horn of brass attached to it, and several smaller plates of brass impressed with *fleurs-de-lis*, which are the arms of the De Lazures, who intruded into the estate soon after the reign of William the Conqueror.

Stoke, or Stoke Pogeis, and Lady Hatton.

This pleasant village, which lies between Colnbrook and Maidenhead, obtained the appellation of *Pogeis* from its ancient lords of that name. The heiress of the family, in the reign of Edward III. married Lord Mollines, who shortly afterwards procured a licence from the King to convert the manor-house into a castle. From him it descended to the Lords Hungerford, from them to the Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon. The manor was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, seized by the Crown for a debt.

The old manor house of Stoke Pogeis is the scene of the opening of

Gray's humorously descriptive poem, called *The Long Story*, in which the style of building, and the fantastic manners of Elizabeth's reign are delineated with much truth: the origin of the poem is curious enough. Gray's *Elegy*, previous to its publication, being handed about in manuscript, had, amongst its admirers, the Lady Cobham. The performance induced her to wish for the author's acquaintance, and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at Stoke Pogeis, undertook to introduce her to the poet. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary habitation, and not finding him at home, they left their cards. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, Gray gave the humorous and lively account of it in the *Long Story*. The mansion at Stoke, and one of its tenants, are thus described:

“ In Britain's isle—no matter where—
 An ancient pile of building stands:
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employed the power of fairy hands—
 To raise the building's fretted height,
 Each panel in achievement clothing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages that lead to nothing.
 Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
 The seal and maces danced before him.
 His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crowned hat, and satin doublet,
 Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
 Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.”

This “grave Lord Keeper” was Sir Christopher Hatton, who, it must be remarked, was never the owner or occupier of this old mansion, although generally supposed to have been so by topographers, and by annotators of Gray's Poems. The old manor-house, indeed, was not completely finished till it came into the possession of Henry, the third Earl of Huntingdon, who, although it might have been burdened by a mortgage, certainly retained possession of it till his death. One of his letters, now in existence, is dated at Stoke, on the 13th December, 1592, and among the payments after his funeral, occurs this item—“Charges about the vendition of my Lord's goods in the county of Bucks, 8/.” This most probably, refers to the sale of his property at Stoke. Now, Sir Christopher Hatton died in November, 1591, a year before the date of the Earl's letter from Stoke, and four years before his death, which occurred in 1595. But we have more conclusive evidence to the same effect. Sir Christopher Hatton has left numerous letters, from which

his proceedings during the latter years of his life—the only time in which he could have been at Stoke—may be traced from month to month, almost from day to day, and not one of these letters affords the slightest indication of his connexion with Stoke. Nor is such connexion noticed in any parish record at Stoke. The idea rests solely on tradition, and can easily be accounted for.

We are indebted for this correction of a popular error respecting Stoke, to a contribution by W. H. K. to Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. i. pp. 415-417. On the death of the third Earl of Huntingdon, (continues this Correspondent,) Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, purchased the manor, and resided at Stoke, and soon after, in 1598, married for his second wife, Lady Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, nephew and heir of the "Lord Keeper." This lady was sufficiently conspicuous to stamp the name of Hatton on the traditions of Stoke. [We need not here detail Lady Hatton's broils with Sir Edward Coke, or "the honeymoon of the happy pair" at her house in Holborn, as they will be found sketched in "The Strange History of Lady Hatton," in the first volume of the present work, pp. 77-83.] It will be sufficient to take up the narrative after Sir Edward Coke and Lady Hatton were reconciled, and "he flattered himself she would still prove a very good wife." The dismantled Manor-house at Stoke must now have been restored, and the reconciled pair were then living there with their daughter, whose marriage was negotiated with Sir John Villiers, brother of Buckingham, the King's favourite. The proposal was graciously received, and Sir Edward was delighted. His wife and daughter did not relish this scheme; but this did not much trouble Coke, as he considered that his daughter, in such a case, was bound to obey her father's mandate. They had been talking the matter over one night at Stoke, when, highly gratified with the prospect, Coke retired to rest and enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed slumber. But the first intelligence of the next morning was that Lady Hatton and her daughter had left Stoke at midnight, and no one knew where they were gone. Day after day passed, yet Coke could learn no tidings of the fugitives. At last, he ascertained that they were concealed at Oatlands, in a house then rented by a cousin of Lady Hatton. Without waiting for a warrant, Sir Edward, accompanied by a dozen sturdy men, all well armed, hastened to Oatlands, and after two hours' resistance, took the house by assault and battery, which Lady Hatton has described as Sir Edward Coke's "most notorious riot," in which he took down the doors of the gatehouse and of the house itself, &c.

Having thus gained possession of his daughter, he carried her off to

Stoke, locked her up in an upper chamber, and kept the key of the door in his pocket. Lady Hatton then strove to recover her daughter by forcible means; but to her astonishment, her husband, now fortified by the King's favour, threw her into prison. Thus, with his wife in a public prison, and his daughter locked up in his own house, he forced both to promise a legal consent to the marriage, which took place at Hampton Court in presence of the King and Queen, and nobility. Two years afterwards Sir John Villiers was raised to the peerage as Viscount Purbeck, and Baron Villiers of Stoke Poges. But the sequel was melancholy. Lady Purbeck deserted her husband, and lived with Sir Robert Howard, which rapidly brought on her degradation, imprisonment, and an early death. Lady Hatton pursued her husband with rancorous hatred, and openly wished him dead. This gave rise to a report of his death, whereupon Lady Hatton immediately left London for Stoke, to take possession of the mansion; but on reaching Colnbrook, she met one of Sir Edward Coke's physicians, who informed her of his amendment, on hearing which she returned to London in evident disappointment. Sir Edward, in his solitary old age, had his daughter, Lady Purbeck, to console him. He died September 3rd, 1634, in his eighty-fourth year.

Lady Hatton now took possession of the old manor-house at Stoke, and occasionally resided in it till her death in 1644. Her strange history might well be mixed up with the traditional gossip of Stoke, which Gray, in his poem, applied to the Lord Keeper, who certainly never possessed the old manor-house. It was, however, honoured by the presence of his royal mistress. Queen Elizabeth, in 1601, visited at Stoke Sir Edward Coke, who entertained her very sumptuously, and presented her on the occasion with jewels worth from ten to twelve hundred pounds. In 1647, the mansion was for some days the residence of Charles I., when a prisoner in the custody of the Parliamentary army. Ten years later, Sir Robert Gayer, by the bequest of his brother, came into possession of the manor at Stoke. Sir Robert, at the coronation of Charles II., was made a Knight of the Bath, which so strengthened his attachment to the House of Stuart, that he never could be respectful to any other dynasty. It is related in Lipscomb's *History of Bucks*, that soon after William III. had ascended the throne, he visited the village of Stoke, and signified his desire to inspect the old manor-house. But its possessor, Sir Robert Gayer, flew into a violent rage, declaring that the King should never come under his roof. "He has already," said he, "got possession of another man's house. He is an usurper. Tell him to go back again!" Lady Gayer expostulated, she entreated, she

even fell on her knees and besought her husband to admit the King, who was then actually waiting at the gate. All her entreaties were useless. The obstinate Sir George only became more furious, vociferating—"An Englishman's house is his castle. I shall open and close my door to whom I please. The King, I say, shall not come within these walls!" So his Majesty returned as he came—a stranger to the inside of the mansion, and the Stuart knight gloried in his triumph.

Thus the old manor-house at Stoke, after having entertained one sovereign magnificently, received another as a prisoner in the custody of his subjects, and refused admission to a third monarch, was itself pulled down, except one wing, in 1789, by its then owner, Granville Penn, Esq., a descendant of the celebrated William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. At this time was built, by James Wyatt, the magnificent seat, Stoke Park. The grounds are adorned with a colossal statue of Sir Edward Coke.

Gray passed much of his youth, with his mother, at Stoke; and here he composed his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." He died in 1771, and was buried, according to his desire, by the side of his mother at Stoke: his remains lie, without any monumental inscription over them, under a tomb which he had erected over the remains of his mother and aunt. In the year 1799, however, Mr. Penn erected, "in honour of Gray," in a field adjoining the churchyard, a large stone sarcophagus, on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side; and the late Earl of Carlisle presented to Eton College a bust of Gray, which has been added to the collection of busts of other worthies placed in the Upper School-room.



Stowe.

This princely seat of the Buckingham family lies near the town of Buckingham, and has a brief but eventful history. The place, originally an Abbey, came into the possession of the Temple family in the sixteenth century. The house was originally built by Peter Temple, Esq., in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; it was rebuilt by Sir Richard Temple, Bart., who died in 1697. After the death of Lord Cobham, in 1749, the property merged in the family of the Grenvilles. The pleasure gardens, from which Stowe obtained its principal fame, were laid out for Lord Cobham by Kent, who exerted his skill both as an architect and a garden-planner; and such a profusion of ornament arose from his invention, and that of Bridgeman and other artists, that Stowe,

“when beheld from a distance, appears like a vast grove, interspersed with obelisks, columns, and towers, which apparently emerge from a luxuriant mass of foliage.” The beauties of Stowe have been commemorated by Pope and West, who spent many festive hours with the then owner, Lord Cobham. The grounds are adorned with arches, pavilions, temples, a rotunda, a hermitage, a grotto, a lake, and a bridge. In the temples were busts, under which were appropriate inscriptions. The temples of Ancient Virtue and British Worthies may be mentioned as exhibiting objects for the mind as well as for the eye to dwell upon. The mansion, which has been greatly enlarged, extends 916 feet, whole frontage, and the central part 456. “The rich landscape,” says Walpole, “occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and objects, and various pictures that present themselves as we shift our situation, occasion surprise and pleasure, sometimes rivalling Albano’s landscapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous and luxuriant vales of Daphne and Tempe.”

The interior is very superb. The principal rooms form one long suite, opening into each other. Here was the Rembrandt Room, so called from its being hung with pictures by that painter; a marqueterie clock, ten feet high, formerly in the palace of Versailles; carved and gilt frames, from the Doge’s palace at Venice; a state bed, constructed in 1737, for Frederic, Prince of Wales, and occupied in 1805 by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.; carved and gilt furniture from the Doge’s palace at Venice; marble pavement from the Baths of Titus, at Rome; tapestry of old and quaint historic pageantry; carpets from the looms of Persia and Turkey; draperies from the marble palaces of Venetian statesmen; relics from classic Italy; rich stuffs, the spoils of Tippoo Saib and other fallen Eastern warriors; ornamental weaving from Holland and the Low Countries, &c. Add to this a valuable collection of paintings: among them, portraits—of Martin Luther, by Holbein; Oliver Cromwell (said to be original), by Richardson; Pope, by Hudson; Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta, by Vandyke; Addison, by Kneller; Lady Jane Grey, Camden the antiquary, and others. The display of plate was magnificent: enormous gold and silver vases, candelabra, wine-coolers, cups, salvers and epergnes. This enumeration conveys but an imperfect idea of the rich treasures of art with which the galleries and saloons of princely Stowe were crowded. In this superb palace, Richard, the first Duke of Buckingham, entertained the royal family of France, Louis XVIII. and Charles X. and their suites, during their residence in England; until the Duke, burdened with debt, was compelled to shut up Stowe and go abroad. His successor, Richard Plantagenet celebrated the majority

of his son with costly cheer at Stowe in 1844; and in the following year received Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, at enormous cost. In 1848 the crisis came: Stowe was dismantled of its sumptuous contents, which were sold in forty days, and realized upwards of 75,000*l.*—this vicissitude being the sad realization of a dream which the first Duke of Buckingham had in his compulsory exile upon the continent. Of the many instances of fallen fortune to be found in human history, the sad fate of Stowe and its possessors presents us with the most melancholy lesson—to lecture us with its fallen grandeur, and to impress us with the virtue of contentment, and teach us that—

“Not a vanity is given in vain.”

Whaddon Hall.

Not far from the county-town of Buckingham stands Whaddon Hall, formerly a seat of the Duke of Buckingham: but which acquired greater notoriety as the abode of Browne Willis, the eccentric antiquary, born late in the seventeenth century. His person and dress were so singular, that though a gentleman of 1000*l.* a year, he was often taken for a beggar. An old leathern girdle or belt always surrounded the two or three coats he wore, and over them an old blue coat. Very little of Whaddon remained a century ago, and what was left was thought to be the offices, which were dark and gloomy. In the garden was then a venerable and remarkably sized oak, under which Willis supposed Spenser wrote much of his poetry. Willis is said, by Cole, the Cambridge antiquary, to have written the very worst hand of any man in England, such as he could only with difficulty read himself. He wore very large boots, patched and vamped till they were forty years old: they were all in wrinkles, and did not come halfway up his legs, whence he was called in his neighbourhood, *Old Wrinkle-boots*. He rode in his “wedding chariot,” which had his arms on brass plates about it, was painted black, and not unlike a coffin. Mr. Willis never took the oaths to the Hanover family. He was as remarkable for his love of the structure of churches as for his variance with the clergy of his neighbourhood. Yet he built by subscription the chapel at Fenny Stratford; repaired Bletchley Church at a great expense; and Bow Brickhill Church, desecrated, and not used for a century. His most important work was his *Survey of the Cathedrals of England*. He presented to the University of Oxford his valuable collection of coins, and gave many MSS. to the Bodleian Library. He died at Whaddon Hall, Feb. 5, 1760.

Creslow House.

In the reign of Edward the Confessor this manor was held by Aluren, a female, from whom it passed at the Conquest to Edward Sarisberi, a Norman lord. In 1120 it was given to the Knights Templars ; and on the suppression of that community it passed to the Knights Hospitallers, from whom, at the dissolution of the monasteries, it passed to the crown. From this time to the reign of Charles II. the manor was used as a feeding ground for cattle for the royal household ; and it is remarkable that nearly the whole of this manor, comprising over 850 acres, has been pasture land from the time of Domesday survey till now. It is still of extraordinary fertility, and the cattle still fed here are among the finest in the kingdom.

While Creslow Manor continued in possession of the Crown, it was committed to the custody of a keeper. In 1634 the regicide, Cornelius Holland, was keeper. This Cornelius Holland, whose father died insolvent in the Fleet, was "a poore boy in court waiting on Sir Henry Vane," by whose interest he was appointed by Charles I. keeper of Creslow Manor. He subsequently deserted the cause of his royal patron, and was rewarded by the Parliament with many lucrative posts. He entered the House of Commons in 1642, and after taking a very prominent part against the King, signed his death-warrant. He became so wealthy that, though he had ten children, he gave a daughter on her marriage 5000*l.*, equal to ten times that sum at the present day. He is traditionally accused of having destroyed or dismantled many of the churches in the neighbourhood. At the Restoration, being absolutely excepted from the royal amnesty, he escaped execution only by flying to Lausanne, where he ended his days in universal contempt.

On the 23rd of June, 1673, the manor was granted by Charles II. to Thomas, first Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and has continued ever since in the possession of his successors.

The manor-house itself, though diminished in size and beauty, is still a spacious and handsome edifice. The original parts date from the time of Edward III., including the crypt and tower ; a good many alterations took place during the 15th century, of which period a pointed doorway remains ; still greater alterations took place in the time of Charles I., of which plaster ceilings and square windows remain. It is a picturesque and venerable-looking build-

ing, with numerous gables and ornamental chimneys, some ancient mullioned windows, and a square tower with octagonal turret. The walls of the tower are of stone, six feet thick; the turret is forty-three feet high, with a newel staircase and loopholes. Some of the more interesting objects within the house are the ground room in the tower, a large chamber called the banqueting room, with vaulted timber roof; a large oak door with massive hinges, and locks and bolts of a peculiar construction; and various remains of sculpture and carving in different parts of the house. Two ancient cellars, called the "crypt" and "the dungeon," deserve special attention.

The crypt, which is excavated in the solid limestone rock, is entered by a flight of stone steps, and has but one small window to admit air and light. It is about twelve feet square, and its roof, which is a good specimen of light Gothic vaulting, is supported by arches springing from four columns, groined at their intersections, and ornamented with carved flowers and bosses, the central one being about ten feet from the floor.

The dungeon, which is near the crypt, is entered by a separate flight of stone steps, and is a plain rectangular building, eighteen feet long, eight and a half wide, and six in height. The roof, which is but slightly vaulted, is formed of exceedingly massive stones. There is no window or external opening into this cellar, and for whatever purpose intended, it must have always been a gloomy, darksome vault, of extreme security. It now contains several skulls and other human remains—some thigh-bones, measuring more than nineteen inches, must have belonged to persons of gigantic stature. This dungeon had formerly a subterranean communication with the crypt, from which there was a newel staircase to a chamber above, which still retains the Gothic doorway, with hood-moulding resting on two well sculptured human heads, with grotesque faces. This chamber, which is supposed to have been the preceptor's private room, has also a good Gothic window of two lights, with head tracery of the decorated period.

This is the haunted chamber! For Creslow, like all old manor-houses, has its ghost story. But the ghost is not a knight-templar or knight of St. John—but a lady—Rosamond Clifford! Seldom, indeed, has she been seen, but often has she been heard, only too plainly, by those who have ventured to sleep in this room, or enter it after midnight. She appears to come from the crypt or dungeon, and always enters this room by the Gothic door. After entering she is heard to walk about, sometimes in a grave, stately manner,

apparently with a long silk train sweeping the floor—sometimes her motion is quick and hurried, her silk dress rustling violently, as if she were engaged in a desperate struggle. As these mysterious visitations had anything but a somniferous effect on wearied mortals, this chamber, though furnished as a bed-room, was seldom so used, and was never entered by servants without trepidation and awe. Occasionally, however, some one was found bold enough to dare the harmless noises of the mysterious intruder, and many are the stories respecting such adventures. The following will suffice as a specimen, and may be depended on as authentic.

About the year 18—, a gentleman, who resided some miles distant, rode over to a dinner party; and as the night became exceedingly dark and rainy, he was urged to stay over the night, if he had no objection to sleep in a haunted chamber. The offer of a bed in such a room, so far from deterring him, induced him at once to accept the invitation. The room was prepared for him. He would neither have a fire nor a burning candle, but requested a box of lucifers, that he might light a candle if he wished. Arming himself in jest with a cutlass and a brace of pistols, he entered his formidable dormitory. Morning came, and ushered in one of those glorious autumnal days which often succeed a night of soaking rain. The sun shone brilliantly on the old manor-house. Every loophole and cranny in the tower was so penetrated by his rays, that the venerable owls, that had long inhabited its roof, could scarcely find a dark corner to doze in after their nocturnal labours. The family and their guests assembled in the breakfast room to hear an account of the knight's adventures, which he related in the following words:—"Having entered the room, I locked and bolted both doors, carefully examined the whole room, and satisfied myself that there was no living creature in it but myself, nor any entrance but those I had secured. I got into bed, and with the conviction that I should sleep as usual till six in the morning, I was soon lost in a comfortable slumber. Suddenly I was aroused, and on raising my head to listen, I heard a sound certainly resembling the light, soft tread of a lady's footstep, accompanied with the rustling as of a silk gown. I sprang out of bed and lighted a candle. There was nothing to be seen, and nothing now to be heard. I carefully examined the whole room. I looked under the bed, into the fireplace, up the chimney, and at both the doors, which were fastened as I had left them. I looked at my watch, and it was a few minutes past twelve. As all was now perfectly quiet, I extinguished the

candle and entered my bed, and soon fell asleep. I was again aroused. The noise was now louder than before. It appeared like the violent rustling of a stiff silk dress. I sprang out of bed, darted to the spot where the noise was, and tried to grasp the intruder in my arms. My arms met together, but enclosed nothing. The noise passed to another part of the room, and I followed it, groping near the floor, to prevent anything passing under my arms. It was in vain; I could feel nothing—the noise had passed away through the Gothic door, and all was still as death! I lighted a candle and examined the Gothic door, and there I saw—the old monks' faces grinning at my perplexity; but the door was shut and fastened, just as I had left it. I again examined the whole room, but could find nothing to account for the noise. I now left the candle burning, though I never sleep comfortably with a light in my room. I got into bed, but felt, it must be acknowledged, not a little perplexed at not being able to detect the cause of the noise, nor to account for its cessation when the candle was lighted. While ruminating on these things I fell asleep, and began to dream about murders and secret burials, and all sort of horrible things; and just as I fancied myself knocked down by a knight-templar, I awoke, and found the sun shining brightly!"

"Doubtless there are no ghosts;
Yet somehow it is better not to move,
Lest cold hands seize upon us from behind."

Abridged from the Book of Days.

Great Hampden.

Great Hampden, the paternal seat of the patriot, John Hampden, and still the property of his descendant in the seventh generation through heirs female, stands in a secluded spot high up among the Chiltern Hills, about five miles south-west of Wendover. It is shrouded in ancient woods and approached by a long beech avenue. The house, one of the most ancient, has been sadly disguised and disfigured by modern stucco and whitewash, but the structure is the original one. It is difficult to assign a date to the building of this house. The first estate granted to the Hampden family in England was given by Edward the Confessor to Baldwyn de Hampden, whose name seems to indicate that he was one of the Norman favourites of the last Saxon king. The Hampdens, then, had settled in England, prior to its conquest by their countrymen, the Normans.

The estate was fortunate enough to escape the rapacity of the Normans, and, amplified and extended by powerful alliances, it was passed down from father to son in succession, ever increasing in influence and wealth. There is a tradition that King Edward III. and the Black Prince once honoured Hampden with a visit, and that whilst the prince and his host were exercising themselves in feats of chivalry a quarrel arose, in which the prince received a blow on the face, which occasioned him and his royal father to quit the place in great wrath, and to seize on some valuable manors belonging to their host as a punishment for his rashness. The story gave rise to the following rhymes :—

“ Tring, Wing, and Ivinghoe,
Hampden did foregoe,
For striking of a blow,
And glad he did 'scape so.”

The story is doubted, and no proof can be adduced that any of the mansions named in the rhyme ever were included in the Hampden estates. These, however, were very large, not only in Buckinghamshire, but also in Essex, Berks, and Oxfordshire. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Hampden during one of her progresses, by Griffith Hampden, Esq., who, in order to afford her Majesty more commodious access to the house, is said to have cut an avenue through his wood, still called the Queen's Gap.

The Hampdens appear to have been distinguished in chivalry; they were often intrusted with civil authority, and represented their native county in several parliaments. We find in the Rolls of Parliament that in the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the Hampdens took the side of the red rose—that some lands were escheated from them in consequence, and that they were excepted from the general Act of Restitution, in the first of Edward Fourth. “Edward Hampden,” says Lord Nugent in his “Memorials,” “was one of the Esquires of the Body and Privy Councillor to Henry VII. And in the succeeding reign we find Sir John Hampden of the Hill appointed with others to attend upon the English Queen at the interview of the sovereigns at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It is to his daughter, Sybil Hampden, who was nurse to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VI., and ancestress to William Penn, of Pennsylvania, that the monument is raised in Hampton church, Middlesex, which records so many virtues and so much wisdom. Griffith Hampden, who received Queen Elizabeth at his mansion, as already noted, served as High

Sheriff of his county, and represented it in the Parliament of 1585. His eldest son, William, who succeeded him in 1591, was member in 1593 for East Lode, then a considerable borough. He married Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrooke, in Huntingdonshire, and aunt to the Protector, and died in 1597, leaving two sons, John and Richard.

John Hampden, so frequently spoken of in history as "the Patriot," was born in 1594. He succeeded to his father's estate in his infancy. After passing some years in the grammar-school at Thame, he was sent, at fifteen, to Magdalen College, Oxford. At nineteen he was admitted a student of the Inner Temple, where he made himself master of the principles of the English law. In 1619 (when now twenty-five years of age), he married Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Symeon, Esq. His marriage marks an era in his life. Prior to that event "he had indulged himself in all the licence in sports, in exercises and company which were used by men of the most jolly conversation;" but no sooner was he married than from a life of great pleasure and licence he retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, to a more reserved and melancholy society. The events of his life are notable incidents in English history. He served in the Parliament of 1626, and in all the succeeding parliaments of the reign of Charles I. In 1636 he became universally known by his intrepid refusal to pay ship-money as an illegal tax. Upon this he was thrown into prison; but his conduct under persecution gained him great reputation. When the Long Parliament began, the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as the father of his country. In the beginning of the civil war he commanded a regiment of foot, and did good service to the Parliament at the battle of Edgehill. The story of his last skirmish with the Royalists, and subsequent death, is told by Macaulay with his usual spirit and picturesqueness:—

In the early part of 1643, the shires lying in the neighbourhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the Parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partizan, frequently surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex (the Parliamentary commander) were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent

and daring spirits in the Parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been intrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this conjuncture, England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents—the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day he attacked and dispersed a few Parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had on the preceding day strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The Cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction to intercept them. In the meantime he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the General himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder with two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride, Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. Turning his horse,

therefore, he rode back across the grounds of Hazely on his way to Thame. At the brook which divides the parishes he paused a while ; but it being impossible for him in his wounded state to remount, had he alighted to lead his horse over, " he suddenly summoned his strength, clapped spurs to his steed, and cleared the leap. At Thame he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the Church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before Hampden's death, the Sacrament was administered to him. He declared that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he yet agreed with that church as to essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself and for the cause in which he died. " Lord Jesus," he exclaimed in the moment of the last agony, " receive my soul. O Lord, save my country ; O Lord, be merciful to ——" In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, barcheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colours, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the *Weekly Intelligencer* :—" The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such that in no

age to come but it will more and more be had in honour and esteem ; a man so religious and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valour, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind."

"He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet by only one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the state—the valour and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hall, the ardent public spirit of Sydney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger ; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer ; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights above Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone."

Of the house of Great Hampden itself, as it is at present to be seen, not much remains to be said. It is entered by a curious old hall, surrounded by a wooden gallery. Among the relics of this ancient manor are a bust and two portraits of Hampden, portraits of Henrietta Maria, of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Vandyck ; of Oliver Cromwell, Hampden's cousin, in armour, and others. There is a curious full-length portrait of Elizabeth in the room occupied by her on the occasion of her visit to Great Hampden. At the top of the house is a long room, filled with old books, and named John Hampden's Library. In a small library below, where Hampden was sitting when the commissioners came to arrest him, is a Bible of the Cromwell family, with a register of his birth and those of his brothers and sisters.

The church of Great Hampden stands near the house. On the south wall of the chancel is the monument erected by Hampden in memory of his first wife, Elizabeth, with the following beautiful epitaph :—

“ In her pilgrimage—
 The state and comfort of her neighbours,
 The love and glory of a well-ordered family,
 The delight and happiness of tender parents—
 But a crown of Blessings to a husband.
 In a wife to all an eternal pattern of goodness
 And cause of love while she was.
 In her dissolution—
 A loss invaluable to each,
 Yet herself blessed, and they fully recompensed
 In her translation, from a Tabernacle of Claye
 And Fellowship with Mortalls, to a celestiall Mansion
 And communion with the Deity.”

Near this is the patriot's own grave, without any memorial. This grave was opened by Hampden's biographer, Lord Nugent, and the body was found in such a perfect state that the picture on the staircase of the house was known to be his from the likeness.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Waltham Cross.

Waltham Cross, or West Waltham, a village in Hertfordshire, is situated one mile and a half west from Waltham Abbey, which we have just described. It derives its name from a cross which stands upon the spot where the procession which had conveyed Queen Eleanor's remains from Lincoln, diverged from the high road to deposit the body for the night in the Abbey Church.

The design of Waltham Cross, which is very elegant, is in the chastest style of Pointed architecture; and it is deserving of remark that one of the statues of the Queen in the second division very nearly resembles the effigy which lies upon her tomb in Westminster Abbey, the figure being arrayed in long flowing drapery, and regally crowned; whilst the right hand has borne a sceptre, and the left is represented as holding a crucifix suspended from her necklace. There were originally several shields, with the arms of England, Castile, Leon, Ponthieu, &c. In 1795, preparations were made for taking down this Cross, in order to remove it into the grounds of Sir William George Prescott, Bart., lord of the manor, for its better preservation; but after removing the upper tier of stone, finding it too hazardous an undertaking, on account of the decayed state of the ornamental parts, the scaffold was removed, and proper measures were taken for its restoration. However, the Cross was in such a dilapidated state, that a subscription was entered into for renovating the whole in exact conformity to the original work. Although many parts had suffered, as well from the effect of time as from wanton defacements, yet the sculptural details (particularly where sheltered by the Falcon Inn) were sufficiently obvious to be fully understood, and of course to be correctly restored, except as to the crowning finial, of which nothing but the central shaft remained; from this it would appear that the upper portion, which had been removed in 1795, was not replaced as intended. During the year 1833, the restoration was proceeded with, under the direction of Mr. W. B. Clarke, assisted by a committee of the subscribers. The lower story has been only new-faced, where necessary, but that above it, which is

of open Pointed work, was entirely rebuilt; the three statues of the Queen were, however, left unrepaired.

The structure is hexagonal in form, and, independently of the plinth and basement steps, consists of three storeys, each finished by an embattled frieze or cornice, and at each angle is a graduated buttress, enriched with foliated crockets and finials. Within the panelled tracery of the lower story, are shields boldly sculptured with arms suspended from knots of foliage. There are two shields on each face of the octagon, the spaces over which are enriched with ornaments; the spandrels being charged with rosettes, in diamond-shaped panelling, bearing a close resemblance to the ornamental facings of the eastern interior walls of Westminster Abbey Church. The second storey is even yet more elegant, both from its pyramidal assemblage of open pointed arches and sculptured finish, as well as from the graceful statues of Queen Eleanor which enrich its open divisions.



The Abbey of St. Alban.—Shrine and Relics.

The town of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, is situated close to the site of the ancient *Verulamium*, probably at first a British town, and then a town with some of the privileges of Roman citizens. The Roman road, called by the Saxons the Watling-street, was also called Werlaem-street, because it went direct to Verulam, passing close under its walls. Verulam was the scene of dreadful slaughter in the great rebellion under Boadicea, who destroyed here and at Londinium (London), and at other places, about 70,000 Roman citizens and their allies. Suetonius Paulinus, the then governor of Britain, in return for her barbarity, attacked her forces, gained a complete victory, and put 80,000 to the sword. Verulam was then rebuilt, and its inhabitants enjoyed their privileges until the Dioclesian persecution, A.D. 304; when the city was again rendered famous by the martyrdom of its citizen, St. Alban:

“ In Britain’s isle was Holy Alban born.”

He being yet a pagan, entertained in his house a certain clergyman flying from the persecutors. He was engaged in prayer and watching day and night, when Alban was gradually instructed by his wholesome admonitions, cast off the darkness of idolatry, and became a Christian in all sincerity of heart. After the clergyman had been some days entertained by Alban, it came to the ears of the wicked Prince

that this holy confessor of Christ was concealed at Alban's house Soldiers were sent to make a strict search after him. Alban immediately presented himself to the soldiers instead of his guest and master, in the habit or long coat which he wore, and was led bound before the judge, who was then standing at the altar, and offering sacrifices to devils. When he saw Alban, being much enraged that he should thus of his own accord put himself into the hands of the soldiers, and incur danger in behalf of his guest, he commanded him to be dragged up to the images of the devils, before which he stood, saying, "Because you have chosen to conceal a rebellious and sacrilegious person, rather than deliver him up to the soldiers, that his contempt of the gods might meet with the penalty due to such blasphemy, you shall undergo all the punishment that was due to him, if you abandon the worship of our religion." Alban, who had voluntarily declared to the persecutors of the faith that he was a Christian, was not at all daunted at the Prince's threat, but putting on the armour of spiritual warfare, publicly declared that he would not obey the commands. The judge being much incensed, ordered the holy confessor to be scourged; he was cruelly tortured, but he bore all patiently, or rather joyfully, for our Lord's sake. When the judge perceived that he was not to be overcome by torture, he ordered him to be put to death. Being led to execution, he came to a river, which ran rapidly between the wall of the town and the place of execution. A great multitude of persons had assembled and impeded Alban's progress, and when he reached the stream the water became dried up, and made way for him to pass. Among the rest, the executioner, who was to put him to death, saw this, and on meeting Alban at the place of execution cast down the sword which he had carried ready drawn, fell at his feet, praying that he might rather suffer with the martyr whom he was ordered to execute, or, if possible, instead of him. Alban then ascended a hill not far off; it was clothed with flowers, and sloped down to a beautiful plain. On the top of this hill Alban prayed that God would give him water, and immediately a living spring broke out at his feet; this was the river which, having performed its holy service, returned to its natural course. Here the head of our most courageous martyr was struck off; but he who gave the wicked stroke had his eyes dropped upon the ground, together with the blessed martyr's head.

The spot whereon Alban suffered martyrdom was called Holmhurst in the Saxon, signifying a woody place, near the city of Verulam, where his remains were interred.

Upon the arrival in Britain of Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, accom-

panied by Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, whose mission was to preach here against the Pelagian heresy, the remains of Alban were exhumed; and having been placed by Germanus with great solemnity in a wooden coffin, together with a goodly supply of holy relics, to preserve them, they were restored to the earth amidst prayers and lamentations. By the care of Germanus a small church was erected to the martyr's memory, and was constructed (according to Bede) with admirable taste, though only of timber and plank; and as the recognised sepulchre of Alban, it continued in good repute, not only for the piety of the martyr but for the miracles there shown, and was worshipped by the religious of these times, and honoured by all. On the invasion of the Saxons, however, this church, with many others, was levelled to the ground, whereby all trace of the martyr's resting-place became lost: it continued so until its well-known discovery by Offa, who, we are informed, was accosted in the silence of the night by an angel, who admonished him to raise out of the earth the body of the first British martyr, Alban, and place his remains in a shrine with suitable ornament. This vision having been reported to Humbert, Bishop of Lichfield, and Turner, a Bishop of Leicester, and Ceolwolf, Bishop of Lindsey, his suffragans, they joined immediately with a great crowd of followers of both sexes and of all ages to meet the King at Verulam on the day appointed by him, and in array there they commenced their search for the grave of Alban with prayer, fasting, and alms. Fortunately their pious exertions were soon rewarded by success, as a light from heaven assisted their discovery, and a ray of fire stood over the place "like the star that conducted the magi to Bethlehem." The ground was opened, and in the presence of Offa, the body of Alban was found, excellently preserved by the relics already named, in a coffin of wood, just as Germanus had placed them 344 years before. The body being then raised from the earth, they conveyed it in solemn procession to a little chapel without the walls of Verulam, where Offa is said to have then placed a circle of gold round the bare skull of Alban, with an inscription thereon, to signify his name or title: he also caused the repository to be enriched with plates of gold and silver, and the chapel to be decorated with pictures, tapestry, and other ornaments, until a more noble edifice could be erected. This transaction happened 507 years after the suffering of Alban, 344 after the invasion of the Saxon, and on the 1st August, in the thirty-sixth of Offa's reign—that is, A.D. 791. The Abbey was then erected, and on its completion the bones of Alban, who by that time had been promoted to the dignity of a Saint, were placed therein; and Offa procured for it and granted

extraordinary privileges. As the Saint of this church was the first martyr in England, Pope Honorius granted the Abbot a superiority over all others. It was opened for the reception of 100 monks of the Benedictine order, who were carefully selected from houses of the most regular discipline; gradually it increased and flourished for more than seven centuries, and was governed successively by forty-one abbots—

“Till Henry’s mandate struck the fated shrine,
And sadly closed St. Alban’s mitred line.”

Of Offa’s munificence a murder was the true source. He invited Ethelbert, Prince of the East Angles, to his Court, on pretence of marrying him to his daughter, but beheaded him, and severed his dominions. The pious Offa had recourse to the usual expiation of murder in those melancholy ages—the founding of a monastery. In the edifice was an ancient painting of King Offa, seated on a throne, with a Latin inscription, thus translated:—

“The founder of the church, about the year 793,
Whom you behold ill painted on his throne
Sublime, was once for **MERCIAN OFFA** known.”

In the lapse of time, the memory of the first church perished, and it was said that Offa was miraculously guided to the place where the remains of St. Alban were entombed. From that time there had been a church on this site. After this we come down three hundred years at a leap, to the time of the Norman Conquest, when Abbot Paul began to build the church which remains to this day. It was consecrated in 1115; thus the church is not only itself of great age, but it was constructed of the fragments of other buildings that had fallen into ruins. Abbot Paul ransacked Verulam, and brought a great quantity of materials therefrom for the erection of this church. The interior walls were full of Roman bricks, and the outside wall was of Roman brick and very little else. Even where the brickwork did not appear, the flint and rubble were Roman materials brought to this spot. Two Abbots before Paul had collected materials for the rebuilding of the Abbey, but a time of famine coming on, they sold the materials to relieve the wants of the poor. Not a vestige, however, of the splendid foundation is now left, except the Abbey Church, and a large square gateway. All the monastic buildings were pulled down in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; but the church, to the lasting honour of the Corporation and inhabitants, was rescued from impending destruction, and purchased by them of the latter sovereign for 400*l.*, and then made parochial. The church is in the form of a cross; its extreme length

is 556 feet, being three feet longer than Winchester Cathedral, and thus longer than any of our cathedrals. There are two transepts, 170 feet long, and a central tower, 150 feet high, of the Norman period, from which time to that of Edward IV. the style of every age may be traced in succession. The most central parts are the most ancient. The carved oak ceiling of the Norman lantern is 102 feet from the pavement. The interior was plundered by Cromwell's soldiers, who left only one brass monument of great value—a plate 12 feet long, of Abbot de la Mare, who lived in the reign of Edward III. The Abbot in his robes, curiously engraven, is a capital specimen of sculpture in that reign.

In an Abbey like St. Alban, relics were indispensable. On the authority of that well-known herald and antiquary, Elias Ashmole, we learn that Mr. Robert Shrimpton, who had been four times Mayor of St. Alban, and who lived when the Abbey was yet in the enjoyment of its privileges and authority, perfectly remembered a hollow image of the Virgin which stood near the shrine of the saint, and was large enough to admit a performer who governed the wires as instructed, caused the eyes of the figure to move, and the head to nod, according to the approval or otherwise of the offering made.

Notwithstanding, however, the care taken to preserve the bones of the saint intact, they were not destined to long remain either in peace or in safety, as in the year 950, the Danes were committing great excesses throughout England; and a party of them hearing the fame of St. Alban, came to the Abbey, broke open the tomb, and seized the saint's bones; they unceremoniously carried some of them off into their own country, and there deposited them in a costly shrine built for the purpose in a house of the Black Monks, hoping they would be worshipped and adored with the like veneration in Denmark as they had been in England. Such was not the case; some of the bones had been lost, and those which remained were collected and returned to their former resting-place.

In less than a hundred years after this, the bones were again disturbed. During the time of Ælfric, the 11th Abbot, who ruled the monastery during the reigns of Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute, and part of that of Edward the Confessor, the Danes (in 1041) renewed their invasion. With a dread of their ravages, Ælfric however resolved that no further portion of St. Alban's bones, nor of his shrine, should fall to the lot of the invaders. First, the *real bones* were secured by those in the secret removing the shrine containing them, and concealing it in a hole in the wall which had been specially pre-

pared for the purpose, close under the altar of St. Nicholas. That done, other bones were substituted for the genuine ones, and placed in a very rich chest. The Abbot having then openly expressed to his monks the fears he entertained of the Danish invasion, proposed that for the effectual preservation of the relics of St. Alban, he should request the monks of Ely (which place was well secured by water and marshes from the attack of robbers) to take charge of the remains, together with some ornaments of the Abbey; and the Abbot completed the consignment with a very rough shagged old coat, which was commonly represented to be the very coat worn by Amphibalus, when he converted Alban. The Ely monks readily consented to receive and preserve the relics, and solemnly pledged their word to send them back whenever requested so to do. Fortunately, however, for Ælfric's peace of mind, the Danish king, while going on board his ship, fell into the sea and was drowned. No sooner, therefore, was peace assured, than the monks of St. Albans requested their brethren of Ely to return them their sacred bones and relics. This they refused to do. It was useless that Ælfric reminded his brother of Ely of the sanctity of his promise. Ely had got the bones, and resolved to keep them. Ælfric on the other hand threatened he would not only tell the King but appeal to the Pope, and complain of such a breach of good faith and religious duty. The Ely monks then promised to restore the property. 'Tis true they sent back the old coat and the rich chest containing bones, but not THE bones. These they determined to keep to themselves, and they carried their plan into execution by forcing open the bottom of the chest and extracting the *old bones* they found there, and replacing them with another sham set. They then allowed the St. Albans monks to depart with the fullest assurance that they were taking with them the real remains of their much loved saint. Abbot Ælfric however knew better, On the arrival of the convoy he quietly turned the substituted bones of Ely into the earth, and aided by his assistants drew the genuine bones from their hiding-place in the wall, and restored them to the shrine in the church.

Thus matters remained for a century or more, but at length the monks of Ely admitted the authenticity of the bones at St. Albans. Still, a considerable portion of the flock abstained from discharging their religious duties at the Abbey, when, to induce them to return, a life-sized figure of St. Alban, clothed in a magnificent robe, was dressed up, and occasionally carried by the monks into the town in solemn procession, and deposited at the market cross, where, after the appointed address had been delivered to the assembled multitude, the signal was given

for the saint's removal, whereupon commenced the miracle. The saint remained immovable until the Abbot had been sent for. On his arrival (duly armed with mitre and crozier) he laid the latter upon the rebellious saint, saying, "Arise, arise, St. Alban, and get thee home to the sanctuary," whereupon immediate submission was the result, and the saint returned as he came.

Amongst the benefactors of the monastery was Geoffrey de Gorham, the 16th Abbot (1119-1146), who gave a very handsome vessel for the reception of certain relics then belonging to the Abbey. He also, with a pious regard for the relics of St. Alban, commenced a very sumptuous shrine for the reception of the saint's body, and had expended upon it 60*l.* (in our time about 800*l.*), when, owing to a great scarcity of food, he was compelled to convert the gold and silver ornaments of the shrine into money, and expended it for the relief of the poor. The famine having passed away, the Abbot collected money for the shrine, and by the aid of a monk named Awketill, a goldsmith, who had passed seven years in the service of the King of Denmark, he brought the shrine to great perfection, both in ornament and magnificence, the materials of the shrine being of silver-gilt. For want of funds the upper part of the canopy, called "the crest," remained unfinished, the intention being to adorn and ornament it with gold and precious stones, whenever they could be obtained in sufficient quantity. The shrine being erected in the space behind the great altar, a day was appointed for the translation or removal of the saint's remains, with great ceremony.

Rumours, however, had got abroad that some of the saint's bones were missing; when they were taken out, exhibited singly, and numbered. The head was then held up for the inspection of all present by the venerable Ralph, Archdeacon of the Abbey. On the fore part was a scroll of parchment, pendant from a thread of silk with this inscription, "Sanctus Albanus." A circle of gold enclosed the skull, fixed by the order of Offa, and engraved with these words, "Hoc est corpus Sancti Albani, protomartyris Angliæ." But one, namely, the left scapula or shoulder-bone was missing, and especial note having been taken of the fact, the translation was completed, with all the ceremonies and splendour of the Romish church. A few years after, two foreign monks arrived at the Abbey with letters credential from the Church and Monastery of Naunburg, in Germany, declaring that they were possessed of the missing "scapula," which had been brought to them direct from St. Albans by King Canute. The bone having been produced and identified, was added to the others in the shrine amidst great festivity

and rejoicing. The Abbot ordered three hundred poor persons to be relieved at the gate of the monastery; the priests sang four masses, and the rest of the brethren, by way of rejoicing, sang, instead of a mass, fifty psalms. The day of this solemnity was the 4th of the month of August, in the 29th year of Henry I., 1129, and for many years afterwards the anniversary was solemnized with great devotion and festivity, and remission to penitents. Robert, the 18th Abbot, on his return from Rome, caused the coffin and shrine of the saint to be repaired, and the gold and silver ornaments and precious stones which had been taken from the shrine, in order to purchase their estate at Brentfield, to be reinstated in their former splendour. Robert's successor, Symond, spent the greater part of his time in procuring gold and silver, rich cups, and utensils, and with many precious stones decorating the shrine, so that Matthew Paris (who lived nearly a century afterwards) "had never seen a shrine more splendid and noble." It was then in the form of an altar tomb, rising with a lofty canopy over it, supported on four pillars, and upon it was represented the saint lying in great state. This shrine enclosed the coffin wherein the bones of the saint had been deposited by Abbot Geoffrey, sixteenth Abbot. This coffin was in its turn enclosed in an outer case, which on two sides was ornamented with figures, and embossed in gold and silver, portraying the chief events of the saint's life. At the head was placed a large crucifix, with a figure of Mary on the one side and St. John on the other, ornamented with a row of very splendid jewels. At the west, and in front of the choir, was placed an image of the Virgin holding her son in her bosom, seated on a throne; the work being of richly embossed gold, and enriched with precious stones and very costly bracelets. The four pillars which supported the canopy stood one at each corner, and were shaped in resemblance like towers, with apertures to represent windows, all being of plate gold. The inside of the canopy was also covered with crystal stones. Such was the magnificent shrine of the Saint at that period.

To the Abbey Treasury, in the time of William de Trumpington, the 22nd Abbot, an inestimable relic was added, one of the "Ribs of Wulstan," who was Bishop of Worcester in the time of William the Conqueror. A monk named Lawrence, who had just arrived from the monastery of Jehosaphat, near Jerusalem, brought a Holy Cross, certified to be made from a portion of the real Cross upon which the Saviour had suffered. Next was a human arm, positively declared to be that of St. Jerome, which the Abbot enclosed in a case of gold, set with jewels and stones of great value, and caused it from that time to be borne in the Abbey processions on all great festivals.

Hitherto we have spoken of the remains of St. Alban with a confidence not to be mistaken ; we are gravely assured that in 1256, during the abbacy of John of Hertford, during some repairs then done at the east end of the Abbey, the workmen in opening the ground discovered a stone coffin which, according to the inscription upon it, contained the true bones of St. Alban. This discovery is said to have been made between the altar of Oswin and that of Wulstan, where the matins were usually said : here stood an ancient painted shrine, and under it a marble tomb or coffin, supported on marble pillars, and which place and tomb had been therefore considered and called the tomb of St. Alban. Here then it was decided the holy martyr had been interred on the day of his execution about 970 years before. Fortunately, this most important but unexpected discovery was made in the presence of the Abbot John, as well as of the Bishop of Bangor, and of Philip de Chester. There were present also all the inmates of the monastery, including Matthew Paris the narrator. As a conclusive proof of the authenticity of the remains of the Saint, miracles were performed at his coffin, and Matthew Paris relates that first one boy was thereby raised from death, and then another, and that many were cured of blindness, and of the palsy. John of Wheathampstead, the justly famous Abbot, also caused a picture of the Saint, curiously enriched with gold and silver, to be painted at his own expense and suspended over the shrine ; but this has long since perished.

To restore the pristine influence of the shrine as far as possible, the Abbot William of Wallingford caused the stately screen (the mutilated remains of which are still to be seen and admired) to be erected before the altar. By it the shrine was enclosed thenceforth, and only shown on rare occasions, and with great solemnity. Still, despite the screen, the attractions of the shrine gradually faded away before the rising star of the Reformation, and were utterly extinguished on December 5th, 1539, when Sir Thomas Pope received the final surrender of the Abbey, its privileges and power, from the hiring Abbot, Richard Boreman. Immediately afterwards the hands of the spoiler became paramount, and so strongly was the work of destruction carried on that all trace of the former honours rendered to the saint soon disappeared, leaving the inscription "S. Albanus Verolamensis Anglorum Protomartyr, 17 Junii, 293," as the only existing link between the 16th century of the shrine of St. Alban and the Abbey relics. The Abbey—as such, became extinguished, its glories departed, its shrine was despoiled, and its relics scattered and lost. The church, however, never lost its position as a place of worship, but remained in

possession of the crown until the charter was conferred upon St. Albans in 1553 by Edward VI., at which period it was sold for the nominal sum of 400*l.* to a worthy and wealthy inhabitant of the town, rejoicing in the euphemistic and appropriate name of "Stump."*

The Abbey was visited by the majority of our Sovereigns, until the reign of Henry VIII. To the visit of Henry I. and his "Queen Matilda of Scotland," we owe the production of the miniature likeness of this royal benefactress, then taken by one of the limners of the Abbey: it was afterwards, in the early part of the 14th century, copied into the "Golden Register of St. Albans," which still exists, and is now to be found in the British Museum (Cottonian MSS. Nero D), and is a sort of conventual album, wherein were entered the portraits of all the benefactors of the Abbey, together with an abstract of their donations. In that miniature the Queen appears in the costume she doubtless wore at the consecration of the Abbey. She displays with her left hand the charter she gave the Abbey, from which hangs a very large red seal, whereon without doubt was impressed her effigy in grand relief.

Henry III., on no less than six different occasions became the Abbot's guest, and evinced his favour to the Monastery in a very marked and substantial manner. Thus, in 1244, whilst John of Hertford was the 23rd Abbot, the King visited St. Albans twice, and remained at the Abbey three days on each occasion. His Majesty's second visit took place on the feast of St. Thomas, just before Christmas (21 December). On this occasion, whilst attending the Abbey mass, he, in the course of his devotion at the altar, made an offering of a very rich pall or cloak, and in addition gave three bracelets of gold to be affixed to the shrine to the honour of St. Alban, and in remembrance of himself. In 1249 Henry once more sought the hospitality of the Abbey on his way to Huntingdon, and at this time his Majesty was so distressed for money as to be obliged to entreat the Abbot John to lend him the trifling sum of sixty marks, and to prove the urgency of the want, he told John, on his handing the money, that "it was as great a charity as to give an alms at the Abbey gate." The King, however, was accustomed to these "loans," which he well knew could not be refused to him, as he honoured the Abbey so frequently with his presence, and presented to it habits and ornaments of great value. In 1251 the King came twice to the Abbey, and made an offering of

* Condensed and selected from an elaborate paper by H. A. Holt, Esq., read to the British Archæological Association Congress, at St. Albans, in August, 1869.

three robes, manufactured entirely of silk, which with others before given, amounted to thirty in number, as well as two necklaces of great value. In the year 1252, during the abbacy of John the 23rd Abbot, Henry's Queen, Eleanor of Provence, honoured the Abbey with her presence, accompanied by her children. During her stay, the Queen was in imminent danger from a thunderstorm, as whilst sitting in her room the lightning struck the chimney of her chamber and shivered it to pieces. The Abbey laundry burst into flames, and such a commotion was caused by the elements that Alanus le Zouch, the King's chief justice of Chester and of the Welsh district (who was escorting two treasure carts, and had temporarily accepted hospitality at the Abbey), thinking the whole structure was devoted to destruction, rushed forth with his attendants into the highway, and as they went, they fancied a flaming torch or a drawn sword preceded them. As a token of gratitude for her preservation the Queen made an offering on the altar of a rich cloth called a "baldekin" of tissue of gold. In the beginning of March, 1257, the King again visited the Monastery, when the several inmates were habited in their best attire, the saint was borne on such portion of his shrine as was portable, the King himself following in the train, and testifying his veneration for the sacred relics of St. Alban. The King made great offerings to the shrine consisting of a curious and splendid bracelet and valuable rings, as well as a large silver cup to receive the dust and ashes of the venerable martyr. He also gave six robes of silk as a covering to the said old monument. On this occasion his Majesty prolonged his stay for a week, and conversed much with the celebrated Matthew Paris, then an inmate of the Abbey, making him his companion at table, as well as in the audience chamber, and in his closet or private room.

In 1264, St. Albans was a scene of great tumult and disorder, consequent upon a dispute between Roger, the 24th Abbot, and the townspeople, connected with the use of the Abbey mills. In the midst of the confusion the Queen arrived, and multitudes crowded the way for the purpose of begging the royal interference in their behalf, but being foiled in this expectation by the Abbots introducing the Queen to the Monastery by some private way, the inhabitants became more outrageous than before, and so barricaded the town at every avenue, that from its fortified state it was called "Little London." It was during this tumult that Gregory de Stokes, the Constable of Hertford Castle, and his three attendants, were seized and decapitated by the infuriated townsmen; for this outrage the King amerced the town in 100 marks, which they instantly paid.

In 1268, the King made his last visit to the Abbey of which we have any record—namely, on the Feast of St. Bartholomew. On this occasion Henry was accompanied by his eldest son, the Prince Edward—afterwards Edward I. The royal party entered the Church with great solemnity, and made offerings of rich palls, bracelets, golden rings, and of twelve talents besides, the King directing that the Abbot might convert these valuable articles into money if he pleased, provided that the proceeds were laid out in ornaments for St. Alban's shrine.

Upon the accession of Edward II., that monarch demanded of John Maryus, the 26th Abbot, to be furnished on his Scottish wars with two carts and proper horses, and all appurtenances; but the Abbot injudiciously pleaded his poverty, and declared his inability to comply with it; whereupon, on the King's visit to the Abbey in 1311, accompanied by his favourite, Piers Gaveston, Edward refused either to see the Abbot, or to converse with him, whereupon Maryus at once sought the mediation of Gaveston, and by presenting the King with 100 marks of silver, peace was restored between King and Abbot; but the King soon afterwards cut down a wood at Langley, near Westwood, under pretence of enlarging the royal mansion there, whereupon the Abbot claimed the wood as belonging to the Monastery, but lost it.

Though we have no knowledge of any actual visit of Edward III. to the Abbey, certain it is that the Abbot procured from this King many considerable donations for the shrine, amongst which may be mentioned a crucifix of gold set with pearls, a cup of silver-gilt of great value, sundry Scottish relics, timber for repairing the choir, and 100*l.* in money. Consequent upon the extortionate demands made upon the Monastery during the abbacy of Thomas de la Mare, the youthful Richard II. (soon after the death of Wat Tyler) hearing of the great commotions at St. Albans, decided to march thither and suppress the disorders; it was not, however, until they were positively assured of the King being on his way to the town that they restored the goods they had stolen from the Abbey, and gave a bond to pay 200*l.* to the Abbot for damages. Richard was attended on this occasion by Sir Robert Tresillian, his much-dreaded chief justice, and escorted with a guard of 1000 bowmen and soldiers. The King was received at the west door by the Abbot and his monks, in procession, and with great solemnity.*

* In the choir of the church there formerly hung a life-like portrait of Richard II., seated in State, with crown and sceptre upon what, from its construction (the height of its pinnacles, and the fact of its being raised on a step

History is altogether silent as to either visit or donation by either King Henry IV. or his son Henry V., and it is not until we reach the 38th year of the reign of Henry VI., or 77 years after Richard's visit, that royalty seems to have again smiled upon the Abbey. May 22, 1455, was a sad day for Henry VI., and one long noted in the annals of the Abbey. Upon it was fought the first famous battle of St. Albans, between the houses of York and Lancaster, which although it lasted but one short hour, yet proved so disastrous to Henry, and left him wounded in the neck by an arrow, and a prisoner to the Duke of York. The King remained on the field until he was left perfectly alone, under his royal banner, when he took refuge in a baker's shop, and was there visited by the conquering Duke, who bending his knee bade him "Rejoice, as the traitor Somerset was slain,"—and then led the King, first to the shrine of St. Alban, and afterwards to his apartments in the Abbey; on the following day he took him to London. In 1459, however, Henry and his Queen, with their youthful and only son, Edward Prince of Wales, then in his 7th year (called by Speed "The child of sorrow and infelicity"), visited the Abbey, and were entertained by John of Wheathampstead, the 33rd Abbot, and by far the most famous and illustrious of all the rulers of the Monastery.

At Easter, 1459, the King again passed his holidays at the Abbey; being altogether without means to adequately acknowledge the hospitality shown him, he ordered his best robe to be given to the Abbot as a token of his satisfaction. His treasurer, however, knowing that the King had not a second robe to his back, was amazed at the royal command, but with admirable presence of mind, whilst affecting to obey the King's wishes, whispered in the Abbot's ear, that "some of those days" he would send him fifty marks instead of the robe, but

or steps), may certainly be called a lofty throne. Mr. Riley surmises that this portrait was painted for Abbot William de Colchester. Upon that Abbot's disgrace, and in order to protect the portrait from the Bolingbroke party, when Richard was unseated, it is supposed to have been removed from the Abbot's palace to the interior of the Abbey, where no one could molest it under penalties of sacrilege. "This," says the *Athenæum*, "is more probable, perhaps, than another suggestion which has been made respecting the origin of this portrait. The Earl of Arundel, who had been ordered to attend the funeral of Richard's Queen, arrived so late in the Abbey, that the angry King on seeing the Earl and his indifference, seized a beadle's staff, knocked Arundel down, and would have murdered him on the spot but for the bystanders. As it was, blood from the Earl's wound desecrated the Abbey, and the rites were suspended till prayer had cleansed the place of sacrilege. It has been suggested that, in part explanation of the crime, Richard gave this, the first painted presentment now extant of any of our kings, to the Abbey; but, as it seems to have been at St. Albans before it was at Westminster, Mr. Riley's later surmise seems to bear the greater amount of probability."

Henry, hearing of the arrangement, would brook no delay in payment of the money, and insisted on the Prior sending specially to London for it, which was done. The King had it counted, and paid over by the Lord Treasurer in the royal presence, but imposed as a condition that it should be expended by the Abbot in the purchase of gold cloth of great value, and commonly called "Cremsyne Thissue," and this to be made up in one cope or chasuble, two tunics, and one complete suit for the cover of the grand altar.

On Shrove Tuesday (17th February), 1461, the hostile forces of York and Lancaster again met near St. Albans, when the fortune of the day rested with the Queen (Margaret). As night set in the defeated Yorkists fled precipitately, leaving their royal prisoner, King Henry, nearly alone in a tent with Lord Montague, his chamberlain, and two or three attendants. The Queen on being apprised of her lord's captivity, attended by her son the Prince of Wales, flew to greet Henry. The royal family and their northern lords then went immediately to the Abbey, at the doors of which they were met by the Abbot John, attended by his monks, who chanted hymns of triumph and of thanksgiving for the King's safety. The whole party then proceeded to the high altar to return thanks for the victory and deliverance of the King, after which the shrine of St. Alban was visited for a similar purpose, and on the conclusion of their religious duties, the King, Queen, and Prince were conducted to their apartments in the Abbey, where they took up their abode for several days, and then proceeded to London.

With Henry VI. the royal favours shown to the Abbey were fast drawing to a close. It is true that Edward IV.'s pleasures of the chase in the forest of Whittlebury, led to his early acquaintance with the Abbey and its rules, but no record is left of any state visit, holiday-making or regal offerings by this King, although, from an entry in the Abbey accounts, it appears that John of Wheathampstead expended 85*l.* (no inconsiderable sum in those days) in entertaining the young King, Edward IV., at his first visit after his coronation. Tolerance and protection to the Abbey appear to have been the leading features in Edward's time. Richard III. however, both before and after his accession, showed great favour to the Monastery, and warmly encouraged the completing and publishing of the celebrated *St. Alban's Chronicle*; but with his reign the last royal favour ceased for ever, and neither the ancient splendour of the Abbey nor its literary fame could any longer secure to it the grace and favour of the sovereign: it experienced a fatal blow when Henry VII. ascended the throne.

Whilst under Morton and Fox the work of oppression and destruction became easy, yet with an hypocrisy only exceeded by his selfishness, the King affected to manifest great respect and devotion to this Abbey, as in the 20th year of his reign he caused the Abbot and Convent of Westminster to engage to pay yearly to the Abbey of St. Albans 100*s.*, in order to keep and observe a most solemn anniversary on the 7th Feb.; and thereon to pray for the king and his father, and when his mother, the Countess of Richmond, should be dead, for her also.*

Chaucer and our early authors complain as to the treatment of bondmen, or villeins, which complaints certain modern writers say are grossly exaggerated, and that the condition of the Abbey bondman especially was little worse, comparatively, than that of a tenant farmer now. Here are two instances to the contrary, from the records of St. Albans. In 1353 Nicholas Tybbesone charged the Abbot of St. Albans and his fellow-monk, Reginald of Spalding, that they assaulted, beat, wounded, and imprisoned him the said Nicholas, and kept him two days in prison till he paid them a fine of 76 shillings to let him go. They pleaded that Nicholas had no right of action against them, as he was their bondman. He could not deny this, and was in consequence "amerced for making a false complaint." Again, in 1355, the Abbot and his men break into the close of one of his villeins, John Albyn, and carry off his bull and twenty-four cows, of the value of twenty marks. On suing the Abbot, he pleads that Albyn is his villein; and consequently, the poor man not only loses his cattle, but "is amerced for making a false claim" to his own property.—(*Athenæum* journal.)

One of the monks of St. Albans was Malken of Paris, and another was one of the first of our English printers. The first book known to have been printed by Caxton in this country is dated 1474, and in 1480 was published the earliest book printed at St. Albans Abbey, entitled *Rhetorica nova Fratris Laurencii Gulielmi de Soona*. Of this book three copies are extant. Two other works appeared the same year. In 1481 appeared Aristotle's *Physics*, and a little after the *St. Albans Chronicle*, and then the *Gentleman's Recreation*, by the Prioress of the neighbouring nunnery of Sopwell, Dame Juliana Berners. The subject may be thought singular for a lady in such a position in our time. The work consists of three treatises—one on "Hawking," another on "Hunting and Fishing," and the third on "Brass Armour."

Facing the entrance of the south door of the Abbey church is the

* Condensed and selected from an elaborate paper by H. F. Holt, Esq., read to the British Archæological Association Congress, at St. Albans, in August, 1869.

monument to Humphrey, brother to King Henry V., commonly distinguished by the title of the Good Duke Humphrey. It is adorned with a ducal coronet, and the arms of France and England. In niches on one side are seventeen Kings; but in the niches on the other side there are no statues remaining. Before this monument is a strong iron grating, to prevent the sculpture being defaced. The inscription, in Latin, alludes to the pretended miraculous cure of a blind man, detected by the Duke, and to the gift of books for the Divinity School at Oxford. It may be thus translated:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE BEST OF MEN.

"Interr'd within this consecrated ground,
Lies he whom Henry his protector found:
Good Humphrey, Gloster's Duke, who well could spy,
Fraud couch'd within the blind impostor's eye.
His country's light, and state's rever'd support,
Who peace and rising learning deign'd to court:
Whence his rich library at Oxford plac'd,
Her ample school with sacred influence grac'd:
Yet fell beneath an envious woman's wile,
Both to herself, her king, and country, vile;
Who scarce allow'd his bones this spot of land,
Yet, spite of envy, shall his glory stand."

In the chancel is the vault, discovered in 1703, in which the Duke was buried; at which time the body was entire, and in strong pickle; the pickle, however, has long been dried up, the flesh wasted away, and nothing remains of this great and good prince but a few bones. We were shown, many years ago, some dust, stated to be the Duke's!*

* These mouldering remains gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*, by the illustrious actor, Garrick. In the summer of 1765, Garrick and Quin (who was hardly more renowned for his merits as a player than for his fondness for good living), with other friends, visited at St. Albans, where, at the Abbey Church, they were shown the bones of Duke Humphrey; Quin jocosely lamented that so many aromatics, and such a quantity of spirit, should be used in the preservation of a dead body. After their return to dinner, and whilst the bowl was circulating, Garrick took out his pencil, and wrote the following verses, which he denominated

"QUIN'S SOLILOQUY.

"A plague on Egypt's arts I say—
Embalm the dead! On senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste!
Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I,
Bound in a precious pickle lie,
Which I can never taste?

"Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
With turtle fat, and Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade!
Than Humphrey's duke more happy I!
Embalm'd alive, old Quin shall lie
A mummy ready made!"

Near where the shrine stood is "the Watch Room," in which the monks attended to receive the donations of devotees, as well as to guard the riches of the shrine. Beneath the above is a stone coffin, on which is inscribed an account of Sir John Mandeville, the greatest traveller of his time. He was a native of St. Albans, and dying in 1372, was buried at Liège, in Flanders.

Here are a beautiful stone screen, and some finely sculptured monuments of Abbots Ramryge and Wheathampstead, and Frederic; a brass plate to the memory of Sir Anthony Grey, of Groby, knighted by Henry VI. at Colney, but slain next day at the second battle of St. Albans, February 17, 1461. Abbot Frederic made the boldest stand against William the Conqueror. The battle of Hastings was over, Harold was killed in it, no head was made against William's subduing the whole island; and he came on by slow marches to take possession rather than to subdue by force. Having passed the Thames at Wallingford, he rested at Berkhamstead, where Abbot Frederic stopped him by cutting down trees, and throwing them in the invader's way. By this delay the Abbot gained time to convene the nobility of the country at St. Albans, to consult about some effort to drive the Normans back, and free the country from their yoke; but their attempts to this purpose were vain.

The Abbot's resolute answer to William is remarkable. Being asked by him, "Why he felled the trees to impede the army's progress?" he boldly replied, that "he had done no more than his duty; and if all the clergy in the realm had done the same, they might have stopped his progress." This produced a menace from King William, "that he would cut their power shorter, and begin with him." Thus St. Albans greatly suffered from the conduct of its Abbot, who, on the dissolution of the confederacy, was obliged to seek refuge in the monastery of Ely, where he died of grief and mortification; while William seized all the abbey lands between Barnet and London Stone, together with the manor of Redburn; and would have effectually ruined the monastery, but for the solicitation of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The stately Abbey Church had fallen into partial and piecemeal decay, when, in the year 1832, a fund was raised for its substantial repair, under the superintendence of Mr. L. N. Cottingham, architect. The subscription was headed by King William IV., who, being on a visit to the Marquis of Westminster, at Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, his Majesty, during a drive through the grounds, halted to admire the massive form of the Abbey Church, in one of the picturesque prospects

from the beautiful domain. The opportunity proved a golden one to report to the King the repairs in progress, when his Majesty was pleased to signify his donation of 100 guineas to the funds. The good work has since been carried on; and in the autumn of 1869, a hope was expressed by the Lord Bishop of Rochester for the speedy and effectual restoration of the interesting fabric; and that ere long, when the necessity for aid has become extensively known, his lordship's wishes may be fulfilled, and that it may be possible to reckon by thousands the visitors and benefactors of the Abbey of St. Alban.

Here may be noted some particulars of Neckam, a scientific Englishman of the twelfth century, a native of St. Albans, born on the same night as Richard Cœur de Lion, and suckled at the same breast. He became a distinguished professor at the University of Paris, and was afterwards elected Abbot of Cirencester. In his treatise *De Naturâ Rerum* are many anecdotes characteristic of the times, and they especially teach us how great was the love of all animals in the Middle Ages, how ready people of all classes were to observe and note the peculiarities of animated nature, and especially how fond they were of tamed and domestic animals. The mediæval castles and great mansions were like so many menageries of rare beasts and birds of all kinds. His love for symbolism is great; and wonderful is his discovery of the whole doctrine of the Trinity in the first word of the Book of Genesis in Hebrew. Neckam was a precursor of Bacon, who speaks of him respectfully, but declines to admit him as an authority.

Hertford Castle.

Hertford is a town of considerable antiquity, by some writers thought to have been originally a Roman station. In 673, a national ecclesiastical council was held here by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, to compel submission to the Papal see; two of the Saxon Kings attended. About 905, Edward the Elder erected the Castle, and rebuilt the town, which had probably been ruined by the Danes. In the Civil War of the reign of John, the Castle was taken, after a stout defence, by the Dauphin Louis and the revolted Barons. It next came to the Crown. In 1357, Isabella, Queen of Edward II., was residing here, as we learn from the very interesting account of her last days, drawn from the Book of her Household Expenses, by Mr. E. A. Bond, F.S.A., of the British Museum. We have here detailed her

pilgrimage from Hertford Castle to Canterbury; her reception of the renowned Captal de Buche, cousin of the Comte de Foix, who took part in the battle of Poitiers, and while at Hertford Castle was visited by several noble captives, taken in that battle. Then we read of Queen Isabella resting at Tottenham, on her way to Hertford, and presenting a gift to the nuns at Cheshunt, who met the Queen at the Cross. Isabella died at Hertford Castle, although often stated to have expired at Castle Rising. We have an account of numerous journeys of medical attendants, and bearers of messages during the month the Queen lay ill. Her body lay at Hertford, in the chapel of the Castle, whence her funeral left for London, for interment in the church of the Grey Friars.

In 1362, at Hertford Castle, died Joan, wife of David, King of Scotland, and sister of Edward III., during whose reign Jean II., King of France, and David, King of Scotland, spent part of their captivity here. In 1369, Henry, Duke of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.), kept his Court here when Richard II. was deposed. The Castle was then granted in succession to John of Gaunt, and to the Queens of Henry IV., V., and VI.; the latter sovereign spent his Easter here in 1429. Queen Elizabeth occasionally resided and held her Court in Hertford Castle.



Berkhampstead Castle.

Berkhamstead, or Berkhampstead, as it is generally though corruptly written, is an ancient market town in Herts, seemingly of Saxon origin. The name is certainly Saxon—*Berg* signifying a hill, *Ham* a town, and *Stedt*, a seat, it being seated among the hills; or it may be from *Burg*, a fortified place, and *Ham-stede*, the fortified Hamstede, homestead. The kings of Mercia had certainly a palace or Castle at this place, and to this we may attribute the growth if not the origin of the town. William the Conqueror came to Berkhampstead on his way through Wallingford to London, after the battle of Hastings, and was obliged to make some stay there, his further progress having been intercepted by Frederic, Abbot of St. Albans, as described in page 27. The grand meeting afterwards held at Berkhampstead between William and the noble prelates who belonged to the powerful confederacy Abbot Frederic, who was of the royal blood of the Saxons, had organized with the object of compelling the Norman to rule according to the ancient laws and customs of the country, or else of doing their utmost

to raise Edgar Atheling to the throne. William thought it prudent to take the required oath, and it is well known how he neglected it when he was firmly seated on the throne. In the distribution of territory among his followers which then took place, the Castle and Manor of Berkhampstead were given to his half-brother, the Earl of Mortaigne. Domesday Book informs us that the property was rated at thirteen hides, and that it was worth twenty-four pounds when bestowed on the Earl, but only sixteen pounds at Domesday time. Among other curious particulars in this account, it is mentioned that the land contained two arpends of vineyards. The Earl enlarged and strengthened the Castle ; but in the time of his son, it was seized by Henry I., and, according to most accounts, razed to the ground, on account of the rebellion of its possessor, William, Earl of Mortaigne ; and the town and manor reverted to the Crown. It is probable, however, that the demolition was only a partial one, or that the Castle was soon after rebuilt, as Henry II. occasionally kept his Court here, and granted great privileges "to the men and merchants of the honour of Wallingford and Berkhamsted St. Peter's." Among them it was granted that they should have "firm peace in all his land of England and Normandy, wheresoever they should be," with the enjoyment of all the laws and customs which they had in the time of Edward the Confessor and King Henry, his grandfather. He also granted that wheresoever they should go with their merchandizes to buy or sell through all England, Normandy, Anjou, and Aquitaine, they should be free from all toll and all secular customs and exactions, and all servile works ; and should any man vex or disturb them, he rendered himself liable to a penalty of ten pounds.

Robert, the Conqueror's half-brother, was Earl of Cornwall, and we find that the honour of Berkhamstead almost invariably accompanied every subsequent grant of the earldom. The Castle was given by Henry II. to Becket. At a later date it was the jointure of Queen Isabelle, the bride of King John ; and in 1216 it was besieged by Louis the Dauphin of France, who had come over to assist the discontented barons. The besieged held out till the King sent them orders to surrender. It was then the dower of the second queen of Edward I., it next belonged to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, better known as the King of the Romans, who died here ; and later still was granted by King Edward II. to his favourite, Piers Gaveston. When Edward III., in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, advanced his eldest son, Edward the Black Prince, to the title and dignity of Duke of Cornwall, the Castle and Manor of Berkhampstead were given to him "to hold

to him and the heirs of him, and the eldest sons of the kings of England, and the dukes of the said place." Here resided for a time the Prince's illustrious captive, John, King of France. Accordingly, the property has since descended from the Crown to the successive Princes of Wales, as heirs to the throne and Dukes of Cornwall, under whom it has, for the last three centuries, been leased out to different persons.

In 1496, Cicely, Duchess of York, mother of Edward IV. and Richard III., closed here her long life of sorrow and suffering, after witnessing in her own family more appalling vicissitudes than probably are to be found in the history of any other individual. The Castle at Berkhampstead appears to have been unoccupied after her death; and was "much in ruin," even in Leland's time.

The place declined in importance after it ceased to be even occasionally a royal residence. The Castle became gradually ruined by neglect. The mansion, now called Berkhampstead Place, is said to have been erected out of the remains of the Castle early in the seventeenth century. The greatest part of this mansion was destroyed by fire about 1661, and only about a third part was afterwards repaired, which forms the present residence.

The Castle itself was situated to the east of the town, and though the buildings are now reduced to a few massive fragments of wall, enough remains to evince the ancient strength and importance of the fortress. The works are nearly circular, and include about eleven acres. It was defended on the north-east by a double and on the other side by a triple moat. These moats are still in some parts wide and deep. On the bank, between the second and third moat from the outside, are two rude piers of masonry, between which the entrance probably lay over drawbridges connecting the several moats. The space enclosed by the inner moat is surrounded by a wall, constructed with flints coarsely cemented together, within which stood the habitable part of the Castle. Strongly as this Castle was fortified, it could not have been tenable after the invention of cannon, as its site, though elevated, is commanded by still higher eminences on the north and north-east. An account, written about fifty years since, describes the ramparts of the Castle as very bold, and trees growing on the site of the keep, which stood upon a high artificial mount.

Although Berkhampstead was favoured by royalty, their visits were respectively but of short duration. Berkhampstead had two representatives in the Parliament of the 14th and 15th Edward III., but there is no record of such return from this place on any other occasion. The charter of incorporation granted by James I. scarcely survived the

reign of his son Charles, who is said to have had a great affection for the place, in consequence of having been nursed at the manor-house with his elder brother Henry, under the care of Mrs. Murray. It is certain that the place was much distinguished by the favour of Charles, both before and after his accession to the throne.

Bishop's Stortford Castle.

Bishop's Stortford derives its name of Stortford from its situation upon the river Stort, and the prefix from having been, even from Saxon times, the property of the Bishops of London. Domesday Book records that the Conqueror gave the town and Castle of Stortford to Maurice, Bishop of London; if so, he gave no more than he had previously taken, for the same document mentions that William, the last bishop but one before Maurice, had purchased the manor of the Lady Eddeva. It was worth eight pounds per annum, but had been worth ten in the time of the Confessor. The small Castle, which stood on an artificial hill, is said to have been built by William the Conqueror, to protect the trade of the town, and to keep it in subjection at the same time. It was, however, thought to have existed before the Conquest, and to have been strengthened and repaired by the King. It was called Waytemore Castle, and stood on a piece of land surrounded by the Stort. The site is thought to have been occupied as a Roman camp, as Roman coins of the lower empire have been found in the Castle gardens. It was a fortress of some consequence in the time of King Stephen, and the Empress Maud endeavoured, but ineffectually, to prevail upon the Bishop to exchange with her for other lands. King John caused the Castle to be demolished in revenge for the active part which Bishop William de St. Maria took against him in his difference with the Pope. When the Pope triumphed over the King, the latter found it necessary to give the Bishop his own manor of Guildford, in Surrey, to atone for the demolition of this Castle. "The Castle hill," says Salmon (in his *History of Hertfordshire*, 1728), "stands yet a monument of King John's power and revenge; and the Bishop's lands remain a monument of the Pope's entire victory over him."

Some of the outbuildings and parts of the Castle were standing in the seventeenth century. The bishops continued to appoint a *custos*, or Keeper of "the Castle and Gaol of Stortford" till the time of James I. The last who made use of the prison was Bishop Bonner, in the time of

Queen Mary, who in its deep and dark dungeon confined convicted Protestants, whence it obtained the name of the Convict's Prison; of whom we learn, from the authority of Mr. Thomas Leigh, Vicar of Stortford, one was burned in Mary's reign, on a green, called Goose-meat, or God's-meat, near the causeway leading from Stortford to Hockerill. This prison, which consisted of several rooms, was sold about the year 1640, and pulled down, with the bridge leading to it, by the purchaser, who erected an inn near it. Some remains of the lower walls of the dungeon are yet to be seen in the cellar of an ale-house below the Castle Hill; and quit-rents for Castle-guard are still paid to the see of London from many manors adjacent to Bishop's Stortford.

The only fragments of the Castle existing in 1830 were a few stone walls of great thickness, overgrown with ivy, which stood on the lofty mount. The area formed by these ruins was planted with cherry, gooseberry, and other fruit trees; and some years previously the people were allowed, on the payment of a trifling sum, to ascend the hill and regale themselves among the crumbling ramparts. Some ancient spurs, coins, rings, &c., have been found on this interesting spot; and doubtless, were it properly excavated and examined, many other relics would be discovered. A well still exists, which penetrates through the hill itself, and into the ground many feet below it.

Here, as in many other cases, the Castle seems to have formed an inducement for people to settle in the neighbourhood, as it offered a place of safety, to which they could retire with their moveables in time of danger. It must have been a place of some consequence when King John demolished it, to punish the Bishops that boldly published the Pope's interdict against the nation. These daring ecclesiastics were, William of London, Eustace of Ely, and Mauger of Worcester. Fuller, with his usual quaintness, writes, that "no sooner had they interdicted the kingdome, but with Joceline, Bishop of Bath, and Giles of Hereford, they as speedily and secretly got them out of the land, like adventurous empiricks, unwilling to wait the working of their desperate physick, except any will compare them to fearfull boyes which, at the first tryall, set fire to their squibs with their faces backwards, and make fast away from them. But the worst was, they must leave their lands and considerable moveables in the kingdome behind them.'

Moor Park, Rickmansworth.

This celebrated domain was anciently the property of St. Albans Abbey, from which it was severed during the contentions between the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Henry VII. granted it to John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who led the van of his army in the battle of Bosworth Field; but it again reverted to the Crown, and was for some time in the possession of Cardinal Wolsey. The former house, nearly on the same site as the present one, is also stated to have been built by George Neville, Archbishop of York. Edward IV. had promised to make that prelate a visit there, and while he was preparing to receive his royal master, he was removed to Windsor, and arrested for high treason. The King seized at the Moor all his rich stuff and plate, to the value of 20,000*l.*, keeping the Archbishop prisoner at Calais and Hammes. The mansion was of brick, in a square court, entered by a gatehouse, with tower; and the whole was moated. It had afterwards several noble owners, among whom was the celebrated Lucy, Countess of Bedford, who originally laid out the ground in the formal style of her time. At the Restoration, if not earlier, the estate was purchased by Sir John Franklyn, whose son sold it to Thomas, Earl of Ossory, son to the Duke of Ormond, who also sold both the seat and the Park to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth (son of Charles II. by Lucy Walters), whose widow, Anne, only daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, is said to have ordered all the tree tops in the Park to be cut off immediately on being informed of the decapitation of her husband; and the tradition is thought to be strengthened by the condition of many of the oaks at Moor Park, which are decayed from their tops. But the late Sir Joseph Paxton—a deservedly great authority in such matters—used to state this could not be the case. The Duchess of Monmouth sold the estate to H. H. Styles, Esq., who had realized a great fortune by the famous South Sea Bubble. After his decease, it was purchased by the great Lord Anson, on the united fortunes of his two uncles devolving to him. It had several owners during the next century, and is now the residence of Lord Ebury. The present mansion was built, it is stated, by the Duke of Monmouth; but it was cased with Portland stone by Mr. Styles, who also attached to it a magnificent Corinthian portico, and erected a chapel and offices, connected by Tuscan colonnades. His architect was Leoni; and Sir James Thornhill painted the saloon, and acted as surveyor. He received for painting the ceiling of the saloon, after Guido, 3500*l.* Upwards of

13,800*l.* was expended in conveying the stone from London; and the entire expense was more than 150,000*l.* The north front commands the finest view; to obtain this, the hill was lowered; which Pope thus satirizes:—

“Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill a shelter'd seat again.”

This, Pope observes, in a note, “was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above 5000*l.*, by which means, merely to overlook a dead plain, he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods:” but this is not correct; the view opens to a fertile vale, watered by the Gade and Colne, and embellished with noble seats and villas. The ball-room of the mansion cost 10,000*l.* A reverse of fortune attending a possessor, Mr. Rous, he had the wings pulled down for the sake of selling the materials. Under the chapel in the west wing were buried Mr. and Mrs. Styles, and their bodies now lie beneath the grass-plot contiguous to the west angle of the house.

The Park is about five miles in circumference, and cost Lord Anson 80,000*l.* in improving it. It is much praised by Sir William Temple. Lord Anson first planted here the famous “Moor Park Apricot;” the lettuces are also famous. The entire estate now extends to nearly four thousand acres, the whole within a ring fence.

There is a curious account of “the good Countesse Elizabeth Monmouth,” stated to have died at Watford. She was the wife of Robert Carey, of Leppington, created Earl of Monmouth, Feb. 5, 1626. Sir Robert was a great favourite with his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth, till he rashly committed the offence of wedding a fair and virtuous gentlewoman, Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Hugh Trevanion, of Corriheigh, Cornwall. In his *Autobiography* he says: “I married this gentlewoman more for her worth than her wealth, for her estate was about 500*l.* a yeare jointure; and she had between five and six hundred pounds in her purse. The Queen was mightily offended with me for marrying, and most of my best friends, only my father was no ways displeas'd at it, which gave me great content.” Soon after the accession of James I., in 1603, Sir Robert says: “My wife waited on the Queen [Anne of Denmark], and at Windsor was sworn of her privy chamber, and the mistress of her sweet coffers [mistress of the robes], and had a lodging allowed her at Court. This was some comfort to me that I had my wife so near me.” To the care of Lady Carey was committed “the baby Charles,” when the royal infant was between three and four years old; and it was to her sensible management that the

preservation of Charles I. from deformity may be attributed. "When the little Duke was first delivered to my wife," writes Sir Robert, "he was not able to go, nor scarcely to stand alone, he was so weak in his joints, especially in his ankles, insomuch that many feared they were out of joint. Many a battle my wife had with the King, but she still prevailed. The King would have him put into iron boots to strengthen his sinews and joints; but my wife protested so much against it, that she got the victory, and the King was fain to yield." Again, Sir Robert tells us that, "at the Queen's death, in 1619, her house was dissolved, and my wife was forced to keep house and family, which was out of our way a thousand a-year, that we saved before." In the second year of Charles I. Sir Robert was created Earl of Monmouth, and died April 16, 1639. Both the Earl and the Countess were buried in Rickmansworth Church; but the monumental inscription in the chancel of that church does not state the date of the death of the Countess.—*Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. No. 13.



Hatfield House.

The town of Hatfield lies nineteen miles north from London, and is of considerable antiquity. The manor of Hetfelle (as it is called in Domesday) was granted by King Edgar to the Abbey or Monastery of St. Ethelred, at Ely; and upon the erection of that Abbey into a Bishopric, in the reign of Henry I., A.D. 1108, is supposed to have acquired the designation of Bishop's Hatfield. It then became one of the residences of the prelates, who had no fewer than ten palaces belonging to the see. The Bishop of Ely had a palace at Hatfield, which, with the manor, was made over to the Crown in the time of Henry VIII., but had been before that period an occasional royal residence. William of Hatfield, second son of Edward III., was born here. During the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., Prince Edward resided at the palace of Hatfield. Upon the death of his father, Henry VIII., the young King Edward was escorted thence by his uncle, the Earl of Hartford, and others of the nobility, to the Tower of London, previous to his coronation. In the fourth year of his reign the King conveyed the palace to his sister, the Princess Elizabeth. In the latter part of the reign of Queen Mary, the Princess was removed from the monastery of Ashridge, in Buckinghamshire, to London, and imprisoned in the Tower, in consequence of her being charged with

participation in the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt; she was, however, permitted to retire to Hatfield, under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. Here, in 1587, the Princess was visited by Queen Mary, at Hatfield, when she was received with great state and festivity, and a child sang, accompanied on the virginals by Elizabeth herself. Here, while seated beneath an ancient oak in the Park, the Princess received the intelligence of the death of Queen Mary: in the old palace Queen Elizabeth held her first privy council, and from hence she was conducted to ascend the throne. At her decease, her successor, King James I., exchanged Hatfield for the palace of Theobalds with Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, about which time his Lordship commenced building the present mansion of Hatfield, which he finished in 1611.

The brick entrance leading to the park and grounds seems to be of a little earlier date than the reign of Henry VIII. A wall of several feet in thickness has been found, probably part of a building of much more ancient date. After entering, all that remains of the old palace inhabited by Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth meets the eye. A large portion of this is used as stabling and other offices. Here is the room where Elizabeth was kept for some time a State prisoner: the chamber which she occupied is situated in the north part of this building: the exterior, of dark red brickwork still, is partly overgrown with ivy. The stable has a wooden roof springing from grotesque corbel heads, and is lighted from windows partly filled with stained glass on each side. This apartment is very lofty and of great size, and was the banqueting hall of the old palace: here were kept Christmas festivals; and at Shrovetide, 1556, Sir Thomas Pope made for the "Ladie Elizabeth, alle at his own costes, a greate and rich maskinge, in the greate hall at Hatfelde, where the pageaunts were marvelously furnished." At night the cupboard of the hall was richly garnished with gold and silver vessels, and a "banket of sweete dishes, and after a voide of spices and a suttletie in thirty spyce, all at the chardges of Sir Thomas Pope." On the next day was the play of *Holophernes*. Queen Mary, however, did not approve of these "folliries," and intimated in letters to Sir Thomas Pope that those disguisings must cease.

The present mansion is a fine specimen of the architecture of the Elizabethan period. It is built of brick, in the form of a half H. In the centre is a portico of nine arches, and a lofty tower, on the front of which is the date 1611; and each of the two wings has two

turrets, with cupola roofs. By the north entrance you are admitted into a spacious hall, which leads to a gallery of great length, open on one side by a sort of trellis-work to the lawn. Here is displayed a large collection of arms, some of which were captured from the Spanish Armada. Here is the saddle-cloth, of rich materials, which was used on the white charger ridden by Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury. There is another saddle-cloth, used by the first Earl of Salisbury. There are also models, &c., and weapons captured in the Crimean war. The various apartments used as bedchambers and dressing-rooms have a sombre, yet rich appearance. In each chamber there are wardrobes and other furniture, carved in the style of James I.'s reign. The mantelpieces of some are supported by massive pillars entwined with flowers, by caryatides and other figures. In this wing a fire broke out in November, 1835, when the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, the grandmother of the present Marquis, perished in the flames. The building has been well restored; and in the carved woodwork of a mantelpiece an oval gilt frame has been introduced, containing a well-painted portrait of the deceased Marchioness when she was a young girl.

In the chapel, at the other end, is a stained glass window of considerable brilliancy. It is of Flemish work, and contains, in compartments, scenes from Bible history. The light streams in from the numerous windows on the dark oak floor, and lights up cabinets and furniture of curious workmanship. Here is a State chair, which is said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth; and the hat which we are told was worn by the Princess Elizabeth when she received the messengers in the Park. At the eastern extremity of the gallery is a very fine room, called the Great Chamber, and was probably used as such by the Lord Treasurer Cecil for his royal master. The large mantelpiece of various marbles has in the centre a statue in bronze of James I. There are several famous pictures in this room, amongst them a head of Henry VIII., by Holbein; heads of Henry's wives; a characteristic portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and other historical personages.

The Grand Staircase is one of the most magnificent features of this palace-home. It is ascended by a flight of five landings, and occupies a space of 35 feet by 21 feet in dimension. The balusters are massive, and boldly carved in the Italian form; above the hand-rail are represented genii, armorial lions, &c.; here is a carved hatch-gate, probably to keep the favourite dogs from ascending to the drawing-rooms. The upper division of the ceiling is enriched by a very beautiful

pendant in the Florentine style, and has been coloured and relieved by gold and silver enrichments, which are not, however, just to our taste. The wall is hung with choice portraits of the Cecils, many of them whole lengths, by Lely, Kneller, Vandycke, Zuccherò, Reynolds, &c. One, the fourth Earl of Salisbury, has a novel appearance, there being a portrait of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth rising rather above and immediately behind that of the Earl. It was discovered on the cleaning of the painting. The canvas originally possessed a portrait of the Duke of Monmouth, by Wissing; but this has been repainted over, and the fourth Earl painted on it by Dahl.

At the foot of the staircase is the door of the Dining Parlour, and over it a white marble contemporary bust of Lord Burghley. This room is panelled throughout with oak, and has an enriched chimney-piece and ceiling. This apartment is in the east front. Adjoining are the Summer, Breakfast, and Drawing Rooms; and the remainder of the eastern wing, on the Ground Story, is occupied by spacious private apartments, furnished in the olden taste: with massive fire-dogs for burning wood. Some of the most valuable pictures are in these rooms; among them Zuccherò's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth. The entire collection consists of nearly 250 paintings, some of which include the finest specimens of Zuccherò, De Heere, Hilliard, Mark Gerards, and other esteemed portrait-painters in the reign of Elizabeth; a portion of the collection having been the private property of that Queen, consisting of portraits of the favoured nobility and popular characters who formed her Court and household. There are five highly-finished original portraits of Elizabeth (including the large one by Zuccherò), profusely decorated with jewels, pearls, symbolic eyes and ears, and rainbow.

The Grand Staircase also communicates with the upper end of the Great Hall, or, as it is called, the Marble Hall, 50 feet by 30. It is lighted by three bay windows rising the whole height of the apartment, besides the oriel at the upper end, near which the lord's table stood in the "golden days" of our ancestors. A massive carved screen runs the whole length of the hall at the east end, with an open gallery, enriched with carving, amidst which are introduced lions, forming part of the heraldic insignia of the family, bearing shields of the cartouche form, on which are blazoned the arms. The room is panelled with oak, and the walls lined with splendid tapestry brought from Spain. This hall presents one of the earliest departures from the ancient open timber roof and louvre; the ceiling being coved, and its ten compartments filled with relieve heads of the Cæsars. On ascending

the staircase, the first apartment entered is the great chamber, called King James's Room, nearly 60 feet long and 27 feet wide, and lit by three immense oriel windows. This vast apartment has the ceiling elaborately decorated in the Florentine style, enriched by pendants, and most elaborately gilt. From it hang six gilt chandeliers, of pure Elizabethan design. Upon the walls are hung whole-length portraits of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds; and portraits of the Salisbury family. Over the lofty chimney-piece is a marble statue of James I.; and in the fireplace are massive silver fire-dogs. The whole of the furniture is heavily gilt.

From King James's Room is entered the Gallery, which extends the whole length of the southern front to the Library. It is 160 feet long, panelled with oak, and has an Ionic screen at each end. The "Frette Seelinge" is entirely gilt, the intersections being ornamented in colours, in the same style as the coloured ceiling at the Royal Palace at Munich.

The Library is of equal dimensions with King James's Room. Over the chimney-piece is a Florentine Mosaic Portrait of Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, 1608. The books, prints, and manuscripts are ranged in oaken cases, and above them is a series of royal and noble portraits. Hatfield is rich in historical documents. Here are the forty-two Articles of Edward VI., with his autograph; Cardinal Wolsey's instructions to the Ambassador sent to the Pope by Henry VIII., with Wolsey's autograph; and a pedigree of Queen Elizabeth, emblazoned (1559), tracing her ancestry to Adam! The State-papers in the collection extend through the successive administrations of Lord Burghley and his son the Earl of Salisbury, and include documents which came into Lord Burghley's possession from his connexion with the Court. Here are no less than 13,000 letters, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I. Among the earlier MSS. are copies of William of Malmesbury's and Roger Hoveden's English History; a splendid MS. on vellum, with a beautifully executed miniature of King Henry VII.; a translation from the French of "The Pilgrimage of the Soul," with the autograph of King Henry VI., to whom it once belonged. Of the time of Henry VIII. are a treatise on Councils, by Cranmer; and the original Depositions touching the divorce of Anne of Cleves. Of Edward VI., here is the proclamation made on his ascending the throne, which is not noticed by historians. Of the reign of Mary, is the original Council-book. The historical MSS. of Elizabeth's reign contain memoranda in Lord Burghley's hand; the Norfolk Book of Entries, or copies of the Duke's letters on Mary Queen of

Scots; a copious official account of the Earl of Northumberland's conspiracies, &c. Here are plans, maps, and charts, from Henry VIII. to the present reign; the actual draft of the proclamation declaring James King of England, in the handwriting of Sir Robert Cecil; and various MSS. illustrating Raleigh's and the Gunpowder Plots.

Here are also several autograph letters of Elizabeth, and the Cecil Papers; the oak cradle of Elizabeth; the pair of silk stockings presented to her by Sir Thomas Gresham; and the purse of James I. Here are also original letters and other memorials relating to the political affairs in the reigns of Henry VII. and Edward VI.

The Chapel, enriched similarly to the rest of the mansion, has a large painted window, and an oaken gallery hung with scriptural paintings. The chapel and a suite of ten rooms were completed by the late Marquis, the rooms being of different woods, as oak, walnut, ash, sycamore, &c. King James's bedroom has the fittings, it is said, exactly as when the King last used them.

The picturesque park and gardens have many interesting objects, besides charming prospects, the richly coloured brickwork harmonizing with the various shades of verdure. Near the house are a racket ground and riding-school. A host of historical objects and localities present themselves in the views from the windows of the mansion. Westward is the venerable Abbey Church of St. Albans, crowning a beautiful eminence; the hill at Sandridge next breaks the line, and the wide-spreading woods of Brocket Hall and Wood Hall appear on the north. Eastward are Digswell House, Tewin Water, and Panshanger; while south are Gubbins or Gobions, near North Mimms, once a seat of Sir Thomas More; and Tyttenhanger, anciently the residence of the Abbots of St. Albans, to which King Henry VIII. and his Queen Catherine retired for the summer of 1528. There are some brave old oaks, as the "Lion Oak," upwards of 30 feet girth, and 1000 years old; and Queen Elizabeth's oak: by the way, the man who brought her the news of Queen Mary's death, was one of many who supped once too often with my Lord of Leicester, and died in 1570, after eating figs at that table.

The Gardens and Vineyard were celebrated as early as the days of Evelyn and Pepys, who, in their Diaries have described them. Evelyn notes, 1643, March 11—"I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's palace at Hatfield, where the most considerable rarity, besides the house (inferior to few then in England for its architecture), was the Garden and Vineyard rarely well watered and planted." Pepys notes, 1661, July 23,—“I come to Hatfield before twelve o'clock, and walked all

alone in the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again; and coming back I met Mr. Looker, my Lord's gardener, who showed me the house, the chappel with brave pictures, and, above all, the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseberrys, as big as nutmegs." Then he tells us how, one Lord's-day, he got to Hatfield in church-time, "and saw my simple Lord Salisbury sit there in the gallery." The Vineyard is entered through an avenue of yew-trees, cut in singular shapes, straight and solid as a wall, with arches formed by the branches, and imitating a fortress with towers, loopholes, and battlements; and from the centre turfed steps descending to the river Lea. The Vineyard is mentioned in the accounts of building the mansion and laying out the grounds, all which cost but 763*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*

The Privy Garden, on the west side, was very small, being only 150 feet square: encompassed by a stately arched hedge; a close walk, or avenue, of limes round the sides; in the centre of the plot a rockwork basin; the angles of the garden occupied by small grass-plots, having a mulberry-tree in each, reputed to have been planted by King James I.; and bordered with herbaceous plants and annuals. The garden facing the east front is in the ancient geometrical style of the seventeenth century; and below it is a maze, which belongs to the same period of taste. Below the south front is the Elizabethan garden. The northern front is the principal one, and here and at the south front three pair of metal gates were placed in October 1846, when the Marquis of Salisbury was honoured with a visit by her Majesty and the Prince Consort. To conclude, no home in the kingdom, erected at so early a date, remains so entire as Hatfield; the additions or re-erections have been made accordant with the original style; and the gates just mentioned are evidences of this judgment; they were cast in Paris, and are extremely rich and beautiful in detail; the coronet and crest of the family, in the head-way, being picked out in colours.

Knebworth.

This ancestral home of one so various and accomplished as to unite in himself the characters of the dramatist and poet, the novelist and statesman, possesses great attraction; and when to this living interest is added the historic vista of centuries in the transition from the hid fortress of the Norman period to the picturesque mansion of the Elizabethan age, much may be expected from the olden story of such an

apode, and its eventful associations, as well as from the instant interest which attaches to the present distinguished owner. Such is Knebworth, Stevenage, Hertfordshire, the seat of Lord Lytton, who, on succeeding to the Knebworth estate, by the will of his mother, in 1845, took the surname of Lytton by sign-manual.

Knebworth, which is placed upon the highest elevation in the county, was held as a fortress by Eudo Dapifer, at the time of the Norman Conquest. Sir Bernard Burke, in his *Visitation of the Seats and Arms of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Great Britain*, tells us that Knebworth was possessed by Thomas de Brotherton, fifth son of King Edward I. His eldest daughter and co-heiress brought the lordship of Knebworth to the celebrated Sir Walter Manny, Knight of the Garter; and at his decease she continued to hold it under the title of Duchess of Norfolk. From her, Knebworth passed to her daughter and heir, Anne, the wife of John de Hastings, Earl of Pembroke. It was then sold to Sir John Hotoft, Treasurer of the Household to Henry VI. From him it went to Sir Thomas Bouchier (son to Sir John Bouchier), Knight of the Garter, and was purchased of him by Sir Robert Lytton (of Lytton in the Peak), a Knight of the Bath, Privy Councillor to Henry VII., Keeper of the Wardrobe, and under-treasurer. Sir Robert Lytton immediately set about enlarging the fort; and the work was continued by his successor, William de Lytton, Governor of Boulogne Castle. Knebworth was completed in the reign of Elizabeth by Sir Rowland de Lytton, Lieutenant for the shires of Hertford and Essex, at the time of the Spanish invasion. Queen Elizabeth frequently visited Sir Rowland at Knebworth; and the room in which she slept at the time of the Armada, is preserved, and named "Queen Elizabeth's Chamber."

Knebworth, thus enlarged, in the early Tudor style, was a large quadrangle, the east front or gateway having been a portion of the ancient fort. For many years it was but in part inhabited; till, in 1811, Mrs. Bulwer commenced the restoration of the mansion; when three sides were, of necessity, removed; and the fourth side, built by Sir Robert de Lytton, in a style resembling Richmond Palace, and erected in the same reign, was restored. Its embattled tower and turrets are seen from the Stevenage station of the Great Northern Railway, from which Knebworth is 2 miles south, Stevenage lying 28½ miles from the metropolis.

The principal apartments in the mansion are the banquet-hall, the oak drawing-room, the library, and the great drawing-room or presence-chamber. The hall ceiling is of the age of Henry VII.; the screen Elizabethan; the chimney-piece in the style of Inigo Jones; and the walls are hung with suits of armour. A door leads to the capacious

cellar, whither, in the olden time, it was customary for the gentlemen to adjourn after dinner from the hall, to finish their potations. Another door leads to the oak drawing-room, where, in the reign of Charles I., the great Parliamentary leaders, Pym, Eliot, and Hampden, met their staunch supporter, the Sir William Lytton of that day. The library, fitted up in the style of Henry VII.'s reign, contains two bronze candelabra, with lamps of bronze inlaid with silver; they were dug up in Apulia, on the site of the palace of Joan, Queen of Naples, and are supposed to be genuine Roman antiquities.

A double flight of stairs leads to the State rooms, the carved balustrades supporting the lion rampant, one of the ancient family crests. The staircase is hung with armour and trophies, and family portraits; and the windows are blazoned with descents from the alliance of Barrington and that of the St. Johns. The first State room has stamped and gilt leather hangings, carved panels, and an armorial ceiling. The long ante-room is hung with bugle tapestry, very rare. Hence, an oval drawing-room conducts to the old presence-chamber (now the oak drawing-room), with armorial ceiling and windows charged with ninety-nine quarterings. The furniture includes items of the seventh and eighth Henries' reigns; portraits of rare historic interest; armour from the Crusades to the Civil War; and some fine specimens of Italian and Dutch art. Over the hall is the music gallery, communicating with the Round Tower chamber; whence a corridor leads to the Hampden chamber, where John Hampden once slept; and beyond is Queen Elizabeth's room.

This fine old mansion is charmingly and lovingly described by its present owner, Lord Lytton—the poet, novelist, and essayist—to whom Knebworth was the cradle of childhood, the home of youth, the retreat and solace of a life-struggle, and is now at last the prized heritage of honoured age. That he knows every chamber and turret of the mansion, every wide prospect and sequestered nook of the estate, is, of course, only to be expected; but that he should write of them, as he does in the following delightful and exquisitely finished passages, and of himself in connexion with them, so candidly, and with so much spontaneous feeling—taking the reader into his confidence, and imparting to him his impressions as they rise—is a graceful concession to the natural and intelligent curiosity of the tens of thousands who admire and regard him and are interested in hearing him talk of himself, which must be appreciated. In an essay on Knebworth, by the noble owner of this ancient hall, the

following *morceaux* of charming description and just and candid reflection occur :—

Amidst the active labours in which from my earliest youth I have been plunged, one of the greatest luxuries I know is to return, for short intervals, to the place in which the happiest days of my childhood glided away. It is an old manorial seat that belongs to my mother,* the heiress of its former lords. The house, formerly of vast extent, built round a quadrangle, at different periods, from the date of the second crusade to that of the reign of Elizabeth, was in so ruinous a condition when she came to its possession, that three sides of it were obliged to be pulled down, the fourth yet remaining, and much embellished in its architecture, is in itself one of the largest houses in the country, and still contains the old oak hall with its lofty ceiling and raised music gallery. The place has something of the character of Penshurst, and its venerable avenues, which slope from the house down to the declivity of the park, giving wide views of the opposite hills crowded with cottages and spires, impart to the scene that peculiarly English, half stately, and wholly cultivated character which the poets of Elizabeth's day so much loved to linger upon. As is often the case with similar residences, the church stands in the park, at a bowshot from the house, and formerly the walls of the outer court nearly reached the green sanctuary that surrounds the sacred edifice. The church itself, dedicated anciently to St. Mary, is worn and grey, in the simplest architecture of ecclesiastical Gothic, and, standing on the brow of the hill, its single tower, at a distance, blends with the turrets of the house, so that the two seem one pile. Beyond, to the right, half-way down the hill, and neighboured by a dell girded with trees, is an octagon building of the beautiful Grecian form, erected by the present owner—it is the mausoleum of the family. Fenced from the deer is a small surrounding space sown with flowers—those fairest children of the earth, which the custom of all ages has dedicated to the dead. The modernness of this building, which contrasts with those in its vicinity, seems to me, from that contrast, to make its objects more impressive. It stands out alone, in the venerable landscape with its immemorial hills and trees—the prototype of the thought of death—a thing that, dealing with the living generation, admonishes them of their recent lease and its hastening end. For with all our boasted antiquity of race, we ourselves are the ephemera

* The collection in which this essay is included was published in 1835.

of the soil, and bear the truest relation, so far as our mortality is concerned, with that which is least old.

The most regular and majestic of the avenues I have described conducts to a sheet of water, that lies towards the extremity of the park. It is but small in proportion to the domain, but is clear and deep, and, fed by some subterraneous stream, its tide is fresh and strong beyond its dimensions. On its opposite bank is a small fishing cottage, whitely peeping from a thick and gloomy copse of firs and larch and oak, through which shine, here and there, the red berries of the mountain ash; and behind this, on the other side of the brown, moss-grown deer paling, is a wood of considerable extent. This, the further bank of the water, is my favourite spot. Here, when a boy, I used to while away whole holidays, basking indolently in the noon of summer, and building castles in that cloudless air until the setting of the sun.

The reeds then grew up, long and darkly green, along the margin; and though they have since yielded to the innovating scythe, and I hear the wind no longer glide and sigh amidst those earliest tubes of music, yet the whole sod is still fragrant, from spring to autumn, with innumerable heaths and wild flowers and the crushed odours of the sweet thyme. And never have I seen a spot which the butterfly more loves to haunt, particularly that small fairy, blue-winged species which is tamer than the rest, and seems almost to invite you to admire it—throwing itself on the child's mercy as the robin upon man's. The varieties of the dragon fly, glittering in the sun, dart ever through the boughs and along the water. It is a world which the fairest of the insect race seem to have made their own. There is something in the hum and stir of a summer noon which is inexpressibly attractive to the dreams of the imagination. It fills us with a sense of life, but a life not our own—it is the exuberance of creation itself that overflows around us. Man is absent, but life is present. Who has not spent hours in some such spot, cherishing dreams that have no connexion with the earth, and courting, with half shut eyes, the images of the Ideal!

Stretched on the odorous grass I see, on the opposite shore, that quiet church, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep—that mausoleum where my own dust shall rest at last, and the turrets of my childhood's home. All so solitary and yet so eloquent! Now the fern waves on the slope and the deer comes forth, marching with his stately step to the water side to pause and drink. O Nymphs!—O Fairies!—O Poetry, I am yours again!

I do not know how it is but every year that I visit these scenes I have more need of their solace. My departed youth rises before me in more wan and melancholy hours, and the past saddens me more deeply than the present. Yet, every year, perhaps, has been a stepping-stone in the ambition of my boyhood, and brought me nearer to the objects of my early dreams. It is not the mind that has been disappointed, it is the heart. What ties are broken—what affections marred! the Egeria of my hopes,—no cell conceals, no spell can invoke her now! Every pausing-place in the life of the ambitious is marked alike by the trophy and the tomb. But little men have the tomb without the trophy!

The churchyard—the village—the green sward—the woods—the fern-covered hills—the waterside, odorous with the reeds and thyme—the deep-shagged dells—the plain where the deer couch,—all united and blended together, make to me the place above all others which renews my youth and redeems it from the influence of the world. All know some such spot—blessed and blessing—the Kaäba of the earth—the scene of their childhood, the haunt of their fondest recollections. And while it is yet ours to visit it at will—while it yet rests in the dear and sacred hands to which it belonged of yore—while no stranger sits at the hearth, and no new tenants chase away “the old familiar faces,” who has not felt as if in storm and shower there was a shelter over his head—as if he were not unprotected—as if fate preserved a sanctuary to the fugitive and life a fountain to the weary!

It would be strange indeed if this noble remnant of past times had not, in the progressive ages and amid the varying fortunes of its owners, gradually surrounded itself with traditions. One of the strangest of these was that of “Jenny Spinner, or the Hertfordshire Ghost,” which is the title of a very interesting little book published at the beginning of the present century, and which tells the story of the nightly visits of the ghostly housewife that haunted the old mansion of Knebworth, and thrilled the hearts of the sleepless, o’ nights, with the sound of her spinning wheel. Under what doom this ghostly lady was compelled to draw out the thread after her own had been cut short, and at that witching hour, when every hooded ghost—whatever his occupations during the remainder of the twenty-four hours may be—gives himself up, as a rule, to mere vagrancy and aimless revisitings of the glimpses of the moon, it would be difficult to say. The old wheel upon which the spectre

spinner used to perform, and which was extant at the beginning of the century, has been destroyed, and we believe the ghost is now seen no more.

Sopwell Nunnery.

Occupying a considerable space of ground, about half a mile south-eastward of St. Albans, are the dilapidated remains of this once famous establishment of monastic times. The nunnery was of the Benedictine order, and was founded about 1140, by Geoffrey de Gorman, sixteenth Abbot of St. Albans, on the site of a dwelling that had been reared with the trunks of trees, by two pious women, who lived here in seclusion and strict abstinence. The Abbot ordained that the number of nuns should not exceed thirteen, and that none should be admitted into the sisterhood but maidens. He also granted them some lands, and their possessions were increased by different grants from Henry de Albini, and others of his family. An estate in the parish of Ridge was likewise given to them by Richard de Tany, or Todenai.

In the year 1541, Henry VIII. granted the site and building of the Nunnery to Sir Richard Lee, who had been bred to arms, as was the person who had previously obtained the grant of the lands lying contiguous to the Abbey church. According to Newcome, Sir Richard was indebted for Sopwell to the solicitations of his handsome wife, whose maiden name was Margaret Greenfield, and who was in no small favour with the licentious King.

By Sir Richard Lee the buildings were enlarged and altered for his own residence; and the surrounding grounds were inclosed by a wall and converted into a park. He died in 1575, leaving two daughters. By Anne, the eldest, who married Sir Edward Sadlier, second son of Sir Ralph Sadlier, of Standon, in the same county, Sopwell passed into that family. About the time of the Restoration, it again fell to an heiress, married to Thomas Saunders, Esq., of Beechwood; it was afterwards sold to Sir Harbottle Grimstone, an ancestor of the Earl of Verulam, of Gorbambury. Sir Harbottle was a lawyer, and sat in Parliament for Colchester in the reign of Charles I.; and afterwards rose to eminence in the law.

The ruins of Sopwell are mostly huge fragments of wall, composed of flint and brick. This Nunnery is said to have obtained the name of Sopwell from the circumstance of the two women who first

established themselves here *sopping* their crusts in the water of a neighbouring well. Many of those who assumed the veil at Sopwell were ladies of distinguished rank, family, and learning. It has been said that Henry VIII. was privately married to Anne Boleyn in the chapel at Sopwell; but it is better known that this ill-observed ceremony was performed in one of the chambers of Whitehall.

The Great Bed of Ware.

Ware, called *Waras* in Domesday-book, lies on the great North road, and on the river Lea. In 1408, the town was destroyed by a great inundation, when sluices and weirs were made in the river, to preserve it from future floods. In the reign of Henry III., Margaret, Countess of Leicester, founded here a priory for Grey, or Franciscan Friars; and here, too, was an alien priory of Benedictines, some remains of which existed to our time.

A more popular object of antiquarian curiosity is, however, "the Bed of Ware," or rather a Bedstead, of unusually large dimensions, which has been preserved, between two and three centuries past, at an inn in the town; and its celebrity may be inferred from Shakspeare employing it as an object of comparison in his play of *Twelfth Night*, bearing date 1614, thus: "*Sir Andreæv Aguecheek*. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? *Sir Toby Belch*. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the *Bed of Ware*, in England," Act iii. sc. 2. In a much later comedy, Serjeant Kite describes the *Bed of Honour* as "a mighty large bed, bigger by half than *the Great Bed of Ware*. Ten thousand people may be in it together, and never feel one another."—Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*.

Still, we gather little from the county historian relative to the Bed. Clutterbuck, in his folio History, records: "One of the inns at Ware, known by the name of the Saracen's Head, contains a Bed of unusually large dimensions, measuring 12 feet square, consisting wholly of oak, curiously and elaborately carved. After diligent inquiry, I have not been able to meet with any written document, or local tradition, which throws any light upon the history of this curious Bed, to which allusion is made by Shakspeare, in his play of *Twelfth Night*. There is a date of 1463 painted on the back of the Bed; but it appears to be

more modern than the Bed itself, which, from the style of the carving, may be referred to the age of Queen Elizabeth."

In Chauncy's *Hertfordshire*, there is an account of the Bed receiving at once twelve men and their wives, who lay at top and bottom, in this mode of arrangement: first, two men, then two women, and so on alternately, so that no man was near to any woman but his wife.

The possession of the Bed has also been attributed to Warwick, the King-maker; which tradition, in all probability, explains the date of 1463—the period at which Warwick flourished, in the Wars of the Roses—which we suspect to have been painted to suit the story; and which further states the Bedstead to have been sold, amongst other moveables belonging to Warwick, at Ware Park.

The common story is, that the Bedstead was made by one Jonas Fosbrooke, a journeyman carpenter, and presented to the Royal Family, in 1463, as a rare specimen of carving, and for the use of the said Royal Family, for princes or nobles of gentle blood to sleep in on any great occasion. The King (Edward IV.) being much pleased with the workmanship, and great labour of the maker, allowed him a pension for life.

There is also the following strange legend attached to the Bed: that, after many years, being much neglected, this Bed was used on occasions of the town being very full, for any large parties to sleep in; such as those engaged in hunting, or attendant on weddings, &c. Whenever so used, its occupants were always unable to obtain their wished-for sleep, being in the night subject to all kinds of pinching, nipping, and scratching, till at last the Bed became deserted. The reason is said to be this—that the spirit of Jonas Fosbrooke always hovered about his favourite work, and being vexed at the base use it was put to (he having made it for nought but noble blood to sleep in), prevented anything else from getting a moment's rest.

There is also a story of one Harrison Saxby, of Lancashire, a Master of the Horse to King Henry VIII., who having fallen deeply in love with the daughter of a miller and maltster, residing at Chalk Island, near Ware (she having other suitors of her own rank), swore he would do anything to obtain her. This coming to the ears of the King, as he was passing through Ware, on his way to his favourite retreat at Hertford, his Majesty ordered the girl and all her suitors before him, and, to set the matter at rest, promised her hand to him who would sleep all night in the Great Bed, provided he were found there in the morning. The suitors, all being superstitious, declined; but the Master of the Horse complied, and retired to the chamber, though not to sleep, or rest; for,

in the morning, on the servants of the King entering the apartment. he was found on the floor, covered with bruises, and in a state of exhaustion.

The Bed is stated to have been kept at the Old Crown Inn, where they had a ceremony at showing it, of drinking a small can of beer, and repeating some health. It was at the Saracen's Head, in September, 1664, when it was put up for sale by auction, at 100 guineas; no one advanced upon it, and it was bought in.

The Rye House and its Plot.

In the parish of Stanstead, in the road from Hoddesdon to Ware, on the Great Eastern Railway, in Hertfordshire, is Rye House, an ancient house erected by Andrew Osgard, in the reign of Henry VI., that monarch having granted him a licence to build a castle on his manor of Rye. Part of the building has both battlements and loopholes: it was the gatehouse of the Castle which Andrew Osgard had liberty to erect; and it is consequently among the earliest of those brick buildings erected after the form of bricks was changed from the ancient flat and broad to the modern shape.

The Rye House has become celebrated from having been tenanted by Rumbold, one of the persons engaged in the real or pretended conspiracy to assassinate Charles II. and the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) in 1683, on their return from Newmarket. The plan of the conspirators was to overturn a cart on the highway, and when the royal *cortège* was thrown into confusion, to shoot the King and his brother from behind the hedges. Fortunately for the King, the house in which he was staying at Newmarket took fire, and he returned to London three days before the appointed time, which of course upset the plans of the conspirators. The plot, however, was betrayed, and the discovery led to that of another, though of a different nature, and by parties of a much more exalted station. In consequence of the information given, the Earl of Essex, and Lords Russell and Howard, Algernon Sydney, the great republican, and Hampden, son of the great John Hampden, the friend of Cromwell, were arrested, tried, and although there was in reality no evidence against them, were found guilty; when, to the infamy of England, Russell and Sydney were executed, Hampden was heavily fined, Lord Howard escaped by turning evidence against his fellow-prisoners, and the Earl of Essex was found dead in his cell, but whether from suicide or murder is a matter of debate to the present day.

Historical Hertfordshire.

At the Congress of the British Archæological Association, held at St. Albans in 1869, Lord Lytton, the President, in his inaugural address grouped the historical sites of the county with his wonted felicity, being, from the long connexion of his family with the county of Herts, master of all its details: thus picturesquely illustrating the text of Camden, that "for the renown of antiquity Hertfordshire may vie with any of its neighbours, for scarce any other county can show as many remains."

Lord Lytton remarked, that in that county and at St. Albans the Association would find memorials and reminiscences, that illustrated the history of our native land from the earliest date. Round the spot, too, on which they were assembled, one of the bravest and the greatest of the British tribes held dominion; far and near round that spot they trod on ground which witnessed their dauntless and despairing resistance to the Roman invader. * * * * England never seemed, from the earliest historical records, to have been inhabited by any race which did not accept ideas of improved civilization from its visitors or conquerors. The ancient Britons were not ignorant barbarians, in our modern sense of the word, at the time of the Roman Conquest. Their skill in agriculture was considerable; they had in familiar use implements and machinery, such as carriages, the watermill and the windmill, which attested their application of science to the arts of husbandry. The Romans were to the ancient world what the railway companies were to the modern—they were the great constructors of roads and highways. Again, to the Romans the Britons owed the introduction of civil law, and the moment the principle of secular justice between man and man was familiarized to their minds the priestly domination of the Druids, with all its sanguinary superstitions, passed away. It was to Rome, too, that Britons owed that institution of municipal towns to which the philosophical statesman, M. Guizot, traced the rise of modern freedom in its emancipation from feudal oppression and feudal serfdom. When the Romans finally withdrew from Britain, ninety-two considerable towns had arisen, of which thirty-three cities possessed superior privileges. Among the most famous of these cities was Verulam, which was a *municipium* in the time of Nero, and the remains of which were being more clearly brought to light by the labours of the Association. The members would be enabled, he believed, to see at least the stage, the proscenium, and the orchestra of the only Roman theatre yet found in this country. Lastly, it was to the Roman con-

queror that the Briton owed, if not the first partial conception, at least the national recognition of that Christian faith whose earliest British martyr had bequeathed his name to St. Albans.

When they passed to the age of the Anglo-Saxons their vestiges in that county surrounded them on every side. The names of places familiar as household words marked their residences. And here he might observe that the main reason why the language of the Anglo-Saxon had survived the Norman invasion, and finally supplanted the language of the Conqueror, did not appear to him to have been clearly stated by our historians. He believed the reason to be really this. The language that men spoke in after-life was formed in the nursery; it was learnt from the lips of the mother. The adventurers of Scandinavian origin who established themselves in Normandy did not select their wives in Scandinavia, but in France, and thus their children learned in the nursery the French language. In like manner, when they conquered England, those who were still unmarried had the good taste to seek their wives among the Saxons, and thus the language of the mothers naturally became that of the children, and being also the language of the servants employed in the household, the French language necessarily waned, receded, and at last became merged into the domestic element of the Anglo-Saxon, retaining only such of its native liveliness and adaptability to metrical rhyme and cadence as enriched the earliest utterances of our English poetry in the Muse, at once grave and sportive, at once courtly and popular, which inspired the lips of Chaucer. In the county in which they were assembled were the scenes of fierce, heroic conflict between the Saxons and the Danes. Where now stood the town of Ware anchored the light vessels which constituted the Danish navy as it sailed from London along the Thames to the entrance of the river Lea. There they besieged the town of Hertford, and there the remarkable genius of Alfred the Great, at once astute and patient, studying the nature of the river, diverted its stream into three channels, and stranded the Danish vessels, which thus became an easy prey to the Londoners.

Nor was the county destitute of memorials of the turbulent ages which followed the Norman Conquest. When Prince Louis of France invaded England no stronghold, with the exception of Dover, resisted his siege with more valour or with greater loss to the invaders than the Castle of Hertford, and under the soil around its walls lay the bones of many an invading Frenchman. At St. Albans, on the 22nd of May, 1455, Henry VI. pitched his standard against the armies of the White Rose led by Richard, Duke of York, and the great Earls of Warwick

and Salisbury; and then again, on the 17th of February, 1461, Henry VI. was brought from London to be the reluctant witness and representative of a conflict against his Queen, who, however, delivered him from the custody of the Yorkists, and sullied her victory by such plunder and cruelty as a few days afterwards insured the crown to Edward IV. On the summit of Christ Church tower, at Hadley, was still to be seen the lantern which, according to tradition, lighted the forces of Edward IV. through the dense fog which the superstition of the time believed to have been raised by the incantation of Friar Bungay, and through the veil of that fog was fought the battle of Barnet, where the power of the great feudal barons expired with Warwick, the king-maker, and a new era in the records of liberty and civil progress practically commenced. For he was convinced from a somewhat careful study of the time that the contests between the Houses of York and Lancaster was not a mere dispute of title to the throne, or a mere rivalry for power between the great feudal chiefs. The House of Lancaster with its monkish King represented a more intolerant spirit of Papal persecution; it was under that house that the great religious reformers had been mercilessly condemned to the gibbet and the flames, and the martyrdom of the Lollards under Henry IV. and Henry V. left a terrible legacy of wrath and doom to Henry VI. Besides the numerous descendants of these Lollards, large bodies of the Church itself, including the clergy, were favourable to religious reform, and these were necessarily alienated from the House of Lancaster and inclined to the House of York. With the House of York, too, were the great centres of energy and intelligence, London and the powerful trading cities. The commercial spirit established a certain familiar sympathy with Edward IV., who was himself a merchant, venturing commercial speculations in ships fitted out by himself. Thus the Battle of Barnet was fought between the new ideas and the old, and those new ideas which gave power to the middle class in the reign of Henry VII., and rendered the religious reformation in the reign of Henry VIII. popular in spite of its violent excesses, shared at Barnet the victory of the King, under whom was established the first printing-press known in England.

But Hertfordshire had also furnished the birthplace or the home of no inconsiderable persons. According to tradition, Cashiobury was the royal seat of Cassibelaunus, and passing to the noble family that now held its domains, it found an owner as brave as its old British possessor in the first Lord Capel, faithful in life and in death to the cause of Charles I. King's Langley was the birthplace of Edmund de

Langley, the brave son of Edward III., and close beside it was born Nicholas Brakespeare, afterwards Pope Adrian IV. Moor Park was identified with the names of Cardinal Wolsey and the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. Sir John Mandeville, the famous traveller, who, if he invented his travels, certainly beat them all in the art of romance, was a native of St. Albans. Panshanger was associated with the name of Cowper, while the delightful essayist, Charles Lamb, boasted his descent from Hertfordshire. Future archæologists will revere at Brocket, the residence of the two distinguished men who swayed the destinies of the country in our time as first Ministers of the Crown—Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, akin by family connexion, akin still more by the English attributes they held in common—an exquisite geniality of temper united with a robust and simple manliness of character. At Hatfield members of the Association would find a place stored with brilliant memories and associations. There still stood the tower from the window of which, according to tradition, the Princess Elizabeth envied the lot of the humble milkmaid, and there was still seen the trunk of the oak under which she heard the news of her accession to the throne. And what Englishman—nay, what stranger from the foreign nations to which, conjointly with the posterity of his native land, Francis Bacon intrusted the verdict to be pronounced on his labours and his name—would not feel that he was on haunted ground when he entered the domain of Gorhambury and examined the remains of the abode in which the Shakespeare of Philosophy united the most various knowledge of mankind with the deepest research into the secrets of Nature and the elements of human thought?



Panshanger House.—The Story of Spencer Cowper.

Panshanger is a remarkably handsome, large, and splendid house, situated on the north-east bank of the river Meriman, in the midst of a spacious park in the county of Hertford, and about two miles from the town of that name. It is the family residence of Earl Cowper, but has only become so within recent years—Colne Green, at a little distance to the south-west, having hitherto been the favourite family seat.

Panshanger was erected at the commencement of the last century, but was pulled down in 1801 by the Earl Cowper of that

date, and the present mansion erected near its site. The grounds are laid out with much taste. One of the "lions" of the park is a huge oak, measuring seventeen feet in circumference at five feet from the ground. It was called the "Great Oak" in 1709.

The collection of paintings here is exceedingly fine, and the different works are arranged in splendid apartments with much taste. "The drawing-room," says Waagen, "is one of those apartments which not only give pleasure by their size and elegance, but also afford the most elevated gratification to the mind by works of art of the noblest kind. This splendid apartment receives light from three skylights, and from large windows at one of the ends; while the paintings of the Italian school are well relieved by the crimson silk hangings. I cannot refrain from praising the refined taste of the English for thus adorning the rooms they daily occupy, by which means they enjoy from their youth upwards the silent and slow, but sure influences of works of art."

There are two invaluable pictures of the Virgin and Child, by Raphael. Of the Infant Christ, seated on his mother's lap, by Fra Bartolommeo, Dr. Waagen says, "This is the most beautiful picture that I am acquainted with by this friend of Raphael."

Three or four portraits, and figure paintings of Joseph making himself known to his Brethren, with others representing in the most spirited way some old Italian legend, are by the great Andrea del Sarto. Of the portrait of the artist by himself the conception is extremely animated and noble—the tender melancholy wonderfully attractive, and the finely drawn head very softly executed in a deep, clear *sfumato* treatment. There is a fine picture by Titian, representing three children, as well as admirable specimens of Annibale Caracci, Guido Reni, Guercino, Carlo Dolce, and other artists of the later Italian schools; and examples also of Poussin, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and the English Wilson. The art treasures of this noble hall have lately been increased in number, and specimens are now to be seen of Perugino, Correggio, Paul Veronese, Teniers, Rubens, Gaspar Poussin, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The family of Cowper is descended from John Cowper, Esq., of Strode, in Sussex, during the reign of Edward IV. The third in descent from him was John Cowper, Esq., one of the sheriffs of the city of London in 1551, and alderman of Bridge Ward. His son, William Cowper, Esq., of Ratling Court, Kent, was created a baronet in 1642, and was succeeded by his grandson, Sir William Cowper, M.P. for Hertford, whose eldest son and successor, Sir

William Cowper, achieved a splendid reputation as a lawyer of the highest ability. His advancement was rapid and his political career illustrious. He was appointed Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1705, and elevated to the peerage in the following year as Baron Cowper, of Wingham, Kent. In 1706, also, he was chosen one of the commissioners for the arrangement of the treaty of union between England and Scotland. In 1707 he rose to be Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. On the death of Queen Anne, Lord Cowper was appointed one of the Lords Justices until the arrival of George I. from Hanover. He was appointed Lord High Steward of Great Britain in 1716, for the trial of the rebel lords; and in the following year he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Fordwick and Earl Cowper. Soon afterwards, however, he resigned the seals. He died in 1723, and was succeeded by his elder son William, second Earl Cowper, who assumed the surname Clavering before that of Cowper, in obedience to the will of his maternal uncle. He married Henrietta, daughter and eventually sole heiress of Henry de Nassau Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, son of the famous marshal, and the sole descendant of the legitimized children of Maurice of Nassau. The second earl was succeeded by his son George Nassau, third Earl Cowper, who was created a prince in Germany by the Emperor Joseph II. as the sole remaining representative of the princes and counts of Nassau Auverquerque. He was succeeded by his son George-Augustus, fourth earl; but he dying unmarried, the honours fell to his brother Peter-Leopold, fifth earl. The fifth earl died in 1837, and was succeeded by his son, George Augustus Frederick, sixth earl; and he dying in 1856, was succeeded by his son, the present inheritor of the honours and estates of this famous house, Sir Francis-Thomas-de Grey Cowper, K.G., seventh earl. He is a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and as heir-general of Thomas, Earl of Ossory, eldest son of James, first Duke of Ormonde, inherits the barony of Butler in the English peerage, and that of Dingwall in the peerage of Scotland.

The annals of this family are not wanting in those incidents which give to the sober page of history the colours of romance. William, the first baronet, and who owed his baronetcy to Charles I., was a devoted adherent to the royal cause in storm and sunshine, in good and evil report. He suffered for his fidelity in being subjected by the republicans to a long and severe imprisonment. His fate was shared by his eldest son, who, however, died in confinement. It was in consequence of this sad event that we

find the estates passing from the first baronet to his grandson. At the time of the Revolution the politics of the family underwent a change; and indeed the Cowpers from this time onward may be ranked among the principal Whig houses. William Cowper, member for Hertford, had been in arms for the Prince of Orange and a Free Parliament, although his father had suffered death by imprisonment for the King. This sudden and entire change of politics drew upon the Cowpers at the close of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century a bitterness of party hatred and an amount of obloquy for which it is difficult, in these more tolerant days, to account. During the closing year of the seventeenth century, after the session was over, and when the passions of partizans no longer found vent in the accustomed place, the violence of the opposing parties manifested itself throughout the country, embittered provincial squabbles, and even influenced the decisions of circuit judges.

The Cowpers, perhaps, suffered more from the deadly malice of political opponents than any other family of this period.

Sir William Cowper, the M.P. for Hertford already mentioned, had two sons, William, his successor, who raised the family to the summit of its greatness, and Spencer Cowper, a barrister, and the grandfather of that excellent poet and most amiable yet most unhappy of men, William Cowper.

By a strange chain of unfortunate, or, accordingly as they were viewed, suspicious circumstances, Spencer Cowper became implicated in a mysterious death which occurred in the town which his father represented in Parliament—Hertford. The death took place on the night on which the barrister arrived in the town, at the commencement of the assizes, and he was the person who was known to have been last in the company of the deceased.

No sooner was suspicion attached to the name of Cowper than the Tory party of the town rose to the scent and exerted their utmost endeavours, their ingenuity, and their political animosity to run their game to death. Spencer Cowper's elder brother, William, had succeeded his father in the representation of Hertford, and the family had considerable influence here. But among the electors there was a strong, active, and bitter Tory minority, and though Cowper had carried his seat it was not without a hard fight in which blows, that could not readily be forgiven, had been exchanged between the fierce politicians. An opportunity had now arisen for crushing the influence of the Whiggish Cowpers in Hertford for

ever. A cadet of the family, one who was fast rising into practice as a barrister on the Home Circuit, was to take his place at the bar on a charge of murder, and his enemies were resolved to leave no means untried to find a verdict against him. It seems astounding that gentlemen should have been not only willing but eager to increase their "political capital" by the sacrifice of a human being, but it is simply a fact undeniable and illustrated by many a story besides the following one :—

Mr. Spencer Cowper, a barrister and a married man (this latter point should be borne in mind), set out at the Spring Assizes of 1699 for the Home Circuit and took his way from London to Hertford on horseback. He was intimately acquainted with a Quaker lady and her only daughter, named Stout, who stayed in Hertford, and with whom he had on several occasions when visiting the town passed the night. He had on this occasion forwarded a letter to Mrs. Stout, announcing his intended visit to Hertford and intimating his intention to lodge with her for the night. On reaching the town, he alighted at an inn to get rid of the marks of travel, and in the meantime sent on a servant with his horse to Mrs. Stout's, with the message that he himself would follow in time for dinner. At the appointed hour he arrived and waited till four o'clock, when he left, after having arranged to come back in the evening and pass the night.

Cowper kept his promise so far. He returned, supped with Mrs. Stout and her daughter, and remained conversing with them till about eleven o'clock, when orders were given to the maid in his hearing, and without any remonstrance or interruption on his part, to prepare his bed. This was done, but Mr. Cowper did not come up, as expected, to his room. The maid, after waiting and wondering at Mr. Cowper's delay, was surprised to hear the street-door slam. Going down stairs she was still more astonished to find Miss Stout as well as Mr. Cowper gone. At once she communicated with Mrs. Stout, who had retired some time previously. Her surprise was almost unbounded, yet having great confidence in Mr. Cowper she, at the time, felt neither alarm nor suspicion. The only feature of the mysterious case that seemed perfectly clear to her was, that her daughter must have gone out with Mr. Cowper ; for, as was stated in the subsequent trial, "the nature of the door was such, that it makes a great noise at the clapping of it, so that any particular person in the house may be sensible of another's going out." And the door had been heard to slam only *once*.

Neither the young lady nor Mr. Cowper came back to the house,

The next morning the dead body of Miss Stout was found floating among the stakes of a mill-dam on the stream called the Priory river. The neck was slightly disfigured with swelling and blackness, according to the deposition of one medical witness. Mr. Cowper was the last person seen in her company.

These circumstances, the simultaneous or supposed simultaneous departure of the young couple from the house, and the body being found with marks that might indicate violence, rendered the position of Mr. Cowper, in relation to the case, very suspicious indeed. On many occasions has capital punishment been inflicted where guilt did not seem so apparent.

Yet, on the other side of the question, there were many points demanding attention and examination. It was known, and was proved in court, that Miss Stout was labouring under hypochondriasis, if not actual insanity; and that on certain occasions she had confessed that she had resolved on committing suicide to put an end to her melancholy. To one who conjured her to put all thoughts of self-destruction out of her mind the unhappy girl replied, "I may thank God that ever I saw your face, otherwise I had done it; but I cannot promise I will not do it." It is thus evident that for some time previously Miss Stout had been contemplating suicide as the one cure for the melancholy that oppressed her.

Mr. Cowper proved his innocence of the murder at once by an *alibi*. Mrs. Stout's servant distinctly stated in her evidence that it was a quarter to eleven or less when the door slammed; and a dozen respectable witnesses proved that he was in the Glove and Dolphin Inn before the clock struck eleven—the distance between the mill-stream and the inn being at least half an hour's walk.

It has already been stated that Miss Stout was hypochondriacal, if not actually insane. It is known, further, that her character was not above reproach, and that she cherished an ungovernable and unlawful passion for Mr. Cowper. She was in the habit of writing letters to him which no woman under the control of her judgment would have written. These letters were produced in court. In consequence of these letters Mr. William Cowper, the future Lord Chancellor, persuaded his brother not to stay again at Mrs. Stout's, but to take private lodgings. Mr. Spencer Cowper acceded to this advice, and only went to Mrs. Stout's to pay over some money he had received for her, and to excuse himself for not coming there to lodge as he had promised. He perceived that to declare this intention would give rise to a scene on the young lady's part, and

therefore, when the order was given to the servant to prepare his bed, he offered no objection. It was only when the two were alone that the explanation came. Having announced his resolution of putting an end to the intimacy between them, and then having departed, Cowper left the girl a prey to her passion and despair. She crept softly to the door some little time after, closed it gently after her, and sought in a suicide's grave the peace which her ill-regulated mind and the constitutional gloom which preyed upon her, denied to her in life. It need scarcely be added that the verdict was Not Guilty and that Mr. Cowper was discharged.

The prosecution was conducted by the Quakers, to which sect the Stouts belonged, and the Tories, who were only too eager to spring at the reputation of an influential Whig family. The coalition between the Quakers and Tories formed an opposition, fired by religious bigotry and political animosity, which might have attained its aim but from the evident innocence of Cowper. The Tories exulted in the prospect of winning two seats from the Whigs, and the whole kingdom was divided between Stouts and Cowpers. The malignity and unfairness of the prosecution seem to us almost incredible ; but, on the other hand, Cowper defended himself with admirable ability and self-possession. The verdict gave general satisfaction, but even then the malevolence of his enemies did not cease. He was held up to public execration in a succession of libels. But the public did him justice, and his advancement in his career and in the good opinion of his fellow-men went on together. On his brother's elevation to the Woolsack, Spencer Cowper succeeded him in the representation of Beeralston, and sat for Truro. He adhered to the Whig party inflexibly, and was a frequent and successful speaker. He was appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales on the accession of George I., and at length he took his seat, with general applause, on the judicial bench, and there distinguished himself by the humanity which he had never failed to show to unhappy men who stood, as he himself had once stood, at the bar.

Cassiobury.

Close to the town of Watford, and distant seventeen miles from London, is Cassiobury House, the seat of the Earl of Essex, a spacious and very beautiful building, in a magnificent and well-wooded park, through which flows the river Eade. The manor is supposed to derive its name from Cassibelanus, the British chief of the Cassii. In Doomsday Survey it is stated that "the Abbot of St. Albans holds Caisson." The whole of the land in the parish of Watford seems to have been comprehended in the manor of Cashio. The abbot continued to enjoy this among his other demesnes until the Dissolution, when it came to the Crown. In the 37th year of his reign, Henry conveyed it to Richard Morison, Esq., a learned and accomplished gentleman, about the place of whose birth there is much uncertainty. He spent several years at Oxford, where he made rapid progress in philosophical studies and in the classics. He then travelled in foreign parts, and having acquired the character of a learned and proficient gentleman, attracted the notice of Henry, who knighted him and employed him in several embassies to the Emperor Charles V. and other princes of Germany—in which expeditions he was attended by no less a personage than Roger Ascham. Morison was employed in the same capacity under Edward VI., and that prince finding the scholar full of zeal for the Protestant religion, appointed him one of the reformers of the University of Oxford. He afterwards resided many years abroad—during the reign of Queen Mary, under whom his emphatic Protestantism was not appreciated—and then returning to his native country, he began to build a mansion at Cassiobury.

Of the distinctive character of this early edifice we have no precise record, but we may conjecture from his well-attested taste and his wealth that his mansion was both large and handsome, and that being built before the middle of the sixteenth century, it bore the ordinary architectural features of the Tudor style. An old writer informs us that Sir Richard commenced "a faire and large house, situated upon a dry hill not far from a pleasant river, in a faire park, and had prepared materials for the finishing thereof; but before the same could be half built, he was forced to fly beyond the seas." Again he found himself out of tune with the times as far as his religious opinions went, and to prevent untoward complications he fled from England. He died at Strasbourg in 1556.

The building of the "faire and large house," however, was carried on and completed by his son, Sir Charles Morison. The mansion remained the home of the family for a hundred years, and it was not until the Capels, subsequently Earls of Essex, became owners of Cassiobury by marriage with the great-granddaughter of Sir Richard Morison, that the mansion was rebuilt. The first Earl of Essex of this line wholly rebuilt the house with the exception of the north-west wing. The house thus rebuilt, with its gardens, &c., are thus described by that prince of diarists, Evelyn, who, writing on the 16th April, 1680, says:—"On the earnest invitation of the Earl of Essex, I went with him to his house at Cassioberie, in Hartfordshire. It was Sunday, but going early from his house in the square of St. James's, we arrived by ten o'clock: this we thought too late to go to church, and we had prayers in his chapell. The house is new, a plain fabric, built by my friend Mr. Hugh May. There are diverse faire and good roomes, and excellent carving by Gibbons, especially ye chimney-piecke of ye library. There is in the porch or entrance a painting by Verrio, of 'Apollo and the Liberal Arts.' One room parquetted with yew, which I liked well. Some of the chimney mantles are of Irish marble, brought by my lord from Ireland, when he was Lord-Lieutenant, and not much inferior to Italian. The lympanium, or gable at the front, is a *basso-relievo* of Diana hunting, cut in Portland stone handsomely enough. I did not approve of the middle dores being round, but when the hall is finished as designed, it being an oval with a cupola, together with the other wing, it will be a very noble palace. The library is large and very nobly furnished, and all the books are richly bound and gilded; but there are no MSS. except the Parliament rolls and journals, the transcribing and binding of which cost him, as he assured me, 500*l.* No man has been more industrious than this noble lord in planting about his seat, adorned with walks, ponds, and other rural elegancies; but the soile is stonie, churlish, and uneven, nor is the water neere enough to the house, though a very swift and cleare streame runs within a slight-shot from it in the valley, which may be fitly called Coldbrook, it being indeed excessive cold, yet producing faire troutes. 'Tis pity the house was not situated to more advantage, but it seems it was built just where the old one was, which, I believe, he onley meant to reparaire; this leads men into irremediable errors, and saves but a little. The land about it is exceedingly addicted to wood, but the coldnesse of the place hinders the growth. Black cherry-trees prosper even to

considerable timber, some being 80 foot long ; they make alsoe very handsome avenues. There is a pretty oval at the end of a faire walke, set about with treble rows of Spanish chesnut trees. The gardens are very rare, and cannot be otherwise, having so skilful an artist to govern them as Mr. Cooke, who is, as to ye mechanic part, not ignorant in mathematics, and portends to astrologie. There is an excellent collection of the choicest fruit."

This mansion, as described by Evelyn, remained in the main unaltered for more than a hundred years. In the year 1800 it was pulled down by George, fifth Earl of Essex, and the present building erected from the designs of Mr. James Wyatt.

We have seen from the brief description of an early chronicler what manner of building was originally erected in Cassiobury Manor by Sir Richard Morison its first secular proprietor, and we have the minute, critical, and altogether admirable description of the mansion which succeeded it by Evelyn. We now proceed to notice the house as it at present exists.

Cassiobury House, commenced in the beginning of the present century, is in the peculiar style of Wyatt's works, of which Fonthill Abbey and parts of Windsor are other examples. The general plan is square, with a courtyard or quadrangle in the middle. The entrance is to the west ; on the side of the sunny south are the principal rooms ; the private or family apartments are to the east ; while the kitchen, servants' offices, &c. are to the north. The entrance doorway is screened by a porch, and to the east of it is the great cloister, with five windows with stained glass, and containing pictures, mostly family portraits. The saloon between the dining and drawing rooms branches off from the cloisters. Its ceiling is adorned with the painting Evelyn mentions as belonging to the hall of the old mansion, and as having been the work of Verrio ; the subject being composed chiefly of allegorical figures—Painting, Sculpture, Music, and War. In this apartment are two cabinets containing numerous miniatures painted by the Countess of Essex. The dining-room, a noble apartment with wainscoted walls, contains among other pictures, the "Cat's Paw" by Landseer, and the "Highlander's House" by Wilkie, together with numerous family and other portraits by Vandyke, Hoppner, and others. The grand drawing-room, a most luxurious apartment, evincing the utmost elegance and refinement of taste, contains a number of the choicest cabinets, &c., and is adorned with rare and beautiful examples of the great English masters in Art—Turner, Calcott,

Collins, &c. The library extends over four rooms, named respectively the great library, the inner library, the dramatists' library, and the small library, and embraces collections of rare and valuable books in every branch of literature. In the rooms of the library the fine collection of the family portraits may be studied with advantage. Here, too, are still to be seen the matchless wood carvings of Gibbons, referred to by Evelyn, adorning the former mansion. There are in the library also a few relics that will be regarded, at least, with curiosity. They consist of the handkerchief which was applied by Lord Coningsby to the shoulder of William III., when he was wounded at the battle of the Boyne, and which still bears a stain as of blood; a piece of the velvet pall which covered the tomb of Charles I. at Windsor, when it was opened in 1813, and a fragment of the garter which the King wore at his execution. It is needless, after describing the principal rooms, to notice those apartments which have fewer pretensions to splendour. We may only add that the family portraits are very numerous, and embrace examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Peter Lely, as well as the artists already named. There are also, scattered throughout the different rooms, excellent specimens of Rembrandt, Cuypp, Teniers, &c.

Cassiobury Park has an area of about seven hundred acres, and is divided by the river Eade into the "Home Park," and the "Upper Park." These are well wooded with majestic trees, the growth of centuries, conspicuous among them, besides the beech, oak, and elm plantations, being the enormous firs, resembling the giant trees of Norway. Several of the beeches cover an area of 150 feet. The gardens of this ancient manor have been celebrated for more than a hundred years.

Among the successive owners of Cassiobury several have been placed in conspicuous positions by the rush of the events of the country's history, and dependant mainly on the troubles caused by the Revolution. It has already been mentioned that the great-grand-daughter of Sir Richard Morison (we retain the spelling of the name given in Clutterbuck's excellent and sumptuous "History of the county of Hertford") married Arthur Capel and, being an only child, carried the Morison estates with her into the Capel family.

The House of Capel is illustrious at once for its antiquity, and for the genius and the heroic qualities of many of its members. It appears to have sprung originally from Capel's Moan, near Stoke

Neyland in Suffolk. Here in 1261 lived Sir Richard Capel, Lord Justice of Ireland. John de Capel was chaplain to Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., who in 1368 left his spiritual adviser "a girdle of gold, to make a chalice in memory of my soul." The faculties of the Capels seem to have been various. Another John Capel became a draper and citizen of London, and rose to be successively alderman, sheriff, representative of the city in Parliament, and Lord Mayor. This member of the family, whose prosperity was surpassed only by that of the renowned Whittington, himself a brother merchant, received the honour of knighthood from the hand of Henry VII. Civic honours were heaped upon him. He was re-elected Lord Mayor, and represented the city in several Parliaments. Dying in 1515, he was buried in a chapel founded by himself, on the south side of the church of St. Bartholomew, near the Royal Exchange. His name is commemorated in Capel Court. His grandson, Sir Henry Capel, married Anne, granddaughter of the Duchess of Essex, sister of King Edward IV. Arthur Capel, perhaps the most famous member of this family, was born about the year 1614. He was brought up under the tuition of his grandfather, Sir Arthur Capel, Knight. In the troubled times, when the Revolution was growing to a head, he espoused the cause of Charles I., and was one of the most devoted, zealous, and most highly esteemed of the royalist nobles. It is of him that Charles I. writes to his Queen:—"There is one that doth not yet pretend, that deserves as well as any; I mean Capel; therefore I desire thy assistance to find out something for him before he ask." He was raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Capel, of Hadham.

He was appointed Lieutenant-General of Shropshire, Cheshire, and North Wales in 1643, and he soon brought his district into an association and raised a body of horse and foot. In the same year he was named by the King one of the Council to attend the person of the Prince of Wales, and after frustrating a design formed to seize the prince he was instrumental in finding him a secure retreat in Pendennis Castle, and afterwards in Scilly Island, whence he sailed with him to Jersey in 1646. In the meantime the House of Commons voted that his estate should be sold. Soon after he arrived in England, and, entering into terms with the Republicans, was allowed to retire to his Manor of Hadham, where he sought repose from the distractions of those troublous times in the affection of his family and the intercourse of his friends. Impatient and restless, however, about the welfare of the King, he waited

upon him at Hampton Court, and there Charles informed him of the overtures which the Scots had made, and of their design of entering England with a powerful army for the purpose of liberating him and restoring him to the throne. Capel now acted up to the instructions he had received in watching for the coming opportunity, and in raising men to join the expected movement. In conjunction with the Earl of Norwich and Sir Charles Lucas in Essex, he raised a force of 4000 men and fortified Colchester, where they were closely besieged by Fairfax, to whom after a gallant resistance they surrendered on the condition of receiving quarter. Fairfax, however, in violation of all the rules of honourable warfare, caused Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle to be shot in cold blood under the walls of the castle they had so manfully defended. At their execution the Parliamentary general turned to Lord Capel, who was expecting every moment to suffer the same fate, and said, in excuse of this bloody proceeding, that, "having done what military duty required, the lives of the rest were safe, and that they should be well treated, and disposed of as the Parliament should direct." To which, this patriotic nobleman, with the true undaunted spirit of a Roman, replied that "they should do well to finish their work, and execute the same rigour to the rest." This saying of Capel's was the cause of an altercation between him and Ireton, which is thought to have occasioned the severity of the sentence afterwards passed on the Royalist Lord. From Colchester he was sent, a prisoner, to Windsor, and afterwards to the Tower. His courage and ingenuity enabled him to break from his prison; but a strict search being made for him, and 100*l.* being offered for his capture, he was discovered and taken in Lambeth, and again placed in the Tower. About his ultimate fate the court seemed to hesitate. They could not accuse him of treason—he had chosen his side, and had remained loyal to it, in the face of the utmost danger and at the risk of death. His lady petitioned Parliament on his behalf, and over this petition there was a long debate. But his enemies were numerous and unforgiving. It was resolved that he should not be reprieved. He was condemned to be beheaded, 6th March, 1648, after having been on examination before the court five times. A short time before he went to the scaffold he told Dr. Morley, who attended him, that 'if he thought there were nothing of vain ostentation in it, he would give orders that his heart should be taken out of his body and kept in a silver box until his Majesty came home (as he doubted not but he would), and then that it might be presented to him with

His humble desire, that where the King, his father, was interred it might be buried at his feet, in testimony of the zeal he had for his service, and the affection he had for his person, while he lived.' Being brought to the scaffold he mounted it with a firm step, and laying his head on the block met death with the greatest resolution. "In his life," says Fuller, "he wrote a book of meditation, published since his death, wherein much *judicious piety* may be discovered. His mortified mind was familiar with afflictions, which made him to appear with such Christian resolution on the scaffold, where he seemed rather to *fright* death than to be frightened with it. Hence one not unhappily alluding to his arms (a Lion Rampant in a field Gules betwixt three Crosses), thus expresseth himself:—

' Thus, lion-like, Capel undaunted stood,
Beset with *crosses in a Field of Blood.*'"

This was the Capel who married Elizabeth Morison, and so became possessed of Cassiobury and the other rich estates which had been acquired by the merits and services of the founder of the Morison family. He was succeeded by his son Arthur, second Baron Capel, who was created Earl of Essex in 1661. On a charge of being concerned in the "Rye House Plot" he was apprehended at Cassiobury and thrown into the Tower, where it is believed he was foully murdered—having been found dead in his cell with his throat cut.

The estates are now in the possession of Arthur Algernon Capel, sixth Earl of Essex.

SUFFOLK.

Dunwich Swallowed up by the Sea.

Dunwich, in ancient times a city with six or eight churches, but now a mere village, three miles and a half from Southwold, stands upon elevated ground on the Suffolk coast, washed by the German Ocean. It was once an important, opulent, and commercial city; but unlike the ruined cities whose fragments attest their former grandeur, Dunwich is wasted, desolated, and void. Its palaces and temples are no more, and its environs present an aspect lonely, stern, and wild. From the discovery of Roman coins here, it has been set down as a Roman station. With respect to its ecclesiastical history, we learn that Felix, the Burgundian Bishop, whom Sigebert, King of the East Angles, brought here to reconvert his subjects to Christianity, fixed his episcopal see at Dunwich in the year 636. The see was, however, divided, and Dunwich had the Suffolk portion only. In Domesday Book, Dunwich was valued as paying 5*l.* a year to the King, and 60,000 herrings. In King Stephen's time the ships at Orford paid toll to Dunwich, which, in the time of Henry II., is said to have been stored with riches of all sorts. King John granted it a charter, and the wrecks at sea; and to the burgesses the liberty of marrying their sons and daughters as they would. Here were certainly six if not eight parish churches, besides three chantries, the Temple Church, which, probably, belonged to the Templars, and afterwards to the Hospitallers; two houses of Franciscan and Dominican friars, each with churches. The Franciscan walls remain within an inclosure of seven acres, with the arches of two entrance-gates, the group of ruins covered with ivy.

The city being seated upon a hill of loam and loose sand, on a coast destitute of rock, the buildings successively yielded to the encroachments of the sea. In the reign of Henry III. it made so great a breach that the King wrote to the Barons of Suffolk to assist the inhabitants in stopping the destruction. The church of St. Felix and the cell of monks were lost very early, and before the 23rd year of the reign of Edward III., upwards of 400 houses, with certain shops and wind-mills, were devoured by the sea. St. Leonard's church was next over-

thrown; and in the 14th century, St. Martin's and St. Nicholas were also destroyed by the waves. In the 16th century two chapels were overthrown, with two gates, and not one quarter of the town was left standing. In 1677 the sea reached the market-place. In 1702 St. Peter's church was divested of its lead, timber, bells, &c., and the walls tumbled over the cliffs as the waves undermined them. In 1816 the encroachment was still proceeding, when the borough consisted of only forty-two houses, and *half a church*. The place was wholly disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832.



St. Edmund King and Martyr: a Suffolk Legend.

In the ninth century the Danes had acquired considerable skill in the art of war, and during their invasion of England, in the year 870, they displayed more than their usual ferocity. Lincolnshire was attacked by them; and here, according to the traditions of the country, they were resisted with more conduct and valour than in other parts of England. Three Danish Kings were slain in one battle. But fresh reinforcements of the invaders more than supplied the loss; and five kings and the like number of Jarls or Earls, poured their barbarian hordes into the country. Great numbers of the inhabitants were slain; and the monasteries of Croyland, Medhamstede (afterwards Peterborough), Marney, Ramsey, and Ely, were laid in ruins. Their attacks had a settled plan of strategy and operation, which was to post their forces across the island, and also to occupy the best stations on the seacoast; thence they now attacked East Anglia. At this period the East Angles were governed by Edmund, a King of singular virtue and piety, and who defended his people with great bravery. But the King was overpowered by numbers, defeated, and made captive. It is said that this event took place at Hoxne, in Suffolk, on the banks of the Waveney, not far from Eye. The catastrophe is picturesquely related by Sir Francis Palgrave, in his charming Anglo-Saxon History. "Being hotly pursued by his foes, the King fled to Hoxne, and attempted to conceal himself by crouching beneath a bridge, now called *Goldbridge*. The glittering of his *golden* spurs discovered him to a newly-married couple, who were returning home by moonlight, and they betrayed him to the Danes. Edmund, as he was dragged from his hiding-place, pronounced a malediction upon all who should afterwards pass this bridge on their way to be married; and so much regard is paid to this tradition by the

good folks of Hoxne, that now, (1831,) or at least within the last twenty years, no bride or bridegroom would venture along the forbidden path. A particular account of Edmund's death was given by his sword-bearer, who, having attained a very advanced age, was wont to repeat the sad story at the court of Athelstane. Edmund was fettered and manacled, and treated with every species of cruelty and indignity. The Danes offered him his life on condition that he denied his faith; but, firmly refusing, he was first cruelly scourged, then pierced with arrows, which were also shot at him as a mark: he continued steadfast amidst his sufferings, until his head was struck off by Inguair and Ubba, and the head was thrown into a thicket.

Hence Edmund was revered as a saint and martyr, and is still retained in the Church Calendar. The ancient service contains the following legend of the discovery of his remains. A party of his friends having ventured in search of them, "they went seeking all together, and constantly calling, as is the wont of those who oft go into woods, 'Where art thou, comrade?' and to them answered the head, 'Here, here, here.' They all were answered as often as any of them called, until they all came through the wood calling to it. There lay the grey wolf that guarded the head, and with his two feet had the head embraced, greedy and hungry, and for God durst not taste the head, and held it against wild beasts. Then were they astonished at the wolf's guardianship, and carried the holy head with them, thanking the Almighty for all His wonders. But the wolf followed forth with the head until they came to the town, as if he were tame, and after that turned into the woods again." The remains were removed to a town originally called Badrichesworth, and there interred, the place being in consequence called Bury St. Edmund's—a monastery having been founded there to his honour by King Canute. "Of this building, once the most sumptuous in England, only a few fragments remain; but the name of Edmund, transmitted from generation to generation in the families of Norfolk and Suffolk, attests the respect anciently rendered in East Anglia to the martyred Sovereign."



Sacking of the Monastery of St. Edmund, Bury.

The final disasters of his reign were thickly gathering about the King, Edward II. The whole kingdom was in confusion; and whilst the Queen and nobles were in arms against the king, the burgesses and populace exhibited in the most lawless manner their dislike of some of

Sacking of the Monastery of St. Edmund, Bury. 169

the principal ecclesiastical corporations. The monasteries of St. Albans, Abingdon, and Bury St. Edmunds, suffered greatly.

Queen Isabella, in 1326, landed in Essex on the 24th of September, with her son Prince Edward. She came to Bury St. Edmunds on Michaelmas day, and thence set out on that expedition against the King which, within four months, deprived him of his crown. His son, Edward III., was declared King on the 20th January, 1327. Eight days before this, on the 12th of January, the discontented burgesses of Bury St. Edmunds assembled at the Guildhall, and determined on extorting from the monastery some change in the administration of the affairs of the town and the property of the convent, which they had long wished to obtain.

The very next day they took forcible possession of the monastery, committing vast destruction in it on that and the two following days. They continued in possession no less than ten months, keeping the monks in constant terror by frequent ravages; but the chief ravages after the first three days were early in February, when they imprisoned the Abbot; in May, when the secular clergy were conspicuously leading the rioters; and in October, when the complete destruction of the monastery seemed resolved upon, and for several days it was given up to the flames, the people carrying off the lead from the roof as it fell down molten into the gutters, and using tortoisés and other appliances to ascend to the top, to remove this valuable material. At length, the presence of the sheriff put a period to the destruction, which had been so complete that they found no shelter for their horses except in the parlour of the monks. The King's judges soon arrived, and made such short work of their business that on the 14th of December nineteen of the rioters were hanged. For several years the convent was engaged in lawsuits for the recovery of damages, of which very full particulars are preserved, till finally they got a verdict against the townspeople for 140,000*l.*; which proved so ruinous to them that the King himself arranged with the convent to remit it altogether.

In the narrative of the first attack on the monastery, the progress of the spoliators is very clearly described. In the ravages the mob were split into so many gangs, all operating at once, and the destruction became general. In the first attack the rioters, about three thousand in number, having first broken the great gates and effected an entrance, destroyed the doors and part of the sub-cellary, drew out the spigots from the casks, and let the beer run out to the ground. Thence entering the cloister, they broke the lockers, carrols, and closets in it, and carried off the books and muniments. Afterwards they entered the chamber of

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the prior, took thence vessels of silver and jewels, and broke the chests and closets of the sacristan, which they emptied of their valuable contents and muniments, and consumed his wine. Thence they visited the infirmary and chamberlain's department, carrying off everything of value, and greatly disturbing the infirm monks. Next they broke into the treasury of the church, and spoiled it of a vast amount of gold and silver vessels, money, jewels, charters, and muniments. At a second visit to the vestry they carried off a quantity of the richest tunics, copes, chasubles, and dalmatics; thuribles, festival or processional crosses, golden chalices and cups, and even took the "Corpus Dei" in its golden cup from the altar of the church. They also plundered the refectory. During the summer they took away all the arras from the wardrobe of the Abbot, carried away in the Abbot's carts the victuals of the convent, broke the conduit, and cut off the water-supply, took down the church doors, and destroyed the glass windows of the church.

For the last attack, on Sunday the 18th of October, they entered the presbytery of the church after vespers, but were driven out by the monks. They then rang the bell in the Tolhouse of the town, and the fire-bell in St. James's tower, and so collecting an immense multitude, they burnt the great gates of the Abbey, with the chamber of the janitor and master of the horse, the common stable, the chambers of the cellarer and sub-cellarer, of the seneschal and his clerk, the brewery, cattle-shed, piggery, mill, bakery, hay-house, bakery of the Abbot; Priory stable, with its gates and all the appendages; the great hall, with the kitchen, and with the chamber of the master of the guests, and the chapel of St. Lawrence; the whole department of the chamberlain and sub-chamberlain, with all its appendages; the great edifice formerly of John de Soham, with many appendages; part of the great hall of the priory; the great hall of the infirmary; a certain solemn mansion, called Bradfield, with the hall, chamber, and kitchen, which the King occupied so frequently; the chamber of the sacrist, with his *vinarium*, or wine store; the tower adjoining the Prior's house; the whole home of the Convent without the great wall of the great court; besides, within the great court, the entire almonry, from the great gates of the court, with a penthouse for the distribution of bread, as far as the hall of pleas, which they also burnt; the chamber of the queen, with the larder of the Abbot and his granary; the granary of the sub-cellarer, with his gate and the chapel built over it: the chamber of the cook in the larder of the convent, the pitancery, and chamber of the precentor.

The existing records of the monastery of St. Edmund, Bury, are, however, so numerous that vast information could be obtained beyond what has been attempted to arrange in this very interesting paper, in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, by Mr. Gordon Hills.

Framlingham Castle.

“ Castle of ancient days ! in times long gone
Thy lofty halls in royal splendour shone !
Thou stood'st a monument of strength sublime,
A giant laughing at the threats of time !
Strange scenes have pass'd within thy walls, and strange
Have been thy fate through many a chance and change !
Thy towers have heard the war-cry, and the shout
Of friends within, and answering foes without,
Have rung to sounds of revelry, while mirth
Held her carousal, when the sons of earth,
Sported with joy, till even he could bring
No fresh delight upon his drooping wing.”

James Bird.

This noble fortress is said to have been founded by Redwald, or Redowold, one of the most powerful kings of the East Angles, between A.D. 599 and 624. It belonged to St. Edmund, one of the Saxon monarchs of East Anglia, who, upon the invasion of the Danes in 870, fled from Dunwich or Thetford to this Castle, from which being driven, and overtaken at Hegilsdon (now Hoxne, a distance of twelve miles from Framlingham), where he yielded, and was there martyred, because he would not renounce his faith in Christ, by the Danes binding him to a tree, and shooting him to death with arrows. His body, after many years, was removed to a place called Bederies-gueord, now St. Edmundsbury. The Castle remained in the hands of the Danes fifty years, until they were subdued by the Saxons.

William the Conqueror and his son Rufus retained the Castle in their possession: the third son of William, Henry I., granted it, with the manor of Framlingham, to Roger Bigod, in whose family it continued till Roger Bigod, the last of his race, a man more turbulent than any of his predecessors, but who was compelled to resign it to King Edward I. When the British Archæological Association inspected the fortress in 1865, Mr. R. M. Phipson considered it probable that the old Saxon Castle was pulled down by King Henry II.; and he quotes various accounts of wages paid expressly for its removal. The walls themselves are equally decisive on this point, since nothing appears of an older date than the Norman architecture. The Rev. Mr. Hartshorne

is of opinion that the whole of the upper part of the building was erected upon old foundations; and entries upon the Court Rolls of the Exchequer prove that the Castle was built about 1170.

Edward II. gave it to his half-brother, Thomas Plantagenet, surnamed De Brotherton, from whom it descended to Thomas de Mowbray, twelfth Baron Mowbray, created Duke of Norfolk 29th September, 1397. From the Mowbrays it descended to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, Sir Robert Howard having married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. His son, John Howard, was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, June 28, 1483. He was slain at Bosworth Field, 1485; and his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey, being attainted, the Castle fell into the hands of King Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, from whom it again returned to the Howards. Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, being attainted, it was seized by the King, who, dying the same year, his successor, Edward VI., granted it to his sister, the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary. King James I. granted it to Thomas Howard, first Baron Howard de Walden, youngest son of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, created Earl of Suffolk July 21, 1603; but his lordship making Audley Inn his seat, the Castle fell into decay, and his son Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, sold it, in 1635, with the domains, to Sir Robert Hitcham, Knight, Senior Sergeant to James I., who bequeathed it, August 10, 1636, to the master and scholars of Pembroke College, in trust for certain charitable uses; since which time the Castle has remained in a dismantled state.

The defences consisted of an outer and an inner moat; the latter running close to the walls, except on the west side, where the broad expanse of the mere probably afforded sufficient protection. The outer wall is all that remains of the ancient building. The greatest changes were probably made by the Dukes of Norfolk, who built the church at Framlingham, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and it was probably at that period that nearly all the walls above the present surface were built. Mr. Hartshorne is of opinion that there was a keep to the Castle, and that it stood in the south-west angle. With respect to the disposition of the space inside the walls, it appears that the sill of the chapel was on the right of a person entering by the main gateway, and that the dining-hall joined it. The capacious opening in the fireplace of this apartment is still visible, and the circular chimney-shaft is in good preservation. By examination of the outside walls, it is thought that the barbican was erected in the reign of Henry VIII. The work is dilapidated, but the seats for the warders are in good preservation,

Several passages in the walls in different directions are thought to be connected with the ventilation of the guard-rooms in the upper part of the towers, and others were made by the bond-timber wrought into the wall. The tasteful brick chimneys upon the towers have the ornamental bricks, not moulded, but cut into the elaborate pattern they are made to assume. It is probable that the bricks were cut before they were built, and that this was done to avoid the difficulty of moulding. Mr. Green, of Framlingham, possessed a carving of a coat of arms upon solid oak or chestnut, between seven and eight feet long, supposed to have been heretofore a fixture in the Castle, and intended to commemorate the marriage of John Mowbray, fourth Duke of Norfolk, with Elizabeth, daughter of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, *circa* 1461.

Mr. Bird, whose poem we have already quoted, has told in fervid verse the historic renown of this venerable and majestic ruin:—

“ Heir of antiquity!—fair castled town,
 Rare spot of beauty, grandeur, and renown,
 Seat of East Anglian Kings!—proud child of fame,
 Hallowed by time, illustrious Framlinghame !
 I touch my lyre, delighted thus to bring
 To thee my heart’s full homage while I sing,
 And thou, old Castle—thy bold turrets high,
 Have shed their deep enchantment to mine eye,
 Though years have chang’d thee, I have gazed intent
 In silent joy on tower and battlement.
 Where all thy time-worn glories met my sight ;
 Then have I felt such rapture, such delight,
 That, had the splendour of thy daies of yore
 Flash’d on my view I had not loved thee more.
 Scene of immortal deeds, thy walls have rung
 To pealing shouts from many a warrior’s tongue ;
 When first thy founder, Redwald of the spear,
 Manned thy high tower, defied his foemen near,
 When, girt with strength, East Anglia’s King of old,
 The sainted Edmund, sought thy sheltering hold.
 When the proud Dane, fierce Hinguar, in his ire,
 Besieged the King, and wrapped thy walls in fire.
 While Edmund fled, but left thee with his name
 Linked, and for ever, to the chain of fame ;
 Thou wast then great ! and long, in other years
 Thy grandeur shone—thy portraiture appears,
 From history’s peneil like a summer night,
 With much of shadow, but with more of light.

Pile of departed days ! my verse records
 Thy time of glory, thy illustrious lords,
 Thy fearless Bigods—Brotherton—De Vere,
 And kings who held therein their pride, or fear,
 And gallant Howards, ’neath whose ducal sway
 Proud rose thy towers, thy rugged heights were ga

Wingfield Castle.

With glittering banners, costly trophies rent
 From men in war, or tilt, or tournament,
 With all the pomp and splendour that could grace
 The name and honour of that warlike race.
 Howard ! the rich, the noble, and the great,
 Most brave, unhappy, most unfortunate !
 Kings were thy courtiers—Queens have sued to share
 Thy wealth, thy triumphs—e'en thy name to bear.
 Tyrants have bowed thy children to the dust,
 Some for their worth, and some who broke their trust !
 And there was *one* among thy race who died,
 To Henry's shame, his country's boast and pride ;
 Immortal Surrey ! offspring of the Muse !
 Bold as the lions, gentle as the dews
 That fall on flow'rs to wake their odorous breath,
 And shield their blossoms from the tomb of death.
 Surrey ! thy fate was wept by countless eyes,
 A nation's woe assailed the pitying skies,
 When thy pure spirit left this scene of strife,
 And soar'd to Him who breath'd it into life ;
 Thy funeral knell peal'd o'er the world—thy fall
 Was mourn'd by hearts that lov'd thee—mourn'd by all—
 All, save thy murderers—thou hast won thy crown ;
 And thou, fair Framlingham ! a bright renown.
 Yes, thy rich temple holds the stately tomb,
 Where sleeps the Poet in his lasting home.
 Immortal Surrey ! hero, bard divine,
 Pride, grace, and glory of brave Norfolk's line.
 Departed spirit !—oh, I love to hold
 Communion sweet, with lofty minds of old,
 To catch a spark of that celestial fire
 Which glows and kindles in thy rapturous lyre,
 Though varying themes demand my future lays,
 Yet thus my soul a willing homage pays
 To that bright glory which illumines thy name,
 Though nought can raise the splendour of thy fame !"

 Wingfield Castle.

About six miles north-east of Eye, in Suffolk, is the village of Wingfield, the seat of an ancient family, who, it is supposed, took their name from the place. There are pedigrees of the Wingfields, which would give them possession of the Castle of Wingfield before the Norman Conquest, but there is nothing to establish the fact. Early in the reign of Edward III. it was the seat of Richard de Brew, who had a grant for a fair to be held there; and it probably first became the residence of the Wingfield family in the time of Sir John Wingfield, a soldier of high character in the martial reign of Edward III., and chief counsellor of the Black Prince.

About 1362, the widowed brother, the executor of this valorous

Knight, agreeably to his bequest, built a college here for a provost and several priests, dedicating it to St. Mary, St. John the Baptist, and St. Andrew. By the marriage of Catherine, daughter and heiress of the said Sir John, to Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, the manor and extensive estate attached to it passed into the hands of that family, which makes such a striking figure in the page of English history. In the collegiate church was buried, in 1450, "the Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole," to whom, in conjunction with Beaufort, Cardinal of Winchester, was attributed the murder of the good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester. Shakspeare, in the Second Part of *Henry the Sixth*, not only describes Suffolk and Beaufort

"As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death,"

but paints in vivid colours the shocking end of both these noblemen, and particularly the terrors of a guilty conscience in the case of Beaufort, who

"Dies and makes no sign."

Close upon this horrid deed followed Suffolk's tragical and untimely fate. Having been accused of high treason, and (that charge failing) of divers misdemeanours, the public hatred pressing heavily upon him, he was sentenced by King Henry VI. to five years' banishment. He then quitted his Castle at Wingfield, and embarked at Ipswich, intending to sail for France; but he was intercepted in his passage by the hired captain of a vessel, seized in Dover roads, and beheaded "on the long-boat's side." His head and body, being thrown into the sea, were cast upon the sands, where they were found, and brought to Wingfield for interment. His duchess was Alice,* daughter and heiress of the poet, Geoffrey Chaucer. His son and successor, John de la Pole, the restored Duke of Suffolk, who married Elizabeth, sister of King Edward IV., was buried at Wingfield in 1491.

The Castle stands low, without any earthworks for its defence. The south front, which is the principal entrance, is still entire; the gateway,

* This lady was married, first to John Philip, who died without issue, and afterwards to the above Duke of Suffolk, by whom she had three children. She died in 1475, and her issue having failed, the descendants of Chaucer are presumed to be extinct. The eldest son of the Duchess of Suffolk married the Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV., whose eldest son, created Earl of Lincoln, was declared by Richard III., heir apparent to the throne, in the event of the death of the Prince of Wales without issue; "so that," observes Sir Harris Nicolas, "there was strong possibility of the great-grandson of the Poet succeeding to the crown." *The Earl of Lincoln was slain at the battle of Stoke in 1487.*—Note to Bell's *English Poets*.

on each side of which are the arms of De la Pole, with those of Wingfield, cut in stone, is flanked by lofty polygonal towers, which, together with the walls, are machicolated. The west side is a farm-house.

It appears that the Wingfields branched off, and removed to Letheringham and Easton, in the same county. Sir Anthony Wingfield, who flourished in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., was Captain of the Guard, Vice-Chamberlain, Knight of the Garter, and a Member of the Privy Council. Under Henry, it is said, there were eight or nine Knights of the Garter of this family. Camden says of the Wingfields, they were "famous for their knighthood and ancient nobility." King Edward employed Sir Anthony to assist in the execution of his will, for which he bequeathed him a legacy of 200*l.* His descendant of the same name was created a baronet by King Charles I. in 1627. The estate of Wingfield was for many years in the Catlyn family; it afterwards devolved to the heirs of Thomas Leman, Esq., and thence to Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart. There may be little in Wingfield Castle, as a structure, to interest the reader; but the chequered fates and fortunes of its early noble but often turbulent inmates are historical evidences of the troubles that beset greatness.



Castles of Orford and Clare.

At Orford, twenty-one miles from Ipswich, there was a royal Castle in the time of Henry III., who granted a charter to the town, which was previously a borough by prescription. It is now, like Dunwich, a mere village. Only the keep of the Castle remains; it is a polygon of eighteen sides, with walls 90 feet high, and has square towers in its circuit, which overtop the rest of the building; the architecture is Norman, and it was erected by Glanville, Earl of Suffolk. ✓ 7.

Clare, eighteen miles south-west from Bury, was one of the ninety-five manors in the county of Suffolk bestowed by the Conqueror upon Richard Fitzgerald. His grandson, Richard, the first Earl of Hertford, fixed his principal seat at Clare, and thenceforth the family took the surname of De Clare; and in the Latin documents of the time the several members were styled *Clarensis*. The name of the lordship thus becoming the family name, it is easy to see how in common usage the formal epithet *Clarensis* soon became Clarence, and why Lionel, the son of Edward III., upon his marriage with Elizabeth de Burgh, the grand-niece and heiress of the last Gilbertus Clarensis, should choose as the title for his dukedom the surname of the great

family of which he had now become the representative. The King of Arms, called Clarenceux—or, in Latin, *Clarentius*—was, as it is very reasonably conjectured, originally a herald retained by a Duke of Clarence.

On the south side of the town of Clare are the vestiges of the old Castle erected by the Earls of Clare; the site may be traced, and it appears to have comprehended an area of about twenty acres. The mound on which the Keep stood, and some fragments of the walls of the Keep, yet remain. Near the ruins of the Castle are the remains of a Priory of regular canons of St. Augustine; part of the buildings are occupied as a dwelling, and the chapel is converted into a barn.

Clarence is beyond all doubt the district comprehending and lying around the town and castle of Clare, in Suffolk, and not as some have fancifully supposed, the town of Chiarenza, in the Morea. Some of the Crusaders did, indeed, acquire titles of honour derived from places in eastern lands, but certainly no such place ever gave its name to an honorary feud held of the Crown of England, nor, indeed, has *ever* any English Sovereign to this day bestowed a territorial title derived from a place beyond the limits of his own nominal dominions; the latest creations of the kind being the Earldoms of Albemarle and Tankerville, respectively bestowed by William III. and George I., who were both nominally Kings of Great Britain, *France*, and Ireland. In ancient times every English title (with the exception of Aumerle or Albemarle, which exception is only an *apparent* one) was either personal, or derived from some place in England. The ancient Earls of Albemarle were not English peers by virtue of that earldom, but by virtue of the tenure of land in England, though being the holders of a Norman earldom, they were known in England by a higher designation, just as some of the Barons of Umfravill were styled even in writs of summons, by their superior Scottish title of Earl of Angus. If these Earls had not held English fees, they would not have been peers of England any more than were the ancient Earls of Tankerville and Eu. In later times, the strictness of the feudal law was so far relaxed that two or three English peers were created with territorial titles derived from places in the Duchy of Normandy.”—(Communication to *Notes and Queries*, No. 228).*

* The following is the passage referred to above, describing the ancient town of Clarentza,—“One of the most prominent objects was Castle Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza or Clarentza, which, by a strange decree of fortune, has given the Ville of Clarence to our Royal Family. It would appear that at the time when the Latin Conquerors of Constantinople divided the Western

At the Castle were found, in the autumn of 1866, during some railway excavations, an elegant pectoral Cross and Chain of gold, believed to have belonged to Lionel, Duke of Clarence. On the cross, which has been enamelled, is carved a crucifix; there are four pearls in the angles of the cross, and the reverse is adorned with "pounced" work. The Cross and Chain are now the property of her Majesty the Queen.

At the visit of the Archæological Institute to Clare, in 1869, a curious circumstance was noted respecting Clare Church. In the *Athenæum* report of the meeting it is remarked that "Dowsing, who is so often quoted as an illustration of the iconoclasm of Cromwell, said 'the thing that is not.' He writes, 'in the church of Clare I destroyed one thousand images in niches.' It is a tall Perpendicular church, with not a niche in it. He says also, I destroyed 'the sun and the moon.' I do not know how many suns and how many moons the good people of Clare required in the olden time; but there is a sun and there is a moon still in the east window. Mr. Bloxam, who, I believe, is an authority, averred that the yellow glass in the east window was of the reign of Elizabeth. If Dowsing's attack on Clare church was so 'thorough,' how could he have left the monogram of the Virgin that is still on the finely carved wooden pew or chapel that remains? The glass that remains is more than in many places of which we have not such a detailed account of the destruction."

The Roman Castle of Burgh.

This ancient Roman encampment lies on the borders of Suffolk, and on the east side of the river Waveney, near its confluence with the Yare. Its extent is 642 feet long by 400 feet broad; the walls are about 14 feet high, and 9 feet thick. The east side of the walls is furnished

Empire amongst their leading chieftains, Clarentza, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all ancient Elis, was formed into a Duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Halnault family. By this union, Philippa, the consort of Edward III., became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title, which has since remained in our Royal Family. It is certainly singular that a wretched village in Greece should have bestowed its name upon the British Monarch." According to the above account, Clarentia is a corruption of Clarentza, and perhaps took its name in honour of the son of the warlike Edward; but as to "a wretched village in Greece" bestowing its name upon the British Monarch, the writer must be aware, according to his own account, that in ancient times Clarentza was no more a poor village than Clare is what it was when the wassail-bowl cheered the baronial hall of its now mouldering castle.

with circular watch towers, and is almost perfect; but the walls on the north and south sides are partly in ruins; the west wall, if ever there was one, has entirely disappeared. The site of the encampment is slightly elevated towards the west, and the interior is irregular, which may be accounted for on the supposition that the small eminences are occasioned by the ruins of former edifices. The whole area of the inclosure was about four acres and three quarters. The walls are of rubble masonry, faced with alternate courses of bricks and flints; and on the tops of the towers, which are attached to the walls, are holes two feet in diameter and two feet deep, supposed to have been intended for the insertion of temporary watch towers, probably of wood.

On the east side the four circular towers are fourteen feet in diameter. Two of them are placed at the angles, where the walls are rounded, and two at equal distances from the angles. An opening has been left in the centre of the wall, which is considered by Mr. King to be the *Porta Decumana*, but by Mr. Ives the *Porta Prætoria*. The north and south sides are also defended by towers of rubble masonry. The foundation on which the Romans built these walls was a thick bed of chalk-lime, well rammed down, and the whole covered with a layer of earth and sand, to harden the mass, and exclude the water; this was covered with two-inch oak plank, placed transversely on the foundation, and over this was a bed of coarse mortar, on which was roughly spread the first layer of stones. The mortar appears to be composed of lime and coarse sand, unsifted, mixed with gravel and small pebbles, or shingles. Hot grouting is supposed to have been used, which will account for the tenacity of the mortar. The bricks at Burgh Castle are of a fine red colour and very close texture. They are one foot and a half long, one foot broad, and one inch and a half thick. We give these details minutely, as the Castle presents one of the finest specimens of this kind of construction which our Roman conquerors have left us.

The west side of this station was, probably, defended in ancient times by the sea, which is now, however, at some distance, the river Waveney being at present the western boundary. The fact of the sea having receded is proved by an old map, supposed to have appeared in the year 1000. A copy of this map was made in the time of Elizabeth, and is preserved in the archives of the Corporation of Yarmouth. In confirmation of this circumstance, there have been discovered at Burgh Castle parts of anchors, rings, and other large pieces of iron.

This station may have been founded by Ostorius Scapula, an officer of the Roman army, who, on being appointed Governor of Britain, in the year 50, gained a decisive victory over the Icenians, who attempted

to prevent his building a chain of forts between the Severn and the Avon, or Nen. His success against the natives enabled him to reduce part of the island into the form of a province. He obtained triumphal honours, and died in the year 51, to the great joy of the Britons, from great fatigue, before he had held the command for a single year. Such, 't is believed, was the founder of this great Roman work of defence.

The *Prætorium*, or General's Tent, is placed by some at the south-west corner of the station. Others consider it to be an additional work by the Saxons or Normans, similar to the Saxon keep at the south-east corner of the *Castrum* (or camp) at Pevensey, in Sussex. The towers are thought to have been added after the walls. There are some remains of a fosse on the south side. This was the Roman *Garianonum*, which, in its perfect state, is engraved in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, voce Burgh Castle.

It is calculated that the Castle was capable of containing one whole cohort and a half, with their allies. Several Roman coins and other antiquities have been discovered here. The oldest is a copper coin of Domitian. A coin of Gratian, of silver, and some coins of Constantine have also been found. Some silver and gold coins were given by a former possessor of the place to Dr. Moore, Bishop of Norwich. Besides these, coins were found both in the inclosure and in a field contiguous to the Castle. There have been found coarse urns, a silver spoon with a pointed handle, bones of cattle, coals, burnt wheat, rings, keys, fibulæ (buckles), and a spear-head. The field is supposed to have been the burial-place.

The earliest modern notice of Burgh Castle is in the reign of Sigebert, 636, when Furseus, an Irish monk, having collected a company of religious persons, settled at this spot. In the time of Edward the Confessor, Bishop Stigand held it by socage. The Castle was afterwards held by Hubert de Burgh, from whom the present name is probably derived. He was formerly seneschal of Poitou, and with Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester ("a man well skilled in war"), shared between them the rule of the kingdom for a while. He was frequently employed in foreign embassies by King John, and strenuously supported his cause against the Barons. He was the chief ruler of the kingdom during the early years of Henry III., held a number of the most important offices, as Constable of Dover and Burgh Castles, and sheriff of several counties, and received the earldom of Kent. But at length he fell into disgrace, was deprived of power, and obliged to surrender several strong castles—among which was that of Burgh, in the reign of Henry III., who gave it to the monastery of Bromholde,

in the county of Norfolk. It afterwards came into the possession of laymen.

The massive remains of Burgh Castle attest to this day the strong fortresses which nearly two thousand years ago were erected on the Suffolk coast. Reculver and Richborough, and Lymne, in Kent, and Pevensey, in Sussex, are especially interesting, as evidently built to guard a tract of country almost coinciding in limits with those of the famous incorporation of the Cinque Ports, and thus rendering probable the Roman origin of that peculiar system for the defence of the seaboard.

“Castles and towers,—Burgi as they were called by the Romans—were constantly garrisoned by armed men. The stations were so near to each other, that if a beacon was lighted on any one of the bulwarks, the warriors who garrisoned the next station were able to see and to repeat the signal almost at the same instant, and the next onwards did the same, by which they announced that some danger was impending, so that in a very short time all the soldiers who guarded the line of wall could be assembled. The coast was protected with equal care against any invading enemy; and the ancient maritime stations, Garianonum and Portus Rutupis (Burgh Castle, in Suffolk, and Richborough, in Kent) may be instanced as specimens of Roman skill and industry.”—*Sir F. Palgrave's History of England—Anglo-Saxon Period.*

Hadleigh—Martyrdom of Dr. Taylor.

Hadleigh, in Suffolk, nine miles west of Ipswich, is said to have been the burial-place of Guthrum the Dane, to whom Alfred ceded East Anglia. It is also memorable as the place of the Martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor, burned in the persecution under Queen Mary, on what was commonly, but improperly, called Aldham Common, near the town, February 9th, 1555. Dr. Taylor was rector of Hadleigh from the year 1544 to 1554. Of his great and pious character it is scarcely possible to speak in terms too laudatory; he was, in fact, the perfect model of a parish priest, and literally went about doing good. Of his sufferings and martyrdom, Dr. Drake, in his *Winter Nights*, has left this very touching account:—

It was not to be expected, therefore, that when the bigoted Mary ascended the throne of these realms, a man so gifted, at the same time so popular as was Dr. Taylor, should long escape the arm of persecution. Scarcely had this sanguinary woman commenced her reign, when

an attempt was made to celebrate Mass by force in the parish church of Hadleigh; and in endeavouring to resist this profanation, which was planned and conducted by two of his parishioners, named Foster and Clerke, assisted by one Averth, rector of Aldham, whom they had hired for the purpose, Dr. Taylor became, of course, obnoxious to the ruling powers; an event foreseen, and no doubt calculated upon by the instigators of the mischief.

A citation to appear before Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and then Lord Chancellor of England, was, on the information of these wretches, the immediate result of the transaction. And though the friends and relatives of the Doctor earnestly advised his non-compliance, and recommended him instantly to fly, he resisted their solicitations, observing, that though he fully expected imprisonment, and a cruel death, he was determined, in a cause so good and righteous, not to shrink from his duty. "Oh! what will ye have me to do? (he exclaimed), I am old, and have already lived too long to see these terrible and most wicked days. Fly you, and do as your conscience leadeth you; I am fully determined, with God's grace, to go to the Bishop, and to his beard to tell him that he doth naught."

Accordingly, tearing himself from his weeping friends and flock, and accompanied by one faithful servant, he hastened to London, where, after enduring with the utmost patience and magnanimity the virulence and abuse of Gardiner, and replying to all his accusations with a truth of reasoning which, unfortunately, served but to increase the malice of his enemies, he was committed a prisoner to the King's Bench, and endured a confinement there of nearly two years.

During this long period, however, which was chiefly occupied by Dr. Taylor in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and in preaching to and exhorting his fellow prisoners, he had three further conferences with his persecutors. The second, which was held in the Arches at Bow-church, a few weeks after his commitment, terminated in his being deprived of his benefice, as a married man. The third, which did not take place until January 22nd, 1555, and was carried on not only with the Bishop of Winchester, but with other episcopal commissioners, ended, after a long debate, in which the piety, erudition, sound sense, and christian forbearance of the sufferer was pre-eminently conspicuous, in his re-commitment to prison, under a threat of having judgment passed upon him within a week.

This judgment was accordingly pronounced at a fourth conference on the 28th of the same month, the Bishops of Winchester, Norwich, London, Salisbury, and Durham, being present; when, on the Doctor

again declining to submit himself to the Roman Pontiff, he was condemned to death, and the day following removed to the Poultry Compter. Here, on the 4th of February, he was visited by Bonner, Bishop of London, who, attended by his chaplain and the necessary officers, came to degrade him. Refusing, however, to comply with this ceremony, which consisted in his putting on the vestures, or mas garments, he was compelled to submit by force, and when the Bishop as usual, closed this disgusting mummery with his curse, Taylor nobly replied—"Though you do curse me, yet God doth bless me. I have the witness of my conscience, that ye have done me wrong and violence; and yet I pray God, if it be his will, forgive you."

It was on the morning of the 5th of February, 1555, at the early hour of two o'clock, that the sheriff of London, arriving at the Compter demanded the person of Dr. Taylor, in order that he might commence his pilgrimage towards Hadleigh, the destined place of his martyrdom. It was very dark, and they led him without lights, though not unobserved, to an inn near Aldgate. His wife (and I shall here adopt the language of John Fox, which in this place, as in many others, is remarkable for its pathos and simplicity), "his wife, suspecting that her husband should that night be carried away, watched all night in St. Botolph's church porch, beside Aldgate, having with her two children, the one named Elizabeth, of thirteen years of age, whom, being left without father or mother, Dr. Taylor had brought up of a'ms, from three years old; the other named Mary, Dr. Taylor's own daughter."

Now when the Sheriff and his company came against St. Botolph's church, Elizabeth cried, saying, "O my dear father; mother, mother, here is my father led away." Then cried his wife, "Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?" for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not see the other. Dr. Taylor answered, "Dear wife, I am here," and stayed. The sheriff's men would have led him forth; but the sheriff said, "Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife," and so they stayed.

Then came she to him, and he took his daughter Mary in his arms; and he, his wife, and Elizabeth kneeled down, and said the Lord's Prayer. At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers others of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife, and shook her by the hand, and said, "Farewell, my dear wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in conscience. God shal. stir up a father for my children." And then he kissed his daughter Mary, and said, "God bless thee, and make thee his servant:."

and kissing Elizabeth he said, "God bless thee. I pray you all stand strong and steadfast unto Christ and his word, and keep you from idolatry." Then said his wife, "God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh."

At eleven o'clock the same morning Dr. Taylor left Aldgate, accompanied by the sheriff of Essex, and four yeomen of the guard, and after once more taking an affectionate leave of his son and servant, who met him at the gates of the inn, he proceeded to Brentwood, where, in order to prevent his being recognised, they compelled him to wear a mask, or close hood, having apertures for the eyes and mouth. Nothing, however, could depress the spirits or abate the fortitude of this intrepid sufferer in the cause of truth; for not only was he patient and resigned, but, at the same time, happy and cheerful, as if a banquet or a bridal, and not a stake, were to be the termination of his journey.

When within two miles of Hadleigh, appearing more than commonly cheerful, the sheriff was induced to inquire the cause. "I am now (replied the Doctor) almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house." He then demanded if they should go through Hadleigh; and being answered in the affirmative, he returned thanks to God, exclaiming, "Then shall I once more, ere I die, see my flock, whom, thou Lord knowest, I have most dearly loved, and truly taught."

At the foot of the bridge leading into the town there waited for him a poor man with five small children, who, when they saw the Doctor, fell down upon their knees, the man crying with a loud voice, "O dear father and good shepherd, Dr. Taylor, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children." The whole town, indeed, seemed to feel and deplore its loss in a similar manner, the streets being lined with men, women, and children, who, when they beheld their beloved pastor led to death, burst into a flood of tears, calling to each other, and saying, "There goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! Oh! merciful God, strengthen him and comfort him;" whilst ever in reply the blessed sufferer, deeply touched by the sorrows of his flock, kept exclaiming—"I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood." Such in fact was the sympathy, such the lamentation expressed by all ranks for his approaching fate, that the sheriff and his attendants were, as Fox declares, "wonderfully astonished," and though active in threatening and rebuking, found it utterly impossible to suppress the emotions of the people.

The Doctor was now about to address the agitated spectators, when one of the yeomen of the guard thrust his staff into his mouth; and the sheriff, on being appealed to, bade him remember his promise, alluding, as is conjectured, to a pledge extorted from him by the council, under the penalty of having his tongue cut out, that he would not address the people at his death. "Well," said the Doctor, with his wonted patience and resignation, "the promise must be kept;" and then, sitting down, he called to one *Soyce*, whom he had seen in the crowd, and requested him to pull off his boots; adding, with an air of pleasantry, "thou hast long looked for them, and thou shalt now take them for thy labour."

He then rose up, stripped off his clothes unto his shirt, and gave them to the poor; when trusting that a few farewell words to his flock might be tolerated, he said with a loud voice, "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's Holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood."

When he had finished his devotions he went to the stake, kissed it, and placing himself in the pitch barrel which had been prepared for him, he stood upright therein, with his back against the stake, his hands folded together, his eyes lifted to heaven, and his mind absorbed in continual prayer.

They now bound him with chains, and the sheriff calling to one *Richard Doningham*, a butcher, ordered him to set up the faggots; but he declined it, alleging that he was lame, and unable to lift a faggot; and though threatened with imprisonment if he continued to hesitate, he steadily and fearlessly refused to comply.

The sheriff was therefore obliged to look elsewhere, and at length pitched upon four men, perhaps better calculated than any other for the office they were destined to perform—viz., one *Mullein*, of *Kersey*, a man, says *Fox*, fit to be a hangman; *Soyce*, whom we have formerly mentioned, and who was notorious as a drunkard; *Warwick*, who had been deprived of one of his ears for sedition; and *Robert King*, a man of loose character, and who had come hither with a quantity of gunpowder, which, whether it were intended to shorten or increase the torments of the sufferer, can alone be known to Him from whom no secrets are concealed.

While these men were diligently, and, it is to be apprehended, cheerfully employed in piling up their wood, *Warwick* wantonly and cruelly threw a faggot at the Doctor, which struck him on the head, and likewise cut his face, so that the blood ran copiously down—an act of savage

ferocity which merely drew from their victim this mild reproach: "Oh, friend, I have harm enough, what need of that?" Nor were these diabolical insults confined to those among them of the lowest rank; for when this blessed martyr was saying the psalm "Miserere" in English, Sir John Shelton, who was standing by, struck him on the lips, exclaiming at the same time, "Ye knave, speak Latin, or I will make thee."

They at length set fire to the faggots; when Dr. Taylor, holding up both his hands, called upon his God, and said, "Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ, my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands." In this attitude he continued, without either crying or moving, until Soyce striking him forcibly on the head with his halbert, his brains fell out, and the corse dropped down into the fire.

Thus perished midway in the race of piety and utility, all that was mortal of one of the best and most strenuous defenders of the Protestant Church of England: a man who, in all the relations of life, and in all the vicissitudes of the most turbulent periods, in the hour of adversity as in that of prosperity, practised what he preached.

A stone with this inscription was set up to mark the spot whereon he suffered:

"1555. Dr. Taylor, in defending that was gode, at this
 plas left his blode."

"There is nothing, (says Bishop Heber) more beautiful in the whole beautiful 'Book of Martyrs' than the account which Fox has given of Rowland Taylor, whether in the discharge of his duty as a parish priest or in the more arduous moments when he was called on to bear his cross in the cause of religion. His warmth of heart, his simplicity of manners, the total absence of the false stimulants of enthusiasm or pride, and the abundant overflow of bitter and holier feelings, are delineated, no less than his courage in death and the buoyant cheerfulness with which he encountered it, with a spirit only inferior to the eloquence and dignity of the *Phædon*."



Origin of Lowestoft.

Lowestoft, the most easterly point of land in England, is a town of great antiquity, which it contests with Yarmouth. The ancient Lowestoft, however, is supposed to have been washed away at an early period by the ocean; for there was to be seen, till the 25th year of Henry VIII. the remains of a blockhouse upon an insulated spot, left

dry at low water, about four furlongs east of the present beach. The origin of its name, too, has given rise to various conjectures: but the most popular opinion is, that it is derived from Lodbrog, a Danish prince, who was murdered near the mouth of the Yare; and most of our ancient annalists ascribe to this most foul deed the first invasion of England by the Danes.

Lodbrog, King of Denmark, was very fond of hawking; and one day, while enjoying that sport, his favourite bird happened to fall into the sea. The monarch, anxious to save the hawk, leaped into the first boat that presented itself, and put off to its assistance. A storm suddenly arose, and carried him, after encountering imminent dangers, up the mouth of the Yare, as far as Reedham in Suffolk. The inhabitants of the country, having discovered the stranger, conducted him to Edmund, who then kept his court at Caistor, only ten miles distant. The King received him with great kindness and respect, entertained him in a manner suitable to his rank, and directed Bern, his own falconer, to accompany his guest, whenever he chose to take his favourite diversion. The skill and success of the royal visitor in hawking excited Edmund's admiration, and inflamed Bern with such jealousy, that one day, when they were sporting together in the woods, he seized the opportunity, murdered him, and buried the body. Lodbrog's absence for three days occasioned considerable alarm. His favourite greyhound was observed to come home for food, fawning upon Edmund and his courtiers whenever he was compelled to visit them, and to retire as soon as he had satisfied his wants. On the fourth day he was followed by some of them, whom he conducted to the body of his master. Edmund instituted an inquiry into the affair, when, from the ferocity of the dog to Bern, and other circumstances, the murderer was discovered, and condemned by the King to be turned adrift alone, without oars or sails, in the same boat which brought Lodbrog to East Anglia. The skiff was wafted in safety to the Danish coast, where it was known to be the one in which Lodbrog left the country. Bern was seized, carried to Inguar and Hubba, the sons of the King, and questioned by them concerning their father. The villain replied, that Lodbrog had been cast upon the shore of England, and there put to death by Edmund's command. Inflamed with rage, the sons resolved on revenge; and speedily raising an army of near 20,000 men to invade his dominions, set sail, and landed safely at Berwick-upon-Tweed, when, after committing the greatest devastations, they marched southwards to Thetford, King Edmund's capital, and after a sanguinary battle, obtained possession of that place.

King Edmund, according to the old chronicles, they killed and be-

headed—but, by a miracle, the head, which had been thrown into a wood, was preserved by a wolf, who politely handed it to the persons in search of it, and the moment it came in contact with the body it united so closely that the juncture was not visible, except when closely examined. The wolf remained a harmless spectator of the scene; and as we are informed by all the ancient historians, after gravely attending the funeral at Hoxne, peaceably retired to his native woods. This happened about forty days after the death of the saint. Many miracles were worked by the body, which at length was removed to a church constructed at Beodericworth, which, increasing in celebrity, was afterwards called Bury St. Edmunds.

Queen Elizabeth in Suffolk.

Great interest attaches to Queen Elizabeth's royal progress through Suffolk in 1561 and 1578. Of the latter, Churchyard writes, "Albeit they had small warning . . . of the coming of the Queen's Majesty into both those shires (Norfolk and Suffolk), the gentlemen had made such ready provision, that all the velvets and silks that might be laid hand on were taken up and bought for any money, and soon converted to such garments and suits of robes that the shew thereof might have beautified the greatest triumphs that was in England these many years. For, as I heard, there were 200 young gentlemen clad all in white velvet, and 300 of the graver sort apparelled in black velvet coats and fair chains, all ready at one instant and place, with 1500 serving-men more on horseback, well and bravely mounted in good order, ready to receive the Queen's Highness into Suffolk, which surely was a comely troop, and a noble sight to behold. And all these waited on the Sheriff, Sir William Spring, during the Queen's Majesty's abode in those parts, and to the very confines of Suffolk. But before her Highness passed into Norfolk there was in Suffolk such sumptuous feastings and banquets as seldom in any part of the world hath been seen before." In her first progress (in 1561) the Queen passed five days at Ipswich, and visited the Waldegraves at Smalbridge, in Bury, and the Tollemaches at Helmingham. In the progress of 1578 the houses she visited were Melford Hall; Lawshall Hall (where she dined); Hawstead Place, the residence of Sir William Drury; Sir William Spring (the High Sheriff) at Lavenham; Sir Thomas Kitson at Hengrave; Sir Arthur Higham at Barrow; Mr. Rookwood at Euston, and others; while Sir Robert Jermyn feasted the French ambassadors at Rushbrooke.

Bungay Castle.—The “Bold Bigod.”

Bungay, now a neat and modern town on the north border of Suffolk, on the river Waveney, and about twelve miles from the town of Norwich, does not seem at first glance to contain many features of interest to the uninstructed traveller. It is commanded by the rising grounds which extend on the south side, and in these days of long-ranged guns and rifles could not sustain a siege for a single day. In early times, however, when the furthest-reaching of our fatal weapons was the long-bow, Bungay was a fortress of very considerable importance. Here during the Norman period the Earls of Suffolk had their principal castle and residence, and here, consequently, a number of noteworthy deeds were done.

The Norman baron was usually solicitous about the comforts of religion. His life was a turbulent one; and as he never knew how soon he might require the last consolations of the Church, he always contrived to have some properly-appointed religious house near his own door. Bungay having become the chief residence of the early Earls of Suffolk, soon added churches and monastic establishments to its principal buildings; and a good trade gradually springing up under the encouragement of the lords of the sword and the lords of the rosary, the town became at a very early period a flourishing place.

Suffolk became a separate earldom during the reign of Edward the Confessor, and was bestowed by that monarch upon Gurth, the brother of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings. The battle of Hastings proved fatal to both brothers, who died side by side, valiantly defending the Saxon standard.

The wealth of Suffolk at the time of the Conquest may be estimated from the fact that William the Conqueror bestowed no less than six hundred manors, which he had confiscated, upon his followers, who held them as grants *in capite*.

The lordship of Bungay was divided, at the period of the Domesday Survey, into several manors and estates, which the Conqueror retained in his own hands, under the stewardship of William de Noiers. At this time there were three churches within the burgh and two without, all endowed with glebes. The tenants, we are told, were rich in swine, sheep, and poultry; and as their land was held at what appears to us, in these days, to be only a nominal

rent, the people of the district seem to have been, at least, in circumstances of ordinary comfort.

The manors and estates of the burgh of Bungay were conferred upon Roger Bigot—one of the great barons of the Conquest—by the Conqueror, a short time after the Domesday Book had been compiled. Even in the Saxon times the burgh was a place of some consideration; but after it came into the possession of the Bigots, who built a castle here and made it their chief place of residence, it rapidly rose in importance. Privileges and immunities were granted to the burgh, showing the influence of the local lords as well as the requirements of the inhabitants. One of the first of these was a grant for the establishment of a mint, and it is recorded that in 1158 the Jews of Bungay paid Henry II. 15*l.* as minters. The weekly market of Bungay was established, and the privileges of the fair of the burgh extended; and some time after the royalty of the river Waveney, or the free right of fishing, between the towns of Beccles and Bungay was granted to the lord of the Manor.

The earldom of Suffolk was first granted by William the Conqueror to Ralph de Guader; but the knight forfeited this and all his other honours by rebellion against his sovereign. The earldom was afterwards conferred upon Hugh Bigot, "the bold Bigot," by King Stephen. This redoubtable baron, a man of great courage, endless resource, and total want of principle, whose perjury to the sovereign to whom he owed his knighthood and adherence to the cause of the usurper Stephen, may be taken as affording the key to his character, was a very formidable personage in his time. He was essentially a freebooter on a large scale. He very materially increased the strength of his fortress of Bungay Castle, and proudly boasted that once within its walls there was no enemy he feared. The assistance of Bigot contributed mainly to the establishment of Stephen on the English throne.

No sooner had Henry I. breathed his last than Stephen, insensible to all the ties of relationship, and the debts of gratitude by which he was bound to the dead King and his family, gave full reins to his criminal ambition, and trusted that, even without any previous intrigue, the celerity of his enterprise and the boldness of his attempt might overcome the weak attachment which the English and the Normans in that age bore to the laws and to the rights of their sovereign. He hastened over to England, and though the citizens of Dover and those of Canterbury, apprised of his purpose,

shut their gates against him, he did not draw rein till he arrived in London, where some of the lowest rank, instigated by his emissaries, as well as moved by his general popularity, immediately saluted him king. His next point was to acquire the good-will of the clergy, and, by performing the ceremony of coronation, to put himself in possession of the throne, from which he was confident it would not be easy afterwards to expel him. His brother, the Bishop of Winchester, was useful to him in these aims—having gained Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who, though he owed a great fortune and advancement to the favour of the late king, preserved no sense of gratitude to that prince's family. He applied, in conjunction with that prelate, to William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and required him, in virtue of his office, to anoint Stephen king. The primate, who, like all the others, had sworn fealty to Matilda, the daughter of the late king, refused to perform this ceremony; but his opposition was overcome by an expedient equally dishonourable with the other steps by which this revolution was effected. Hugh Bigod, with his characteristic duplicity, took oath before the primate that the late king, on his deathbed, had shown a dissatisfaction with his daughter Matilda, and had expressed his intention of leaving Stephen heir to all his dominions. The Archbishop, either believing or feigning to believe Bigod's testimony, anointed Stephen and put the crown on his head. This religious ceremony having taken place, Stephen, without any shadow either of hereditary title or consent of the nobility or people, was allowed to assume the privileges and exercise the authority of royalty.

For his share in this disgraceful and revolutionary proceeding, Bigod was rewarded with the earldom of Norfolk, which at that time signified the supremacy of the county of Suffolk as well as of Norfolk. For five years Bigod remained a consistent partisan of Stephen, but in 1140, thinking that amid the dissension, the evil, and rapine of the times, he would advance his own interests more effectually by renouncing the ally for whom he had committed perjury, he forsook the usurper and openly espoused the cause of the Empress Matilda. The baron relied upon his possessions in Norfolk and Suffolk, and trusted to his strong castle of Bungay. But Stephen, who was at least a most intrepid and manly soldier if he was an ungrateful rebel, immediately turned upon his old confederate, and resolved to bring him to his senses by chastisement. He marched speedily into Suffolk, sought out Bigod in his

stronghold and reduced it. The old chronicler who narrates this incident is as brief in his chronicle as Stephen appears to have been prompt in action. He furnishes no details of the siege, but dryly informs us of the fact in these words—"In 1140, at Pentecost, the king, with his army came upon Hugo Bigod, of Suffolk, and took the castle of Bungay." The intention of Stephen, however, was to rebuke but not to exterminate his rebellious vassal, who, he conceived, might continue to be of use to him. He, therefore, having punished Bigod, received him again into favour, and restored him to his honours.

Henry II. on his accession to the throne punished the adherence of Bigod to the cause of his mother's foe, by depriving him of his castles and dignities ; but the bold baron was too powerful to be made a permanent enemy of, and Henry, desiring to conciliate him, reinstated him in his possessions in 1163. But neither severity nor forgiveness was of any avail in keeping the wayward baron to a line of consistently honourable action. He again deserted his sovereign in 1174, and intensified the guilt of his rebellion by throwing in his influence with the cause of Henry's rebellious sons. The king's forces defeated Bigod and the Flemings whom he had enlisted under his banner, with great slaughter, at Bury St. Edmunds, and the king himself marched into Suffolk, resolved to break the power of the rebel by destroying his chief stronghold. Meanwhile Bigod himself was retreating with speed to the Waveney, and on the march he was heard to exclaim to his attendants and those near him, "Were I in my castle of Bungay, upon the waters of Waveney, I would not set a button by the King of Cockney." The result of the meeting between the two forces is admirably set forth in an old ballad in which the careless bravado of Bigod is illustrated with much humour. As the ballad tells the story in verse which it would otherwise be necessary to tell in prose, and as the verse itself in several passages is admirable, we submit it to the reader entire :—

THE BOLD BIGOD AND THE KING OF COCKNEY

"The King has sent for Bigod bold,
 In Essex wherent he lay,
 But Lord Bigod laughed at his Pursuivant,
 And stoutly thus did say :—
 'Were I in my castle of Bungay,
 Upon the river of Waveney,
 I would ne care for the King of Cockney !

- " Hugh Bigod was lord of Bungay Tower,
And a merry lord was he ;
So away he rode on his berry-black steed,
And sung with licence and glee—
' Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney !'
- " At Ipswich to see how he sped,
And at Ufford they stared, I wis,
But at merry Saxmundham they heard his song,
And the song he sung was this—
' Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney !'
- " The Baily he rode, and the Baily he ran,
' To catch the gallant Lord Hugh ;
But for every mile the Baily rode
The Earl he rode more than two :
Saying, ' Were I in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney !'
- " When the Baily had ridden to Bramfield Oak,
Sir Hugh was at Ilksall Bower ;
When the Baily had ridden to Halesworth Cross,
He was singing in Bungay Tower—
' Now that I'm in my castle of Bungay,
Upon the river of Waveney,
I will ne care for the King of Cockney !'
- " When the news was brought to London town
How Sir Bigod did jest and sing ;
' Say you, to Lord Hugh of Norfolk,'
Said Henry, our English King,
' Though you be in your castle of Bungay,
Upon the river Waveney,
I'll make you care for the King of Cockney !'
- " King Henry he marshalled his merry men all,
And through Suffolk they marched with speed,
And they marched to Lord Bigod's castle wall,
And knocked at his gate, I rede,
' Sir Hugh of the castle of Bungay,
Upon the river Waveney,
Come, doff your cap to the King of Cockney !'
- " Sir Hughon Bigod, so stout and brave,
When he heard the King thus say,
He trembled and shook like a ' May-Mawther,'
And he wished himself away :
' Were I out of my castle of Bungay,
And beyond the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney !'

“ Sir Hugh took threescore sacks of gold,
 And flung them over the wall ;
 Says ‘ Go your ways in the Devil’s name,
 Yourself and your merry men all ;
 But leave me my castle of Bungay,
 Upon the river Waveney,
 And I’ll pay my shot to the King of Cockney ! ”

It should not be overlooked that this ballad, while faithfully reproducing the relations which in early times subsisted between the English monarch and his more turbulent barons, and while admirably illustrating the rash, reckless, yet gallant, character of its hero, is strictly accurate in its local allusions and colouring. For example, the route followed by Bigod in his rapid march to Bungay is the exact route pursued in ancient times by travellers from London to the extremities of Suffolk. Thus, Bigod rides from Essex, whereto he lay, to Ipswich ; thence to Ufford and merry Saxmundham ; thence to Bramfield Oak and Halesworth Cross. Up to this point the baron traced the usual highway, over which (by the Eastern Counties Railway) the modern tourist is carried at the present day. At Halesworth Cross, however, he leaves the turnpike road to Bungay on the right, and proceeds by cross roads to Rumburgh Green, and past the monastery there to “ Ilksall Bower,” and thence to his castle.

The “ Bramfield Oak,” a forest tree celebrated for centuries, stood in the grounds surrounding Bramfield Hall, within a few yards of the present highway. The age of this monarch of the forest was over a thousand years. In 1832 it had three main branches ; but one of these soon after broke away, and, thus mutilated and scathed, it remained “ till the 15th June, 1843, when, on a calm, sultry day—without a breeze to moan its fate—it fell from sheer decay, with a most appalling crash, enveloping its prostrate form with clouds of dust.” With respect to the size of the tree, it was asserted at the time of its fall, that a similar bulk of sound timber would have fetched about eighty pounds. Of Ilksall Bower no visible traces are now pointed out.

It appears, however, that King Henry did not agree to let the recalcitrant baron off with merely “ paying his shot :” the terms on which he granted pardon being that Bigod should pay the sum of one thousand marks, and that his castle should be demolished. The knight soon afterwards went abroad, and joined the Earl of Flanders in a crusading expedition to the Holy Land, whence he returned and died in 1177, surviving his disgrace and the destruction of his castle only three years.

A subsequent owner of Bungay manor was Roger Bigod, the son of the bold Hugh, who in 1281 obtained a licence from King Edward I. to embattle his house on the site of the old castle. The ruins of Bungay Castle, as they are now seen, are those of the fortress which Roger Bigod reared. Roger, having no heirs, settled all his "castles, towns, manors, and hereditaments upon King Edward and his heirs, to the prejudice of his brother, John le Bigod, who, after the earl's decease, was found to be his next heir, but never, in consequence of this surrender, enjoyed the honours, nor any part of the estates." Sir Henry Spelman tells us, the earl disinherited his brother, Sir John, "because that the earl, being indebted to him, he was too pressing on that account." "A new way to pay old debts," truly.

In 1312, Thomas de Brotherton obtained a charter from the king, in tail general, of all the honours formerly enjoyed by Roger Bigod. Brotherton at his death left two daughters, the eldest of whom, marrying Edward de Montacute, carried the property of Bungay with her into that family. By the marriage of Joan their daughter with William de Ufford, Earl of Suffolk, Bungay was again transferred to a new family, but an old title. The property was subsequently possessed by the Howards, by Mr. Meckleburgh, an inhabitant of Bungay, who sold it to Mrs. Bonhote, the authoress of the novel "Bungay Castle," who sold it about 1800 to Charles, Duke of Norfolk, a descendant of "Bigod bold."

The remains of Bungay Castle consist of the shells of two circular towers and a number of rambling foundation walls, from which no idea can be formed of the internal arrangements of the fortress in its entire state.



Henham House.—Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

Henham, a hamlet of Wangford, in Suffolk, about four miles west of the east coast at Southwold, formed the estate of Ralph Bainard, at the time of the Norman Survey, and when this estate was forfeited to the Crown by the grandson of the original owner, it was shared between two chieftains who erected their respective shares into manors, and named them Henham and Cravens. On the ruin of the race of Bainard, the family of Kerdiston, who appear to have inherited a considerable portion of their estates, were hereditary owners of Henham early in the reign of Henry III. In the

twentieth of Henry VI., Thomas de Kerdiston, Knight, transferred his right to the manor of Henham to William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and Alice his wife. This Alice, Countess of Suffolk, was daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Chaucer, son of the immortal author of the "Canterbury Tales." The Earl of Suffolk and his wife, in accordance with the agreement entered into, assumed the property of Henham, and on their death transmitted it to their successors. One of these, Edmund de la Pole, was beheaded in 1513, and Henham reverted to the crown, but was soon afterwards granted to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Henry VIII., in exchange for the dissolved abbey of Leiston.

This Charles Brandon was not only the greatest of the dukes of Suffolk, but was one of the most considerable men of the era in which he lived. Born ere yet feudalism had begun to decay as a system, and while yet the articles of the creed of chivalry were punctiliously observed by all aspiring to knightly honours, desiring to wear their spurs in such a manner as to command the respect of brave men and the esteem of fair ladies, he felt that he had not been born out of his due time; but that his natural predilections would lead him to shine in chivalric exploits, and to cast lustre upon a system which from men like him borrowed and reflected upon the rank-and-file (so to speak) of knighthood a radiance that had its origin only in the generals and the lieutenants of chivalry.

The mind of Charles Brandon seems to have been deeply tinctured with that romance which, in spite of Cervantes' having laughed it out of the world, manifested itself under noble and magnanimous forms, until the development of man and the approach of more practical times relegated it, in its relations to the immediate wants and necessities of man, among the falsehoods and shams of an exploded system.

Birth gave Brandon position. He was the son of Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer at Bosworth, who fell by the hand of King Richard himself. Young Brandon was a devoted lover of all martial exercises from his youth, and before he had arrived at manhood his skill and success in the tourney had covered him with glory.

In 1510 solemn jousts were held at Westminster in honour of Katharine of Arragon. At this meeting of adventurous knights Brandon appeared in the dress of a recluse, and begged of the queen permission to run a tilt in her presence. His request being complied with, he threw off his weeds, and was soon in the lists

completely armed. In the following year he signalized himself at Tournay, at the jousts held there by Margaret, Princess of Castile, in compliment to Henry VIII. On this occasion all the appointments of the lists were sumptuous. The course was flagged with black marble, and to prevent any accident from slipping the horses were shod with felt. Here the young English Knight bore himself so gallantly that he won the heart of the Princess Margaret herself. But another princess had already enthralled his affections—a profound and lasting attachment already bound him to the Princess Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. of England. Henry, however, gave his sister in marriage to Louis XII. of France. Brandon followed her to her adopted country in the character of ambassador. Grand tournaments were decreed to be held at Paris on the occasion of the approaching coronation, and the young knight, now Duke of Suffolk, through the favour of his royal master, was present at the chivalric meeting attended by the Marquis of Dorset and his four brothers.

The French had already seen so many of the wonderful feats of Brandon that they feared the young knight would beat all their champions out of the lists, and in order to prevent this they introduced among the combatants on their side a gigantic German, believed to be of incomparable strength and power, whose bone and muscle by sheer force and weight, were expected to bear down all opposition.

The combat began, and after a time, during which the French were trembling every moment for their champion, the English knight suddenly caught his antagonist round the neck, and beat him on the helm so violently with the hilt of his sword that the blood issued from the side of the casque. The French then interfered and carried the German away.

Soon after this Louis XII. of France died, and Brandon was now at liberty to pay his addresses to the royal lady whom he had loved so long and with such constancy. The duke's advances were regarded favourably, and it was evident the attachment was mutual. Having discovered the actual state of affairs, the royal lady, supposing that the fear of committing a breach of etiquette hindered the duke from proposing marriage, extricated him from his dilemma by sending him a message stating that she gave him four days to decide whether he would marry her or not. The duke, of course, agreed with alacrity. He then conveyed her from France, married her, and celebrated his wedding by tournaments at which he himself

tilted. On this great occasion the livery and trappings of the duke's horse were half cloth of gold and half cloth of frieze, with the following legend referring to his union with a royal bride :—

“ Cloth of gold do not despise,
 Though thou art matched with cloth of frieze ;
 Cloth of frieze be not too bold,
 Though thou art matched with cloth of gold.”

From the marriage of Brandon with Queen Mary of France immense wealth accrued to the ducal family of Suffolk. Her annual income was sixty thousand crowns, and from France she brought personal property with her to England estimated at two hundred thousand crowns, exclusive of a famous diamond of almost priceless value, named “ *le miroir de Naples*.”

The connexion of this illustrious pair with the manor of Henham does not appear to have been very intimate or of very long duration. Yet Brandon's life was not without stirring events. His skill in knightly exercises was not confined to the lists : he signalized his manhood in the actual battle-field as well as in the tournament. Like many knights of his time, he fought as well at sea as on shore, and in 1513 we hear of his achieving fame in a desperate action with a French squadron off Brest. At the sieges of Tirouenne and Tournay he displayed great valour, and at the Battle of Spurs he led the van of the English army with his usual gallantry. He invaded France in 1523, and if the expedition was a fruitless one, the blame does not rest with the high-hearted Englishman. He closed the list of his warlike achievements by capturing Boulogne in 1544. In the following year he died.

In his preparations for death he evinced a degree of magnanimity which should not pass unnoticed. By his will he provided that his Collar of the Garter should be converted into a cup of gold and given to the king, thus returning the badge and token of his nobility to the source whence he obtained it. He also provided that his funeral should be conducted with a simplicity and economy more becoming the occasion and the ultimate “ *dust to dust*” than harmonizing with the ideas of his time, when the funerals of the great were conducted with great magnificence. The king, however, used his authority to alter the will in one respect. He caused the body of his departed favourite to be buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor ; the cost of the ceremonious funeral, which was remarkable for pomp and magnificence, being defrayed wholly from the royal purse.

On the death of the Duke of Suffolk, the manor of Henham reverted to the Crown. Sir Arthur Hopton, of Blythborough, was then appointed housekeeper, and soon after was enfeoffed of the estate, which he conveyed to Sir Anthony Rous, knight, of Dennington, in Suffolk. The property, together with that portion of it called the manor of Craven's, which for so many generations had remained in the possession of a distinct proprietor, still remains the property of the Rous family.

In Le Neve's MSS. it is stated that Queen Mary appointed Lady Rous one of the Quorum for Suffolk, and the chronicler goes on to observe that "she did actually sit on the bench at assizes and sessions among other justices *cincta gladio* (girt with a sword). This masculine lady, and, I presume, dispenser of indifferent justice, must have been Agnes, daughter of Sir Thomas Blennerhasset, of Frense, in the county of Norfolk. I have met with no cases on record of her magisterial decisions."

Not far distant from the modern Henham Hall stands a venerable oak, which, though scathed and shorn of its leafy honours, is noted for its legend of loyalty and conjugal affection. The following version of the legend was communicated by Miss Agnes Strickland, the talented writer of the "Lives of the Queens of England," to the assiduous compiler of the "History of Suffolk." "I really wish," says Miss Strickland, "it were in my power to communicate anything calculated to be of service to you in your much-needed 'History of Suffolk;' but I fear the story of the Henham Oak, though a very picturesque legend, rests on a vague and doubtful foundation—that of oral tradition—handed down from village chroniclers of former days, a race now, I fear, extinct.

"One of these worthies told me many years ago, that there was a brave gentleman of the Rous family in the great rebellion, whose life was preserved, when a party of the rebels came down to Henham with a warrant for his arrest, by his lady concealing him in the hollow trunk of that venerable old oak beneath the windows of the Hall. This tree being used by the family as a summer-house, was luckily provided with a door faced with bark, and which closed so artificially that strangers, not aware of the circumstance, would never suspect that the tree was otherwise than sound. The hero of the tale was, I presume, the Cavalier baronet, Sir John Rous, to whom King Charles II. wrote an autograph letter, thanking him for his loyal services. According to the story, the Round-head authorities used threatening language to the lady to make her

declare her husband's retreat, but she courageously withstood all their menaces. They remained there two or three days, during which time she, not daring to trust any one with the secret, stole softly out at night to supply her lord with food, and to assure herself of his safety. I fancy this conjugal heroine must have been the beautiful Elizabeth Knevitt, whose portrait is preserved at Henham. It is possible, however, that the tradition may belong to a period still more remote. Our Suffolk peasants are not an imaginative race, therefore I should be inclined to think that the incident really did occur to a former possessor of Henham. In the course of my historical investigations, I have generally found that tradition, if not always the truth, was, at least, a shadowy evidence of some unrecorded fact; and I am always anxious to believe anything to the honour of my own sex.

"The oak was afterwards a noted resort for select Jacobite meetings of a convivial nature, when Sir Robert Rous and two or three staunch adherents of the exiled house of Stuart were accustomed to drink deep healths 'to the king, over the water,' on bended knees."

The letter mentioned in the preceding quotation is dated from Breda, April 27th, 1660—the precise day on which a number of other letters were forwarded by a confidential agent from the exiled monarch to his friends in England. The letters are not all couched in precisely the same language, but the general purport of them is identical, and the expressions similar. The note addressed to Rous may be taken as a specimen of the kind of communication which in those days was sent from the king to his supporters. It ran as follows :—

"It is no newes to me to heare of your good affection, which I always promised myselve from your family, yett I was well pleased with the accounte this bearer brought to me from you of the activity you have lately used for the promoting my interest; in which so many have followed the good example you gave, that I hope I and you, and the whole nation, shall shortly receive the fruit of it, and that I may give you my thanks in your own country: in the meantime you may be confident I am

"Your affectionate friende,

"Breda, 27th April, 1660."

"CHARLES R."

The promise given to the ear in the above letter was not broken

to the hope; for in August of the same year, Sir John Rous was created a baronet, and was elected to represent the borough of Dunwich in the Parliament of the following year. The sixth baronet of this family was raised to the peerage as Baron Rous, of Dennington, in Suffolk, in 1796, and advanced to the dignities of Viscount Dunwich and Earl of Stradbroke in 1821. He was succeeded by his son.

The old Hall of Henham was built of red brick, with stone dressings, quoins, and window frames. On the back of a drawing illustrating its principal court the following notice of the building itself and of the occurrence which caused its demolition is written:—
“This large, noble, and magnificent mansion, which had been the seat and residence of the De la Poles, Earls of Suffolk, and of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who, it is supposed, built the front, had from the last year of King Henry VIII. been the seat and residence of the ancient family of Rous, being granted by that king to Sir Arthur Hopton, knt., who in the same reign sold it to Sir Anthony Rous, knt., till on the 8th May, 1773, a fire was discovered in the west front about four o'clock in the morning, and which raging with great violence, before night had consumed and laid waste the whole, consisting at that time of about 45 rooms, besides garrets, the principal of which had lately been elegantly fitted up and furnished by the late Sir John Rous, bart., who died Oct. 30, 1771, leaving an only son, the present John Rous, who, when the fire happened, was at Venice.”

Neither mansion nor furniture was insured, and the loss by the fire was estimated at 30,000*l.* Of the furniture and decorations of the old hall little escaped destruction. A few portraits were rescued, and a fine old wassail bowl of wood, round the circular lip of which is this appropriate legend—

“*Reddit securum potantem vas bene purum
Hinc, precor, haurite tanquam lacti sine lite;*”

which has been thus freely translated by the late Lord Stradbroke—

“My bowl is so clean,
The liquor so pure,
The nicest may taste,
Of health most secure.”

“Drink deep, then, I pray,
Rememb'ring this law—
Ye joyful may be,
But none of your jaw.”

It is very possible, suggests the historian of Suffolk, that Charles Brandon, with his charming wife, the Queen of France, and even "bluff King Hal" himself, may have drunk out of this antique bowl.

The new hall, the seat of the Earl of Stradbroke, is a commodious mansion, modern in style, and not calling for special notice.

Barsham Hall.—Sir John Suckling the Poet.

Barsham Manor belonged at the time of the Norman survey to Robert de Vallibus, or Vaux, who held it of Roger Bigod, as capital lord. It was two and a quarter miles in length by three quarters of a mile in breadth ; but it also included over and above this area a large tract originally covered with water, but which is now drained meadow-land.

After having been possessed by a succession of proprietors, none of whom are known to be of interest to modern readers, Barsham was purchased in 1613, by Sir John Suckling, third son of Robert Suckling, of Woodton. The family of Suckling is a very ancient one. Thomas Socling held certain estates in Woodton and Langhall in 1348, and his possessions were handed down in unbroken succession through a series of substantial descendants, to Robert Suckling, M.P. for Norwich, who died in 1589. Sir John Suckling, son of the preceding, was the purchaser of Barsham Hall, in 1613. In many respects, Sir John was a noteworthy man. In due time he became the father of Sir John Suckling, the poet, who was conspicuous for the brightness and playfulness of his fancy, but the strictly practical character of his own mind may be estimated from the following letter which he wrote to his brother Charles, immediately after having purchased Barsham. "I am nowe," he says, "gone thorough for Barshame, and have had a fine and recoverie acknowledged to my use, before my Lord Hubbard, and to-morrow the indentures and all other assurances are to be sealed. For the letting of it, I am resolute not to lett the house and demourances thereof under 240*l.*, and I hope that by your care and diligence in providing me a good tenant, I may have 250*l.* p. ann. I am confident that ere longe landes will beare a better and a higher prise ; and therefore my purpose is not to grant any lease above seven yeares : besides I mean to keep all the royalties and the fishinge in

mine own handes ; and upon these tearmes, if you can find me out an honest man that will hire it, I will think myself behouldeinge unto you It is nowe myne, and I trust that the name of the Sucklings shall inherit and possess it, when I am dead and rotten."

This very sagacious and out-spoken gentleman did the state some service in his day. He was a staunch royalist, and held the offices of Secretary of State, Comptroller of the Household and Privy Counsellor to King James I. and to his unfortunate son Charles. He was an aspirant also for honours still more distinguished ; for in a letter written in 1621 by Lord Leicester to his son, the following expression occurs :—" It is not known who shall be Chancellor of the Exchequer it is between Sir Richard Weston and Sir John Suckling." Sir Richard Weston was in this case the fortunate person. Suckling married Martha Cranfield, sister to Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, by whom he had Sir John Suckling, the poet, Lionel Suckling, and four daughters.

On the decease of Suckling the statesman in 1627, his eldest son, the poet, came into possession of Barsham and the other estates.

The poet was born in his father's house at Whitton, in the parish of Twickenham, Middlesex, and was baptized there in February, 1608-9. Of his early life very little is known. When fifteen years of age he was removed to Cambridge, and matriculated at Trinity College. Davenant states that he was only eleven years of age when he was received at Cambridge ; but this assertion is only well-suited to accompany the absurd statements of Langbaine, repeated by Dr. Johnson and every subsequent biographer (down to the year 1836, when the only trustworthy life that has been published appeared), that " he spoke Latin at five and writ it at nine." The source of this and similar errors is that the date of the poet's birth is usually set down as 1613, whereas the fact is that in that year Suckling was five years old. Music, languages, and poetry were the accomplishments he cultivated *con amore*, and the facility with which he advanced in these was remarkable. He early distinguished himself by the strength of his genius and capacity, which required less pains and application in him than it did in others, to make himself master of whatever subject he pursued.

At the age of nineteen Suckling suffered an irreparable loss in the death of his father ; for had this practical and solid guardian only lived for a few years longer the son might have been diverted from the gaiety and the folly in which he was now beginning freely to

indulge. Well aware of the son's gay and thoughtless disposition, the elder Suckling provides in his will that his son and heir shall not enter upon the possession of his estates till he shall have completed his twenty-fifth year.

In 1628, Suckling, then in his twentieth year, commenced his travels. He traversed France and Italy; but it was in Germany that he entered upon really interesting adventures. This country was at that time the object of universal attention from the splendid military successes there of Gustavus Adolphus, "the Lion of the North." About this time Charles of England granted a commission to the Marquis of Hamilton to raise a body of six thousand troops to act with him as their general under the King of Sweden, and in favour of the unfortunate Prince Palatine of the Rhine, who had married the only sister of the English king. Suckling united himself to this expedition as one of the "forty gentlemen's sons" whose duty it was to serve about the Marquis himself. This English contingent was by no means a merely ornamental *corps*. It was sent into active service, and rendered effectual assistance to Gustavus, in particular at the first defeat of Tilly before Leipsic—a battle of great importance at that time, and obstinately contested. In this battle Suckling was engaged; he was also present at the sieges of Crossen, Guben, Glogan, and Magdeburg, and obtained considerable military reputation for his conduct in several successive actions, fought during the inroads of Hamilton in the provinces of Lusatia and Silesia.

Suckling is supposed to have followed those wars till 1632, and at the close of his campaign he returned to England, bringing with him the character—which no one has ever sought to deny him—of an accomplished gentleman, distinguished for polite learning, wit, and gallantry.

His appearance at this time, judging from Vandyke's splendid portrait of him—the original picture is to be seen at Woodton in Suffolk—must have been prepossessing in a high degree. The ample forehead, the firmly-cut and classically-moulded mouth and chin, and the streaming cavalier "locks" must have rendered him a noticeable man, while to the observant there would be something specially pleasing in the mild expression of his eminently conscious and comprehensive eyes. To a frankness of manner and graceful person, he added an ease of carriage and elegance of address so remarkable that he drew forth the observation, that "he had the peculiar happiness of making everything he did become

him." He was so famous at court "for his accomplishments and ready sparkling wit," says Sir William Davenant, the dramatist, his intimate friend and one that loved him entirely, "that he was the bull that was bayted ; his repartee and witt being most sparkling when most set on and provoked."

And one can readily comprehend how a man of Suckling's gifts should be highly valued at such a court as that of Charles I. Two parties were forming out of the general mass of the English people—parties fated at first to oppose and wrangle merely, but subsequently to contend to the death on many a battle-field. By tradition, breeding, and native sympathies, Suckling was a Royalist, and the ability with which he could caricature the awkward solemnity and severe asceticism of the growing democratic party was relished as highly as the zeal with which he entered into schemes of pleasure. And at this time literature and the fine arts obtained an unprecedented encouragement from the king ; and these, directed by his own acknowledged taste and by that of the beautiful Henrietta Maria, rendered the Court of England the most polished in Europe.

"The pleasures of the Court," says Walpole, "were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture were all called in to make them rational amusements. Ben Jonson was the laureate ; Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations ; Lanieri and Ferabosco composed the symphonies ; the King and Queen and the young nobility danced in the interludes."

In society like this the accomplishments of Suckling were eminently calculated to shine : gay, witty, generous, and gallant, he was considered, says Winstanley, "as the darling of the Court." And he brought all his faculties into play in his devotion to the refined pleasures of society. At his house at Whitton he gave entertainments similar to the court masques, and expended upon their elaboration and adornments the utmost labours of his music.

"One of his magnificent assemblies," says his biographer, "was given in London, and was noted for its sumptuousness and eccentricity, and is said to have cost him an astonishing sum. Every court lady who could boast of youth and beauty was present ; his gallantry excluding those not so blest. Yet so abundant were fair faces in that day that the rooms were overflowing ; as if nature were resolute in producing objects of adoration, in proportion as their votaries were numerous and devoted. These ladies Suckling entertained with every rarity which wealth could collect and taste

prescribe. But the last course displayed his sprightly gallantry ; it consisted not of viands yet more delicate and choice, but of silk stockings, garters, and gloves,—presents at that time of no contemptible value.”

But while thus engaged for the most part he began to contract a love for pleasures of a still more exciting kind. He became enamoured of play, and soon won the unenviable reputation of being the best hand at cards in the kingdom.

Towards his latter years, however, he began to evince some degree of earnestness and seriousness of purpose. The merely frivolous was beginning to pall upon his taste. His companions now were for the most part men dignified by their virtue and distinguished by their abilities. Lord Falkland, Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, upon the occasion of whose marriage Suckling wrote one of the most beautiful ballads in our language, were among his chosen companions, while with Stanley, the editor of Eschylus, Davenant, and Jonson, Shirley Hall, and Nabbes, all men of high literary culture, he was on terms of the most intimate friendship.

While Suckling was basking in the sunshine of the Court, a circumstance of considerable importance to his reputation and happiness occurred. The story is thus told in the *Strafford State Papers* : “ Sir John Suckling, a young man, son to him that was comptroller, famous for nothing before but that he was a great gamester, was a suitor to a daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby's, in Derbyshire, heir to a thousand a year.

“ By some friend he had in Court he got the King to write for him to Sir H. Willoughby, by which means he hoped to get her ; for he thought he had interest enough in the affection of the young woman, so her father's consent could be got. He spoke somewhat boldly that way, which coming to her knowledge, she intrusted a young gentleman, who also was her suitor—a brother of Sir Kenelm Digby's—to draw a paper in writing, which she dictated, and to get Sir John Suckling's hand unto it. Thereon he must disavow any interest he hath in her by promise or otherwise.

“ If he would undertake this,” she said, “ it was the readiest way he could use to express his affection for her. He willingly undertakes it, gets another young man, a Digby, into his company, and having each of them a man, goes out upon this adventure, intending to come to London, where he thought to find him ; but meeting Suckling on the way, he saluted him and asked him whither he was going ? He said on the King's business, but would not tell him

whither, though he pressed him if it were not to Sir Henry Wiltoughby's? He then drew forth his paper, and read it to him, and pressed him to underwrite it. He would not, and with oaths confirms this denial. He told him he must force him to it; he answered nothing would force him. Then he asked him whether he had any such promise from her, as he gave out? In that, he said, he would not satisfy him."

The narrative, which slightly rambles, goes on to state that at this point Digby attacked Suckling with his cudgel—the latter never offering to draw his sword.

Digby was obliged by the King to make a very abject apology afterwards; but from this time forth there is a slur resting on Suckling's courage. This slur, by which his manhood is tarnished, seems, on examination, to be wholly undeserved.

Digby was the best swordsman of his time, and besides was a man of great strength and a habitual brawler. That it was his intention to provoke Suckling to draw first, and thus give him an excuse for drawing and despatching his enemy, which he was both strong enough and skilful enough to do, seems only too evident.

Suckling sank for a time in the opinion of his frivolous friends, and we hear of him shortly after as taking seriously to public business, and as being much employed by his monarch.

In 1637 Suckling published his "Sessions of the Poets," a strikingly original work, which has had hosts of imitators; and about the same time appeared his "Account of Religion by Reason," which, according to Dr. Johnson, is remarkable for soundness of argument and purity of expression, far exceeding the controversial writings of that age. In the following year he published his chief play, "Aglaura," which is said to have been the first play acted in this kingdom with scenes. In 1639 appeared his tragedy of "Brenoralt," with its first title of the "Discontented Colonel," and which was intended as a satire upon the rebels. But his efforts in behalf of his monarch were not confined to his pen. The Scottish "League and Covenant" having ended in open rebellion, he resolved on offering more direct assistance.

Charles was at this time unable to carry on his own cause from the want of supplies, and Suckling stood forward to show his countrymen the duties of loyalty at such a crisis, and presented his Majesty with a troop of one hundred horsemen, whom he clothed and maintained from his own private resources.

The uniform adopted for this body of men was white doublets

with scarlet coats, breeches and hats ; while a feather of the same colour attached to each man's bonnet completed his attire. As they had been selected with great attention to vigour and manly appearance, and were well mounted and armed, this troop was considered as the finest sight "in his Majesty's" army. Raising this troop is said to have cost Suckling twelve thousand pounds.

The poet joined the King's army on its march to the north. On 29th May, 1639, the army arrived at Berwick, carrying with it, says Lord Clarendon, more show than force. Another weak point in the expedition was that its leader, the Earl of Arundel, had no claim to abilities, either military or political.

The armies having come within sight of each other, orders for an advance were given. The command of the English cavalry had been intrusted to Lord Holland, who is described by Sir Philip Warwick as "fitter for a show than a field ;" and who has further been suspected of treachery to his own cause. In any case it has been ascertained that he disgraced the king's troops by ordering a retreat without striking a blow ; or, as some have asserted, without having even seen an enemy. The whole English army broke into flight.

And although the whole force laid itself open to ridicule, yet one can understand how all that ridicule came down on the head of Suckling alone. He, a wit himself and the rival of wits, was perhaps the only officer in the army whose career was closely watched. And then there was so much bravery in the dress of his troops—those scarlet runners—and so little bravery in the men themselves, that on the whole the subject was too tempting, too delicious, not to overcome the sense of fairness and justice in the mind of the London epigrammatists, and they poured their contemptuous verse upon him mercilessly. The ballad of Sir John Mennis has considerable humour in it. It ends, after describing Suckling's unwillingness to get too far in front, as follows—

" The colonell sent for him back again,
 To quarter him in the van-a ;
 But Sir Johu did sweare he wouldn't come there,
 To be killed the very first man-a.

" To cure his fear he was sent to the rear,
 Some ten miles back and more-a,
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

" But now there is peace he's returned to increase
 His money, which lately he spent-a ;
 But his lost honour must lie still in the dust,
 At Berwick away it went-a."

Suckling was afterward prosecuted on an absurd charge of conspiracy and he fled the country, convinced that the court which had shown its inability to protect Strafford was unable to shield his adherents.

“The active life of our poet,” concludes his biographer, “was now drawing rapidly towards its closing scene. Time as it rolled its increasing course brought no prospect of a national reunion, while the interdict against his safety continued in full validity.” Reduced at length in fortune and dreading to encounter poverty, his energies gave way to the complicated wretchedness of his situation, and he contemplated an act which he had himself condemned in others.

He purchased poison of an apothecary, he swallowed it, and thus put an end to his life. Other accounts of his last days have been given; this one, however, is sanctioned and confirmed by family tradition based on ascertained fact.

Thus perished prematurely and in a land of strangers the accomplished Suckling, the darling of the court he adorned and refined. If he be charged with want of prudence in the direction of his great abilities to his own advancement, they were at least ever exerted in favour of the learned and the deserving. If his earlier years were stained by habits of intemperance and frivolity, he amply redeemed himself by the exertions of his maturer age. To a kind and amiable temper he united a generous and friendly disposition, while the proofs of his patriotism and loyalty have been so fully developed that, with all his imperfections, he is entitled to rank with the most distinguished men of his day.

Sir John had sold the property of Barsham to his uncle, Charles Suckling of Woodton, who appears as lord in 1640. The manor and advowson remain with his descendants.



NORFOLK.

Norwich Castle.

Norwich is built on an eminence, with the River Wensum flowing at its feet, and spreads over a large site, with openings planted with trees, and towers of churches surmounting each block of building, thus recalling old Fuller's description:—"Norwich (as you please) either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city." It is not mentioned in history before the time of the earlier Danish invasions. It appears to have risen gradually from the decay of Caistor or Castor St. Edmunds, now a small village, about three miles south of Norwich, but anciently a British, and subsequently a Roman town under the name of *Venta Icenorum*. An old distich records that

"Castor was a city when Norwich was none,
And Norwich was built of Castor stone."

During the existence of the separate kingdom of the East Angles, their kings had erected upon what was then a promontory on the shore of the estuary of the sea, and is now the Castle Hill, a royal fortress. The town grew around the Castle, and, in the time of Edward the Confessor, had 1320 burgesses and twenty-five parish churches; and it may be questioned if at this time it was exceeded in wealth and population by any place in England except London, and perhaps York.

The Castle, which stands on a lofty eminence in the centre of the town, bears evidence of Norman construction, built on the site of a strongly fortified place which existed long before that period, and is attributed to Uffa, the first King of East Anglia, about 575; and the fact of lands granted in 677 to the monastery of Ely being charged with castle guard to Norwich Castle is strong in support of the above conclusion. Mr. Harrod has examined the question of the site with great care, and considers the earthworks to be British. The fortress was built early in the Conqueror's reign. The hill was encircled with walls and towers, of which some remained in 1581.

Its history is interesting. In the Conqueror's time it was entrusted to Ralf de Gunder, Earl of Norfolk; but he rebelling against the King, in 1075, and being defeated, took shipping at Norwich, and fled into

Bretagne. His wife, who valiantly defended the Castle, was obliged to capitulate. The constablership of the Castle, with the Earldom of Norfolk, was then conferred on Roger Bigot, or Bigod, to whom, on strong presumptive evidence, the erection of the present keep has been ascribed. On the accession of William Rufus, the city was damaged by this Earl Roger Bigod, who held the Castle for Robert of Normandy, William's eldest brother. On the peace of 1091, Roger was pardoned, and retained his office. In his time, and probably by his encouragement, the bishopric of the East Angles was removed from Thetford to Norwich, and the foundations of the Cathedral were laid. The Conquest and the rebellion of Guader had materially injured the town, for at the Domesday Survey the number of burgesses was only half the number of those in the Confessor's time. Henry I. granted the citizens a charter, and soon after this the Flemings began to settle here, and introduced the worsted manufacture. The Castle remained (except for a short interval in the reign of Stephen) in the hands of the Bigod family, until the reign of Henry III. Hugh Bigod, being in the interest of young Henry, son of Henry II., took the city by assault in 1174, with the aid of a body of Flemish troops. Henry II., to reward the loyalty of the citizens, who had resisted this attack, restored or confirmed their privileges by a charter, which is still extant, and which is one of the oldest in the kingdom.

In the time of King John, Roger Bigod having joined the insurgent Barons, Norwich Castle was seized by the King. Soon after John's death, it was taken by the Dauphin Louis, but on the peace which followed his departure, it was restored to the Bigod family, by one of whom, about 1224, it was surrendered to the Crown. It was subsequently committed to the charge of the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, and made the common prison. The area originally comprehended 23 acres. The keep, the only part remaining, is 110 feet 3 inches from east to west, and from north to south 92 feet 10 inches; height to the battlements 69 feet 10 inches; it has been recased, but in barbarous taste. When the Archæological Institute visited Norwich in 1847, the Castle was described as "Norman structure, recently re-cased in what was called twenty years ago, good old Norman; but now we know a good deal better, and can see the gross defects of this restoration. Some good old genuine Norman work remains within, sufficient to create a wish that the Castle itself had been let alone. Norwich Castle was of a very different character."

The Burning of Norwich Cathedral Priory.

In the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* of the Corporation of London, it is related that in August, 1272, there happened at Norwich a certain most grievous misfortune, and among Christians unheard of for an age: That the Cathedral Church in honour of the Holy Trinity, there anciently founded, was completely destroyed by fire, wilfully placed, with all the houses of the monks constructed within the cloisters. And this was occasioned by the Prior of the monastery; for with his assent messengers and servants of the monks often entered the city, abusing and wounding men and women within and without their houses, and doing much evil. The Prior endeavoured to draw away men of the commons from the city. The monks had every year a fair, and it happened this year that about the Feast of the Holy Trinity the citizens coming with their merchandize had, for the most part, returned home at the end of the fair, when the servants of the monks wickedly assaulted those who remained, abusing, wounding, and killing certain of them; and for this they never made any redress, but persevering in their malice and wickedness, perpetrated all sorts of evil against the citizens, who, not being able to bear it any longer, assembled, and prepared to arm themselves to repel force by force. When the most detestable Prior understood this, he caused to come from Yarmouth who in the time of trouble in the kingdom had been robbers, ravishers, and malefactors; all these came by water to the monastery, ascending the belfrey where the bells were hung, furnishing it with arms like a camp, and thence they fired with bows and catapults, so that no one was able to pass near the monastery without being wounded. The citizens, seeing their violence, supposed those persons were manifestly evil-doers against the peace of our lord the King, who had made a hostile camp in their city. They, therefore, gathered together, ordering men to apprehend and lead them to the King's Justice, furnished themselves; when these persons approached the closed gate of the court, not being able to enter by reason of the array of men-at-arms who defended it, raised a fire, and fiercely burned the gate. As the fire waxed stronger, the belfrey was burned, and all the houses of the monks, and also, as some say, the Cathedral Church, so that all which could be burned was reduced to ashes, except a certain chapel which remains uninjured. The monks, however, and all who were able, taking to flight, got away, but certain men were killed.

The King (Henry III.), when he heard these most horrid rumours,

was greatly grieved; and in fury and vehement wrath proceeded to the city, and when he had arrived, he caused the suspected citizens to be apprehended and incarcerated in the Castle. And he caused men remaining without the city to be summoned, desiring on their oaths to know the truth of this affair; and when they presented themselves before the King's Justices for this purpose, the Bishop of the place, Roger by name, came forward, not falling short of the wickedness and cruelty of his Prior, neither considering his religious vows nor his own dignity, but lacking all religion and pity, desiring as far as he could to condemn the citizens to death, he before the whole people excommunicated all who for favour, pay, religion, or pity, should spare any of the citizens from undergoing trial; so that, after his opinion had been declared, the King would extend favour to none, although he was entreated by many religious men within and without the city. And no allowance was then made to the citizens, on the ground that the Prior and his accomplices were the origin and cause of all that misfortune, nor by reason of the losses or evils which the citizens had suffered by means of the Prior and his men; but the only inquiry made was, *Who took part in this conflict?* And all who were convicted of this were by the jurors condemned to death; and Laurence de Broke, a justice at Newgate for a gaol delivery, who was there present acting as Judge, condemned about thirty young men belonging to the city to a most cruel death—namely, to be drawn, hung, and their bodies burnt after death. A certain priest also, and two clerks, were clearly convicted of robbing in the church, and they were sent to the Bishop to be judged according to the custom of Holy Church.

Afterwards, by a most truthful inquest of forty knights, who remained near the city, it appears that the church was burned by that accursed Prior, and not by the fire of the citizens; for he had secretly caused smiths to go up into the tower of the church, who made there weapons and darts to be cast by them with catapults into the city; and when these smiths saw the belfry on fire they fled, and did not extinguish their own fire; and as this fire increased, the tower caught fire and burned the church.

It appeared also that the most wicked Prior proposed to *burn the whole city*; for which purpose, by his accomplices, he caused fire to be raised in three parts of the place. Certain of the citizens, however, wishing to avenge that evil, increased it very grievously, for they burned with the same fire the gate of the Priory.

The wicked Prior was also convicted of homicide, of robbery, and unnumerable other cruelties and iniquities, perpetrated by him per-

sonally, or by his iniquitous accomplices. Therefore, the King caused him to be apprehended, and gave him into the hands of his Bishop, who being far too favourable to him, purged himself after the ecclesiastical manner, and so that most wicked man (with shame be it said) remained unpunished for the crime laid to his charge. Subsequently, within the next half-year, divine vengeance overtaking him, as the authority believes, he miserably died.

This circumstantial account of the fire varies considerably from that of Cotton as to its actual causes. He says, on the Feast of St. Lawrence the citizens encircled and besieged the monastery, and when by assault they were unable to obtain ingress, they fired the great gates of the monastery, and beyond it a parochial church, which, with all the ornaments, books, and images, and everything contained therein, they burned. They also fired the great house of the almonry, and the gates of the church; also the great belfrey, which, together with the bells, was immediately destroyed. Certain of them also, without the tower of St. George, with catapults, threw fire into the great belfrey, which was above the choir, and by this fire they burned the whole church, except the chapel of the Blessed Mary, which was miraculously preserved. The dormitory, refectory, strangers' hall, infirmary, with the chapel, and almost all the edifices of the court, were consumed by fire.

The difference between this account and the London narrative is amusing enough. Cotton's (says Mr. Harrod) is, of course, the monkish history of it.

Thetford Priory.

Thetford was, in ancient times, the metropolis of the East Angles: it had eight monasteries, twenty churches, and other religious foundations. When the Danes invaded England in the reign of Ethelred I., they fixed their head-quarters, A.D. 870, at Thetford, which they sacked. There appears to have been an Abbey near the town at a very early period, for King Edred, the grandson of Alfred the Great, ordered a great slaughter to be made of Thetforda (as it was then called), in revenge of the Abbot whom they had formerly slain. The town was fired by the Danes A.D. 1004, and again in 1010. In the reign of William the Conqueror the bishopric of East Angles was transferred to it from North Elmham, but was transferred to Norwich in 1094. After this a Cluniac Priory was founded here by Roger Bigod; and twelve Cluniac monks, with Malgod the Prior arrived at Thetford in 1104, amidst great rejoicing, and for three years, laboured hard at the build-

ings of the monastery adjacent to the church of Saint Mary the Great. Malgod was then recalled, and Stephen, sent from Lewes, replaced him; and disapproving of the site, with the approbation of the founder and the King, the establishment was removed to the Norfolk side of the Ouse, the site on which it now stands. The founder died in 1107, and had directed his body to be buried in the monastery; but the Bishop obtained it for his own foundation at Norwich, it being a valuable source of revenue, by masses, offerings, and commemorations of so great and wealthy a man as the founder. In 1114, the monks removed to their new monastery. Matthew Paris tells a strange story of the Prior in 1248; he was a Savoyard by birth, and a monk of Clugny, and declared himself a kinsman of the Queen: he invited his brothers, Bernard, a Knight, and Guiscard, a clerk, to come to his house at Thetford: there he remained, according to custom, the whole night, till cockcrow, eating and drinking with them, forgetting his matin devotions; and seldom was he present at mass, or even little masses, or at canonical hours. These gluttonous persons swallowed up all the food of the monks in the Charybdis of the belly, and, afterwards, when well gorged, loaded them with insults. Meanwhile, a strife arose between the Prior and one of his monks, whom the former swore should proceed on a pilgrimage with the scrip and wallet, when the demoniac monk drew a knife and plunged it into the Prior's belly. The wounded Prior, with the death-rattle in his throat, endeavoured to rouse the monks, but in vain, when the monk again rushed upon him, and buried the knife up to the handle in his lifeless body. The assassin was secured, and committed to prison. When the crime came to the knowledge of the King (Henry III.), worried by the continued complaints of the Queen, he ordered the murderer to be chained, and, after being deprived of his eyes, to be thrown into the lowest dungeon in the castle of Norwich. These occurrences were talked of by an enemy of the monks as an opprobrium to religious men, one of whom said, in reply, "Amongst the angels the Lord found a rebel; amongst the seven deacons a deviator from the right path; and amongst the Apostles a traitor; God forbid that the sin of one man or of a few should redound to the disgrace of such a numerous community."

The Convent had fallen into a bad state. Still, the Bigods and the Mowbrays were buried there; and then the Howards, many of which noble family sleep within these hallowed walls. Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, strove hard to save the Priory from suppression, but in vain: the Surrender deed was executed by the Prior and twelve monks, and the site and possession were given to the Duke, who removed the bones

and tombs of some of his family from Thetford to Framlingham, and the building was then abandoned to decay. A small etching, by Hollar, shows the ruins as they existed in his time. Gough tells us how the edifice was destroyed by rapacious tenants. Mr. Harrod, F.S.A., in 1854, was enabled, by excavations by subscription, to verify points, to construct a large plan of this noble Priory. Among other noteworthy results was the identification in the choir of the tomb of John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1475; this had been mistaken for the tomb of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk ("Jockey of Norfolk"), killed on Bosworth Field. In the large hall was the famous picture of the Blessed Virgin, purchased for this Priory by the Lady Maude de Saxmundham, a lay sister of the Convent. In the Scriptorium, the erudite monk Brame may have toiled in recording the marvels wrought at his favourite shrine; but he is not over-credulous when he remarks: "There were many of saints beside those named, whose names and merits God knows, but we, *out of regard for truth*, should not presume to mention"

Rising Castle.

Of the history of these noble ruins, Mr. Harrod brought together a large mass of materials in 1850, for his truthful *Gleanings among the Castles and Convents of Norfolk*.* The village above which the Castle stands lies north-east of Lynn, in a dreary country. The Castle is in the midst of stupendous earthworks, a fine specimen of Norman castramentation. Rising was, at the Conquest, part of the lordship of Snettisham, and, with other possessions, was forfeited by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Conqueror bestowed them upon his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux; and on his rebellion against William Rufus, they were granted to William d'Albini, from whom they descended to his son, who married Adeliza, the widow of Henry I., and to whom the erection of the Castle is usually attributed, before 1176; but the edifice appears to enclose a fragment of a more ancient building. By tenure of this Castle the descendants of the founder enjoyed a third part of the customs of the port of Lynn until the 27th Henry III., when the people of Lynn besieged the Earl in his Castle, and compelled him to relieve them from his claim. An old traditional saying declares that "Rising was a sea-port town when Lynn was but a marsh." The trade was considerable, and the town was incorporated,

* To this work of patient and discriminative research we are largely indebted for the details of our Norfolk Sketches.

but the harbour being choked up with sand, was deserted, and the place fell to decay. Rising received the elective franchise in the time of William and Mary; but the number of voters having diminished to two or three, the franchise was taken away by the Reform Act.

The descent of the Castle and Manor of Rising would occupy more space than is at our command. One of its possessors was Robert de Montalt, a man of note as a warrior and statesman, who had a remarkable lawsuit with the Corporation of Lynn, arising out of his claims of the tollbooth and tolls. It was commenced 6 Edward II. An assault on Robert and his men had been committed or permitted upon his being in Lynn, when Nicholas de Northampton, with others, with banners unfurled, insulted the said Robert and his men, pursuing him to his dwelling-house, which they besieged, broke down the doors, beat him and his men, and carried away certain arms, swords, spurs, a gilt zone, purses with money, and jewels to the value of 40*l.* The defendants led away and imprisoned his men, confined him for two days, and then compelled him by fear of death to release all actions against the Mayor, to give up the right of appointing a bailiff, to leave the profits for twenty years to them, &c. They afterwards carried him to the market-place, and there compelled him, in the presence of a multitude of persons, to enter into these compacts. The damage of the said Robert de Montalt being laid at 100,000 marks. Judgment was given in his favour, and damages 6000*l.* awarded, which, or a composition of 4000*l.*, they were compelled to pay by instalments, and the town was heavily taxed to raise these sums.

But the fact of the greatest interest in the annals of Rising, that which casts a lurid light on the history of this Castle, was its possession by the "she-wolf of France," Isabella, Queen Dowager of England. Rising has been usually pointed out as the place of her *imprisonment and death*. After Mortimer's execution, on 29th November, in the fourth year of Edward III., we are told that "the Queen Mother was deprived of her enormous jointure, and shut up in the Castle of Rising, where she spent the remaining twenty-seven years of her life in obscurity." Edward, however, paid her a respectful visit at least once a year, and allowed her 3000*l.*, and afterwards 4000*l.*, for her annual expense. It is remarkable that Blomefield, who repeats the story of her twenty-seven years' imprisonment, and death at this place, prints, but a few pages further on, Letters Patent under her hand, dated from her "Castle of Hertford," in the 20th year of Edward III. Miss Strickland quotes and adopts the account of Froissart much to the same effect, adding that "Castle Rising was the place where Queen

Isabella was destined to spend the long years of her widowhood ;” that “during the first two years her seclusion was most rigorous, but in 1332 her condition was ameliorated,” and quotes a notice of a “Pilgrimage to Walsingham” from the Lynn Records. Miss Strickland’s account concludes thus: “Isabella died at Castle Rising, August 22, 1358, aged sixty-three. She chose the Church of the Grey Friars, where the mangled remains of her paramour, Mortimer, had been buried eight-and-twenty years previously, for the place of her interment ; and carrying her characteristic hypocrisy even to the grave, she was buried with the heart of her murdered husband on her breast. King Edward issued a precept to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, November 20, to cleanse the streets from dirt and all impurities, and to gravel Bishopsgate Street, Aldgate, against the coming of the body of his dearest mother, Queen Isabella, and directs the officers of Exchequer to disburse *9l.* for that purpose. Isabella was interred in the choir of the Grey Friars within Newgate, and had a fine alabaster tomb erected to her memory.”—(*Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. i.)

Such is one account of this miserable woman’s end ; but Mr. A. H. Swatman, in 1850, expressed his belief that she was not a prisoner at Rising, for that he found she occasionally travelled to other parts of the kingdom, even to London ; that she had been at Northampton, Walsingham, and Langley ; and that the King, her son, visited her with his Queen in the eighth year of his reign, and again in the following year, when many presents of pipes of wine, barrels of sturgeon, falcons, and other things were made by the Commonalty of Lynn for the King’s entertainment ; and that the absence of all notice on the Lynn rolls of preparations for her funeral, led him to the conclusion that she did not die at Rising.

Mr. Harrod quotes a series of extracts from Patent Rolls, which are new materials in the Queen’s life ; but we must pass on to 1344, when Queen Isabella was with the King and Queen at the Palace of Norwich, where the King celebrated his birthday ; as were the Earls of Derby, Warwick, Arundel, Northampton, Suffolk, and many more barons and knights ; and there they had an enormous pie, awondrously large ! [*Chronicle of a Norfolk Priory*, (qu. Langley ?) of which only a very modern copy exists, in the Harleian MSS. 2188.] She obtained the next year, for the city of Norwich, a grant of the fee of the Castle and other privileges. The Charter was sealed by the King at Hertford (one of her own castles). Finally, we have an Inquisition taken at Salisbury, after her death, which states that she died at the *Castle of Hertford*, the 23rd of August, in the 32nd Edward III.

Mr. Bond, F.S.A., of the British Museum, next communicated additional information relating to Queen Isabella to the Society of Antiquaries: this being the Queen's Household Book, from October, 1357, to her death, during all which period she was at Hertford Castle; the entries are continued until the household was broken up, in December, 1358.

Rising Castle (which in general style is Norman, and having a resemblance to that of Norwich Castle) is erected within a nearly circular space, enclosed by a large bank and ditch; the entrance being by passing over a bridge, and through a Norman gatehouse. Of the numerous buildings that once filled the space within the lofty bank—towers, chapels, halls, galleries, stables, granaries, &c.—nothing now remains but the great tower, or keep (which has walls three yards thick), the chapel, and the gatehouse; and part of the Constable's lodgings, a brick building of Henry the Seventh's time: the walls and towers, which formerly crowned the bank, are gone. The great hall, gallery, and chamber, where Queen Isabella entertained her son and his Court, are nearly gone. The Castle, like many of our Norman fortresses, must have been suffered to fall to decay at a very early period; for, about the 22nd Edward IV., it was reported that there was never a house in the Castle able to keep out the rain-water, wind, or snow. In Elizabeth's reign the viewers stated that for spear and shield, for which the Castle was originally erected, it might with considerable repairs, be maintained.

The Norman windows of the great tower do not appear to have ever been glazed, but furnished with shutters within. The fireplace was a low arch with no flue, and the smoke must, therefore, have made its way through a lantern in the roof. There is an apartment which Mr. Harrod considers may have been intended for the private room of the Lord of the Castle, if he were driven into this last hold of the great tower, such as occurred in the reign of Henry III.; and most gloomy and dismal must this tower have been when roofs and floors shut out the light of day; the effect of it is massive, stern, and appropriate. Mr. Harrod concludes his learned Essay with the following lines, little doubting that many generations may yet appreciate its beauties, and study amidst its walls the history of those early days they recall and illustrate:

“Thou grey magician, with thy potent wand,
Evok'st the shades of the illustrious dead!
The mists dissolve—uprise the slumbering years--
On come the knightly riders, cap-a-pie—
The herald calls,—hark to the clash of spears!
To Beauty's Queen each hero bends the knee;
Dreams of the past, how exquisite ye be—
Offspring of heavenly faith and rare antiquity!”

Castle Acre Castle, and Priory.

In the village of Castle Acre, about four miles from Swaffham, on the north side of the river Nar, are seen the earthworks and the mouldering, ivy-clad walls of this ancient fortress. The site was granted by the Conqueror to William de Warenne, by whom, or his son, the Castle was erected, and it remained in this family till the early part of the fifteenth century. But it had fallen to ruin in the reign of Edward III., when the site of the Castle and ditches were mere feeding-grounds for cattle, valued, with the herbage, at 5*s.* per annum. William de Warenne married Gundreda, a daughter of the Conqueror: it is stated that she died at this Castle in 1085, but this is not at all certain; she was buried at Lewes. It is certain, however, that Castle Acre Castle was frequently the residence of the De Warennes, and that kingly visits were paid to them there. Edward I. visited Acre several times; the last time in 1297, fifty years after which the Castle was a ruin. The present remains are two earthworks, horseshoe and circular. Of the great gate but little exists; it was massive and unadorned. A few foundations of the habitable portions of the Castle are but just discernible. Mr. Harrod, in excavating, reached, at a considerable depth, the walls of the great tower; it was very small, but the north and west walls were thirteen feet thick. The main street of the village is still called Bailey Street: it was in the jurisdiction of the Constable of the Castle; and here resided the numerous dependents, the armourers, and other traders whose business was almost exclusively connected with the Castle; and similar exempt jurisdictions are to be found in almost every town having an ancient castle. At Durham, the houses in Bailey Street were originally held by military tenants, bound by their tenure to defend the Castle.

Bailey Street, at Acre, was protected at its north and south extremities by a gateway, with tower. The northern one only remains. Almost every house in the neighbourhood has some of the stone-work of the Castle or the Priory in its walls.

There is no doubt of the fortress having been erected by the Warennes, but did they construct the enormous earthworks? Mr. Harrod considers they are not Norman, but Roman, the occupation of the site by the Romans being established, and Roman pottery and coins of Vespasian, Constantine, &c., have been found here. Evidence is then quoted to show that the walls and earthworks were the works of different people, and that the Normans availed themselves of these sites in consequence of their strength. "And here," says Mr. Harrod, "we see the

* a kind of ^{thrust - pointing}
 variety of interest afforded by the study of archæology. Here is a castle, of which all interesting architectural features have been destroyed; but probably from that very cause our attention is drawn to the remarkable character of the earthworks, and a view of the subject is presented to our notice, which may hereafter be of great use in the investigation of other remains of a similar kind."

We must now glance at the Priory. Earl Warenne founded a priory of Cluniac monks in his Castle at Acre, and made it a cell to Lewes Priory. He died in 1089. The second Earl, finding the site "too little and inconvenient," gave the monks two orchards, all the plough-land from the same to his Castle, the moor under it, &c., and the Priory was rebuilt on its present site. One curious execution of a deed of gift to this monastery is noted. The wax was put to the grant, and the parties *bit the wax*, instead of affixing a seal. There are considerable remains of this religious house. The ruins of the west front of the church, and the towers at the angles, are of enriched Norman architecture. The central doorway has fine zigzag and other mouldings. The large west Perpendicular window has been much mutilated. Some large columns of the nave—only one perfect—the walls of the transepts, remnants of conventual buildings, of the Prior's house, and the barn of the monastery—remain. The site within the walls contains nearly thirty acres. The views of the ruins are very picturesque.

Castle Acre has many objects of interest for the archæologist; among which is the Friary, founded in the reign of Edward III. There are in the town several hostelries which belonged to the Priory.

Bromholm Priory.—The Cross of Baldwin.—The Paston Family.

This Priory was founded for seven or eight Cluniac monks at Bromholm, in 1113. It was considerably enlarged early in the thirteenth century. The handsome chapter-house and dormitory were built through the acquisition of a valuable relic, of which Matthew Paris gives a particular account. "In the same year divine miracles became of frequent occurrence at Bromholm, to the glory and honour of the life-giving Cross on which the Saviour of the world suffered for the redemption of the human race; and since Britain, a place in the middle of the ocean, was thought worthy by the Divine bounty to be blessed with such a treasure, it is proper, nay, most proper, to impress on the mind of descendants by what series of events that Cross was brought from distant regions into Britain.

“Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was from a Count made Emperor of Constantinople, at which place he reigned with vigour for many years. It happened at one time that he was dreadfully harassed by the infidel kings, against whom he marched without deliberation, and on this occasion neglected to take with him the Cross of our Lord and other relics which always used to be carried before him by the patriarch and bishops whenever he was about to engage in battle against the enemies of the Cross, and the carelessness he found out on that day by dreadful experience; for when he rashly rushed on the enemy with his small army, paying no regard to the multitude of his enemies, who exceeded his own army tenfold, in a very short time he and all his men were surrounded by the enemies of Christ, and were all slain or made prisoners, and the few who escaped out of the whole number knew nothing of what had happened to the Emperor, or whither he had gone.

“There was at that time a certain chaplain of English extraction, who, with his clerks, performed divine service in the Emperor’s chapel, and he was one of those who had the charge of the Emperor’s relics, rings, and other effects. He, therefore, when he heard of the death (for all told him he was killed) of his lord the Emperor, left the city of Constantinople privately, with the aforesaid relics, rings, and many other things, and came to England. On his arrival there, he went to St. Albans, and sold to a certain monk there a Cross set with silver and gold, besides two figures of St. Margaret, and some gold rings and jewels, all which things are now held in great veneration at the monastery of St. Albans. The said chaplain then drew from his mantle a wooden Cross, and showed it to some of the monks, and declared on his oath that it was undoubtedly a piece of the Cross on which the Saviour of the world was suspended for the redemption of the human race; but as his assertions *were disbelieved at that place*, he departed, taking with him this priceless treasure, although it was not known. This said chaplain had two young children, about whose support, and for the preservation of whom he was most anxious, for which purpose he offered the aforesaid Cross to several monasteries, on condition that he and his children should be received among the brethren of the monastery; and having endured repulse from the rich in many places, he at length came to a chapel in the county of Norfolk, called Bromholm, very poor, *and altogether destitute of buildings*. There he sent for the Prior and some of the brethren, and showed them the above-mentioned Cross, which was constructed of two pieces of wood, placed across one another, and almost as wide as the hand of a man: he then humbly implored them to receive him into their order, with the Cross, and the other relics

which he had with him, as well as his two children. The Prior and his brethren then were overjoyed to possess such a treasure, and by the intervention of the Lord, who always protects honourable poverty, put faith in the words of the monk; then they with due reverence, received the Cross of our Lord, and carried it into their oratory, and with all devotion preserved it in the most honourable place there.

“In the year (1223) then, as has been before stated, divine miracles began to be wrought in that monastery, to the praise and glory of the life-giving Cross; for there the dead were restored to life, the blind received their sight, and the lame their power of walking, the skin of the lepers was made clean, and those possessed of devils were released from them; and any sick person who approached the aforesaid Cross with faith, went away safe and sound. This said Cross is frequently worshipped, not only by the English people, but also by those from distant countries, and those who have heard of the divine miracles connected with it.”

“Such,” says Mr. Harrod, “were the circumstances of this acquisition, and such the cause of the prosperity of Bromholm.” The extraordinary absence of anything like reasonable identity, even with the Cross of Baldwin, will be immediately apparent, and it would be difficult to believe it possible that monks and people would have been so readily deluded, but that in our own times we have winking Virgins, and the extravagant farce of “Our Lady of Salsette.” “It was, moreover, confirmed,” says Capgrave, “by remarkable miracles, no less than thirty-nine persons being raised from the dead. Who could doubt after this?”

The Paston family were great patrons of this monastery. In 1466, Sir John Paston died in London, in the midst of his fruitless efforts to recover Caistor from the Duke of Norfolk, who had seized it in a most scandalous manner. His body was brought to Bromholm for interment, and there exists an admirable sketch of the information contained in a Roll of Expenses: “For three continuous days one man was engaged in no other occupation than that of flaying beasts, and provision was made of 13 barrels of beer, 27 barrels of ale, one barrel of beer of the greatest assyze, and a runlet of red wine of 15 gallons.” All these, however, copious as they seem, proved inadequate to the demand; for the account goes on to state that 5 combs of malt at one time and 10 at another were brewed up expressly for the occasion. Meat, too, was in proportion to the liquor; the country round about must have been swept of geese, chickens, capons, and such small gear, all which, with the 1300 eggs, 20 gallons of milk and 8 of cream, and the 41 pigs and 49 calves, and 10 “nete,” slain and devoured, give a fearful picture of

the scene of festivity the Abbey walls at that time beheld. Amongst such provisions the article of bread bears nearly the same proportion as in Falstaff's bill of fare. The one halfpenny-worth of the staff of life to the inordinate quantity of sack was acted over again in Bromholm Priory; but then, on the other hand, in matter of consumption, the torches, the many pounds weight of wax to burn over the grave, and the separate candle of enormous stature and girth, form prodigious items." No less than 20*l.* was changed from gold into smaller coin that it might be showered amongst the attendant throng, and 26 marks in copper had been used for the same object in London before the procession began to move. A barber was occupied five days in smartening up the monks for the ceremony; and "the reke of the torches at the dirge" was so great that the glazier had to remove two panes to permit the fumes to escape. The prior had a cope called a "frogge of worstede" presented to him on the occasion, and the tomb was covered with cloth of gold.



The Priory of Our Lady of Walsingham.

A ballad in the Pepysian Collection, at Cambridge, composed about 1460, gives a tradition of the foundation of this celebrated Priory—a chapel built

"A thousand complete, sixty and one,
The tyme of Saint Edwarde, King of this region."

But this is mere tradition. The far-famed Chapel of the Virgin was founded by the widow of Richoldie, the mother of Geoffrey de Favraches. By deed, Geoffrey, on the day he departed on pilgrimage for Jerusalem, granted to God and St. Mary, and to Edwy, his clerk, *the chapel which his mother, Richeldis, had built at Walsingham, together with other possessions, to the intent that Edwy should found a Priory there. It became one of the richest in the world; and Roger Ascham, when visiting Cologne, in 1550, remarks: "The three Kings be not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady at Walsingham."* Almost from the foundation of the Priory there was one unceasing movement of pilgrims to and from Walsingham. The Virgin's milk, and other attractions, were from time to time added; but the image of the Virgin, in the small chapel, "in all respects like to the *Santa Casa* at Nazareth, where the Virgin was saluted by the angel Gabriel," was the original, and continued to the dissolution of the Priory, object of the pilgrims' visits to the Chapel or shrine of "Our Lady of Walsingham," which were even

more frequent than those to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and the possessions of the Priory were augmented by large endowments or costly presents. Foreigners of all nations came hither on pilgrimage; and several Kings and Queens of England, among them Henry VIII., in the commencement of his reign, paid their devotions here. The King is said by Spelman, the antiquary, to have walked to Walsingham barefoot from Baseham, a distance of about three miles, it being an essential condition that the pilgrim should walk his journey barefoot. Henry presented a valuable necklace to the image. Of this costly present, as well as the other valuable appendages, Cromwell, doubtless, took good care, when he seized the image, and burnt it at Chelsea. It is supposed that Henry, tempted by the riches and splendour of the religious house at Walsingham, precipitated their fall. Erasmus, who visited it in 1511, has derided the riches of the chapel. The monks persuaded the people that the Milky Way in the heavens was a miraculous indication of the road to this place, whence it came to be called by some "the Walsingham way." Erasmus describes the church and chapel in the following terms:—

Ogygius. The church is graceful and elegant; but the Virgin does not occupy it; she cedes it out of deference to her Son. She has *her own church*, that she may be at her Son's right hand.

Mendemus. On his right hand? To which point, then, looks her Son?

Og. Well thought of. When he looks to the west, he has his mother on his right hand. When he turns to the sun rising, she is on the left. Yet she does not even occupy this; for the building is unfinished, and it is a place exposed on all sides, with open doors and open windows, and near at hand is the Ocean, the Father of the winds.

Me. It is hard. Where then does the Virgin dwell?

Og. Within the church, which I have called unfinished, is a small chapel made of wainscot, and admitting the devotees on each side by a narrow little door. The light is small, indeed, scarcely any but from the wax-lights. A most grateful fragrance meets the nostrils."

The pilgrims who arrived at Walsingham entered the sacred precinct by a low narrow wicket. It was purposely made difficult to pass, as a precaution against the robberies which were frequently committed at the shrine. On the gate in which the wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, whose miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin formed the subject of one of the numerous legendary stories with which the place abounded. To the east of the gate, within, stood a small chapel, where the pilgrim was allowed, for

money, to kiss a gigantic bone, said to have been the finger-bone of St. Peter. After this he was conducted to a building thatched with reeds and straw, inclosing two *wells*, in high repute for indigestion and headaches; and also for the more rare virtue of insuring to the votary, within certain limits, whatever he might wish for at the time of *drinking their waters*. The building itself was said to have been transported through the air many centuries before, in a deep snow; and as a proof of it, the visitor's attention was gravely pointed to an old bear-skin attached to one of the beams. These "tweyne wells," called also "the Wishing Wells," an anonymous ballad speaks of:—

" A chappel of Saynt Laurence standeth now there
Fast by, tweyne wallys, experience do thus and lore;
There she (the widow) thought to have sette this chappel,
Which was begun by our Ladie's counsel.
All night the wedowe permayning in this prayer
Our blessed Laydie with blessed minystrys,
Herself being her chief artificer,
Arrered thys sayde house with angells handys,
And not only rered it but sette it there it is,
That is *tweyne hundred foot* more in distancke
From the first place folks make remembrance."

The Chapel of the Virgin we have described. The celebrated image of Our Lady stood within it on the right of the altar. The interior was kept highly perfumed, and illuminated solely by tapers, which dimly revealed the sacred image, surrounded by the gold and jewels of the shrine. The pilgrim knelt awhile on the steps of the altar in prayer, and then he deposited his offering upon it, and passed on. What he gave was instantly taken up by a priest who stood in readiness, to prevent the next comer from stealing it while depositing his own offering. At an altar, apparently in the outer chapel, was exhibited the celebrated relic of the Virgin's milk. It was inclosed in crystal, to prevent the contamination of lips,

" Whose kiss
Had been pollution, aught so chaste;"

and set in a crucifix. The pilgrims knelt on the steps of the altar to kiss it, and, after the ceremony, the priest held out a board to receive their offerings, like that with which tolls were collected at the foot of bridges. The sacred relic itself, Erasmus says, was occasionally like chalk mixed with the whites of eggs, and was quite solid. The image of the Virgin and her Son, as they made their salute, also appeared to Erasmus and his friend to give them a nod of approbation.

An incident of a personal kind illustrates the bigotry and intolerance

which prevailed at these places. After the ceremony of kissing the sacred milk, Erasmus requested his friend to inquire for him, in the mildest manner, what was the evidence that it was indeed the true milk. The priest appeared at first not to notice the question, but on its being repeated, his countenance assumed an expression of astonishment and ferocity, and in a tone of thunder, he asked if they had not authentic inscription of the fact. From the violence of his manner, they expected every instant to have been thrust out as heretics, and were glad to make their peace by a present of money. The inscription which he referred to was found, after much search, fixed high upon a wall, where it was scarcely legible. They contrived, however, to read it, but found it to contain merely a history of this precious relic from the tenth century, when it was purchased by an old woman near Constantinople, with an assurance, from which arose its fame, that all other portions of the Virgin's milk had fallen on the ground before they were collected, while this was taken directly from her breast.

Mr. Harrod notes that the relative estimation in which each of the attractions was held by pilgrims, may be judged from the offerings made in the year before the value was taken by order of Henry VIII., in 1534. In the Chapel of the blessed Virgin Mary, 20*l.* 1*s.* At the sacred Milk of the blessed Virgin, 2*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* In the Chapel of St. Laurence, 8*l.* 9*s.* 1½*d.*

“The immense value of the treasures gathered about the altars has been already alluded to; they included the silver statue, on horseback, of Bartholomew Lord Burghersh, K.G., ordered by his will, in 1369, to be offered to our Lady; and King Henry VII., in his lifetime, gave a kneeling figure of himself in silver-gilt. The Visitors of Henry VIII., as may be imagined, took especial care of these treasures.”

There are some fine remains of the Convent: a richly ornamented door, supposed to have formed the east end of the conventual church; the western entrance gateway to the monastery; the walls, with windows and arches of the refectory; a Norman arch with zigzag mouldings; part of the cloisters, incorporated with the mansion of the Rev. D. H. Warner, remain. About his pleasure-grounds are scattered detached portions of these monastic remains. The joint excavations of Mr. H. I. L. Warner and Mr. Harrod have brought to light the west end of the church, of the Early English period, or Early Decorated. The refectory and dormitory crypt are pure Decorated, the west end having a noble window. The east end is early Perpendicular. The results in the choir are its red and yellow glazed tile pavement, buttresses, and crypt.

Houghton Hall.—The Walpoles.

Houghton Hall, one of the most magnificent mansions in the county of Norfolk, was built by Sir Robert Walpole, the great Whig minister, during his tenure of office, between the years 1722 and 1738, from the designs of Colin Campbell, the author of "Vitruvius Britannicus." The original plans, however, were departed from, and the general effect of the structure much improved, by Thomas Ripley, an architect, who had in early life been employed as a working carpenter, and who afterwards rose to position and became the protégé of the great Whig Prime Minister. This architect has been fortunate or unfortunate enough to be immortalised in the satire of Pope :—

" Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

* * * * *
So Ripley, till his destined space is filled,
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build."

But, the verses apart, it is undoubted that for many of the finest features of this splendid edifice we are indebted to the artistic taste of Ripley.

The building consists of a centre block, with wings, connected by colonnades. The main building is quadrangular, 166 feet square. The basement, which is rustic, is ascended by a double flight of steps, with a balustrade; the pediment over the entrance, containing the arms, is supported by Ionic columns; the entablature is continued round the centre, and each angle of the quadrangular block is crowned with a cupola and lantern. Tuscan colonnades connect the offices with the centre, and the whole frontage is 450 feet in length. The following amusing description of the house was given by Lady Hervey, in 1765 :—" I saw Houghton, which is the most triste, melancholy, fine place I ever beheld. 'Tis a heavy, ugly, black building, with an ugly black stone. The hall, saloon, and a gallery, very fine; the rest not in the least so."

The house itself stands low, and is surrounded by an ample park. It was built on the site of an old family mansion, and is surrounded with magnificent plantations, which cover a great space, and are pierced by openings left in many places to let in views of the remoter woods. The proprietor has judiciously contrived to obviate

the effect of the flatness of the country, and to give an appearance of unusual extent to his plantations by varying the species of the trees—each species forming a separate plantation. By this means there is a great variety of foliage, and the various shades of colour upon which the eye rests as it ranges along the vistas that pierce the plantations give the impression of an immense area. The stables at Houghton are superb, and indeed throughout the whole establishment a harmonious and consistent luxury and magnificence prevail. The furniture and decorations are all that wealth can make them—even the doors and window-cases are of mahogany, and are gilt.

The interior consists of a suite of magnificent apartments, adorned in the most sumptuous manner. "But the house," says Gilpin, "is not the object at Houghton—the pictures attract the attention." These pictures, the enjoyment of which was one of the principal solaces of Sir Robert Walpole during the latter years of his life, when political power had passed away from him for ever, were the most celebrated collection in England. They are now at St. Petersburg, having been sold in 1779, by George, third Earl of Orford—the nephew of Horace Walpole—to Catherine of Russia, for the sum of 40,555*l.* The entire collection cost Sir Robert 40,000*l.*, and as the Empress of Russia acquired only a portion of the gallery, the Orford family were considerably the gainers by the sale. Writing about this transaction to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, Horace Walpole says:—"When he (his nephew) sold the collection of pictures at Houghton, he declared at St. James's that he was forced to it, to pay the fortunes of his uncles—which amounted but to 10,000*l.*; and he sold the pictures for 40,000*l.*, grievously to our discontent, and without any application from us for our money, which he now retains, trusting that we will not press him, lest he should disinherit us, were we to outlive him. But we are not so silly as to have any such expectations at our ages; nor, as he has sold the pictures, which we wished to have preserved in the family, do we care what he does with the estate. Would you believe—yes, for he is a madman—that he is refurnishing Houghton; ay, and with pictures too, and by Cipriani. That flimsy scene-painter is to replace Guido, Claude Lorraine, Rubens, Vandyke," &c. A descriptive catalogue of this gallery was published by Horace Walpole, and from it we learn that, in the Breakfast-Parlour, on the right as you enter the house, was a picture of hounds, by Wootton; a "Concert of Birds," by Mario di Fiori; the "Prodigal

Son," by Pordenone ; a "Horse's Head," by Vandyke ; and a number of family portraits. In the Supping Parlour were Romano's "Battle of Constantine and Maxentius," and a number of family and other portraits by Kneller and Jervase. In the Hunting Hall, "Susannah and the Elders," by Rubens ; and a "Hunting Piece," with portraits. In the Coffee-room were a "Landscape with Figures," by Swanivelt ; "Jupiter and Europa," after Guido, portraits, &c. In the Dining Parlour, a number of fine portraits by Kneller ; a "Stud of Horses," by Wouvermans ; a "Cook's Shop," by Teniers ; heads and portraits by Rubens, Rembrandt, Salvator Rosa, Vandyke, and Lely. In the Little Bedchamber were portraits of the first and second wives of Sir Robert Walpole, by Dahl and Vanloo ; with a "Conversion of St. Paul," by Paul Veronese. In the Little Dressing-room, specimens of Wootton and Claude Lorraine. In the Drawing-room, which is 30 feet long and 21 feet broad, portraits by Vandyke ; a "Sleeping Bacchus, with Nymphs," &c., by Jordano ; "King Charles I.," a whole-length, in armour, by Vandyke ; Henrietta Maria, Archbishop Laud, Philip, Lord Wharton, Lady Wharton, by the same artist ; the sons of Sir Robert Walpole, including Horace, the third son, by Rosalba. In the Saloon, a splendid apartment, 40 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 30 feet high, and which is hung with crimson flowered velvet, a number of very fine sculptures, vases, and bronzes ; "Christ Baptized by St. John," by Albano ; the "Stoning of St. Stephen," by Le Sœur ; "Holy Family," by Vandyke, originally belonging to Charles I. ; "Mary Washing Christ's Feet," by Rubens ; a "Holy Family," by Titian, and many others by the best masters. In the Carlo Maratti Room, hung with variegated silk, presented by the Prince of Wales, and in which there is a table of Lapis Lazuli, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick, 5 feet long, and 2 feet 6 inches wide, said to have cost at the rate of 4*l.* an ounce, or 18,000*l.* in all, portrait of Clement IX., and the "Judgment of Paris," and others, by Carlo Maratti. In the Dressing-room, portraits, by Vandyke. In the Embroidered Bedchamber, a "Holy Family," by Poussin. In the Cabinet, portrait of Rubens' wife, by Vandyke ; "Boors at Cards," by Teniers ; "Judgment of Paris," by Schiavone ; naked "Venus Sleeping," by Carracci ; "Boors Drinking," by Ostade, &c. In the Marble Parlour, specimens of Vandyke and Paul Veronese. The Hall, a cube of 40 feet, contains many pictures and other art treasures. In the gallery, 73 feet long by 21 feet high, were the "Doctors of the Church," a masterpiece by Guido ; the "Prodigal

Son," by Salvator Rosa ; a cartoon, by Rubens ; " Four Markets," by Snyders ; " Dives and Lazarus," by Paul Veronese, and many other memorable pictures. Most of these works of art having been transferred to Russia, can only instruct and delight us now in the form of prints and copies.

The ancient family of Walpole takes its name from the town of Walpole in Marshland, Norfolk, where they were enfeoffed of lands belonging to the see of Ely. Joceline de Walpole was living at the place from which the family is named, as early as the reign of Richard I. Reginald de Walpole was the ancestor of the present family. He lived in the reign of Henry I. His son Richard married Emma, daughter of Walter de Havelton or Houghton, and after this marriage this branch of the Walpole family continued to reside at Houghton.

Edward Walpole married Lucy, daughter of Sir Terry Robsart, and heir to Amy Robsart, first wife to Sir Robert Dudley, the great Earl of Leicester.

Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, succeeded to the family estates in 1663, and was in turn succeeded by Robert Walpole, who married Mary, daughter of Sir Jeffrey Burwell, Knight, of Rougham in Suffolk. Of this marriage was born Robert Walpole, the third son, and the heir to the Houghton estates. He was the greatest English statesman of his age, and held a most prominent position at the head of the affairs of his country as the prime minister of George I. He was created Earl and Viscount of Orford, 1774. He was a man in whom the love of power was a passion for the gratification of which he in several instances sacrificed even his country's interests. *Quieta non movere* was with him a favourite maxim. He might have been urged by every consideration of duty and patriotism to rouse the " sleeping dog ;" but, if there was the slightest chance of the roused animal turning upon himself, and menacing that power which he wielded so long and on the whole so well, the *cui* might sleep for ever, so far as Walpole was concerned. His biographer questions the assertion that Walpole had so little faith in human integrity that he was known on a certain occasion to exclaim, " All men have their price." Coxe maintains that the satirical remark was referable not to men generally, but to a certain clique of venal politicians with whom the prime minister was not on very good terms at the time. That he acted as if he believed every man could be bought with a bribe—that he practised corruption on a large scale, seems to be indisputable. Yet he has

this justification for having recourse to bribery, that the age in which he lived was one in which honest political conviction had no existence in the British House of Commons. "Walpole governed by corruption," says Macaulay, "because, in his time, it was impossible to govern otherwise."

The character of this most distinguished of the Lords of Houghton is thus summed up by the most brilliant of our recent historians :—"He had, undoubtedly, great talent and great virtues. He was not indeed like the leaders of the party which opposed his government, a brilliant orator. He was not a profound scholar like Carteret, or a wit and fine gentleman like Chesterfield. In all those respects his deficiencies were remarkable. His literature consisted of a scrap or two of Horace, and an anecdote or two from the end of the Dictionary. His knowledge of history was so limited that, in the great debate on the Excise Bill, he was forced to ask Attorney-General Yorke who Empson and Dudley were. His manners were a little too coarse and boisterous even for that age of Westerns and Topehalls. When he ceased to talk of politics he could talk of nothing but women ; and he dilated on his favourite theme with a freedom which shocked even that plain-spoken generation, and which was quite unsuited to his age and station. The noisy revelry of his summer festivities at Houghton gave much scandal to grave people, and annually drove his kinsman and colleague, Lord Townshend, from the neighbouring mansion to Rainham. But however ignorant Walpole might be of general history and general literature, he was better acquainted than any man of his day with what it concerned him most to know, mankind, the English nation, the Court, the House of Commons, and the Treasury. Of foreign affairs he knew little ; but his judgment was so good that his little knowledge went very far. He was an excellent parliamentary debater, an excellent parliamentary tactician, an excellent man of business. No man ever brought more industry or more method to the transacting of affairs. No minister in his time did so much, yet no minister had so much leisure."

George, grandson of Sir Robert Walpole and third Earl of Orford, was, after his kind, a remarkable man. In early life he was Lord of the Bedchamber and ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks ; but he is noteworthy less for the fame of his public than for his private deeds. His uncle Horace, somewhat undutifully calls him "a madman" for selling the Houghton collection of pictures ; but this was the act of a thrifty and sensible man com-

pared with some of his performances. He sacrificed more time and property to practical or speculative sporting than any man of his age. Perhaps his most extravagant and preposterous experiment was his training four red-deer stags to run in a phaeton. In this rather picturesque feat he succeeded wonderfully up to a certain point. He had reduced the deer to perfect discipline, and as he sat in his phaeton and drove the handsome animals he, no doubt, fancied he was performing no inconsiderable achievement. It happened, however, that as he was driving this peculiar team to Newmarket, on one occasion, a pack of hounds crossing the road in their rear, caught sent of the "four-in-hand," and at once started off on this novel chase in full cry and with "breast high" alacrity. The scene was at once novel, ridiculous, and tragic—inasmuch as it was probable the *dénouement* would result fatally for his lordship. In vain did the earl exert all his skill as a Jehu, in vain did his well-trained grooms endeavour to get in advance of the terror-stricken game;—reins, trammels, nor the weight of the carriage seemed to restrain their speed in the slightest degree, and the stags swept onward like a whirlwind with the terrified earl helpless in his phaeton. A "spill" was imminent, and, had it taken place, the sportsman might have found himself unexpectedly removed to the "happy hunting grounds" of which the coursers of the prairie speak. Luckily, however, his lordship had been in the habit of driving his "cattle" to a special inn at Newmarket—the Ram—to which he was rapidly approaching. To reach this harbour before the hounds were upon him was now the subject of his fervent prayers and ejaculations. At last into the inn-yard the stags bounded, striking hostler and stable-boy powerless with terror and wonder. In an instant his lordship, the stags, and the phaeton were promiscuously bundled into a barn, just as the hounds rushed up yelling to the gate.

This adventure brought his lordship's experiments with deer in the traces to a close; but nothing could damp his ardour for sporting; he was fated to live and, as it turned out, to die on the turf. A character so eccentric was, as might be expected, so peculiar in his appearance as to create general amusement in the field. "Mounted on a stump of a piebald pony (as broad as he was long) in a full suit of black, without either great-coat or gloves; his hands and face crimsoned with cold, and in a fierce cocked hat, facing every wind that blew, his lordship rode, regardless of the elements and the sand-gathering blasts of Norfolk."

Horace Walpole's epithet of "madman" was not quite un-

warranted. The earl was on two occasions subject to mental aberration, and was placed under restraint. On the second of these occasions his general health seems to have sunk. His sporting instincts, however, were as lively as ever, and he fretted against his confinement, principally because it debarred him from coursing. A favourite greyhound of his was, at this time, to run a match of considerable importance, and the earl employed what wits were left him in devising how he might get free for this one day, see one match more, and enjoy the triumph which he felt confident his greyhound Czarina would achieve.

The day of the match arrived, the gamekeepers had led the hounds to the field, and a brilliant company, who lamented the absence of their friend, the earl, and deplored its cause, assembled. In the midst of such sympathetic condolences, a stumpy piebald pony was observed to come tearing along at its full speed toward the place of rendezvous, and in a moment more its rider was seen to be no other than the earl himself. He had contrived by some *ruse* to prevail upon the keeper to leave the room for a few minutes, when he jumped out of the window, saddled his faithful piebald at a time when he knew the grooms were engaged and out of the way, and now here he was. And here he determined to remain: no entreaty, no warning against the excitement to which he was exposing himself, would wile him from the field until the match was over. The greyhounds then started, and, after a famous run, Czarina, the earl's favourite, won. But the excitement of the race and the scene, the anxiety for the result, and the tumult of triumph over the success, proved too much for the broken energies of the earl. He fell from his saddle, and almost immediately expired. The event occurred in 1791.

The third earl seems to have been a man of singularly simple manners, kindly and courteous deportment, and winning address. He was a favourite with all—literally from the prince to the peasant; for the Prince of Wales frequently visited at the noble old mansion of Houghton, and used to say that nowhere was there such a profusion of game of every description, such a display of attendant gamekeepers, such a noble though plain hospitality, or a park so curiously and infinitely stocked with every original in beast and fowl of almost all countries, from the African bull to the pelican of the wilderness, as at Houghton.

As the third earl never married, the estates reverted to his uncle Horace Walpole, who succeeded as fourth Earl of Orford.

The following letter written from Houghton by the fourth earl on his succession to the property is at once descriptive of the place and of the man :—

“ Here I am at Houghton ! and alone ! in this spot, where except two hours last month, I have not been for sixteen years. Think what a crowd of reflections ! No, Gray and forty churchyards could not furnish so many ; nay, I know one must feel them with greater indifference than I feel I possess to put them into verse. Here I am probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time. Every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church into which I have not the courage to enter, where lies the mother on whom I doted and who doted on me ! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it ! There, too, lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled. There he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and his real enemy, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets.

“The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed : accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies, I look at these as enchantment. . . . In one respect I am very young, I cannot satiate myself with looking : an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode past through the apartment. . . . How different my sensations ! Not a picture here but recalls a history ; not one but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though seeing them as little as those travellers.

“When I had drunk tea, I strolled into the garden : they told me it was now called ‘the pleasure ground.’ What a dissonant idea of pleasure ! Those groves, those alleys, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown : many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clue in my memory. I met two gamekeepers and a thousand hares ! In the days when all my soul was turned to pleasure and vivacity, . . . I hated Houghton and its solitude. Yet I loved this garden—as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton—Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin. . . . How wise a man [his father, Sir Robert Walpole] at once and how weak !

For what has he built Houghton? For his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over.”—H. W.

The affectation of philosophic and magnanimous tranquillity which “inspires” this letter is most cleverly assumed, even for Horace Walpole, the prince of affectors. The above specimen of his style, taken together with Macaulay’s masterly outline of his character, will give a fair notion of what the fourth Earl of Orford was like—the last Walpole of Houghton of the main line :—

“The faults of Horace Walpole’s head and heart are indeed sufficiently glaring. His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies among the dishes described in the *Almanach des Gourmands*. But as the *pâté de foie-gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were not made of livers preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganized mind could have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole.

“He was the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men. His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man. He played innumerable parts and over-acted them all. When he talked misanthropy, he out-Timoned Timon. When he talked philanthropy, he left Howard at an immeasurable distance. He scoffed at courts, and kept a chronicle of their most trifling scandal; at society, and was blown about by its slightest veerings of opinion; at literary fame, and left fair copies of his private letters, with copious notes, to be published after his decease; at rank, and never for a moment forgot that he was an Honourable; at the practice of entail, and tasked the ingenuity of conveyancers to tie up his villa in the strictest settlement.

“The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business. To chat with blue-stockings, to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions, to superintend a private press, to preserve from natural decay the perishable topics of Ranclagh and White’s, to record divorces and bets, Miss Chudleigh’s absurdities and George Selwyn’s good sayings, to decorate a

grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney boards, to match old gauntlets, to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of grounds, these were the great employments of his long life. From these he turned to politics as to an amusement. After the labours of the print-shop and the auction-room, he unbent his mind in the House of Commons. And, having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits, to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel."

One of his strangest whims was that he disdained to be considered a man of letters. He was horror-struck at the thought of being classified with the hungry 'hacks' who at that time made up the rank and file of literature. He wished it to be believed that he never applied himself to the acquisition of any knowledge whatever, and that which he did know specially came to him through a sixth sense denied to all the human race but himself. He wished to be considered a gallant, a gay trifler, who when the mood was on him could write, and without any labour could achieve results which ordinary mortals could only arrive at by toil and assiduous care. Yet though he disclaimed literature as a 'profession,' no man was ever more thoroughly under a slavish dread lest what he did write should not appear before posterity under all possible advantages. He really stooped and grovelled under the oppressive weight of his literary responsibilities, though he affected to carry them as lightly as a flower. The worst feature of his intellectual and literary character is that he was consciously insincere—that he knew he was acting a part, and that after having met the shadow 'feared of man' he would still in his books at least continue to mime. Of natural impulse he was entirely free; of conscious affectation and pretence he was 'all compact.' And it is because his works betray this peculiar idiosyncrasy—the very last feature he would have permitted them to betray could he have prevented it—that his writings continue to amuse and entertain, to provoke us to laughter both *at* him and *with* him.

Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford, died unmarried in 1797, when all the honours of the family expired, except the barony of Walpole, which devolved upon the first cousin of the last earl. The estate of Houghton descended by inheritance to the family of the Marquis of Cholmondely, in which it still remains.

Holkham Hall and its Treasures.

Holkham Hall (Hæligham, "Holy Home,") a mansion of almost peerless magnificence, as far as its noble proportions, its gorgeous decorations, and its art and literary treasures are concerned, is situated in the midst of a spacious but level park, on the northern skirt of Norfolk, about two miles from the sea at Well's Harbour. In the words of the inscription over the entrance to the great hall, "This seat, on an open, barren estate, was planned, planted, built, decorated, and inhabited in the middle of the eighteenth century, by Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester." The general ideas of the plans, elevations, &c., were supplied by the Earls of Leicester and Burlington, and committed to the hands of Mr. Kent, an architect, who had been encouraged in his studies at Rome by these two gentlemen, who were then travelling in Italy. The maturing and finished execution of the designs are said to have employed the chief attention of the Earl of Leicester during the seven years which he spent in Italy, and the sources of many features of the plans were the works and the drawings of the Venetian Palladio and the English Inigo Jones. Much time and a vast amount of money were expended in collecting pictures, statuary, vases, &c., for the mansion that had already risen only in the mind's eye of the proprietor. The success with which he planned his palatial mansion and the exquisite taste which he brought to the selection of statuary, &c., are patent from an inspection of his famous mansion. The historian of Norfolk says, the Earl "has been enabled to leave to his successors a building the delight of the present age, as it promises from the solidity of its construction to be that of posterity. While the love of Roman arts and magnificence shall continue it must be considered, indeed, as a permanent monument of the elegance and the refined erudition of its illustrious founder." Dallaway, the accomplished author of "Anecdotes of the Arts in England," has added his testimony to the value in an artistic sense of the labours of the Earl of Leicester. "To the Earls of Orford and Leicester," he says, "we owe two edifices at Houghton and Holkham in Norfolk which greatly exceed, both in taste and magnificence, any that were erected in the reign of George II. Ripley [see Houghton], so severely satirized by Pope, and who lost all credit in his portico at the Admiralty, gave the first plan of Houghton, and methodized the frequent alterations which were suggested by Lord Orford and

his friends. A very splendid pile is the effect of their joint consultations. Lord Leicester is said to have imagined the whole of his palace at Holkham in his own mind, unassisted by architects. Some credit is yet due in the execution to Britingham, but more to Kent, who designed the noble hall, terminated by a vast staircase, producing in the whole an imposing effect of grandeur not to be equalled in England."

It was at first resolved to build the external surface of Holkham in Bath stone, which has a peculiarly fine yellow tint; but a brick earth was found in the neighbouring parish, which after proper seasoning and tempering produced an excellent brick, much resembling Bath stone in colour, but heavier, and of a much closer and firmer texture. Of this light-coloured brick Holkham House is built. The building was commenced by the Earl of Leicester in 1734, but the conception of having a house here was, even at that time, eight or nine years old. In 1725 or 1726 the Earl resolved to build a residence here, and after having made several purchases of intermixed land and estates he began to enclose and cultivate the land. The processes of enclosing, cultivating, planting, laying out lawns, gardens, water, &c., went on for years, and at last in the year named the foundations were made on the site of the old manor-house of Hill Hall. The Earl died in 1759, but the completion and the adornment of the house was carried forward by the Countess of Leicester, until everything was finished and all embellishments perfected in 1764.

The building consists of a central quadrangular block, with four wings, one at each angle, and connected with the principal structure by corridors. The principal floors of the wings are thus in convenient communication with the state apartments on the one hand, or, on the other, with the lawn or the servants' offices below, on the basement story. The wings are seventy feet long by sixty, and each of them is set apart for special uses. The strangers' wing, exclusively used for the accommodation of the visitors of the family, is divided into bed-chambers and single and double dressing-rooms, and communicates by its corridor with the grand apartments at the north end of the statue gallery. The family wing, besides the apartments usually occupied by the family, contains the library, and two rooms, the one for the invaluable collection of manuscripts, the other for the earliest editions of the classics. The chapel wing contains the chapel, servants' sleeping rooms, and, on the lower floor, the laundry, dairy, offices, &c. The kitchen wing needs no description.

Under the basement story, the exterior of which is in rustic-work—that is, the joints of the bricks or blocks are grooved—are the cellars, &c., corresponding in size with the rooms above, so that the partition and walls, being carried up directly from the cellar floor, have a safe foundation. Each room here is entirely arched over with groined brickwork, constructed in the most masterly style.

The mansion has two fronts, facing the south and north respectively, and each presenting a view of the house itself and of the two wings. The south front is peculiarly light, elegant, and harmonious in proportion. In its centre the basement projects, forming a vestibule with a portico of six Corinthian pillars. The whole extent of this front is three hundred and forty-four feet, and its great extent, its architectural beauty, and the luxury of its fittings, its gilded window-frames, &c., constitute an *ensemble* of great magnificence. The north front is of the same dimensions, with a tier of Venetian windows over another of small square sashes in the rustic basement.

The central part of this famous house, one hundred and fourteen feet by sixty-two, contains the grand or state apartments. These are not more magnificent and tasteful in the pictures, statues, &c., which everywhere diffuse a classical and intellectual charm, than they are in the materials used in their construction and in the workmanship displayed. The floors are entirely of wainscot oak, and the chimney-pieces are either in the purest statuary marble, or are composite and enriched with masterly carved ornamentation.

As the art collections of Holkham are the chief attraction of the place, we note the principal apartments and enumerate their chief treasures. These treasures were carefully examined by the famous Dr. Waagen, the distinguished art-critic, and director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures, Berlin. Of the principal objects of art mentioned below we quote Dr. Waagen's opinion.

The Hall, seventy feet by forty-six, and forty-three feet high, is a noble apartment, the original idea of which was suggested by the Earl himself from Palladio's plan of a basilica or tribunal of justice, is surrounded on three sides by a gallery leading to the different suites of apartments, and having a semi-circular niche at the upper end with a flight of steps leading to the saloon. It contains, among other famous statuary works, "Agrippina the younger, mother of Nero;" "The Death of Germanicus," by Nollekens; "Socrates Defending himself before his Judges," by Westmacott, and numerous family portraits. In the Yellow Dressing-room is "The Triumph of Galatea,"

by Albano, a pleasing picture, rich in beauty of form and glowing colouring. The Parlour contains a large landscape by Claude Lorraine, with Apollo and Marsyas—a picture uniting poetical feeling, depth, and fulness of colour in a degree which is rare even with Claude. The Saloon contains Rubens's "Flight into Egypt," and a portrait by Vandyke of the Duke d'Arenberg, a noble and princely picture. In the State-Room are landscapes by Claude Lorraine and Poussin, a portrait of the Duke of Richmond by Vandyke, and a "Joseph and Potiphar's Wife," by Guido Reni. In the Landscape-room are specimens of Domenichino, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, and other masters. In the Dressing-room to the State-bedchamber is Annibale Carracci's "Polyphemus Piping to Galatea," as well as specimens of Snyders and Albano. In the Northern State-closet are admirable specimens of Carlo Maratti and Canaletto. In the Northern State Dressing-room is another landscape by Claude Lorraine, with specimens of Luini, Parmigianino, and others. In the Brown Dressing-room is a group of nineteen figures by Michael Angelo, of inestimable value, the subject being Florentine soldiers bathing, and suddenly called to arms upon an unexpected attack made by the Pisans. The subject gives the artist an admirable opportunity for showing his thorough study of anatomy and foreshortening. In Lady Leicester's Dressing-room are "Joseph Recognised by his Brethren," by Raphael, and landscapes by Poussin and Claude. In the Library of Manuscripts is a book of thirty-five leaves with drawings of architecture, formerly in the possession of Carlo Maratti and believed to be from the hand of Raphael. There are also illuminated missals and manuscripts containing miniature portraits, &c.

In the Library, which is equally rich in printed books and MSS., are some of the earliest specimens of typography. Here is one of the finest collections—or, indeed, libraries—of manuscripts anywhere preserved; certainly the finest in any private individual's possession. It partly consists of the Chief-Justice's papers; the rest, the bulk of it, was collected by the accomplished nobleman who built the mansion, the last male heir of the lawyer. He had spent many years abroad, where he collected a vast number of valuable manuscripts. Many of the finest *codices* of the Greek, Latin, and old Italian classics are to be found in this superb collection. Among others are no less than thirteen of Livy, a favourite author of Lord Leicester, whom he had made some progress in editing, when he learned that Drachenborchius, the German critic, had proceeded

further in the same task, and to him Lord Leicester generously handed the treasures of his library. The excellent edition of that commentator makes constant reference to the Holkham manuscripts under the name of MSS. *Lovelliana*, from the title of Lovell; Lord Leicester not having then been promoted to the earldom. The late Mr. Coke had the whole of the MSS. unfolded, bound, and arranged, after they had lain half a century neglected, and were verging on decay. This labour occupied Mr. Roscoe ten years, who has to each work prefixed, in his own fair handwriting, a short account of the particular MS., with the bibliography appertaining to it. On the whole it may be affirmed, that no creation of modern taste and opulence in this part of the island surpasses Holkham.

The park of Holkham is nine miles in circuit, and contains three thousand two hundred acres, of which one thousand acres were planted by the first earl, who had the gratification of seeing the launch of a ship, at Lynn, built of oaks from acorns planted by himself. The park abounds in game, the trees are well massed and grouped, and the lake near the house is a fine sheet of water about a mile long. The Obelisk, eighty feet high, erected in 1729, is surrounded by ilexes. The Leicester Monument, erected in memory of "Coke of Norfolk," in 1845-48, is a lofty column surmounted by a wheaten sheaf, with bassi relievi on the pedestal and figures symbolical of agricultural operations at the corners. The gardens are very charming, but have no special characteristic.

The Cokes, earls of Leicester, are a very ancient family, Coke or Cocke being the ancient British name of a river, according to Camden. The family descend from a Coke of Didlington in Norfolk mentioned in a deed of 1206, from whom was descended Sir Edward Coke, the famous lawyer, born in 1549. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, entered as a student in the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar in 1578. Soon after he married Bridget, daughter of John Paston, with whom he acquired a fortune of 30,000*l.* An ancestor of his wife had sat upon the bench with Judge Littleton, as a commentator upon whom Edward Coke is now best known. He not only acquired wealth by his first wife, but promotion to honours and preferments. He afterwards married the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter. He was elected to represent Norfolk in Parliament, and subsequently he was promoted by the House to the Speaker's chair. He became Attorney-General in 1593, and in that capacity acted as State prosecutor with unusual severity and roughness of manner.

He was knighted by James I. at Greenwich in 1603, and three years after was elevated to the bench as chief-justice of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1613 he was advanced to be chief-justice of the Court of King's Bench. In 1628 he was elected member for Bucks, and distinguished himself for his strong and eloquent adherence to the side of the Commons. "His last public act," says Burke, "was his proposing and framing the famous Petition of Rights." So great had been his good fortune in his marriages, his lucrative offices, and his splendid practice at the bar, that he realized a fortune ample enough to confer upon each of his sons an estate equal to that of a rich peer's eldest son.

The grandson of Sir Edward Coke dying unmarried, the estate of Holkham fell to a collateral branch, Henry Coke of Thorington.

Sir Thomas Coke of Holkham was elevated to the peerage in 1728 as Baron Lovel of Minster Lovel, and in 1744 was created Viscount Coke of Holkham and Earl of Leicester. His only son died in 1759, when the earldom and minor honours became extinct. The estate then devolved upon his nephew, Wenham Roberts, who assumed, in consequence the surname and arms of Coke. "Coke of Norfolk," as he was familiarly called, was the son of the preceding, and was created Earl of Leicester in 1837. He died in 1842. It is to this first Earl of Leicester (of the second creation) that the surpassing beauty and wealth of the Holkham estates are due. He had the reputation of being the "first farmer in England." On his estate the surface soil was sand, but below there was marl. He ploughed deep, spread the marl, and changed the character and the value of the soil. We find in the "Norfolk Tour" that half a century ago Norfolk might be termed a rabbit and rye country. In its northern part wheat was almost unknown. In the whole tract lying between Holkham and Lynn not an ear was to be seen, and it was scarcely believed that an ear could be made to grow. Now the most abundant crops of wheat and barley cover the entire district. It is to the perseverance and judicious exertions of Mr. Coke that we are chiefly indebted for this. Thousands of sheep and oxen are now kept where hundreds only were found formerly. This is owing to turnip culture, the basis of Norfolk farming. Mr. Coke practised the four-course system, combined with the drill for sowing and "much ploughing and stirring of the soil to keep down weeds," turnip-growing, irrigation, and spotting the sandy waste land with small pieces of sward, which growing together soon converted the desert into a pasture.

Caistor Castle.

This fortress is one of the four principal castles of Norfolk. It is situated about two miles from Yarmouth, is built of brick, and is thought to be one of the oldest brick edifices in the kingdom. Others ascribe its erection to Sir John Fastolfe, an officer who served with great distinction in the French wars of Henry V. and VI. It afterwards came into the possession of Sir John Paston,* and was twice besieged in the Wars of the Roses. An embattled tower at the north-west corner, one hundred feet high, and the north and west walls, remain : but the south end and east sides are levelled with the ground. Caistor was a place of importance, thought to be a Roman cavalry station, and the abode of the Kings of East Anglia, probably in a castle of much earlier date than the above, where Edmund kept his court, as already mentioned in our account of Lowestoft.

* One of the writers of the celebrated *Paston Letters*, the authenticity of which has been established as "a faithful guide through the dark period to which they relate."

HUNTINGDON AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Kimbolton Castle.

This famous Castle, though ill-naturedly termed by Horace Walpole an ugly place, and by dull topographers an "antient stone building," has fortunately found a more genial and appreciative writer to chronicle the chequered history of the personages who have resided here, and illustrate the autographic treasures deposited within its walls, and known as the Kimbolton Papers. At the commencement of the year 1861, Mr. Hepworth Dixon visited the Duke of Manchester at Kimbolton Castle, and, under peculiar advantages, drew a vivid and characteristic picture of the place, printed in the *Atbenæum* for January, 1861, and of which we have taken the liberty to avail ourselves for the following descriptive information:—

"Kimbolton Castle, seat of the Duke of Manchester, stands at the head of our great flat or fen country, and is the centre of all the histories and legends of the shire of Huntingdon. Though pulled about and rebuilt by Sir John Vanbrugh, the Castle has still a grand antique and feudal air. The memories which hang about it are in the last degree romantic and imposing. There Queen Katherine of Arragon died. There the Civil Wars took shape. Yet Kimbolton is not more rich in grand traditions than in historical pictures and in historical papers. All the Montagus hang upon its walls,—Judges, Ambassadors, Earls, and Dukes. The originals of very many of Walpole's Letters are in its library. In the same presses are many unpublished letters of Joseph Addison—of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough—and of Sir John Vanbrugh, together with the originals of a great mass of correspondence with authors, artists, generals, statesmen, ministers, and kings. On this rich mine of anecdote and gossip (says Mr. Dixon) I shall draw—with the Duke's permission; but my first concern is with the more poetical legends of Queen Katherine and Queen Katherine's ghost."

"Kimbolton is perhaps the only house now left in England in which you still live and move, distinguished as the scene of an act in one of Shakspeare's plays. Where now is the royal palace of Northampton?"

—where the baronial halls of Warkworth? Time has trodden under foot the pride of Langley and Ely House. The Tower has become a barrack, Bridewell a jail. Ivy has eaten into the stone of Pomfret. Flint has fallen into the Dee. Westminster Abbey, indeed, remains much as when Shakspeare opened the Great Contention of York and Lancaster with the dead hero of Agincourt lying there in state; and the Temple Gardens have much the same shape as when he made Plantagenet pluck the white rose, Somerset the red; but for a genuine Shakspearian house, in which men still live and love, still dress and dine, to which guests come and go, in which children frisk and sport, where shall we look beyond the walls of Kimbolton Castle?

“Of this Shakspearian pile Queen Katherine is the glory and the fear. The room in which she died remains. The chest in which she kept her clothes and jewels, her own cipher on the lid, still lies at the foot of the grand staircase, in the gallery leading to the seat she occupied in the private chapel. Her spirit, the people of the Castle say, still haunts the rooms and corridors in the dull gloaming or at silent midnight. In the Library, among a mass of loose notes and anecdotes set down in a handwriting unknown to me, but of the last century, I one day found a story of her in her early happy time, which is, I think, singularly pretty and romantic. Has it ever been in print?

“The legend told in this unknown hand—whether truth or fable—runs in this wise:—In the bright days of Katherine’s wedded love, long before Hal had become troubled in his conscience by

‘The gospel light that shone in Boleyn’s eyes,’

Montagu, her Master of the Horse, fell crazily in love with her. Not daring to breathe in her chaste ear one word, or even hint this passion for her by a glance or sigh, the young gallant stifled

‘The mighty hunger of the heart,’

only permitting himself, from time to time, the sweet reward of a gentle, as he thought imperceptible, pressure of the Queen’s hand as she vaulted to her mare for a ride, or descended after her sport with the falcon. That tender touch, as light as love, as secret as an unborn hope, sent the warm soft blood of youth careering through his veins; but the passionate and poetic joy was too pure to last. Katherine felt the fire that touched her fingers; and as the cold Spanish training, which allows no pressure of hands between the sexes, or indeed any of those exquisite and innocent familiarities by which the approach of love is signalled from heart to heart in more favoured lands, gave her no clue to the strange

behaviour of her Gentleman of the Horse, she ran with the thoughtless gaiety of a child to ask counsel of the King.

"Tell me, sir," says the Queen, "what a gentleman in this country means when he squeezes a lady's hand?"

"Ha, ha!" roars the King, "but you must first tell me, chick, does any gentleman squeeze your hand?"

"Yes, sweetheart," says the innocent Queen; "my Gentleman of the Horse."

Montagu went away to the wars. An attack was about to be made on the enemy's lines, and the desperate young Englishman begged to have the privilege of fighting in the front. Gashed with pikes, he was carried to his tent; and in the blood in which his life was fast oozing away he wrote these words to the Queen—

'Madam, I die of your love.'

"When the poor Queen herself, many years after the date of this remarkable incident, came to Kimbolton Castle to die, it was the property of the Wingfields, not of the Montagus. The present family were not her jailers, nor are they thought to be in any way obnoxious to the regal shade. To them the legend of her haunting spirit is a beautiful adornment of their home.

"There are, in popular belief, two ghosts at the Castle and the surrounding Park: one of the unhappy Queen; one of the stern Judge, Sir John Popham, whose fine old portrait hangs in the great hall. Katherine of Arragon is said to haunt the house, to float through and through the galleries, and to people the dark void spaces with a mysterious awe; Sir John to sit astride the Park wall or lie in wait for rogues and poachers under the great elms. The poetical interest centres in the Queen."

Mr. Dixon thus describes the Queen's Chamber, the room in which she died, where a panel leads to what is called her hiding-places. "Mere dreams, no doubt, but people here believe them. They say the ghost glides about after dark, robed in her long white dress, and with the royal crown upon her head, through the great hall, and along the corridor to the private chapel, or up the grand staircase, past the Pellegrini cartoons."

Ramsey Abbey, and its Learned Monks.

Ramsey, ten miles from Huntingdon, derives its origin from a Benedictine Abbey, founded on an island or dry spot in the marshes, called Ram's ey—*i.e.* Ram's Island, in the reign of Edgar, A.D. 969, on

land given by Ailwine, duke or earl of the East Angles, and founded at the instigation of Oswald, successively Bishop of Worcester and Archbishop of York. The Abbey obtained great wealth and repute. Many of the abbots and monks were men of considerable learning. A school, almost coeval with the Abbey itself, was established within its walls, and became one of the most celebrated seats of learning in England during the latter part of the tenth century, under the direction of Abbo, one of the foreign monks whom Oswald had brought hither from Fleury. The library was celebrated for its collection of Hebrew books, previously belonging to the synagogues at Stamford and Huntingdon, and purchased at the confiscation of the Jews' property in England, in the reign of Edward I., by Gregory Huntingdon, a monk of the Abbey: Robert Dodford, another monk, was also eminent for his attainments in Hebrew; and a third, Robert Holbeach, of the time of Henry IV., profiting by the labour of his predecessors, compiled a Hebrew Lexicon. The Reformation broke up the library, and interrupted the studies that had distinguished this secluded spot in the dark ages. The Abbots of Ramsey were mitred. The only remains of the Abbey, which stood not far from the church, are the ruined gateway, a rich specimen of Decorated English architecture, but in a very dilapidated condition; and a statue of Earl Ailwine, the founder, supposed to be one of the most ancient pieces of sculpture extant.

St. Ives, six miles east of Huntingdon, derives its name from Ives or St. Ives, a Norman ecclesiastic, said to have visited England as a missionary about A.D. 600, and whose supposed remains were discovered here some centuries afterwards. On the spot where they were found, the Abbots of Ramsey, to whom the manor belonged, first built a church, and then a Priory, subordinate to Ramsey Abbey, which priory remained till the Dissolution. The dove-house and barn of the ancient Priory are yet standing.*

* An incident, illustrative of the age, took place at Warboys, in this county, near the close of the sixteenth century. The children of Robert Throckmorton, Esq., having been afflicted by fits of a peculiar kind, and the lady of Sir Henry Cromwell having died after experiencing similar fits, a family named Samwell, consisting of an old man, and his wife and daughter, (Agnes,) were charged with bewitching them; and having been found guilty at the Lent Assizes, A.D. 1593, were executed. They are traditionally known as "the Witches of Warboys." Sir Henry Cromwell, to whom as lord of the manor their goods were forfeited, gave them as an endowment for ever for preaching an annual sermon at Huntingdon, against the sin of witchcraft; and the sermon continued to be preached long after the statutes against witchcraft were repealed.

Castles of Cambridge and Ely.

The first well authenticated fact relating to the history of Cambridge is the burning of it, together with the monasteries of Ely, Soham, and Thorney, and the slaughtering of the monks by the Danes, in revenge for the death of Leofric. In 875 Cambridge was the head-quarters of the Danes, under Guthrum, who remained there a twelvemonth. In 1010 Cambridge was again destroyed by the Danes. Whilst the Isle of Ely was held against William the Conqueror by the English nobility, that monarch built a Castle at Cambridge—Grose says in the first year of his reign: Ordericus Vitalis says in 1068. In 1088, Cambridge shared the fate of the county in being laid waste with fire and sword in the cause of Robert Curthose. King John was at Cambridge on the 16th of September, 1216, about a month before his death. On his departure he entrusted the defence of the Castle to Jules de Brent, but it was soon after taken by the Barons; and after the King's death a Council was held at Cambridge between the Barons and Louis the Dauphin. In 1249 we have the first notice of great discord between the townsmen of Cambridge and the scholars of the University. Upon the first symptoms of an approaching war between King Charles and his Parliament, the University of Cambridge demonstrated their loyalty; but in 1643, Cromwell, who had twice represented the borough, took possession of the town for the Parliament, and put in it a garrison of 1000 men. In August 1645, the King appeared with his Army before it, and the heads of the University voted their plate to be melted down for the King's use;—but we have no account of any siege or assault upon the town; nor does anything occur which connects it with the civil history of the country from that to the present time. The Castle, which is said to have been erected on the site of a Danish fortress, was suffered to go to decay at least as early as the reign of Henry IV.; all that remains of the ancient buildings is the gatehouse.

Among the troubles of Ely, we find that in 1018 the monks who went to the battle of Assendune to pray for their countrymen, were all massacred by the Danes. And in 1037, at Ely, died in prison, Alfred, the eldest son of Ethelred II., whose eyes had been put out by order of Harold I.

When William the Conqueror invaded England, the most obstinate resistance which he experienced was in the Isle of Ely. William, designing to take the Isle, built a Castle at Wisbeach and a fortress at Reche, and invested the Isle by land and water, but was forced to retire. Hereward le Wake, son of Leofric lord of Brunne (Bourne?)

in Lincolnshire, had been banished in early life for his violent temper ; and having signalized his valour in foreign parts, was in Flanders when the battle of Hastings was fought in 1066. Hearing that his paternal inheritance had been given to a Norman and his mother ill-used, he returned to England, and commenced hostilities against the usurper of his patrimony. The Isle of Ely was his central station, and he built on it a wooden Castle, which long retained his name. William surrounded the island with his fleet and army, attempting to make a passage through the fens by solid roads in some parts and bridges in others ; and either awed by the superstition of the times, or wishing to make it subservient to his interests, he got a witch to march at the head of his Army and try the effect of her incantations against Hereward. The Anglo-Saxon, no way daunted, set fire to the reeds and other vegetation of the fens, and the witch and the troops who followed her perished in the flames. The actions of Hereward became the theme of popular songs, and the Conqueror's own Secretary, stated to be Ingulphus, has penned his eulogium. During his warfare against the Normans, his camp was the refuge of the friends of Saxon independence. Morcar, Earl of Northumbria, Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, Ellgwin, Bishop of Durham, and others repaired to him. The defence of the Isle lasted till 1074, and the Conqueror penetrated at last only by virtue of a compact with the monks of Ely, whose land beyond the island he had seized. Hereward, unsubdued, contrived to make his peace with the King, obtained the restoration of his inheritance, and died quietly in his bed.

In the Civil Wars of Stephen and the Empress Maud, the Bishop of Ely, who supported the latter, built a wooden Castle at Ely, and fortified the Castle of Aldreth, (in Haddenham parish,) which appears to have commanded one of the approaches to the Isle. In 1140 it was attacked by the army of King Stephen, who went himself with a fleet of small vessels to Aldreth, entered the island, and marched to Ely ; but it was retaken, about the year 1142, by the Bishop ; and two years after the Earl of Essex, having gone over to the Empress Maud, had the Castles of Aldreth and Ely for his charge. He committed many depredations on the King's demesnes, and lost his life at the siege of Burwell Castle. The Isle afterwards suffered much from the ravage of war, and from famine and pestilence, the consequence of these hostilities.

In the Civil War between John and his Barons, the Isle was twice ravaged by the King's troops : first, under Walter de Banneck, with a party of Brabanters, who entered the Isle opposite Herebie, and plundered

the monastery. Afterwards it was attacked by Fulk de Brent, the King's favourite, who had been appointed governor of Cambridge Castle, and his confederates. This was about the year 1216. About the same time, the Barons took Cambridge Castle, and the King marching into Cambridgeshire, did, as Holinshed expresses it, "hurt enough;" but on the King's retreat, the Barons recovered the Isle of Ely, except one Castle, probably that at Ely. In the troubles which marked the close of the reign of Henry III., the Isle was again the scene of contest. It was taken and fortified by the Barons, who ravaged the county, and took and plundered Cambridge, and established themselves in the Isle of Ely, which they fortified. In 1266-7, the King, joined at Cambridge by Prince Edward, with a Scottish army of 30,000 men, marched his forces to Windsor, when the Barons entered the town, burnt the King's house, and threatened Barnwell Priory, but their patrons the Peeches saved it. Prince Edward took the Isle of Ely almost without opposition.

The Isle of Ely: its Monastery and Cathedral.

According to Bede, the word Ely, which was given to the large district of fens in which the city is situated, as well as the city itself, is derived from Elgee or Elig, an *eel*, and consequently has reference to the abundance of eels in the neighbourhood. But most antiquaries derive the appellation from Helig, a British name for the willow, which grows in great numbers in the Isle, and hence it was called *Willova Island*. "Such secluded and inaccessible retreats were commonly chosen by the Saxons for security when the open parts of the country were overrun with armies. The 'hardy outlaw,' Hereward, the last of the Saxons who held out against William of Normandy, retreated upon Ely; and a party of the Barons, after the loss of the battle of Evesham, here made their last resistance to Edward."—(*Mackenzie Walcott, M.A.*)

Ely is a city and county of itself, and the seat of a bishop's see. The foundation of its magnificent Cathedral is due to the piety of St. Etheldreda, who was born at a small village called Exning, near Newmarket, about the year 630. The early part of her life she devoted to the cloister. About the year 652 she married, at the solicitation of her parents, Toubert, a nobleman of East Anglia. By this marriage, the Isle of Ely fell to her as a dowry; and thither, on the death of Toubert, which occurred about three years after their espousal, she retired to her former pious meditations. She subsequently married Egfride, son of the King of Northumberland, and, by this alliance,

eventually became Queen. She then withdrew from Court, with the sanction of the King, took up her abode in the Abbey of Goldington, took the veil, and at length retired to Ely, and laid the foundation of her church and monastery, over which she reigned Abbess about six years. Her pious life and gentle sway endeared her to all around her; and she died universally honoured, A.D. 679, leaving the Isle of Ely as an endowment to this convent. Her sister Sexberga succeeded her, and lived twenty years as Abbess. This lady was followed by her daughter Erminilda, who was succeeded by her daughter Werberga. Little is known after this of the heads of the convent for a number of years.

During the repeated incursions of the Danes the monastery was ruined; it was pillaged, its sacred walls were destroyed, and its inmates put to the sword. At this period the Danes were enabled to sail their ships close up to the walls of the town, the river being much deeper; in fact, it is supposed to have been an arm of the sea. One of the oldest songs extant is a war lyric of these Northmen, which relates that they heard the monks of Ely singing their hymns as they were sailing round the walls at night. The site is rendered famous by the old ballad of King Canute:—

“ Merrily sang the monks within Ely
When Canute the King rowed therel 7;
(Row me, Knights, the shore along,
And listen to these monks' song.”)

About the year 970 it was rebuilt by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who converted it into a monastery, and provided it with monks, to which King Edgar and many succeeding monarchs gave great privileges and grants of land, so that the Abbey, in process of time, became one of the richest in England. The charter of King Edgar was confirmed by Canute and Edward the Confessor, and subsequently by the Pope. The Isle was gallantly defended against William the Conqueror; but after repeated attacks the inhabitants were obliged to surrender. Many of them were put to the sword, and most of the valuable furniture and jewels of the monastery were seized; but through the firmness of Theodwin, who had been made Abbot, the property was restored. The monastery was successively governed by nine Abbots: the ninth being Simeon, the founder of the present structure—that is to say, of the choir, transepts, central tower, and a portion of the nave. These portions were begun A.D. 1083; but Simeon did not live to see them finished. They were completed by his successor, Abbot Richard. Of this work it is ascertained that little more than the lowest story of the transept remains.

Richard, the eleventh Abbot, wishing to free himself of the Bishop of Lincoln, within whose diocese his monastery was situated, and not liking so powerful a superior, made great interest with King Henry I. to get Ely erected into a bishopric, and spared neither purse nor prayers to bring this about. He even brought the Bishop of Lincoln to consent to it, by giving him and his successors the manors of Bugden, Biggleswade, and Spalding, which belonged to the Abbey, in lieu of his jurisdiction; but he lived not to taste the fruits of his industry and ambition, for he died before his Abbey was erected into a see; his successor was the first Bishop of Ely. The lands of the monastery were divided between the bishopric and the monks, and the monastery was governed by the Lord Prior. But the great privileges the Bishop^s enjoyed during a long succession of years were almost wholly taken away or much restricted during the reign of Henry VIII., who granted a charter to convert the conventual church into a cathedral. The structure is the workmanship of many different periods, and displays a singular mixture of various styles of architecture, but, taken as a whole, it is a noble work. The most ancient part, as we have seen, is the transept, which was erected in the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I.

From the roof of King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, the distinctive west tower (270 feet high) and central lantern of the present cathedral are plainly discernible. The western transept forms a magnificent vestibule to the church. Unhappily, the northern portion has either fallen or been demolished: it was perfect until the Reformation. The interior is truly magnificent, with its perspective of a

“ Pile, large and massy, for decoration built ;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters, intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above.”

Among the relics is one of the latter part of the seventh century, part of the sepulchral cross of Ovin, Steward to Queen Etheldreda.

At a short distance south from the cathedral are the buildings of the old conventual church, in a wonderful state of preservation, having perfect all the characteristics of the age in which it is recorded to have been erected by St. Etheldreda, in 673.



Cambridge and its Colleges.

The town of Cambridge (the "bridge" over the "Cam") covers a space of level ground on the south side of the river which forms part of its name. Its situation is not so striking and picturesque as that of Oxford; but its stately buildings, varying in height and outline, and relieved and contrasted by groups and avenues of magnificent trees, themselves an evidence of the taste and care of the early authorities, and of the prosperity under which the town has grown, are features that must ever give to the town a distinctively beautiful character. Here, as at Oxford, the University overshadows and eclipses the town—all interests are merged in that of classical culture.

The time at which the University was first established at Cambridge remains uncertain. Here Henry, the youngest son of the Conqueror, studied the arts and sciences, and won for himself the honourable name of Beauclerk; but no record remains of the character of the Cambridge schools, or of their constitution during the eleventh century, and we find that whatever progress the place had made as a seat of learning was checked by Robert de Montgomery ("Mischievous Montgomery" as Fuller calls him), who ravaged the town and county with fire and sword—"insomuch as, for a time, the University was wholly abandoned." In order to repair the damage thus done, King Henry (Beauclerk) bestowed many privileges upon the town. He constituted Cambridge a corporation and fixed here the regular ferry over the Cam, "which brought much trading and many people thereunto." With the commercial interests of the town the interests of learning and of the nascent University flourished as a matter of necessity.

Passing by the records of Ingulph and his continuator, Peter of Blois, as scarcely quite trustworthy, we arrive at some precise knowledge of the condition of Cambridge in the earlier part of the thirteenth century. By this time scholars had assembled here and were a recognised body. Writs were issued in 1231, by Henry III., at Oxford, for the regulation of the Cambridge "clerks," and due mention is made in these documents of the Chancellor and Masters of the University. By this time, then, the germ of what has since become so famous a school had been planted and was growing here, and its organization was a thing recognised and provided for. "The townsmen of Cambridge," says Fuller, "began now most



AVING IT ALL CHANGE

unconscionably to raise and rack the rent of their houses wherein the scholars did sojourn. Every low cottage was high valued. *Sad the condition, when learning is the tenant and ignorance must be the landlord.*" It came at last to this pass, that the scholars, wearied with exactions, were on the point of departing, to find a place where they might be better accommodated on more reasonable conditions.

Out of this miserable state of affairs arose the necessity for students having separate houses wherein to lodge. At first the scholars had lived scattered throughout the town, or were gathered into so-called "hostels." The time was now rapidly approaching when the piety, the patriotism, and the sympathy of wealthy men and women with learning were to induce them to found colleges for the accommodation of the Cambridge scholars.

Meantime the University was getting well through the trials of its infancy, being nursed and cherished in all its sufferings by royal kindness. In 1270 Prince Edward visited Cambridge, and, learning that frequent differences arose between the scholars and the townsmen, he caused an instrument to be drawn up providing that once every year thirteen University men and ten burgesses were to act in concert in seeing that the peace was faithfully kept between the students and the inhabitants.

Cambridge was now fully warranted in bearing the title of a University. Its studies were universal, they extended to all arts; and its students, no longer consisting of Englishmen alone, now included Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and foreigners.

In 1280 there were in Cambridge thirty-four hostels and twenty inns. In the hostels students lived under the rule of a principal at their own proper charges, before any colleges were endowed in the University. They were thus more conveniently accommodated than in townsmen's houses, and they lived either rent free or paid a small rent to the chief of their society. The only difference between hostels and inns was that the latter establishments were smaller. "But," says Fuller, "as the stars lose their light when the sun ariseth; so all these hostels decayed by degrees when endowed colleges began to appear in Cambridge."

The oldest known collegiate foundation in Cambridge is ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, or, as it is more popularly called, Peterhouse, in Trumpington Street, nearly opposite Pembroke College. It originated in an act of private munificence. In 1257 Hugh de Balsham, sub-prior of Ely, purchased two hostels, one called St

John's Hostel and the other the Hostel of the Brothers of Penance, which he appropriated to the support of certain scholars established by him in the Hospital of St. John, in company with the religious brethren to whom that foundation appertained. In 1284 he obtained from the King the final licence to found his college, and removed his scholars to the hostels he had bought in Trumpington Street. "He put them in possession of these hostels and of the Church of St. Peter, with the tithes of the two mills thereto belonging, all which the brethren of the hospital before used to have, and to which ordinance of the bishop they submitted. And that the brethren of the hospital might not be losers by this appointment, he further ordained that they should have certain rents and several houses near to their hospital, which he had before assigned to his scholars." The right of patronage of the church was afterwards a subject of dispute between the hospital and the college, but was decided in favour of the latter.

Dying in 1286 Hugh de Balsham by his will left to the college the sum of three hundred marks for the purpose of building, and with this money the master and scholars purchased a piece of ground adjoining to St. Peter's Church, on which they erected a hall, kitchen, and butteries.

Hugh de Balsham had placed his foundation under the especial patronage and protection of the bishops of Ely, and it was from them that the scholars received their earliest and greatest benefactions. Ralph Walpole, the second bishop after the founder, gave to St. Peter's College two houses in Cambridge; John de Hotham (bishop 1316-1336) gave the rectory lands, &c., in Triplow, in this county, with lands called Chewel in Haddenham. Hotham's three immediate successors are also among the list of the benefactors of the college.

From the first the college possessed a library, which was gradually increased by various donations. William of Whittlesey, Archbishop of Canterbury (1367-1374), who had been master of St. Peter's College, left the whole of his library to the scholars. The library was further increased, in the fifteenth century, by the books of two of the masters of the college—John Holbrooke, one of the most profound English mathematicians of his day, and John Warkworth, who deserves a place among the old historians of the country. From the pursuits of these two masters the character and value of the books which they left to their college may be conjectured.

In 1420 the college was partially destroyed by fire, when all its

archives were lost. The foundation was rebuilt. In the map of Cambridge (1574) St. Peter's is represented as consisting of one court entirely surrounded by buildings, with a half-court to the west. "A new court, front, and gate towards the street" were added in 1607-1615; and in 1632 a chapel, built in the middle of the principal court, was completed. It is remarkable that this chapel, built only eleven years before the Puritanical visitation in 1643, seems to have contained more superstitious images than most other similar edifices in the University. "We went," says the report of the Puritan visitors, "to Peterhouse with officers and soldiers, and, in the presence of Mr. Hanscott, Mr. Wilson, the president, Mr. Francis, Mr. Maxwell, and other fellows, we pulled down two mighty angels with wings and divers other angels, the four Evangelists, and Peter with his keys on the chapel door, together with about 100 cherubims and many superstitious letters in gold. And at the upper end of the chancel these words were written—viz., *Hic locus est Domus Dei, nil aliud, et Porta Cæli*. . . . Moreover, we found six angels on the windows, all which we defaced."

In the middle of the eighteenth century the northern side of the first court was rebuilt, and the second court was faced with a new casing in 1760. A third court has been more recently added by the munificence of the Rev. Francis Gisbrooke, formerly fellow of the college, in 1825. It is named from its founder Gisbrooke Court.

As it at present exists this college present no very attractive feature. Of its three courts, the first is separated from the second by a small cloister, and from the street by a brick wall. The two other courts are not remarkable—merely neat, modern and modernized buildings. The Chapel is in the unpleasing Italianized Gothic of the latter part of the sixteenth century. It is fifty-five feet long, twenty-seven broad, and the same in height. The old stained glass of the east window (a Crucifixion—the principal figures of which are copied from the famous picture by Rubens at Antwerp) contrasts very favourably with the modern Munich glass in the side windows. The Library, forty-eight feet long and twenty-four broad, is rich in mediæval theology, and contains some very ancient pictures.

Among the eminent men who have been educated at St. Peter's are Heywood, the dramatist; Crashaw, the poet; Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's; Duke of Grafton, sometime Chancellor; Gray, the poet; and William Smith, Professor of Modern History.

The foundation and growth of the oldest college of Cambridge has been sketched for the purpose mainly of exemplifying how the whole class of colleges which make up the University of Cambridge came into being. In noticing the most important of the other colleges, only the distinctive features in their history and character can be referred to.

The University comprises in all seventeen colleges. Of ten of the most important of these brief notices are given.

CLARE HALL was built on the site of the University Hall in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Soon afterwards it was destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt in 1344 by Elizabeth de Burg, heiress of the last Earl of Clare. From this lady the college takes its name. It is the most uniform in its buildings, and is the most pleasantly situated of any college in the University.

KING'S COLLEGE, founded by the "Royal Saint," Henry VI., in 1440, is open only to the scholars of Eton, in connexion with which it was established. It soon became the largest and most important college in the University. The Chapel, the only one of the college buildings we have space to notice, is the work of the three Henries, VI., VII., and VIII., and is perhaps the finest specimen of Perpendicular Gothic in the world. Its internal dimensions are, three hundred and sixteen feet long, fifty feet wide, and ninety feet high; and the effect on the beholder of the magnificent proportions of the massive roof of stone, hung, as it were, high in mid air, of its lofty branching pillars, and of the entrancing beauty of its fan-like tracery and gorgeous groining, is at once awe-inspiring and overpowering, and the thought recurs—

" They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build it"

Wordsworth, who was a student of St. John's at Cambridge, was so impressed with the appearance of this magnificent structure, and with the mingled beauty and grandeur of its interior—

" The high embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light"—

that he has embodied his feelings in two of the finest sonnets in the language :—

1.

" Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only--this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence !
Give all thou canst : high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more ;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on, as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof
That they were born for immortality !”

II.

“ What awful perspective ! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or king, or sainted eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming night !
But, from the arms of silence—list ! oh, list !
The music bursteth into second life :
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of ecstasy !”

“ The interior,” says Fergusson, “ is imposing from its great height, from the solemn beauty and splendour of the stained glass, and from the magnificent fan-tracery of the vaulting, which extends, bay after bay, in unbroken and unchanged succession, from one end of the chapel to the other. The walls are all covered with paneling. The stained-glass windows are remarkably fine, in the best style of the art, and have been well preserved. Each window contains four pictures—two above and two below the transom. The subjects of the lower series are from Gospel history, the main incidents in the life of our Lord being treated in the most conspicuous place—the windows of the choir.”

Fletcher and Waller, the poets, the Walpoles, Coxe the historian, and Earl Grey of Reform Bill notoriety were educated here.

TRINITY COLLEGE, founded by Henry VIII. in 1546, occupies the site and retains actual portions of several earlier foundations, the chief of which was King's Hall. It consists of three courts or quadrangles—the Great Court, Neville's Court, and the New Court. For a long time the buildings of the older foundations were confused and irregular, and the order and architectural dignity which distinguish the college as it at present exists have been arrived at only by a gradual process. Having been built at different and

distant periods, without any regularity of design, this college forms an extensive and irregular mass of buildings, presenting externally no striking appearance, except towards the Walks, where the Library and western side of the New Court form a very noble line of buildings. The Great Court, the largest of the three courts or quadrangles, is 334 feet by 287. The Chapel and King Edward's Tower occupy the north side. On the west side are the Master's Lodge, Hall, and Combination Rooms. The other sides are occupied by sets of rooms. The *Hall*, the chief ornament of this college and one of the chief ornaments of the University, is a noble and spacious Gothic structure. Externally it presents to us a lofty building supported by light buttresses, with a high-peaked Flemish roof surmounted by an elegant lantern. The interior presents a perfect picture of the old baronial hall, with its raised dais, screen-work, music-gallery, butteries, and adjacent kitchen. It is a hundred feet long, forty broad, and fifty feet high ; is wainscoted in carved oak, while open carved-oak rafter-work supports the roof. In the decoration of the wainscoting and the roof gold and colour have recently been used with admirable effect. The grandeur of the spacious apartment is much enhanced by the play of light which enters by the windows, filled with coats of arms of distinguished members of the college in stained glass. At the upper extremity of the Hall, immediately below the high table, there is a deep and lofty oriel window on each side. Pictures, chiefly portraits, are distributed around the walls and between the windows. Among these the most noteworthy are Sir Isaac Newton, by Valentine Ritz, Cowley (copy), Dryden (copy), and also portraits of Sir H. Spelman, Sir Edward Coke, Bishop Pearson, the famous Dr. Bentley, and the last Duke of Gloucester. The last picture, representing the Duke in childhood, is by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is also a most interesting portrait of Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), in the glass of one of the oriel windows. It is an authentic and trustworthy portrait. In the Combination Rooms, the common rooms in which the fellows meet, are portraits of Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, by Kneller ; Charles, Duke of Somerset, by Danse ; Marquis of Granby, by Reynolds ; the Duke of Gloucester, by Opie ; Duke of Sussex, by Lonsdale ; Marquis of Camden, by Sir T. Lawrence, &c. The Master's Lodge, on this side of the court, has been considerably altered and enriched within recent years. Among its many fine apartments it includes suites of rooms for use on occasions of royal visits. The

judges when on circuit are always lodged here. Among the pictures are an original portrait of Queen Elizabeth, a curious old portrait of Edward III., a gigantic portrait of Henry VIII., and portraits of Edward VI. and Queen Mary. There are also portraits of Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, Robert, Earl of Essex, Sir Isaac Newton, by Vanderbank, and Scaliger, by Paul Veronese. The royal foundation of Trinity gave it pre-eminence over the sister colleges, and all English Sovereigns visiting Cambridge have been entertained here. James I., Charles I., Queen Anne (who knighted Newton at a Court held in the Lodge), George I. and George II., and, in 1843, Queen Victoria, were hospitably received at the Master's Lodge. It was in the hall of this college that comedies and tragedies, in Latin and English, used to be performed before royal and other distinguished visitors. Here Cowley's "Guardian" was acted before Prince Charles (Charles II.), in 1642. The writer was then a scholar and afterwards became a fellow of Trinity. In this great court were the rooms of Sir Isaac Newton and Lord Byron. The Library, by Sir Christopher Wren, is a fine building in the style of Italian antique, in which that great architect excelled. The interior is unsurpassed by any building in the country for harmonious dignity of design and arrangement. It is 190 feet long and 40 feet broad. At the south end are folding doors opening upon a balcony, from which there are fine views of the walks and river. Among the statuary is Thorwaldsen's statue of Lord Byron, busts by Roubiliac of Bacon, Bentley, Sir R. Cotton, Lord Whitworth, Newton, Barrow, and Ray. Woolner has also some excellent busts, including a very fine one of Alfred Tennyson. Along the summit of the bookcases are arranged on each side of the room, a long series of smaller busts of some of the most eminent men of ancient and modern times. Among the portraits on the walls are those of Barrow, Neville, Bishop Hacket, Monk Duke of Albemarle and the Earl of Halifax, by Sir G. Kneller, as well as a copy of Shakspeare, by Mark Gerrard. At the southern end of the library is a large stained-glass window, which would not be worth mentioning were it not that, in point of artistic taste and feeling, it is so curiously and outrageously bad. It represents Newton being presented to George the Third, with Bacon sitting in his robes of Lord Chancellor below the throne, apparently registering in a book the reward which is to be bestowed on the great philosopher. The design is by Cipriani, whom Walpole styles "that flimsy scene-painter."

The Library of Trinity College, the finest in Cambridge after the Public Library, is rich in the controversial pamphlets which were published so abundantly in the troubled era of the seventeenth century. In one of its manuscript cases is locked up the curious collection of early and rare books illustrative of Shakspeare, given to the college by Capel, the editor of the works of the dramatist. Another case contains a few rare and fine volumes from the press of William Caxton. Two cases contain the old and valuable collection of manuscripts belonging to the college, some of them richly illuminated, and affording precious illustrations of the early literature and history of England. But the two volumes most inquired for are one which contains much of the poetry of Milton, written in his own hand, and another, consisting of mathematical papers, in the handwriting of Newton.

The walks are remarkably pleasing. They form nearly a rectangle, about a third of a mile in circumference, on the far side of the Cam. At the end of the avenue of lime-trees, whose branches, at a great height, intersect and form the semblance of a Gothic arch, is seen the steeple of the pleasant village of Coton. It was the prospect along this walk that the witty critic, Porson, compared to a college fellowship, which, he said, was a long, dreary road with a church in the distance. The view of the gateway tower of the New Court from the avenue is peculiarly grand.

Among the famous and eminent men educated at Trinity College are Sir Edward Coke and the immortal Bacon; Robert, Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favourite; Fulke Greville; Lord Brooke, the "friend of Sir Philip Sydney;" John Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of York; George Herbert, Giles Fletcher, Cowley, and Donne; Andrew Marvel, Dr. Barrow, John Dryden, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Thomas Gale, Porson, Dobree, Lord Byron, and Lord Macaulay.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, next in magnitude to Trinity College, and nearest it in situation, is built on the site of the former Hospital of St. John the Evangelist. The king's licence for the suppression of the hospital was obtained by Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and in terms of her will the hospital was dissolved and delivered into the hands of her executors in 1510. The charter of the foundation of the college is dated April, 1511. The building consists of four distinct courts, and is entered from the street by a very noble gateway tower—an imposing mass, with four corner turrets. The chapel, 120 feet long, and 27 feet wide, is a

handsome building, with ancient and curious carved stalls. The hall is remarkable for its height and for its carved and gilt wainscoting. The Master's Lodge is stored with a valuable collection of paintings, the portraits mainly of benefactors and distinguished members of the college. Here are portraits of Mary Queen of Scots ; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford ; Matthew Prior, in his ambassador's robes, &c. The library is rich in rare controversial tracts of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Among the eminent men who have been educated here may be mentioned Bishop Stillingfleet, Lord Burghley, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Strafford, Cary, Lord Falkland, Dr. John Dee, Roger Ascham, Ben Jonson, Thomas Otway, Matthew Prior, Wordsworth, Henry Kirke White, and Kenelm Digby.

JESUS COLLEGE, situated apart from all the other similar buildings in the University, sprang out of the only nunnery which existed in the town of Cambridge. It was founded in 1406. It is situated on the banks of the Cam, at the eastern entrance of the town. Its retired situation attracted the attention of James I., who, when on a visit to Cambridge, expressed his opinion of the University in a saying which has since been common—"That if he lived in the University, he would pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study and sleep at Jesus." The buildings consist of two courts, and the front is 180 feet in length. There is a gateway over the entrance, and the chapel forms one of the most prominent features of the foundation. *The Chapel* is one of the most interesting structures in Cambridge. It is in the form of a cross, with a large square tower, surmounted by a beautiful lantern story. Numerous interesting paintings enrich the chapel and hall. Here were educated the three archbishops, Cranmer, Bancroft, and Sterne ; Flamstead, the astronomer, and others.

The dates of the foundation of the remaining colleges are :—

Pembroke	1347
Gonville and Caius	1348
Trinity Hall	1350
Corpus Christi	1351
Queen's College	1448
St. Catherine's	1473
Christ's College	1505
Magdalen College	1519
Emmanuel College	1584
Sidney Sussex College	1598
Downing College	1800

Hinchinbrook House.—The Cromwells.

This ancient and highly interesting mansion marks the site of a priory, supposed to have been founded by William the Conqueror. At the dissolution of religious houses, the site was granted to Richard Williams, or Cromwell—the former name being his patronymic, the latter the name of his adoption, in deference to his uncle, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and to the wishes of King Henry VIII., who, at the incorporation of the Welsh with the English, endeavoured to accelerate the unification of the principality with the kingdom by persuading the Welsh to adopt the style of the English in taking family names. Of the architectural character of the original priory little is known. It is probable that the present building was constructed out of the materials of the former one, and upon a cornice of the east front of Hinchinbrook is the date 1431, which marks it as being part of the old edifice. In the hall (the refectory of the nunnery), the old framed timber roof is concealed by a modern floor, but is still to be seen in the chambers above. One or two of the fishponds belonging to the old nunnery are also remaining; and Nuns' Bridge and Nuns' Meadows, on the west side of the Park, are names which still designate some of the old demesnes. The name of the house is derived from a brook, which, rising at Thurning, in Northamptonshire, skirts the estate and joins the Ouse at Huntingdon, between one and two miles below the house.

Hinchinbrook, for several generations the chief seat of that family of the Cromwells, whence sprang the great Lord Protector, is now the residence of the Montagus, Earls of Sandwich. It is situated on the north-west slope of a gentle eminence, commands a pleasing view, including the fine tower of St. Neot's church, about nine miles distant. On the south of the pleasure-grounds is a high terrace, overlooking the road from Brampton to Huntingdon. The mansion displays in its parts the architectural taste of the earliest as well as of the latest period of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The buildings surround an open court, and the principal fronts are those to the north and east. The great court-yard, leading to the entrance on the north front, is crossed diagonally by a walk, ornamented with clipped yews. At the lodge or entrance are life-size figures of four savages with clubs. On this front are two bay windows of large dimensions, profusely embellished with shields

of the family of Cromwell, the arms of the Queen, and a variety of heraldic cognizances, denoting the honours of the Tudor line—"the falcon, the portcullis, a ton with a branch, and roses of different forms, which are upon the upper cornice of each window." The bay window of the dining-room displays the arms of Elizabeth upon a panel 2 feet 9 inches wide, upheld by angels, with the royal badges of the portcullis and the harp crowned; the latter placed between the initials E. R. Over this window, in an ornamental compartment, is a large radiated rose. Upon the west side of the entrance court is remaining a portion of the Priory entire—now used as the scullery, dairy, &c. The ancient kitchen is still in use. The east front has also two bay windows, containing the arms, quarterings, and supporters of the Montagu family, with the motto *Post tot naufragia portum*. The most curious part of the mansion is the very large circular bowed window, built in 1602, remarkable for its richness of ornamentation. It gave light to the great dining-room, in which King James I. was entertained by Sir Oliver Cromwell, and the gilded roof of which is said to have been part of the chapel of the ancient priory of Barnwell. The basement of the window forms a porch; seven arches spring from columns at the piers, the spandrils and keystones of which are enriched with sculptured shields and crests of the Cromwell family alliances. The whole of these two fronts are of stone; other parts of the house are of brick with stone dressing, built by the first Earl of Sandwich, and coloured to correspond with the ancient portion. The great staircase of Hinchinbrook is carved with the arms of Montagu, in panels. The principal rooms on the ground-floor are, the dining and drawing-rooms, the billiard-room, and the library, with all the offices. The windows of the drawing-room are of painted glass, containing the marriages and issue from Edward, the first Earl of Sandwich, to John, the fourth earl. On the first floor the great dining-room is now divided into five bedrooms; there are also the green-room, the velvet-room, where stood the state bed of King James I., Lady Sandwich's bed and dressing rooms, &c.

The family, which in former times kept free and liberal house at Hinchinbrook, were of Welsh extraction, and owed the conspicuous position they at once assumed in England to the influence of their powerful kinsman, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as the ecclesiastical instrument which King Henry VIII. used to effect his good will and pleasure respect-

ing the old monastic foundations and their revenues. This Thomas Cromwell, the son of Walter Cromwell, a blacksmith, seems to have been well trained in youth. He served abroad for some time under the Duke of Bourbon, and afterwards obtained a post in the suite of Cardinal Wolsey. He showed great fidelity towards his master, and when the great prelate was thrown into disgrace which led to death, the king took Cromwell into his own service. In this position Cromwell evinced so much zeal and ability, that he soon opened up the road to the highest honours in the State. He filled successively the positions of Master of the Jewel Office, Clerk of the Transfer, Principal Secretary, Justice of the Forest, Master of the Rolls, and Lord Privy-Seal, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Cromwell, of Okeham, in 1536. Three years later he was created Earl of Essex, and invested with the Lord High Chamberlainship of England. He used his great power to abolish the religious houses and to secularize their revenues. He is named "malleus monachorum," which Fuller translates "the mauler of the monasteries." One of the chief privileges he enjoyed was to do what he liked with whatever ecclesiastical property there was in Huntingdonshire. He did what he liked with it—he kept the greater part of it to himself and divided the remainder among his kinsmen and friends.

One of these relatives was Sir Richard Williams, his nephew. This knight sprang from an ancient Welsh family deducing their pedigree from the ancient Lords of Powis and Cardigan. He was the eldest son of Morgan Williams, by his wife, a sister of Cromwell, Earl of Essex. The young Sir Richard soon became favourably known to the king, through his uncle. King Henry advised the young Welshman to change his name to that of his uncle, Cromwell. Sir Richard took the king's advice, and showed so much zeal towards the king in various ways that he soon, with the influence of his uncle, rose into a good position. He was appointed a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to King Henry VIII., and Constable of Berkeley Castle. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries, he obtained all the lands in Huntingdonshire belonging to any religious house in that county. Additions were made to his possessions by the king, even after the fall of the favourite, Cromwell; so that at the period of his death, Sir Richard's estates probably equalled those of the wealthiest peers of the present day. At a tournament held by his royal master, in 1540, and described by Stowe, Richard Cromwell, Esq., is named as one of the chal-

lengers—all of whom were rewarded on the occasion by the king with an annual income of an hundred marks, granted out of the dissolved Franciscan monastery of Stamford, and with houses each to reside in. His Majesty was more particularly delighted with the gallantry of Sir Richard Cromwell (whom he had knighted on the second day of the tournament), and exclaiming, "Formerly thou wert my *Dick*, but hereafter thou shalt be my *Diamond*," presented him with a diamond ring, bidding him for the future to wear such a one in the fore-gamb of the demi-lion in his crest, instead of a javelin, as heretofore. The arms of Sir Richard, with this alteration, were ever afterwards borne by the elder branch of the family, and by Oliver himself on his assuming the Protectorate, although previously he had borne the javelin.

Sir Richard was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry Cromwell, whose second daughter was married to William Hampden, Esq., and became the mother of the famous John Hampden, the Patriot. His eldest son succeeded as Sir Oliver Cromwell, K.B., and inherited Hinchinbrook, while the second son, Robert Cromwell, of Huntingdon, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Stewart, Esq., and became the father of the great Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector.

Sir Henry Cromwell, son of the first Sir Richard, was called from his liberal disposition, "the Golden Knight." He erected the chief part of the early mansion of Hinchinbrook, which was built for his winter residence—his summer residence being at Ramsey, an abbey which he had also converted into a dwelling-house. His eldest son and successor, Sir Oliver Cromwell, the uncle of the Protector, entertained King James I., then on his way to take possession of the throne of England, at Hinchinbrook. The following account of the event is from Stowe's "Annales."

"The 27 April, the King removed from Burleigh towards Hingchingbrooke to Sir Oliver Cromwell's." . . . "and about some half mile ere he came there, his majesty was met by the Bailiffe of Huntingdon, who made to him a long oration, and then delivered him the sword, which his highness gave to the Earl of Southampton to beare before him to Master Oliver Cromwell's house, where his highness and his followers, with all comers, had such entertainment, as not the like in any place before, there was such plentie and varieties of meates and diversitie of wines, and the cellars open at any man's pleasure. There attended also at Master Oliver Cromwell's, the Head of the Universitie of Cambridge,

all clad in scarlet gownes and corner caps, who having presence of his majestie, there was made a learned and eloquent oration in Latine, welcomming his majesty, as also intreating the confirmation of their privileges, which his highness most willingly granted. Master Cromwell presented his majesty with many rich and valuable presents, as a very great and faire wrought standing cuppe of gold, goodlie horses, deepe mouthed hounds, divers hawks of excellent wing, and at the remove gave fifty pounds amongst his majestie's officers.—The 29th of April after breakfast his majesty tooke leave of Master Oliver Cromwel and of his lady.”

The king took an early opportunity of expressing his regard and satisfaction by creating Sir Oliver a Knight of the Bath, 1603, on the day of his coronation.

On the outbreak of the civil war Sir Oliver naturally sided with the king, and raised men and contributed large sums of money in support of the cause. But one who had lived so magnificently and been so lavish in his expenditure, had little wealth in reserve to draw upon, and thus his devotion to the Stuarts necessitated his parting with Hinchinbrook, which he sold to the Montagus, since Viscounts of Hinchinbrook and Earls of Sandwich. The straits to which he was now put, and his inability to assist his sovereign, began to break his spirits and ruin his health. He retired to Ramsey Abbey, where, poor and heart-broken, but still fervidly loyal, he expired in 1655, in his ninety-third year. His eldest son, Colonel Henry Cromwell, inherited the wreck of the family estates; but, having taken an active part on the side of the king, the remains of the property were sequestered, though the sequestration was afterwards discharged, at the request of his kinsman, Oliver Cromwell, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. After a few years, harassed by debts and difficulties, incurred by his adherence to the royalist cause, and by that extravagance which seems to have been inherent in the family, he died, in 1657. His son and successor, Henry Cromwell, either from conviction, or swayed by the favour shown him by the Protector, departed from the political traditions of his ancestors, went over to the party at the head of which was his great kinsman, and took his seat in Parliament. He died in 1673, leaving no issue, and thus the great Huntingdonshire line of Cromwells, the wealthiest family in this part of England during several generations, expired. The remainder of the estates, including the Abbey of Ramsey, were sold.

It is now necessary to return to “the Golden Knight” of Hin-

chbrook, Sir Henry Cromwell. His second son was Robert Cromwell, some time M.P. for Huntingdon, and successor to an estate in or near the town he represented. He married Elizabeth Stewart, and left five daughters and one son—the redoubtable OLIVER, who was born at Huntingdon, 25th April, 1599. He received his baptismal name from his uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, of Ramsey. After having reached his majority he married a lady of fortune, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Felsted, in Essex. The career of the Protector forms a portion of the history of England and of Europe, and cannot be followed here, where we are confined to tracing the rise and fall of the family of which he was the most distinguished member. One little matter may be noted in passing. The vulgar tradition that this great man was at any time of his life a “brewer” rests on no foundation. The story probably took its rise in the circumstance that the little brook of Hinchin, flowing through the court-yard of the house towards the Ouse, offered every convenience for malting and brewing; and there is a tradition to the effect that brewing was here carried on before the place came into the possession of the Cromwells.

Oliver Cromwell died on “his beloved and victorious third of September,” 1658, at Whitehall, leaving four sons, Robert, who died unmarried; Oliver, killed in battle; Richard, his successor in the Protectorate; and Henry, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

Richard Cromwell succeeded to the sovereign power on the death of his father, but neither by tastes nor by talents was he suited to reign. After remaining only eight months at the head of affairs he abdicated, and after a life spent for the most part in strict privacy and retirement, he died in 1712. Pennant mentions that his father had told him, that he used often to see, at the Don Saltero Coffee-house, at Chelsea, poor Richard Cromwell, “a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance, the effect of his innocent and unambitious life.” He left no male descendants.

We now revert to Henry Cromwell, youngest son of the Protector. At his father's death he resigned his office as Lord Deputy of Ireland, and, returning to England, established himself as a private gentleman, at Spinney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire. He troubled himself no longer with political changes. Of his five sons all died without issue save Henry Cromwell. He died in 1711. The only one of his sons whose descendants still exist, was a grocer on Snow Hill, and died in 1748. His son, Oliver Cromwell, was a

solicitor. He died in 1821, and with him the male line of the great Oliver Cromwell's family became extinct. The destiny of the female descendants of the line was almost as sad. Many of them had to bear the pinch of poverty, and were obliged to maintain themselves by labour in the humblest employments.

The present possessors of Hinchinbrook, the Montagus, Earls of Sandwich, are descended from a common ancestor with the ducal house of Manchester, with the extinct Earls of Halifax, and with the late Duke of Montagu. Their immediate progenitor was Sir Sidney Montagu, Master of the Court of Requests to Charles I. His son was a distinguished commander in the Parliamentary army during the civil war, and he was subsequently joint High-Admiral of England, in which capacity he exerted his influence to induce the whole fleet to acknowledge the restored monarchy. He was raised to the peerage by Charles II., as Baron Montagu and Earl of Sandwich. John William Montagu, seventh Earl of Sandwich, is the present possessor of Hinchinbrook.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Woburn Abbey and the Russell Family.

Near the town of Woburn, on the Buckinghamshire border of the county of Bedford, there was founded, towards the middle of the twelfth century, an Abbey for monks of the Cistercian order, by Hugh de Bolebec, A.D. 1145. It was valued at the Dissolution at 430*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.* gross income, or 391*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* clear yearly value. The last Abbot, Robert Hobs, was executed for denying the King's supremacy; the tree on which he was hung is still standing, and is carefully preserved. The Monastery was granted to John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, under very remarkable circumstances in the tide of fortune. From the Du Rozels of Normandy descended John Russell, Constable of Corfe Castle in 1221, from whom descended James Russell, of Berwick, a manor-place in the county of Dorset, about a mile from the sea-coast. His eldest or only son, John Russell, was born at Kingston-Russell, in the same county, where the elder branch of the family had resided from the time of the Conquest. At an early age he was sent abroad to travel; he returned in 1506, an accomplished gentleman and a good linguist, and took up his residence with his father at Berwick. Shortly after his arrival, a violent tempest arose, and on the next morning, 11th of January, 1506, three foreign vessels appeared on the Dorset coast, making their way for the port of Weymouth. They proved to be part of a convoy under the command of Philip, Archduke of Austria, who had just married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Castile and Aragon, and was on his way to Spain, when, overtaken by the storm which had separated the vessel in which he was sailing, and two others, from the rest of the convoy, they were forced to take shelter in Weymouth Harbour. Sir Thomas Trenchard, the Governor, immediately conducted the Archduke to his own Castle, and sent messengers to apprise Henry VII. of his arrival. While waiting for the King's reply, Sir Thomas invited his cousin and neighbour, young Mr. Russell, of Berwick, to act as an interpreter, and converse with the Archduke on topics connected with his own country, through which Mr. Russell had lately travelled. "It is an ill wind," says Fuller, referring to this incident, "that blows nobody profit:" so the accident (of the storm) proved the foundation of Mr. Russell's prefer-

ment. For the Archduke was so delighted with his "learned discourse and generous deportment," that on deciding to proceed at once to Windsor, by invitation of the King, the Archduke desired that Mr. Russell should accompany him, and on his arrival, he strongly recommended him to the King, who granted him an immediate interview. Henry was struck with Mr. Russell's address and conversation; for, says Lloyd, "he had a moving beauty that waited on his whole body, a comportment unaffected, and such a comeliness in his mien, as excited a liking, if not a love, from all that saw him; the whole set off with a person of a middle stature, neither tall to a formidableness, nor short to a contempt, straight and proportioned, vigorous and active, with pure blood and spirits flowing in his youthful veins." Mr. Russell was in consequence appointed a gentleman of the Privy Chamber.

Three years afterwards, on Henry VIII. ascending the throne, he at once perceived Mr. Russell's varied accomplishments and talents, and employed him in diplomatic missions, as well as in trusts of great confidence. He likewise became a favourite of Henry VIII., and a companion of that monarch in his French wars; and Mr. Russell was knighted, was installed into the Order of the Garter, and was raised to the Peerage, 9th March, 1538-9, as Baron Russell of Chenies. In the next year, 1540, "when the great monasteries were dissolved, his Lordship obtained a grant to himself and his wife, and their heirs, of the site of the Abbey of Tavistock, and of extensive possessions belonging thereto."—(*Burke's Peerage*.) He was likewise made Marshal of Marshalsea; Controller of the King's Household; a Privy Councillor; Lord Warden of the Stannaries, in the counties of Devon and Cornwall; President of those counties, and those of Dorset and Somerset; Lord Privy Seal; Lord Admiral of England and Ireland; and Captain-General of the Vanguard of the Army. Lastly, Henry VIII., on his death-bed, appointed Lord Russell to be one of the counsellors to his son, Prince Edward. On this King's accession to the throne, Lord Russell still retained his influence at the Court of Edward VI.; and at his coronation he was Lord High Steward for the occasion. Next he was employed in promoting the objects of the Reformation: for his signal services he was created Earl of Bedford, and endowed with the rich Abbey of Woburn; and on the accession of the Catholic Queen Mary, he continued his services to the Reformation, and continued to share largely in the possessions of the suppressed monasteries. Next he was one of the noblemen appointed to escort Philip from Spain to become the Queen's husband, and to give away her Majesty at the solemnization of her marriage. This was his last public act. It is remarkable that

through all these services to four successive sovereigns, each widely differing from the other, he preserved his integrity of character, and gave satisfaction to all in times fraught with danger. Nor is there anything in his correspondence or private history that bespeaks the servility of the courtier.

He died on the 14th of March, 1555, and was buried at Chenies, the manor of which he had acquired by his marriage. "In the little parish church of this place," says a recent visitor, "is the magnificent and stately burying chapel of the Russell family, where lie enshrined in splendid and costly tombs, the chiefs and children of that house, from the time of the Earl of Bedford, who died in the second year of Queen Mary, down to a very recent period. The old Earl, indeed, sleeps there like one of the patriarchs, with his children and his children's children gathered round him. There was a time when the family lived at Chenies, but the mansion they occupied is for the most part gone, and a comparatively modern building stands in its place. But their house of death is studiously protected from stain and ruin and decay. The very temperature of the little chapel is artificially regulated, so that all the tombs and monuments are fresh, and in perfect preservation. On all sides the eye of the visitor rests upon the philosophic motto of the family, '*Cbe sara sara*'—'What will be, will be.' On all sides he sees the name of Russell, and that name alone. On some gorgeous and tasteless tomb—rank with the finery of a barbarous age—it is associated perhaps with the deeds of some active politician, whose life is part of the history of his country. In a more secluded corner a simple white tablet seeks to memorialize the fleeting existence of some infant of the house who passed without a pause from the cradle to the grave; or of some gentle girl who died whilst she was yet very young. Near the church stands the manor-house, of the time of Henry VIII., remarkable as preserving even to this day, in some not inconsiderable details, portions of the original structure. The principal antiquarian features of interest are some blocks of chimneys, all varying in design, supported, and perhaps protected, by gables that reached to within a few feet of the top of the chimneys. But the most noticeable point was a spiral staircase with a carved handrail, and literally forming part of the wall, after a fashion which is believed to be quite unprecedented in England. There was also at the top of the house a long, narrow, arched loft, extending from one end of the building to the other, and which was said to have been formerly used as an armoury." The sepulchral chapel and the vaults beneath contain between fifty and sixty members of the Russell family or their alliances.

To return to Woburn Abbey. In 1572, Queen Elizabeth visited

here Francis, the second Earl of Bedford. In 1642 the town of Woburn was partly burnt by the Royalists, and in 1645 Charles I. stayed for one night at the Abbey; in November there was a skirmish between the Royalists and the townspeople, which destroyed by fire many houses in Woburn; when the Parliamentarians occupied the town for two months.

Part of the ancient Abbey remains, and has been converted into the Duke of Bedford's magnificent mansion which still retains the name. It was partly put into its present form during the second half of the last century, and is a quadrangle, presenting four fronts of above 200 feet each. The west or principal front is of the Ionic order, with a rustic basement. The Abbey is adorned with some fine historical portraits, including those of Queens Mary and Elizabeth; a picture of Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain; Lady Jane Seymour, wife of Henry VIII. and mother of Edward VI.; Anne of Denmark, wife of James I.; Sir Philip Sidney; General Monk; Cecil Lord Burghley; William Lord Russell, beheaded in 1683; and Rachel Wriothlesley, his admirable wife; and at the Abbey is preserved, in gold letters, the speech of Lord Russell to the Sheriffs, together with the paper delivered by his Lordship to them at the place of execution, the middle of Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the dining-room at Woburn is a fine collection of portraits by Vandyke; in the breakfast-room, a series of views in Venice, by Canaletti, painted originally for Bedford House, in London. In the sculpture gallery is the antique Lanti vase, brought to England by Lord Cawdor; and here is a very large ancient marble sarcophagus (brought from Ephesus), on the four sides of which are sculptured the sad story of Achilles dragging Hector's body, Priam's ransoming it at its weight in gold, and other post-Homeric traditions of the woes of Andromache and Astyanax.

The mansion is situated in an extensive park, and is a grand and capacious pile, worthy of being rendered a ducal residence. In the surrounding domain is the Park Farm, dedicated to agricultural improvement: it originated with Francis, Duke of Bedford, famous for his encouragement of the science and practice of agriculture, as commemorated in Westmacott's picturesque statue in Russell-square.

Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion*, speaks of a brook at Aspley Guise, near Woburn, the earth on the banks of which had a petrifying quality; but this account is incorrect. Drayton's lines are as follows:

“ The brook which on her bank doth boast that earth alone
Which, noted of this isle, converteth wood to stone,
That little Aspley's earth we antiently instile
‘Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle.”

A Correspondent has "made a note of" a curious etymological statement respecting Woburn—that at the end of *A Guide to Woburn Abbey*, published in 1850, is a table of "the various ways of spelling Woburn, collected from letters and parcels by the Postmaster." It seems also incredible (says the Correspondent), but yet it is the fact, that no less than *two hundred and forty-four* different modes of spelling or rather mis-spelling the simple word Woburn are there recorded. It is worth noting that the place is always called *Wooburn*. The following are a few of the ingenious struggles of the unlearned in their endeavour to commit to paper the name of this delightful spot:—

"Houboun.	Hourbon.	Houbone.	Hawburn.
Houlbourn.	Hooben.	Noburn.	Owburn.
Ooboun.	Uborn.	Wurbourn.	Woubon.
Woabbern.	Wubaorn.	Wobarn.	Woswrin.
WBun.	Whoobowen.	Wouboarene.	Wwoo Burn.

"Sixty-one examples have H as the initial letter, and twenty-two have O."—*W. Sparrow Simpson, B.A.*

Amphill Castle.

The county of Bedford had anciently several baronial Castles; but it does not appear that there are any remains of them except the earth-works which mark their sites, and which may be observed at Bedford, Eaton Socon, and other places. It is supposed that all the Castles, except those of Bedford and Amphill, had been destroyed in the reign of King John; and it is perhaps owing to this that we read of so few occurrences in Bedfordshire during the Civil War of the Roses. The county was the scene of few conspicuous events during the Civil War between Charles I. and his Parliament.

At Amphill, eight miles from Bedford, in the Park, wherein is now Amphill House, stood Amphill Castle, where Queen Katherine resided during the proceedings which terminated in her divorce from Henry VIII., to be hereafter mentioned in the account of Dunstable Priory. James I. visited Amphill Castle in 1605 and 1621. It has long disappeared. Behind the present mansion, near the entrance of the Park from the turnpike road, are some ponds, similar in appearance to those frequently seen adjoining ancient houses; above these, at the edge of a precipice, was the front of the Castle. This building was erected by Lord Fanhope at the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was used as

a royal resort by Henry VIII., who was often here. Two ground plans of it are in existence, taken about the year 1626, at which time it is supposed the Castle was demolished. In front was a large court; behind it were two very small ones; and between these was an oblong courtyard. Between the front and back courts were two projections, like the transepts of a church. In front were two square projecting towers; and round the building, at irregular distances, were nine other turrets. Lord Ossory planted a grove of firs at the back of this spot, and erected in 1773, in the centre, a monument, consisting of an octagonal shaft, raised on four steps, and surmounted by a cross, bearing a shield, with Queen Katherine's arms, of Castile and Aragon. On a tablet inserted in the base of the cross is the following inscription, from the pen of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford:—

“ In days of yore, here Amphill's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injured queen;
Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
And Love avenged a realm by priests enslav'd;
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from lawless Henry's bed.”

The possessors of Amphill are thus traced by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A., author of the *History of Woburn*:—The survey of Amphill Park, made by order of Parliament, 1649, speaks of the Castle as ‘long ago totally demolished.’ The salaries paid in Queen Elizabeth's time were: Keeper of the Manor-house, 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, Great Park, 4*l.*, with herbage and pannage, 15*l.*; *Paler* of the Park, 4*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, herbage and pannage, 15*l.*” There was, however, what was called the Great Lodge, or Capital Mansion. King James I. gave the Honour of Amphill to the Earl of Kelly. It soon reverted to the Crown. In 1612, Thomas, Lord Fenton, and Elizabeth, his wife, resigned the office of High Steward of the Honour of Amphill to the King. The following year the custody of the Great Park was granted to Lord Bruce, whose family became lessees of the Honour, which they kept till 1738. In the seventeenth century, the Nicholls family became lessees of the Great Park under the Bruces, who reserved the office of Master of the Game. After the Restoration, Amphill Great Park was granted by Charles II. to Mr. John Ashburnham, as some reward for his distinguished services to his father and himself.

Amphill House was erected by the first Lord Ashburnham, in 1694; it is a plain but very neat edifice, built of good stone. It is situated rather below the summit of a hill, much less elevated than the site of

the old Castle; but it is sufficiently elevated to possess a great share of the fine view over the vale of Bedford. It is also well sheltered by trees, though the passing traveller would have no idea of the magnificent lime alley, which is in the rear of the mansion. The house has a long front, with nearly forty windows, exclusive of the dormers, and two projecting wings. In the centre is an angular pediment bearing Lord Ossory's arms; and over the door is a small circular pediment, with an antique bust, and supported by two Ionic columns. In the house is a small collection of pictures, principally portraits. At the foot of the staircase is a large painting, formerly *in fresco* at Houghton House, which was removed from the wall, and placed on canvas by an ingenious process of Mr. Salmon. It represents a gamekeeper, or woodman, taking aim with a cross-bow, and some curious perspective scenery. There is a tradition that the figure is some person of high rank in disguise; some say, King James I., who visited Houghton.

The pleasure-grounds in the rear of the mansion command a fine view; here is the lime-walk, one of the finest in England; it is upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, the trees finely arching; and it has been pronounced finer than any walk in Oxford or Cambridge. The Park is very picturesque, and studded with beautiful groups of trees. The oaks are many centuries old, with a girth of ten yards each. They were very numerous, for in a Survey in 1653, 287 of the oaks were hollow, and too much decayed for the use of the Navy.

The estate was purchased of the Ashburnham family by Viscount Fitzwilliam, who sold it, in 1736, to Lady Grosvenor, grandmother of Lord Ossory, who in 1800 became possessed of the lease of the Honour, by exchange with the Duke of Bedford. Lord Ossory died in 1818, and was succeeded by Lord Holland, in whose family the property remains. Many years since there appeared a small volume of *Lines written at Amptbill Park*, by Mr. Luttrell, who appears to have taken his muse by the arm, and "wandered up and down" describing the natural glories and olden celebrity of the place, and in graceful poetry hanging "a thought on every thorn."

Dunstable and its Priory.

Dunstable lies eighteen miles south-west from Bedford, at the point of contact of the ancient Iknield and Watling-streets; and it was in early times a place of considerable importance. Its modern name is supposed by many etymologists to be derived from Dun, or Dunning,

a famous robber in the time of Henry I., who, with his band, became so formidable in the neighbourhood, that Henry cut down a large forest in order to destroy the haunt, and built a royal mansion called Kingsbury on part of the site. The town was also called in olden times, "Market-on-the-Downs," from its being situated on the southern extremity of the Dunstable chalk downs.

The royal visits to Dunstable were very numerous. In 1123, Henry I. kept his Christmas here with much splendour, and also in 1132 and 1137. In 1154, after the termination of the war, an amicable meeting took place at Dunstable between King Stephen and Henry, Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II. In 1183 was seen in the heavens "the form of Our Lord's Banner, with the Crucifixion upon it." In 1215, King John lay at Dunstable, on his journey towards the North. In 1217, Louis the Dauphin, with the Barons in arms against the King, halted for a night, and did much damage to the Church at Dunstable. In 1228 Henry III. kept his Christmas here. In the following year, the dispute ran so high between the townsmen and scholars at Dunstable that many were wounded on both sides, and some mortally. In 1244, a number of the discontented Barons, under the pretence of holding a tournament, assembled a council at Dunstable. The tournament was forbidden to be held by the King; but the Barons met, as agreed upon, and issued an order, commanding the Pope's Nuncio to leave the kingdom. In 1265, the King and Queen, with Cardinal Ottoboni, the Pope's Legate, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, made some stay at Dunstable. In 1279 and the following year, a tournament was held at Dunstable. In 1341, Edward III., on his triumphal return from Scotland, was met at Dunstable by 230 knights, and entertained by a grand exhibition of martial exercises. In 1457 and 1459, Henry VI. was at Dunstable. Here, in 1572, was Queen Elizabeth, in her progress towards the north; in 1605, James I. visited the town; and in 1644, it was much damaged by a party sent by Charles I.

Here we may mention that in 1110 was performed at Dunstable the first attempt at theatrical representations; it was called the "Miracles of Catherine," and was the production of Geoffrey, a Norman, afterwards Abbot of St. Albans. This would appear to have been a miracle play.

But the main celebrity of Dunstable dates from the Priory (dedicated to St. Peter) of Augustinian, or Black Canons, a royal foundation of Henry I., who bestowed on it the town of Dunstable, and all its privileges, in 1131. The Priors had a gaol, possessed power of life and death, and sat as judges with the King's justices in Eyre; they had

also their gallows, tumbrel, and pillory. The ecclesiastics were comparatively few in number, but were endowed with well-tilled broad acres, and were persons of no little importance in their own immediate vicinity. At the Priory a great synod was held in 1214; in 1290, the body of Queen Eleanor was deposited here for one night; and a Cross was erected in the town upon the spot whereon the body was first set down; but this memorial was pulled down in the reign of Charles I. as a relic of Popery.

At Dunstable Priory, in 1533, the Commissioners for the divorce of Queen Katherine met, and here the sentence was pronounced by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, May 23. These proceedings were, a few days afterwards, communicated to Katherine, who was then residing at Amptill, a few miles distant; she solemnly protested against them, and refused the title of Princess Dowager, and the offer of being treated as the King's sister; she was soon after removed, almost by force, from Amptill, and at length was settled at Kimbolton, where she died.

"The Annals of Dunstable," has a curious history. "Of the greatness of the Black Canons of Dunstable," says a reviewer, in the *Athenæum*, "we have absolutely no memorials to testify to their former existence even, beyond some occasional notices of their manifold writs, and suits, and complaints, in other chronicles and the legal records of the Plantagenet days; the crumbling, and daily diminishing, walls of their once stately dwelling-place; and the carefully-entered annals of their house between A.D. 1131 and 1297, still preserved—and only just preserved—in the diminutive, shrivelled, half-burnt parchment volume belonging to the Cottonian collection.

"This manuscript meets us in such sad guise, from the fact that, after having tided safely over the great break-up of the Reformation, and passed through Puritan times uncondemned to the flames, it suffered very severely from that most careless of accidents, the fire in the Cotton Library, at Westminster, in 1731. Fortunately, however, previous to that date, a careful transcript of it had been made by the pen of Humphrey Wanley; and from this Thomas Hearne printed his edition of the *Dunstable Annals*, in 1733. The original manuscript was then supposed to be hopelessly injured by the fire, and Hearne made no attempt to examine it. Since then, however, at a comparatively recent date, by dint of pains and ingenuity, it has been stretched and mended; and from it, thus revived, aided by Wanley's transcript (MS. Harl. 4886) in the case of some few words and passages which the fire has rendered illegible, Mr. Luard has produced an elaborate

edition of the work. It will never, of course, equal Hearne's edition (limited to 200 copies) in rarity; but in reference to accuracy and editorial painstaking, in the way of elucidation of difficulties, omissions, or obscurities in the text, Mr. Luard's edition entirely distances its predecessor, and leaves no reasonable desire of its readers unsatisfied.

"Hearne, though replete with much learning of various kinds, was possessed of but little ingenious research, or power, by way of inference, of turning his acquirements to account; so we are not surprised that he failed to discover what Mr. Luard has very skilfully proved from internal evidence, that these Annals, from the beginning to the end of A.D. 1241, were compiled by Richard de Morins, formerly Canon of Merton, in Surrey, and fourth Prior of Dunstable, between A.D. 1210 and the year above mentioned. The portion between 1242 and 1297 is by various hands, now unknown; and upon the remaining blank leaves of the volume some miscellaneous entries are made, contemporary with the events there described, between A.D. 1302 and 1459."

Of the celebrated Priory little remains, except a part appropriated to the parish church, and some fragments in an adjoining wall. These relics afford specimens of early ecclesiastical architecture, very interesting to the students of that branch of art; particularly the great west front, which has a singular intermixture of circular and pointed arches.

Bedford Castle.

Bedford, seated in the midst of a very rich tract of land called the Vale of Bedford, is of high antiquity, but not of Roman origin, as some affirm. Nevertheless, the plough turns up Roman coins in various parts of the county, and the vicinity of Shefford, in particular, has been remarkably productive in Roman pottery, glass, and bronze. Camden considers the place to have been British, and the original name Lettuy, in British signifying public inns, and Lettidur, inns on a river, as Bedford in English, beds and inns at a ford, a speculation not very satisfactory. It is generally supposed, however, that the town is the Bedicanford of *The Saxon Chronicle*: "A.D. 571. This year Cuthulf fought against the Britons at Bedcanford [Bedford], and took four towns," &c. This name signifies "a fortress on a river," a designation of which the present name seems a corruption. It afterwards suffered greatly in the wars between the Saxons and the Danes, and was ultimately destroyed in 1010, by the latter, "ever burning as they went." Men-

tion is made of a fortress or citadel built on the south side of the river Ouse, by Edward the Elder, who, in 919, received the submission of all the neighbouring country.

In 921, the Danes fortified Tempsford, and attacked Bedford, but were repulsed with great slaughter. Edward besieged the Danes at Tempsford, destroyed the fortress, and put their King and many of the nobles to death. But the fortress which Edward had built would seem to have been destroyed by the Danes, or was found an inadequate defence, for Paine de Beauchamp, to whom the barony was given by William Rufus, considered it necessary to build, adjoining to the town, a very strong Castle, which was surrounded by a vast entrenchment of earth, as well as a lofty and thick wall. "While this Castle stood," says Camden, "there was no storm of civil war that did not burst upon it." In 1137 it sustained a long siege; but accounts vary exceedingly as to who were the defenders and what was their fate. Camden, without entering into the particulars, says, that Stephen took the fort with great slaughter; but Dugdale, who gives details, and quotes ancient authorities, says that the King obtained it by surrender, and granted honourable terms to the garrison. In 1216, William de Beauchamp, being possessed of the Barony of Bradford, took part with the rebellious barons, and received them into the Castle, which they were advancing to besiege. When, however, King John sent his favourite, Faukes de Brent, to summon the Castle, it was surrendered to him in a few days, and the King gave it to him, with the barony, for his services. Faukes, having greatly repaired and strengthened his Castle, for which purpose he is said to have pulled down the collegiate church of St. Paul, presumed so far upon its impregnable character as to set all law and authority at defiance. His outrages and depredations on his less powerful neighbour were such, that in the year 1224, the King's justices, then sitting at Dunstable, felt it their duty to take cognizance of his proceedings, and fined him in the sum of three thousand pounds. Faukes, being greatly provoked at this, sent his brother at the head of a party of soldiers to seize the judges and bring them prisoners to Bedford. They were forewarned of his intention, and two of them escaped; but one of them, Henry Braybrook, was taken and carried to the Castle, where he was most unmercifully treated. The King (Henry III.) being incensed at this and the other outrageous conduct of De Brent, determined to bring him to punishment. He therefore marched to Bedford in person, attended by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the principal peers of the realm. On this occasion, the Church was so provoked by Faukes's sacrilege, that the prelates and

abbots granted a voluntary aid to the King, and for every hide of their lands furnished two labourers to work the engines employed in the siege of the Castle. Camden quotes from the *Chronicle of Dunstable* a curious account of this siege, written by an eye-witness, from which it appears that the engines employed in that age for the destruction of men were little less ingenious and effective than those now in use. Faukes de Brent felt great confidence in the strength of the Castle, and disputed the ground by inches; but after a vigorous resistance of sixty days, no alternative remained but to surrender at discretion. The success of the besiegers is attributed chiefly to the use of a lofty wooden castle higher than the walls, which gave an opportunity of seeing all that passed therein. Faukes himself was not in the Castle when it surrendered; he took sanctuary in a church at Coventry, and through the mediation of the Bishop of Coventry, obtained the King's pardon, on condition of abjuring the realm. His brother William, the acting Governor of the Castle, with twenty-four Knights and eighty soldiers, were hanged; but Culmo, another brother, received the King's pardon.

Henry III., acting on the determination to uproot this "nursery of sedition," as Camden terms it, ordered the Castle to be dismantled, and the ditches to be filled up. The barony was restored to William de Beauchamp, with permission to erect a mansion-house on the site of the Castle; but with careful stipulations to prevent him from construing this into leave to build a fortress. The King's intentions as to the demolition of the Castle do not seem to have been executed to the letter; for the "ruinous Castle of Bedford" is mentioned about 250 years later; and Camden speaks of its ruins as still existing in his time, overhanging the river, on the east side of the town. At present not one stone of the fabric remains; but about 1820 its site might be very distinctly traced at the back of the Swan Inn, close to the old bridge: it forms a parallelogram, divided by a lane; and the site of the keep now makes an excellent bowling-green. The domain first became a dukedom when given to John, the third son of Henry IV. We have abridged most of these details from an excellent account of the Castle in the *Penny Cyclopædia*.

The town of Bedford is one of the most interesting places in England; and there is perhaps no English town of similar extent equal to Bedford in the variety and magnitude of its charitable and educational establishments. It has been greatly improved since a great fire, in 1724, consumed 100 houses, and in 1802, 72 houses. The communication between the parts of the town separated by the Ouse is a handsome

stone bridge of five arches, which was commenced in 1811, on the site of the old bridge of seven arches, which was popularly considered to have been built with the materials of the Castle demolished by Henry III.; but which Grose, the antiquary, understood to have been erected in the reign of Queen Mary, out of the ruins of St. Dunstan's Church, which stood on the south side of the bridge. The old Gaol was built on the bridge; here John Bunyan suffered one-and-fifty months' imprisonment in the reign of Charles II.; and held for many years the appointment of pastor to the Independent congregation at Bedford. His memory is still greatly revered, and the chair in which he used to sit is preserved in the vestry, as a sort of relic, with his vestry jug, the syllabub cup which was carried to and from his prison, his cabinet and case of weights, pocket-knife, &c. The cottage in which Bunyan was born, at Elstow, a short distance from Bedford, was demolished several years since; but in 1827 the interior remained as it was in Bunyan's time, with the remains of the closet in which in early life he worked as a tinker; there is also the old bathing-place at Bedford; and, although the site only of the house in which Bunyan died at Holborn Bridge is identified, his tomb in Bunhill-fields burial-ground has been restored.

Luton-Hoo, its Gothic Chapel.

Luton-Hoo, or High Luton, situate between St. Albans and Bedford, was the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Bute, which was destroyed by an accidental fire in November, 1843. It was originally the seat of the Napier family, but was nearly all rebuilt by John, third Earl of Bute, the first Minister of George III., who, in 1762, employed Adam as his architect, who took for his model the palace of Dioclesian, at Spalatro. It was completed in 1767, when Dr. Johnson, after visiting Luton-Hoo with Boswell, said: "This is one of the places I do not regret having come to see. It is a very stately palace indeed. In the house magnificence is not sacrificed to convenience. The library is very splendid. The dignity of the rooms is very great, and the quantity of pictures is beyond expectation—beyond hope." In the wing corresponding with that containing the library was the chapel, which was rebuilt by Smirke, and in which was preserved some exceedingly fine Gothic wainscot, enriched with carving and Latin sentences of Scripture in ancient characters; this was first put up at Tyttenhanger, in Hertfordshire, by Sir Thomas Pope, and was removed to Luton by the

Napier family. The mansion was destroyed in the above fire, except the outer walls; but the chapel was entirely consumed, save a portion of a richly-carved oak door, and the altar. As the chapel was a superb specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, it is fortunate that it has been ably illustrated by Mr. Henry Shaw, in a splendidly executed work.

The Luton chapel was of the latest and most florid period of Gothic architecture, displaying in the forms of some of its arches and mouldings a mixture of the Roman, which was coming into fashion at the period of its construction; but which afterwards degenerated into the grotesque style prevalent during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The whole of the interior presented a rich display of panel-work, beautifully carved in oak, and ornamented by an assemblage of elegant cornices, embattlements, niches, canopies, crockets, and finials, having the several accompaniments of stalls, seats, pulpit, and desk of tabernacle-work, surmounted by a gorgeous canopy, which was carried by several gradually diminishing stages to the height of more than eighteen feet from the floor. At the upper end was an altar-screen, consisting of two tiers of solid arch-work, charged with oak-leaves, vine-leaves, roses, lilies, and thistles; each containing ten niches for statues, and having their recesses finished with the most florid and fanciful tracery, of which a similar example will not easily be found in this country. There was also an altar in the highest state of preservation, which, Mr. Shaw tells us, was the most complete, if not the only specimen remaining of those numerous altars in our churches and monasteries, which were so indignantly destroyed in general either by the Reformers of the sixteenth, or the Puritans of the seventeenth century. From the inscriptions it appeared to have been the principal altar, framed after the model of the Ark of the Covenant, under the Jewish theocracy: the little loops or rings of wire still remained, on which were suspended the curtains of silk which veiled from vulgar gaze the emblem of the great mystery of Holiness. Like its sacred prototype, it was portable in size, being about three feet high from its base, hollow, and pierced with open-work at the sides, to make it light and more elegant; and when the curtain was drawn aside, admitting a partial view of the relics and sacred treasures inclosed. Such altars were actually carried in solemn procession on solemn occasions. They were also made hollow and of a square form, in accordance with the express direction contained in the twenty-seventh chapter of the book of Exodus.

Amongst the arrangements in this Chapel was one which was extraordinary, and perhaps unique, except in our modern vestry-rooms—that of a chimney-piece and fire-place. On each side of it, and above

it, were thirty-three vacant niches, with triple canopies, elaborately carved, and interspersed with crockets and finials, over which was a double cornice of ornamental work. On the horizontal ledge above the chimney-piece was a singular inscription from the Vulgate. (Genesis xxii. 7.)

Mr. Shaw describes the several inscriptions and embellishments of this truly interesting relic of antiquity, because, though the work must have evidently been executed before the Reformation, there was a total absence of the greater part of those corruptions of pure Christianity, which had been carried to the utmost point of endurance at the period immediately preceding that great event.

To form a just and adequate conception of the beauty, interest, and splendour of this Chapel, however, Mr. Shaw examined it on the spot. Considered as a work of art, it exhibited altogether a complete study of architecture and sculpture. Here was almost every form of arch, bidding defiance to all modern classifications. We had the semi-circular and the lancet-shaped; the obtuse-angled and the acute; the Roman segment and the Gothic ogee, with dressings and mouldings of every description—round, hollow, square, and undulating. There was also a profusion of embellishments in the cornices and embattlements, the niches, the pinnacles, the canopies, and the cupolas; exhausting all the varieties of fruits, and flowers, and foliages; of vines, and pomegranates, and lilies, and roses, which are generally found to be accompaniments of ecclesiastical architecture. Viewed as a religious structure, the appearance of this chapel was calculated to produce an impression of awe and admiration. The inscriptions were solemn, appropriate, and Scriptural. Every sentence, from the porch to the altar, was conducive to a feeling of sublimity and devotion.

Mr. Shaw concludes in these words, which have, indeed, a melancholy interest in connexion with the entire destruction of this chapel by fire:—"May the contemplation of such a work render us grateful to that Providence which has preserved it, and inspire us with that noble sentiment—'Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy House, and the place wherein the honour dwelleth.'"

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The Castle of Northampton.

Northampton, situated upon the north bank of the River Nene, is considered to have been, in the peace between Alfred and the Danes, included in the Danish territory, and to have submitted in 918 to Edward the Elder. In the reign of Ethelred II. Northampton was nearly ruined by the Danes, and about the close of the reign of Edward the Confessor it suffered from the Northumbrian army under Morcar, or from the King's troops under Harold, which, in consequence of civil dissensions, met here. After the Conquest, Simon de St. Liz, the first Earl of Northampton of that name, built a castle here, and in the following reigns several ecclesiastical councils and parliaments were held in the town. In 1144, King Stephen held his Court here, when Ranulf, Earl of Chester, was detained in prison until he had delivered up the Castle of Lincoln to the King. In 1179 was held at Northampton a parliament, to which Knights and Burgesses were summoned, as well as nobles and prelates, the first important approximation to our present Constitution. At this parliament Justices Itinerant were appointed to the six circuits in England. In 1215 the Barons, with their army, rendezvoused at Brackley the week after Easter, and there received the nobles from the King, to whom they delivered their demands; on the denial of which they elected Robert Fitzwalter their general, styling him the Marshal of the Army of God and of Holy Church, and then marched to the siege of Northampton Castle, which was successfully defended by the King's forces during fifteen days. In the year 1264, a treaty made at Brackley to settle the differences between the King and his Barons entirely failed. The King and Prince Edward then marched to Northampton Castle, which, after a desperate resistance, was taken; Simon de Montfort, William de Ferrers, with eleven other Barons and sixty Knights, were made prisoners. Towards the close of this King's reign the Castle was given to Fulke de Brent, and in a conflict between his soldiers and the townsmen, a considerable part of the town was burnt. In 1277, at Northampton, where was a Royal Mint, thirty Jews were hanged for clipping the King's coin; and in the following year 50 were hanged for having, it was pretended,

crucified a child on Good Friday. In 1316 a Parliament was held here by Edward II., at which John Poydras, the son of a tanner at Exeter, who pretended to be the real son of Edward I., and that the reigning monarch had been substituted at nurse in his stead, was tried and executed. In 1380, at a Parliament held here, 3 Richard II., was enacted the Poll Tax, the levying of which caused the insurrection under Wat Tyler.

In the commencement of the War of the Roses, a great battle was fought in Hardingstone Fields, near Northampton, 1459, July 9, in which the Lancastrians were defeated by the Earl of March, (afterwards Edward IV.,) and the "King-making" Earl of Warwick. The King, Henry VI., was taken prisoner, the Queen and the young Prince of Wales escaped with difficulty; and Humphrey Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, John Beaumont, the first English Viscount, Thomas Lord Egremont, Sir Christopher Talbot, and 10,000 men, were slain by the Earl of Warwick. The King was conducted in honourable captivity to London.

In the Civil War of Charles I., Northampton was taken by Lord Brook, and fortified for the Parliament. Of the Castle, which was near the West Bridge, there are only the earthworks; and of the town walls there are no traces.

There is an episode of the Civil War in this county which presents a noble example of attachment to the Royal Crown. This occurred at Woodcroft House, at Elton, about four miles from Peterborough. The building is an early and perfect specimen of English domestic architecture. The date of its erection is of the time of the first two Edwards. Originally, this must have been a place of some strength: it was surrounded by water, except at the western approach, and the walls are four feet in thickness. Though nothing remains of an embattled parapet, there can be little doubt that it possessed such provision for defence. The round bastion at the moat end was the scene of the historical incident we are about to relate.

Mr. Michael Hudson, "an understanding and sober person of great fidelity," was, from his sincerity, called by King Charles I., "his plain-dealing chaplain." When the troubles of the War commenced, Hudson, like some others of his profession, left his benefice, under an impression that his monarch demanded his personal aid; and King Charles having, as we are told, "an especial respect for his signal loyalty and courage," entrusted him with some important secrets as regarded his own proceedings. Hudson proved himself a courageous soldier, but being apprehended by the Parliamentary forces, he suffered a tedious

confinement. Escaping from his prison in London, he joined a body of Royalists who had fled to Woodcroft House. When attacked there by the Parliamentary forces, Hudson, with some of his bravest soldiers, went up to the battlements, where they defended themselves for some time. At length they yielded upon being promised quarter; but when the rebels were admitted they broke their engagement. Hudson was forced over the battlements, and clung to one of the stone spouts. His hands being either cut off or severely hacked and bruised by the swords of the soldiers, he quitted his hold and fell into the moat underneath; desiring only to reach the land and die there, this miserable boon was denied him, as, in attempting to reach the bank, he was knocked on the head with the butt-end of a musket and drowned.

In a Note in the *Builder* journal, the Editor recapitulates, in a very interesting manner, the attractions of the town of Northampton, which is "about two hours from London by the express train, and a centre whence numerous excursions may be made, instructive, fruitful, and delightful. The county, as every one probably knows, is full of historical associations, dating from the time when the Romans constructed a chain of forts along the banks of the River Nene to the Warwickshire Avon and further, up to the year 1675, when a large part of Northampton was burnt down. Hamtune, in Saxon times, or North Hamptune, as it was called soon after the Normans came, witnessed many important events. The Danes burnt it. Great councils were held here by Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., and others. Here the Barons swore allegiance to John in the year 1199; and afterwards, when they had made the King sign Magna Charta, Northampton Castle, amongst other castles, was given up to them as security for the fulfilment of the engagement. The last Parliament assembled in Northampton ordered the poll-tax which led to Wat Tyler's rebellion. One of the great battles between the Roses was fought in the fields close to the town, when the King, Henry VI., was taken prisoner. Burghley reminds us of Queen Elizabeth, Fotheringhay of Mary Queen of Scots, Tresham's triangular Lodge at Rushton, of the Gunpowder Plot; and Naseby, of the irretrievable defeat of Charles I. by Fairfax and Cromwell. Earthworks are not wanting, and architectural remains from the time of the Anglo-Saxons to that of the Tudors are plentiful. The works left by the former in England, indeed, cannot be fully studied without taking into consideration those to be found in the neighbourhood of Northampton. The churches of Brixworth, Barton, Barnack, and Brigstock,—all beginning with B, by the way,—are most important items in the group of works which remain to us, unquestion-

ably dating from before the Norman Conquest. Northampton itself has one of the only four Round Churches in England, resulting from the Crusades, St. Sepulchre's; also a very beautiful specimen of Anglo-Norman work, St. Peter's Church, and the best remaining Eleanor Cross.

"The Round Church, St. Sepulchre's, was built by Simon de St. Liz, the second Earl of Northampton, when he returned from the first Crusade, and is very rude and ugly. Round lofty columns form the annular aisle within, and are connected by pointed arches, which may or may not be original. At present the building is in a miserable condition, without interest of any sort except its age and origin. The later church, added to the Round in the thirteenth century, as at the Temple Church, London, has been lately restored, and, we believe, added to. Stones of two colours, call them white and brown, were originally used here somewhat indiscriminately. In the restoration and rebuilding, the colours have been varied with more regularity, and the result is a specimen of what has been wickedly termed the Holy Zebra style, at present somewhat wanting in repose. Time, however, the great harmonizer, will gradually lessen its garishness. The new work includes a considerable amount of carving, some of it very well executed. The angular buttresses of the later tower here project so considerably at the bottom, and decrease so regularly, as to continue the lines of the spire down to the ground with agreeable effect.

"It is worth noting that the calculations of the probable duration of life at certain ages known as the Northampton Table, and on which, though it is now thought of little value, the present system of Life Assurance was almost founded, were made by Dr. Price from the account of burials in this town during a period of forty-five years,—1735 to 1780."

Queen Eleanor's Cross, at Northampton.

The origin of the memorials, popularly known as the Eleanor Crosses, is now well known. Eleanor was the half-sister of Alphonso, King of Castile, and the sole child of Ferdinand the Third and Joanna of Ponthieu, and was married in 1254, when ten years of age, to Prince Edward of England, he being in his fifteenth year. She accompanied her husband to the Holy Land, where she is said to have saved his life by sucking the wound made by a poisoned weapon. The truth of this incident has been questioned, but, whether true or not, the belief in it bespeaks the character of Eleanor for affection and womanly devotion

"It is probable," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "that the legend of her sucking the wound is an invention of the romantic affection of a later day than hers; but if so, it serves to show what was the popular impression concerning the Princess. She was with her husband at Acre on that day when an assassin, sent by the Emir of Joppa on a pretence to treat, got access to the tent of the Prince, and while he was lying without his armour on a couch. The Prince threw out his arm to ward off the blow, and kicked out with his foot, throwing the fellow down on the floor; the latter, however, rose again, and wounded Edward in the forehead. The wound festered, the Master of the Temple recommended incision; Edward bade him cut, and, meanwhile, ordered Edmund his brother and John de Vesci to remove the Princess from the tent. This they did, she screaming all the while, and struggling hard. Edmund, with characteristic acerbity, remarked that it was better she should scream than England should mourn. It is certain she nursed her husband, but the more romantic legend does not appear until long after the event.

"Edward, in 1291, was bent on going to Scotland: the Queen had followed him, and was resting at the house of Robert de Weston, at Hardby, in Nottinghamshire, which is on the Lincolnshire side of the Trent, and but five miles from Lincoln. It was deep in autumn, some time about the second week in November, when those about the Queen found they must send for the King, and the news reached him that the soldier's wife would follow him no more. He came back and was with the Queen from the 20th of that month until the dark and mournful evening of the 28th of the same month set her free from suffering."

Crosses were erected to her memory, as Walsingham says, in "every place and town where the corpse rested (on its way from Hardby to Westminster.) The King commanded a cross of admirable workmanship to be erected to the Queen's memory, that prayers might be offered for her soul by all passengers, in which Cross he caused the Queen's image to be depicted." Although the chronicler so distinctly states the crosses to have been erected by the King's command, it is the well-grounded belief of recent writers that the Eleanor Crosses were erected at her own cost, and not as monuments of Edward's conjugal affection. The fact that all the accounts and charges for their erection were rendered to Eleanor's executors seems conclusive on this point; and we have no evidence in favour of the opinion that the works were executed by command of the King. Some Expense Rolls which have been preserved mention one cross at Lincoln, at Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, and St. Albans, all mainly the work of John de

Bello, or of Battle. There were others at Hardby, Geddington, Waltham, Cheapside, and Charing.

The Editor of the *Builder*, in his appreciative account of a recent visit to Northampton, states: "Of the fifteen crosses believed to have been originally erected, only three—those at Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham,—remain. The statues of Eleanor for the Northampton Cross, as well as for others, were by William de Hibernia, or Ireland, but seem to have been copied from the statue executed by Master William Torell, goldsmith, for the tomb in Westminster Abbey. The four statues still remaining in the Northampton Cross (all of the Queen) are graceful and dignified.

"The Northampton Cross, about a mile from the town, placed on a flight of steps that give it admirable firmness of aspect, is beautifully situated on rising ground at the side of the road, backed with trees, and with a charming view of the town in the distance on one side, it forms a picture that remains on the memory. The structure is in a fair state of repair, with the exception of the terminal, or fourth stage, but having been restored on various occasions, once at a period when less care was paid to the retention of old forms than is now the case, doubt is felt as to the correctness of some of the portions. We are disposed to think, however, that no considerable departure from the original was made.

"It is noticeable that under each statue, on four of the eight faces of the first stage, is sculptured a small projecting desk with an open book on it, for the most part defaced, but still obvious.

"It is sometimes said that these large Crosses form a class of structures wholly peculiar to England; but this is not correct. The *Schöne Brunnen* in the market-place of Nuremberg is a remarkably fine work of the same kind, larger and more elaborate than those dedicated to the *Chère Reine*,—the beloved of all England, as Walsingham calls her. If we remember rightly, however, this particular example is of somewhat later date."

Supplementary to these details we quote portions of the Rev. Mr. Hartshorne's very interesting account of the Northampton Cross: although, to preserve continuity of the narrative, a few repetitions of facts and circumstances may be unavoidable:—

"During the reign of Henry III. the English possessions in Gascony were much disturbed, and the king found it necessary to support himself both against Simon de Montfort, who had treacherously given up some of the principal fortresses, and also against Gaston de Bearn, the chief person who opposed him. This prince had indeed gone to

implore the assistance of Alphonso, King of Castile. The royal debts were heavy; there were difficulties in raising supplies for a war; and with the prospect of the King of Castile also being in arms against the English, Henry thought it would be more prudent to attempt negotiation with him, to propose a league, and to secure his friendship by the marriage of Prince Edward, his eldest son, with Eleanor, the half-sister of the King of Castile. He accordingly sent ambassadors to the Spanish court to request her in marriage for his son Edward, upon whom he had already settled the sovereignty of Guienne. Alphonso complied with this request on condition that the prince should be sent into Spain to complete it. To this Henry, after some hesitation, assented, and in 1254 Edward proceeded to Burgos, where he was graciously received by Alphonso, who knighted him, and celebrated the marriage with great pomp. The prince and his bride returned to Bordeaux, bringing with them a charter bearing a golden seal, by which the Spanish sovereign relinquished, in favour of them and their heirs, all claims upon the province of Guienne.

“The English did not regard this alliance with any favour. They said the King knew the habits and religion of the Spaniards, who were the very refuse of mankind, hideous in their persons, contemptible in their dress, and detestable in their manners. According to the statements of Matthew Paris it was a most unpopular match, though there can be no doubt it was a source of the greatest domestic happiness to the prince. Henry left Guienne in 1254. The prince and his wife remained till the following year. The apprehensions of the English with regard to this marriage were shortly verified. For soon after Eleanor's brother and a Spanish nobleman came over as ambassadors, as it was currently supposed, under the expectation of receiving valuable presents from the King. It does not, however, appear that they were personally any great gainers by their mission.

“Eleanor landed at Dover in October (39 Henry III.), and on the 17th reached London, where she was welcomed by Henry with much kindness. He presented her with a silver alms-dish, beside pieces of arras and gold cloth, the latter being sent to her on her arrival at Dover. These, with golden fermails and brooches, were intended for the princess to present at the shrines of St. Thomas at Canterbury and St. Edward at Westminster, on her way to the metropolis. The preparations that had been made for her reception were very unpopular with the citizens, who, as the chronicler says, were deeply grieved on a careful consideration of the pleasure manifested by the King at the presence of any foreigners.

“From the year 1256 to the time when Eleanor accompanied Prince Edward to the Holy Land but little is known of her. She probably resided at Guildford, or one of the royal castles,—most likely at Guildford, as apartments were ordered to be constructed here for her use in 1268. In 1271 she sailed with her husband for the Holy Land. It is almost superfluous to mention the affectionate care she evinced over her husband whilst he was occupied in this great Crusade, for the story of her endeavour to extract the poison from the wound he had received from an assassin is too well known to require repetition. It may however be stated, as this circumstance has been disputed on slight grounds, that its truth seems fully established by the narratives of Vikes and Heminford, two contemporary historians. It was in consequence of the Crusade preached at Northampton by Ottoboni in 1268, that Edward took up the cross and passed over to the Holy Land, with one hundred and four knights, besides eighteen nobles, who assumed it from the legate at the same time. Edward returned to England on August 1, 1274, and a fortnight afterwards was crowned in Westminster. In 1286 the affairs of Guienne required his presence in that province. He remained absent three years, two months, and fifteen days. The Chronicle of Lanercost states, that whilst he was abroad on this occasion, he and his queen sitting on the bedside together, and conversing, they narrowly escaped being killed by lightning. The electric fluid, passing through a window, struck two females behind them, and caused their death.

“We hear very little of Queen Eleanor from this time until her death;—a circumstance that shows how entirely she devoted herself to her husband and her domestic duties. No doubt she accompanied him in his various movements during the protracted wars with the Welsh and the Scotch. Edward had arrived in England in August 1289. In the same month, in 1290, we find him in Northamptonshire. I will not trace, from the Itinerary of his reign that I have drawn up, his residence day by day at Silveston, Blisworth, Yardley, Northampton, Geddington, and Rockingham. I will merely state that he was at Northampton, no doubt resident in the Castle, from August 17th to August 29th, when he passed northwards to Kings Clipston, Notts. On the 20th November we find him at Hardby, where he remained until the 28th. Queen Eleanor died on the evening of the 28th, of a low and lingering fever. The latest date on which we find any mention of the king and queen as being together is when they were here in the month of August, on which occasion a messenger was paid for carrying their joint letters to Clare Earl of Gloucester. On the 28th of October there is a payment

of one mark to Henry Montpelier for syrup and other medicine, purchased at Lincoln for the queen's use. During her illness she was attended by her household physician, Master Leopard, to whom she bequeathed a legacy of twenty marks. For three days after her decease no public business was transacted. Her body was immediately opened and embalmed. I well remember reading in her Wardrobe Account, sold a few years since by auction in London, the entries relating to this process, the cost of the myrrh and frankincense, and, what struck me as more remarkable, a charge for barley for filling the body. The viscera were deposited in the cathedral of Lincoln. Her heart was conveyed by her own desire for sacred interment in the church of the Black Friars in London. The Expense Rolls of the executors give full particulars of the cost of executing the monuments erected at each of these places.

"The King himself was at Lincoln on the 2nd and 3rd of December, at Northampton on the 9th, at St. Albans on the 13th, at London the following day. The account left us by the annalist of Dunstable, of the circumstances attending the arrival of the funeral train at this monastery, represents generally what occurred at every place where the funeral procession halted. After noting the death of the queen, he says 'her body passed through our town, and rested one night. Two precious cloths, baudekyns, were given unto us. Of wax we had eight pounds and more. And when the body of the said queen was departing from Dunstable, the bier rested in the centre of the Market-place until the king's chancellor and the great men then and there present had marked a fitting place where they might afterwards erect a cross of wonderful size; our prior being present, and sprinkling holy water.'

"The Queen was buried with great magnificence, at the feet of her husband's father, in Westminster Abbey, on the 17th of December; and on the 15th her heart was deposited in the church of the Black Friars, where a chapel was afterwards built for its reception. The King remained at Westminster for a week afterwards, and then went to Ashridge, where he dwelt in melancholy seclusion for a month.

"According to the usage of the time, splendid and perpetual commemorations of her death was enjoined in several places. Her anniversary was celebrated also at Peterborough and other abbeys with great liberality.

"It has been stated by Walsingham that Crosses were erected at the spots where her body rested on its way from Hardby to London. Thus we have mention made, in the Expense Rolls, of a cross at Lincoln, at Northampton, Stoney Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, and St. Albans;

all of them the work of John de Bello. These were all erected between 1291 and 1294. As the entries of payment for these works mingle them together, it is difficult to ascertain what was the cost of any one; but, proceeding by way of equal distribution, John de Battle would receive 134*l.* for the cross at Northampton, exclusive of the payments for statues, which were the work of William de Ireland, who received five marks for each of them. Robert, the son of Henry, a burgess of Northampton, received 40*l.* and sixty marks, for laying down a causeway from Northampton to the cross,—as it is said, ‘*pro animâ reginæ*,’ the construction of such a work being deemed an act of devotion. There are also payments of 25*l.* and seven marks made to Robert de Corfe and to William de Ireland for a ‘*virga*,’ a head, and ring (‘*pro virgâ capitibus, et anulis*’),—architectural terms, which involve some difficulty in explanation.

“The exquisite representations of the queen were sculptured in London by William de Ireland, ‘*iminator*,’ or the sculptor. William de Bernak, mason, received 73*s.* 4*d.* for their carriage, and that of the head and lance of the cross, from London.

“Doubts have often been raised as to the manner in which the cross was terminated; but an entry on the accounts leads me to suppose it was finished by a figure,—most likely that of the Virgin, as William de Ireland was paid 6*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* on one occasion, for making five images for the cross at Northampton. Therefore it is evident that a figure of some kind was imposed above the four of the queen now remaining. A desire has been often expressed to see the summit completed; but as long as it is highly uncertain what was the original termination, it would be injudicious to attempt what must necessarily be a fanciful and unsanctioned restoration.

“In conclusion, it may be desirable to make a few remarks on the effigies of Queen Eleanor herself, that are so graceful in their draperies, and so replete with dignity and classical beauty. Flaxman said that the statues of Henry III. and Eleanor, in Westminster Abbey, partook of the character and grace particularly cultivated in the school of Pisano: and it is not unlikely that these statues may have been done by some of his numerous scholars. The Executorial Rolls printed by Mr. Botfield bear out this conjecture, as they state that the designer of the effigies of Eleanor at Westminster and Lincoln was William Torell, a goldsmith. Her statue was modelled in wax; and there is an entry or bringing seven hundred and twenty-six pounds from the house of Torell. This enables us to account for the resemblance that exists betwixt the queen’s effigy in Westminster Abbey and the countenance

as exhibited in this cross and that of Northampton. The features of all these figures are precisely the same. They bear indisputable marks of coming from the same chisel. This remarkable resemblance was evidently the result of all of them being sculptured by the same artist.

“Three of these crosses still remain. Those at Northampton and Waltham are included in the Expense Rolls. The one at Geddington is not mentioned: this is still in excellent preservation. As a work of art it is, however, unequal to the two others, though in itself admirable in design and workmanship. It was evidently the work of a different artist. The diapered pattern running up the shaft is singularly elegant. We must accept all of them, however, as the most faithful copies of the copper-gilt effigies at Westminster that could be executed. The placid expression that is stamped on the queen’s countenance could have been no imaginary creation; and in looking upon it we may believe we have before us as faithful a resemblance of this illustrious lady as it was possible to produce at the period. These monuments must always be regarded as the most beautiful specimens of British sculpture we possess. For refinement and serenity, for the feeling of majesty and repose they exhibit, they can scarcely be surpassed. Unquestionably, they are the faithful reflections of Eleanor herself.

“It would be difficult to conceive more suitable memorials than these to testify the feeling of regret that has pervaded all England under the recent loss it has sustained in the death of its most illustrious Prince. Those who come after us would gaze upon them as we do, but with still higher associations and deeper sentiments of admiration; because, whilst the Crosses of Eleanor call merely to remembrance her domestic graces, a monument to Prince Albert would be a memorial to declare to posterity how cherished has he ever been in his adopted country, and how sincerely beloved for his spotless character and his public virtue.”



Burghley House and the Lord of Burghley.

The precise locality of this fine old manorial domain is upon the northern or Lincolnshire border of the county of Northampton, at about a mile and a-half south-east of the river Welland, which here forms the boundary between the two counties.

Northamptonshire contains nearly 150 seats, many of them in picturesque parks or grounds, and interesting for their architectural beauty and historical associations. But the most important “proper house

and home" in the county, either as regards extent or architectural character, is Burghley House, either built or greatly improved by the Lord High Treasurer Burghley, the manor having been purchased by his father, Richard Cecil, into whose possession, however, by another statement, it came through his wife, Jane Heckington; and the Lord Treasurer writes in 1585: "My house of Burghley is of my mother's inheritance, who liveth, and is the owner thereof, and I but a farmer." A vulgar error was prevalent at one time, that the manor-house was erected wholly or in part, at the expense of Queen Elizabeth. On the death of the Lord Treasurer, in 1598, the manor devolved upon his eldest son, Thomas, the second Lord Burghley, who was made a Knight of the Garter by Elizabeth, and elevated two steps in the peerage by James I., with the title of Earl of Exeter. James I., on his journey from Scotland, in 1603, to ascend the throne of England, came to Burghley on the 23rd of April, and passed Easter Sunday there. The youngest son of the Treasurer, the celebrated Minister, Sir Robert Cecil, was created Earl of Salisbury by James the same day that his eldest brother was made Earl of Exeter; but he being created in the morning, and so before Lord Exeter, the descendants of the younger branch of the family had right of precedence over the elder.

The entrance-lodge and screen to this noble domain were built in 1801, at an expense of 5000*l.* Thorpe was the architect of Burghley. Cecil took upon himself to obtain some of the materials from Flanders, in which he was assisted by Sir Thomas Gresham. The dates on the building show Cecil's share. Shortly after his promotion to the peerage, he wrote to a friend: "My stile is Lord of *Burghley*, if you mean to know it for wrytyng, and if you list to wryte truly: *the poorest lord in England!*" Burghley is a magnificent exemplar of the architecture of the reign of Elizabeth and James I. It is built of freestone, in the form of a parallelogram; the chimneys are Doric pillars, connected at top by a frieze and cornice; surrounded by ugly piles of buildings, from which on the east side, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian orders rise one above another, with large niches on each side. Above the Corinthian order, the uppermost of the three, are two large stone lions rampant, supporting the family arms. The spire of the Chapel rises from hence. The pillars on the opposite, or western end, are plain Doric; the windows on the north and south, pure modern Gothic. On each side is a gateway with an elliptical arch. The turrets, cupolas, and spires, at a distance, give the mansion the appearance of a town. Another beautiful feature is the fine architectural gardens. We delight in its wide and level terraces, decorated with rich stone balus-

trades, and these again with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps—its clipped evergreen hedges—its embowered alleys—its formal, yet intricate parterres, full of curious knots of flowers—its lively and musical fountains—its steep slopes of velvet turf—its trim bowling-green—and the labyrinth and wilderness, which form an appropriate termination, and connect it with the ruder scenery without.

Burghley has a magnificent interior, containing 145 rooms. The lofty Hall has an open oak roof and carved pendants. At the south end, beneath a very fine armorial window, is a buffet of gold plate, some of which was presented to the family by King James, Queen Anne, and George I. At the north end is the Music Gallery, for 50 performers. The Chapel has some splendid carving by Gibbons, and a fretwork ceiling; arranged on each side are ten antique life-sized figures in bronze. It is related that Queen Elizabeth, when a visitor at Burghley, regularly attended divine service in this chapel, and it was her custom to place herself on the left side, nearest the altar, which has ever since been distinguished as "Queen Elizabeth's Seat." Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, when they visited the Marquis of Exeter, in the autumn of 1844, also performed their morning devotions in the Chapel. The Grand Staircase, with its vaulted roof and decorated archways, is very curious. Burghley is sumptuously furnished with State Beds: one of the most superb is Queen Elizabeth's, which has hangings of green velvet on a ground of gold tissue, and a set of chairs to correspond. The room is hung with tapestry of Actæon and Diana, Bacchus, Ariadne, and Acis and Galatæa. In the Black Chamber is an old bed of black satin, superbly embroidered with flowers, and lined with gold-colour. The room is hung with fine old tapestry, has a carved chimney-piece by Gibbons, and a window of armorial glass. The State Dressing-room has a coved ceiling, decorated by Verrio, and is hung with tapestry. The New State Bedchamber has a state bed, said to be the most superb in Europe, with hangings of 250 yards of velvet and 900 yards of satin; and a mythological ceiling by Verrio. The Jewel Chamber is of cedar, oak, and walnut. In the Dining-room are two silver cisterns, one weighing 3400, and the other 656 ounces, besides some superb coronation plate. The Kitchen is one of the *curiosities* of the mansion: it is very lofty, and has a groined ceiling, of earlier style even than the mansion built by the great Lord Burghley; at one end is a large painting of a carcass of beef, as the true ensign armorial of English hospitality. Burghley has a very fine collection of paintings by old masters. Among the family pictures is a

large work by Lawrence, and known in the collection as "The Cottager's Daughter," containing three portraits—the Earl of Exeter, the Countess Sarah, and Lady Sophia. When the Earl was a minor, Mr. Henry Cecil, he married the beautiful Emma Vernon; he lost his money by gambling; and he got rid of his wife, after fifteen years of wedlock, by a divorce, in 1791. After the separation, the Earl, his uncle, advised him to retire into the country for some time, and pass as a private gentleman. Mr. Cecil accordingly fixed his residence at Bolas, in a remote part of Shropshire, at a small inn, where for some months he assumed the name of Jones. He took a dislike to the situation, and sought out a farmhouse, where he might board and lodge. Some families refused to receive him; but at length, by the liberality of his offers, and the knowledge of his possessing money, a farmer had rooms fitted up for his accommodation. Here he continued to reside for two years; but time hanging heavy on his hands, he purchased some land, on which he built himself a house. The farmer (Mr. Hoggins,) at whose house Mr. Cecil resided, had a daughter, about seventeen years of age, whose rustic beauty threw into the shade all that he had ever beheld in the circle of fashion. Although placed in a humble sphere, Mr. Cecil perceived that her beauty would adorn and her virtue shed a lustre on the most elevated station. He therefore frankly told the farmer and his wife that he was desirous of marrying their daughter; and the celebration of their nuptials was accordingly consummated in October, 1791. Already two children were born, it is reported, of this marriage (but, if so, they must have died early,) when in 1793, a search after the hidden heir of the then dying Earl of Exeter, resulted in the discovery at Bolas. The Earl died, his nephew succeeded, and his wife accompanied him to Burghley, unconscious of her being a Countess. Mr. Cecil (now Earl of Exeter), taking his wife with him, set out on his journey, and called at the seats of several noblemen, at which places, to the great astonishment of his wife (now, of course, a Countess), they were welcomed in the most friendly manner. At length they arrived at Burghley, where they were received with acclamations. As soon as he had settled his affairs, the Earl of Exeter returned into Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, placed them in the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of 700*l.* per annum. He afterwards took his Countess with him to London, and introduced her to his family connexions, by whom she was respected, admired, adored, until it pleased the great Disposer of Events to call the spirit to a life of more lasting happiness.

Upon the above most interesting subject Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Poet-Laureate (a son of the Rev. Dr. Tennyson, rector of Somersby, Lincolnshire), has produced the following beautiful ballad-form composition:—

THE LORD OF BURGHLEY.

“ In her ear he whispers gaily
 ‘ If my heart by signs can tell,
 Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
 And I think thou know’st me well.’
 She replies in accents fainter,
 ‘ There is none I love like thee.’
 He is but a landscape painter,*
 And a village maiden she :
 He to lips that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof ;
 Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave their father’s roof.
 ‘ I can make no marriage present,
 Little can I give my wife,
 Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life.’
 Then by park and lodges going,
 See the lordly castles stand ;
 Summer woods about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land.
 From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
 ‘ Let us see these handsome houses,
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell.’
 So she goes by him attended,
 Hears him lovingly converse,
 Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
 Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and order’d gardens great,
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.
 All he shows her makes him dearer,
 Evermore she seems to gaze
 On that cottage growing nearer,
 Where the twain will spend their days.
 O but she will love him truly !
 He shall have a cheerful home ;
 She will order all things duly,
 When beneath his roof they come.”

They came to a majestic mansion, where the domestics bowed before the young lover, whose wife then, for the first time, discovered his rank.

“ All at once the colour flushes
 Her sweet face from brow to chin ;
 As it were with shame she blushes,
 And her spirit changed within.

* This is poetical license.

Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove ;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank,
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness,
To all duties of her rank.
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew and ever fainter,
As she murmured, 'Oh that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me !'
So she drooped, and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side,
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping, late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burghley,
Burghley House by Stamford town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
'Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed.'
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest."

The Countess survived for four years, and was the mother of three sons and a daughter, when she died in 1797, at the age of about twenty-four, and of something like *ennui*, and a consciousness, it is said, of want of qualification for the station which she occupied. Her lord was not an inconsolable widower. He married, for the third time, with Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Burrell, sister of the first Lord Gwydyr, and relict of the Duke of Hamilton. The Shropshire farmer's daughter was a most estimable lady. Through *her* daughter, who married the Hon. Mr. Pierrepont, whose only daughter became the wife of the late Lord Charles Wellesley, the Shropshire blood of the stout yeoman, Hoggins, flows in the veins of the future Duke of Wellington. Reality, after all, is as wonderful as romance.—*Atbenæum*, No. 2181.

The Castle of Fotheringhay.

This celebrated seat of the House of York, on the north bank of the river Nen, in Northamptonshire, was formerly built by Simon de St. Liz, or by the second Earl of Northampton, early in the twelfth century. Here was born Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Oct. 2, 1452.

Edmund of Langley, on taking possession, found Fotheringhay so much dilapidated as to induce him to rebuild the greater part of it, in ground-plan the form of a *fetterlock*. The *fetterlock*, inclosing a falcon, was afterwards the favourite device of the family. Whilst they were contending for the crown, the falcon was represented as endeavouring to expand its wings, and force open the lock. When the family had actually ascended the throne, the falcon was represented as *free*, and the lock *open*.

The Castle is most memorable as the last of the prison-houses of Mary Queen of Scots; and here she closed her life of bitter suffering and sorrow, February 8, 1587. We quote the sad scene from Mignet's touching History. The unfortunate Queen having been informed by the Earl of Shrewsbury, that she was to die "about eight o'clock on the morning of the morrow," on the Earl retiring, she devoted her last hours to consoling her servant, and making her withdraw at nearly two o'clock in the morning when she had finished writing. Feeling somewhat fatigued, and wishing to preserve or restore her strength for the final moment, she went to bed. Her women continued praying; and, during the last repose of her body, though her eyes were closed it was evident, from the slight motion of her lips, and a sort of rapture spread over her countenance, that she was addressing herself to Him on whom alone her hopes now rested. At daybreak, she arose, saying she had only two hours to live. She picked out one of her handkerchiefs with a fringe of gold, as a bandage for her eyes on the scaffold, and dressed herself with a stern magnificence. Having assembled her servants, she made Bourgoin, her physician, read over to them her will, which she then signed; and afterwards gave them the letters, papers, and presents, of which they were to be the bearers to the princes of her family and her friends on the Continent. She had already distributed to them, on the previous evening, her rings, jewels, furniture and dresses; and she now gave them the purses which she had prepared for them, and in which she had enclosed, in small sums, the five thousand crowns which remained over to her. With finished grace, and with affecting kind-

ness, she mingled her consolations with her gifts, and strengthened them for the affliction into which her death would soon throw them. "You could not see," says an eye-witness, "any change, neither in her face, nor in her speech, nor in her general appearance; she seemed to be giving orders about her affairs just as if she were merely going to change her residence from one house to another."

She now retired to her oratory, where she was for some time engaged in reading the prayers for the dead. A loud knocking at the door interrupted these funeral orisons; she bade the intruders wait a few minutes.

"Shortly afterwards, eight o'clock having struck, there was a fresh knocking at the door, which this time was opened. The sheriff entered, with a white wand in his hand, advanced close to Mary, who had not yet moved her head, and pronounced these few words: 'Madam, the lords await you, and have sent me to you.' 'Yes,' replied Mary, rising from her knees, 'let us go.' Just as she was moving away, Bourgoin handed to her the ivory crucifix which stood on the altar; she kissed it, and ordered it to be carried before her. Not being able to support herself alone, on account of the weakness of her limbs, she walked, leaning on two of her own servants, to the extremity of her apartments. Having arrived at that point, they, with peculiar delicacy, which she felt and approved, desired not to lead her themselves to execution, but entrusted her to the support of two of Paulet's servants, and followed her in tears. On reaching the staircase, where the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent awaited Mary Stuart, and by which she had to descend into the lower hall, at the end of which the scaffold had been raised, they were refused the consolation of accompanying her further. In spite of their supplications and lamentations they were separated from her; not without difficulty, for they threw themselves at her feet, kissed her hands, clung to her dress, and would not quit her. When they had succeeded in removing them, she resumed her course with a mild and noble air, the crucifix in one hand and a prayer-book in the other, dressed in the widow's garb, which she used to wear on days of great solemnity. She evinced the dignity of a queen, along with the calm composure of a Christian. At the foot of the staircase she met her *maître-d'hôtel*, Andrew Melvil, who had been permitted to take leave of her, and who, seeing her thus walking to her execution, fell on his knees, and, with his countenance bathed in tears, expressed his bitter affliction. Mary embraced him, thanked him for his constant fidelity, and enjoined him to report exactly to her son all that he knew, and all that he was about to witness 'It will be,' said Melvil, 'the most sor-

rowful message I ever carried, to announce that the queen, my sovereign and dear mistress, is dead.' 'Thou shouldst rather rejoice, good Melvil,' she replied, employing for the first time this familiar mode of address, 'that Mary Stuart has arrived at the close of her misfortunes. Thou knowest that this world is only vanity, and full of troubles and misery. Bear these tidings, that I die firm in my religion, a true Catholic, a true Scotchwoman, a true Frenchwoman. May God forgive those who have sought my death. The Judge of the secret thoughts and actions of men knows that I have always desired the union of Scotland and England. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have never done anything that could prejudice the welfare of the kingdom, or his quality as king, nor derogated in any respect from our sovereign prerogative.'"

The sentence was then read to her. She made a short speech, in which she repeated the words so frequently in her mouth, "I am queen born, not subject to the laws," and declared that she had never sought the life of her cousin Elizabeth. She then began to recite in Latin the Psalms of penitence and mercy, a pious exercise rudely interrupted by the Dean of Peterborough and the Earl of Kent.

"Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress, but she motioned him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such *valets-de-chambre*. She then called Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time on their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office in tears. To prevent the utterance of their grief, she placed her finger on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would show more firmness. 'Instead of weeping, rejoice,' she said; 'I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause.' She then laid down her cloak, and took off her veil, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety, flowered with velvet. Then seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them: and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did weeping. At the same time she knelt down with great courage, and still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of

confidence, 'My God, I have hoped in you; I commit myself to your hands.' She imagined that she would have been struck in the mode usual in France, in an upright posture, and with the sword. The two masters of the works perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block, which she did without ceasing to pray. There was a universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this heroic courage, this admirable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand: the axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of the head, and wounded her, yet she made no movement, nor uttered a complaint. It was only on repeating the blow that the executioner struck off her head, which he held up, saying, 'God save Queen Elizabeth.' 'Thus,' added Dr. Fletcher, 'may all her enemies perish.'" It is added, that when the fatal blow was struck, "her face was, for a moment, so much altered that few could remember her by her dead face, and her lips stirred up and down a quarter of an hour after her head was cut off."—(Ellis's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 117.)

During her imprisonment here, Queen Mary wrote on a sheet of paper, in a large rambling hand, some verses in French, of which the following is a literal translation :

"Alas! what am I, and in what estate?
A wretched corse, bereaved of its heart,
An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate;
To die is now in life my only part.
For, to my greatness, let your envy rest,
In use no taste for grandeur now is found;
Consum'd by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,
Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.
And you, my friend, who still have held me dear,
Bethink you that when health and heart are fled,
And every hope of future good is dead,
'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;
And that this punishment on earth is given,
That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in heaven."

Immediately before her execution, Queen Mary repeated a Latin prayer, composed by herself, and which has been set to a beautiful plaintive air, by Dr. Harington, of Bath: it may be thus paraphrased:

"In this last solemn and tremendous hour,
My Lord, my Saviour, I invoke Thy power!
In these sad pangs of anguish and of death,
Receive, O Lord, Thy suppliant's parting breath!
Before Thy hallowed cross, she prostrate lies,
O hear her prayers, commiserate her sighs!
Extend Thy arms of mercy and of love,
And bear her to Thy peaceful realms above."

The relics of the ill-fated Queen, her prison-houses, and memorials of her captivity, are very numerous. The Lauder family, of Grange and Fountain Hall, possess her *Memento Mori* watch, they having inherited it from their ancestors, the Setoun family. It was given by Queen Mary to Mary Setoun, of the house of Wintoun, one of the four Marys, maids of honour to the Scottish Queen. This very curious relic must have been intended to be placed on a *prie-dieu*, or small altar in a private oratory; for it is too heavy to have been carried in any way attached to the person. The watch is of the form of a skull: on the forehead is the figure of Death, standing between a palace and a cottage; around is this legend from Horace: "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.*" On the hind part of the skull is a figure of Time, with another legend from Horace: "*Tempus edax rerum tuque invidiosa vetustas.*" The upper part of the skull bears representations of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and of the Crucifixion, each with Latin legends; and between these scenes is open-work, to let out the sound when the watch strikes the hours upon a small silver bell, which fills the hollow of the skull, and receives the works within it when the watch is shut.

The Athol family possesses another interesting memorial of the unfortunate Queen in the Royal Harp, presented by her to the daughter of George Gardyn, after a magnificent hunt and banquet given to her Majesty by the Earl of Athol, in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, now also honoured as the abode of royalty. This harp had in front of the upper arm the Queen's portrait, and the arms of Scotland, both in gold. On the right side, in the circular space, near the upper end of the forearm, was placed a jewel of considerable value; and on the opposite side, in a similar circular space, was fixed another precious stone; of all which it was despoiled in the Rebellion, 1745.

The Battle-field of Naseby.

The village of Naseby, in the north-western portion of Northamptonshire, stands upon an eminence, supposed to be *the highest ground in England*; and a field about a mile northward is celebrated in history as the site of the battle which determined the fate of the Royal cause, on the 14th of June, 1645.

King Charles I. had, a fortnight before, taken Leicester by storm, and marching southward by Harborough to Daventry, compelled Fairfax to raise the siege of Oxford, in order to oppose him. On the

approach of the Parliamentary forces, under Fairfax and Cromwell, to Northampton, Charles retreated to the neighbourhood of Harborough, but finding his enemies close in pursuit, he determined to turn upon them. The battle was fought at Naseby, and each side mustered about 8000 or 9000 men. The right wing of each army, the Royalists under Rupert, and the Parliamentarians under Cromwell, was victorious; but while Rupert wasted his advantage by an inconsiderate pursuit, Cromwell decided the day by charging the Royalist centre in the flank and rear. The victory was decisive: the Royalists had 800 killed and wounded, the Parliamentarians rather more; but they took 4000 prisoners and all the artillery, besides other spoils of the greatest importance.

Such is the outline of this decisive and memorable conflict. In the autumn of 1827, Sir Richard Phillips *walked over the battle-field*, and his observations supplement the historical details, and add considerably to their interest. "The Parliament forces," says Sir Richard, "were in possession of Naseby, and the Royal army advanced up the rising ground to attack and dislodge them. The heat of the battle was in the ascent towards the trees. Cromwell practised among these hills as Wellington did at Waterloo—he concealed his masses behind the acclivities; and the assailants were surprised, and easily repulsed with great loss. Charles fled, and was pursued through Harborough even to Leicester, a distance of twenty-five miles. The women and baggage of his army were captured about six miles from the field; and in retaliation for a similar slaughter of parliament women in Cornwall, these women (the officers' wives, and even some ladies of rank), were in a merciless and atrocious manner put at once to the sword. I was shown the place on my way to Harborough—and we may hope that the crime was committed without the knowledge of superiors in the fury of the pursuit, perhaps by men who had lost their wives in the Cornish affair. It was, however, a cowardly and cruel retaliation, and disgraceful to the great cause for which at the time the Parliament forces were contending.

"At Naseby, they still show the table at which the council of the Parliament officers deliberated before the battle; and close to which rises the spring that originates the Welland. On the same hill rises also the famous Avon, the Nen, and the Swift, all following in different directions, and thereby proving that Naseby is the highest land in several adjoining counties. I distinguished from it Mount Sorrel at thirty miles distance, and all the high lands within forty or fifty miles. I collected but one bullet on the field; but I was told that tourists and

antiquaries have made every relic scarce. The lordship had recently been divided and inclosed, so that in the next generation hedges and trees will disguise the site of the lately open field where the battle was fought. An elegant pillar has been erected on the field with the following appropriate inscription:—

“TO COMMEMORATE THE GREAT AND DECISIVE BATTLE FOUGHT ON THIS FIELD, ON THE 14 JUNE, 1645, BETWEEN THE ROYALIST ARMY, COMMANDED BY HIS MAJESTY KING CHARLES I., AND THE PARLIAMENT FORCE, HEADED BY THE GENERALS FAIRFAX AND CROMWELL; WHICH TERMINATED FATALLY FOR THE ROYAL CAUSE, AND LED TO THE SUBVERSION OF THE THRONE, THE ALTAR, AND THE CONSTITUTION, AND FOR YEARS PLUNGED THIS NATION INTO THE HORRORS OF ANARCHY AND CIVIL WAR—LEAVING A USEFUL LESSON TO BRITISH KINGS, NEVER TO EXCEED THE BOUNDS OF THEIR JUST PREROGATIVE—AND TO BRITISH SUBJECTS, NEVER TO SWERVE FROM THE ALLEGIANCE DUE TO THEIR LEGITIMATE MONARCH.”

After King Charles had surrendered himself to the Scots, at Newark, and been delivered into the hands of the Parliamentary Commissioners, he was brought to Holmby, about six miles north-west of Northampton, as described in the next page.

It has been suggested that the bones of those who fell at Naseby were collected some years after the battle, and transferred to the church of Rothwell, probably soon after the Revolution. The flower of England fell at Naseby; and it is thought that the bones were gathered from the trenches in which the bodies were probably laid, and carried to the crypt, where they were piled in regular order, layers of skulls alternating with layers of bones. All are the bones of male adults, and belong to one generation, and there are said to have been originally 30,000 skulls. In addition to Naseby, Bosworth field, in the adjoining county, might have contributed its thousands. The suggestion has its probabilities, but the identity is involved in much doubt.



Holmby House : Seizure of Charles I.

Of Holdenby, or Holmby House, on a rising ground about six miles north-west of Northampton, there exist but the gates and some out-buildings. Still the site will ever be memorable as almost the closing scene in the unkingship of the ill-fated Charles I. The mansion was built by Sir Christopher Hatton, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, with much magnificence, in contrast with which the eventful scene we are about to describe presents a saddening effect.

After the King had surrendered himself to the Scots at Newark,

through the arrangement made by the Scottish Army with the English Parliament, he was conducted to Holmby House, where he assumed, though always under the surveillance of the Commissioners of the Parliament, something of the sovereign state. He gave receptions to the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and accepted the homage rendered him by the common people; but his chief time appears to have been divided between the bowling-green of Althorpe, the correspondence or conversation with his adherents, and his favourite chess-board. It was not long, however, that he was permitted to enjoy this calm. Ere a few months had passed, his confidential friends were dismissed, and his chaplains denied admittance. The struggle pending between the Army and the Parliament to decide whose captive he was to be, soon approached a crisis. The Army, conscious of its increasing power, determined to assert its authority. By means of a petition conveyed to the King, in which the army-leaders hinted at restoring him "to his honour, crown, and dignity," they had contrived to inspire his Majesty with some confidence in their intentions, and he fell with facility into the plot they had arranged for getting him into their hands.

It happened then, one afternoon, when the King was playing bowls on the green at Althorpe, that the attention of the Commissioners who accompanied him was directed to a strange soldier in the uniform of Fairfax's regiment, who mingled in the throng of spectators and evinced no little curiosity as to what was passing. At length, Colonel Greaves, who commanded the slender garrison of Holmby, accosted the man, and inquired what was going on in the Army? and, to encourage him, bade him not be afraid. The soldier confidently answered that he was "not afraid of him or of any man in the kingdom," and then proceeded in a tone of authority to inveigh against the Parliament. There had run a rumour that a large body of cavalry was in the neighbourhood, and the Colonel asked the stranger whether he had heard of them. "I have done more than hear of them," said the man, "for I saw them yesterday within thirty miles of Holmby." At this a whisper circulated; the mysterious visitor was regarded with apprehension; the King left his recreation; the guards at Holmby House were doubled; and the Earl of Dumfermling, who was present, started off to London to apprise the Parliament that his Majesty was carried away against his will.

A few hours later a squadron of fifty horse, led by the suspicious stranger just spoken of, drew up before the house. Upon being asked who commanded them, they answered "All command!" Their leader, who proved to be one Joyce, a cornet, requested to speak with the

Commissioners, to whom he pretended that, hearing there was an intention to steal the King away, the Army had sent this body of cavalry to protect him. He was permitted to place his guards, and the Commissioners promised that he should shortly receive their commands.

Late at night Joyce and the cavalry again appeared. This time the Cornet demanded to speak with the King. The Commissioners appear to have held him for some time in parley, as he afterwards complained that they kept him in discourse till the King was asleep. All this while the soldiers within were fraternizing with the new-comers, and instead of opposing them, flung open the gates for their admittance. Joyce then set sentinels at the chamber-doors of the Commissioners, and made his way with two or three more to the King's sleeping-room, knocked at the door, and demanded admittance. The grooms of the chamber inquired if the Commissioners approved of this intrusion. Joyce rudely answered, "No," and went on to say that he had ordered a guard to be stationed at their bedroom doors, and that his instructions were from those who feared them not. The noise of this conversation awoke the King, who rose out of his bed and caused the door to be opened; whereupon Joyce and two or three of his companions came into the chamber with their hats off and pistols in their hands. The Cornet commenced his business by an apology for disturbing his Majesty's sleep, but said he had imperative commands to remove him to the Army without delay. The King demanded that the Commissioners should be sent for. The soldier told him that the Commissioners had nothing now to do but to return back to the Parliament. The King then asked for a sight of the instructions the Cornet held for securing his person. Joyce said his commission came from "the soldiery of the Army." The King objected, "that is no lawful authority," and added, "I pray, Mr. Joyce, deal ingenuously with me, and tell me whence are your instructions." The Cornet, turning round and pointing to his troopers, who were drawn up in the courtyard, said, "There, Sir, there are my instructions." Upon which the King observed, with a smile, "Well, I must confess they are written in very fair characters, legible enough without spelling. But what if I refuse to go along with you? I trust you would not compel your King. You must satisfy me that I shall be treated with honour and respect, and that I shall not be forced in anything against my conscience and dignity, though I hope that my resolution is so constant that no force can cause me to do a base thing." The Cornet again pressed his Majesty to accompany him, declaring that no prejudice was intended, but, on the contrary, much good.

The officers of Holmby and the Commissioners now protested loudly against the removal of the King, and called upon the troopers to maintain the authority of Parliament, putting it to them whether they agreed with what Cornet Joyce had said and done. They replied with one voice, "All! All!" Hearing this, Major-General Brown, who was in command of the garrison at Holmby with Colonel Greaves, remarked that he did not think there were two of the company who knew what had passed. "Let all," he continued, "who are willing the King should stay with the Commissioners of Parliament now speak." The whole band exclaimed "None! none!" Then said the Major-General, "I have done!" and the men replied, "We know well enough what we do."

The King, after breakfast, got into his coach, and, attended by a few servants, was conducted by Cornet Joyce to Hinchinbrook, near Huntingdon, the house of Colonel Edward Montague, where he was entertained with great respect and satisfaction. Immediately upon this astounding abduction of the sovereign being known, Fairfax despatched Colonel Whalley with two regiments of horse to escort his Majesty back to Holmby; but the King, who evidently was not without hopes of better treatment from the Army than he had of late experienced from the Commissioners, positively refused to go back. Whalley assured him that he had an express command to see all things well settled again about his Majesty, which could not be effected but by his returning to Holmby. The King was obdurate, and the Colonel desisted from pressing further. On the following day Cromwell, Fairfax, Ireton, and other officers had an interview with him in the garden of Sir John Cutts, at Childerly. His Majesty put the question to Cromwell and Fairfax whether it was by their conjoint or single authority that he was brought from Holmby, and they both disowning it, he remarked—"Unless you hang up Joyce, I will not believe what you say." It was soon apparent that Cornet Joyce was safe from a court martial. He offered, indeed, to appeal to a general rendezvous of the Army, adding, "And, if three or even four parts of the Army do not approve of my proceedings, I will be content to be hanged at the head of my regiment." "Ay," observed the King, "you must have had the countenance of some persons in authority, for you would never of yourself have ventured on such a treason."

And thus ended the seizure of the King at Holmby, an act which was a mystery to his contemporaries, but which in all probability was the bold invention of Cromwell and Ireton, that the Army might become masters of the Sovereign; and which they had cleverly paved the way

for by leading the King to believe the Army leaders were willing to unite with him against the Presbyterian party. Cornet Joyce got the whole credit of the daring enterprise, Cromwell denying it was with his concurrence, and using such caution that the King's friends ascribed to him the sending of the two regiments of cavalry under Whalley for the immediate protection of the Monarch's person, and to lead him back to Holmby.

These very interesting details of the circumstances, evidently drawn from the conflicting statements of Clarendon, Herbert, "The True and Impartial Narrative," Holmes, Whitelock, and the Parliamentary History, are appended to a clever picture of the seizure at Holmby, painted by John Gilbert, and engraved in the *Illustrated London News*, June 15, 1861. The scene is the royal bedchamber: the King having raised himself up in the bed, is holding the colloquy with Joyce.

Catesby Hall and the Gunpowder Plot.

At Ashby St. Leger, near Daventry, remains to this day the gatehouse of the ancient manor of the Catesby family, of whom Robert Catesby was the contriver of the Gunpowder Plot, and is stated to have inveigled, by his persuasive eloquence, several of the other twelve conspirators. They are believed to have met in the room over the gateway, and the apartment is by the villagers of the neighbourhood called the "Plot Room." Of the thirteen conspirators five only were engaged in the plot at its commencement; four (probably six) had at one time been Protestants; some took no active part, but furnished part of the money; and three Jesuits, who were privy to the design, counselled and encouraged the conspirators. Catesby was shot with Thomas Percy, by the sheriffs' officers, in attempting to escape at Holbeach, shortly after the discovery of the treason.

Guido or Guy Fawkes was a soldier of fortune in the Spanish service; he was a native of Yorkshire, and a schoolfellow of Bishop Morton at York. In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, are preserved the rusty and shattered remains of the lantern which Fawkes carried when he was seized. It is of iron, and a dark lantern; the movement for inclosing the light being precisely the same as in those in use at the present day: the top, squeezed up and broken, is preserved with it, as is also the socket for the candle. The horn or glass which once filled the door is quite gone. On a brass plate affixed to one side of the lantern, the following Latin inscription is engraved in script hand:—

“Late in illa ipsa quæ usus est et cum quâ deprehensus Guido Faux in Cryptâ subterraneâ ubi domo Parlamenti difflanda operam debet. Ex dono Rob. Heywood, nuper Academix procuratoris, Apr. 4^o, 1641.” And the following is written on a piece of paper, and deposited in the glass case with the lantern, along with two or three prints and papers relating to the Powder Plot:

“The very lantern that was taken from Guy Fawkes when he was about to blow up the Parliament House. It was given to the University in 1641, according to the inscription on it, by Robert Heywood, Proctor of the University”

It is constantly asserted by Roman Catholic writers that the priests and others who were executed in the reigns of James I. and Elizabeth were martyrs to the faith; and the inference they would draw is, that the Church of England is as open to the charge of persecution as the Church of Rome. It is certain, however, that Elizabeth's advisers did not consider that they were putting men to death for religion; whilst, on the other hand, the martyrs under Queen Mary were committed to the flames as heretics, not as traitors or offenders against the laws of the land. They were put to death according to the mode prescribed in cases of heresy; whereas the Papists were both tried and executed for treason, which is an offence against the State. The only way in which it can be said that such persons suffered for religion is this, viz. that their religion led them into treason. From the year 1570 to 1606, Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion were constantly exposed to the machinations of the active partisans of the Roman See, who were encouraged by the Pope himself. Every Pontiff pursued the same course. There was a settled purpose at Rome, and indeed throughout the whole Romish confederacy, to dethrone Elizabeth and overturn the Anglican Church. Nor is it a libel on the Church of Rome to say, that in all these proceedings she acted on recognised principles—principles which had received the solemn sanction of her councils. To root out heresy by any means within their reach was deemed, or, at all events, was asserted to be, a sacred duty incumbent on all the members of the Church of Rome. The doctrine may be denied in the present day, when circumstances, we hope, do not admit of its being carried into practice; but, unquestionably, it was not merely believed as an article of faith in the days of Elizabeth, for attempts were constantly made to enforce the infamous bull of excommunication of Pius V., from which the treasons in the reigns of Elizabeth and James naturally flowed. James I. succeeded to the throne at a period when the eyes of Romanists were fastened on England as their prey. A conspiracy was in agitation

before the death of Elizabeth; and the confessions and examinations of the gunpowder conspirators show that a plot was partly contrived before James's accession.

Catesby Hall is otherwise noted than for its association with the Gunpowder Plot. The house formerly belonged to Sir Richard Catesby, one of the three favourites who ruled the kingdom under Richard III., the others being Sir Richard Ratcliffe and Viscount Lovell, on whom the following humorous distich was made:—

"The Rat, the Cat, and Lovell our Dog,
Rule all England under the Hog;"

alluding to the King's adoption of a boar as one of the supporters of the Royal arms. After the Battle of Bosworth, this Sir William Catesby was beheaded at Leicester, and his lands escheated; but Henry VII. (1496) restored them to Catesby's son George, from whom they descended, in course of time, to Sir William Catesby, who was convicted, during the reign of Elizabeth (1581), of harbouring Jesuits here, and celebrating mass. His son and successor was the above conspirator, Robert Catesby, who had severely suffered in the last reign for recusancy, and in revenge had been long engaged in endeavouring to bring about an invasion of England by the Spaniards. Several of the conspirators were recent converts to Romanism. Such was Catesby; he had been engaged in Essex's insurrection, as had some of the others. Fawkes had but recently returned from abroad, and he appears to have been a mere soldier of fortune, the hired servant of the rest, who were all gentlemen of property.

This plot is usually spoken of as unprecedented in its nature, but such is not the case: Swedish history furnishes two instances of gunpowder plots, real or pretended. Christian II. made such a plot the pretext for his barbarous executions at Stockholm in 1520; and in 1533 the regency of Lubeck engaged some Germans to blow up Gustavus Vasa, while holding the diet, but the plan was discovered on the very eve of its execution."—*Annals of England*, vol. ii. p. 341.

Grafton Manor.—The Widvilles or Woodvilles.—
Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV.

Grafton Manor, in Northamptonshire, about five miles south-east of Towcester, near the river Tove and close to the border of Buckinghamshire, is one of the most historically famous of the ancient halls of England. It was the seat of Sir Richard de Widville or Woodville, father of Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., and ancestress of the present Royal Family of England; and grandfather, through this royal lady, of that Elizabeth who became the wife of Henry VII. The lordship subsequently created in honour of the king, and therefore usually called Grafton Regis, is named Grastone in Domesday book. The name is derived from *Grestein* Abbey, situated near the mouth of the river Seine, in Normandy, and founded in 1040 by Harlewin de Conteville, father of Robert, Earl of Moreton and step-father of William the Conqueror. William, Earl of Moreton, grandson of the preceding, conferred upon the Abbey of Grestein those possessions which through the bounty of the Conqueror he had inherited in Northamptonshire. In the hydarium of Henry II. Grestein was certified to hold in Grafton, which is returned under Towcester hundred, four hides of land; and in the book of Knights' Fees, 24 Edward I., the Abbot of Grestein was returned to hold the town of Grafton of the Earl of Moreton, and in the ninth year of Edward II. (1315) he is certified as Lord of Grafton.

In the 28th of Edward III. (1354) Sir Michael de la Pole obtained a right of free warren in Gresthorp in Nottinghamshire, and in Grafton, in Northamptonshire. Thomas de la Pole dying without issue in 1430, the Manor of Grafton passed to William de la Pole, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, by whom it was alienated to Thomas Widville, Esq., who was in possession in the thirteenth year of the reign of Henry.

Although lords of the manor only in the reign of Henry VI., the family of Widville may be traced back to the twelfth century. In the reign of Henry II., William de Widville held lands in Grafton and left them to a line of successors. And the family continued gradually to rise in the scale of local importance. John de Wydeville was returned from the county of Northamptonshire as holding lands and summoned to perform military service in person, with horse and

arms, in parts beyond the seas, in the twenty-fifth year of Edward I. His grandson Richard, one of the most influential men in the county, filled the office of high sheriff of the county no less than eight times in the reign of Edward III., and was one of its representatives in seven parliaments. The same county honours were almost as frequently conferred on his son, John Widvill, and grandson, Thomas Widville, who became lord of Grafton, where his ancestors had been seated as tenants nearly three centuries. He was succeeded by his brother Richard, and he, in turn, was succeeded by his son, who also bore the name of Richard.

This Richard de Widevill (for the name is spelled in almost every conceivable fashion) was retained in the seventh year of Henry VI. to serve the king, in his wars of France and Normandy, with one hundred men-at-arms and three hundred archers. He was appointed Governor of the Tower, and knighted at Leicester, and he figures in the first part of Shakspeare's Henry VI. as "Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower." He afterwards went again to France, and fought gallantly under Talbot and Bedford. John, Duke of Bedfordshire, uncle of the king, died, and Wideville proposed for his widow, Jacqueline of Luxemburg, daughter of Pierre, Count de St. Pol and Brienne, and wedded her with so much promptitude that he could not wait for the necessary permission of his sovereign. For this precipitation he was mulcted in the fine of 1000*l.*; but he received the livery of his lady's castles, manors, and lands, and was soon restored to the favour of his king. In 1448 Henry VI. created him Baron Rivers "for his valour, integrity, and great services." He was further rewarded by territorial grants from the crown, was created a Knight of the Garter and made Seneschal of Aquitaine. Shortly afterwards, however, his politics underwent a sudden change. When his daughter Elizabeth was married to King Edward IV., in 1464—of which more presently—the earl abjured his Lancastrian predilections, became a zealous Yorkist, and soon achieved the highest honours and the most remunerative offices which it was in the power of the House of York, as represented by his son-in-law Edward IV., to confer. In 1466 he was appointed Treasurer of the Exchequer and created Earl Rivers. In the following year he was constituted Constable of England for life, with reversion to his son Anthony, Lord Scales, and was also made Treasurer of England. In 1469, the northern insurrection, under Neville and Conyers, broke out, which led to the battle of Edgcote. No sooner had victory been declared for the Lancastrians, than a

party was despatched to secure Earl Rivers. Whether he was taken in the Forest of Dean or suddenly seized at Grafton, is uncertain ; but it is ascertained that both he and his son, Sir John Widevill, were brought to Northampton and there beheaded without trial, by order of Sir John Conyers. ✓

Richard, Lord Rivers, was succeeded by his son, Anthony Widville, Lord Scales and second Earl Rivers, who in the beginning of the reign of Edward IV. marched into the north with the king, against the Lancastrians, and was one of the commanders at the siege of Alnwick Castle. He derived his title, Lord Scales of Newselles, in right of his wife, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Scales.

The history of this Lord Scales is one of romantic interest. A short time before the coronation of his sister, as Queen of Edward IV., while returning from high mass in the chapel of the Palace of Richmond, he was surrounded by the ladies of the court, "who placed a gold collar above his right knee, with a flower of souvenance, composed of jewels, which he understood to be intended as the prize of some chivalrous exploit. In consequence, he challenged the Count de la Roche, commonly called the Bastard of Burgundy." But this encounter, as well as the previous career of Sir Anthony, are so well told by Horace Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," that we are constrained to take advantage of his account:—

"There flourished," says Walpole, "at the same time as the Earl of Worcester, a noble gentleman, by no means inferior to him in learning and politeness ; in birth his equal ; by alliance his superior ; greater in feats of arms, and in pilgrimages more abundant. This was Anthony Widevill, Earl Rivers, Lord Scales, and Newsells, Lord of the Isle of Wight ; Defenseur and Directeur of the Causes Apostolique for our Holy Father, the Pope, in this realm of England, and uncle and governor to my lord, Prince of Wales.

"He was son of Sir Richard Widville, by Jacqueline of Luxemburg . . . and brother of the fair Lady Gray, who captivated that monarch of pleasure, Edward IV. . . . The credit of his sister, the countenance and example of his prince, the boisterousness of the times, nothing softened, nothing roughened the mind of this amiable lord, who was as gallant as his luxurious brother-in-law, without his weaknesses ; as brave as the heroes of either Rose, without their savageness ; studious in the intervals of business . . . In short, Lord Anthony was as Sir Thomas More says, '*Vir, haud facile discernas, manuve aut consilio promptior.*'

. . . He attended the king into Holland on the change of the scene, returned with him and had a great share in his victories, and was constituted Governor of Calais and Captain-General of all the king's forces, sea and land. . . . On Prince Edward being created Prince of Wales, he was appointed his governor, and had a grant of the office of Chief Butler of England; and was even on the point of attaining the high honour of espousing the Scottish princess, sister of King James the Third. . . .

"A remarkable event of this earl's life was a personal victory he gained in a tournament, over Anthony Count de la Roche, called the Bastard of Burgundy, natural son of Duke Philip the Good. This illustrious encounter was performed in a solemn and most magnificent tilt, held for that purpose at Smithfield. Our earl was the challenger At these jousts the Earl of Worcester presided as Lord High Constable, and attested the queen's giving the *Flower of Souvenance* to the Lord Scales, as a charge to undertake the enterprise, and his delivery of it, that he might carry it over to be touched by the Bastard, in token of his accepting the challenge. . . . On the Wednesday after the feast of the Resurrection, the Bastard, attended by 400 knights, squires, and heralds, landed at Gravesend, and at Blackwall he was met by the Lord High Constable, with seven barges and a galley full of attendants, richly covered with cloth of gold and arras. The king proceeded to London; in Fleet Street the champions solemnly met in his presence; and the palaces of the Bishops of Salisbury and Ely were appointed to lodge these brave sons of Holy Church, as St. Paul's Cathedral was for holding a chapter for the solution of certain doubts upon the articles of combat. The timber and workmanship of the lists cost above 200 marks. The pavilions, trappings, &c., were sumptuous in proportion. Yet, however weighty the expense, the queen could not but think it well bestowed, when she had the satisfaction of beholding her brother victorious in so sturdy an encounter; the spike in the front of the Lord Scales's horse, having run into the nostril of the Bastard's horse, so that he reared on end and threw his rider to the ground. The generous conqueror ~~dis~~claimed the advantage, and would have renewed the combat, but the Bastard refused to fight any more on horseback. The next day they fought on foot, when Widville again prevailing, and the sport waxing warm, the king gave the signal to part them."

On the 9th April, 1483, King Edward IV. died, and this melan-

choly event was the first of a series of fatal calamities that befel the Widvilles. When the death occurred the young Prince of Wales was at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire; and the queen-mother being anxious for his immediate coronation, directed her brother, Earl Rivers, to repair to him without loss of time, to escort him to London. On the 30th April, Earl Rivers, in the execution of this command, arrived with his royal charge, the young prince, at Northampton, where he was met by the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.), whom the late king, unsuspecting of his hypocritical and ambitious designs, had recommended to the regency. Before taking up his quarters in Northampton, Rivers sent the young king forward, under the charge of his half-brother, Lord Richard Grey, to Stony Stratford, for the night, intending to be with them in the morning before they started. The following incident is narrated with such admirable spirit by Miss Strickland, that pleasing and laborious historical writer, that we need not apologise for incorporating it in our sketch:—

“Lord Rivers entered Northampton, and found it swarming with the Duke of Gloucester’s northern cavalry, besides nine hundred retainers of Buckingham, each wearing the well-known badge of the Stafford Knot. There were three inns in Northampton market-place. Joining each other, Gloucester and Buckingham had just taken up their quarters at two—the inns situated at each extremity—leaving the middle one vacant, like an empty trap, set for the nonce, in which Rivers secured his lodging for that night. Immediately afterwards his brother-in-law, Buckingham, visited him in his quarters, entering with open arms, and exclaiming, ‘Well met, good brother Scales!’ And, moreover, he wept!

“The fraternal embracings between Rivers and the husband of his sister Katherine were scarcely over, when Gloucester entered from the other inn. His greeting was as hearty: ‘Welcome, good cousin, out of Wales!’ and then followed some moralising congratulations, in Gloucester’s peculiar style, on the happiness he felt at the peace and goodwill which pervaded the times and people in general. Rivers was utterly deceived by the apparent frankness and condescension of these great princes of the blood, whom he expected to find rudely repulsive.

“Gloucester invited Rivers to supper at his quarters. After the revel the cups passed quickly and merrily, and assumed the semblance of a revel in the old military times of Edward IV. Ever as the cup was pushed to Gloucester, he pledged Rivers, saying, ‘I

drink to you, good coz.' The two dukes kept their wits in working order ; but Rivers was so overcome that at the end of the revel he was led to his inn between both his boon companions. The dukes left him in his bedroom, wishing him many and affectionate good-nights. There is no doubt but they had extracted information from him sufficient to guide their manœuvres for the morrow. Certainly, the conduct of Rivers, considering the charge he had, was inexcusable. The moment Rivers was asleep, the two dukes called for the keys of his inn, locked the gates, and appointing sentinels, forbade any one to enter or depart. The rest of the night was spent by them in arrangements of military strategy. They stationed at certain intervals men-at-arms, forming a lane. Many country people remembered, for many years, how the troopers blocked up the highway to Northampton, and turned them back from market. The two dukes were early as any one on the road to Stony Stratford. They were there joined by a third person, who, notorious carouser as he was, had certainly kept back from the orgie of the preceding night. This third, making up their triumvirate, had hitherto worked successfully for their plans. He and Rivers were most deadly enemies. He came to enjoy the overthrow of the man he hated, and to take official charge of his young royal master. The third person in the plot was Lord Hastings, the King's Lord Chamberlain. While the cavalcade was approaching Northampton, the servants of Lord Rivers began to stir for the morning, and found that the inn was locked, and all within were prisoners closely guarded. They woke their master—whose sleep was heavy after his revel—by coming to his bedside with exclamations of alarm, telling him 'the dukes had gone their way, and, taking the keys of the inn, had left him prisoner.' So completely was Rivers deceived that he supposed his princely boon companions were playing out a jest, and had taken this method of ensuring their earlier arrival at Stony Stratford.

"By the time he was dressed, Gloucester and Buckingham returned. They were desirous of acting out their parts as speedily as possible, and therefore admitted Rivers to their presence. 'Brother,' exclaimed he, merrily, to Buckingham, 'is this how you serve me?' The reply was in a different tone. Indeed, according to the simple rhyming chronicle, Buckingham,

"Stern in evil sadness,
Cried, 'I arrest thee, traitor, for thy badness.'"

“‘Arrest!’ said Rivers. ‘Why! Where is your commission? Buckingham instantly flashed out his sword, and all his party did the same. Oppressed by numbers, Rivers surrendered himself without further resistance, and was forthwith put under guard in a separate chamber from the prisoners previously seized at Stony Stratford.

“In their early excursion to this town on the same morning, Gloucester and Buckingham had arrived just as the boy-king and his company were ‘ready to leape on horsebacke.’”

Approaching their young sovereign on their knees, and with every external mark of respect, they charged the Marquis of Dorset and Lord Richard Grey, the king’s half-brothers, with compassing to rule the nation, and setting up variances against the nobility. They arrested Grey and Vaughan in the king’s presence, and replaced the royal servants with their own dependants; “at which dealing the king wept, and was nothing content, but it booted not.”

Gloucester afterwards marched his prisoners into Yorkshire to Pontefract. Here, on the 24th of June, two days only after he had thrown off the mask and usurped the throne, Gloucester commanded Sir Richard Radcliffe to bring “Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan out of the castle, to a scaffold, proclaiming them traitors, and not permitting them to speak, lest they should excite the pity of the spectators, ordered them to be decapitated without process or judgment”—

“Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey,
Ere this lie shorter by the head at Pomfret.”

Rivers was succeeded by his youngest brother, Richard. This nobleman, the last of the male line, died unmarried in 1491. Upon his decease the barony and earldom of Rivers became extinct.

We have now to return to Elizabeth Widville, or Woodville, daughter of Richard, the first Earl Rivers, and to sketch the main incidents of her most melancholy and tragic life.

This lady, who became Queen of England, and was the first British female, subsequent to the Norman Conquest, who shared the throne of her sovereign, was eldest daughter of Richard, Earl Rivers, and was most probably born at Grafton. About the latter statement there is a slight haze of uncertainty. Fuller says—“Sure I am if this Grafton saw her not first as a *child*, it beheld her first a queen, when married to King Edward IV.” Her first husband was Sir John Grey, of Groby, and at this mansion, in Leicestershire, she passed the few and only happy years of her wretched and

unsettled life. But Sir John having been slain in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of the House of Lancaster, his estate was confiscated by the dominant party, represented by Edward IV., and Lady Grey and her children went to live with her father, Sir Richard Woodville, at his seat of Grafton in Northamptonshire. And it was here the romantic incident occurred which made her Queen of England.

"The King," says Hume, "came accidentally to the house after a hunting party, in order to pay a visit to the Duchess of Bedford; and as the occasion seemed favourable for obtaining some grace from this gallant monarch, the young widow flung herself at his feet, and with many tears entreated him to take pity on her impoverished and distressed children. The sight of so much beauty in affliction strongly affected the amorous Edward; love stole insensibly into his heart under the guise of compassion, and her sorrow, so becoming a virtuous matron, made his esteem and regard quickly correspond to his affection. He raised her from the ground with assurances of favour, he found his passion increase every moment by the conversation of the amiable object, and he was soon reduced in his turn to the posture and style of a suppliant at the feet of Elizabeth. But the lady, either averse to dishonourable love from a sense of duty, or perceiving that the impression which she had made was so deep as to give her hopes of obtaining the highest elevation, obstinately refused to gratify his passion; and all the endearments, caresses, and importunities of the young lovable Edward, proved fruitless against her rigid and inflexible virtue. His passion, irritated by opposition, and increased by his veneration for such honourable sentiments, carried him at last beyond all bounds of reason, and he offered to share his throne, as well as his heart, with the woman whose beauty of person and dignity of character seemed so well to entitle her to both. The marriage was privately celebrated at Grafton, in 1464. The secret was carefully kept for some time; no one suspected that so libertine a prince could sacrifice so much to a romantic passion; and there were in particular strong reasons which at that time rendered the step in the highest degree dangerous and imprudent."

Local tradition, however, seems to prove that in a number of minor details of this romantic transaction Hume's account is inexact. According to Holinshed and other chroniclers the first interview of this noble pair took place at Grafton House, where Edward repaired after the chase to visit the Duchess of Bedford and Lord Rivers.

But this is scarcely consistent with probability, as the family of the king and that of Rivers belonged respectively to the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and the king was unlikely either to ask or confer a favour on one who in many a battle-field had proved himself a formidable enemy. The popular tradition of the neighbourhood is that the young and lovely widow sought the young monarch in the forest for the purpose of petitioning for the restoration of her husband's lands to her and her impoverished children, and met him under the tree still known by the name of the Queen's Oak, which stands in the direct line of communication from Grafton to the forest, and even at the present day rears its hollow trunk and branching arms in a hedgerow between Pury and Grafton Parks. Ignorant of the king's person she inquired of the young stranger if he could direct her to him, when he told her he himself was the object of her search. She threw herself at his feet, and implored his compassion. He raised her from the ground with assurances of favour, and, captivated with her appearance and manner, accompanied her home, and in his turn became a suitor for favours she refused to grant at the price of her honour. Finding her virtue inflexible, he yielded to the force of passion, and came from Stony Stratford to Grafton early in the morning of the 1st of May, 1464, and was privately married there by a priest, no one being present except the boy who served at mass, the Duchess of Bedford—the bride's mother-in-law—and two of her gentlewomen. In a few hours he returned to Stratford, and retired to his chamber, as if he had been hunting, and fatigued with the exercise. A short time afterwards he invited himself to spend a few days with Lord Rivers at Grafton, and was splendidly entertained there for four days; but the marriage was kept a profound secret.

Edward was only twenty-two years of age when he formed this impolitic and imprudent connexion, and at first had not the resolution to brave the burst of dissatisfaction to which, he foresaw, it would give rise among all classes of his subjects; but weary of constraint, he publicly avowed his marriage on Michaelmas following, when Elizabeth, being led by the Duke of Clarence in solemn pomp to the chapel of the Abbey of Reading, in Berkshire, was declared queen, and received the congratulations of the nobility. In December the king held a great council at Westminster, and with the assent of the Lords, assigned to the queen lands and lordships to the value of 4000 marks (2666*l.*), and directed that she should live with her family at the king's expense.

Preparatory to the coronation of the queen, the king, holding his court in the Tower, on Ascension Day, 1465, created thirty-eight knights, amongst whom were six noblemen and Richard and John Widville, two of the queen's brothers. On the morrow the mayor, aldermen, and citizens of London went to meet the queen at Shooter's Hill, and conducted her through Southwark and Gracechurch (now Gracechurch Street), to the king at the Tower, where the coronation took place with all due pomp and ceremony.

Meantime Edward's marriage with Lady Elizabeth Grey, the sudden elevation of the Woodville family, and the royal honours which the king sowed broadcast among the members of that family, excited the envy and aroused the alarm and distrust of the old English nobility. Before Edward had seen Lady Elizabeth he had been looking with an eye of favour on Bona of Savoy—sister of the queen of France—who he hoped would, by her marriage, ensure him the favour of that power. To further his views in this direction he had despatched the great Earl of Warwick to Paris, where the Princess Bona then resided. The English earl asked Bona in marriage for the king; the offer was accepted. A treaty or contract was drawn up, and nothing was wanting but the ratification of the terms agreed on and the bringing over of the princess to England. The secret of Edward's marriage to Lady Grey then became known: Warwick felt chagrined. It seemed as if he had been sent to France on a fool's errand. He returned to England inflamed with rage and indignation. The fiery earl might have been soothed and conciliated had King Edward explained, excused himself, or apologised for his conduct. The king did not condescend to do so.

The influence of the queen with Edward does not seem to have in any degree waned after she was established on the throne, and began to share with her royal lord the administration of affairs. She does not appear to have used her influence very wisely. She was solicitous to gain from the king every grace and favour, every office of profit and post of honour for her own friends and kindred, to the exclusion of the nobility, and especially of the Earl of Warwick—whom she regarded as her mortal enemy—and his clients. Under these conditions the Woodvilles arrived at the summit of wealth, rank, and honour in this country—but at the same time, the pit into which they were eventually to fall was being dug wide and deep.

The disaffection of the barons at length assumed the form of insurrection, and among their first victims were the father and the

brother of the queen, who, as we have shown, were executed, or rather murdered, at Northampton, in 1469. Troubles, sorrows, and agonising bereavements now came in an overwhelming tide upon the unhappy queen of Edward. After a disturbed reign, during which he had to seek refuge in a foreign country, to struggle back to the throne again only through the blood of his people, king Edward died in 1483. And now the queen had to suffer the cruellest afflictions which, as a sister and a mother, it was possible for her to undergo. Her brother, Earl Rivers, while conveying the young king to London, was, as has been shown, arrested and beheaded, together with Sir Richard Grey, the queen's son by her former husband. Edward V., the son in whom her hopes were centered, was now a prisoner in the hands of her mortal enemy, the Duke of Gloucester. But it was indispensable to his plans that Gloucester should have the Duke of York, the queen's younger son, in his keeping, as well as the heir to the throne. Measures were accordingly taken to prevail on the queen to part with her younger boy. The queen fled into the sanctuary of Westminster, with the five princesses and the Duke of York; but even here force was brought to bear upon her to compel her to part with her son. Cardinal Bouchier and the Archbishop of York, instigated by the bloodthirsty and hypocritical Gloucester—in whose *good* intentions, however, they are said to have firmly believed—brought all their persuasive powers to bear upon the queen to induce her to give up the young prince. She long continued obstinate, but, finding that she had no supporters, and that her enemies were prepared to employ force should persuasion fail, she at last yielded. She brought forward her boy to the churchmen, but it was with the gloomiest forebodings as to his fate. Turning to the priests she said:—“One thing I beseech you, for the trust that his father put you in ever, and for the trust that I put you in now, that as far as you think that I fear too much, ye be well aware that ye fear not as far too little.” Then with a pathos that is not surpassed in any incident of our history, and which has been reproduced by Chaucer in the most tender of the Canterbury tales, she took leave of her little one. “Farewell, my own sweet son,” she said, “God send you good keeping! Let me once kiss you ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again.” Then she kissed him and blessed him, and turned her back and wept, going her way, leaving the poor young child weeping as fast as she herself.

She never saw her children again. The two boys were placed in the Tower, where, as the pitiful old story tells, they were murdered in their sleep at the instigation of the Duke of Gloucester.

Widowed and deprived by the blood-stained hands of her enemies, of her father, her two brothers, and her three sons, the wretched Lady Elizabeth, upon whom early life dawned so gloriously, continued to live for a few years, stripped of all the glory of womanhood. Soon and bitterly had she felt that unhappiness which haunts the hearts of those that wear a crown, and which was to accompany her in ever accumulating grief until her fate becoming merciful in its last decree, hid her and her burden of sorrows in the grave.

Richard, the third and last Earl Rivers, dying in 1491, appointed Lord Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, to be his heir. This Marquis of Dorset died in 1501, and his son Thomas, the second marquis, died in the nineteenth year of Henry VIII. (1527), and conveyed the estates of Grafton and Hartwell, in exchange for the Manors of Loughborough and Sheepshed, in Leicestershire, to King Henry. The "Bluff King" erected the Manor of Grafton into an honour, in 1541. Honour and barony were in early times synonymous, and indicated a seignory to which certain inferior lordships or manors owed the performance of customs and services.

Grafton continued a royal demesne till the reign of King Charles II., who in 1665 settled the honour, lordship, and manor of Grafton, with many other estates, "in trust for Queen Catherine for her life, as part of her jointure ; and in 1673 granted the reversion of the whole of this extensive estate to Henry, Earl of Arlington, for life, remainder 'in consideration of natural love and affection to his natural son,' Henry, Earl of Euston, in tail male, remainder to his natural sons Charles, Earl of Southampton (afterwards Duke of Cleveland and Southampton), and Lord George Fitzroy, alias Lord George Palmer (afterwards Duke of Northumberland), successively in tail male. Two years after this reversionary grant, Grafton was selected for the title of the dukedom conferred on the Earl of Euston, second illegitimate son of Charles II., by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland. Charles, second Duke of Grafton, only child of the preceding, came into possession in 1673, and his grandson, Augustus Henry, third duke of Grafton, who has been rendered immortal by the splendid invectives of Junius, succeeded, and after an eventful and distinguished career, died in 1811.

George Henry, the fourth duke, died in 1844, and Henry, the fifth duke, died in 1863, and was succeeded by William Henry, the sixth and present Duke of Grafton.

Grafton Park, an ancient appendage of the manor house or palace, embraced 995 acres. It was stocked with deer and intersected by rectilinear avenues of noble oaks. These, however, have long ago been sacrificed to agricultural improvements, and the whole converted into farms.

Grafton House was situated on the brow of the hill on which the village stands, and must have formed a very conspicuous and imposing object in the approach from Northampton. King Henry VIII., in his negotiations for a divorce from Queen Catherine, held here his final interview with Cardinal Campeggio, on that subject. The same king came on several occasions to hunt at Grafton, and entertained "Ambassadors from Hungarie" there in 1531. Queen Elizabeth visited the old mansion in one of her progresses (1568). During the Civil War Grafton, then styled a place of "great value and of great strength and consequence," was held by the Royalists, under Sir John Digby, and stormed and taken by the Parliamentary troops. It was at the same time burned, as we infer from the following remark in the "Parliament Scout" :—"If any ask why Sir John Digby yielded Grafton House so soon ; it is answered the women and children cried, and the soldiers within would not fight ; if it be asked, why the house was burned ; it is not known why, nor who did it." Its ruined walls were never rebuilt, and what remained of this old noble mansion was henceforth occupied by the tenant of the manor farm. "It has recently been partially modernised, and fitted up for the residence of Captain George Fitzroy, second son of the late Lord Charles Fitzroy."

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and Jeffrey Hudson the Dwarf.

This celebrated little personage was born at Oakham, in the year 1619. John Hudson, his father, who "kept and ordered the baiting bulls for George, Duke of Buckingham," the then possessor of Burleigh-on-the-Hill, in Rutlandshire, "was a proper man," says Fuller, "broad-shouldered and chested, though his son arrived at a full ell in stature." His father was a person of lusty stature, as well as all his children, except Jeffrey, who, when seven years of age, was scarcely eighteen inches in height, yet without any deformity, and wholly proportionable. Between the age of seven and nine years, he was taken into the service of the Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh, where, says Fuller, "he was instantly heightened (not in stature, but) in condition, from one degree above rags into silks and satins, and had two men to attend him." Shortly afterwards he was served up in a cold pye, at an entertainment given to Charles I. and his consort Henrietta Maria, in their progress through Rutlandshire; and was then, most probably, presented to the Queen, in whose service he continued many years. At a masque, given at Court, the King's gigantic porter drew him out of his pocket, to the surprise of all the spectators. Thus favoured by royalty, the humility incident to his birth forsook him; "which made him that he did not *know himself*, and would not *know his father*; and which, by the King's command, caused justly, his second correction."

In 1630, Jeffrey was sent into France to fetch a midwife for the Queen; but on his return he had the misfortune to be taken by a Flemish pirate, who carried him a prisoner to Dunkirk: on this occasion he lost property to the value of 2500*l.* which he had received in presents from the French Court. This event furnished a subject for a short poem, in two cantos, to Sir William D'Avenant, who entitled it *Jeffereidos*, and has described our diminutive hero as engaged in a battle with a turkey-cock, from whose inflated rage he was preserved by the midwife! In this whimsical production the poet has described our dwarf as close hidden, at the time of the capture—

"Beneath a spick-
And-almost-span-new pewter candlestick."

At Dunkirk he is threatened with the rack, and accused of being a

spy. He is next despatched to Brussels, mounted upon an "Iceland Shock," which, falling by the way, leaves him exposed to the attacks of the turkey-cock. Jeffrey drew his sword, and bravely repelled his antagonist, who

" In his look
Express'd how much he it unkindly took,
That wanting food, our Jeffrey would not let him,
Enjoy awhile the privilege to eat him."

At length Jeffrey is thrown, and whilst lying prostrate,

" Faint and weak,
The cruel foe assaults him with his beak ;"

but in this extremity the *midwife* interposes, and "delivers" him—the pun is the poet's own—from further danger.

After the commencement of the Civil War, Jeffrey became a Captain of Horse in the Royal Army, and in that capacity he accompanied the Queen to France. Whilst in that country he had the misfortune to fall into a dispute with a brother of Lord Crofts, who accounting him an object "not of his anger but contempt," accepted his challenge to fight a duel; "yet coming," says Walpole, "to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued, and the appointment being on horseback with pistols, to put them on a level, Jeffrey, with the first fire, shot his antagonist dead." For this Jeffrey was first imprisoned, and afterwards expelled the Court. He was then only thirty years old, and, according to his own affirmation, had never increased anything considerable in height since he was seven years old. New misfortunes, however, awaited him, and accelerated his growth, though at such a mature age. He was a second time made captive at sea by a Turkish Rover; and, having been conveyed to Barbary, was there sold as a slave, in which condition he passed many years, exposed to numerous hardships, much labour, and frequent beating. He now shot up in a little time to that height of stature which he remained at in his old age, about three feet and nine inches; the cause of which he ascribed to the severity he experienced during his captivity. After he had been redeemed he returned to England, and lived for some time in his native county on some small pension allowed him by the Duke of Buckingham, and other persons of rank. He afterwards removed to London, where, during the excitement occasioned by the examination into the Popish Plot, discovered or invented by Titus Oates, he was taken up as a Papist, and committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster, where he lay a considerable time. He died in 1682, shortly after his release, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Sir Walter Scott has introduced this irascible little hero into his *Peveiril of the Peak*, the denouement of which romance is much forwarded by his aid. There is an original portrait of Jeffrey in the collection of Sir Ralph Woodford. Over the entrance of Bull-head-court, Newgate-street, is a small stone exhibiting, in low relief, sculptures of William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles I.; and Jeffrey Hudson, his diminutive fellow-servant. On the stone are cut these words: "The King's Porter and the Dwarf," with the date 1660. It appears from Fuller, that Evans was full six feet and a half in height; though knock-kneed, splay-footed, and halting, "yet made he a shift to dance in an anti-mask at Court, where he drew little Jeffrey, the Dwarf, out of his pocket, first to the wonder, then to the laughter, of the beholders."

In the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, are preserved the waistcoat, breeches, and stockings (the two latter in one piece), of Jeffrey Hudson. They are of blue satin, but the waistcoat is striped and purfled with figured white silk. There is a rare tract extant, entitled "The New Yeres Gift, presented at Court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jefferie: 1686." This contains a portrait of Hudson, and a copy, "bound in a piece of Charles the First's waistcoat," was formerly in the Townley Collection, and was sold for eight guineas at the sale of Mr. Perry's library.



Oakham Castle.

Oakham, the county town of Rutland, in the vale of Catmoss, bears evidence of its occupation by the Romans. Its name is Saxon, and it had a Royal Hall when King Edward the Confessor made his Survey. Upon the site of this Hall was built a Castle, probably by Walcheline de Ferreris, a younger branch of the family of De Ferrars, to whom Henry II. had granted the manor, and created him Baron of Oakham. He joined King Richard I. in his crusade to the Holy Land, and was last heard of at the siege of Acre, where he died. The manor and Castle repeatedly reverted to the Crown, and were again as often granted. Among the possessors of them were Richard, King of the Romans, brother of Henry III.; De Vere, Earl of Oxford and Duke of Ireland, favourite of Richard II.; Thomas of Woodstock, uncle to the same King. Of the Castle the Hall alone remains; it is regarded as the finest domestic room in England, and in all probability it was the best portion of the Castle, which was not fortified with a keep or

bastions, as in the neighbouring Castle of Rockingham; Oakham Castle never had any defensive works, except the outer wall. At the end of the Hall was probably the King's chamber. In the time of Walcheline De Ferreris a sort of rough justice was administered in the Hall by the Baron; and here also the revelry and feasting took place; there were oaken benches for seats, boards placed upon tressels for tables, and tapestry hung at the west end, where the lord sat. The windows were unglazed; the fire was placed on a raised platform in the centre of the room, and the smoke found its way through the windows; at night wooden shutters were put to the windows. The hounds crouched by their masters' side, the hawks perched above their heads. The guests quaffed wines from Greece and Cyprus, and feasted upon lamprey and herring pies. It was the height of refinement for two guests to eat off the same plate. The only knife used was the clasp-knife, which the male guest took unsheathed from his girdle; table-napkins were used, and the company were divided by the salt-cellar.

The architecture of the Hall is late Norman, or very Early English. The interior wall and the gate of the Castle-yard are covered with horseshoes, the lord of the manor being authorized by ancient grant or custom to demand of every Peer on first passing through the lordship a shoe from one of his horses, or a sum of money to purchase one in lieu of it. Some of these shoes are gilt, and stamped with the donor's name. Amongst them are shoes given by Queen Elizabeth, by the late Duke of York, and by George IV. when Prince Regent; Queen Victoria and the Duchess of Kent. The horseshoe custom is traceable to a toll payment, but the evidence is confused.

Four possessors of Oakham were executed for high treason. These were Edmund, Earl of Kent, brother of Edward II.; Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, the supporter and victim of Richard III.; Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, beheaded 1521; and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, 1540. Another fatality remains to be mentioned. Early in the reign of Richard II., Edward Plantagenet, second Duke of York, on being created Earl of Rutland, had granted to him the Castle, town, and lordship of Oakham, and the whole forest of Rutland; his memory is deeply stained with crime; he was trampled to death at the battle of Agincourt, and his remains were brought to England, he having by his will made at Harfleur during the expedition, directed their interment in the College of Fotheringhay, which he had caused to be built.

Normanton Park.

The spacious, elegant and chaste mansion of Normanton, in the middle of Rutlandshire, occupies a gentle elevation, in a lordly park of 900 acres, midway between the towns of Okeham and Stamford. The extensive and level lawns of rich turf around the house are interspersed with plantations of noble trees, in which the majestic oak and beech, the graceful ash and lime are conspicuous. The masses of variously tinted foliage have the finest effect, and bring out by contrast, the harmonious proportions of the house itself, which is built of fine white stone. The open glades consisting of broken ground, which occur here and there throughout the park, give to it an appearance of natural wildness which adds an additional charm to the scene, and harmonises well with the forms of the deer that browse in herds under the shade of the woods, or pass like a cloud-shadow over the open ground.

The house itself consists of a centre of chaste elevation, flanked by two wings in excellent proportion, and presenting fronts of majestic simplicity united with great architectural beauty to the north and south. The principal entrance is by the north front. Some idea may be formed of the liberal scale upon which the mansion was erected, when it is stated that the stone alone used in the structure cost 10,000*l.* It was built on the site of the ancient mansion of the Mackworths, by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, one of the founders of the Bank of England, and some of the old walks of the former seat (built by Sir Henry Mackworth, Bart., in the reign of Charles I.), still remain. The interior, however, now presents a rich scene of modern elegance and taste. The hall or vestibule, is both light and airy, opening to the staircase, which is particularly handsome. The dining-room is a most superb apartment, with a vaulted ceiling in ornamented compartments; and the drawing-rooms are brilliantly decorated in a style of simple magnificence. The gardens are modern, and very fine views are obtained from different positions. The river Gwash forms a part of the north-western boundary of the park, and the district in which the mansion stands is said to be the most fertile in England. Little wonder then that Dyer, having occasion to mention the house in his poem, "The Fleece," should speak of it with praise.

“ The coloured lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure.”

After the Conquest the Normanvilles, a family of great account in the early days, became lords of Normanton. Through the fourteenth in descent from Thomas de Normanville, the estate became the patrimony of a Rutlandshire heiress, Alice Barings, who marrying Thomas Mackworth of Mackworth, a Derbyshire gentleman of position and lineage, conveyed it into that family. A few years afterwards the young couple forsook the castellated Manor House, at Mackworth, for the more sunny and pleasant Normanton, which from this time became the seat of the Mackworths of this branch.

The successive lords of Normanton seem to have been a fortunate, liberal, and even magnificent race of men. Indeed, so liberal were they, that they expended their income without taking heed for the morrow or troubling themselves whether their successors in the estate would be able to bear themselves as bravely as they. One expedient for keeping up the family prestige was not neglected by them. They did not fail, from time to time, to marry rich heiresses, and thus strengthen the old house with a new buttress. Sir Thomas Mackworth, High Sheriff in the reign of Elizabeth, married the sister of the gallant royalist, Ralph, Lord Hopton; and the wife of Sir Thomas's son (Sir Henry), came opportunely to reimburse the family chest and to enable her husband to rebuild the Manor House of Normanton.

Down to this point of the history of this family, expenditure had not yet run into extravagance. Ample means still flowed from the broad lands of the family. But the Mackworths were cavaliers and gentlemen—willing to aid their king with sword and with purse, and to stand by him to the last. Their fidelity was rewarded as might have been expected, the estates were sequestered—their means became straitened—decay had set in upon the family. Seventy years after occurred the memorable contest for the representation of Rutlandshire, between Mackworth, Finch, and Sherard. Mackworth won the seat; but at so fearful a pecuniary loss that the ruin of the family was now completed. Normanton was sold, and its former lord retired to an obscure district in London (Kentish Town), where he, the last Mackworth that held Normanton, died, in 1745.

The title, however, did not die; it was inherited by a Hunting-

don apothecary, and finally passed to his cousin, Sir Henry Mackworth, whose case is a sad example of the misery which arises when a title is unsupported by land. Not a rood of the ancestral estates descended to him, and the poor old man, the representative of a famous county family, and the successor to their hereditary honours, was fain, in his helpless and penniless old age, to accept the cold refuge for his age and broken health which was afforded him by the Charity for Poor Brethren in the Charter House.

The present proprietors of Normanton are descended, like the Heathcotes of Hursley Park, from Gilbert Heathcote, Alderman of Chesterfield. Gilbert, eldest son of the preceding, was brought up to commercial pursuits, in which he proved himself as deserving in every point of the honourable character generally attached to a British merchant, that not only the usual concomitants of industry and integrity were the results of his exertions, but he acquired the esteem of his contemporaries as well as much individual influence. He was appointed one of the Directors of the Bank of England. He was Alderman of London, and Lord Mayor in 1711. In 1702, 1705, and 1708 he represented the city in Parliament, and received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne, and in 1733 he was created a baronet. A few days afterwards he died, and was buried at Normanton, where a handsome monument by Rysbrack is erected to his memory. Sir Gilbert John Heathcote, the fifth baronet, was created Baron Aveland of Aveland, in Lincolnshire. He married the eldest daughter of Peter Robert, the nineteenth Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and died in 1867. He was succeeded by Sir H. Gilbert-Henry Heathcote, second Baron Aveland. In 1863, he married Evelyn-Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles, tenth Marquis of Huntly, and by her has issue.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Staunton Harold, and the Story of Earl Ferrers.

The mansion of Staunton Harold, the principal seat of Earl Ferrers, is the largest and most elegant structure of modern architecture in the county of Leicester. In style it is Palladian, and though very extensive is remarkable for its lightness and grace. Its site is flat, close to the borders of Derbyshire, and about three miles north of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The house itself is backed by a fine wood; there is a considerable tract of heath in the vicinity, and the scenery of the neighbourhood is charming.

Of the centre of the south-east or grand front, the pediment is supported by Ionic pillars, and these again upheld by columns of the Doric order. This centre is of stone, the remainder of the mansion is of brick with stone dressings. The pediment is surmounted by three figures from the antique, and other portions of this hall are adorned with good casts from the antique, comprising a colossal lion over the south-west front. This front is of great extent and is built in the form of the Roman H. The north-east is the library front, originally designed by Inigo Jones and preserved nearly unchanged in the present structure.

The first apartment entered in the south-front is the hall, which is 40 feet by 38 feet and 16 feet high. On the left is the principal dining-room, 45 feet by 30 feet. From the right of the hall, on entering the vestibule, the grand staircase appears. The common dining-parlour is 30 feet by 20 feet; and there are over fifty more apartments, spacious and handsomely fitted, including a drawing-room 38 feet long, and described by a writer at the beginning of the present century, to be hung with a rich paper, representing blue damask, edged with a gold carved border. The library, 72 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 16 feet high, abounds in choice and valuable works, both literary and artistic, among which are a number of family portraits. Here is kept the family pedigree, which, when unrolled, covers more than half the entire length of this long room. It is a most elaborate work, richly emblazoned with the arms, the monuments, and the portraits of the family, with abstracts of their wills, deeds, &c. A curiosity in the library is the set of 16 small

quarto volumes forming "The Complete Works of Confucius." Here also is an old bugle horn, in ivory, elaborately carved with subjects of the chase and supposed to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

The chief pictures at Staunton Harold are, in the hall a Crucifixion, supposed to be by Michael Angelo; portrait of Sir Robert Shirley, by Vandyke, and of his lady, by Lely, &c. In the dining-parlour, Wright's "Lecture on the Orrery," a picture of historic fame, all the figures in which are portraits; portraits by Lely, &c. In the old dining-parlour, a Crucifixion, by Carracci, and portraits of ladies, by Lely. In the library, the Last Judgment, by Rubens, a masterpiece; and a portrait of Shakspeare, painter unknown. In the great drawing-room, a Venus with Cupids, by Correggio. Six Ladies of the Court of Charles II., by Lely (these, together with a portrait of himself, were presented by Charles to Robert, Earl Ferrers;) landscapes by Berghem, &c.

The park consists of about 150 acres of land, and contains from 80 to 100 head of deer. A fine sheet of water, or lake, of considerable length, extends through the greater part of the park, with a pond of seven acres at the end nearest the house, and which is called the Church Pool. This lake, half a mile long and about a quarter of a mile wide, abounds in fish of various kinds. At the marriage of the Countess of Huntingdon, here, in 1728, a carp was dressed which weighed 24 pounds. Game abounds in the park and in the neighbouring moors, and wild fowl frequent the pools.

The Shirleys, Earls of Ferrers, are fortunate in having had their ancient lineage and history compiled by one of themselves. Sir Thomas Shirley, of Botolph's Bridge, wrote three distinct MS. histories of the Shirleys. From these records it appears that the Shirleys derive descent from Sasuallo or Sewallis de Etingdone, whose name, says Dugdale, in his "Antiquities of Warwickshire," argues him to be of the old English stock. He resided at Nether-Etingdon in Warwickshire, during the reign of Edward the Confessor, and this place, there is reason to believe, had been the seat of his ancestors for many years. After the conquest, the lordship of Etingdon was given to Henry, Earl of Ferrers in Normandy; but it continued to be held under him, by Sewallis, with whose posterity, in the male line, it has continued to the present reign. Sir James de Shirley, Knt., had free warren granted to him in all his demesnes at Shirley in 1247, and at Etingdon in 1255. Sir Ralph, his successor, was elected to Parliament, for Warwickshire, in the fifth year of Edward II. His great-grandson, Sir Ralph, distinguished himself on the field of Agincourt and in the subse-

quent French wars ; and his son, Ralph Shirley, married Margaret, daughter and sole heir of John de Staunton of Staunton Harold, and thus brought the estate of that name into his own family. Sir Robert Shirley succeeded to the ancient baronies of Ferrers of Chartley, &c., and was created by Queen Anne Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers. Lawrence, fourth earl, although not destitute of reason, showed on several occasions an irrational degree of passion. In one of these fits he killed his land-steward, and for this offence he was brought to trial, with the result chronicled below.

The present lord of Staunton Harold is Sir Sewallis-Edward Shirley, tenth Earl of Ferrers and Viscount Tamworth.

The trial of Lawrence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers, excited more public interest than almost any other on record. His lineage was splendid, both on the maternal and on the paternal side. His father's race we have already sketched—his grandmother was Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Lawrence Washington, from whom was descended George Washington, the hero of American Independence. By female descent of an earlier generation, he was the representative of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the harshly-used favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The heir of honours, wealth, and splendid rank, and possessed of abilities of no mean order, the world seemed to open brightly before him. In one thing only was he unfortunate. His temper was naturally violent and by it he was often, while the fit of passion was upon him, rendered perfectly regardless of the consequences of his actions. No wise attempts seem to have been made by the guardians of his youth to curb his wild disposition, by the influences of religion or of philosophy, and when he arrived at man's estate he had made himself the slave of intoxicating liquors, and thus had hugged his disease with embraces that were only to tighten with time.

In 1752 he married the sister of Sir William Meredith, of Henbury, Cheshire, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments ; but the conduct of the wild earl towards his wife was so cruel and intolerable that she was compelled to make application to Parliament for protection. The result was that Parliament passed an act granting her a separate maintenance out of her husband's estates.

In 1756 Earl Ferrers ran his mare against a friend's horse at the Derby, for 50*l.*, and won the race. After the race Ferrers passed the evening in the company of his friends. A foolish remark, ventured by the friend who had been defeated, so stung the earl, that passing over the trivial character of the incident he persuaded

himself that he was being made the victim of a deliberate insult. The insult seemed to point at a breach of confidence on the part of his grooms or stablemen, with respect to the secrets of his stables. The earl, infuriated by brooding over the supposed treachery of his servants, started from Derby in the middle of the night and went straight to Staunton Harold, in Leicestershire. The following is an abstract of the case from this point, as it was unfolded in the trial that eventually took place at Newgate :—

Awaking on the morning of his arrival at home, he rang the bell and asked the servant if he had been talking to any one about what was the condition of the Staunton Harold stud. The servant declared that he was ignorant of the matter ; but the groom might have been speaking of such affairs. The groom being called denied having given any information whatever respecting the matter. From this point the earl's rage seems to have been unbounded. He kicked and horse-whipped his servants, and threw at them such articles as came first to hand, in the mere excess of his passion. A quantity of oysters had been sent to him from London, and these not proving good, his lordship directed one of the servants to swear that the carrier had changed them. But the servant declining to take such an oath, the earl flew at him in a rage ; stabbed him in the breast with a knife, cut his head open with a candlestick, and kicked him so violently in the groin, that he was under the surgeon's care for many years afterwards.

Other instances might be cited in which the passion of this unfortunate man hurried him to such extremities that, in several cases, he was only prevented by some trivial but fortunate accident from taking human life.

Of such instances the following may be taken as exemplifying the uncontrolled and uncontrollable passion of this man, and also throwing some light on the sad relations existing between him and his countess.

On one occasion Earl Ferrers's brother and his wife were paying a visit at Staunton Harold. It was late at night, and the two ladies had retired to their respective rooms. Between the two brothers a casual dispute arose. What the quarrel was about does not seem to be known, but in the heat of it the earl, starting up and brandishing a knife in his hand, ran upstairs, asking for his wife. A servant told him the lady was in her own room. The earl bade the servant follow him thither, and to bring a brace of pistols, loaded with bullets, with him. The menial did as he was desired, and brought up the pistols, but, fearing mischief, declined

to prime them. The earl swore at him, demanded powder, and primed the weapons himself. Then, presenting a pistol at the servant's head, Ferrers threatened that if he did not go downstairs immediately and shoot his brother in the room below, he would blow his brains out. The man hesitated—Ferrers pulled the trigger, and would have stretched a fellow creature dead at his feet, if the pistol had not providentially missed fire. At this awful moment the countess fell on her knees before the infuriated man, and begged him to restrain his passion—he only cursed her and threatened her with destruction if she interfered with him. At this moment the servant escaped and told the brother of the danger he was in. The terrified brother immediately called up his wife, who had gone to bed, and the two then left the house, though it was now two o'clock in the morning.

The last victim of the earl's violence was Mr. Johnson, who had been brought up in the service of the family, and was at last acting as land-steward, and giving perfect satisfaction for ability and fidelity. After the law had decreed a separate maintenance for the Countess Ferrers, Mr. Johnson was proposed as receiver of the rents to be appropriated to her use. But fearing that in performing the duties of this office, he might come into collision with the earl, he at first declined, but afterwards, at the solicitation of Ferrers himself, accepted the office. At the time of his appointment to this extra duty Johnson stood high in the estimation of Ferrers, and all for a time went well. But a great cloud now began to show above this serene horizon. The earl conceived the idea that Johnson had combined with a number of trustees concerned, to disappoint him of a contract. He first ordered his steward to give up a valuable farm which he held under him; but Johnson produced a lease granted by the earl's trustees, entitling him to continued occupation. This was final, and no further steps were taken in this direction. After this the earl, in his intercourse with his steward, was so exceedingly affable that the latter imagined all evil feelings had vanished. In January, 1760, his lordship called on Johnson and asked him to come to Staunton Harold at a certain hour of the following day.

Meantime the earl prepared for the expected visit, by sending all his men servants, as well as a number of the females and children of his household, to some distance for the day.

When Johnson arrived, a maid admitted him, and he was ushered into his lordship's room. All was quiet for about an hour; then

voices were heard in high altercation, and the earl was heard to exclaim, "Down upon your knees—your time has come—you must die!" And presently the report of a pistol was heard. Ferrers then opened the door and called for aid, and the servants approaching, beheld the steward weltering in his blood. A surgeon was then sent for to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and poor Johnson asked that his children might be sent for.

When the surgeon arrived, Ferrers said to him, "I intended to have shot him dead, but, since he is still alive, you must do what you can for him." He then drank himself drunk and got to bed. Meantime Johnson was conveyed home, but his wound was mortal, and he died at nine in the morning after having been shot. The surgeon, who perceived that this was a case of deliberate murder, obtained the assistance of a number of persons to secure the murderer. The force arrived at Staunton. The earl had just risen, and on going out to the stables he noticed the people, and suspecting their mission, retired within his house, and eluded pursuit for some little time. At length he was apprehended, conveyed to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where he was confined till the coroner's jury, after examining the body, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against him. He was afterwards removed to London, and confined in the Tower.

The trial of Earl Ferrers, for the murder of his land-steward, came on before the House of Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th of April, 1760. His lordship was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed upon him. Ferrers petitioned that he might be beheaded in the Tower; but as the crime was so atrocious, the king refused to mitigate the sentence. A scaffold was erected under the gallows at Tyburn, and covered with black baize, with a raised platform for the murderer to stand upon.

On the morning of his execution he was dressed in a white suit, richly embroidered with silver. When he put it on he said, "This is the suit in which I was married, and in which I shall die." He walked up the steps of the scaffold with composure, and after repeating the Lord's Prayer, which he called a fine composition, he invoked the pardon of Heaven, and in a moment more was launched into eternity.

It is pleasant, after this notice of a worthless life, which society felt itself obliged to put an end to, as a measure of self-preservation, to be able to add that the widow of Earl Ferrers married Lord Frederick Campbell, son of John, Duke of Argyle, and lived to an advanced age, highly respected and beloved.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch Castle.

The town of Ashby, situated in a fertile vale of Leicestershire, received its additional appellation from Alan de la Zouch, who possessed the manor in the reign of Henry III.

It is said by Leland that Sir William, afterwards Lord, Hastings, when the male line of the Zouches was extinct, obtained the grant of the manor, partly by title and partly by money; and James Butler, Earl of Ormond, escheated the estate to Edward IV. by forfeiture, on adherence to his real liege lord, the deposed Henry VI. The same lord, for the repair of this fortress, took off the lead from Belvoir Castle, which had been forfeited by Lord Ros to the tyrant, for the same imputed crime as that of the Earl of Ormond. Certainly, when two Kings were proclaimed, and one had first reigned for a succession of years, whoever had the claim *de jure*, it was equally absurd as it was wicked to punish those who had conscientiously adhered to their oaths, pledged to the governing power; but those were not the days of argument, or cool and candid investigation. Hastings, however, who had likewise plundered another castle of Lord Ros, to complete his own, at length resigned all his estates, together with his life, on an accusation of high treason, got up by his former friend, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, by whose order he was seized at the council-board, and soon after beheaded. The attainder being subsequently taken off by King Henry VII., the estates were restored to the heirs, and have since descended to the Huntingdon family.

In 1474, Lord Hastings built the Castle of Ashby de la Zouch, the ruins of which now form a principal object of attraction on the south side of Ashby, having been remarkable as a temporary prison of Mary Queen of Scots. ✓

The Castle was originally environed by three extensive Parks, all beautifully wooded:—the Great Park, which was ten miles in circumference; Brostep Park, for fallow deer; and the Little Park, for red deer. The magnificent structure continued to be, for two hundred years, the residence of the Hastings family; it was partly of brick and partly of stone, and contained many spacious apartments, and a chapel adjoining. The stately towers formed the grandest ornaments: one contained the hall, chambers, &c.; the other was the Kitchen Tower. The Queen of Scots was entrusted to the custody of Henry, third Earl of Huntingdon, at Ashby Castle, and a room now remaining is distinguished as “Mary Queen of Scots’ Room.” Anne, the Queen of ✓

James I., and Henry, Prince of Wales, visited the Castle, as did the King, with his whole Court: they were entertained here for several days together, when thirty Poor Knights, all wearing gold chains and velvet gowns, served up the dinner. The castle was garrisoned and ably defended for King Charles I., but was at last evacuated and dismantled by capitulation. The ruins are highly interesting

Belvoir Castle.

Belvoir (or Bever) Castle in situation and aspect partly resembles "majestic Windsor." It has a similar "princely brow," being placed upon an abrupt elevation of red gritstone, now covered with vegetable mould, and varied into terraces. It has been the seat of the noble family of Manners for several generations, and is one of the most elegant castellated structures in the kingdom. The fortress is described in some topographical works as being in Lincolnshire. Camden says: "in the west part of Kesteven, on the edge of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, there stands Belvoir Castle, so called (whatever was its ancient name) from the fine prospect on a steep hill, which seems the work of art." But Mr. Nichols, an excellent authority on Leicestershire, states: "the Castle is at present in every respect considered as being within this county, with all the lands of the extra-parochial part of Belvoir thereto belonging (including the site of the Priory), consisting in the whole of 600 acres of wood, meadow, and pasture-land; upon which are now no buildings but the Castle with its offices, and the inn."

At Belvoir was formerly a Priory of four black monks, subordinate to the Abbey of St. Alban in Hertfordshire, to which it was annexed by its founder, Robert de Todeni. Dr. Stukeley, in the year 1726, saw the coffin and bones of the founder, who died in 1088, dug up in the Priory Chapel, then a stable; and on a stone was inscribed in large letters, with lead cast in them, ROBERT DE TODENE LE FUDERE. Another coffin and lid near it was likewise discovered, with the following inscription: "The Vale of Bever, barren of wood, is large and very plentiful of good corn and grass, and lieth in three shires, Leicester, Lincoln, and much of Nottinghamshire."

That Belvoir has been the site of a Castle since the Norman Conquest appears well established. Leland thinks "no rather than ye Todeneiu was the first inhabiter after the Conquest. Then it came to Albeneius,⁶ and from Albeny to Ros." By a general survey, taken at the death of Robert, the founder, he was in the possession of fourscore lordships;

many of which, by uninterrupted succession, continue still to be the property of the Duke of Rutland. In Lincolnshire his domains were still more numerous. In Northamptonshire he had nine lordships; one of which, Stoke, acquired the additional name of Albini when it came into the possession of his son, who succeeded to these lordships, and, like his father, was a celebrated warrior. According to Matthew Paris, he valorously distinguished himself at the battle of Tinchebrai, in Normandy, where Henry I. encountered Robert Curthose, his brother. This lord obtained from Henry the grant of an annual fair at Belvoir, to be continued for eight days.

During the turbulent reigns of Stephen and Henry II., the Castle fell into the hands of the Crown, and was granted to Ranulph, Earl of Chester; but repossession was obtained by de Albini, who died here about 1155. William de Albini, the third of that name, accompanied Richard I., during his crusading reign, into Normandy; he was also one of the sureties for King John in his treaty of peace with Philip of France. He was also engaged in the Barons' wars in the latter reign, and was taken prisoner by the King's party at Rochester Castle; when his own Castle at Belvoir fell into the royal hands. He was likewise one of the twenty-five Barons whose signatures are attached to Magna Charta, and the Charter of Forests, at Runnemede. This lord richly endowed the Priory at Belvoir, and founded and endowed a Hospital at Wassebridge, between Stamford and Lincoln, where he was buried in 1236. Isabel, of the house of Albini, now married Robert de Ros, Baron of Hamlake, and thus carried the estates into another family. He died in 1285, and his body was buried at Kirkham, his bowels before the high altar at Belvoir, and his heart at Croxton Abbey; it being the practice of that age for the corporeal remains of eminent persons to be thus distributed after death. The next owner, William de Ros, was, in 1304, allowed to impark 100 acres under the name of Bever Park, which was appropriated solely to the preservation of game.

Sir William Ros, Knight, was Lord High Treasurer to Henry IV. he died at the Castle in 1414, and bequeathed 40*l.* "for finding ten honest chaplains to pray for his soul, and the souls of his father, mother, brethren, sisters, &c.," for eight years within his Chapel at Belvoir Castle. John and William Ros, the next owners, were distinguished in the wars of France: the former was slain at Anjou; the latter died in 1431, and was succeeded by his son Edmund, an infant, who on coming of age, engaged in the Wars of York and Lancaster: he was attainted, and his noble possessions parcelled out by Edward IV.; the honour, Castle, and lordship of Belvoir, with the park, and all its members, and

the rent called *Castle Guard* (then an appurtenance to Belvoir), being granted, in 1467, to Hastings, the Court corruptionist. Leland thus describes the transaction: "The Lord Ros took Henry the VI.'s part against King Edward, whereupon his lands were confiscated, and Belver Castle given in keeping to Lord Hastings, who coming thither on a time to peruse the ground, and to lie in the Castle, was suddenly repelled by Mr. Harrington, a man of power thereabouts, and friend to the Lord Ros. Whereupon the Lord Hastings came thither another time with a strong power, and upon a raging will spoiled the Castle, defacing the roofs, and taking the leads off them. Then fell all the Castle to ruins, and the timber of the roofs uncovered, rotted away, and the soil between the walls of the last grew full of elders, and no habitation was there till that, of late days, the Earl of Rutland hath made it fairer than ever it was."

The above attainder was, however, repealed, and Edmund, Lord Ros, obtained repossession of all his estates in 1483: he died at the manor-house of Elsinges, Enfield, Middlesex, without issue in 1508: his sisters became heiresses to the estates, and Belvoir being part of the moiety of Eleanor, by her marriage with Sir Robert Manners, of Etall, in Northumberland, the Castle passed into the Manners family, who have continued to possess it until the present time. George, eldest son of the above-named Robert Manners, succeeded to his father's estates, including Belvoir. His son Thomas, Lord Ros, succeeded him, and was created by Henry VIII. a Knight, and afterwards Earl of Rutland, a title which had never before been conferred upon any person but of the blood-royal; and to him is attributed the restoration of the Castle, which had been partly demolished by Hastings, as Leland has described it. He says further: "it is a strange sighte to se be how many stepes of stone the way goith up from the village to the castel. In the castel be two faire gates; and the dungeon is a faire round tower, now turned to pleasure, as a place to walk yn, and to se al the counterye aboute, and raylid about the round (wall), and a garden (plotte) in the middle. There is also a welle of grete depth in the castelle, and the spring thereof is very good."

Henry, the second Earl of Rutland, made great additions to the Castle, and it became a noble and princely residence. In 1556, he was appointed Captain-General of all the forces then going to France, and Commander of the Fleet, by Philip and Mary. Edmund, the third Earl, Camden calls "a profound lawyer, and a man accomplished with all polite learning." The sixth Earl married two wives; by the second he had two sons, who, according to the monument, were murdered by

wicked practice and sorcery, as follows: Joan Flower, and her two daughters, who were servants at Belvoir Castle, having been dismissed the family, in revenge made use of all the enchantments, spells, and charms that were then supposed to answer their malicious purposes. Henry, the eldest son, died soon after their dismissal; but no suspicion of witchcraft arose till five years after, when the three women, who were said to have entered into a formal contract with the devil, were accused of "murdering Henry Lord Ros by witchcraft, and torturing the Lord Francis, his brother, and Lady Catherine, his sister." After various examinations before Francis, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, and other magistrates, they were committed to Lincoln gaol. Joan died at Ancaster, on her way thither, wishing the bread-and-butter she ate might choke her, if guilty. The two daughters were tried, confessed their guilt, and were executed at Lincoln, March 11, 1618-19.

George, seventh Earl, was honoured with a visit from Charles I. at Belvoir Castle, in 1634. The eighth Earl was John Manners, who attaching himself to the Parliamentarians, the Castle was attacked by the Royal army, and lost and won again and again by each party, till the Earl being "put to great straights for the maintenance of his family," petitioned the House of Peers for relief; and Lord Viscount Campden having been the principal instrument in the ruin of the "Castle, lands, and woods about Belvoyre," Parliament agreed that 1500*l.* a year be paid out of Lord Campden's estate, until 5000*l.* be levied to the Earl of Rutland.

In the Civil Wars, the Castle was defended for the King by the rector of Ashwell, co. Rutland. In 1643, about 140 men of Belvoir were defeated by Colonel Wayte, with 60 men, taking 46 prisoners and 60 horses; and in the following year Colonel Wayte attacked another party at Belvoir, where he made many prisoners. In 1644 the King slept two nights at Belvoir. In 1649 the Parliament ordered the Castle to be demolished; satisfaction was, however, made to the Earl, whose son rebuilt the Castle after the Restoration. John, the ninth Earl, preferred the Baronial retirement and rural quiet of Belvoir, to the busy Court, though he was created Marquis of Granby and Duke of Rutland. He resided almost entirely at Belvoir, where he kept up old English hospitality; and for many years before his death never went to London. He was succeeded by his son John, whose son was "the Great Marquis of Granby," who, during the Rebellion, raised a regiment of foot, became Lieutenant-General, and eminently distinguished himself in Germany; yet a few years since there was no

monumental record of his name. The third Duke was the last of the family who resided at Haddon.

Belvoir Castle was greatly altered, and the interior newly arranged by the taste of the Duchess of Rutland, and executed under the direction of James Wyatt, architect. It consists of a quadrangular court, occupying nearly the summit of the hill, and with its towers and walls is of regal stateliness. The view comprehends the whole vale of Belvoir, and the adjoining country as far as Lincoln, including twenty-two of the Duke of Rutland's manors. The interior is sumptuously furnished, and contains a valuable collection of paintings. Here is a massive golden salver, entirely composed of tributary tokens of royal and public respect for services performed by the noble family of Manners, and inscribed with the causes and dates of these honourable services. The last general repairs cost 60,000*l.* By an accidental fire in 1816, a large portion of the ancient part of the Castle was destroyed.

There have been in our time two memorable royal visits to Belvoir Castle: George IV., then Prince Regent, in 1814; and Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1843. Upon each of these occasions was observed the ceremony of presenting the Key of the Staunton Tower to the Sovereign. The Staunton Tower is the stronghold of the Castle. It was successfully defended by Sir Mauger Staunton, Lord of Staunton, against William the Norman, who, when firmly seated on the throne he had won, allowed the Lord of Staunton to keep possession of the lands he had so nobly defended; and he afterwards held the lordship of Staunton by tenure of Castle Guard. This lordship is situated seven miles from Newark, and five from Belvoir, and is stated to have been in the possession of a family of the name of Staunton for more than 1300 years. Upon each royal visit the key was presented to the Sovereign upon a velvet cushion by the Rev. Dr. Stanton, to whom it was most graciously returned.

Of the scale of living at Belvoir, we extract from a published account the following particulars of the consumption of wine and ale, wax-lights, &c., at Belvoir Castle, from December, 1839, to April, 1840, or about thirteen weeks:—Wine, 200 dozen; ale, 70 hogsheads; wax-lights, 2330; sperm oil, 630 gallons. Dined at his Grace's table, 1997 persons; in the steward's room, 2421; in the servants' hall, nursery, and kitchen department, including comers and goers, 11,312 persons. Of loaves of bread there were consumed 8333; of meat, 22,963 lbs. exclusive of game. The money value of the meat, poultry, eggs, and every kind of provision, except stores, consumed during this period, amounted to 1323*l.* 7*s.* 11½*d.* The quantity of game killed

during the season over all his Grace's manors, is thus stated:—1733 hares, 987 pheasants, 2101 partridges, 28 wild ducks, 108 woodcocks, 138 snipes, 947 rabbits, 776 grouse, 23 black game, and 6 teal.

Leicester Castle.

Leicester, placed on the right bank of the river Soar, was known to the Romans by the name of *Ratæ*, and was then a place of importance. It is of British origin, and was taken possession of and fortified by the Romans. The line of the wall has been traced upon the north, south, and east sides, the western defence being formed by the river. If, as is supposed, the fragment of Roman masonry known as the Jewry wall was really a part of the town wall, it follows that the wall was present on the west side, and there was a space between that defence and the river; and that the Castle, which occupies the south-west angle, was outside the town.

Geoffrey of Monmouth ascribes its name and foundation to the fabulous Leir, the son of Bladud, the Lear of Shakspeare. It was also a town of great importance among the Saxons, and was nearly central in the kingdom of Mercia. It is mentioned in a Saxon charter of 819, and is said to have given the title of Earl to Leofric, A.D. 716. It was taken and many of the inhabitants massacred by Ethelfrith, King of Northumberland. The town, during the Danish interregnum, was one of the five burghs; and the Castle, like those of Tamworth and Tutbury, is said to have been either founded or restored by Ethelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great, in 913-14, though for this solid evidence is wanting. Nevertheless, that Saxon Leicester was the seat of a very important earldom is very certain, and the residence of the lords was most probably the Castle.

After the Conquest, the property was added to the Royal demesne, and the Castle was erected, or rather an old fortress was enlarged and strengthened, to keep the townsmen in check. On the Conqueror's death this Castle was seized by the Grentmainsnells, and held by them for Robert Duke of Normandy; it was, therefore, attacked and reduced to a heap of ruins by William Rufus. The actual property of the Grentmainsnells in Leicester, was one-fourth of the town; but it does not appear how this and much of the other parts were acquired by Robert, Earl of Mellent, who became Earl of Leicester, and died in 1118, in possession of the Castle and honour. Outside, but just beneath the fortress wall, was a collegiate church, of Saxon foundation, dedicated

to St. Mary. This Robert Bellomont rebuilt and enriched very considerably in 1103, and he is thought also to have completed the Castle.

Robert Bossu, the second Earl, took the part of Henry I. He also strengthened and enlarged the Castle. He was the founder of the Abbey of St. Mary de Pratis, outside the town; and, to endow this, he diminished the ecclesiastical staff, and diverted some of the lands from his father's foundation by the Castle. He died 1167.

Robert Blanchmains, his son, is reputed to have enlarged and strengthened the Castle, and his constable, Anketel Mallory, held it against Henry II. in 1175, unsuccessfully. Both Castle and town were taken, the town wall was demolished, and, it is said, between the north and east gates was never rebuilt.

Robert Fitzparnell, the fourth Earl, died childless in 1204, when Leicester Castle, and in 1206 the earldom, came to Simon de Montfort, who had married Amicia, his sister and coheir. Upon the death at Evesham of their son Simon, in 1265, and his attainder, the earldom and Castle were granted to Edmond, second son of Henry III., Earl of Leicester and Lancaster, and the Castle has since descended with the Lancaster property, and is still a part of the duchy of that name.

Henry, Earl of Lancaster and Leicester, founded the Hospital of the Newark contiguous to the Castle in 1322, and the works were completed by Henry, his son, Duke of Lancaster, in 1354. The hospital contained four acres. It reached the river, and covered the Castle on the south side, and at this time one approach to the Castle is across the Newark, through its larger and smaller gates.

The Earls and Dukes of Lancaster must have restored the Castle, as they resided here very frequently, and with their usual display. When John of Gaunt granted certain privileges to the city in 1376, he reserved the Castle and its mill, and the rents and services of the Castle court and its office of porter. In the Castle he entertained Richard II. and his Queen with great splendour in 1390.

In 1414, when Henry V. held a Parliament in the Hall of the Grey Friars, he resided at the Castle, and it was in the great hall of the Castle that was held the Parliament of 1425-6, the Commons meeting in an apartment below it; this, however, could scarcely be the case as regards the existing hall, which is on the ground level.

Henry VI. was here in 1426, and in 1444 the Castle and honour were included in his marriage settlement. In 1450 a third Parliament was held at Leicester. Edward IV. was here in 1463 and 1464, but from this period the Castle seems to have been neglected, and to have fallen into great decay.

Leland, who visited Leicester about 1512, says: "The castelle ston-
ing nere the west bridge is at this tyme a thing of small estimation, and
there is no apparaunce other [either] of high waulles or dykes. So that
I think that the lodgings that now be there were made sins the tyme of
the Barons' war in Henry III. tyme, and great likelyhood there is that
the castelle was much defaced in Henry II. tyme, when the waulles of
Liercester were defacid."—(*Abridged from a communication to the
Buildre.*)

In the time of Charles I. the materials of the Castle were sold, and
there are now few remains of it, except the mound, or earthwork of the
keep, which, though broad, is less lofty than usual in the more impor-
tant Saxon castles. It is about thirty feet high, and 100 feet diameter
upon its circular top, which is quite flat.

Leicester Abbey and Cardinal Wolsey.

Leicester Abbey was founded in the year 1143, in the reign of King
Stephen, by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester, for black canons of the
Order of St. Augustine, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It is
situated in a pleasant meadow to the north of the town, watered by the
river Soar, whence it acquired the name of *St. Mary de Pratis, or de la
Pré*. This monastery was richly endowed with lands in thirty-six of the
neighbouring parishes, besides various possessions in other counties, and
enjoyed considerable privileges and immunities. Bossu, with the con-
sent of the Lady Amicia, his wife, became a canon regular in his own
foundation, in expiation of his rebellious conduct towards his sovereign,
and particularly for the injuries which he had thereby brought upon
the "goodly town of Leycestre." The monastery had liberty of pro-
curing fuel and keeping cattle in divers other manors. Amicia, the wife
of the founder, gave two bucks annually. Margaret de Quincey also
gave a buck annually out of Charnwood Forest, and land at Sheepshead.
Robert de Quincey, her husband, confirmed these grants, and added the
tenth of all hay sold in Ade and Wyffeley, and the right shoulder of all
the deer killed in the park of Acle.

Leicester Abbey was rendered famous as being the last residence of
the unhappy Wolsey: within its walls was once witnessed a scene more
humiliating to human ambition, and more instructive to human gran-
deur, than almost any which history has produced. Here the fallen
pride of Wolsey retreated from the insults of the world, all his visions
of ambition were now gone; his pomp and pageantry and crowded
levées. On this spot he told the listening monks, the sole attendants of

his dying hour, as they stood around his pallet, that he was come to lay his bones among them, and gave them a pathetic testimony to the truth and joys of religion.

On his road to London, whither he had been summoned from his Castle at Cawood, by Henry, to take his trial for high treason, he was seized with a disorder, which so increased as to oblige his resting at Leicester, where he was met at the Abbey-gate by the Abbot and his whole convent. The first ejaculation of Wolsey on meeting these holy persons, plainly shows that he was aware of his approaching end: "Father Abbot," said he, "I am come hither to lay my bones among you;" and with much difficulty he was carried upstairs, which it was fated he was never again to descend alive. The very next day the Abbot was summoned to administer the fifth sacrament of the Roman Catholic Church, called extreme unction, and the guard were desired to witness his last moments. He expired as the clock struck eight, saying, "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

The remains of the Cardinal were interred in the Abbey church at Leicester, after having been viewed by the mayor and corporation (for the prevention of false rumours), and were attended to the grave by the Abbot and all his brethren. This last ceremony was performed by torchlight, the canons singing dirges, and offering orisons, at between four and five o'clock on the morning of St. Andrew's Day, November 30, 1530.

At the Dissolution, the site of the Abbey was granted to William, Marquis of Northampton. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Huntingdon was in possession of it; but in the succeeding reign it belonged to the Cavendish family, and was the seat of the Countess of Devonshire, till the period of the Civil War, during which a party of Royalists from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, under the command of Henry Hastings, afterwards Lord Loughborough, came and burnt the Abbey, leaving only the walls standing. In 1645, the town of Leicester, under Colonel Thomas Grey, on the 31st of May, was stormed by Charles I. and Prince Rupert, with great slaughter, but it was recovered on the 18th of June, in the same year, by the Parliamentarians under Fairfax.

There is a traditional story that the stone coffin in which Wolsey's remains were placed, was, after its disinterment, used as a horse-trough at an inn in or near Leicester.

Groby Castle and Bradgate Hall—Elizabeth Woodville and Lady Jane Grey.

GROBY.—The manor of Groby, in Leicestershire, and the adjacent one of Bradgate, were given by the Conqueror to a favourite Norman follower, named Hugh Grandmeisnell, who was afterwards created Baron of Hinkley and High Steward of England by William Rufus. Parnel, or Petronella, the daughter and co-heir of this Sir Hugh, brought this manor in marriage to Robert Blanchmaines, Earl of Leicester, from whom, by the marriage of another co-heir, it passed to Saher de Quincey, created Earl of Winchester in the eighth year of King John, and whose son and heir, Roger, Earl of Winchester, died in the forty-eighth year of Henry III., leaving issue three co-heiresses, one of whom, Margaret, wife of William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, gave it to her second son, William de Ferrers, who was afterwards created Baron of Groby. In the reign of Edward IV., the manor was possessed by Sir Edward Grey, in right of his wife, Elizabeth Woodville, heir-general of the Ferrers, and afterwards queen of Edward IV., and whose grandson, Thomas, was created Marquis of Dorset. His grandson, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk (father of Lady Jane Grey), was beheaded in 1554, and his estates were transferred to his nephew, who was created Baron Grey of Groby by James I. In 1628, his grandson, Henry, was created Earl of Stamford, from whom the present Earls of Stamford and Warrington are descended.

→ BRADGATE, where still stand the remains of a venerable old mansion, is situated on the skirts of Charnwood Forest, about two miles from Groby Castle, and four miles from Leicester. In the ecclesiastical division of the county it is a member of the noble owner's manor and peculiar of Groby. As parcel of that manor, Bradgate belonged anciently to Hugh Grandmeisnell, passed with Groby manor to Robert Blanchmaines, Earl of Leicester, and afterwards by marriage to Saher de Quincey, Earl of Winton. Bradgate Park, as parcel of the manor of Groby, became the property of William de Ferrers, whose son and heir, William, was summoned to Parliament in 1293, as Baron Ferrers, of Groby. In 1444, on the death of the last William, Lord Ferrers, of Groby, Bradgate descended to Sir Edward Grey, who married Elizabeth, sole daughter of Henry, son to William, Lord Ferrers, of Groby. Sir

John Grey, son of Sir Edward, married Elizabeth Wideville, whose beauty so impressed King Edward IV., that he married her and made her Queen of England and the mother of queens.—(See Grafton House, Northamptonshire.)

Sir Thomas Grey, son of Sir John Grey and Elizabeth Wideville, succeeded as Lord Ferrers of Groby, and in 1475 was advanced to the dignity of Marquis of Dorset. He died in 1501, having previously commenced the erection of several new buildings both at Groby and Bradgate. He was succeeded by his third son, Thomas, second Marquis of Dorset, who, early in the reign of Henry VIII., built at Bradgate a very fair, large, and beautiful house, from materials brought principally from the manor-house of the Earl of Warwick, at Sutton Coldfield. In 1511 he was sent into Spain with an army of 10,000 men, of whom 5000 were archers, who, besides their bows and arrows, carried halberds, "which they pitched in the ground till their arrows were shot, and then took up again to do execution on the enemy." Two years later, this Thomas, with four of his brothers, together with the Duke of Suffolk and some other gallant gentlemen, attended a tournament at St. Denis, in France, and "behaved themselves so bravely therein that they returned home with singular honour." In 1520, at the famous meeting of King Henry and Francis the First of France, between Ardres and Guisnes, in Picardy, "he carried the sword of state before the King of England naked, as the Duke of Bourbon did before the King of France, and after that was one of the aiders in those renowned jousts and tournaments which were held at that time there, between the English and French." In 1529 he was a witness in the cause of divorce between King Henry and Queen Catherine, his first wife, as to the age of Prince Arthur, &c. He died in 1530.

The next owner of Bradgate was Henry, eldest son of the preceding and third Marquis of Dorset. About this time Bradgate was visited by Leland, who says:—"From Leicester to Bradgate, by ground welle woddid, three miles. At Bradgate is a fair parke, and a lodge lately buillid there by the Lord Thomas Gray, Marquise of Dorsete, father to Henry, that is now marquise. . . . This parke was parte of the old erles of Leicester's lands, and sins, by heirs generales, it came to the lord Ferrars of Groby, and so to the Grays. From Bradgate to Groby a mile and a half, much by woddenland. There remaine few tokens of the old castelle, more than that the hill that the kepe of the castelle stode on is yet very notable, but there is now no stone upon it. . . . Newere workes and buildinges

on Woodville

there at Bradgate were erected by the Lord Thomas, first marquis of Dorset, among the which workes he began and erectid the foundation and waules of a great gatehouse of brick, and a tour, but that is left half onfinished of him and so it standeth yet. . . . There is a faire large parke by the place a vi. miles in compasse. There is also a poore village by the place and a litle broke by it."

In 1546-7, Henry, Marquis of Dorset, was appointed Lord High Constable of England, for three days only, on the solemnity of the King's coronation; in 1551 he was made Warden of the West and Middle Marches towards Scotland, and in the same year he was created Duke of Suffolk, in compliment to his second wife, who was Frances, daughter and co-heir of Charles Brandon, the gay Duke of Suffolk, by his third wife Mary, daughter of King Henry VII., and widow of Louis XII., King of France. The family of Suffolk were now enjoying a large share of prosperity and of royal favour. The king was their near kinsman, and among their relatives were the most powerful families in England. It seems unaccountable then, except on the theory that prosperity unsettles men's minds, when adversity could not, that only during the summer after his latest honours had been conferred upon him, the Duke of Suffolk was unfortunately allured to countenance a project which involved himself and his family in ruin.

But before we can detail this fatal step it will be necessary to refer to the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Duke of Suffolk—the incomparable Lady Jane Grey. "It is impossible," says the historian of Leicestershire, "to think upon the sweet disposition and wonderful accomplishments of this excellent lady, without having the heart elated by the sublimest, as well as melted by the tenderest feelings. How interested must we feel about Bradgate, when we recollect it was not only the birthplace, but the scene of the happy childhood and the early studies of this incomparable heroine. Here, to use the quaint but emphatic language of Dr. Fuller, 'she was bred by her parents, according to her high birth, in religion and learning. They were no whit indulgent to her in childhood, but extremely severe, more than needed to so sweet a temper; for what need iron instruments to bow wax? But, as the sharpest winters (correcting the rankness of the earth) cause the more healthful and fruitful summers, so the harshness of her breeding compacted her soul to the greater patience and piety, so that afterwards she proved the mirror of her age, and attained to be an excellent scholar.'

“Of her strong affection to learning, there is a remarkable testimony given by Mr. Ascham, which, as it does honour to herself and her learned preceptor, we cannot pass by in silence. One example,” saith he, “whether love or fear doth more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure and followed with more profit. Before I went into Guernsey I came to Brodegate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady, Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in the chamber reading *Phædon Platonis*, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me, ‘I wiste all their sport in the parke is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure meant.’ ‘And how came you, madam,’ quoth I, ‘to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women but very few men have attained thereto?’ ‘I will tell you,’ saith she, ‘and tell you a troth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened—yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them), without measure misordered, till the time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasures and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed, be but trifles and very troubles unto me.’ I remember this talk very gladly (saith Mr. A.), both because it is so worthy of memory, and because it was the last that I ever had, and the last time that I ever saw that noble and worthy lady.”

"She had," continues Dr. Fuller, "the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor, for her parents offences. . . . No lady which led so many pious, lived so few pleasant days, whose soul was never out of the nonage of afflictions, till death made her of full years to inherit happiness. So severe her education! Whilst a child her father's was to her an house of correction; nor did she write woman sooner than she did subscribe wife; and, in obedience to her parents, was unfortunately matched to the Lord Guildford Dudley. Yet he was a goodly, and (for aught I find to the contrary) a godly gentleman, whose worst fault was that he was son to an ambitious father. She was proclaimed but never crowned queen; living in the Tower, which place, though it hath a double capacity of a palace and a prison, yet appeared to her chiefly in the latter relation. For she was longer a captive than a queen therein; taking no contentment all the time, save what she found in God and a clear conscience. Her family, by snatching at a crown which was not, lost a coronet which was their own, much degraded in degree, and more in estate. I would give in an inventory of the vast wealth they then possessed, but am loathe to grieve her surviving relations with a list of the lands lost by her father's attainure."

Of the ample buildings and sumptuous offices of the Bradgate Hall of the sixteenth century, the remains now to be seen are few and fragmentary. The building was of brick with stone quoins, and of these the principal remains are the broken shells of two towers, with portions of enclosing walls, partly covered with ivy. Of the moat, the pleasaunces, and fish-ponds, the traces are still to be seen, and close to the house is a beautiful avenue of chestnuts—a probable haunt of Lady Jane Grey. The park still abounds in picturesque views, and is still well stocked with deer, though it is no longer what it was, "when a squirrel might hop six miles from tree to tree without touching the ground, and a traveller might travel from Beaumanoir to Bardon on a summer day without seeing once the sun." Sad rifts have been broken in upon the ancient "woddenslands" of the park, as Leland calls them; and the rabbit and hare now roam over what were formerly the courtyards and gardens of the manor. Thoresby states that "it is said of the wife of the Earl of Suffolk, who last inhabited Bradgate Hall, that she set it on fire or caused it to be set on fire, at the instigation of her sister, who

then lived in London. The story is thus told: Some time after the Earl had married, he brought his lady to his seat at Bradgate. Her sister wrote to her, desiring to know how she liked her habitation and the country she was in. The Countess of Suffolk wrote for answer, that 'the house was tolerable, that the country was a forest, and the inhabitants all brutes.' The sister in reply advised her 'to set fire to the house, and run away by the light of it.' The former part of the request, it is said, she immediately put into practice. Some say that this immaculate lady had an intrigue with her husband's chaplain.

In later as in earlier times, the demesne of Bradgate has followed the fortunes of the manor of Groby. Both are now, as mentioned above, among the possessions of the Earls of Stamford and Warrington.



Donington Park and Langley Priory.—The Cheslyns and the Shakespears.

DONINGTON HALL, a magnificent edifice, the seat of the Marquis of Hastings, resembling a palace rather than the typical ancestral hall of England, is situated nine and a half miles north-east of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the north-west border of the county of Leicester, and is separated from Derbyshire on the west by the river Trent. It was formerly in the possession of Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby. In 1594 it was purchased by George, Earl of Huntingdon, who soon after destroyed the castle at this place, and erected a handsome mansion, which continued the principal residence of the Earls of Huntingdon. In 1789 it was bequeathed by Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, to the Earl of Moira, who erected the present mansion of stone, from the designs of W. Wilkins, of Cambridge. It stands in a plain formed by the union of three delightful valleys, which radiate from the spot in the direction of east, south, and south-west. The situation is, notwithstanding, considerably above the general level of the country. The style of the exterior and entrance hall is castellated architecture, adopted from a plan suggested by his lordship as best suited to the scenery around. It is a quadrangular edifice surrounding a courtyard; the principal front is to the south, extending to about 130 feet. In the centre is a lofty pointed arch of entrance, springing from turrets; the space over the

arch is divided into five compartments by small buttresses terminating in pinnacles between which are lancet windows, and is surmounted by a battlement. Over the door is the following inscription :—"To the memory of his uncle, Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, from whose affection he received the estate, this edifice is gratefully dedicated by Francis Rawdon Hastings." On each side of this noble porch, which is highly ornamental, the main building extends about fifty feet, two stories in height, terminated at the angles by embattled turrets. And between each of the five windows on either side rises a buttress, turreted ; over the windows are scroll labels and an ornamented open parapet. The porch opens to the great hall, 24 feet square ; on one side is the dining-room, 48 feet by 24 feet ; and on the other an antechamber and drawing-room, 40 feet by 24 feet. At the west end is the library, 72 feet long by 26 feet wide, in which is preserved a collection of royal and noble letters, arranged with great care by Mr. Edward Dawson, the steward ; on the east side is the great breakfast-parlour ; and extending beyond the mansion is the family chapel, 58 feet long by 20 feet wide, having a high pointed roof and mullioned windows ; its walls, supported by buttresses, terminating in pinnacles, produce a beautiful effect, while it serves to conceal the offices. The principal apartments contain a collection of ancient portraits, chiefly of the Hastings family and their relatives. There are also numerous specimens of Holbein, Vandyke, Sir P. Lely, Sir G. Kneller, Jansen, Teniers, Titian, &c. The scenery of Donington Park is remarkable for picturesque beauty, abounding in undulations, clothed with the richest verdure, and adorned with a profusion of noble trees. At the northern extremity of the park is seen Donington Cliff, verging on the river Trent. This eminence is luxuriantly clothed with a fine hanging wood, and the river beneath winds in a silver stream, through meadows many miles in length.

Donington Hall, as will presently be seen, is connected with *Langley Priory*, a very ancient foundation of Leicestershire, three miles south of Donington Hall. Here William Pantulf, in the reign of King Canute the Dane, founded a small nunnery, dedicated to the Virgin. At the dissolution the site and demesne lands were demised to Thomas Gray. This gentleman died at Castle Donington, seized, among other estates, of the site and lands of Langley Priory, in 1564. In 1686 the whole estate was purchased by Richard Cheslyn, Esq., an eminent founder in London, and the projector of the Whitechapel Waterworks. His grandson, Mr. Cheslyn, in

1770, expended nearly 5000*l.* in plantations, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, and made considerable additions to his estates by purchasing lands in Diseworth, in the vicinity of the priory, and in Castle Donington. Dying in 1787, Mr. Cheslyn bequeathed Langley to his nephew, Richard Cheslyn, and to his elder son (under strict settlement).

On entering this lordship from Tonge, the eye is attracted by numerous fine old oaks—the whole grounds, indeed, seeming to have been at one time laid out as a park. The only house on the whole estate is Langley Hall, which occupies a low situation in a rich but sequestered vicinity, and has in front of it a fine sheet of water with extensive pleasure-grounds.

In the year 1820 the annual income of this estate was little short of 8000*l.* Mr. Cheslyn, then its proprietor, filled the office of High Sheriff, was an active magistrate, and supported the character of the rich English squire in the traditional style of splendour. He had one son and three daughters by his wife, the sister of the bishop of Killala. "The son," says Sir Bernard Burke, "was the pride of all circles and the idol of his own; the daughters were the belles of the county, two of them lovely as Hebe, and one gifted with great mental powers. At Donington, at Belvoir, at Coleorton, at all the great county seats, they were always welcome guests, and the priory was a rendezvous for the choicest spirits of the three counties. Moore was a frequent visitor, and warbled some of his favourite Irish melodies at Langley Priory *before* they were in the possession of the general public. Bacchanalian and Anacreontic were the evenings at Langley in those days."

The decline of the family of the Cheslyns was perhaps as rapid and as complete as that of any ancient stock whose vicissitudes throw a glow of romance over the pages of our county histories. Mr. Cheslyn became involved in a ruinous lawsuit, and some mining speculations into which he had entered turning out utterly profitless at about the same time, he found himself a beggared man. His son, who had been brought up with an expectancy of 7000*l.* a year, and was on the point of forming a high matrimonial alliance, found himself at once reduced from affluence to indigence. Only a year or two ago he might have mated with a countess, now we find him marrying a peasant's daughter, by whom he left an only son, the last of the Cheslyns, and now, or lately, an inmate of the Herrick Charity, or, at least, a recipient of its bounty.

"An overwhelming vicissitude," adds the author already quoted,

“was never borne with a better grace than by Dick Cheslyn. To the last he kept up ‘the feast of reason and the flow of soul,’ was always well received as a guest at the many noble houses at which he had visited on terms of equality, and at those dinner parties at which every portion of his dress was the cast-off clothes of his grander friends, always looked and *was* the gentleman. He made no secret of his poverty or of the generous hand that had ‘rigged him out.’ ‘This coat,’ he has been heard to say, ‘was Radcliffe’s; these pants, Granby’s; this waistcoat, Scarborough’s; the *et ceteras*, Bruce Campbell’s.’ His cheerfulness and *bonhomie* under all the painful circumstances never forsook him. He was the victim of others’ mismanagement and profusion, not of his own.”

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, when the Cheslyns were still keeping lordly state at Langley Priory, and when Francis, Lord Moira, the gallant soldier, eloquent senator, and able Governor-General of India, was the master of Donington Hall, a peasant lad, named John Shakespear, whose chief employment was tending cows in the lanes, but who was occasionally employed in the gardens of the priory, was living in a humble cottage, in the adjoining village of Tonge.

One day a sudden thunder-storm overtook Lord Moira, who was walking in the vicinity of his mansion, and drove him to take shelter under a tree. Here he found young Shakespear, the cowherd, who had come here with the same object as his lordship. Entering into conversation with the boy, and being struck with his seeming intelligence, Lord Moira commanded the boy to call at Donington Hall on the following morning. The lad, acting under the impression that the gentleman who had been speaking to him was one of the upper servants at the hall, did as he had been requested; but was filled with confusion when, on being ushered into a room of the mansion, he discovered that it was Lord Moira himself who had been talking with him under the tree.

Further conversation with the lad strengthened his lordship’s estimate of his talents, and he resolved that the peasant boy should have the advantage of education. Young Shakespear was placed at school, and made rapid progress, especially in the acquisition of languages.

When young he was connected, as a teacher of languages, with an educational establishment at Marlow; afterwards he was transferred to Addiscomb College, and for a number of years filled the office of Professor of Oriental Languages in that institution, till

1852, when he vacated his position. During his connexion with Addiscomb College, he published several oriental works, through the Messrs. Allen, of Leadenhall Street, and from these works reaped a much larger reward than ordinarily falls to the lot even of the most gifted authors. Mr. Shakespear's principal publications consist of an "English and Hindustani Dictionary," a "Grammar of the Hindustani Language," an "Introduction to," and "Selections from the Hindustani Language." These works may be ranked only among the class of compiled publications, but they evidence much labour and research, and their great popularity remains the true proof of their usefulness and merit.

Some curious stories are told as to Mr. Shakespear's carefulness, if not penuriousness, in money matters; and this passion for the accumulation of wealth, with the successful issue of his works, enabled him to leave behind him at his death upwards of a quarter of a million of money. His death took place on the 10th June, 1858, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, at Langley Priory, which he had purchased some years previously, for 70,000*l.* His famous library he bequeathed to Professor Bowles, of Addiscomb. Mr. Shakespear's connexion with the Shakspeare House, at Stratford-on-Avon, may be told in a few words. That national property was bought in 1847, by public auction, for 3000*l.*, by the Shakspearian Club, out of a fund obtained by public subscription, and was conveyed to Viscount Morpeth (Earl of Carlisle) and others. Desirous of doing honour to the memory of his illustrious namesake, John Shakespear bequeathed 2500*l.* to the trustees of the house, for the purpose of clearing away old obstructions, in the shape of the walls of other buildings, etc. Mr. Shakespear never professed to be related to the great bard, but thought it probable that he was descended from a branch of the family. He was very particular in spelling his own name in the way we have given it, without the final *e*, whilst he always wrote the name of the poet thus—Shakspeare.

Thus the cow-boy, who had worked hopelessly enough, no doubt, on the estates of the priory, lived to purchase them with money earned by his own talent and perseverance, and died in affluence, comfort, and honour, while the last of the Cheslyns, after experiencing the luxuries which a princely fortune can command, was compelled to accept the eleemosynary assistance offered by public charity.

Before the time of his death Mr. Shakespear had purchased

the whole of the Priory estates, for 140,000*l.* This splendid inheritance he bequeathed to Charles Bowles, Esq., who assumed, by sign manual, the name of Shakespear, and is now a respected county gentleman and magistrate of Leicestershire.

Donington is at present held by Lady Edith Maud Abney-Hastings, Countess of Loudon.



WARWICKSHIRE.

Warwick Castle and Guy's Cliff.

The town of Warwick is delightfully situated on the banks of the river Avon, nearly in the centre of the county to which it gives name, and of which it is the capital. Its foundation is considered as remote as the earliest period of the Christian era. Dugdale attributes its erection to Gutheline or Kimbeline, a British king, whose son, Guiderius, greatly extended it; but being afterwards almost totally destroyed by the Picts and Scots, it lay in a ruinous condition until it was rebuilt by the renowned Caractacus. It greatly suffered from the Danish invaders, but was repaired by the Lady Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred. Warwick Castle is one of the very few baronial residences now remaining which are connected with our early history; and rears its round and lofty turrets in the immediate vicinity of the town. It stands on a rocky eminence, 40 feet perpendicular height, and overhanging the river which washes its rocky base. The first fortified building on this spot was erected by the Lady Ethelfleda, who built the donjon upon an artificial mound of earth, which can still be traced in the grounds. The most ancient part of the present Castle, according to Domesday Book, was erected in the reign of Edward the Confessor; which document informs us that it was "a special stronghold for the midland part of the kingdom." In the reign of William the Norman it received considerable additions; when Turchill, then vicecomes of Warwickshire, was ordered to enlarge and repair it. The Conqueror, however, being distrustful of Turchill, committed the custody of it to one of his own followers, Henry de Newburgh, whom he created Earl of Warwick, the first of that title of the Norman line. The second earl garrisoned the Castle for King Stephen. In the reign of Henry III. this fortress was considered of such importance that security was required from Margery, the sister and heiress of Thomas de Newburgh, the sixth earl of the Norman line, that she would not marry with any person in whom the King could not place the greatest confidence. During the same reign, in the year 1265, William Mauduit, who had garrisoned the Castle for the King against the rebellious barons, was surprised by the governor of Kenilworth Castle,



WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE BRIDGE.

who, having destroyed a part of the walls, took him, with the Countess, his wife, prisoners; and a ransom of 1900 marks was paid before their release could be obtained.

To the Newburghs succeeded the Beauchamps; Anne, daughter and heiress of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry VI., married Richard Neville, who assumed the title of Earl of Warwick in the reign of Henry VI., by right of his wife, and was called the *King-maker*.

After his death, at the battle of Barnet, the Duke of Clarence, who had married his daughter, was created Earl of Warwick by King Edward IV., and put in possession of the Castle; to which he made great additions. Upon the forfeiture of the Duke's estates, a grant of the Castle was made to the family of Dudley; and that line failing, the title of Earl of Warwick was given by James I. to Robert Rich, whose property it continued till 1759. The Castle was granted by the same King to Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, after having passed through the successive lines of Beauchamp, Neville, Plantagenet, and Dudley. Sir Fulke Greville found the Castle in a ruinous condition, and expended large sums in its restoration. Under his successor the fortress was garrisoned for the Parliament; and in 1642 it was besieged by the King's forces. Francis Lord Brook was created Earl Brook of Warwick Castle in 1746; and in 1759 Earl of Warwick. The gatehouse tower of the Castle is flanked by embattled walls, covered with ivy, having at the extremity Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower. The gate, between machicolated towers, leads to the great court, bounded by ramparts and turrets; on one side of the area is an artificial mound, skirted by trees and shrubs, and surmounted by an ancient tower. The "living rooms" of the Castle extend *en suite* 330 feet in length; every window in which commands extensive and diversified views. The hall has been most carefully restored; and all the armorial decorations have been painted by Willement. They refer entirely to the genealogical connexions of the present noble possessor with the ancient Earls of Warwick. Many of the rooms of the Castle are hung with tapestry, and ancestral portraits, and a collection of ancient and modern armour.

The stately building at the north-west angle, called Guy's House, was erected in 1394; it is 128 feet high, and the walls, of solid masonry, are 10 feet in thickness. Cæsar's Tower, which is supposed to be the most ancient part of the Castle, is 174 feet high. The grounds are very extensive. In a greenhouse, built for its reception, is the celebrated and magnificent marble vase, found in the ruins of Hadrian's villa at

Tivoli, and brought to England by Sir William Hamilton, who presented it to the Earl of Warwick; it holds 163 gallons. In a room attached to Cæsar's Tower are shown the sword, shield, and helmet, which, according to fabulous tradition, belonged to Guy Earl of Warwick; but it is of a medley of dates. The custody of this sword was, so late as the year 1542, granted to Edward Cresswell, with a salary of *2d. per diem*, out of the rents and profits of the Castle; his kettle, of bellmetal, 26 feet wide, to contain 120 gallons, is also preserved; for which purpose a pension was granted in the reign of Henry VIII. The Dun Cow is not mentioned till, in a seventeenth century play, in 1636, a rib of the cow was exhibited at Warwick.

A curious interest attaches to the story of the Dun Cow, mythic though it be: the origin is thus explained by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne. On the north-western edge of Shropshire is the Staple Hill, a collection of upright stones, disposed in a circle 90 feet in diameter, and bearing the name of "Michell's Fold," a title signifying the Middle Fold, or inclosure; forming, as it does, the central one between two others. It is supposed to have been the scene of burial as well as sacrifice, by the Druids; and the following legend still lingers among these stones. Here the voice of fiction declares there formerly dwelt a giant, who guarded his cow within this inclosure, like another Apis among the ancient Egyptians, a cow who yielded her milk as miraculously as the bear *Ædumla*, whom we read of in Icelandic mythology, filling every vessel that could be brought to her, until at length an old crone attempted to catch her milk in a sieve, when, furious at the insult, she broke out of the magical inclosure at Michell's Fold and wandered into Warwickshire, where her subsequent history and fate are well known under that of the Dun Cow, whose death added another wreath of laurel to the immortal Guy, Earl of Warwick.

The learned Dr. Caius, of Cambridge, says of the Cow: "I met with the head of a certain huge animal, of which the naked bone, with the bones supporting the horns, were of enormous weight, and as much as a man could well lift. The curvature of the bones of the horns is of such a projection as to point not straight downwards, but obliquely forwards. . . . Of this kind I saw another head at Warwick Castle, A.D. 1552, in the place where the arms of the great and strong Guy, formerly Earl of Warwick, are kept. . . . There is also a vertebra of the neck of the same animal, of such great size, that its circumference is not less than three Roman feet, seven inches and a half. I think also that the blade-bone, which is to be seen hung up by chains from the north gate of Coventry, belongs to the same animal

The circumference of the whole bone is not less than eleven feet four inches and a half.

“In the chapel of the great Guy, Earl of Warwick, which is situated rather more than a mile from the town of Warwick (Guy's Cliff), there is hung up a rib of the same animal, as I suppose, the girth or which in the smallest part is nine inches, the length six feet and a half. It weighs nine pounds and a half. Some of the common people fancy it to be a rib of a wild boar, killed by Guy; some a rib of a cow which haunted a ditch (? ravine) near Coventry, and injured many persons. This last opinion I judge to come nearer to the truth, since it may perhaps be the bone of a bonasus or urus. It is probable that many animals of this kind formerly lived in our England, being of old an island full of woods and forests; because, even in our boyhood, the horns of those animals were in common use at the table, on more solemn feasts, in lieu of cups; as those of the urus were in Germany in ancient times, according to Cæsar. They were supported on three silver feet, and had, as in Germany, a border of silver round the rim.”

To the reign of Athelstan, A.D. 926, some of our early chroniclers assign the existence of the fabulous Guy, Earl of Warwick. According to the legend, Athelstan was at war with the Danes, who had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Winchester; and it was to depend on the issue of a single combat between an English champion to be appointed, and Colbran, who, though acting as champion of the Danes, is described as being an African or Saracen, of gigantic size—whether the crown of England should be retained by Athelstan, or be transferred to Anlaf, King of Denmark, and Govelaph, King of Norway. Earl Guy, whose valour had obtained for him great renown, had at the very time just landed at Portsmouth in the garb of a palmer, having returned from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and being engaged as a champion by the King, who, without knowing him, had been directed by a vision to apply to him to undertake the matter, he succeeded in killing the Danish champion. He then privately discovered himself to the King, on whom he enjoined secrecy, retired unknown to the neighbourhood of his own Castle at Warwick, and lived the life of a hermit till his death.

What is the origin of this tradition, which cannot be traced higher than the early part of the twelfth century, it is difficult to determine. The story, as given by our early historians, and in Dugdale, who, with Leland, Camden, and some others, has received it as a true history, is inconsistent with the known circumstances of the times. And it may

Je observed, that the name of the champion, Guy, the pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and the African or Saracenic origin of Colbrand, point to a period subsequent to the Norman Conquest as that in which the legend received its present form.

Mr. Thomas Wright, who has investigated the history of the romance of Guy of Warwick, shows how the original myth in histories of nations has been gradually transformed in each tribe into a fabulous history of individuals (thus constituting what we call the *heroic history* of nations), and laid the groundwork of mediæval romances; and many of these have been at last taken for authentic history, and then found their way into old chronicles. He shows how this was the case in ancient Greece, as well as in mediæval Europe. He then traces in our country the change of the national and primæval myths of the Saxon race into a class of romances, which are known as Anglo-Danish, because the new plot is generally laid in the events connected with the invasion of this country by the Danes. The romance of "Guy of Warwick" belongs to this class; it is found in its earliest form in the Anglo-Norman poem of the thirteenth century, and to some degree it illustrates the locality.

Guy's Cliff is charmingly picturesque, with its rock, wood, and water. It is supposed that here was an oratory and a cell for the hermit in Saxon times; and it is certain that a hermit dwelt here in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. Henry V. visited the Cliff; and here a chantry was founded by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. In this delightful retreat lived John Rous, the antiquary, as a chantry priest. Subsequently, a private gentleman built a handsome mansion here. The founder of the chapel caused a rude statue of the famous Earl Guy to be carved from the solid rock; it is about eight feet in height, and was well preserved in the seventeenth century.

Warwick is a brave old place, redolent of the fame of the Earls of Warwick at every turn; which is shown in St. Mary's Cross Church and the Beauchamp Chapel, and from the renowned

"Sir Guy of Warwick, as was wreten
In palmer wyse, as Colman hath it wryten;
The battaill toke on hym for England's right,
With the Colbrond in armes for to fight,"—

to the accomplished Sir Fulke Greville.

Lord Lytton, in his picturesque romance, the *Last of the Barons*, gives the following elaborate portrait of the King-maker in his regal state, at Warwick House, in Newgate-street, where six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and any acquaintance might have as much roast

meat as he could prick and carry on a long dagger. This portrait is evidently a word-painting from the period :—"The Earl of Warwick was seated near a large window that opened upon an inner court, which gave communication to the river. The chamber was painted in the style of Henry III., with huge figures representing the Battle of Hastings, or rather, for there were many separate pieces, the Conquest of Saxon England; the ceiling was groined, vaulted, and emblazoned with the richest gilding and colours; the chimney-piece (a modern ornament) rose to the roof, and represented in bold reliefs, gilt and decorated, the signing of Magna Charta; the floor was strewed thick with dried rushes and odorous herbs; the furniture was scanty but rich, the low-backed chairs, of which there were but four, carved in ebony, had cushions of velvet, with fringes of massive gold; a small cupboard, or beaufet, covered with *carpetz de cuir* (carpets of gilt and painted leather) of great price, held various quaint and curious ornaments of plate, inwrought with precious stones; and beside this—a singular contrast—on a plain Gothic table lay the helmet, the gauntlets, and the battle-axe of the master. The Earl was in the lusty vigour of his age; his hair, of deepest black, was worn short, as in disdain of the effeminate fashions of the day; and fretted bare from the temples by the constant and early friction of his helmet, gave to a forehead naturally lofty a yet more majestic appearance of expanse and height; his complexion, though dark and sunburnt, glowed with rich health; the beard was closely shaven, and left, in all its remarkable beauty, the contour of the oval face and strong jaw—strong as if clasped in iron; the features were marked and aquiline, as was common to those of Norman blood; the form spare, but of prodigious width and depth of chest, the more apparent from the fashion of the short surcoat, which was thrown back, and left in broad expanse a placard, not of holiday velvet and satins, but of steel, polished as a mirror, and inlaid with gold. The Earl's great stature, from the length of his limbs, was not so observable when he sat, with his high, majestic, smooth, unwrinkled forehead, like some paladin of the rhyme of poet or romancer, and rare and harmonious combination of colossal strength with lithe and graceful lightness. The faded portrait of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, in the Rous Roll, preserved at the Heralds' College, does justice at least to the height and majesty of his stature. The portrait of Edward IV. is the only one in that long series which at all rivals the stately proportions of the king-maker."

Blacklow Hill.—The Fate of Gaveston.

Blacklow, or probably *Black-law*, Hill, so called from its being a place of execution, is situated in the parish of Wotton, within a mile and a half of Warwick. Thither Piers Gaveston, the corrupt favourite of a weak and infatuated King, was dragged to ignominious execution, "without judgment of his peers or any course of law, by the Earls of Lancaster and Warwick, who had taken him by surprise at Deddington, in Oxfordshire." This disgraceful minion, whom Edward I. had caused to be educated together with his son, afterwards Edward II., in consideration of the great service his father had done the Crown, is described by an old historian, as "filling the Court with buffoons, parasites, minstrels, players, and alle kinde of dissolute persons, to entertaine and dissolve the King with delights and pleasures."

There are in existence two letters of Edward, First Prince of Wales, dated 1304, in one of which he entreats the Queen, and in the other the Countess of Holland, his sister, to intercede with the King for the admission of Perot de Gaveston among his attendants. Prince Edward was twenty years old at the time, and this is perhaps the earliest mention of that unhappy intimacy which dishonoured his reign, and had such fatal consequences to himself and his favourite. There is also another letter of the same year from the Prince to Sir Hugh Despencer, acknowledging a present of grapes which reached him just as he was going to breakfast, and assuring the sender that the fruit could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

Among the many enemies which Gaveston made by his arrogance and wantonness, the most inveterate appear to have been Thomas, Earl of Lancaster; Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke; and Guy, Earl of Warwick; whom he severally stigmatized with such contemptuous nicknames as "the Stage Player," "Joseph the Jew," and "the Black Dogge of Ardern." The Player may be said to have been too cunning for him when he wiled him into Warwickshire; and right deadly was the grip of the Black Dogge, when the miserable parasite, after being hunted like a fox from one lurking-place to another, succumbed at length to his unrelenting fangs on Blacklow Hill. But the story of the sad end of the royal favourite is worth telling more fully:—"Gavestone had," says Speed, "a sharp wit in a comely shape, and briefly was such an one as we use to call *very fine*;" he possessed also great courage and skill in arms, as he had proved in the Scottish war and in

the tournaments, where he had overthrown the most distinguished of our baronial chivalry. On the other hand he was luxurious to the last degree, proud as regards himself, insolent to others, and oppressive and capricious to those in any way subjected to his control. Those whom he nicknamed were dangerous men to jest with, even if there had been nothing in the favourite's public conduct to lay hold of. But while they thus saw themselves treated with contempt, they also saw all the great enterprises neglected. They saw the King's court given up to sensuality and riot; they knew, also, that the riches of the kingdom were being converted to Gavestone's private use; that Edward, besides conferring on him the earldom of Cornwall, a dignity hitherto reserved for princes of the blood, and marrying him to his sister's daughter, gave him the funds collected for the Scottish war, and for the crusades (32,000*l.* sterling of which, by his father's dying command, ought to have been applied to the restoration and maintenance of the holy sepulchre), as well as his ancestor's jewels and treasures, even to the very crown worn by his father, which the barons not unnaturally looked upon as a symbol of the result that Edward possibly dreamed of, the declaration of Piers Gavestone for his successor.

The young Queen added her voice to the general complaint; for through Gavestone the King had been drawn on to injure her. Her appeal to her father, the French King, was followed by the Gascon knight's third banishment, in June, 1309, which, however, was merely to Ireland, and as governor. But he would not take warning; in October he returned in defiance of a known decree "that if at any time afterwards he were taken in England, he should suffer death." Edward evidently would rather lose crown, kingdom, queen, and all, than Piers Gavestone. The lords, with the "great hog," Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, at their head, looking upon the return with different eyes, met, and agreed to send respectfully to Edward, to desire that Gavestone should be delivered into their hands, or driven out of England. The King vacillated, knowing peace must be kept with the lords, yet unwilling to sacrifice his favourite. Gavestone endeavoured to defend himself in Scarborough Castle, while the King went to York to seek an army for his relief. But before any force could be collected for such a purpose, Piers Gavestone, on the 19th May, 1312, capitulated to the Earls Pembroke and Percy, who pledged their faith, it is said, that he should be kept unharmed in the Castle of Wallingford. At Deddington, a village between Oxford and Warwick, the Earl of Pembroke, who escorted him, left him for a night, under the pretext of visiting the Countess of Pembroke, who was in the neighbourhood. Gavestone

seems to have remained full of confidence, as usual, until he was roused from his sleep by the startling order to "dress himself speedily." He obeyed, descended to the court-yard, and found himself in the presence of the "black dog of Ardern." He must then have repented his wretched wit, for he knew the stern Warwick had sworn a terrible vow that he would make the minion feel the "black dog's teeth." A deeper darkness than that of night must have overshadowed the wretched Gavestone. No help was at hand. Amid the triumphant shouts of the large armed force that attended Warwick, he was set on a mule, and hurried thirty miles through the night to Warwick Castle, where his entrance was announced by a crash of martial music. He stood trembling and dismayed before the dais, whereon sate, in terrible array, his self-constituted judges, the chief barons. During their hurried consultation, a proposal was made, or a hint offered, that no blood should be shed; but a voice rang through the hall, "you have caught the fox; if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again." Let Gavestone's deserts be what they might, the faith pledged at the capitulation at Scarborough ought to have been adhered to,—but it was otherwise determined by the barons. He had been taken once more on English ground, and he must die. The unhappy man kneeled and prayed for mercy, but found none. The head of the wretched victim is said to have been struck off where a hollow in the crag at Blacklow (now Gaversike), about two miles from Warwick Castle, appeared to supply a natural block for such a purpose, just over an ancient inscription, which records the event as follows:—

" 1311.
P. GAVESTON,
EARL OF CORNWALL,
BEHEADED HERE."

A cross of recent date is erected on the brow of the hill immediately adjacent, with a tablet thus inscribed:—

" In the hollow of this Rock
Was Beheaded,
On the 1st day of July, 1312,
By Barons lawless as himself,
PIERS GAVESTON, EARL OF CORNWALL,
The Minion of a hateful King;
In Life and Death
A memorable Instance of Misrule."

Of the Norman Castle of Sutton Valence, in Kent, only a few ruined walls now exist. Ancient records, however, show that in the reign of Edward II, his favourite, Piers Gaveston, was confined in Sutton keep

by the barons; and thus it remained to remind them of the resistance which Englishmen made against those foreign and worthless favourites with which some of our earlier sovereigns surrounded themselves.

Coventry Castle, and Lady Godiva.

Coventry, a city locally in Warwickshire, but made a separate county, is nearly in the centre of England, and about 300 feet above the sea-level. It is a place of great antiquity, by some stated to be named (as Covent Garden from Convent Garden), from a spacious convent which was founded, says Leland, by King Canute, and was destroyed by the traitor Edric, in 1016. However this may be, it is certain that in the reign of Edward the Confessor, in 1044, Earl Leofric, a powerful lord of Mercia, with his wife, the Lady Godiva, founded at Coventry a magnificent Benedictine monastery, and richly endowed it. The capacious cellar of the monks still exists, measuring seventy-five yards in length by five in breadth. From the date of this religious establishment the prosperity of the town took its rise.

After the Conquest, the lordship of Coventry came to the Earls of Chester, to one of whom, Ranulph, the fortress belonged. In the Civil War of Stephen and the Empress Maud, Ranulph was one of her supporters when the Castle was taken by the King's troops. In the reign of Richard II. the city was surrounded with walls and towers for defence during the wars, though it did not experience the miseries of siege to which so many other large towns were subjected. Leland, writing in the reign of Henry VIII., says that the city was begun to be walled-in in the time of Edward II., and that it had six gates, many fair towers, and streets well built with timber. Other writers speak of thirty-two towers and twelve gates. The walls were demolished by Charles II., in consequence of the active part taken by the citizens in favour of the Parliamentary army. During the monastic ages, Coventry had a large and beautiful cathedral, which at the Reformation was levelled to the ground, and only a fragment or two now remain. There are three ancient churches, of which St. Michael's was originally built in 1133, in the reign of Henry I., and was given to the monks of Coventry by Earl Ranulph in the reign of Stephen.

One of the richest and most interesting vestiges of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century in Coventry, and perhaps in England, is St. Mary's Hall, erected in the reign of Henry VI. It has a grotesquely carved roof of oak, a gallery for minstrels, an armoury, and

chair of state, which, with the great painted window furnish a vivid idea of the manners of the age in which Coventry was the favourite resort of princes. A tapestry, made in 1450, measuring 30 feet by 10, and containing 80 figures, is a curious and beautiful specimen of the drawing, dyeing, and embroidery of that period. In the market-place was formerly a richly ornamented Gothic cross, one of the finest in the country, erected in the 16th century: it was hexagonal, 57 feet high, with 18 niches of Saints and Kings: it was built by a Lord Mayor of London, but was taken down in 1771, to gratify the bad taste of the inhabitants. When the Cathedral was standing, Coventry possessed a matchless group of churches, all within one cemetery.

Coventry has always been renowned for its exhibition of pageants and processions; and in the monastic ages it was remarkable for the magnificent and costly performance of the religious dramas called Mysteries. Of these solemn shows accounts are extant as early as 1416. They were performed on moveable street stages, chiefly by the Grey Friars, on the day of Corpus Christi. The subjects were the Nativity, Crucifixion, Doomsday, &c., and the splendour of the exhibitions was such that the King and the royal family, with the highest dignitaries of the Church, were usually present as spectators.

Of the performance of a Coventry play, the following is a lively picture:—"The morning of Corpus Christi comes, and soon after sunrise there is stir in the streets of Coventry. The old ordinances for this solemnity require that the Guilds should be at their posts at five o'clock. There is to be a solemn procession—formerly, indeed, after the performance of the pageant—and then, with hundreds of torches burning around the figures of our Lady and St. John, candlesticks and chalices of silver, banners of velvet and canopies of silk, and the members of the Trinity Guild and the Corpus Christi Guild bearing their crucifixes and candlesticks, with personations of the angel Gabriel lifting up the lily, the twelve apostles, and renowned virgins, especially St. Catherine and St. Margaret. The Reformation has, of course, destroyed much of this ceremonial; and, indeed, the spirit of it has in great part evaporated. But now, issuing from the many ways that lead to the Cross, there is heard the melody of harpers and the voice of minstrelsy; trumpets sound, banners wave, riding men come thick from their several halls; the mayor and aldermen in their robes, the city servants in proper liveries, St. George and the Dragon, and Herod on horseback. The bells ring, boughs are strewed in the streets, tapestry is hung out of the windows, officers in scarlet coats struggle in the crowd while the procession is marshalling. The crafts are getting into their ancient order,

each craft with its streamer and its men in harness. There are Fishers and Cokes,—Baxters and Milners,—Bochers,—Whittawers and Glovers,—Pynners, Tylers, and Wrightes,—Skymers,—Barkers,—Corvysers,—Smythes,—Wevers,—Wirdrawers,—Cardmakers, Sadelers, Peyntours, and Masons,—Gurdelers,—Taylours, Walkers, and Sherman,—Deysters,—Drapers,—Mercers. At length the procession is arranged. It parades through the principal lines of the city, from Bishopgate on the north to the Grey Friars' Gate on the south, and from Broadgate on the west to Gosford Gate on the east. The crowd is thronging to the wide area on the north of Trinity Church and St. Michael's, for there is the pageant to be first performed. There was a high house or carriage which stood upon six wheels; it was divided into two rooms, one above the other. In the lower room were the performers; the upper was the stage. This ponderous vehicle was painted and gilt, surmounted with burnished vanes and streamers, and decorated with imagery; it was hung round with curtains, and a painted cloth presented a picture of the subject that was to be performed. This simple stage had its machinery, too; it was fitted for the representation of an earthquake or a storm; and the pageant in most cases was concluded in the noise and flame of fireworks. It is the pageant of the company of Shearmen and Tailors which is now to be performed,—the subject the Birth of Christ and Offering of the Magi, with the Flight into Egypt and Murder of the Innocents. The eager multitudes are permitted to crowd within a reasonable distance of the car. There is a moveable scaffold erected for the more distinguished spectators. The men of the Guilds sit firm on their horses. Amidst the sound of harp and trumpet the curtains are withdrawn, and Isaiah appears prophesying the blessing which is to come upon the earth. Gabriel announces to Mary the embassage upon which he is sent from Heaven. Then a dialogue between Mary and Joseph, and the scene changes to the field where shepherds are abiding in the darkness of the night—a night so dark that they know not where their sheep may be; they are cold and in great heaviness. Then the star shines, and they hear the song of 'Gloria in excelsis Deo.' A soft melody of concealed music hushes even the whispers of the Coventry audience; and three songs are sung, such as may abide in the remembrance of the people, and be repeated by them at their Christmas festivals."

Coventry was the favourite residence of Edward the Black Prince. Here also Queen Elizabeth delighted to see the game of Hock Tuesday, which represented the massacre of the Danes by the English in 1002; and it was for her especial amusement that, in addition to a ring

for baiting bulls, another was put down for badger baiting, both which were her favourite sports.

To this day the people of Coventry have a celebrated processional show at the great Fair on the Friday in Trinity week, though this is shorn of its ancient gorgeousness. Such is the legend of the fair Godiva, who is said to have ridden on horseback naked through the city of Coventry. Many circumstances of the legend are obviously fabricated, but Leofric and Godiva are historical not fabulous persons, and belong to the reign of Canute; and an ancient inscription accompanying a picture of the pair on a window in Trinity church, Coventry, set up in the time of Richard II., may be taken as evidence that the city owed some immunities to the lady's intercession. The inscription was:

" I Luriche, for the love of thee,
Doe make Coventre tol-free."

The legendary origin of this extraordinary exhibition is as follows:—Leofric, Earl of Mercia (in the time of Edward the Confessor), wedded Godiva, a most beautiful and devout lady, sister to one Thorold, Sheriff of Lincolnshire in those days, and founder of Spalding Abbey; as also of the stock and lineage of Thorold, Sheriff of that county, in the time of Kenulph, King of Mercia. Earl Leofric had subjected the citizens of Coventry to a very oppressive taxation, and remaining inflexible against the entreaties of his lady for the people's relief, he declared that her request should be granted only on the condition that she should ride perfectly naked through the streets of the city; a condition which he supposed to be quite impossible. But the lady's modesty being overpowered by her generosity, and the inhabitants having been enjoined to close all their shutters, she partially veiled herself with her flowing hair, made the circuit of the city on her palfrey, and thus obtained for it the exoneration and freedom which it henceforth enjoyed. The story is embellished with the incident of Peeping Tom, a prying, inquisitive tailor, who was struck blind for popping out his head as the lady passed! His effigy was long to be seen protruded from an upper window in High-street, adjoining the King's Head Tavern. The Coventry procession, as exhibited in our days, began only in the reign of Charles II., in 1677: it consists principally of Saint George of England on his charger; Lady Godiva, a female who rides in a dress of flesh-coloured silk, with flowing hair, on a grey horse; then followed the Mayor and Corporation, the whole of the city Companies, the wool-combers, Knights in armour, Jason, Bishop Blaise, &c., all in splendid dresses, with a great profusion of brilliant ribbons, plumes of feathers,

and numerous bands of music. There is in St. Mary's Hall a very curious picture, showing the Lady Godiva on horseback, enveloped in her luxuriant tresses; and O'Keefe has dramatized the incident in his farce of *Peeping Tom*.

From Noakes's *Monastery and Cathedral of Worcester*, we learn that Lady Godiva of Coventry left the Worcester monks the Bibliotheca, A.D. 1057; and the great value set upon the bequest, as well as upon books generally, at that period, is shown by its being usual to draw up a deed when a book was borrowed, and sometimes a deposit of money or plate was made as surety for the return of the book. Among the lines often written in a book to remind borrowers to return it, are the following:—

“Thys boke is one and GODES kors ys anoder:
They that take the on, GOD gefe them the toder.”

Matthew of Westminster, who wrote in 1307, that is, 250 years after the time of Leofric, is the first who mentions the Coventry legend. Many preceding writers, who speak of Leofric and Godiva, do not mention it. A similar legend is said to be related of Briavel's Castle.



Comb Abbey.

About four miles east of Coventry stands Comb Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Craven, on the site of a religious house founded here by Richard de Camville in the year 1150, for monks of the Cistercian order, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Here were thirteen or fourteen religious, who were endowed in 1534 with 343*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*; the site was granted in 1547 to John, Earl of Warwick. The present mansion was chiefly erected by Lord Harrington in the reign of James I., and possesses some historical interest, through its having been the scene of some of the earliest and latest fortunes of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and Queen of Bohemia.

It was here that the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot endeavoured to seize and carry her off when a mere girl; and it was hither that she returned after all the troubles of her disastrous reign, and enjoyed the only peaceful days of her existence. Elizabeth was a Stuart, and like the rest of her family, was doomed to drink deeply of misfortune; but strictly virtuous and highly amiable, Providence seemed to concede to her what so few of her family were permitted, or indeed deserved,—a quiet termination to a stormy life. If ever the finger of an ill fate, laid on evil deeds, was, however, manifest, it was not merely in her family,

but in the families of those who were concerned in the attempt to carry her off from this place. Such were the singular fortunes connected with that circumstance, and its cause, the Gunpowder Plot, that perhaps no other spot of the strangely eventful soil of England can show more remarkable ones. Mr. W. Howitt, the writer of these remarks, adds :

“Perhaps so many portraits of the Stuart family are not to be met with in any one place, as those which were chiefly collected by the affection of Elizabeth. There is none, indeed, like the grand equestrian Vandykes of Charles I. at Warwick Castle, Windsor, and Hampton Court ; but there are many of a high character, and some nowhere else to be found. These render a visit to Comb well worth making ; but besides these, the Abbey contains many admirable subjects by first-rate masters : Vandyke, Rubens, Caravaggio, Lely, Kneller, Brughel, Teniers, Mirevelt, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Holbein, and Albert Dürer. Among them are fine and characteristic portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Thomas More, General Monk, Lord Strafford, Vandyke by himself, Honthorst by himself ; and heads of the Saxony Reformers, by a Saxon artist. There is also a very curious old picture of a lady with a gold drinking-horn in her hand, and a Latin legend of Count Otto, who hunting in the forest and seeing this lady, asked to drink out of her horn, for he was dreadfully athirst ; but on looking into it he was suspicious of the liquor, and pouring it behind him, part of it fell on his horse, and took off his hair like fire.

“The gallery is a fine old wainscoted room ; the cloisters are now adorned with projecting antlers of stags, and black-jacks ; there are old tapestry and old cabinets, one made of ebony, tortoiseshell, and gold ; and the house altogether has the air and vestiges of old times, which must, independent of the Queen of Bohemia, give it an interest in the eyes of the lovers of old English houses, and of the traces of past generations. The paintings which were brought from Germany, were bequeathed by the Queen of Bohemia to William, Lord Craven.”

Stratford-on-Avon.—The Birthplace of Shakspeare.

Stratford, eight miles south-west of Warwick, although it possesses neither Castle nor Abbey to detain us, contains an historic house of surpassing interest, and is illustrious in British topography as the birthplace of Shakspeare :

“Here his first infant lays sweet Shakspeare sung,
Here the last accents faltered on his tongue.”

The place is hallowed ground to all who take a special interest in the circumstances of the birth and death of our national poet. The several Shakspearean localities are too well known to need description here, especially the natal house in Henley-street. The Free Grammar School, founded by a native of the town in the reign of Henry VI., is celebrated as the *School of Shakspeare*. Immediately over the Guild-hall is the school-room, now divided into two chambers, and having a low flat plaster ceiling in place of the arched roof. Thither, it is held, Shakspeare, born at Stratford in 1564, went about the year 1571, his schoolmaster being the curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington, Thomas Hunt. "As his 'shining morning face' first passed out of the main street into that old court through which the upper room of learning was to be reached, a new life would be opening upon him. The humble minister of religion who was his first instructor, has left no memorial of his talents or acquirements; and in a few years another master came after him, Thomas Jenkins, also unknown to fame. All praise and honour be to them; for it is impossible to imagine that the teachers of William Shakspeare were evil instructors, giving the boy husky instead of wholesome aliment."—(Mr. Charles Knight's *Memoir*.) At Stratford, then, at the free grammar-school of his own town, Shakspeare is assumed to have received, in every just sense of the word, the *education of a scholar*. This, it is true, is described by Ben Jonson as "small Latin and less Greek;" Fuller states that "his learning was very little;" and Aubrey that "he understood Latin pretty well." But the question, Mr. Knight argues, is set at rest by "the indisputable fact that the very earliest writings of Shakspeare are imbued with a spirit of classical antiquity; and that the allwise nature of the learning that manifests itself in them, whilst it offers the best proof of his familiarity with the ancient writers, is a circumstance which has misled those who never attempted to dispute the existence of the learning which was displayed in the direct pedantry of his contemporaries."

Of Shakspeare's life, immediately after his quitting Stratford, little is positively known. He is thought to have been employed in the office of an attorney, and proofs of something like a legal education are to be found in many of his plays containing law phrases, such as do not occur anything like so frequently in the dramatic productions of any of his contemporaries.

"In those days, the education of the universities commenced much earlier than at present. Boys intended for the learned professions, and more especially for the church, commonly went to Oxford and Cambridge at eleven or twelve years of age. If they were not intended for

those professions, they probably remained at the grammar-school till they were thirteen or fourteen ; and then they were fitted for being apprenticed to tradesmen, or articed to attorneys, a numerous and thriving body in those days of cheap litigation. Many also went early to the Inns of Court, which were the universities of the law, and where there was real study and discipline in direct connexion with the several societies.”—(Mr. Charles Knight’s *Memoir*.)

The name “William Shakspeare” occurs in a certificate of the names and arms of trained soldiers—trained militia we should now call them—in the hundred of Barlichway, in the county of Warwick, under the hand of Sir Fulke Greville (“Friend to Sir Philip Sidney”), Sir Edward Greville, and Thomas Spencer. Was our William Shakspeare a soldier? Why not? Jonson was a soldier, and had slain his man. Donne had served in the Low Countries. Why not Shakspeare in arms? At all events, here is a field for inquiry and speculation. The date is September 23, 1605, the year of the Gunpowder Plot; and the lists were possibly prepared through instructions issued by Cecil in consequence of secret information as to the working of the plot in Warwickshire—the proposed head-quarters of the insurrection.—*State Papers, edited by Mary Anne Everett Green.*)

The “deer-stealing” incident of Shakspeare’s early life (familiar to every reader of his works), is thus explained by one of the learned editors of his works, the Rev. Alexander Dyce :—Having fallen, we are told, into the company of some wild and disorderly young men, he was induced to assist them, on more than one occasion, in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in the neighbourhood of Stratford. For this offence (which certainly, in those days, used to be regarded as a venial frolic) he was treated, he thought, too harshly ; and he repaid the severity by ridiculing Sir Thomas in a ballad. So bitter was its satire, that the prosecution against the writer was redoubled ; and, forsaking his family and occupation, he took shelter in the metropolis from his powerful enemy. Such is the story which tradition has handed down ; and that it has some foundation in truth, cannot surely be doubted, notwithstanding what has been argued to the contrary by Malone, whose chief object in writing the life of our poet was, to shake the credibility of the facts brought forward by Rowe.

According to Oldys, an antiquary who died in 1761, and who left behind him some MS. collections for a Life of Shakspeare, the first stanza of Shakspeare’s ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy, taken down

from the memory of one who had frequently heard it repeated in the town, was as follows :—

“ A parlamente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse ;
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscall it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it :
 He thinks himself greate,
 Yet an asse in his state,
We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Sing, lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.”

The Tercentenary Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1864, has not been without its fruits. In the way of permanent Shakspearean monuments, there is much more to be seen at Stratford than formerly. The site of New Place, the house which was purchased by Shakspeare when he returned to his native town with the wealth acquired in London, and in which he breathed his last, has been converted into a sort of pleasure-ground, for the use of such of the public as are willing to pay *6d.* for the right of treading on hallowed soil. The foundations, which are all that remain of the house so ruthlessly demolished by Mr. Gastrell, are carefully preserved beneath an iron grating, and a scion of the mulberry-tree, destroyed by the same hand, stands on a conspicuous spot. The ground-plan of the house and the two gardens attached to it may thus be easily traced. A board is raised on the lawn, inscribed with a list of donors, headed by the late Prince Consort, by whom the amount (upwards of 3000*l.*) for purchasing the property was subscribed. The land, it should be observed, was transferred to trustees by Mr. Halliwell, who bought it in the first instance, and who is the presiding genius over all that concerns Shakspeare in Stratford. As for the board, it is but a temporary record, which is to give place in time to a more substantial memorial. In the house adjoining New Place, and occupied by a very intelligent gentleman, to whom the care of the grounds is confided, are several engraved portraits of Shakspeare ; and likewise a curious painting of a lady, supposed to be one of that Clopton family from whom Shakspeare purchased the estate. In this house, too, are several curiosities dug up when the foundations of New Place were discovered. These were for some time kept in the house in Henley-street, which is not only visited as the poet's birthplace, but a portion of which is used as a Shakspearean Museum. Persons who visit Stratford should be aware that when the “Museum” is mentioned reference is made to the rooms in Henley-street. The removal was effected on the ground that the curiosities in question belonged rather

to the place of Shakspeare's death than to that of his birth; and if, on the one hand, the Museum has been deprived of a part of its treasures, it has, on the other, received several important additions. Among these is the collection bequeathed to Stratford by the late Mr. Fairholt, who died in 1866, comprising a curious set of "Longbeard jugs" used in the time of Shakspeare. These jugs vindicate their name by the semblance of a huge beard that flows from a face forming the beak. In the same cabinet with these is a singularly beautiful goblet carved from Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, and presented by the Corporation, who have also given two ancient maces of curious workmanship. This goblet may be regarded as a companion to Mr. Hunt's gift, the drinking-jug, which is said to have belonged to Shakspeare, and from which Garrick sipped at the festival of 1769. The friendly international greeting which was sent from Germany by the "Deutsche Hochstift" in 1864, and read at the banquet by which the birthday was celebrated, is now hung up in a frame made of wood taken from a scion of the famous mulberry-tree, and with the two miniature views of the respective birthplaces of Shakspeare and Göthe, is a very remarkable object. A set of fac-similes of the title-pages to the first edition of Shakspeare's separate plays is a comparatively recent contribution by Mr. Halliwell. The library of the Museum is small but choice, comprising nearly all the known editions, old and new, of the entire works of the poet. All the faces too that have been supposed to belong to Shakspeare are to be found among the engravings, to say nothing of the original portrait, once in the possession of the Clopton family. The services of Mr. Fairholt to the cause of Shakspeare are acknowledged by a brass tablet, which has been set up in the church.—(*Abridged from the Times.*)

During a short sojourn at Stratford, some twenty years ago, we were strongly impressed with the *genius loci*, such is the paramount influence upon all thoughtful visitors. "Hundreds of accounts of pilgrimages to Stratford—the home of Shakspeare—have been written; but the only way fully to appreciate the interest of the place is to *visit it yourself*. The town has parted with most of its ancient appearance: few old houses remain, and the modern buildings are mostly poor and unpicturesque. Still, as you walk through the streets, and in the neighbourhood, Shakspeare entirely occupies your thoughts—whether you visit the lowly house in Henley-street, wherein he is reputed to have been born; or the school-room, whither, to use his own imperishable words, he went—

" 'The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face;'

or whether you stray among the woods and glades of Charlecote, the scenes of his wild youth; or seek the humble cottage at Shottery, where he first told his love; or the retreat of New Place, where the Poet retired to enjoy the fruits of his intellectual toil; or, last of all, under the lime-tree walk to the fine cruciform church of the Holy Trinity, through its noble aisles, to the chancel beneath which rests the Bard's hallowed dust; or to pay homage to his sculptured portrait upon the chancel-wall. These several sites are so many tangible memorials of our great Poet's life; but there is an ideal enjoyment of it in the very atmosphere of the place; and by a sort of poetical licence, you look upon the very ground as that which Shakspeare trod, and the majestic trees, the soft-flowing river, and the smiling landscapes,—the face of nature—the very scenes which he so loved to look upon,—he has left, reflected in the natural mirror of his works, an immortal legacy to all time!"

Kenilworth Castle.

“Thy walls transferred to Leicester's favourite Earl,
He long, beneath thy roof, the Maiden Queen
And all her courtly guests with rare device
Of mask and emblematic scenery,
Tritons and sea-nymphs, and the floating isle,
Detain'd. Nor feats of prowess, joust or tilt
Of harness'd knights, or rustic revelry,
Were wanting; nor the dance, and sprightly mirth
Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,
And choicest luxury, served. But regal state
And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,
Are now no more.”

Kenilworth lies about five miles from Warwick, and the same distance from Coventry. The manor was an ancient demesne of the Crown, and had originally a Castle, which was demolished in the war of Edmund Ironside and Canute the Dane, early in the eleventh century.

In the reign of Henry I., the manor was bestowed by the King on Geoffrey de Clinton, who built a strong Castle, and founded a Monastery here. On the death of Geoffrey, the fortress descended to his son, from whom it was transferred to the Crown; and was garrisoned by Henry II. during the rebellion of his son. In the reign of Henry III. it was used as a prison; and in 1254 the King gave to Simon de Montfort, who had married Eleanor, the King's sister, the Castle in trust for life. De Montfort, now “in all but name a king,” kept his Christmas in

regal state at Kenilworth. Simon soon after joined the rebellion against the King, and together with his eldest son, was killed at the battle of Evesham, in 1265. His youngest son, Simon, escaped, and with other fugitives, took shelter in Kenilworth Castle, and continued to defy the power of both the King and the legate. Next year, 1266, the Castle was besieged by the King for several months. Simon fled, and escaped to France; but the place held out for six months. Meanwhile, an assembly of clergy and laity was held at Coventry, which drew up the terms of accommodation, known as *Dictum de Kenilworth*. It provides that the liberties of the Church shall be preserved, and also the Great Charters, "which the king is bound expressly by his oath to keep." It also declares that there shall be no disherison, but instead, fines from seven years to half a year's rent; the family of De Montfort is excluded from this benefit, and all persons are forbidden, under both civil and spiritual penalties, to circulate "vain and foolish miracles" regarding Simon de Montfort, who was currently spoken of by his adherents as a saint and martyr. At length, provisions failed at Kenilworth, a pestilence broke out, and the governor surrendered the Castle to the King, who bestowed it upon his youngest son, Edward, Earl of Lancaster, afterwards created Earl of Leicester.

In 1286, a grand chivalric meeting of one hundred knights of high distinction, English and foreign, and the same number of ladies, was held at Kenilworth; and at this festival, it is said, silks were worn for the first time in England. The Earl of March was the promoter of the festival, and was the principal challenger of the tilt-yard.

In the reign of Edward II., the Castle again came into the hands of the Crown, and the King intended to make it a place of retirement for himself; but in the rebellion which soon followed, he was taken prisoner in Wales, and brought to Kenilworth; here he was compelled to sign his abdication, and was soon after privately removed to Berkeley Castle, where he was inhumanly murdered in 1327.

Edward III. restored the Castle to the Earl of Lancaster, whose granddaughter brought it in marriage to the celebrated John of Gaunt, afterwards Duke of Lancaster, who made to the Castle many additions which still retain the name of *Lancaster's Buildings*. On his death, it descended to his son, afterwards Henry IV.

During the Civil Wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, the Castle was alternately taken by the partisans of the White and Red Roses. In 1436, King Henry VI. kept his Christmas here. Very long after the termination of the Civil Wars, Queen Elizabeth bestowed Kenilworth upon her ambitious favourite, Dudley, Earl of

Leicester. That wealthy nobleman spared no expense in beautifying the Castle, and in making many splendid additions, called after him, *Leicester's Buildings*.

The most memorable event in the history of Kenilworth Castle, is the Royal State entertainment given by Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, who came attended by thirty-one barons, besides her ladies of the Court, who, with four hundred servants, were all lodged in the fortress. The festival continued for seventeen days, at an expense estimated at one thousand pounds a day—a very large sum in those times. The waiters upon the Court, as well as the gentlemen of the Barons, were all clothed in velvet. Ten oxen were slaughtered every morning; and the consumption of wine is said to have been sixteen hogsheads, and of beer forty hogsheads daily. An account of this singular and romantic entertainment, published at the time by an eye-witness, presents a curious picture of the luxury, plenty, and gallantry of Elizabeth's reign.

After her journey from London, which the Queen performed entirely on horseback, she stopped at Long Itchington, where she dined, and, hunting on the way, arrived at Kenilworth Castle on Saturday, July 9th 1575. Here, says the above account, "she was received by a person representing one of the ten Sibylls, comely clad in a pall of white sylk, who pronounced a proper poezie in English rime and meeter," on the happiness her presence produced, wherever it appeared; concluding with a prediction of her future eminence and success.

"On her entrance to the tilt-yard," continues the eye-witness, "a porter, tall of person and stern of countenance, wrapt also in sylk, with a club and keiz of quantitee according, in a rough speech, full of passions, in meter aptly made to the purpose," demanded the cause of all this "din and noise, and riding about, within the charge of his office!" but upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been instantaneously stricken, he falls down upon his knees, humbly begs pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates and free passage to all.

After this pretty device, six trumpeters, "clad in long garments of sylk, who stood upon the wall of the gate, with their silvery trumpets of five foot long, sounded a tune of welcome." Here "harmonious blasters, walking upon the walls, maintained their delectable music, while her highness all along the tilt-yard rode, into the inner gate," where she was surprised "with the sight of a floating island on the large pool, on which was a beautiful female figure representing the Lady of the Lake, supported by two nymphs, surrounded by blazing torches, and many ladies clad in rich silks as attendants; whilst the genii of the lake greeted her Majesty with "a well-penned meeter" on

"the auncientee of the Castle," and the hereditary dignity of the Earls of Leicester. This pageant was closed with a burst of cornets and other music, and a new scene was presented to view. Within the base court, and over a dry valley leading to the castle gates, "waz thear framed a fayr bridge, twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, with seven posts that stood twelve feet asunder; and thickened between with well-proportioned turned pillars;" over which, as her Majesty passed, she was presented, by persons representing several of the heathen gods and goddesses, with various appropriate offerings, which were piled up, or hung in excellent order, on both sides the entrance and upon different posts; from Sylvanus, god of the woods, "live bitterns, curlews, godwitz, and such-like dainty byrds;" from Pomona, "applez, pearz, lemmons," &c.; from Ceres, "sheaves of various kinds of corn (all in earz green and gold); from Bacchus, grapes, "in clusters whyte and red;" various specimens of fish from Neptune; arms from Mars; and musical instruments from Apollo.

A Latin inscription over the Castle explained the whole: this was read to her by a poet, "in a long ceruleous garment, with a bay garland on his head and a skroll in his hand. So passing into the inner court, her Majesty (that never rides but alone) thear set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to a chamber, when after did follo a great peal of gunz and lightning by fyr-works." Besides these, every diversion the romantic and gallant imagination of that period could devise, was presented for the amusement of her Majesty and the court—tilts, tournaments, deer-hunting in the park, savage men, satyrs, bear and bull baitings, Italian tumblers and rope-dancers, a country bridal ceremony, prize-fighting, running at the quintain, morris dancing, and brilliant fireworks in the grandest style and perfection; during all this time the tables were loaded with the most sumptuous cheer. On the pool was a Triton riding on a mermaid eighteen feet long, and an Arion on a dolphin, who entertained the royal visitor with an excellent piece of music.

The old Coventry play of *Hock Tuesday*, founded on the massacre of the Danes in 1002, was also performed here, "by certain good-hearted men of Coventry." In this was represented "the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Hunna, King Ethelred's chieftain in wars, his counselling and contriving the plot to dispatch them; the violent encounters of the Danish and English knights on horseback, armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between hosts of footmen, which at length ended in the Danes being beaten down, overcome, and led captive by our English women; whereat her Majesty

laught, and rewarded the performers with two bucks and five marks in money. "For the greater honour of this splendid entertainment, Sir Thomas Cecil, son and heir to Lord Burghley, and four other gentlemen of note, were knighted; and in compliment to the Queen, and to evince the Earl's hospitable disposition, the historian observes "that the clock bell sank not a note all the while her highness was there: the clock stood also withal, the hands of both the table stood firm and fast, always pointing at two o'clock, the hour of banquet."

We gather from other accounts of these Revels, that the bear-baits were much enjoyed by the Queen. Laneham, in his celebrated letter, reprinted in Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, describing this courtly pastime:—"It was a sport very pleasant of those beasts; to see the bear, with his pink eyes leering after his enemies approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault; if he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift with biting, clawing, with roaring, tossing, and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and the slaver about his visage, was a matter of goodly relief."

The exhibition of a Country Bridal is chronicled more in detail by Laneham: "There were sixteen wights, riding men, and well beseen; the bridegroom in his father's tawny worsted jacket, a straw hat, with a capital crown, steeplewise on his head, a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry, a pen and inkhorn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish, lame of a leg, that in his youth was broken at foot-ball, well beloved of his mother, who lent him a muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for fear of losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment, that, through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bridegroom indeed. The morris dancers followed, with Maid Marian, and the fool; bridesmaids as bright as a breast of bacon, of thirty years old apiece; a freckled-faced red-headed lubber, with the bride cup; the worshipful bride, thirty-five years old, of colour brown bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill-favoured; and lastly, many other damsels for bridesmaids, that for favour, attire, for fashion and cleanliness, were as meet for such a bride as a tureen ladle for a porridge pot."

The Festival at Kenilworth Castle, given by Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, doubtless gathered all the country round to see its pageantry: and one of our editors of Shakspeare has asked, why not the boy

Shakspeare with the rest? "Many a bridal procession had gone forth from the happy cottages of Kenilworth to the porch of the old parish church, amidst song and music, with garlands of rosemary and wheatears, parents blessing, sisters smiling in tears; and then the great lord—the heartless lord, as the peasants might whisper, whose innocent wife perished untimely—is to make sport of their homely joys before the Queen. There was, perhaps, one in the crowd on that Sunday afternoon who was to see the very heaven of poetry in such simple rites—who was to picture the shepherd thus addressing his mistress in the solemnity of the troth-pledge:—

' I take thy hand ; this hand
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.'

"He would agree not with Master Laneham—'By my troth 'twas a lively pastime: I believe it would have moved a man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife lay dying.' Leicester, as we have seen, had procured abundance of the occasional rhymes of flattery to propitiate Elizabeth. This was enough. Poor Gascoigne had prepared an elaborate masque, in two acts, of Diana and her Nymphs, which for the time is a remarkable production. 'This show,' says the account, 'was devised and penned by Master Gascoigne, and being prepared and ready (every actor in his garment) two or three days together, yet never came to execution. The cause whereof I cannot attribute to any other thing than to lack of opportunity and seasonable weather.' It is easy to understand that there was some other cause of Gascoigne's disappointment. Leicester, perhaps, scarcely dared to set the puppets moving who were to conclude the masque with these lines:—

' A world of wealth at will
You henceforth shall enjoy
In wedded state, and therewithal
Hold up from great annoy
The staff of your estate :
O Queen, O worthy Queen,
Yet never wight felt perfect bliss
But such as wedded been.'

"But when the Queen laughed at the word marriage, the wily courtier had his impromptu device of the mock bridal. The marriages of the poor were the marriages to be made fun of. But there was a device of marriage at which Diana would weep, and all the other gods rejoice, when her Majesty should give the word. Alas! for that crowning show there was 'lack of opportunity and seasonable weather' "

Upon this celebrated place, taking these courtly entertainments and the tragic fate of Amy Robsart as the groundwork of the narrative, Sir Walter Scott founded his picturesque romance of *Kenilworth*, in which he gives the following animated account of the Castle:—

“The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure, upon improving which, and the domains around, the Earl of Leicester had, it is said, expended 60,000 pounds sterling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money, including seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure garden, with its fine arbours and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble Castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, evidently of different ages, surrounding the inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there emblazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the Castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity—[of this tower three sides remain, with walls in some parts sixteen feet thick.]—It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the Castle had its name, a Saxon king of Mercia, and others to an early æra after the Norman conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons’ Wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Henry III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and fall, had once gaily revelled, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, ‘time-honoured Lancaster,’ had widely extended the Castle, erecting that noble and massive pile, which yet bears the name of Lancaster Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner’s ambition. The external wall of this royal Castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the Castle by a path hitherto untrudden, instead of the usual entrance.

“Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the Castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. Of this lordly palace, where princes feasted, and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the Castle only show what their splendour once was, and impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.”

On the departure of Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester made Kenilworth his occasional residence, till his death in 1588, when he bequeathed it to his brother, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, and after his death to his own son, Sir Robert Dudley; but his legitimacy being questioned, Sir Robert quitted the kingdom in disgust; his castles and estates were seized by a decree of the Court of Star-Chamber, and given to Henry, son of James I.

The fortress is thus described in the account of “a Topographical Excursion in the year 1634”: “We were detain’d one hour at that famous Castle of Killingworth [Kenilworth.] where we were vsher’d vp a fayre ascent, into a large and stately Hall, of twenty Paces in length, the Roofe whereof is all of Irish wood, neatly and handsomely fram’d; In it is [are] five spacious Chimncys, answerable to soe great a Roome: we next view’d the Great Chamber for the Guard, the Chamber of Presence, the Privy Chamber, fretted above richly with Coats of Armes, and all adorn’d with fayre and rich Chimney Peeces of Alablaster, blacke Marble, and of Joyners worke in curious carued wood: and all those fayre and rich Roomes, and Lodgings in that spacious Tower not long since built; and repayr’d at a great cost by that great ffanourite of late dayes, [Robert Dudley Earle of Leicester]: the private, plaine retiring Chamber wherein our renowned Queene of ever famous memory, alwayes made choise to repose her Selfe. Also, the famous strong old Tower, called Julius Cæsars, on top whereof wee view’d the pleasant large Poole, continually sporting and playing on the Castle: the Parke, and the fforrest contiguous thereunto. But one thing more remarkable than any we had yet seene, was, the sight of the massy, heauy Armour of that famous and redoubted warriour [Guy, Earl of Warwick], whom we next hastened to.” There is a well-known print of the fortress at this period, engraved from an original drawing.

The Castle on Henry’s death, went into the possession of his brother,

Charles I., who granted it to Cary, Earl of Monmouth ; but the downfall of this gigantic structure was fast approaching. During the wars it was seized by Cromwell, and by him given to some of his officers. The rapacious plunderers, who had no sort of feeling for the beautiful and majestic, soon reduced it to what it now is, a pile of ruins. They drained the lakes which once flowed over so many hundred acres, ravaged the woods, beat down the walls, dismantled the towers, choked up the fair walks, and rooted out the pleasant gardens ; destroyed the park, and divided and appropriated the lands.

On the Restoration of Charles II., the estate and ruins of the Castle were granted to Lawrence, Viscount Hyde, of Kenilworth, second son of the celebrated Lord High Chancellor, created Baron of Kenilworth and Earl of Rochester ; and by the marriage of a female heiress descended from him, passed in 1752, into the possession of Thomas Villiers, Baron Hyde, son of the Earl of Jersey, who was advanced, in 1776, to the dignity of Earl of Clarendon, in the possession of whose family it still remains.

A considerable portion of the ruins of this once magnificent pile having shown signs of falling, the noble owner, Lord Clarendon, who has the good taste to appreciate the interest of such memorials of the country's history, has caused to be repaired and strengthened the great hall of the Castle, Leicester's Buildings, and parts of the external walls on either side ; some of the doorways, windows, and fireplaces. In the course of the repairs excavations have been made, and underground apartments, cells, and passages revealed, which had been hid for centuries. The great hall, 90 ft. by 45 ft., still retains several of its Gothic windows, and some of the towers yet rise 70 ft. high.

The ruins are in many parts mantled with ivy, which adds to their picturesque character ; and are on an elevated, rocky site, commanding an extensive view of the country round. Kenilworth is a favourite resort for pic-nic parties, who, by permission of the noble owner of the estate, are enabled to appreciate the interest of this famous historic site.

Priory of Kenilworth.

The visitor to Kenilworth, and its romantic Castle full in view, might readily overlook the ancient edifice lying a little to the left as he issues from the village, some time occupied as an ox-stall ; this, together with its ruined gatehouse, is all that remains of the monastery founded in the reign of King Henry I., by Geoffrey de Clinton, for canons

regular of the Augustine order. Judging by extensive traces of foundations, the buildings composing the Monastery must have covered a wide space, and must have been a magnificent appurtenance to the Castle, the feudal and the ecclesiastical edifices being both beholden to the same founder. An interesting portion of the Monastery was brought to light by the sexton while digging a grave; and, being wholly cleared, it was found to be the base of the Chapter House, its form octagonal, with buttresses. The burialplace of the Priors was discovered at the same time, containing some slabs, which exhibit a curious variety of sculptured crosses in low relief. The gatehouse is chiefly in the Early Pointed style, with additions of two centuries later. Within is a very primitive arch, leading to a chamber adjoining the chapel: it is pointed, and, without a keystone, most unscientifically composed. The chapel itself has a Norman basement, probably of the original foundation. In the upper part are two windows, of a rare structure. Windows of a similar kind were visible in the Monastery of Black Friars, a venerable edifice in Newcastle-on-Tyne, which is said to have witnessed the homage rendered by Baliol of Scotland to King Edward I.

The interior of the chapel was utterly ruined by its desecration, the walls being encumbered by rough timber. The roof is richly decorated with bosses and sculptured heads, but it is partly demolished.

The Parish Church, adjacent to the Priory, contains a sweet chime of bells, one of which originally belonged to the Monastery. The ancient custom of duly chiming the matins and curfew is still observed here. The Church has lately been restored.



Maxstoke Castle.

On a plain, in a sequestered spot surrounded by trees, above a mile north of the village of Maxstoke, and three miles from Coleshill, stands this Castle, which has its history, chequered with the fortunes of its owners. This ancient structure was built by Sir William Clinton, eldest son of John Lord Clinton, in 1356, and is one of the very few remaining buildings of that interesting period. The Castle came into the possession of Humphrey Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, by exchange with John, fifth Lord Clinton, for Whiston, in Northamptonshire, and became the favourite residence of the Earl; but upon the decapitation of his son, Henry, Duke of Buckingham, for his attempt to dethrone Richard III., in 1483, the Castle was seized by the King, who visited it on his progress to Nottingham Castle, previously to the battle of

Bosworth, when he ordered all the inner buildings of Kenilworth Castle to be removed here. After the death of King Richard III., Edward, the son of the last Duke of Buckingham, was restored to his father's honours and estates. He fell a sacrifice to Cardinal Wolsey, and was beheaded in 1521; upon which event the Emperor Charles V exclaimed, "A butcher's dog has worried to death the finest buck in England." Then sunk for ever all the splendour and princely honours of the renowned family of Stafford.

A frightful succession of calamities befel both the ancestors and descendants of Humphrey, Earl of Buckingham, as well as himself. His grandfather was murdered at Calais, his father killed at Shrewsbury, his son at St. Albans, and himself at Northampton; his grandson, and great-grandson were both executed as traitors, and he had to relinquish the rank of Lord Stafford, to which he had become entitled, and his sister was at that time the wife of a carpenter.

To return to Maxstoke. The year after the beheading of the son of the last Duke of Buckingham in 1521, the estate, again forfeited, was granted to Sir William Compton, ancestor of William, Lord Compton, who, in 1526, disposed of it to the Lord Keeper Egerton, who, two years afterwards, sold it to Thomas Dilke, Esq., in whose family the property still remains. The plan of the Castle is a parallelogram, with a hexagonal tower at each angle; inclosing an area containing the dwelling, which was partly destroyed by an accidental fire; but a great portion of the ancient edifice yet remains, and is a fine example of the architectural style of the age in which it was erected. The gatehouse in the centre of the front is approached by a stone bridge over a moat, which encompasses the Castle walls; above the entrance are sculptured the arms of Humphrey Stafford, Earl of Buckingham, impaling those of his Countess, Anne Neville, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, which are supported by two antelopes, assumed in allusion to the Earl's descent from royal blood, his mother being the daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. The badges of the burning nave and the Stafford knot are also sculptured on the gatehouse, which was built by the Earl of Buckingham previously to his being created a Duke in 1446. The great gates put up by this nobleman are still in their original state, and are covered with plates of iron; the groove for the massive portcullis is also to be seen.

In the neighbourhood of the Castle are the remains of a Priory, founded by William Clinton, Earl of Huntingdon, in 1331, for canons regular of the order of St. Austin; it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Michael, and All Saints. The

endowment of this Priory was ample, for it was valued in 1534 at 129*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* per annum: it was granted in 1538 to Charles, Duke of Suffolk. The ruins are rendered mournfully picturesque by the varieties of evergreen foliage that environ them in every direction.

In the same division of the county, on the borders of Leicestershire, is Caldecote, the church of which contains a monument of Mr. Abbot, who defended Caldecote Hall, and who died there in 1648. On the 28th of August, 1642, this seat, the noble mansion of the Purefoys, was attacked by Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, at the head of eighteen troops of horse, when Mr. Abbot, assisted only by eight men besides his mother and her maids, successfully defended Caldecote Hall against the assailants; and it is not known that any of the family were hurt.

Nuneaton, also in this division, is named from a Nunnery founded here in the reign of Henry II., by Robert Bossu, Earl of Leicester. Here, in 1792, as some labourers were digging in the ruins of the Nunnery, they discovered a tessellated pavement arranged in circles, containing the signs of the Zodiac, and about two feet below the floor were several stone coffins.

At Duddeston, a hamlet adjoining Birmingham, was the ancient family residence of the Holts, one of whom, according to tradition, "murdered his cook, and was afterwards compelled to adopt the *red hand* in his arms." This, by the illiterate termed the "bloody hand," and by them reputed as an abatement of honour, is nothing more than the Ulster badge of dignity. The tradition adds that Sir Thomas Holt murdered the cook in a cellar at the old family mansion, by running him through with a "spit," and afterwards buried him beneath the spot where the tragedy was enacted. In the year 1850, the house where the murder is said to have been committed was levelled with the ground; and amongst persons who, from their position in society might be supposed to be better informed, considerable anxiety was expressed to ascertain whether any portion of the skeleton of the murdered cook had been discovered beneath the flooring of the cellar which tradition pointed out as the place of his interment!—*Notes and Queries*, No. 61.

Charlecote House, Warwickshire.—Shakspeare's Deer-stealing Adventure.

Charlecote House, the seat of the Lucy's, in Warwickshire, is delightfully situated on a gentle acclivity on the eastern bank of the Avon, at the angle where the stream, after flowing southward from Warwick, curves toward the west and south-west on its way to join the Severn. It is situated about five and a half miles south-south-west of Warwick, and about four miles east of Stratford. From the latter town the road to Charlecote, now known to so many pilgrims, lies along the left bank of the Avon, with a tract of meadow-land intervening, and discloses at every turn charming views of the windings of the stream and of the rich landscape around.

The present mansion was erected by Sir Thomas Lucy on the site of a former edifice, in the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and though a few alterations have since been effected, the house, as it at present stands, is practically the original structure. It is a noble specimen of the domestic style which prevailed in the sixteenth century. Built of reddish brick, with white stone coigns, and enriched with judiciously distributed ornament, it pleases the eye with its mellow colour and with its contrasts of light and shade; while the harmony of its proportions, its elaborately ornamented stone porch, airy bay windows, and the graceful octagonal turrets with cupolas and gilt vanes, which round off and surmount its four principal corners, please the sense of symmetry and the love of the beauty of form. The plan of the building is that of a spacious front with two wings projecting from it at right angles. Large bay windows have lately been thrown out at the extremities of the wings, and these, in their lightness and elegance, form a pleasing contrast with the bold turrets which rise by their side. The grand outer gate-house, with its richly ornamented balustrade, and its corner towers and cupolas harmonising with those of the main building, stands at some distance in front of the mansion, with ornamental gardens between. The whole forms a perfect specimen of the style of Elizabethan architecture.

From the windows of the house magnificent views are obtained of the luxuriant and extensive park—one of those fine old enclosures, so thoroughly characteristic of the English county gentry. Its surface is diversified by acclivity and dell, glade and plantation.

Towering and majestic forest trees, with their rich masses of foliage, rise on every side. The oak, the lime, the sycamore, and even the Scottish fir, with its dark branches spreading out like the fingers of an outstretched hand, give variety to the undulating ground; while the one other charm that is wanted to give completeness to the landscape is supplied by the peacefully flowing waters of the Avon. Lawns and shrubberies occupy the space between the stream and the hall. Herds of cattle and of deer, among which may be seen the famous red monarchs of the forest with which the sportsman of the Scottish Highlands is familiar, ramble in the park and shelter in the hollows, imparting an additional grace to the scene, and the charm of wild nature existing side by side with art and the highest culture.

"You have a goodly house here and a rich," quoth Falstaff, speaking of Charlecote: and the fat knight was right.

At Charlecote, the Avon receives the river Heile, and about a mile lower down it is joined by a small stream, where the parish of Alveston begins, and in the southern portion of which the air is considered so pure and salubrious, that Dr. Perry styled it the Montpelier of England. The southern bank of the Avon continues here to present a beautiful verdant slope of meadow to the very edge of the water, while that on the opposite side is in many places abruptly steep, and crowned with wood.

The apartments in the interior of the house are numerous, but for the most part neither large nor grand. The great hall, however, is a noble room, furnished with a spacious gallery, enriched with painted glass, and adorned by portraits chiefly of the Lucy family.

Probably no other country mansion in England has been visited by so many tourists and pilgrims as Charlecote. Within four miles of its gates Shakspeare was born. And it is only reasonable to conjecture that he who created the "forest of Arden," who sang so blithely of life "under the greenwood tree," who found "sermons in stones," and "books in the running brooks," and who moralised so generously over the stricken deer, must have made the woods of Charlecote a favourite haunt, and thus consecrated them for posterity. But his connexion with the mansion does not end here. An oft repeated incident unites him to it by an association partly painful, partly ludicrous. He is believed to have joined in a midnight poaching expedition for the purpose of capturing some of the deer on Charlecote Manor, to have been caught in the act, confined all night, and brought to the hall for examination and reproof, if

not punishment, on the following day. Smarting with indignation he is said to have written a satirical ballad on Sir Thomas Lucy, then the lord of Charlecote, and to have affixed it to his park-gates. According to the old story, Sir Thomas Lucy was more deeply annoyed at the poet's satire—though that seems to us feeble enough—than he was at the loss of his game, and resolved to bring the satirist to account for his scurrilities. It was to escape the threatened punishment, it is supposed, that Shakspeare fled from his native town, threw himself into the vortex of London life, and selected the profession of actor and playwright, for which his taste inclined him, and by which his genius enabled him in the readiest manner to command a competency.

The whole story of Shakspeare's deer-stealing adventure is discredited by Malone, who shows that Sir Thomas Lucy had no park at Charlecote, and no deer, and De Quincey, in his admirable article on "Shakspeare," contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, plainly states that "the tale is fabulous, and rotten to its core," and defends his position by arguments conspicuous for their ingenuity and research, as well as for their general air of probability. The opening stanza of the ballad, purporting to have been written by Shakspeare on Sir Thomas Lucy, Dr. Quincey believes to have been written in the reign of Charles II.—the phrase "parliament member," which occurs in it (see page 379), being, so far as he can learn, "quite unknown in the colloquial use of Queen Elizabeth's reign."

Leaving the details of the story, however, to be settled by the historical critics of the future, it seems probable enough that Shakspeare, who, at the time referred to, had not yet reached his majority, had joined, in a sportive spirit, in some deer-shooting expedition, had been caught by Sir Thomas Lucy's keepers, and had been solemnly reprov'd by the offended knight and magistrate. Without admitting the probability of the story so far, it is difficult to account for the legend at all, and especially difficult to account for the vitality of that legend in the House of Charlecote itself. William Howitt, the genial and talented author of "Visits to Remarkable Places," states that he had an interview with Mrs. Lucy, the wife of the late proprietor, and that the conversation turned upon the very topic under consideration. "The park," says Howitt, "is finely wooded with the natural growth of this part of the country, and is nobly stocked with fallow deer. Mrs. Lucy told me that it was a very common and perpetually repeated mistake, that it was

from this park that Shakspeare stole the deer, *but that it was actually from the old park of Fulbrook, on the Warwick road, where Fulbrook Castle formerly stood, which ground is now dis-parked.* This accords with Mr. Ireland's statement. *It was, however, in this hall that he was tried."*

Fulbrook Park was situated about two miles from Charlecote, and Malone's supposed demolition of the deer-stealing story, on the ground that at that time Lucy "had no park at Charlecote" is valueless, and affects in no degree the amount of truth, greater or less, which has kept this tradition alive, *among the Lucys*, as well as in the neighbourhood.

The following extract from Howitt's "Visit to Stratford-on-Avon" is valuable, for the reason that as the house is not usually shown to visitors, it had not been minutely described by earlier writers. "The entrance-hall, the scene of Shakpeare's examination, is a fine room, with a grained oak roof, having been restored with admirable taste ; and contains objects which cannot be looked upon without interest. The family paintings are collected and well-disposed around it, and others connected with the history of the family."

"On the ample mantelpiece are the large old-fashioned initials of Sir Thomas Lucy, raised and gilt, and the date of the building of the hall—1558. Upon this mantelpiece also stands a cast of the bust of Sir Thomas, taken from his monument in the church. There is also a painting of him sitting at a table with his lady, in a black velvet dress, with slashed sleeves, large bunches at the knees, of a zigzag pattern, in black and white stripes ; light coloured roses in his shoes, and with a ruff and cuffs of point lace. The portrait and bust bear a striking resemblance to each other ; and though they do not give us any reason to suppose him such an imbecile as Shakspeare, in his witty revenge, has represented Justice Shallow, they have an air of formal conceit and self-sufficiency that accord wonderfully with our idea of the country knight who could look on the assault of his deer as a most heinous offence, and would be very likely to hold his dignity sorely insulted by the saucy son of a Stratford woolcomber, who had dared to affix a scandalous satire on his park gate, and to make him ridiculous to all the country. . . . It was a high and sincere pleasure to me to find the present descendants of Sir Thomas Lucy the very reverse of all that Shakspeare would persuade us that he was. On all sides and from all classes of people I heard the most excellent opinion of them. . . . I had not the pleasure to find Mr. Lucy at home ;

but the house bore everywhere the most unequivocal testimonies of his taste ; and I have rarely met with a lady that interested me more by her agreeable manners, intelligence, and tone of mind, than Mrs. Lucy, a sister of Lady Willoughby de Broke, of Compton-Verney, in the same neighbourhood."

Mr. Lucy has enriched Charlecote House with a select collection of paintings.

In the hall are portraits of Sir Thomas, grandson of old Sir Thomas, his lady, and six children, by Cornelius Jansen. There are also Captain Thomas Lucy and his lady, by Lely. In the library portraits of Charles I. and II., of Archbishop Laud, and Lord Strafford, by Henry Stone. Here are also eight ebony chairs, inlaid with ivory, two cabinets and a couch of the same, said to have been brought from Kenilworth, and to have been a present of Queen Elizabeth to Leicester. In the drawing-room are Teniers' Wedding ; Cassandra, by Guercino ; Marketing Parties, by Wouvermann ; landscape, by Cuyp ; St. Cecilia, by Domenichino ; Madonna and Child, by Vandyke, as also specimens of Hobbima, Berghem, and Peter de Hogh. But the most beautiful picture of all is one of which the subject and the artist alike are unknown. It is a female figure holding a cup. The hair is golden, the face infused with melancholy sentiment—"The beauty of the whole countenance, the fine large eyes full of thought and sorrow, the high, rich forehead, the glorious head, and the pure and deep sentiment of the whole, mark the hand of the master, and are worthy of Raffaele himself."

Many distinguished visitors from distant lands have visited Charlecote, and recorded their impressions respecting it. Of these the most genial is the ever-delightful Washington Irving. He came to see Charlecote, and to enjoy it, and thus he has much that is pleasant, but little that is strictly novel, to say about it. His reflections after his visit do equal credit to his head and heart—"I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them, as it were, before my eyes ; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favourite ditty :—

" 'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide."

“ On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gifts of the poet ; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature ; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this ‘ working day world ’ into a perfect fairy land. He is, indeed, the true enchanter whose spell operates not upon the senses, but upon the imagination of the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakspeare, I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings ; with mere airy nothings conjured up by poetic power, yet which to me had all the charm of reality. I heard Jaques soliloquize beneath his oak ; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands ; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow, down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions ; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my chequered path, and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life.”

The lineage of the house of Lucy is both ancient and distinguished. William, the son of Walter de Charlecote, assumed the name of Lucy about the close of the twelfth century. His grandfather was Thurstane of Charlecote, supposed to have been a younger son of Thurstane de Montfort, and his father was Sir Walter de Charlecote, to whom Henry de Montfort conveyed the village of Charlecote—an act confirmed by Richard I. It is surmised that the first Sir William Lucy, of Charlecote, assumed his surname because his mother *might* have been the heir of some branch of the great baronial family of Lucy, so named from a place in Normandy. This head of the family founded the Priory of Thelesford in the reign of Henry III. Of the monastery there are no remains.

Edmund Lucy, of Charlecote, born in 1464, and great grandson of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, M.P. for Warwickshire, and one of the retinue of John of Gaunt, was a soldier of high repute in the reign of Henry VII., and led a division of the royal army at the battle of Stoke. His great grandson, Sir Thomas Lucy, was the builder of the modern mansion of Charlecote. and the prosecutor

of Shakspeare for deer-stealing. The poet has satirized the knight under the character of Justice Shallow, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." His grandson, Sir Thomas Lucy, of whom it is said that "his tables were ever open to the learned, and his gates never fast to the poor," died in 1640.

Henry Spencer Lucy, born in 1830, and High Sheriff of Warwickshire in 1857, is the present owner of the historic lands of Charlecote.



The Battle of Edge-hill.—The Shuckburghs of Shuckburgh Hall.

The battle of Edge-hill, fought near Kineton, Warwickshire, on the 23rd of October, 1642, between the Royalists under Charles I., and the Parliamentary troops under their general, Lord Essex, is remarkable as being the first pitched battle of the Civil War, and as being a contest at once sanguinary and undecided.

From Stratford-on-Avon the traveller to the site of the conflict will move in a south-eastern direction, until the ridge known as Edge-hill has gradually risen until it forms the whole rim of the horizon on that side. From Stratford to the hill, or rather to the *edge*, is a distance of ten miles, and the road gradually ascends nearly all the way from the banks of the Avon to the high land in the south-east of the county. The ascent, however, is little more than appreciable until the foot of Edge-hill is reached. There is then an abrupt, almost a precipitous elevation, resembling a cliff; for Edge-hill is really an edge or step where the country takes an abrupt rise. Having ascended this steep acclivity, the traveller will find himself not so much on a hill as on a plateau—a tract of country with a higher level.

The summit of the hill affords one of the finest and most extensive prospects in the kingdom. Northward, westward, and south-westward the eye ranges from Coventry in Warwick to the Severn basin in the counties of Worcester and Gloucester. The extent of the view is accounted for by the comparatively low level of the country upon which the observer gazes. Eastward from Edge-hill the views are very pleasing, but not so extensive, as on this side the edge the level is high.

Approaching the hill from the west, a town near a mill, on its highest summit, is pointed out as a conspicuous landmark—it

stands exactly above the battle-field on which the great national contest between Royalists and Roundheads commenced—a contest which was not brought to a close till the leaders and central figures on the respective sides were laid in the tomb. Looking down from the summit of the ridge of Edge-hill, the villages of Kineton and Radway are seen on the campaign below : midway between these the battle took place.

On mustering his army, the king found that it consisted of two thousand men. The Earl of Lindsey, who in his youth had served in the Low Countries, was general. The command of the infantry was entrusted to Sir Jacob Astley, whose prayer and last words before he joined the battle have often been quoted. "O Lord !" exclaimed the brave man and prompt leader, "Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me. March on, boys !" Sir Arthur Aston led the dragoons ; Sir John Heyden, the artillery, and Lord Bernard Stuart was at the head of a troop of guards. The estates and revenue of this single troop, according to Lord Clarendon's computation, were at least equal to those of all the members who, at the commencement of the war, voted in both Houses. Their servants, commanded by Sir William Killigrew, composed another troop, and always marched beside their masters.

The king marched from Shrewsbury, and two days after, Essex, at the head of the Parliamentary troops, set out from Worcester. Although in civil war it is usually easy to obtain intelligence of an enemy's movements, the hostile enemies were within six miles of each other before either of the generals was aware of the vicinity of his enemy. The distance between Shrewsbury and Worcester is no more than twenty miles, yet for ten days the two armies continued on the march on gradually converging lines without being apprised of each other's movements.

The following is Hume's concise account of the battle : "The royal army lay at Banbury ; that of the parliament at Kineton, in the county of Warwick. Prince Rupert sent intelligence of the enemy's approach. Though the day was far advanced, the king resolved upon the attack. Essex drew up his men to receive him. Sir Faithful Fortescue, who had levied a troop for the Irish wars, had been obliged to serve in the ranks of the parliamentary army, and was now posted on the left wing, commanded by Ramsay, a Scotchman. No sooner did the king's army approach than Fortescue, ordering his troops to fire their pistols into the ground, put

himself under the command of Prince Rupert. Partly from this incident, partly from the furious shock made upon them by the Prince, the whole wing of cavalry immediately fled and were pursued for two miles. The right wing of the parliament's army had no better success. Chased from their ground by Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston, they also took to flight. The king's body of reserve, commanded by Sir John Biron, judging, like raw soldiers that all was over, and impatient to have some share in the action, heedlessly followed the chase which their left wing had precipitately led them. Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex's reserve, perceived the advantage. He wheeled about upon the king's infantry, now quite unfurnished of horse, and made great havoc amongst them. Lindsey, the general, was mortally wounded, and taken prisoner: his son endeavouring his rescue, fell likewise into the enemy's hands. Sir Edmund Verney, who carried the king's standard, was killed, and the standard taken, but it was afterwards recovered. In this situation Prince Rupert, on his return, found affairs. Everything bore the appearance of a defeat instead of a victory, with which he had hastily flattered himself. Some advised the king to leave the field; but that prince rejected such pusillanimous counsel. The two armies faced each other for some time, and neither of them retained courage for a new attack. All night they lay under arms; and next morning found themselves in sight of each other. General as well as soldier on both sides seemed averse to renew the battle. Essex first drew off and retired to Warwick. The king returned to his former quarters. Five thousand men are said to have been found dead on the field of battle; and the loss of the two armies, as far as we can judge by the opposite accounts, was nearly equal. Such was the event of this first battle, fought at Kineton or Edge-hill.

"Some of Essex's horse, who had been driven off the field in the beginning of the action, flying to a great distance, carried news of a total defeat, and struck a mighty terror into the city and parliament. After a few days, a more just account arrived, and then the parliament pretended to a complete victory. The king also, on his part, was not wanting to display his advantages, though, excepting the taking of Banbury, a few days after, he had few marks of victory to boast of. He continued his march, and took possession of Oxford, the only town in his dominions which was altogether at his devotion."

But Hume neither by native taste nor by political training is

the writer to give us a complete picture of the battle of Edge-hill. Let us contrast his brief outline of the effect with the more elaborate notice of it in the "pictured page" of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

"The battle did not commence till near three o'clock in the afternoon, which, at that time of the year, was so late that some were of opinion, that the business should be deferred till the next day. But against that there were many objections: the king's numbers could not increase, the enemies' might, for they had not only their garrisons, Warwick, Coventry, and Banbury, within short distances, but all the country so devoted to them, that they had all provisions brought to them without the least trouble: whereas, on the other side, the people were so disaffected to the king's party, that they had carried away or hid all their provisions, insomuch that there was neither meat for man nor horse; and the very smiths hid themselves, that they might not be compelled to shoe horses, of which in those stony ways, there was great need. So that their wants were so great at the time when they came to Edge-hill, that there were very many companies of the common soldiers who had scarce eaten bread in forty-eight hours before. The only way to cure this was a victory, and therefore the king gave the word, though it was late, the enemy keeping their ground to receive him without advancing.

"The first movement was made by Prince Rupert; and when he, with the right wing of the king's horse, advanced to charge the left wing, which was the gross of the enemies' horse, Sir Faithful Fortescue, with his whole troop advanced from the gross of their horse, and, discharging all their pistols on the ground, within little more than carbine-shot of his own body, presented himself, with his troop, to Prince Rupert, and immediately with his highness charged the enemy. This charge was decidedly successful; for that whole wing of the enemy, having unskillfully discharged their carbines and pistols in the air, wheeled about, the king's horse charging them in the flank and rear, and having thus absolutely routed them, pursued them flying, and had the execution of them above two miles. The left wing, commanded by Mr. Wilmot, was equally successful; for the right wing of the enemy's horse was as easily routed and dispersed as their left, and was as eagerly and furiously pursued as the other. The advantage, however, thus obtained was in a great measure sacrificed by the impetuosity, not only of the cavalry that had charged, but of the reserve also, who,

seeing none of the enemy's horse left, thought there was nothing more to be done but to pursue those that fled, and could not be contained by their commanders, but with spurs and loose reins followed the chase which their left wing had led them. For, all the king's horse having thus left the field, the enemy's reserve, commanded by Sir William Balfour, broke in upon the king's infantry and did great execution, and might with little difficulty have destroyed or taken prisoner the king himself and his two sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, being with fewer than a hundred horse. So that when Prince Rupert returned from the chase, he found this great alteration in the field, and his Majesty himself with few noblemen, and a small retinue about him, and the hope of so glorious a day quite vanished. Things had now so ill an aspect, that many were of opinion that the king should leave the field, but he was positive against this advice, well knowing that as that army was raised by his person and presence only, so it could by no other means be kept together; and he thought it unpardonably to forsake them who had forsaken all they had to serve him. And as the reserve of the enemy, which had done so much mischief before, since the return of the horse, betook themselves to a fixed station between their foot, he therefore tried all possible ways to get the horse to charge again; but when he found it was not to be done, he was content with their only standing still. During the night both armies kept the field. But the next day, though the Earl of Essex had received a reinforcement of two thousand men, he not only did not venture to advance, but suffered a small party of the king's troops to capture some pieces of cannon that were near them. . . . On Wednesday morning, when the king drew his army to rendezvous, he found his numbers greater than he expected; for in the night after the battle, many of the common soldiers, out of cold and hunger, had found their old quarters. So that it was really believed, upon this view, that there were not, in that battle, lost above three hundred men at most."

Allowing then for some extenuation in the account here given, still the slaughter among the parliamentarians must have been dreadful, and will fully account for their making no advance on the following day, though reinforced with two thousand men in the course of the night.

On Edge-hill stands the church of Burton-Dasset, from which Cromwell is reported to have witnessed the battle. Hooper, the historian, states that he was not in the battle, but that he after-

wards excused himself to the Earl of Essex, by alleging that he could not come up in time. He was then but a lieutenant or captain, and, watching the action from a church tower near, and seeing the flight of the parliament cavalry, he had slid down the bell-rope and rode off; showing, as the historian remarks, "what great endings may grow out of very indifferent beginnings."

The story, bell-rope included, is entirely without foundation. For many months before the battle of Edge-hill Cromwell had worn a sword for the parliament, and had shown also that he could use it well and bravely. Moreover, as Mr. Carlyle shows, within a month before the battle, not only is the great Oliver known to have been in active service as the captain of the sixty-seventh troop of Lord Essex's cavalry; but his eldest son, Oliver, now a young man of twenty, was serving at the same time as "cornet," in troop eight of the cavalry. In this battle, asserts Carlyle, "Captain Cromwell *was* present, and did his duty. . . . The fight was indecisive; victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told Cousin Hampden they never would get on with a set of poor tapsters and town apprentice people fighting against men of honour. To cope with men of honour they must have men of religion. 'Mr. Hampden answered me, It was a good notion, if it could be executed.' Oliver himself set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, by and by."

A striking circumstance in connexion with this battle-field is narrated by Dr. Thomas, in his additions to Dugdale.

"As King Charles I. marched to Edgcot, near Banbury, on the 22nd of October, 1642 (the day previous to the battle), he saw a gentleman hunting in the fields, not far from Shuckburgh, with a very good pack of hounds; upon which, fetching a deep sigh, he asked who that gentleman was, that hunted so merrily that morning, when he was going to fight for his crown and dignity. And being told that it was Richard Shuckburgh, of Upper Shuckburgh, he was ordered to be called to him, and was by him very graciously received. Upon which he immediately went home, roused all his tenants, and the next day attended on him in the field, where he was knighted, and was present at the battle. After the taking of Banbury, and his majesty's retreat from these parts, he went to his own seat, and fortified himself on the top of Shuckburgh-hill. Here he was soon attacked by some of the parliamentary forces, and defended himself till he fell, with most of his tenants about him; but being taken up, and life perceived in him, he was carried

away prisoner to Kenilworth Castle, where he lay a considerable time, and was forced to purchase his liberty at a dear rate."

And the disastrous fortunes of the Stuarts that involved this gentleman in their gloom, from the day on which he allied himself with them, clung to him through life, and seem also to have entailed a heritage of sorrow upon his descendants. Better for him and his descendants had he gone on "hunting so merrily in the morning," than to have thrown his life into the scale with the cause of a king whom probably, up to this time, he had no great cause to admire. But it was a Stuart that fascinated, and it was a true heart that was lured onward to sacrifice itself for a royal smile. The same thing had happened a thousand times before; and the gay gentleman cast off his hounds, unsheathed his sword, threw away the scabbard, and threw his life at the king's feet, as cheerily as he would have thrown a nosegay.

Charles II. created John de Shuckburgh, the son of Richard, a baronet in 1660. Another of the old knight's sons distinguished himself in three successive parliaments, and contributed many valuable papers on philosophical and astronomical subjects to the "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society; but so recently as 1809, a catastrophe befel this family, of a nature so tragic as to leave its memory for ages on the scene of its occurrence.

A short time before the date mentioned, the Bedfordshire Militia were stationed near Upper Shuckburgh, and the officers were in the habit of visiting the Hall. Its hospitable owner, Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh, received them with the cordiality of a warm-hearted and loyal English gentleman. He himself had a son in the army, and it was natural for him, in this relation, to regard every branch of the service with consideration. The social intercourse which thus sprung up between the officers and the inmates of the Hall was productive of mutual satisfaction. But this pleasant state of affairs was tempered by an element which, in its operation, might result in great happiness or in overwhelming woe. Sir Stewkley's daughter, then about twenty years of age, was a young lady whose attractions both of mind and person could not have been seen with indifference in the brightest scenes of fashionable life, and amid the concourse of the most beautiful of her sex. But here in the solitude of an old English country house, where every morning the meetings were gay and every evening tuned the heart to make the partings tender—where there were rambles through the park, affording moments when at least one earnest word might be said—where there was

strolling among the shrubberies and loitering in the garden walks-- the fascinations of Miss Shuckburgh produced their natural effect on one of the officers, and at the same time gave him an opportunity of ascertaining that his affection was not likely to be frowned upon, at least by the young lady. Lieutenant Sharp became deeply attached to the young lady. Sir Stewkley had received the young gentleman with the utmost cordiality as a guest ; but as soon as he became aware of the attachment that had sprung up, he gave it his decided disapproval. Miss Shuckburgh was constrained to listen to the reasons of her father, and resolved to smother her love in deference to his maturer judgment. Lieutenant Sharp was forbidden the house, and the lady communicated her intention of submitting to her father's wishes in the matter ; and it appears to have been agreed between the young people that the intercourse should cease, and that the letters which had passed between them should be returned. An arrangement was made that the lady should leave the packet for him in a summer-house in the garden on a specified evening, and that on the following morning she should find the packet intended for her in the same place. The sad engagement was kept. Having left her packet on a special evening, Miss Shuckburgh set out very early on the following morning to find her own. A servant, who saw her depart, was curious to know what matter could be in hand to bring his young mistress out at such an early hour. He followed stealthily, and as he drew near the summer-house he heard the voices of the lieutenant and of the lady in earnest dispute. The officer was loud and impassioned, the lady firm, but unconsenting. Immediately was heard the report of a pistol and the fall of a body--another report and fall : and the servant, guessing the awful truth, flew to the house and raised the alarm. When the searchers came the young people were found lying dead in their own blood.

Tradition seems, however, to favour the idea that this dreadful act of self-destruction was the result of mutual agreement between the lovers, born of their passion and despair. The lieutenant was only the son of a gentleman farmer, and as such was deemed an unsuitable match for the heiress of Shuckburgh. And so the dread alternative of separation or death with each other was present to them, with the result we have recorded.

" Since then," says Howitt, " every object about the place which could suggest to the memory this fatal event, has been changed or removed. The summer-house has been razed to the ground ; the disposition of the garden itself altered ; much of the timber

felled, the surrounding scenery remodelled, the house itself renovated. In the opinion of those who knew the place before, the whole has been much improved. The house is large and handsome. The park is pleasant, and well stocked with deer. It is probable that these efforts to obliterate the remembrance of so fearful a catastrophe from the minds of the family may not have been without their salutary effect ; but such tragic passages in human life become part and parcel of the scene where they occur :—they become the topic of the winter fireside. They last while passions and affections, youth and beauty last. They fix themselves into the soil, and the very rock on which it lies. They are breathed from the woods and fields around on the passer-by, like the dim whispers of Pan, or his watching fauns ; and though the house were razed from the spot, and its park and pleasaunces turned into ploughed fields, it would still be said for ages—Here stood Shuckburgh Hall, and here fell the young and lovely Miss Shuckburgh by the hand of her despairing lover.”

OXFORDSHIRE.

Oxford Castle.

Of Oxford, the great glory of England, and second only in objects of interest to its metropolis, the origin is unknown. The name is probably derived from there having been a *ford*, or passage for *oxen* across the Thames here; and it is written in Domesday *Oxeneford*. Early in the eighth century a monastery was founded here. Alfred is said to have coined at this town money which bore the inscription *Ocsnafordia*. In the Danish ravages Oxford was repeatedly injured or destroyed. Canute frequently resided at Oxford; and his son and successor, Harold Harefoot, was crowned and died at Oxford. Hearne has identified, in the original arms of Oxford a castle, with a large ditch and bridge. Upon the same authority, we learn that Offa "built walls at Oxford," and by him, therefore, a Saxon castle was originally built here. On the invasion of England by William I. the townsmen of Oxford refused to admit the Normans; and in the year 1067, the town was stormed by these intruders, when it suffered so much that one-third of its houses were wasted and decayed; yet the unhappy townsmen were compelled to pay three times as much tax as in the time of Edward the Confessor. Further, to bridle any attempt at revolt, a Castle was built on the west side of the city of Oxford, by Robert de Oilli, or Oilgi, who came into England with the Conqueror; and the Chronicles of Osenev Abbey, founded by the nephew of the builder of the Castle, give the precise date of this great Baron's undertaking—viz., A.D. 1071, upon the site of Offa's Castle. About the year 1791, several Saxon remains were discovered here; and there exists a facsimile of a plan by Ralph Agas, in 1538, which, allowing for unskilful drawing, may be taken as the Norman Castle, with D'Oiley's magnificent additions. The single tower which remains was certainly built as early as the reign of William Rufus. There is also a very curious ancient well-room of the time of Henry II.; and an ancient crypt, or chapel, the roof of which was necessarily disturbed in building the foundations of the gaol upon part of the castle site, the short Norman columns being only slightly removed from their original position.

Robert d'Oiley was the first Constable of the Castle; and on his death in 1091, was succeeded by his son, Robert, who, in 1141, gave up the fortress to the Empress Maud, who was besieged here by Stephen, but escaped in the night, with three attendants, and the Castle surrendered next morning. The ground was covered with snow, and the Empress, clothed in white, with her attendants similarly clothed, passed unnoticed through the posts of the besiegers, and crossed the Thames, which was frozen over, on foot; travelled on foot to Abingdon, and thence proceeded to Wallingford on horseback, where she was soon after joined by her brother, the Earl of Gloucester, who was marching with a powerful army to her relief. Maud had just previously escaped from the Castle of the Devizes as a dead corpse, in a funeral hearse, or bier. Stephen, during the above time, occupied Beaumont-palace (whence Beaumont-street) and the mounds raised by the defenders of the Castle, or the besiegers, or both, are still commemorated in the name of Broken Hayes, at the south side of the bottom of George-lane, then the precincts of the Castle premises. The accommodation between Stephen and Henry II., by which the Civil War between those princes was terminated, took place at a Council held at Oxford. Several Councils of State, or Parliaments, were held here in the following reign. The prison of the Castle was given by Henry III. to the peculiar jurisdiction of the Chancellor of the University, as a place of confinement for rebellious clerks; and by statute of the third year of the same King's reign, it was appointed the common gaol of the county.

From the manuscript of Anthony Wood, in the Bodleian Library, we learn that at one of the entrances was "a large bridge, which led into a long and broad entry, and so to the chief gate of the Castle, the entry itself being fortified on each side with a large embattled wall, showing several passages above, from one side to the other, with open spaces between them, through which, in times of storms, whenever any enemy had broken through the first gates of the bridge, and was gotten into the entry, scalding water or stones might be cast down to annoy them." On passing through the gate, at the end of this long entry, the fortification stretched itself, on the left hand, to a round tower, that was rebuilt in the nineteenth year of Henry II. And from thence went an embattled wall, guarded for the most part with the mill-stream underneath, till it came to the high tower joining to St. George's Church. From hence the wall went to another gate, leading to Osenev, over another bridge, close to which joined the mount, some time crowned with an embattled tower.

The Castle was in a dilapidated state in the reign of Edward III. In 1649, some ruinous towers were pulled down, and new bulwarks erected for the Parliamentary garrison. In 1788, little remained except the tower, which was for some time used as the county prison; and part of the old wall could then be traced, ten feet in thickness. In 1794, wells were cleared out, and among the rubbish were found horse's bones, dog's bones, horseshoes, and human skeletons; the appearance of the latter is accounted for by the bodies of malefactors, who had been executed on the gallows placed near the Castle in later ages, that might have been flung in here, instead of being buried under the gibbet. In the Castle-yard were the remains of the ancient sessions-house, in which, at the Black Assize in 1577, the lieutenant of the county, two knights, eighty squires and justices, and almost all the grand jury, died of a distemper, brought thither and communicated by the prisoners; and nearly one hundred scholars and townsmen fell victims to the same.

The Castle has long been the property of Christchurch, and is held by the County of the Chapter of Christchurch as a prison; and after the demolition of the city gaol, called the Bocardo,—whence the martyrs Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer, went to the triumph of the stake—the city prisoners were confined within the Castle walls, and the tower now remaining was long used as the prison. Its grey walls, in combination with the old mill, viewed from the mill-stream, are very effective.



Oxford.—Magdalen, All Souls, and Brasenose, Colleges.
—Friar Bacon's Brazen Head.—Great Tom.

Magdalen College Tower, on May Morning, is the scene of an ancient and picturesque custom of ushering in the dawn of May with music on the summit of the elegant tower. Here a portion is railed off for singers, men and choristers in surplices; and the remaining space is for members of the University and others, with tickets.

As the last stroke of five chimes upon the breeze, all heads are reverently uncovered, and the singers, amid deep silence, pour forth the solemn old Latin Hymn, in honour of the Holy Trinity, "Te Deum patrem colimus." At its close, a series of discordant blasts, from the tin May-horns below, contrast with the delightful harmony which had just ceased; but the joyous welcome to spring rung out from the tower, which, as Anthony à Wood says, "containeth the most tuneable and

melodious ring of bells in all these parts and beyond," completely drowns the (anything but) "concord of sweet sounds" beneath. Dr. Rimbault gives the following account of this interesting custom:—"In the year of our Lord God, 1501, the 'most Christian' King, Henry VII., gave to St. Mary Magdalen College the advowsons of the Churches of Slymbridge, county Gloucester, and Fyndon, county Sussex, together with one acre of land in each parish. In gratitude for this benefaction, the College was accustomed, during the lifetime of their Royal benefactor, to celebrate a Service in honour of the Holy Trinity, with the Collect still used on Trinity Sunday, and the prayer 'Almighty and everlasting God, we are taught by Thy word that the hearts of Kings,' &c.; and after the death of the King to commemorate him in the usual manner. The Commemoration Service ordered in the time of Queen Elizabeth is still performed on the 1st of May; and the Latin Hymn in Honour of the Holy Trinity, which continues to be sung on the tower at sunrising, has evidently reference to the original Service. The produce of the two acres above-mentioned used to be distributed on the same day between the President and Fellows; it has, however, for many years been given up to supply the choristers with a festal entertainment in the College hall."

Other writers, however—Mr. Chalmers, in his *History of the University*, among them—refer the origin of the custom to a mass of requiem, which before the Reformation was annually performed on the tower for the soul of Henry VII., and in commemoration of his visit to the College in 1488. After the Reformation, glees and madrigals were substituted, referring to which old Anthony à Wood very quaintly says—"The choral Ministers of this House do, according to an ancient custom, salute Flora every year on the First of May, at four in the morning, with vocal music of several parts. Which having been sometimes well performed, hath given great content to the neighbourhood, and auditors underneath." A work on Oxford, published about a century ago, speaking of the custom having originated in a requiem, says—"But now it is a merry Concert of both Vocal and Instrumental Music, consisting of several merry Ketches, and lasting two hours, and is concluded with Ringing the Bells. The Clerks and Choristers, with the rest of the performers, are for their pains allowed a side of lamb, &c., for their breakfast." At the present time the Rector of Slymbridge pays the annual sum of 10*l.*, for a breakfast and dinner to the singers.

Dr. Rimbault, whilst making some researches in the Library of Christ Church, found what appeared to him to be the first draft of the Hymn

now sung, which some years ago was substituted for the glees and madrigals. It has the following note:—"This hymn is sung every day in Magdalen College Hall, Oxon, at dinner and supper throughout the year, for the after grace, by the chaplains, clerks, and choristers there, composed by Benjamin Rogers, Doctor of Musicke, of the University of Oxon, 1685."

These are the few particulars concerning the origin of this interesting ceremony; and in this unromantic age, when so many old customs are fast dying out, it is gratifying to find this one still kept up, and possessing sufficient interest and attraction to induce many people of all classes to forsake their resting-places at an unusually early hour to witness its celebration.

The practice indulged in by schoolboys on May-day, and some time previous to it, of going about blowing horns seems to have been formerly (if it is not at present) almost peculiar to Oxford. Aubrey, in his *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme*, MS. Lansd. 266, f. 5, says:—"Memorandum—At Oxford, the boys do blow cows' horns and hollow canes all night; and on May-day the young maids of every parish carry about garlands of flowers, which afterwards they hang up in their Churches." And Hearne, in his Preface to *Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle*, writes:—"Tis no wonder, therefore, that upon the jollities on the first of May formerly, the custom of blowing with, and drinking in, horns so much prevailed, which, though it be now generally disused, yet the custom of blowing them prevails at this season, even to this day, at Oxford, to remind people of the pleasantness of that part of the year."—(Communicated to the *Guardian*.)

All Souls' College has this celebration of its foundation. We learn from Walsingham, that when, in 1437, Archbishop Chicheley had minded to found a College in Oxford, for the "hele of his soul," and the souls of all those who perished in the French wars of Henry V., much was he distraught for a site for this holy purpose. He thought to place the College in the eastern part of the city; then he thought of another site; and, while he was thus in doubt, he dreamed that there appeared unto him a right godly personage, advising him how he might place his College in the High-street, near St. Mary's church, and wished him to lay the first stone of the building at the corner which turneth towards "Catty's Strete," where in digging, he would be sure to find a "schwoppinge mallard, imprisoned, but well fattened, in the sewer—to be taken as 'sure token of the rivaunce of his future college.'" Chicheley, however, when he awoke, hesitated to give heed to the vision. He consulted many doctors and learned clerks, all of whom

said, he ought to make the trial. Then came he to Oxford, and on a fixed day, after mass, proceeded, with due solemnity, with spade and pickaxes, for the nonce provided, to the site. Here they had not digged long ere they heard amid the earth, horrid strugglings and flutterings, and violent quackings, of the distressed mallard. Then Chicheley lifted up his hands, and said Benedicite, &c. Now, when they brought forth the bird, the size of his bodie was that of a "bustarde or an ostridge. And much wonder was thereat; for the lyeke had not been seene in this londe, nor in onie odir." In commemoration of this occurrence, the Festival of the Mallard was formerly held yearly, on the 14th of January, and there was long sung "The Merry Old Song of the All Souls' Mallard;"

"Griffin, bustard, turkey, capon,
Let other hungry mortals gape on;
And on the bones their stomach fill hard;
But let All Souls' men have their Mallard.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the blood of King Edward,
It was a wopping, wopping Mallard.

"The Romans once admired a *gander*,
More than they did their chief commander!
Because he saved, if some don't fool us,
The place that's called the '*head of Tolus*.'
Oh! by the blood, &c.

"The poets feign Jove turned a swan,
But let them prove it if they can;
As for our proof, 'tis not at all hard,
For it was a wopping, wopping Mallard.
Oh! by the blood, &c.

"Therefore, let us sing, and dance a galliard,
To the remembrance of the Mallard:
And as the Mallard dives in pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in bowl.
Oh! by the blood of King Edward," &c.

The allusion to King Edward is surely an anachronism, as King Henry VI. was reigning at the time of the foundation of All Souls' College. The celebration is no longer strictly observed, but the song is sung at one of the *Gaudy Days*, yet retained.

The story of the Mallard was productive of much amusement. The Rev. Mr. Pointer having, in his *History of Oxford*, rashly hazarded a doubt as to the true species of the bird, and even insinuated that it was not a huge drake, but a middle-sized goose, was replied to by Dr. Buckler, in his *Complete Vindication of the Mallard* with much humour and delicate irony: this drew forth a reply, in *Proposals for Republic-*

ing a Complete History of the Mallardians ; The "Buckler" of the Mallardians, &c.

Brasenose is explained as follows: There is a spot in the centre of the city of Oxford, where Alfred is said to have lived, and which may be called the native place, or river-head of three separate societies still existing, University, Oriel, and Brasenose. Brasenose claims his palace, Oriel his church, and University his school or academy. Of these, Brasenose College is still called in its formal style, "the King's Hall," which is the name by which Alfred himself, in his laws, calls his palace; and it has its present singular name from the corruption of *brasinium* or *brasinbuse*, as having been originally located in that part of the royal mansion which was devoted to the then important accommodation of a brewhouse. The origin of the word has also been explained as follows: Brazen Nose Hall may be traced back as far as the time of Henry III., about the middle of the thirteenth century; and early in the succeeding reign, 6th Edward I., 1278, it was known as Brazen Nose Hall, which was, undoubtedly, owing to the circumstance of a nose of brass affixed to the gate. It is presumed, however, this conspicuous appendage of the portal was not formed of the mixed metal which the word *brass* now denotes, but the genuine produce of the mine; as is the nose, or rather face, of a lion or leopard still remaining at Stamford, which also gave name to the edifice it adorned. And hence, when Henry VIII. debased the coin, by an alloy of *copper*, it was a common remark or proverb, that "Testons were gone to Oxford, to study in *Brazen Nose*," (*Notes and Queries*, No. 201.) The society still display on the face of their College and boats a fully developed nose of the above-named material. The original centre fire-place, with the lantern, or louver above, were not removed from this Hall until the year 1760.

Friar Bacon's Brazen Head.—This widely-known legend has little to do with the veritable history of Roger or Friar Bacon, the greatest of English philosophers before the time of his celebrated namesake; though he, Roger Bacon, is more popularly known by this fictitious name than by his real merit. In a rare tract, entitled *The Famous Historie of Friar Bacon*, 4to., London, 1652, it is pretended he discovered, "after great study," that if he could succeed in making a head of brass, which should speak, and hear it when it spoke, he might be able to surround all England with a wall of brass. By the assistance of Friar Bungay, and a devil likewise called into consultation, Bacon accomplished his object, but with this drawback—the head, when finished, was warranted to speak in the course of one month; but it was quite

uncertain when; and if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour would be lost. After watching for three weeks, fatigue got the mastery over them, and Bacon set his man Miles to watch, with strict injunctions to awake them if the head should speak. The fellow heard the head at the end of one half-hour say, "Time is;" at the end of another, "Time was;" and at the end of another half-hour, "Time's past;" when down it fell with a tremendous crash, but the blockhead of a servant thought that his master would be angry if he disturbed him for such trifles! "And hereof came it," says the excellent Robert Recorde, "that fryer Bacon was accompted so greate a necromancier, whiche never used that arte (by any conjecture that I can finde), but was in geometrie and other mathematicall sciences so experte that he coulede doe by them such thynges as were wonderful in the sight of most people."

Bacon died at Oxford in 1292, where existed nearly until our own times a traditional memorial of "the wonderful doctor," as he was styled by some of his contemporaries. On Grandpont, or the Old Folly Bridge, at the southern entrance into Oxford, stood a tower called "Friar Bacon's Study," from a belief that the philosopher was accustomed to ascend this building in the night, and "study the stars." It was entirely demolished in 1778. Of the bridge Wood says: "No record can resolve its precise beginning." It was rebuilt in 1825.

As you stand upon the present bridge, you have only to look across Christ Church meadow, to the pinnacled tower of Merton College, to be reminded that this was the earliest home of science of a decidedly English school; and that for two centuries there was no other foundation, either in Oxford or Paris, which could at all come near it in the cultivation of the sciences. Roger Bacon belonged to this distinguished foundation, although there is a doubt whether he was not of Brasenose College.

We rarely walk in Christ Church meadow without being forcibly reminded of the eloquent contrast which has been drawn between London and Oxford: "From noise, glare, and brilliancy, the traveller comes upon a very different scene—a mass of towers, pinnacles, and spires, rising in the bosom of a valley from groves which hide all buildings but such as are consecrated to some wise and holy purpose. The same river which in the metropolis is covered with a forest of masts and ships, here gliding quietly through meadows, with scarcely a sail upon it; dark and ancient edifices clustered together in forms full of richness and beauty, yet solid, as if to last for ever, such as become institutions raised, not for the vanity of the builder, but for the benefit of coming

ages; streets, almost avenues of edifices, which elsewhere would pass for palaces, but all of them dedicated to God; thoughtfulness, repose, and gravity, in the countenance, and even dress of their inhabitants; and to mark the stir and business of life, instead of the roar of carriages, the sound of hourly bells, calling men together for prayer. The one is a city in which wealth is created for man; and the other is one in which it has been lavished, and is still expended, for God.”—(*Quarterly Review*.)

Great Tom, the famous Bell, is the most popular notability of Christ Church. The great gate is commonly known as *Tom-gate*, from the cupola over it containing the Great Bell, which formerly belonged to Osney Abbey. This bell was recast in 1680, its weight being about 17,000 pounds; more than double the weight of the Great Bell of St. Paul's, London. The dimensions of the Oxford Bell are, diameter, 7 feet 1 inch; from the crown to the brim, 5 feet 9 inches; thickness of the striking-place, 6 inches; weight of the clapper, 342 pounds. When it was recast, this inscription was put on it: “*Magnus Thomas, clusius Oxoniensis, renatus Apr. 8, 1680,*” &c. The original inscription was, “*In Thomæ laude resono Bim Bom sine fraude.*” Every night, at ten minutes past nine, it tolls 101 times (the number of the members called students), when the gates of most of the Colleges and Halls are shut. “This Bell,” says Parker's *Handbook*, “has always been represented as one of the finest in England; but even at the risk of dispelling an illusion under which most Oxford men have laboured, and which every member of Christ Church has indulged in from 1680 to the present time, touching the fancied superiority of mighty Tom, it must be confessed that it is neither an accurate nor a musical Bell. The note, as we are assured by the learned in these matters, ought to be B flat, but is not so. On the contrary, the Bell is imperfect and inharmonious, and requires, in the opinion of those best informed and of most experience, to be recast. It is, however, a great curiosity, and may be seen by applying to the porter at the Tom-gate lodge.”

An Oxfordshire Legend in Stone.

A few miles from Chipping Norton, by the side of a road which divides Oxfordshire from Warwickshire, and on the brow of a hill overlooking Long Compton, stand the remains of a Druidical temple. Leland speaks of them as “Rollright Stones,” from their being in the parish of Rollright. The temple consists of a simple circle of stones, from fifty to sixty in number, of various sizes and in different positions,

but all of them rough, time-worn, and mutilated. The peasantry say that it is impossible to count these stones, and certainly it is a difficult task, though not because there is any witchcraft in the matter, but owing to the peculiar position of some of them. You will hear of a certain baker who resolving not to be outwitted, hied he to the spot with a basketful of small loaves, one of which he placed on every stone. In vain he tried: either his loaves were not sufficiently numerous, or some sorcery misplaced them, and he gave up in despair. Of course, no one expects to succeed now.

In a field adjoining are the remains of a cromlech, the altar where, at a distance from the people, the priests performed their mystic rites. The superimposed stone has slipped off, and rests against the others. These are the "Whispering Knights," and this their history:—In days of yore, when rival princes debated their claims to England's crown by dint of arms, the hostile forces were encamped hard by. Certain traitor-knights went forth to parley with others from the foe. While thus plotting, a great magician, whose power they unaccountably overlooked, transformed them all into stone, and there they stand to this day.

Not far from the temple, but on the opposite side of the road, is a solitary stone, probably the last of two rows which flanked the approach to the sacred circle. This stone was once a prince who claimed the British throne. On this spot he inquired of the magician above-named what would be his destiny:

" If Long Compton you can see,
King of England you shall be,"

answered the wise man. But he could not see it, and at once shared the fate of the "Whispering Knights." This is called "The King's Stone," and so stands that, while you cannot see Long Compton from it, you can if you go forward a very little way. On some future day an armed warrior will issue from this very stone to conquer and govern our land!

It is said that a farmer, who wished to bridge over a small stream at the foot of the hill, resolved to press "the Whispering Knights" into the service; but it was almost too much for all the horse-power at his command to bring them down. At length they were placed, but all they could do was not sufficient to keep them in their place. It was therefore resolved to restore them to their original post, when lo! they who required so much to bring them down, and defied all attempts to keep them quiet, were taken back, almost without an effort, by a single

horse! So there they stand, till they and the rest (for it is believed the large circle was once composed of living men) shall return to their proper manhood.—(*Notes and Queries*, No. 168.)

Cornebury Hall.—The end of Robert Dudley,
Earl of Leicester.

This infamous man, a younger son of the Duke of Northumberland, joined in the attempt to set Lady Jane Grey on the throne, for which he was tried, pleaded guilty, and his life was saved; he then went abroad, and served at the battle of St. Quentin. By Elizabeth he was created, on the same day, first Lord Denbigh, then Earl of Leicester, received many important posts, and was treated with such peculiar favour, that she was generally supposed to entertain a design of marrying him. In 1585, he was sent, with almost regal powers, into the Low Countries, but greatly injured the cause by his insolence and incapacity; yet, in 1588, he was made generalissimo of the army raised to oppose the Spaniards. He professed adherence to the rigid doctrines of the Puritans, but was, in truth, an execrable character. He was three times married; he was suspected of murdering his first wife, Amy Robsart. He died in 1588, and nearly all the contemporary writers assert that he fell a victim to poison. Naunton declares that he, by mistake, swallowed the poison he had prepared for another person; and as there can be no doubt that the Earl was a poisoner of great eminence, the story is far from improbable. The Privy Council must have believed that his death was not natural, for they minutely investigated a report that he had been poisoned by a son of Sir James Crofts, in revenge for the imprisonment of his father; but the matter was suddenly dropped. Drummond of Hawthornden left this curious note:—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he wished her to use in any faintness, which she, after his return from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died." This seems to confirm strongly the statement given by Sir Robert Naunton.

Dr. Rimbault, in a communication to *Notes and Queries*, No. 233, gives the following contemporary narrative from a MS. on a copy of *Leicester's Ghost*, in Dr. Bliss's *Athenæ Oxonienses*:—"The end of the Earl may thus and truly be supplied. The Countesse Lettie fell in love with Christopher Blunt, of the Earle's horse; and they had many secret meetings, and much wanton familiarity; the which being discovered by the Earle, to prevent the pursuit thereof, when Generall of

the Low Countries, he tooke Blunt with him, and their purposed to have him made away; and for this plot there was a ruffian of Burgundy suborned, who, watching him in one night going to his lodging at the Hage, followed him, and struck at his head with a halbert, or battle-axe, intending to cleave his head. But the axe glanced, and pared off a great piece of Blunt's skull, which was very dangerous, and long in healing; but he recovered, and after married the Countesse; who took this soe ill, as that she, with Blunt, deliberated, and resolved to dispatch the Earle. The Earle, not patient of this soe greate wrong of his wife, purposed to carry her to Kenilworth; and to leave there until her death by naturall or by violent means, but rather by the last. The Countesse also having a suspicion, or some secret intelligence of this treachery against her, provided artificiall meanes to prevent the Earle's; which was by a cordiall, the which she had no fit opportunity to offer him till he came to *Cornebury Hall, in Oxfordshire*; where the Earle, after his gluttonous manner, surfeiting with excessive eating and drinking, fell so ill that he was forced to stay there. Then the deadly cordiall was propounded unto him by the Countesse: as Mr. William Haynes, sometime the Earle's page, and then gentleman of the bed-chamber, told me, who protested hee saw her give the fatal cup to the Earle, which was his last draught, and an end of his plott against the Countesse, and of his journey, and of himselfe."

Shirbourn Castle, Oxon.

In the southern and most picturesque part of Oxfordshire, near the base of the Chiltern Hills, stands Shirbourn Castle, the ancient stronghold of the De l'Isle and Quatremaine families, and in modern times, the seat of the Earls of Macclesfield. The castle was founded by Sir Wariner de l'Isle, the son of the first holder of the land obtained from the Crown in the tenth year of Edward III. The property subsequently passed through several hands, and was purchased, together with the manor, early in the last century, by Thomas Parker, the first Earl of Macclesfield, who was an eminent judge at that period, and elevated to the dignity of Lord Chancellor by George I., in 1718. Three years afterwards, he was advanced to the Earldom of Macclesfield. George Parker, his son, was distinguished for his literary and scientific attainments, and was for twelve years President of the Royal Society; and in 1750, he took a prominent part relative to the alteration of the Style.

When viewed externally, there are, probably, few finer existing specimens of the castellated architecture of feudal times than the stern and imposing structure of Shirbourn. The design is nearly that of a parallelogram; each angle is defended by a strong circular tower, the intermediate spaces severally presenting a flat stone front, along the summit of which an embattled parapet is carried. The whole structure is surrounded by a moat of great breadth and depth, and is entered by means of three drawbridges, at the termination of which is the principal gateway, defended by a portcullis. Excepting the alterations that have been made in the approaches, probably in no essential respect does Shirbourn Castle differ from its appearance in the fourteenth century. The interior is, however, fitted up with modern elegance and comfort. The armoury, a long and spacious room, is almost the only part of the edifice which carries the mind back to the past. The "chair of baronial dignity" still preserves its place in this apartment, on the walls of which are suspended many interesting pieces of armour, shields, tilting-spears, and various kinds of ancient as well as modern defensive weapons. There are two extensive libraries, and a collection of paintings. Among the portraits is an original of Catherine Parr, Queen of Henry VIII. The gentle and unfortunate queen is represented standing behind a highly embellished vacant chair, with her hand on the back. Her dress is black, richly ornamented with precious stones. The fingers are loaded with rings, and in one hand is a handkerchief, edged with deep lace. Inserted in the lower part of the frame, and carefully covered with glass, is an interesting appendage to this portrait—a piece of hair cut from the head of Catherine Parr in 1799, when her coffin was opened at Sudley Castle. The hair corresponds with that in the picture, which is auburn.

Lord Macclesfield, who was an eminent mathematician, built at Shirbourn an Observatory, about 1739. It stood one hundred yards south from the Castle gate, and consisted of a bedchamber, a room for the transit, and the third for a mural quadrant. In the possession of the Royal Astronomical Society is a curious print, representing two of Lord Macclesfield's servants taking observations in the Shirbourn observatory: one is Thomas Phelps, aged 82, who from being a stable-boy to Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, rose by his merit and genius to be appointed observer. His companion is John Bartlett, originally a shepherd, in which station he, by books and observation, acquired such a knowledge in computation, and of the heavenly bodies, as to induce Lord Macclesfield to appoint him assistant observer in his observatory. Phelps was the person who, on December 27th, 1743, discovered the great comet, and made the first observation of it.

On one of the bolder eminences of the range, in the neighbourhood of the Castle, stands Shirbourn Lodge, long the abode of the Dowager Lady Macclesfield, who, we are told, "resided here in all the dignified simplicity attributed to the noble dames in ancient times."

The scenery around Shirbourn is rich, diversified, and sometimes even romantic in its combinations, abounding with most of the constituents which give so peculiar an interest to the scenery of merry England. The Chiltern Hills, which cross the district, "sometimes in a waving line, sometimes clothed with thick woods of beech," now protruding their lofty white sides of chalk amidst dark and glossy foliage, now swelling into wide and open downs, everywhere give life to the landscape, which is an alternation of hill and valley presenting much variety of scene. It still abounds with beech, as in the time of Leland, three centuries ago, when it formed a portion of the immense forest, stretching from the county of Kent in this direction, for a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. The beech-woods of Oxfordshire consist of trees growing on their own stems, produced by the falling of the beech-mast, as very little is permitted to grow on the old stools, which are generally grubbed up. In former times, the woods of Oxfordshire formed one of the chief boasts of the county; but of late years much of the land has been converted into tillage, which was formerly occupied by woods.



Banbury Castle, Cross, and Cakes.

There are few places in England which have witnessed so many important events connected with our annals as Banbury, situated near the northern extremity of Oxfordshire. It is thought to have been a Roman station from coins frequently found there, with a Roman altar. Its Saxon name in Domesday is Bansberrie, which has led to the supposition that the great battle between the West Saxon King Cynric and the Britons, A.D. 556, was fought here, though Barbury, in Wiltshire, also lays claim to being the site of the same event.

In the year 1125, or soon after, Banbury was strengthened with a Castle, erected by Alexander, the famous Bishop of Lincoln, to whom the manor belonged. In 1139, this prelate, being taken prisoner by King Stephen at Oxford, was compelled to resign Banbury and some other fortresses; but it was shortly afterwards restored to the see, and is frequently mentioned as the occasional residence of the bishops. In the year 1469, a battle was fought at Danesmore, near Banbury. be-

tween the forces of Edward IV., under the Earl of Pembroke, and a great body of insurgents from the north of England, whose rebellion had been fomented by the King-making Earl of Warwick. After the battle, a quarrel took place at Banbury, between the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Stafford, who held a high command in the royal army; in consequence of which the latter lord quitted the town with his numerous archers, and the Earl of Pembroke, weakened in his resources, was defeated the next day with immense loss; and he and his brother, with ten other gentlemen, being taken prisoners, were beheaded at Banbury. In the first year of Edward VI., Bishop Holbech resigned the manor, &c., of Banbury to the Crown.

Queen Elizabeth granted the Castle to the Saye and Sele family, who resided at their neighbouring castellated mansion at Broughton.* In the same reign, Banbury Cross, so celebrated in nursery rhymes, was destroyed by the Puritans, who then formed a predominant party at Banbury. The legendary history of the Cross we shall narrate presently.

Of the zeal of the people of Banbury there are numerous records. From the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles II., the Banbury folks were so reputed for their religious zeal as to excite the satire of wits and humorous writers. Sir Thomas Overbury, in his description of a Tinker, says: "if he scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar." Again, "his tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist." So that Banbury may be equivalent to Puritan, as in Ben Jonson's *Bartbolomew Fair*. The Rev. W. Whately, Vicar of Banbury in the reign of James I., is thought to have originated or fostered the zeal for which his parish has acquired proverbial note: he is supposed to have been called "the Roaring Boy of Banbury," with reference to whom Fuller says, "only let them (the Banbury folk) adde knowledge to their zeal, and then the more zeal, the better their condition;" as a proof that the inhabitants were then worthy of their pastor, we are told by his monument:—

" It's William Whately that here lies,
Who swam to 's tomb in people's eyes."

* Viscount Saye and Sele was a distinguished leader in the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament. At his lordship's house at Broughton, above-named, took place the secret discussions of resistance to the Court. Clarendon reports of him that "he had the deepest hand in all the evils that befel the unhappy kingdom," while Whitelocke, a writer on the other side, praises him as "a statesman of great parts, wisdom, and integrity." Thus is history sometimes written.

Whately wrote several pieces ; among the rest, a sermon entitled *Sinne no more*, being an interesting discourse upon a *most terrible fire*, which occurred at Banbury in 1628, and is remarkably characteristic of this zealous preacher : his sermons were reprinted in 1827.

Still, Banbury *zeal* has been traced to a very different source. Camden, in his MS. supplement to the *Britannia*, notes : " Put out the word *zeale* in Banbury, where some think it a disgrace, when as *zeale* with knowledge is the greater grace among good Christians ; for it was first foysted in by some compositor or pressman, neither is it in my Latin copie, which I desire the reader to hold as authentic." The following note respecting this misprint is given in Gibson's edition of *Camden*, 1772 : " There is a credible story, that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of the *Britannia*, Mr. Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off ; and, looking on, he found that in his own observation of Banbury being famous for cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale. But Mr. Camden thinking it too light an expression, changed the word *ale* into *zeal* ; and so it passed, to the great indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in this town." This explanation is reasonable enough ; but Banbury may have had a character for Puritanism in the seventeenth century, as well as in the eighteenth, when the *Tatler* referred to it and Dr. Fuller's explanation. It has also been referred to Dr. Sacheverel's excitement, just at this date, 1710, when arose the terms of High Church and Low Church.

To return to the Castle. The zeal of the inhabitants in the cause of the Commonwealth has often been mentioned ; but although the Castle was defended by 800 infantry and a troop of horse, it surrendered a few days after the battle of Edgehill, in 1642. Being garrisoned by the King, it afterwards stood several attacks, including two desperate sieges in 1644 and 1646. On the former occasion, it resisted every attack for fourteen weeks, when at length it was opportunely relieved by the Earl of Northampton, but not before the garrison had been reduced to the necessity of eating their horses, of which only two remained. On the other occasion, the Castle was besieged by the famous Colonel Whalley for ten weeks, and only capitulated on honourable conditions, after Charles I. had surrendered himself to the Scottish army. For this service Colonel Whalley was rewarded by the Parliament. Not many years after this, the Castle was taken down by the Parliament, to prevent its again becoming a stronghold for the Royalists in a Puritan district. Nothing now remains of it except the name, and small portions of the moat, and one of the walls, upon which

last a cottage has been erected. The rest of the site is occupied as garden-ground.

Banbury Cakes were long thought to be first mentioned in Camden's *Britannia*, 1608; but we find "Banberrie cakes" mentioned in a *Treatise on Melancholie*, 1586, among the articles that carry with them "plentie of melancholie." This we suspect to be a Puritan stigma. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomeaw Fair*, 1614, introduces "Zeal-of-the-Land Busy" as a Banbury man, who "was a *baker*—but he does dream now, and sees visions: he has given over his trade, out of a scruple he took that inspired conscience, *those cakes he made* were served in bridales, maypoles, morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings." The Cakes are still in high repute, are made in large quantities, and shipped to most parts of the world. Banbury Cheese, which is mentioned by Shakspeare, is no longer made. The town has to this day nine chartered fairs and two annual markets: their statute fair for hiring servants was called "the Mop."

Several of the inns at Banbury are of great antiquity, and of quaint and picturesque appearance. The gateway and yard of the Reindeer Inn are especially to be noticed. Here is a large dining-hall, which seems to date as far back as the reign of Henry VII., and retains most of its original features. In a field adjacent to the southern entrance to the town is an earthwork, or amphitheatre, called the Bear-garden, where the ancient English sports were practised.

Edgehill, already mentioned, is a spot of great interest in connexion with the Commonwealth wars; but nothing more wild, rugged, and solitary can be imagined than this far-famed battle-field.

The legendary history of the Cross is subjoined from the *Builder*: The nursery rhyme is known to every little boy and girl:—

" Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

Of this lady we get more complete information:—

" 'Twas in the second Edward's reign,
A knight of much renown,
Yeapt Lord Herbert, chanced to live
Near famous Banbury town."

This knight had one son left to his lot: fearless and brave was he;
and

" It raised the pride in the father's heart,
His gallant son to see.

And so this poetic legend goes on to tell that, near Lord Herbert's ancient hall, proud Banbury Castle stood, within the noble walls of which there dwelt a maiden, young and good :—

“ As fair as the rosy morning,
As fresh as the sparkling dew,
And her face as bright as the star-lit night,
With its smiles and blooming hue.”

Young Edward gazed on this lady, and dreamt of her in the night ; and then heralds sound their trumpets, and proclaim a festive day. To Broughton's castle, and Wroxton's pile, and Herbert's stately tower, “ that looks o'er hill and dale,” all come. There is a rival in the way, and young Edward nearly loses his life. But the rival turns out to be her brother.

Days passed on. Young Edward was nursed with care, and Matilda never left his side ; but the young man had the stamp of death upon his face. In the Castle, at that time, there lived a holy monk, who had noticed the sinking of the young lady's cheeks, and offered to effect a cure. This was his prescription :—

“ To-morrow, at the midnight hour,
Go to the Cross alone :
For Edward's rash and hasty deed
Perchance, thou may'st atone.”

The lady goes to the cross and walks round it. Edward is cured, and a goodly festival is ordered. And now—

“ Upon a milk-white steed
A lady doth appear :
By all she's welcomed lustily
In one tremendous cheer,
With rings of brilliant lustre,
Her fingers are bedeck'd,
And bells upon her palfrey hung,
To give the whole effect.”

And by the side of the noble lady there rode one of noble mien and air.

“ And even in the present time,
The custom's not forgot,
But few there are who know the tale
Connected with the spot ;
Though to each baby in the land
The nursery rhymes are told,
About the lady robed in white,
And Banbury Cross of old.”

Stanton Harcourt and its Kitchen.

Stanton Harcourt, a small village of Oxfordshire, has near it three large upright stones, vulgarly called "the Devil's Coits;" they are of the sandstone of the district, and are thought to be monumental. Thomas Warton supposes them to have been "erected to commemorate a battle fought near Bampton, in 614, between the Saxons and the Britons; when the Saxons, under Cynegil, slew more than two thousand Britons." "The adjacent barrow," he adds, "has been destroyed." Stanton-Harcourt was among the vast estates which fell to the lot of the Bishop of Bayeux, the half-brother of the Conqueror. "The manor has continued in the Harcourt family. Queen Adeliza, daughter of Godfrey, first Duke of Brabant, and second wife to King Henry I., granted the manor of Stanton to her kinswoman, Milicent, wife of Richard de Camvill, whose daughter Isabel married Robert de Harcourt; and from the time of that marriage it assumed the name of Stanton-Harcourt. This grant was afterwards confirmed to her and her heirs by King Stephen and King Henry II." The service by which it was held of the Crown is curious: "The lord of Stanton-Harcourt shall find four browsers in Woodstock Park in winter-time, when the snow shall happen to fall, and tarry, lie, and abide, by the space of two days; and so to find the said browsers there browsing, so long as the snow doth lie, every browser to have to his lodging every night one billet of wood, the length of his axe-helve, and that to carry to his lodgings upon the edge of his axe. And the King's bailiff of the demesnes, or of the Hundred of Wooton, coming to give warning for the said browsers, shall blow his horn at the gate of the manor of Stanton Harcourt aforesaid, and then the said bailiff to have a cast of bread, a gallon of ale, and a piece of beef, of the said lord of Stanton Harcourt aforesaid; and the said lord, or other for the time being, to have of custom yearly out of the said park, one buck in summer and one doe in winter. And also the said lord of Stanton Harcourt must fell, make, rear, and carry all the grass growing in one meadow within the park of Woodstock, called Stanton and Southley mead; and the fellers and the makers thereof have used to have of custom, of the king's Majesty's charge, sixpence in money, and two gallons of ale."

Of the large and ancient mansion, little remains. Pope passed the greatest part of two summers in the deserted home, in a tower which bears his name, from his having written in the uppermost room in it the fifth volume of his translation of Homer, as he recorded on a pane of glass

in the window ; hence the room is called "Pope's Study." Gay was an inmate at the time, and the only one who presumed to break in on Pope's retirement. The lower room is the family chapel ; the tower is fifty-four feet high.

But the most curious portion of the old mansion remaining is the kitchen, a stone building of earlier date than the mansion, and which Dr. Plot, in his *History of Oxfordshire*, thus describes:—"The kitchen of the right worshipful Sir Simon Harcourt, Knight, is so strangely unusual, that by way of riddle one may truly call it either a kitchen within a chimney or a kitchen without one ; for below it is nothing but a large square, and octangular above, ascending like a tower, the fires being made against the walls, and the smoke climbing up them, without any tunnels or disturbance to the cooks ; which being stopped by a large conical roof at the top, goes out at loopholes on every side according as the wind sits ; the loopholes at the side next the wind being shut with folding doors, and the adverse side opened." At one of the angles there is a turret in which is a winding staircase that leads to a passage round the battlements, in order to open and close the shutters according to the direction of the wind.

There are two fireplaces against the opposite walls, at either of which an ox might be roasted whole. Only one is used now. Besides the fireplaces there are two large ovens. The interior is a room about thirty feet square, capped by a conical roof, in itself twenty-five feet high, and from the floor to its apex about sixty feet. The inside of the roof is thickly coated with soot.

The main portion of the mansion was erected in the reign of Henry VII. ; the kitchen is supposed to be of the time of Henry IV. Pope, in a letter to the Duke of Buckingham, described the house as it was before its demolition ; but according to the Earl of Harcourt, "Although his description be ludicrous and witty, it is in almost every particular incorrect ; the situation of the several buildings being exactly the reverse of that in which they stood, as is demonstrated by a still existing plan"



Woodstock Palace—Fair Rosamond, and Godstow Nunnery.

In the middle of Oxfordshire there existed from the Saxon times almost to our own age, a royal Palace, fraught with memories grave and gay, and chequered with light and shade of the most picturesque

scenery. Not a vestige of the Palace now remains; but its site is denoted by two sycamore-trees, whose wide and spreading limbs point amid the solemn silence to the spot where Kings in days of yore have dwelt.

The town and manor of Woodstock (anciently written Vudestoc—*i.e.*, woody place) constituted part of the royal demesnes. Here King Ethelræd, in 866, held a Wittenagemot; and the illustrious Alfred translated the *Consolations* of Boethius. To the grounds was annexed a *deer-fold*; and Henry I. appended an inclosure for a collection of wild beasts, which he procured from foreign princes. Tenanted by the lion, leopard, lynx, and William de Montpellier's gift, "the wonderful porcupine," then first seen in this country, and gravely asserted by William of Malmesbury to be "covered with sharp-pointed quills, which it naturally shot at the dogs that hunted it," no wonder the place attained celebrity; though this menagerie was of small dimensions, and the dens were bounded by a lofty stone wall. In 1123, King Henry I. removed his Court from Dunstable to Woodstock, where, on the third day after Epiphany, riding out in his deer-fold, in conversation between the Bishops of London and Salisbury, the former suddenly exclaiming, "Lord King, I die," fell from his horse, and being carried home speechless, died on the following day (*Saxon Chronicles*). Here King Henry held a Council at Christmas; and in 1126 and 1130, the King kept his Christmas here.

In 1140, during the struggle for the Crown between King Stephen and the Empress Maud, Woodstock was garrisoned for the latter. Her son, Henry II., resided much at Woodstock, and adjoining built a bower for "his adored charmer," Rosamond, the second daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford: this bower was surrounded with a labyrinth, whose mazes no stranger could unthread. This lady he is believed to have first seen in one of his visits to Godstow Nunnery, and having triumphed over her virtue, to have here secluded her from the jealous eye of his Queen, a woman of tainted reputation, much older than himself, whom he had married solely from motives of ambition. In this bower the King passed many hours in wanton dalliance, and by Rosamond had two sons, William Longspè, afterwards Earl of Sarum; and Geoffrey, Archbishop of York. To this amour New Woodstock owes its origin, it being founded for the accommodation of the Royal retinue.

The Bower, or Maze, which the King had built for Rosamond, consisted of vaults underground, arched and walled with brick and stone. It is thought to have existed before the time of Rosamond, and

remained after her death, since all pleasances, or gardens, in the Middle Ages, had this adjunct.* Nearly a century after Rosamond's time, Rymer describes, in his *Fædera*, as pertaining to Woodstock Palace, "Rosamond's Chamber," which was then restored, and crystal plates, and marble and lead provided for the workmen. Edward III. passed the first years of his marriage principally at Woodstock; and Rosamond's residence, there is reason to conclude, was approached by a tunnel under the park-wall. How the Queen discovered her is variously told. It is commonly said that "the Queen came to Rosamond by a clue of threidde or silke, and so dealt with her that she lived not long after." None of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison (Stow merely conjectures); they only say that the Queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces and sharp expostulations, we may suppose, but used neither dagger nor bowl. Brompton says, "she lived with Henry a long time after he had imprisoned Eleanor;" and Carte, in his *History of England*, goes far to prove that Rosamond was not poisoned by the Queen (which popular legend was based on no other authority than an old ballad); but that, through grief at the defection of her royal admirer, she retired from the world, and became a nun at Godstow, where she lived twenty years. Holinshed speaks of it as the common report of the people, that "the Queene found hir out by a silken thridde, which the Kinge had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foote, and dealt with her in such sharpe and cruell wise that she lived not long after." Brompton says, that one day Queen Eleanor saw the King walking in the pleasance of Woodstock, with the end of a ball of floss-silk attached to his spur; coming near him unperceived, she took up the ball, and the King walking on, the silk unwound, and thus the Queene traced him to a thicket in the labyrinth or maze of the park, where he disappeared. She kept the matter a secret, often revolving in her own mind in what company he could meet with balls of silk. Soon after, the King left Woodstock for a distant journey; then Queen Eleanor, bearing her discovery in mind, searched the thicket in the park, and discovered a low door cunningly concealed; this door she forced, and found it was the entrance to a winding subterranean path, which led out at a distance to a sylvan lodge in the most retired part of the adjacent forest."

Speed, on the other hand, tells us that the jealous queen found

* Maize Hill, Greenwich, is near the site of the Maze of Greenwich Palace; and the Maze in Southwark was once part of the garden of the Princess Mary Tudor's Palace.

Rosamond out by "a clewe of silke" fallen from her lap, as she sat taking air, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of the clue still unwinding, remained behind, which the Queen followed till she found what she sought, and upon Rosamond so vented her spleen that she did not live long after. Another story, in a popular ballad, is that the clue was gained by surprise from the knight who was left to guard the bower.

Rosamond was buried at Godstow, "in a house of nunnes, beside Oxford," with these verses upon her tombe:—

"Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda;
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

Stow's Annals.

"This tomb doth here enclose the world's most beauteous rose,
Rose passing sweet erewhile—now nought but odour vile."

Speed.

Her body was buried in the middle of the choir in the chapel of the Nunnery at Godstow, and wax-lights were placed around her tomb, and continually kept burning; there it remained fourteen years, or until the year 1191, when Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, caused it to be removed, as unfit for the sight of the chaste sisters. The nuns, however, so much esteemed their late benefactress and companion, that they reinterred her bones in their chapter-house, and carefully preserved relics of her till the dissolution of their society in the reign of Henry VIII. Her portrait was long preserved in the manor-house of Kidington, with that of Lord Clifford.

In the French *Chronicle of London*, translated by Riley, in 1863, we find another legend of Rosamond's death. It is there told that the Queen had her stripped naked, and made her sit between two fires; then had her put into a bath, and beaten with a staff by a wicked old hag until the blood gushed forth, when another hag placed two toads upon her breasts, and while they were sucking, the Queen laughed in revenge; and when Rosamond was dead, the Queen had her body buried in a filthy ditch, toads and all. The story is a loathsome one, and we have abbreviated it. When the King heard how the Queen had treated Rosamond, he made great lamentation; he then ascertained of one of the sorceresses that the body had been taken up by order of the Queen, to be buried at Godstow; but the King meeting it on the road, had the chest or coffin opened, and looking on the body, he fell into a long swoon with grief. When he recovered, he vowed vengeance for the "most horrid felony" committed upon the gentle damsel. He then renewed his lamentations, and in the words of the legend, fir-

rently prayed, "May the sweet God, who abides in Trinity, on the soul of sweet Rosamond have mercy, and may He pardon her all her misdeeds; very God Almighty, Thou who art the end and the beginning, suffer not now that this soul shall in horrible torment come to perish, and grant unto her true remission for all her sins, for Thy great mercy's sake." And when the King had thus prayed, he commanded them to ride straight on with the body of the lady, there have her burial celebrated in that religious house of nuns, and there did he appoint thirteen chaplains to sing for the soul of the said Rosamond as long as the world shall last. And this was accordingly done.

In the old ballad the death of Rosamond is attributed to the Queen:

"But nothing could this furious queen
Therewith appeased bee:
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge
As she knelt on her knee,

"She gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand.

"And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poyson stronge,
Her life she lost withalle."^a

On the banks of the Isis, about two miles from Oxford, are the remains of Godstow Nunnery. It was founded towards the end of the reign of Henry I., by Editha, a lady of Winchester. There are remains of the north, south, and east walls; and of a small building, probably the Chapter-house of the nuns, where, it is thought, the remains of Rosamond may have been deposited. After their second burial, they were not again disturbed till the suppression of monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., when, as Leland records, her tomb was opened by the royal commissioners; in it was found the leaden case, within which were the bones wrapped in leather: "when it was opened," he adds, "a very sweet smell came out of it."

^a Rosamond was a great favourite with our older poets. A beautiful ballad was written by Thomas Delony; there is a still more beautiful poem, though not so well known, called *The Complaint of Rosamond*, by Daniel. And Drayton has two or three of his *England's Heroical Epistles* dedicated to her memory; and frequent allusion is made to her by Chaucer and others. Addison wrote an opera upon the story, entitled *Rosamond*; and in our time another opera, *Fair Rosamond*, the music by John Barnett, was produced at Drury-lane Theatre: we need hardly add that the dagger and poison-bowl fiction was adopted.

Notwithstanding the "bower" had lost its fair tenant, Woodstock was not deserted by the King, for he knighted his son Geoffrey, Duke of Brittany, in the palace in 1178; and in 1186, herein entertained William, King of Scotland, and gave him his cousin, the Lady Ermen-gard, daughter of Lord Beaumont, in marriage; the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the royal chapel, and the nuptials celebrated with great magnificence. King John also frequently resided here, and built a chapel for the use of the inhabitants of New Woodstock, a part of which still remains on the south side of the present church.

Woodstock was visited by King Henry III. in 1228 and 1235. Three years after, in 1238, he was again at the palace, and narrowly escaped assassination by a priest named Ribbaud, who was either insane, or feigned himself so, and got into the palace, and in the hall summoned the King to resign his kingdom; the attendants would have beaten and driven him away, but Henry forbade them, and ordered them to suffer the man to enjoy his delusions. In the night, however, the same individual contrived to enter the royal bedchamber through a window, and made towards the King's bed with a naked dagger in his hand; luckily the King was in another part of the house, and the intruder was secured and taken to Oxford, where, says the account, "he was torn in pieces by wild horses." Henry again resided here in 1241, and entertained Alexander, King of Scotland, and most of the English nobility, with great splendour. Edward I. called two Parliaments at Woodstock; and here was born Edmund, his second son, by Queen Margaret, called from thence Edmund of Woodstock. In 1326, Isabella, Queen of Edward II., resided here, amidst much gaiety. Edward III. was strongly attached to Woodstock; and his son Edward the Black Prince, and his sixth son, were born here—the latter event being celebrated by solemn jousts and tournaments.

Chaucer resided for a considerable time in a house adjoining the principal park-gate, which dwelling is denominated in deeds "Chaucer's House."

" Here he dwelt

For many a cheerful day; these ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
Of homely life, through each estate and age,
He sang of love, of knighthood; or the wiles,
'The fashion and the follies of the world,
With cunning hand portraying."

Still, Chaucer's residence at Woodstock is disputed, and the house is considered by Sir Harris Nicolas to have been the house of Thomas

Chaucer, to whom the Manor of Woodstock was granted by Henry IV., ten years after the poet's death. This is the earliest evidence extant of any connexion of the name of Chaucer with Woodstock. Nevertheless, the poet might some time have resided at Woodstock, in the house which was given to his son.

Richard II. was frequently at Woodstock, and in 1389 kept his Christmas at the palace, when a tournament was held in the park, at which John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, only seventeen years of age was unfortunately slain by John St. John, by the lance slipping and piercing his body. Most of the succeeding Kings of England visited Woodstock occasionally. Henry VII. added considerably to the palace, and on the front and principal gate was his name, and an English rhyme recording that he was the founder. It was in this gatehouse, according to Warton, that the Princess Elizabeth was detained a prisoner by command of her sister Mary; and here she is said to have written with charcoal, on a window-shutter of her apartment, the following lines:

“ Oh, Fortune, how thy restless wavering state
 Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt,
 Wittness this present prysoner, whither Fate
 Could bear me and the Joys I quitt;
 Thou causeth the guiltie to be loosed
 From bands wherein an innocent's inclosed,
 Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
 And freine those that death well deserved.
 But by her Malice can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

“Anno Dom. 1555.”

“ELIZABETH, Prisoner.

Holinshed tells us that Elizabeth, while at Woodstock, “hearing upon a time out of her garden a certain milkmaid singing pleasantly, wished herself to be a milkmaid as she was, saying that her case was better, and her life merrier.” Elizabeth's apartment remained until taken down by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Its arched roof was formed of Irish oak, curiously carved, and dight with blue and gold. The visits of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. are detailed in the Progresses of these monarchs, by Nichols.

Of the Palace, in 1634, we find a curious account in a “Topographical Excursion,” made in that year, where it is described as “that famous Court and Princely Castle and Pallace [Woodstock] which as I found it ancient, strong, large, and magnificent, so it was sweet, delightfull, and sumptuous, and scytuated on a fayre Hill.” Then, we have the spacious Court, the large, strong, and fair Gatehouse, the spacious church-like Hall, with aisles and pillars, and rich tapestry

hangings wrought with "the Story of the Wild Bore;" then the stately rich Chapel, with seven round arches, curious font, windows, and admirably wrought roof. The visitor passed on to the Guard-chamber, the Presence-chamber, the Privy-chamber, that looks over the Tennis-court into the towne, the Withdrawing-chamber, and the Bed-chamber, both which have their sweet prospect into the Privy-gardens. Next is the Queen's Bedchamber, 'where our late virtuous and renowned Queene was Kept Prisoner in;' and a neat chapel, "where our Queene (1634) heard Masse." Then, from the gateway leads the prospect of the walled parke, and its handsome lodges; and 'the Labyrinth where the fayre Lady and great Monarch's concubine was surpris'd by a clew of silke.' Her obsequies were celebrated in a solemne manner, with a horse for her. I found nothing in this bower but ruins, but many strong and strange winding walls and turnings, and a dainty clear square pan'd well, knee deep, wherein this beautifull creature sometimes did wash and bathe herselfe." Drayton had already described "Rosamond's Labyrinth, whose ruins, together with her Well, being paved with square stones in the bottom, and also her Bower, from which the Labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, being vaults arched and walled with stone and brick, almost inextricably wound within one another, by which if at any time her lodging were laid about by the Queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and, if need be, by secret issues, take the air abroad, many furlongs about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire." It was here that the beautiful Alice met Charles II. in the disguise of an old woman; and on the bank over the Well is the spot where, tradition relates, Fair Rosamond yielded to the menaces of Eleanor. The present Bower consists of trees overhanging the Well, which is in a large stone basin, within a stone wall, supporting the bank; the water flows from hence through a hole of about five inches in diameter, and is conveyed by a channel under the pavement into another basin of considerable extent, fenced with an iron railing. Hence it again escapes by means of a grating into the lake of Blenheim Park.

In the Civil Wars of the 17th century, the palace was resolutely defended by Captain Samuel Fawcet, who would have buried himself beneath its ruins had it not been surrendered by Commissioners from the King. In 1649, Parliamentary Commissioners surveyed the royal property, when the principal apartments were defaced and profaned; but this outrage was stayed by a combination of strange events, which filled that credulous age with wonder, then believed to be caused by the Devil, but afterwards discovered to be the cunning of a humorous

Royalist, who had procured the situation of Secretary to the Commissioners. The details by the resident clergyman will be found in Dr. Plot's *Natural History of Oxfordshire*. Cromwell allotted the Palace to three persons: two of them, about 1652, pulled down their portions for the sake of the stone; the third suffered his to remain. After the Restoration, Woodstock reverted to the Crown, and was inhabited by Lord Lovelace for several years. The profligate Earl of Rochester obtained from Charles II. the offices of gentleman of the bed-chamber, and comptroller of Woodstock Park; and probably here it was that he scribbled upon the door of the King's bedchamber the well-known mock epitaph:—

“ Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.”

Rochester was educated at Oxford; he died at Woodstock, and was buried in Spelsbury Church, Oxon.

The manor and park remained in the Crown till the 4th of Queen Anne (1705-6) when her Majesty, with the concurrence of Parliament, granted the honour and manor of Woodstock and hundred of Wotton, to John, Duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, as a reward for his eminent military services, on condition of presenting on the 2nd of August in every year, for ever, to her Majesty and her successors, at Windsor Castle, one standard of colour, with three fleurs-de-lis painted thereon, as an acquittance for all manner of rents, suits, and services due to the Crown, which custom is still scrupulously performed; and the estate so conveyed was named Blenheim, after Marlborough's greatest victory. In 1714, by the recommendation of Lord Treasurer Godolphin, the ruins of the old palace were taken down by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. An original sketch of the remains at this date is preserved at Blenheim.

We need here but name the revivification of the interest of Woodstock by the publication of Sir Walter Scott's novel in 1826. It is hastily written, and has comparatively few beauties; and the authorship being no longer a secret, may have had something to do with his waning popularity.*

* The local details in this paper are mostly from Dunkin's *MS. Collections for Oxfordshire*.

Blenheim Palace and Park.

The Park, which includes the Royal demesne of Woodstock, is upwards of eleven miles in circuit; it is entered by the superb gate erected by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in memory of her husband, a year after his death. It is of the Corinthian order, and bears a Latin inscription on the Woodstock side, and a translation on the other side. At some distance, in front of the palace, is a fine piece of water, partly river, partly lake, which winds through a deep valley; it is crossed by a very stately bridge of stone—the centre arch 101 feet span. The effect is very fine, as it unites two hills, and gives consistency and uniformity to the scene. Near this bridge is Rosamond's Well, already described. Beyond this bridge, in the middle of a fine lawn, is placed a fluted Corinthian column, 130 feet high, surmounted by a statue, in a Roman dress and triumphal attitude, of the conqueror whose glory all things here were designed to commemorate. The face of the pedestal next the house is covered with a long inscription, describing the public services of the Duke. It is believed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke. The other three sides of the pedestal are inscribed with Acts of Parliament, declaratory of the sense which the public entertained of Marlborough's merits, together with an abstract of the entail of his estates and honours on the descendants of his daughters.

The Park is a demesne appendage to Blenheim House, which was erected at the public expense for the Duke of Marlborough, in the reign of Queen Anne, when Parliament voted 500,000*l.* for the purpose. The Queen added the grant of the honour of Woodstock; and 60,000*l.* more came from the resources of the Duke and Duchess. Seventeen years after its commencement the Duke died, leaving it unfinished. Although apparently intended as a general acknowledgment of the Duke's services, the victory over the French and Bavarians near the village of Blenheim, on the Danube, on the 2nd of August, 1704, is that to which the grants had more especial reference, and from which the place takes its name. Among the apocryphal anecdotes of Blenheim is the story of the trees in the Park being planted according to the position of the troops at the battle of Blenheim, since we do not find the statement recognised in print. The architect of the Palace was Sir John Vanbrugh; and most persons must remember the satirical and ridiculous epitaph—

“Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.”

Yet nothing can be more unfair than its application to Blenheim, although it is quoted generally whenever Vanbrugh's name is mentioned; so unjust is popular obloquy, when unaccompanied by discrimination. The palace appears to be august rather than ponderous, and the structure is characteristic and expressive of its destination. Its massive grandeur, its spacious portals, and its lofty towers, recal the ideas of defence and security; with these we naturally associate the hero for whom it was erected, and thus find it emblematic of his talents and pursuits. Sir Joshua Reynolds said that no architect understood the picturesque of building so well as Vanbrugh, and this opinion has been confirmed by other critics; and Blenheim is allowed to exhibit in its design consummate skill in the perspective of architecture. The principal or northern front is a noble work, in a mixed original style, extending 348 feet from wing to wing, slightly enriched, particularly in the centre, where a flight of steps conducts to the portico, with Corinthian columns and pilasters, a pediment inclosing armorial bearings, and above this an attic, surmounted by tiers of balls, foliage, &c.

The magnificent interior of the palace has painted ceilings by Thornhill, La Guerre, and Hakewill; sculptures, tapestry, and a splendid collection of pictures, containing specimens of the works of almost every eminent master of every school. Here are tapestries of the Battle of Blenheim, and the Battles of Wynendael, Dunnewert, Lisle, and Malplaquet. In the Library is a statue of Queen Anne, by Rysbraeck, cost 5000 guineas. Here are 120 copies by Teniers, from famous pictures of his time, comprising transcripts from Bellini, Giorgione, Mantegna, Correggio, Caracci, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Palma, Giovane, &c. The Duchess's Sitting-room contains a fine collection of enamels by Leonard Limousin, Pierre Raymond, Courteys, Laudin, and others, comprising plaques, ewers, salt-cellars, dishes, bowls, and plates. Also a charming series of miniatures, such as almost a dozen portraits of Mary Queen of Scots; others of Marie de' Medici, Gabrielle D'Estrées, Arabella Stuart, Gerard Honthorst, Cardinal Mazarin, Lord Lauderdale, Dryden, &c. The huge wall-paintings by Sir James Thornhill, represent the great Duke of Marlborough in a blue cuirass, kneeling before a figure of Britannia, clad in white, holding a lance and a wreath, Hercules and Mars, emblem-bearing females, and the usual paraphernalia. Thornhill was paid at the rate of 25*s.* per square yard for these paintings!

There is a clever *Catalogue Raisonné*, by George Scharf, where, says the *Athenæum*, "we find named a portrait, by Pantoja de la Crux of the redoubtable lady the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia,

the colour of whose linen gave name to the peculiar tawny tint called *Isabelle*. A little further off is a portrait, by Mark Gerards, of the infamous Frances Howard, Countess of Essex and Somerset, who married foolish Robert Carr. Her linen, too, has its story, being dyed, as the picture shows, after the fashion of Mistress Turner, with the famous yellow starch. Here is the Duchess of Marlborough as Minerva, 'in a yellow classic breastplate;' the famous portrait by Rubens of his second wife, Helena Forman. Here are a host of Reynolds's portraits of the great and the little-great of his day. Here are all sorts of stately ladies by Vandyke, Kneller, and Lely."

The Gardens or Pleasure-grounds contain more than 300 acres. Among the Curiosities of the China Gallery are a teapot presented by the Duke of Richelieu to Louis XIV.; two bottles, which belonged to Queen Anne; Oliver Cromwell's teapot; Roman earthenware; and a piece brought from Athens.*

* It may be interesting here to notice the other celebrations of the victory of Blenheim, which demanded a qualification "better than house and land," but which it did not receive; the poems which appeared on the occasion being mostly remarkable for their exceeding badness. There was one brilliant exception—*The Campaign*, by Addison, who then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised one morning by a visit from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task. *The Campaign* came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. Its chief merit is in its manly and rational rejection of fiction. Addison, with excellent sense and taste, reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great—energy, sagacity, and military science. But above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed everything with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence. Here is a specimen:—

“Behold, in awful march and dread array
 The long extended squadrons shape their way |
 Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quell the love of life.
 No vulgar fears can British minds control;
 Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul,
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
 Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass:
 Nor friends nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drum's ambitious sound
 The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;

The Mystery of Minster Level.

Near Witney, in Oxfordshire, more remembered for its blankets than for its Parliament (which came in the reign of Edward II., and went out in the next), are some fragments of Minster Level House, which has a strange story connected with it. It was formerly the seat of the Viscounts Level. Francis, the last lord of this family, and Chamberlain to King Richard III., was one of the noblemen who raised an army early in the reign of Henry VII., under the command of the Earl of Lincoln, to support the intentions of the impostor Simnel, against that monarch. The decisive battle, which gave security to Henry's usurpation, was fought near the village of Stoke, on the banks of the river Trent, in Nottinghamshire. The slaughter of the insurgents was immense. The Lord Level, however, escaped by swimming his horse across the river, and retiring by unfrequented roads well known to him into Oxfordshire.* As the story proceeds,—he took care to arrive at

The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise.
 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
 That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
 So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

The concluding simile of the angel was so much admired by the Lord Treasurer, that on seeing it, without waiting for the completion of the poem, he rewarded the poet with an appointment worth 200*l.* a year. Nevertheless, the poem was much criticised. Lord Macaulay notices one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which the simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis,

"Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

Addison spoke not of a storm, but of *the storm*, the great tempest of November, 1703. The popularity which the simile of the Angel enjoyed always seemed to Macaulay to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

* See vol. i. p. 338 of the present work, where the battle is recorded and briefly described.

his mansion in the dead of night : and so disguised as to be known to no one except a single domestic on whose fidelity he could rely. Before the return of day he retired to a subterranean recess, of which the faithful servant retained the key, and here he remained for several months in safety and concealment ; but the estates being seized by the King's orders, the house dismantled and the tenants dispersed by authority, some in confinement and others to great distances, the unfortunate prisoner was left to perish from hunger in the place of his voluntary imprisonment. So late as in the last century, when the remains of this once stately residence were pulled down, the vault was discovered, with Lord Lovel, seated in a chair as he had died. So completely had the external air been excluded by rubbish, that his dress, which was very superb, and a prayer-book lying before him on the table, were entire. On the admission of the air, it was said the whole fell into dust, but this is doubtful.

The truth of this story has been much doubted. Bacon, in his *Life of Henry VII.*, says : " Of the Lord Lovel there went a report, that he fled and swam over the Trent on horseback, but could not recover the farther side by reason of the steepness of the bank, and was drowned in the river. But another report leaves him not there, but that he lived long after it in a cave or vault." Andrews, in his *History of Great Britain*, 1794-5, records that " on the demolition of a very old house (formerly the patrimony of the Lovels), about a century ago, there was found in a small chamber (so secret that the farmer who inhabited the house knew it not), the remains of an immured being, and such remnants of barrels and jars as appeared to justify the idea of that chamber having been used as a place of refuge for the lord of the mansion ; and that, after consuming the stores which he had provided in case of a disastrous event, he died, unknown even to his servants and tenants." Banks, in his *Peerage*, says, " the account rests on the witness and authority of John Manners, third Duke of Rutland, who related it in the hearing of William Cowper, Esq., Clerk of the Parliament, on May 8, 1728, by whom it is preserved in a letter, dated Hertingfordbury Park, August 9, 1737. In the *Annals of England*, Oxford, 1857, is this note : " Lord Lovel is believed to have escaped from the field, and to have lived for a while in concealment at Minster Level, Oxfordshire, but at length to have been starved to death through the neglect or treachery of an attendant." In the *Penny Cyclopædia*, the story is affirmed to be " without solid foundation." But the story is not a whit more improbable than the accounts of priests' hiding-places.

“The Lady of Caversham.”

At Caversham, on the north bank of the Thames, was formerly a cell of regular canons of St. Austin, belonging to Nootle or Nutley Abbey, in Buckinghamshire. At this cell at Caversham there was only one monk; but there was a chapel attached, and it was in great repute on account of a statue of the Virgin, to whom the chapel was dedicated, which was reported to have wrought many miracles. It also contained, at the Suppression, a great number of relics of considerable celebrity. Dr. London, in his letters respecting his visit to this cell, describes the chapel as a place “whereunto wasse great pilgrimage” on account of the image: and he mentions in another letter, as a proof of the numbers who resorted to the “Lady of Caversham,” as she was called, that “even at my being ther com in nott so few as a dosyn with imagies of waxe.” “The image,” he says, in a letter to Cromwell, “ys plated over with sylver, and I have put yt in a cheste fast lockyd and naylyd uppe, and by the next barge that comythe from Reding to London yt shall be brought to your lordeschippe. I have also pulled down the place sche stode in, with all other ceremonyes, as lightes, schrowdes, crowchys, and imagies of wex, hanging about the chapell, and have defacyd the same thorowly in exchuyng of farthyr resort thedyr. Thys chapell dydde belong to Notley Abbey, and there always was a chanon of that monastery wich wasse callyd the warden of Caversham, and he songe in thys chapell, and hadde the offerings for his living. He was accustomed to show many prety relykes, among the wiche wer (as he made reportt) the holy dagger that kylled King Henry, [H. VI., who was then commonly believed to have been murdered, and popularly regarded as a sort of saint], and the holy knyfe that kylled sainte Edward [the martyr]. All thees, with many other, with the cotes of thys image, hyr capp and here [hair], my servant shall bring unto your lordschip’s pleasure. I shall see yt made suer to the kings graces use. And, if yt be nott so orderyd, the chapell standith so wildly that the ledde will be stolen by nyght, as I wasse servyd at the Fryars,” at Reading. But the principal relic, though not mentioned in the above account, was the “spear-head that peared our Saviour his side,” which was brought to Caversham by the one-winged angel that was itself afterwards deposited at Reading Abbey. Dr. London says, that of the relics belonging to Caversham he “myssed no thing butt only a piece of the holy halter Judas was hangyd withall;” from which we may gather, what we might expect without it from the estimation in

which they were held, that it was not an uncommon practice to secrete the relics when the Commissioners were expected. I will end these extracts with his hint to Cromwell about the disposal of the place: "There ys a proper lodginge, wher the chanon lay, with a fayer garden and an orchard, mete to be bestowed upon som frynde of your lord-chipe in these parties." Caversham House was built by Lord Cadogan, in the reign of George I. In the former mansion Charles I. was for a time a prisoner; and here he had interviews with his children, which Clarendon has recorded.

Dorchester Priory.

Dorchester, at the junction of the Thames, or Isis and Thames, by the termination "chester," is considered to have been a Roman station. Many Roman remains, and some British, have been found here—a Roman stone altar and numerous coins, the foundations of an ancient town wall, of a Roman amphitheatre, and a military earthwork. But the interest of Dorchester commences with the Saxons, in whose times it was the seat of the largest bishopric in England, comprehending the two kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex. Somewhat more than twelve hundred years ago, Birinus, a Benedictine monk, came from Rome as a missionary, and started, his biographers say, with a miracle. For finding, after he had embarked, that he had left certain of his sacred utensils behind, and knowing that it would be useless, as the wind was fair, to ask the seamen to put back, he boldly stepped forth from the vessel and hastened along the sea, which bore him as though it had been solid ground. He landed in safety (A.D. 634) in the kingdom of the West Saxons. At Dorchester he found Cynegil, the King, whom, after instructing, he baptized. Upon Birinus, the King conferred the city of Dorchester as his see. Birinus built a church, probably of wood. He resided here fourteen years, and by his good works gained the reputation of a saint and the title of an apostle. He died in 650, and was buried in his own church; but in 677 one of his successors removed his body to the new church of Winchester; though, according to Robert of Gloucester, "the canons of Dorchester say *Nay*, and say that it was another body than St. Birinus that was so translated." However, Birinus was canonized, and was held in such reputation that the people raised a shrine to him, at which the preservation and cure of their cattle from disease, and many miracles, were effected before it.

Dorchester declined with the Saxon dynasty, and was several times over-run and plundered by the Danes. In 622 Winchester was sepa-

rated from the diocese, and formed into a distinct bishopric ; afterwards the sees of Salisbury, Exeter, Bath and Wells, Lichfield, Worcester, and Hereford were taken from it, yet it is said to have been even then the largest in the kingdom ; while the town maintained a distinguished rank among the cities of England, Henry of Huntingdon placing it fourteenth in his list of twenty-eight British cities. Dorchester received the first bishop appointed by William the Conqueror, Remigius, a Norman. At this time the town was decaying ; and in the next reign (1092) the see was removed to Lincoln. Camden says there were once three parish churches in Dorchester. The town was originally walled ; and, according to Camden, a Castle once stood on the south side of the present church, but there was no trace of it in his time. A fragment of the ancient Abbey has been converted into a cottage.

Osenev Abbey.

Of this magnificent Abbey, built in the Isle of Osenev, near Oxford, by Robert D'Oilli, at the instigation of his wife, Editha, and originally a Priory, there exist some remains in the outhouses of a saw-mill. Swaine, in his Memoirs of Osenev, 1769, considers it "not a little surprising that during the time this church (*i.e.*, of Osenev) remained in its state of splendour and magnificence, so few drafts and prospects should be taken of it. We have been told, indeed, by some authors, that several foreigners came over into England for this purpose. But what is now become of these valuable performances?" There is a curious view of Osenev Abbey in one of the windows of Christ Church Chapel, [Oxford Cathedral.] The seat of the Bishopric of Oxford was first fixed at Osenev, whence it was shortly afterwards removed to the far inferior structure in which it is now fixed. A Council was held at Osenev, in 1222, under Archbishop Langton. In 1326, the brutal Queen Isabel having invested Oxford, the Mortimers occupied Osenev Abbey. The Osenev Bells were of great celebrity. Antony Wood tells us: "at the west end of the church was situated the campanile or tower, which stood firm and whole till 1644. It contained a large and melodious ring of bells, thought to be the best in England. At the first foundation there were but three bells, besides the Saint and Litany bells ; but by Abbot Leech, [elected 19 Henry III., 1235,] they were increased to seven ; all which, for the most part before the Suppression, were broken and recast. The tower of Oxford Cathedral contains *ten* bells, which formerly belonged to Osenev Abbey.

Broughton Castle.—Lord Saye and Sele.

BROUGHTON CASTLE, famous alike for its size, its architectural beauty, and its historical importance, is delightfully situated amid finely diversified landscape scenery, two and a half miles south-west of Banbury. Its situation is low, and it is surrounded by a broad moat filled with water. The only approach to the mansion is over the stone bridge across the moat. The fine bridge-tower, with its beautifully symmetrical archway and mullioned window, its battlemented parapet, and its massive weather-stained walls clothed with ivy and the foliage of other creepers, forms an object on which the eye of the visitor will delight to rest.

A reference to Buck's view of the castle drawn in 1729, gives the impression that considerable alteration has been made upon the outworks ; for by this drawing it appears that the castle and contiguous grounds were encompassed with embattled walls and towers. These have been for the most part removed, and nothing now obstructs the view of the picturesque pile, or mars its harmonious effect.

The greater part of the present mansion at Broughton belongs to the Elizabethan era, but some portions of an earlier building remain tolerably perfect. The earliest building on this site of which we have any definite record was erected by John de Broughton, about the year 1301. The eastern extremity contains the most ancient portion of the building ; two central projections mark the extent of the hall, which is of the Elizabethan era, and in the western termination are the elegant dining-rooms and drawing-rooms. This front was formerly enriched with carved stonework, which was placed over the central window, and over the two projections from the hall. Amongst these decorations, which accorded with the style of this part of the building, the family arms were introduced, and here they remained until a recent gale dislodged them.

The south front exhibits at its eastern extremity, some portions of the former edifice ; the ancient tower with its loopholes, and some of the Gothic windows retain nearly their original character. Opposite to this front some remains of domestic offices furnish additional information as to the former extent of the building in that direction. The south view is peculiarly picturesque ; for here

the exuberant ivy in broad and impervious masses embraces the ancient walls, incorporating with them so as seemingly to defy separation ; and while it lends its sombre hue to promote the harmonious effect of the scene, its forms here and there disclose many a connected lineament of the building, rendering the whole available as a good subject for the pencil.

The principal entrance to the interior is in the north front, through the side of the eastern central oriolum. On entering the hall, which is 55 feet long by 26 feet 9 inches wide, it is hardly possible not to be struck with its fine effect, which is greatly enhanced by the numerous pendants enriching the ceiling. Turning eastward from the hall the oldest part of the building is approached ; here may be traced in its ancient passages, staircase, and chambers, ample materials for speculations as to what were their original purposes ; but more improving results may arise from the study of several interesting examples of Gothic architecture.

Returning through the hall to the western part of the castle, the present library is passed on the way to the dining-room, which is entered beneath an elaborate decorated screen covering the entrance like a porch, and surmounted by graceful pinnacles. The dimensions of this room (43 feet by 23 feet 8 inches) with its handsome decorations, cause regret that the pictures and the sumptuous furniture which once adorned it, and which have not yet been restored, at least in their former magnificence, should ever have been removed. Above the dining-room is the drawing-room of the same dimensions, and contiguous to the latter is a gallery extending along the north front, 90 feet in length and 12 feet wide. The oriel windows of this gallery contain a considerable quantity of stained glass of heraldic character, in good preservation, and of great interest, as tending to elucidate the history of the noble proprietors of the castle, and their connexions. A number of state apartments, which lead into the gallery, have also richly ornamented ceilings, chimney-pieces, &c., and some few more specimens of painted glass are still remaining.

The church of Broughton is situated near the bridge and tower leading to the castle. Its exterior is pleasing in form and effect. It consists of a chancel, nave, and south aisle. Interior length 91 feet, width 44 feet. Looking from the west end of the chancel, the recumbent effigies of two members of the Wickham family (sometime proprietors of Broughton) are seen on the left. The figures are richly carved, and the sides and back of the recess in

which the tomb is situated are highly decorated with gothic tracery. There are also numerous arms and effigies of the Saye and Sele family.

The early history of Broughton Castle is now involved in great obscurity. After the first mention of *Brohtune* in Domesday Survey, the name does not again occur till the reign of King Edward I., when a charter of free warren was granted to the family of de Broughton. In the reign of King Edward II. the manor was held by John Manduit in capite, by the sergeantry of mewing one of the king's goshawks, and carrying that hawk to the king's court. Sir Wm. Molins was at the time of his death (1425) possessed of the manor, which subsequently went by marriage into the Hungerford family, Robert Hungerford having married Alienore, the daughter and heiress of the said Sir Wm. Molins, and thus obtaining Broughton Manor as his wife's inheritance. The manor passed into the possession of William of Wykeham; probably through the marriage of one of his family with an heiress of the Hungerfords.

William Fenys (Fiennes) Lord Saye and Sele, heir to Sir James Fenys, Knt., who was beheaded by the rebels in the reign of King Henry VI., married (1451) the daughter and heiress of William Wykeham, by which alliance the family of Saye and Sele became possessed of Broughton. Since that date the manor has remained an appanage of the same family.

The barony of Saye and Sele is of considerable antiquity, having been granted to Sir James Fenys, Knt., by King Henry I. in 1125. In 1446 Sir James Fenys had the constablewick of Dover. It was he who, as already mentioned, was beheaded by the rebels under the command of Jack Cade. Banbury Castle was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Mr. William Fenys. Sir William Fenys, Baron Saye and Sele, was created Viscount in 1625, the title to descend to his heirs male; and in 1632 he was appointed high steward of the borough of Banbury. He was made master of the Court of Wards by Charles I., and appointed one of his majesty's privy council; but as his services rendered to the country were not, as he conceived, sufficiently well rewarded, he took the side of the discontented party, and was active in fomenting the great rebellion.

Nathaniel Fiennes, second son of William, Viscount Saye and Sele, was born at Broughton Castle in 1608, was chosen to represent Banbury in 1640 in the "Long Parliament," and showed, by his bold, yet wary counsel, and his great powers of language, that he was well fitted to be a leader in that

assembly. Noble says of him that he had so great a dislike to monarchy and episcopacy that, from the moment of his entering Parliament, he was classed among the number known as the "root and-branch men."

The first Parliament of 1640 having been precipitately dissolved—the retired country houses of the English malcontents were considered to be the safest places for the grave and dangerous consultations which were carried on at this time between the leaders of that party and the Commissioners from Scotland; and two places were selected, which were eligible, both on account of their privacy, and their favourable position, at no great distance from the northern road. These places were Broughton Castle and Fawsley.

Fawsley is in Northamptonshire, thirteen miles north-east from Banbury, and was at this period the seat of Sir Richard Knightley, whose eldest son, Richard Knightley, had married Elizabeth, the eldest and favourite daughter of Hampden. In these two secluded houses did Hampden, Pym, St. John, Lord Saye, and Lord Brook, and later in the year 1640, the Earls of Bedford, Warwick, and Essex, Lord Holland, Nathaniel Fiennes, and the younger Vane, hold their sittings, which were sometimes attended by other persons of great rank and property, who were as deeply involved in the general plan of resistance. Anthony à Wood thus describes their secret meetings:—"For so it was," he says, "that several years before the civil war began, he, Lord Saye, being looked upon as the godfather of that party, had meetings of them in his house at Broughton, where was a room and passage thereunto, which his servants were prohibited to come near: and when they were of a complete number, there would be great noises and talkings heard among them, to the admiration of those that lived in the house, yet could they never discern their lord's companions." Adherents of this party held their meetings in London in Gray's Inn Lane, whither the reports from the council-tables in the country were addressed; and whence after these had been considered, advices were communicated to the friends of the country party in the city.

At Broughton Castle, says Lord Nugent in his "Memorials of Hampden," "there is a room so contrived, by being surrounded by thick stone walls and casemated, that no sound from within can be heard. This room appears to have been built about the time of King John, and is reported on very doubtful grounds of tradition, to have been the room used for the sittings of the Puritans. It

seems an odd fancy, although a very prevailing one, to suppose that wise men, employed in capital matters of state, must needs choose the most mysterious and suspicious retirements for consultation, instead of the safer and less remarkable expedient of a walk in the open fields." The story of the use made by the Puritans of the stone room in Broughton Castle, probably rests on the same sort of authority which lays the venue of the Revolution of 1688 in the subterraneous vaults of Lord Lovelace's house at Lady Place in Berkshire.

The dispute between the King and the Parliament arrived at a crisis in the beginning of 1642. The House of Commons proceeded to nominate persons whom they desired to be entrusted with the militia of the kingdom; Lord Saye being named for Oxfordshire, Lord Brook for Warwickshire, and Lord Spencer for Northamptonshire. The king having refused to limit or suspend his powers over the militia, and the Parliament having published their celebrated "Ordinance," appointed lieutenants of the different counties to array and arm the militia, war was thus practically declared.

In the preparations, which were now actively carried on, the family of Saye took an active part. Lord Saye, and each of his three sons, Nathaniel, John, and Francis, raised troops of cavalry at their own charge. The "Blue-coats" of the Sayes, played a conspicuous part at the battle of Edge-hill. This first battle between the royalists and the parliamentary troops was immediately succeeded by the siege of Broughton Castle by King Charles. This stronghold was then garrisoned by only one troop of horse, yet it held out for a whole day against the royal army. It was then occupied and wantonly and cruelly plundered. As compensation for the vengeance thus wreaked upon his estates, the House of Commons subsequently ordered Lord Saye an allowance of 2000*l.* per annum out of the Court of Wards. In September, 1648, this nobleman was appointed one of the Commissioners at the treaty of the Isle of Wight; when the king's arguments, upon several matters, had their weight with his lordship, and on his return to London he headed that party in the House, who voted that the king's answers were grounds sufficient to proceed on for a peace. Nathaniel Fiennes, his second son, supported the motion of Hollis to the same effect in the House of Commons. Indeed, from this time forth the political views of the family seem to have undergone a change. Nathaniel Fiennes was never employed in any military matter after the surrender of Bristol by him in 1643. He was one

of the members forcibly seized and ejected from the House by Colonel Pride, in December 1648. Subsequently, however, he became a man of much account with Oliver Cromwell; was one of the lords commissioners of the Great Seal and a member of Cromwell's privy council; held the office of lord privy-seal, and was a member and the speaker of the "Other House"—the newly established substitute for the former House of Lords. In Cromwell's last Parliament (1656), Fiennes was elected for the University of Oxford.

After the execution of Charles (1649), William, Lord Saye, sided with the Independents; but when he was invited by Oliver Cromwell to partake of office or honour under him, he turned from his leader with abhorrence, and retired to Lundy Island, where it is said he remained during the Cromwellian government, rather as an independent despot than as a subject.

After the restoration, Lord Saye, having sued out a pardon from Charles II., partly on account of the friendly vote he had given on the treaty of the Isle of Wight, was restored to favour, appointed lord privy-seal, and lord chamberlain of the household. Soon afterwards (1662) he died at Broughton, aged eighty years.

His eldest son, James Fiennes, succeeded as second Viscount Saye and Sele. On the death of Nathaniel, fourth Viscount, without issue, the estates devolved upon Laurence Fiennes, son of John Fiennes, third son of William, first Viscount, and who succeeded as fifth Viscount. He also died without issue, and was succeeded by his cousin, Richard Fiennes, as sixth Viscount, at whose demise in 1781, the viscountcy expired; but the ancient barony, which had been in abeyance since 1674, was now claimed by Thomas Twisleton, Esq., of Broughton Castle, as heir-general of James, second Viscount. This claim being allowed, the said Thomas was summoned (1781) to Parliament as Baron Saye and Sele. At present the barony is held by Frederick Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, thirteenth baron, born 1799.



GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Thornbury Castle.

The town of Thornbury lies in a picturesque portion of the county of Gloucester, on the banks of a rivulet two miles westward of "the glittering, red, and rapid Severn, embedded in its emerald vale, and shining up in splendid contrast to the shady hills of the Dean Forest." In this beautiful country stands the Castle of Thornbury, an edifice of great beauty, yet with a history saddening to read in contrast with the charming scenery by which it is environed, and reminding us that—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Mr. Sharon Turner, in the first edition of his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, supposes Thornbury to have been a British city, and to have constituted the residence of Cyndellan, a petty King; probably, the same with Condidan, who fell in 577, at the battle of Dyrham. This place, situated close to an ancient passage of the Severn, was fortified at a very early period.

Thornbury was a town of some importance in the time of the Saxons. A market was certainly established here before the Conquest; and the manor formed part of the royal domain at the time of the Great Survey. In that record, the name is written *Turneberie*, from *Torn*, or *Turne*, a court; and, within the limits of the parish is a hamlet named Kington.

The manor belonged, before the entry of the Normans, to Brictric, a Saxon thane, who had, early in life, refused the hand of Maud, afterwards Queen of William the Conqueror. A peculiar opportunity of revenge was afforded to the slighted lady; as her husband, on ascending the throne of England, bestowed upon her the estates of the man who had declined her love; and she had the barbarous gratification of effecting his utter ruin. Returning to the Crown, on the decease of Queen Maud, the manor of Thornbury was given by King William Rufus to Robert Fitz-Haymon; with whose daughter it passed, in marriage, to the family of the Earls of Gloucester. By descent from the Clares, Earls of Gloucester, through Margaret, daughter and heir of

another Margaret, wife of Hugh de Audley, sister and co-heir of the last Gilbert de Clare, the manor devolved to Ralph Lord Stafford, whose descendant, Humphrey Stafford, was created Duke of Buckingham, and succeeded to the High Constablership of England.

The misfortunes which befel the dukes of this lineage, in connexion with Thornbury Castle, form a melancholy chapter in the history of human greatness. The fates of its founder and his father, in the imperishable language of Shakspeare, dictated these natural and impressive reflections on the perfidy of the world:

"You that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
When you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure ye be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye."

A castle at Thornbury is noticed in the earliest records of this place; and the present unfinished building occupies the site of that structure. It was commenced by the Duke of Buckingham, in the second year of Henry VIII.; at which time he was high in office, and was not only the most affluent, but the most popular nobleman of his day. The reason for his not completing this castle is by no means evident, unless we can suppose there not to have been sufficient time for such an undertaking between the second of Henry VIII., (1511,) and the attainder of the duke, (1521.) It is known that he occasionally resided in such parts as were habitable; and it has been *said*, that Henry passed ten days here, in the year 1539. Stow, after noticing the building, remarks that the duke "made a faire parke hard by the castle, and tooke much ground into it, very fruitful of corne, now faire land for coursing."

The Castle is a remarkable specimen of architecture, which, adopting a military appearance, displayed, likewise, the magnificence and convenience of a private dwelling—palatial castle. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this mode of design—the castellated mansion—succeeded to the regularly fortified dwellings of the Middle Ages; no example of which occurs at a later period than the reign of Richard II.

The plan of Thornbury Castle, as far as completed, may be thus described. A large arched gate opens into a spacious quadrangle, furnished with cloisters for stables, and, as some examiners have thought, with accommodations for troops in garrison. This court is commanded by a large and strong tower; on one side of which is a wall, and another

gate opening into a smaller court, communicating with the State apartments, which are in a line contiguous to the tower, and are distinguishable by enriched projecting windows. The chimney-shafts are of brick, wrought into spiral columns; the bases of which are charged with the cognizances of the family, and the *Stafford knot*.

On the principal gatehouse is the following inscription:—"THIS GATE WAS BEGUN IN THE YERE OF OUR LORDE GODE, MCCCCXI., THE ij YERE OF THE REYNE OF KYNGE HENRI THE viii. BY ME, EDW. DUC OF BUKKINGHA, ERLE OF HARFORDE, STAFFORDE, ANDE NORTHAMTO." To this inscription is appended the *word*, or motto, of the duke—"DORSUEVAUMT," (henceforward.)

From a Survey of the Castle, made in 1582, we quote a few details, which are interesting, from their affording a portion of the arrangement of a mansion in the early part of the sixteenth century. At the entry into the Castle is a Porter's Lodge, containing three rooms, with a dungeon underneath for a place of imprisonment, (for misbehaving servants, &c.) The Great Hall was entered by a Porch: it had also a passage from the Great Kitchen: in the middle of the Hall was a hearth, to hold a brazier. At the upper end of it was a room with a chimney, called the Old Hall. The Great Kitchen had two large chimneys, and one smaller: within it was a privy Kitchen, and over it a lodging-room for the cook. The Chapel is entered from the lower end of the Great Hall: the upper part of the Chapel is a fair room, for people to stand in at service-time; and over the same are two rooms, with each of them a chimney, where the Duke and Duchess used to sit, and hear service in the Chapel; its body having twenty-two settles of wainscot about the same, for priests, clerks, and quisters. The Garden was surrounded with a cloister, over which was a Gallery, out of which a passage led to the Parish Church of Thornbury, having, at the end, a room with a chimney and window, looking into the church, where the Duke used sometimes to hear service in the same church. There were thirteen Lodging-rooms near the last mentioned gallery, six below, three of which had chimneys, and seven above, four of which had chimneys. These were called the *Earl of Bedford's Lodgings*.

The Tower and annexed buildings, were the immediate places of residence for the Duke and Duchess. Connected with the bedchamber of the Duke, there were, for greater security, the Jewel-Room and the Munitment-room. From the upper end of the Great Hall is a steyer, ascending up towards the Great Chamber. Leading from the steyer's head to the Great Chamber is a fair room, paved with brick, and a chimney in the same, at the end whereof doth meet a fair gallery, leading from the

Great Chamber to the Earl of Bedford's lodgings. The lower part of the principal building of the Castle is called the New Building. At the west end thereof is a fair tower. In this lone building (the new building, or that adjoining to the tower), is contained one great chamber with a chimney therein; and within that is another room, with a chimney, called the Duchess' Lodging. Between the two last rooms was a closet (designed for her Oratory). Connected with these two last rooms was another, which formed the foundation or lowermost part of the Tower, with a chimney. From the lodging of the Duchess, a Gallery, paved with brick, led to a staircase, which ascended to the Duke's lodging above, and was used as a privy way. All these rooms were for the accommodation of the Duchess and her suite.

We are struck with the completeness of this mansion, but especially with the number of chimneys in its construction; for, although chimneys were introduced as early as the year 1200, and did not become general till the reign of Elizabeth, or the sixteenth century, they were common before that period in "the religious houses, and manor-places of the lords, and peradventure, some great personages."

A chamber with a chimney is mentioned by a writer in the reign of Richard III.; and somewhat later, it was customary to provide rooms for ladies, with chimneys, as in the lodging-rooms of Thornbury Castle.

We have said that the period of its erection was that of transition from the fortress to the dwelling-house; and the removal of the dungeon to the Porter's Lodge, and the omission of the Keep, were alterations which followed naturally from *police* superseding *war*. There seems to have been but a reredos in the Great Hall, which was opposite to the Gatehouse, as usual, the centre of communication. The ground-floors were purely offices, and all above were the family apartments. The Hall-kitchen was for the whole household; the privy-kitchen, where was the chief cook, for the lord. The Garden was for exercise after mass.

It appears that at the Survey made in 1582, the whole of the south side, consisting of several chambers of fine dimensions, was then habitable. In the reign of Elizabeth the principal timbers were taken away, and time subsequently continued the work of ruin. Within the circuit-walls twelve acres were enclosed: around the walls were attached small rooms, intended as barracks for soldiers. This circumstance, it is said, roused the jealousy of the King, and confirmed him in his suspicions of the Duke's traitorous intentions.

The present possessor of Thornbury Castle is Mr. Henry Howard,

also of Greystoke Castle,* Cumberland, who having determined to restore such parts of the structure as may be capable of restoration, has been for years steadily proceeding in his work, bringing into notice some of the many architectural beauties of the ancient building; amongst the rest the noble banqueting rooms, looking out upon the private gardens. The Castle stands immediately adjacent to the beautiful parish church, as a gigantic sentinel guarding the holy pile, in which for centuries the forefathers of the present generation have worshipped, and in the adjoining burial-ground of which their ashes peacefully repose.

The office of Constable of England, was held in succession for nearly five centuries from the Conquest, by a long line of illustrious individuals, to which descent in blood also it was restricted on being an office in fee. He was "Comes Stabuli," Great Master of the Horse, which being then the principal military force, was an office of the highest dignity in early times; the holder during war being next in rank to the King. He was the King's lieutenant, and commanded in his absence. He inspected and certified the military contingents furnished by the barons, knights, &c., such being the only national force in those days. He was in close attendance on the King in time of peace, also; he and the King's "justicier," alone witnessing the King's writ, and he had the power of arresting the sheriffs of counties for the neglect of their duties, &c. Ralph de Mortimer, a principal commander in the army of the Conqueror, and a King's man, was first appointed Constable. Henry I. then constituted Walter de Gloucester Constable in fee, to

* This Castle was, a few years since, almost entirely destroyed by fire, of which the following are authentic details:—The flames extended with great rapidity. The oak-panelled dining-room, with its elaborate oak ceiling and antique furniture, afforded ready fuel to the flames. On the left of the entrance was the hall, decorated with suits of armour of the knights of old, and other implements of warfare and the chase; and upon the walls were hung large paintings of great value, all of which were completely destroyed. The staircase was next in flames, and all the family portraits on the staircase walls and in the picture-gallery were burnt. The portraits of the Dukes of Norfolk, from the first, who fell at the battle of Bosworth-field, some of them of colossal size, were all consumed. From the library and drawing-room many valuable art treasures were rescued. Among the family portraits burnt were paintings by Sir Antonio More, Vandyke, Mytens, &c. By the unremitting attentions of the fire brigade and the villagers, the ancient tower and the munition-rooms were saved, and also a wing in which the kitchens and servants' hall were situated. The Castle and buildings were insured for 9000*l.*; the wines and spirits (of which a large quantity was destroyed) and the furniture for 2000*l.*; and the pictures for 500*l.*, an amount which is a mere trifle compared with their value. There is now little doubt that the origin of the fire was the ignition of a beam in a flue near the entrance of the Castle.

him and his heirs, whose son Milo succeeded, was confirmed by the Empress Maud, and created Earl of Hereford. His five sons succeeded him in turn as Earls of Hereford and Constables of England, but all died without issue. His eldest daughter, and eventual co-heir, Margery, having married Humphrey de Bohun, steward and "sewer" to Henry I., and a kinsman also, he became Earl of Hereford, and Constable of England, as in fee, in right of his wife. (It is stated, however, that the earldom is properly to be considered as re-created in the person of his grandson Henry.) The office continued in this illustrious line to Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, eleventh Constable by descent, who, on his marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward I., surrendered to the King all his honours and estates. They being regranted to him in as full a manner as he had held them, he entailed them upon his lawful issue, in default of which to revert to the Crown. His descendant, Humphrey de Bohun, fourteenth Constable, left two daughters and co-heirs, the eldest of whom, Alianore, married Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III. He became Constable in right of his wife, after the dignity had continued for nearly two hundred years in the family of Bohun. His eldest daughter and heir, Anne Plantagenet, married Edmond, fifth Earl of Stafford, created Duke of Buckingham. His grandson, Henry, second Duke of Buckingham, claimed and was allowed the High Constableship, as heir of blood of Humphrey de Bohun, *temp.* Richard III. His son Edward, third and last Duke, succeeded him; but being attainted for high treason, and beheaded, 17 May, 1521, the High Constableship, with all his other honours, was forfeited to and merged in the Crown, where it remains to be regranted at its pleasure.—(Communicated by Frecheville L. B. Dykes, to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., vii., p. 157.) The power of the High Constable tended to restrain the actions of the King; so that the jealous tyrant, Henry, declared that the office was too great for a subject, and that in future he would hold it himself. The *baton* of the Duke has, however, been carefully preserved by his descendants.

Chavenage Manor House.

Near Tetbury is Chavenage, the old manor-house of the family of Stephens of Eastington and Lypiatt, owners of many other manors in the county of Gloucester. It stands upon its original elevation, with its furniture of the age of Queen Elizabeth; and the hall of which contains a considerable collection of armour and weapons which saw the

fields of battle that raged on the Coteswold Hills, in the time of Charles I.

It appears that Nathaniel Stephens, then in Parliament for Gloucestershire, was keeping the festival of Christmas, 1648, at Chavenage. He had shown much irresolution in deciding upon sacrificing the life of the monarch, was wavering on the question, when Ireton, who had been despatched "to whet his almost blunted purpose," arrived at the manor-house—and sat up, it is said, all night in obtaining his reluctant acquiescence to the sentence of the King from the Lord of Chavenage. It appears that in May, 1649, the latter was seized with a fatal sickness, and died the 2nd of that month, expressing his regret for having participated in the execution of the Sovereign.

So far circumstances have the semblance of fact, but on these a legendary tale has been founded, which the superstitious and the believers in supernatural appearances, are now only beginning to disbelieve. When all the relatives had assembled, and their several well-known equipages were crowding the courtyard to proceed with the obsequies, the household were surprised to observe that another coach, ornamented with even more than the gorgeous embellishments of that splendid period, and drawn by black horses, was approaching the porch in great solemnity. When it arrived, the door of the vehicle opened in some unseen manner; and clad in his shroud, the shade of the lord of the manor glided into the carriage, and the door instantly closing upon him, the coach rapidly withdrew from the house; not, however, with such speed but there was time to perceive that the driver was a be-headed man, that he was arrayed in the royal vestments, with the Garter moreover on his leg, and the star of that illustrious order on his breast. No sooner had the coach arrived at the gateway of the manor court, than the whole appearance vanished in flames of fire. The story further maintains that, to this day, every Lord of Chavenage dying in the manor-house takes his departure in this awful manner.

At Chavenage manor-house is a portrait (said to be an original picture), of Jack of Newbury, whose patronymic was Winchcombe: he was the greatest clothier of England of the period when he lived. Some years after the termination of his apprenticeship, and he had got a perfect insight into the business, his master died, leaving the entire concern, with some property, to his widow, whom Jack eventually married, and he became prosperous and extremely wealthy. Joined to his great opulence, there was an equal stock of public spirit and patriotism, which he displayed, in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., by equipping, at his sole expense, one hundred of his followers; and,

marching with them, he joined the Earl of Surrey, and bravely distinguished himself at the battle of Flodden Field, in 1513. He kept 100 looms in his house, each managed by a man and a boy. He feasted King Henry VIII. and his first Queen Katherine, at his own house in Newbury, now divided into sixteen clothiers' houses. He built the church of Newbury, from the pulpit westward to the tower.—*Notes and Queries*, Nos. 198 and 203, Second Series.

Berkeley Castle.

On the south-east side of the town of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, stands this perfect specimen of Norman castrametation, noted in history as the scene of the murder of one of our Kings, under circumstances of great atrocity. It is in complete repair, and not ruinous in any part. It is not ascertained at what date this building was commenced, but about the year 1150, it was granted by Henry II. to Robert Fitzhardinge, Governor of Bristol, (who was descended from the Kings of Denmark,) with power to strengthen and enlarge it. Maurice, the son of Robert, was the first of the Fitzhardinges that dwelt at Berkeley, of which place he assumed the name, and fortified the Castle, which is placed on an eminence close to the town, and commands an extensive view of the Severn and the neighbouring country. The fortress is an irregular pile, consisting of a keep, and various embattled buildings, which surround a court, about 140 yards in circumference. The chief ornament of this court is the exterior of the baronial hall, which is a noble room in excellent preservation; adjoining it is the chapel. The apartments are very numerous, but except where modern windows have been substituted, they are mostly of a gloomy character. In one of them are the ebony bedstead and chairs, used by Sir Francis Drake in his voyage round the world. The entrance to the outer court is under a machicolated gatehouse, which is all that remains of the buildings that are said to have formerly surrounded the outer court. The keep is nearly circular, having one square tower and three semicircular ones. That on the north, which is the highest part of the Castle, was rebuilt in the reign of Edward II., and is called Thorpe's Tower, a family of that name holding their manor by the tenure of *Castle Guard*, it being their duty to guard this tower when required. In another of the towers of the keep is a dungeon chamber, twenty-eight feet deep, without light or an aperture of any kind, except at the top; in shape it resembles the letter D, and the entrance to it is through a trap-door in

the floor of the room over it ; but from being in the keep, which is high above the natural ground, this gloomy abode is quite free from damp. The Roman method of filling the inner part or medium of the walls with fluid mortar, occurs in the keep of this Castle. The great staircase leading to the keep is composed of large stones ; and on the right of it, approached by a kind of gallery, is the room in which, from its great strength, and its isolated situation, there is every reason to suppose that Edward II. was murdered, on the 21st of September, 1327. It is a small and gloomy apartment, and till within the last century was only lighted by flechès. It is stated by Holinshed that the shrieks of the King were heard in the town of Berkeley ; but from the situation of the Castle, and the great thickness of its walls, that is impossible. After his decease his heart was inclosed in a silver vessel, and the Berkeley family formed part of the procession which attended the body to Gloucester, where it was interred in the Cathedral.

The then Lord Berkeley was acquitted of any active participation in the measures which caused the death of the King ; but shortly afterwards he entertained Queen Isabella and her paramour, Mortimer, at the Castle. This Lord Berkeley kept twelve knights to wait upon his person, each of whom was attended by two servants and a page. He had twenty-four esquires, each having an under-servant and a horse. His entire family consisted of about 300 persons, besides husbandmen, who fed at his board.

In this Castle royal visitors have been several times entertained. After its having been a place of rendezvous for the rebellious Barons, in the reign of John, that King visited it in the last year of his reign. Henry III. was there twice. The other royal visitors have been Margaret, queen of Henry VI. ; Henry VII. ; Queen Elizabeth, whose name one of the rooms still bears ; George IV., when Prince of Wales ; and William IV., when Duke of Clarence. In the reign of Henry V. a lawsuit was commenced between Lord Berkeley and his cousin, the heiress of the family, which was continued 192 years ; during which contest the plaintiff's party several times laid siege to the Castle. In the Civil Wars of Charles I., the Castle was garrisoned on the side of the King, and kept all the surrounding country in awe ; but it was afterwards besieged by the army of the Commonwealth, and surrendered after a defence of nine days. In the west door of the church are several bullet-holes, which are supposed to have been made by the besieging army. On the north of the Castle is a very perfect portion of the ancient fosse, which is now quite dry, and some very fine elms and other trees are growing in it. A terrace goes nearly round the

Castle, and to the west of it is a large bowling-green, bounded by a line of very old yew-trees, which have grown together into a continuous mass, and are cut into grotesque shapes.

In a Topographical Excursion, in 1624, Berkeley Castle is described as strong, old, spacious, and habitable, with a fair park adjoining. Before the tourists entered the inner court, they passed through three large, strong gates, with portcullises. "Here," say they, "was the dismal place where that unfortunate Prince, whom we left interred at the last visited Cathedral, was most barbarouslie and cruelly depriv'd of his life." The King, during his captivity here, composed a dolorous poem, from which the following is an extract:

"Moste blessed Jesu,
 Roote of all vertue,
 Graunte I may the sue,
 In all humylyte.
 Sen thou for our good,
 Lyste to shede thy blood,
 An stretche the upon the rood,
 For our iniquyte.
 I the beseche,
 Most holsome leche,
 That thou wylt seche,
 For me suche grace,
 That when my body vyle,
 My soule shall exyle,
 Thou brynge in short whyle,
 It in reste and peace."

When Horace Walpole, in 1774, visited Gloucester Cathedral, on seeing the monument of Edward II. a new historic doubt started. "His Majesty has a longish beard; and such were certainly worn at that time. Who is the first historian that tells the story of his being shaven with cold water from a ditch, and weeping to supply warm, as he was carried to Berkeley Castle? Is not this apocryphal?" [The incident is narrated by Rapin.]

Sir Richard Baker, in his *Chronicle*, thus tells the story in his odd, circumstantial manner: "When Edward II. was taken by order of his Queen, and carried to Berkeley Castle, to the end that he should not be known, they shaved his head and beard, and that in a most beastly manner; for they took him from his horse, and set him upon a hillock, and then taking puddle-water out of a ditch thereby, they went to wash him, his barber telling him that cold water must serve for this time; whereat the miserable King looking sternly upon him, said, that whether they would or no, he would have warm water to wash him, and therewithal, to make good his word, he presently shed forth

a shower of tears. Never was King turned out of a kingdom in such a manner."

In the neighbourhood, Walpole found in a wretched cottage a child in an ancient oaken cradle, exactly in the form of that lately published from the cradle of Edward II. Walpole purchased it for five shillings; but doubted whether he should have fortitude enough to transport it to Strawberry Hill. He was much disappointed with Berkeley Castle, though very entire: he notes: "The room shown for the murder of Edward II., and the shrieks of an agonizing king, I verily believe to be genuine. It is a dismal chamber, almost at the top of the house, quite detached, and to be approached only by a kind of footbridge, and from that descends a large flight of steps, that terminates on strong gates; exactly a situation for a *corps de garde*. In that room they show you a cast of a face, in plaster, and tell you it was taken from Edward's. I was not quite so easy of faith about that; for it is evidently the face of Charles I."

Gray, in his Pindaric Ode—*The Bard*,—has this memorable passage .

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king."

Gloucester, its Monastery and Castle.

Gloucester is considered to have had the Britons for its founders, by whom it was called *Caer Glocav*, which, according to Camden, is derived from the British *Caer Glogii iis*, or "the City of the pure waters," from its situation upon the eastern bank of the Severn; but according to others, it is named from *Glocav*, the name of the chief or original founder. Shortly after A.D. 44, it became subjected to the Romans, and numerous Roman antiquities, burial-urns, coins, &c., have been discovered here. After the Romans left the island, the city was surrendered to the West Saxons, when the Britons were defeated, and three of their princes slain: by the Saxons it was called *Gleau-Cester*, whence its present name is derived. About the year 680 Wulpher, son of King Penda, founded the monastery of St. Peter, and so far improved the city, that at the commencement of the eighth century, according to Bede, it was considered "one of the noblest of the kingdom." The

city repeatedly suffered from fire and the ravages of the Danes; and in 1087 it was almost wholly destroyed during the contest between William Rufus and the adherents of his brother Robert. Its Castle was built by Earl William, in the time of the Conqueror, who frequently kept his Christmas here, as did William II. in 1099; and in 1123 Henry I. held his Court here. In 1172 Jorworth, with a large body of Welshmen, destroyed all the country with fire and sword to the gates of Gloucester. In 1175 a Great Council was held here by Henry II. for quelling the insurrections of the Welsh. In 1216, at Gloucester, Henry III. was crowned, being ten years old; and here he kept his Christmas. In 1263 Gloucester was the scene of many battles between Henry III. and the Barons, whom he had offended by appointing a foreigner to the office of Constable of Gloucester Castle. In 1279 Quo Warranto statutes were enacted here by Parliament. In 1319 Edward II. came to Gloucester, and entertained the Abbot; and in 1327 this sovereign was, "with consent and by practise of his cruell Queene," most cruelly and foully murdered in Berkeley Castle; and buried in Gloucester Cathedral, where is a monument to his memory, "his body in alabaster in his kingly roabs, the ffoundation marble, and the workemanship overhead curiously cut in firestone." In 1378, Richard II. held a Parliament at Gloucester; and Henry V. in 1420, being the last Parliament summoned here by any monarch. In 1430, at the Abbey of Gloucester, Henry VI. made oblations previous to setting out for France. In 1483, immediately after his coronation, Richard III. came to Gloucester; and in 1485 Henry VII.; and in 1535 Henry VIII. in progress. In 1641-2 Gloucester sided with the Parliament, and bid defiance to the King with an army of 30,000 men, in consequence of which the ancient walls of the city, two miles in circuit, were destroyed shortly after the Restoration. The site of the Castle is occupied by the County Gaol.

In an Account of an Excursion in 1634, the Severn is described as gliding close to the town, "by that little Iland [Alney]* where the first Danish King got the best." The New Inn is "a fayre House, and much frequented by Gallants, the Hostesse there being as handsome and gallant as any other." "This City we found govern'd by a Mayor, wth his Sword and Cap of Maintenance, 4 Maces, 12 Aldermen, and a worthy and learned Recorder, and 4 Stewards. It is wall'd about, except onely that part of the Towne that is securely and defensively

* In 1016, on the Isle of Athelney, the proposed single combat between Edmund Ironside and Canute terminated by an offer from Canute to divide the kingdom.

guarded by the River; in the wall there is 6 Gates, for the Ingress and Egresse of Strangers and Inhabitants. In the midst of the City is a fayre Crosse, whereto from the 4 Cardinall Windes, the 4 great and principall Streets thereof doe come. In her is 12 Churches, whereof the Cathedrall is one," of great antiquity and beautiful architecture; with a fine Gothic pinnaced tower; an east window, said to be the largest in the kingdom; great elevation and traceried walls of the choir. Among its curious monuments is one of a Saxon king, bearing the old church upon his breast; the last Abbot, Parker, in alabaster; and a Bishop [Dux Templi] who excommunicated King John. Here lieth that "vnfortunate Prince Robert, D. of Normandy, eldest sonne of W^m ye Conquer, whose eyes were pluckt out in Cardiff Castle, after he had endur'd a long and tedious imprisonmt there: his Portraiture lyeth loose vpon the Marble Monumt, and is of Irish wood painted, wh neither rots nor worme-eats. Here lyeth crosse-legg'd, wh his Sword, and Buckler, and soe as any man may wth ease lift vp this his wooden Statue." Our olden topographers describe as a thing most admirable that strange and unparalleled whispering place of 24 yards circular passage above the high altar, a miraculous work and artificial device; "and as it is strange, soe we heard carry'd confessions there made." The sumptuous tomb of King Edward II. we have already described.

During the Marian persecution, John Hooper, second Bishop of Gloucester, and the venerated martyr of the Reformation, upon his second committal to the Fleet Prison in 1553, refusing to recant his opinions, was condemned to be burnt. It was expected that he would have accompanied Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, to the stake; but Hooper was led back to his cell, to be carried down to Gloucester, to suffer among his own people. Next morning, he was roused at four o'clock, and being committed to the care of six of Queen Mary's Guard, they took him, before it was light, to the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, *then standing in the fields*; thence he was taken to Gloucester, and there burnt with dreadful torments on the 9th of February, 1555. A memorial statue of Bishop Hooper has been set up by public subscription at Gloucester near the spot whereon he suffered.

Gloucester has long been famous for its lampreys, taken in the Severn; and by ancient custom the city of Gloucester, in token of their loyalty, present a lamprey pie annually, at Christmas, to the sovereign; this is sometimes a costly gift, as lampreys at that season can scarcely be procured at a guinea apiece. A well-stewed Gloucester lamprey is a luxury, such as almost excused the royal excess which carried off Henry I. at Rouen.

Sudeley Castle and Queen Katherine Parr.

Winchcomb, fourteen miles north-east of Gloucester, is a place of great antiquity, it being anciently the site of a mitred Abbey sufficiently large for the accommodation of 300 Benedictine monks. It was founded in 798, by Kenulf King of Mercia, who, with his son and successor, Kenelm (murdered by his Queen Quendrida), was buried there. The church was partly built in the reign of Henry VI., by the Abbot, William Winchcomb. Near it is the Castle of Sudeley—formerly one of the most magnificent in England, to be hereafter described—whither, in 1592, Queen Elizabeth made her celebrated Progress. In the Castle, 44 years previously, September 5, 1548, died in childbed, Katherine Parr, widow of Henry VIII., and wife of Lord Seymour of Sudeley, brother to the Protector Somerset. The Queen was buried in the chapel of Sudeley Castle. Of the opening of her tomb there is an interesting account in a MS. in the College of Arms, London, entitled, *A Boke of Buryalls of treaw and noble P'sons*. Here is recorded: "in the Summer of the year 1782, the Earth in which Qu. K. Par lay inter'd was removed, and at the depth of about two feet, (or very little more) her leaden Coffin or Chest was found quite whole, and on the Lid of it when well cleaned there appeared a very bad though legible inscription, of which the under-written is a close copy:

"K. P.

VITH AND LAST WIFE OF KING HEN. VIIIITH,

1548."

"Mr. John Lucas, (who occupied the land of Lord Rivers, whereon the ruins of the chapel stand,) had the curiosity to rip up the top of the Coffin, expecting to discover within it only the bones of the dead, but to his great surprise found the whole body wrap'd in 6 or 7 Seer Cloths of Linnen entire and *uncorrupted*, although it had been there upwards of 280 years. His unwarrantable curiosity led him also to make an incision through the seer cloths which covered one of the Arms of the Corps, the flesh of which at that time was white and moist. I was very much displeas'd at the forwardness of Lucas, who of his own head open'd the Coffin. It would have been quite sufficient to have found it, and then to have made a report of it, to Lord Rivers or myself.

"In the Summer of the year following, 1783, his Lordship's business

made it necessary for me and my son to be at Sudeley Castle, and on being told what had been done the year before by Lucas, I directed the earth to be once more remov'd to satisfy my own curiosity; and found Lucas's account of the Coffin and Corps to be just as he had represented them; with this difference, that the body was then grown quite fetid, and the flesh where the incision had been made was brown and in a state of putrefaction, in consequence of the air having been let in upon it; the stench of the Corps made my son quite sick, whilst he copied the inscription which is on the lid of the Coffin; he went thro' it, however, with great exactness.

"I afterwards directed that a stone slab should be placed over the grave, to prevent any future and improper inspection, &c."

The above account was given some years ago, by the daughter of the late Mr. Brooks of Reading, who was present at the finding of the body; and was communicated by Julia R. Bockett, from Southcote Lodge, near Reading, in 1857, to *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. 96.

The following curious manuscript note was found written on the margin of a copy of Joannes Ball's *Catalogus Scriptorum Illustrum*:—
"Catherina Latimera vel Parra.—Shee was told by an astrologer that did calculate her nativitie that she was borne to sett in the highest state of imp'iall majestie; which became most true. Shee had all the eminent starrs and planetts in her house: this did worke such a loftie conceite in her that her mother cowl'd never make her sewe or doe any small worke, sayinge her handes were ordayned to touch crowne and scepters, not needles and thymbles."

The ruins of Sudeley Castle, situated about a mile south-south-east of Winchcomb, are grand rather than strikingly picturesque. Leland celebrates its extent and lofty towers, its magnificence and rich architecture; and Fuller calls it "of subjects' castles, the most handsome habitation; and of subjects' habitations, the strongest castle." It was built in the reign of Henry VI., by Ralph Lord Boteler, on the site of a more ancient castle, to the manor of which he succeeded in right of his mother, Joan de Sudeley. During the Civil Wars, the Castle was taken by the Republican party, dismantled and otherwise destroyed. The Chapel attached to it, which was a light elegant erection, was stripped of its roof, and the memorials of the dead shamefully defaced. A small side-chapel or aisle is now used as the parish church of Sudeley.

St. Briavel's Castle.

The site of this early fortress is on the edge of Dean Forest, a district of great historical interest, as a glance will show. The Forest of Dean is situated within that part of Gloucestershire bounded by the Rivers Severn and Wye. Probably the earliest trace of this locality being inhabited exists in the Druidical rocks which are found on the high lands, on the Gloucestershire side of the Wye. Next in order of time to the above remains are the ancient iron mines, called Scowles (probably a corruption of the British word *crowll*, a cave), which were doubtless worked by the Romans. This appears certain from the coins which have been found deeply bedded in the heaps of iron cinders derived from the working of these mines. Coins, fibulæ, &c., used by the Romans have frequently been found; and so lately as August 1839, a man who was employed to raise some stone in Crabtree Hill (which is situate near the centre of the forest), of which several heaps were lying on the surface, in turning over the stone found about twenty-five Roman coins. The next day, in another heap, about fifty yards distant, he found a broken jar or urn of baked clay, and 400 or 500 coins lying by it, the coins being for the most part those of Claudius II., Gallienus, and Victorinus. The spot is rather high ground, but not a hill or commanding point, and there does not appear any traces of a camp near it. Some of the stones seemed burnt, as if the building had been destroyed by fire. There was no appearance of mortar, but the stones had evidently been used for building, and part of the foundation of a wall remained visible. A silver coin of Aurelius was likewise picked up. Edward the Confessor is stated in Domesday Book to have exempted the Forest of Dean from taxation, with the object apparently of preserving it from spoliation. (See *An Account of the Forest of Dean*, by H. G. Nicholls, M.A.) The town is now become a small village, and the privileges are obsolete; the parochial inhabitants have, however, still the right of common in a wood called Hudnells, which includes a tract of land on the banks of the Wye, about six miles long, and one mile broad. They have the privilege of cutting wood, but not timber, in other parts of the forest. These claims were set aside by Cromwell, but were contested, and allowed after the Restoration.—(*Mining Journal*.)

The Castle of St. Briavel's was begun by William II., or by Milo Fitzwalter, Earl of Hereford, in the time of Henry I., to curb the incursions of the Welsh: it was afterwards forfeited to the Crown.

The site of the Castle is surrounded by a moat, including an area of considerable extent. The north-west front is nearly all that remains entire. It is composed of two circular towers, three storeys high, separated by a narrow elliptical gateway; within the towers are several hexagonal apartments, the walls of which are eight feet thick. One of these towers is used as a prison for the hundred. In the interior there are two gateways similar to the former. On the right are the remains of an apartment, 41 feet by 20, with large Pointed windows; and on the left are the remains of a large hall. In the centre is a low building, which serves as an antechamber to the room in which the officers of the hundred hold their court. The Constable of the Castle is appointed by the Crown, and is also the Lord Warden of the forest. In the kitchen of the Castle may be seen the old wheel-jack and turnspit-dog; and in the village, the stocks and whipping-post.

St. Briavel's (says Mr. Samuel Tymms) is reported to have obtained an exemption from tolls in the same manner as that privilege was procured for Coventry by the Lady Godiva. St. Briavel's, however, has no "Peeping Tom" pageant.

Cirencester, its Castle and Abbey.

Cirencester, colloquially Ciceter, in the south-eastern part of the county of Gloucester, was the Corinium of the Romans, and prior to their invasion, a very general thoroughfare; and from its central situation, the great metropolis of the district, while Gloucester and the hills about the Severn, were great military positions. It was a place of importance in the time of Julius Cæsar; here four great roads met: 1. The Fosse; 2. The Icknield-way; 3. The Ermin-street; 4. The Ackman-street. Its walls, of which traces exist, were two miles in circumference. Among the Roman antiquities is the "Bull Ring," the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, where, a few years ago, rows of seats were visible, rising twenty feet from the area. There was also a Roman burial-place; and relics of pottery, urns containing burnt bones and ashes, sculptured stones and monuments, tessellated pavements, and coins, have been found in and near the town.

Long before the Saxons came into England, Cirencester was a famous town to withstand an enemy. But one Gormund, an African prince (if Polydorus is to be depended on), laid siege to Cirencester. Seven long years he kept his army before it, but never a step the nearer was he to the inside of its gates; when as houses were not then tiled,

Gormund judged that if he could only manage to set fire to the thatched roofs of those in the town, he should be likely, in the commotion that would arise, to gain an easy entrance. To put the stratagem into speedy practice, he set all his soldiers to—catch sparrows; and when many were caught, he had certain combustibles fastened to their tails, and then let them loose. The poor birds flew straight to their nests under the thatches, which of course were quickly in a blaze; and while the unfortunate housekeepers were busy endeavouring to quench the flames, Gormund succeeded in entering the town—in memory whereof (says Giraldus Cambrensis) it was afterwards called the City of Sparrows. This was a droll stratagem.

Cirencester, after the Norman Conquest, was a place of great strength. Its Castle was destroyed by Stephen, but it was rebuilt and garrisoned by the Earl of Leicester for Queen Maud. It was occupied by the royal army when the Barons were in arms against John.

In the reign of Henry IV., Lords Surrey and Salisbury having promoted an insurrection for the restoration of Richard II., these noblemen with several of their accomplices, were killed at a public-house in the town by the bailiff, and a party of the inhabitants. The heads of Salisbury and Surrey were sent to London, as a present to King Henry, who, out of gratitude for this timely service, granted to the *men* of Cirencester all the goods and chattels left in the town by the rebels, “except such as were of gold, or silver, or gilded, and excepting also all money and jewels.” By another grant was given, “during our pleasure,” “to the men *iv* does in season, to be delivered unto them by our chief forester, or his deputy, out of our forest of Bradon; and also one hogshead of wine, to be received out of the port of our town of Bristol.” He also granted “unto the *women* aforesaid, *vi* bucks to be delivered them in right season . . . and also, one hogshead of wine.” In the Great Civil War, the town was garrisoned for the Parliament, but was taken by Prince Rupert, and changed hands more than once. Since then, the only noteworthy occurrence is, that the first blood spilt in the Revolution of 1688 was shed here. In the seventeenth century, the town held its position as, after London, the centre of trade, wealth, and commercial traffic, and Bristol the greatest seaport in the realm. Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, were then mere villages.

Cirencester has often been visited by royalty. Edward I. and Edward II. rested continually here, as did King John, as did Charles I. after the second battle of Newbury. In 1663, another royal personage named Charles, came to Cirencester, and repaired to the little Sun inn,

and there passed the night with his Queen. In 1678, James II. took his rest at the house of the Earl of Newport, in this town; and in 1700, Queen Anne "stayed at Thomas Master's."

"Of all counties in England," says Fuller, "Gloucestershire was most pestered with monks, having four mitred abbeys," whence, he says, grew "a topical wicked proverb," "As sure as God's in Gloucestershire." Cirencester possessed one—a magnificent abbey for Black Canons, built in 1117 by Henry I., on the foundation of a college for prebendaries, which was established by the Saxons, long before the Conquest. The revenue of this Abbey at the Dissolution was 105*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*, and its mitred Abbot had a seat in Parliament. The seventh Abbot was the famous Alexander Neckam, who died here in 1217. Of the Abbey a noble gateway remains, with the Abbey Church, one of the most magnificent parochial churches in the kingdom. It is of different styles, between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries; the tower is 134 feet high. The windows were originally filled with stained glass. There are some interesting relics left: there are several noble wooden roofs which remain uninjured; a few brasses and some very curious sculpture in relief of a "Whitsun-ale." The lord of the fease holds in his hand a scroll with the words "Be Merrie," and the figures of the lady, the steward, jester, and other officers of the ale are easily made out. The chapel of St. Catherine is very beautiful; in St. Mary's are some fresco paintings of purgatory, which were discovered a few years back; Trinity chapel was once the richest of these chapels, it containing the gifts and adornings of the votaries of St. Thomas à Becket, whose altar was within it, and of whose martyrdom there is a representation in fresco near the altar. Under the painting is this inscription in black letter:—"What man or woman worshippeth this holy Saint, Bishop, and Martyr, every Sunday that beth in the year, with a Paternoster and Ave, or giveth any alms to a poor man, or bringeth any candle to light [at the altar], less or more, he shall have v gifts of God. The i is, he shall have reasonable good to his life's end. The ii is, that his enemies shall have no power to do him no bodily harm nor disease. The iij is, what reasonable thing he will ask of God and that holy saint, it shall be granted. The iv is, that he shall be unburdened of all his tribulation and disease. The v is, that in his last end he shall have shrift and housil, great repentance, and sacrament of anointing, and then he may come to that bliss that never hath end. Amen."

Some of the brasses are exceedingly beautiful; the earliest, date 1438, exhibits a very fine example of the complete plate-armour. There are

monuments to Allen, first Lord Bathurst, and his son, Lord Chancellor Bathurst ; here also is the metal framework of the hour-glass belonging to the pulpit from which the celebrated Bishop Bull used to preach.

Tewkesbury Abbey.

Tewkesbury, in the western part of Gloucestershire, and close to the borders of Worcestershire, is said to be of Saxon origin, and to derive its name from Theot, a Saxon, who founded an hermitage here in the seventh century. Early in the eighth century, two brothers, dukes of Mercia, founded a monastery, which, in the tenth century, became a cell to Cranbourne Abbey, in Dorsetshire. In the twelfth century, Robert Fitzhamon enlarged the buildings, and liberally endowed the institution, in consequence of which the monks of Cranbourne made Tewkesbury the chief seat of their establishment. At the Dissolution, the Abbey belonged to the Benedictines, and its annual revenue was 1598*l*.

On opening the tomb of the founder of the Abbey, the body of the Abbot was found arrayed in full canonicals, the crosier was perfect, while the body showed scarcely any symptoms of decay, although it had been entombed considerably above six hundred years. On exposure to the air, the boots alone of the Abbot were seen to sink ; when the tomb was ordered to be sealed up, and his holiness again committed to his darkness.

A great battle was fought on the 4th of May, 1471, within half a mile of Tewkesbury, when the Lancastrians sustained a most disastrous defeat : the Earl of Devonshire, Lord Wenlock, Lord John Beaufort, nine knights, and upwards of 3000 men were slain ; Queen Margaret of Anjou, was taken prisoner by Edward IV. ; the young Prince Edward is stated, in a contemporary manuscript, to have been killed while flying from the field, and not to have been butchered in Edward's presence, as commonly reported ; the Duke of Somerset, Lord St. John, and about a dozen knights and esquires, were dragged from the church, where they had taken sanctuary, and beheaded May 6.

This battle was fought in a field, long after known as the *Bloody Meadow*. The chief glory of this well-fought field belonged to Richard Duke of Gloucester. At Tewkesbury he commanded the van, and was confronted with the Duke of Somerset, who had taken up so formidable a position, fenced by dykes and hedges, that to carry it seemed hopeless. After a feigned attack and short conflict, Gloucester drew back as if to retreat. Somerset, rash and impetuous,

was deceived by this manœuvre, and left his 'vantage ground, when Gloucester faced about, and fell upon the Lancastrians so furiously and unexpectedly that they were driven back in confusion to their intrenchments, which the pursuing force entered along with them. Lord Wenlock, who, by coming to their assistance with his division, might have beaten back Gloucester, never stirred; and Somerset no sooner regained his camp than riding up to his recreant friend, he denounced him as a traitor and coward, and stopped recrimination and remonstrance by dashing out his brains with a battle-axe.—(*Edinburgh Review*, No. 234.)

In the stately Abbey church, obtained from the King, for the use of the parishioners, at the time of the Dissolution, was buried Brietric, King of Wessex; Norman Fitz-Hamon, Earl of Gloucester; Edward, son of Henry VI.; George Clarence, brother of Edward IV.; and his wife, Isabel, daughter of the king-making Earl of Warwick. The church is in the Early Norman style, and has a central tower. The roof is finely groined and carved. There are several ancient chantry chapels in the east end of the choir, which is hexagonal. Some of the monuments are in memory of persons who fell at the battle of Tewkesbury.

Tewkesbury retains but few features of its ancient house-fronts. The place was famous very early for its mustard: Shakspeare speaks only of its thickness, but others have celebrated its pungency.

“His wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard.”

2 Henry IV.

The people appear of the downright sort, for we read in an old work, “If he be of the right stamp, and a true Tewksbury man, he is a choleric gentleman, and will bear no coals.”



MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Monmouth Castle.

Monmouthshire formed a portion of the territories of the Silures, a warlike people, who were the last to yield to the Roman armies. Subsequently, Monmouthshire comprehended part of Gwent, whose people inherited the courage of their Silurian ancestors, and kept the Anglo-Saxons at bay. In Norman times this border county was included in the Marches, lands holden by the Barons, with full power to administer justice; but its feudal possessors were compelled to build or strengthen at least twenty-five Castles for their safety, the ruins of which nearly all remain; and when the government of the Lord Marchers was abolished in the reign of Henry VIII., Monmouthshire was dis-severed from Wales.

Monmouth was successively a British if not a Roman station; a Saxon fortress, to restrain the inroads of the Welsh; and a Norman walled town: four gates, the moat, and portions of the walls existed temp. Henry VIII. Now the Welsh gate, on Monnow bridge, most perfect and interesting, is nearly the sole relic; a portion of the English gate exists. The ruins of the Castle stand on the site of the British fort. The fortress is said by Camden to have been built by John of Monmouth, in the reign of Henry III.; although in Domesday Book, a Castle at Monmouth is mentioned to have been then held for the King by William Fitz-Baderon. It was the favourite residence of John of Gaunt, and of his son, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV.; and the birthplace, in 1387, of Henry V., who was thence called Harry of Monmouth. Tradition points to the spot, part of an upper storey in ruins; a wooden oblong chest, swinging by links of iron, between two standards, surmounted by two ornamental birds, is commonly said to have been the cradle of Henry V., whereas it was the cradle of Edward II. It is shown at Troy House, half a mile from Monmouth, with the armour which Henry wore at the battle of Agincourt.

The Castle of Monmouth, as parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster, was inherited by Henry VI. Edward IV., in the fifth year of his reign,

granted it to William, Lord Herbert, who afterwards became Earl of Pembroke; but it again reverted to the Crown, and was possessed by Henry VII., and several of his successors. At what time it was alienated from the Duchy of Lancaster and became private property, has not been precisely ascertained. The Duke of Beaufort is the present proprietor.

St. Mary's Church, Monmouth, is a relic of a Benedictine Priory, founded in the reign of Henry I., part of which, known by the name of Geoffrey of Monmouth's House, or Study, is shown. Geoffrey, who wrote a celebrated History of Britain, was created Archdeacon of Monmouth, A.D. 1251, and afterwards became Bishop of St. Asaph.

Chepstow Castle.

This noble fortress rises from a rock overhanging the Wye; the other parts were defended by a moat, and consist of massive walls, flanked with lofty towers. The grand entrance is a circular arch between two round towers, in the best style of Norman military architecture. The first court contains the shells of the great hall, kitchens, and numerous apartments retaining vestiges of baronial splendour. Then, passing through the garden-court, you enter that which contains the chapel, a very elegant structure. The western gateway was formerly strengthened by three portcullises, and separated by a draw-bridge from the main structure.

The Castle was originally founded by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, almost immediately after the Conquest, as that nobleman was killed in 1070. Soon after, his third son, Roger de Britolio, was deprived of his estates, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, of which Dugdale relates: "Though he frequently used many scornful expressions towards the King, yet was the King pleased with the celebration of the Feast of Easter, in a solemn manner, as was then usual, to send to this Earl Roger, at that time in prison, his royal robes, who so disdained the favour, that he forthwith caused a great fire to be made, and the mantle, the inner surcoat of silk, and the upper garment, lined with precious furs, to be suddenly burnt; which, being made known to the King, he became not a little displeased, and said: 'Certainly, he is a very proud man who hath thus abused me; but (adding an oath) by the brightness of God, he shall never come out of prison as long as I live!' This Roger died in prison, and his estates being forfeited, Chepstow Castle was transferred to the powerful family of

Clare, one of whom, Walter de Clare, founded the neighbouring Abbey of Tintern. Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, succeeded to the possession of this fortress in 1148. The Castle is now in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort, whose ancestor, Sir Charles Somerset, married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William, Earl of Huntingdon, whose grandfather, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, possessed the Castle and Manor of Chepstow by purchase.

The history of the Castle during the Civil War is stirring. Cromwell was repulsed here by a gallant Royalist officer, Sir Nicholas Kemys, who had a garrison of only 100 men. He then left Colonel Ewer, with a large force, to prosecute the siege. But the garrison defended themselves valiantly until their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender under promise of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat, which they had provided for that purpose. A soldier of the Parliamentary army, however, swam across the river with a knife between his teeth, cut the cable of the boat, and brought it away. The fortress was at length forced, and Sir Nicholas Kemys, with 40 men, were slain in the assault.

The interest of this border fortress centres in the keep, in which Henry Marten, the regicide, was confined twenty years, and where he died in 1680, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was not immured in a cell, but with his wife had comfortable lodgings here, and made excursions and visits in the neighbourhood. Marten rejected Christianity, and added insult to hatred of loyalty. "He forced open a great iron chest (says Anthony Wood) within the college of Westminster, and thence took out the crown, robes, sword, and sceptre, belonging anciently to King Edward the Confessor, and used by all our Kings at their inaugurations, and with a scorn greater than his lusts, and the rest of his vices, he openly declared that there should be no longer any use of these toys and trifles; and in the jollity of that humour he invested George Wither, a Puritan satirist, in the royal habiliments; who being crowned and royally arrayed (as well right became him) did forthwith march about the room in a stately garb, and afterwards with a thousand apish and ridiculous actions, exposed those sacred raiments to contempt and laughter."

Marten was a member of the High Court of Justice; regularly attended the trial of Charles I.; was present when the sentence was pronounced, and signed the warrant of death. At the Restoration he surrendered, and was tried at the Old Bailey, as one of the Regicides. He was found guilty, but was respited, and ultimately received a reprieve, on condition of perpetual imprisonment. He was first confined

in the Tower, but was soon removed to Chepstow; in both which places he was treated with great lenity.

He was buried in the chancel of Chepstow Church; but one of the vicars of the parish, deeming it improper that the remains of the Regicide should be so near the altar, caused them to be removed to the south aisle. This aisle was subsequently destroyed, and the stone that covered his grave is now to be seen, on entering the church, in the first bay eastward of the tower, which is separated from the rest of the edifice, and used as a vestry-room. The inscription is:—

“ Here, September the 9th, in the year of our Lord 1680,
Was buried a true Englishman,
Who in Berkshire was well known
To love his country's freedom 'bove his own;
But living immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear,

HIS EPITAPH.

H ere or elsewhere (all's one to you, to me),
E arth, air, or water, gripes my ghostly dust;
N one knows how soon to be by fire set free.
R eader, if you an oft-try'd rule will trust,
Y ou'll gladly do and suffer what you must.
M y time was spent in serving you, and you
A nd death's my pay (it seems), and welcome, too;
R evenge destroying but itself, while I
T o birds of prey leave my old cage, and fly.
E xamples preach to the eye; care, then (mine says),
N ot how you end, but how you spend your days.

Aged 78 years.

“ N.B.—The stone with the above original inscription being broken, and the letters obliterated; in order to perpetuate to posterity the event of the burial of the above Henry Marten, who sat as one of the Judges on King Charles, and died in his imprisonment in the castle of this town, a new stone was laid down in the year 1812.

“ GEORGE SMITH, } Churchwardens.”
“ WILLIAM MORRIS, }

Southey wrote an inscription for the room in which Marten the *Regicide* was imprisoned: it was admirably parodied in the *Anti-Jacobin*, in one “ for the cell of Newgate, in which Mrs. Brownrigg, the *Prenticide* was immured.” This savours of the humour of ‘the Doctor,’ for Brownrigg was hung, and Martin was reprieved.

South of Chepstow is CALDECOTE CASTLE, a magnificent stronghold, chiefly Norman, but with some Saxon work. Its history is obscure; but it was long in the hands of the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford. Camden terms it “ a shell belonging to the Constables of England,” by whom it was held by the service of that office. It now

belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster. The general design is oblong ; round towers strengthen the angles ; the entrance is grand ; the baronial hall, keep, and other ruined structures, distinguish the interior. (See Cliff's excellent *Book of South Wales*).

Tintern Abbey.

These celebrated ruins are situated on the right bank of the Wye, about nine miles below Monmouth. The roof and tower have fallen, but the greater part of the rest of the Abbey is in tolerable preservation. Its style is a transition from Early English to Decorated, so that in beauty of composition and delicacy of execution, it yields to few edifices in the kingdom. Tintern was built on the spot where Theodoric, King of Glamorgan, was killed whilst fighting under the banner of the Cross against the Pagan Saxons, in the year 600. The Abbey was founded in 1131 for Cistercian monks, by Walter de Clare. The building of the church was commenced by Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, who bestowed great wealth on the foundation: the Abbot and monks first celebrated mass within it in 1268. The site was granted in the 28th Henry VIII., to Henry, the second Earl of Worcester, and the whole is now the property of the Duke of Beaufort. In 1847, in making an excavation in an orchard adjoining the Abbey, were discovered the remains of the Hospitium or smaller convent, in which the monks were wont to entertain strangers and travellers of their order, who, passing thence through the cloisters, entered on the more solemn duties of the Abbey ; its extent suggests the scale of liberality at this once splendid monastic pile.

Tintern has ever been a favoured locality with poets and visitors of a poetic turn of mind. Wordsworth's lines, written a few miles above Tintern on revisiting the banks of the Wye, are a fine example of the poet's rapt imaginative style, blending metaphysical truth with diffuse gorgeous description and metaphor, and exemplifying the author's doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a gift of genuine insight, is one of profound emotion, as well as profound composure ; or, as Coleridge has expressed himself—

“ Deep self-possession, an intense repose.”

In Wordsworth's “ Lines ” he attributes to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of

daily life, and describes the particulars in which he is indebted to them. "The impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts."—(*Quarterly Review*, 1834.) How touchingly beautiful and how true are these lines:

" Though absent long,
 These forms of beauty have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
 And passing even into my purer mind
 With tranquil restoration—feelings, too,
 Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
 As may have had no trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts
 Of kindness and of love."

This digression may be pardoned in a work like the present, which seeks, though with conscious humility, to impart the holier influence of the beautiful scenes and objects which it describes.

Llanthony Abbey.

At the foot of the Black Mountain, in the vale of Ewias, are seen the ruins of this famous religious house, of which a Monk early in the thirteenth century wrote as follows: "There stands in a deep valley a conventual church, situated to promote true religion, beyond almost all the churches in England; quiet for contemplation, and retired for conversation with the Almighty; here the sorrowful complaints of the oppressed do not disquiet, nor the mad contentions of the froward do not disturb, but a calm peace and perfect charity invite to holy religion and banish discord." The tradition of its foundation runs thus: St. David, uncle of King Arthur, and titular Saint of Wales, finding a solitary place among woods and rocks, built a small chapel on the banks of the little river Honddy, and passed many years in this hermitage, where—

" He did only drink what crystal Honddney yields,
 And fed upon the leeks he gather'd in the fields,
 In memory of whom in the revolving year,
 The Welshmen on his day that sacred herb do wear."

Drayton.

On St. David's death it remained for centuries unfrequented. This chapel was called *Llan Dewi Nant Honddu*, which means the Church of David on the Honddy, and of which the present name is only a corruption. In the reign of William Rufus, Hugh de Laci, a great Norman baron, once followed the deer into this valley, and one of his retainers, named William, wearied with the chase, threw himself down on the grass to rest. Espying the remains of the old chapel, and suddenly urged by the impulse of religious feeling, he instantly devoted himself to the service of God. He laid aside his belt, and girded himself with a rope; instead of fine linen, he put on hair-cloth, and instead of his soldier's robe, he loaded himself with weighty irons. The suit of armour which before defended him from the darts of his enemies, he still wore, as a garment to harden him against the temptations of Satan; and he continued to wear it, till it was worn out with rust and age. This man's reputation for sanctity led to the foundation of a priory; and large donations in money and lands were repeatedly offered, but were declined; the hermits choosing, as they said, to live poor in the house of God. The resolution was at length overcome, if we may believe the tradition, in rather a whimsical manner. Maud, Queen of Henry I., once desired permission to put her hand into William's bosom, and when he, with great modesty, permitted her, she conveyed a large purse of gold between his coarse shirt and iron boddyce. The spell of poverty being thus once broken, riches poured in from every side, and a more magnificent church was built.

But peace and contemplation did not long dwell in Llanthony. A Welshman sought refuge in the sacred asylum, and was followed by his enemies. The monastery was speedily converted into a rendezvous of lawless men and women. "In this distress," says the Monk, "what could the soldiers of Christ do? They are encompassed without by the weapons of their enemies, and frights are within; they cannot procure food, nor perform their religious office with reverence." In this emergency they applied to Betun, Bishop of Hereford, who was their Prior. He invited them to Hereford, resigned his palace to them for two years, and maintained all who quitted the convent. His good offices then procured for them a spot of ground called Hyde, near Gloucester, where they built a church, and establishing themselves on the spot as a temporary residence, called it Llanthony. The ruins are visible there now.

The house was to be only a cell to the Abbey in Monmouthshire, whither the monks were bound to return on the restoration of peace; but by many large endowments, this Llanthony the second rose in

opulence and splendour; the monks, courted by the great, and living in every kind of ease and luxury, forgot their original tabernacle in the wilderness; they not only refused to return, but claimed for the daughter pre-eminence over the mother-church. The few who continued to reside in this valley were oppressed and pillaged. The Monk thus pours forth his doleful complaints: "When the storm subsided, and peace was restored, then did the sons of Llanthony tear up the bonds of their mother-church, and refuse to serve God, as their duty required; for they used to say there was much difference between the city of Gloucester and the wild rocks of Hartyvel (a range of mountains near the parent monastery); between the rich Severn and the brook Honddy; between the wealthy English and the beggarly Welsh. *There* fertile meadows, *here* barren heaths. I have heard it said, and I partly believe it (I hope it did not proceed from the rancour of their hearts), they wished every stone of this ancient foundation a stout hare. They have usurped, and lavished, all the revenues of the church; *there* they have built lofty and stately offices, *here* they have suffered our venerable buildings to fall to ruin. And to avoid the scandal of deserting an ancient monastery, they send hither their old and useless members. They permitted the monastery to be reduced to such poverty, that the friars were without surplices. Sometimes one day's bread must serve for two, while the monks of Gloucester enjoyed superfluities. If our remonstrances, which availed nothing, were repeated, they replied, 'Who would go and sing to the wolves? Do the whelps of wolves delight in loud music?' They even made sport, and when any person was sent hither, would ask, 'What fault has he committed? Why is he sent to prison?' Thus was the mistress and mother-house called a dungeon and a place of banishment for criminals." The Monk proceeds to lament that the library was despoiled of its books; the muniment-room of its deeds and charters; the silk vestments and relics embroidered with silver and gold were taken away; the treasury was spoiled of its precious goods. Whatever was valuable or ornamental, even the bells, notwithstanding their great weight, were carried off without the smallest opposition to Gloucester.

The desolate state of the Abbey induced King Edward IV. to unite the two houses by charter, making the church of Gloucester the principal, and obliging the monks to maintain a Prior and four canons in the original monastery. Whether this ever was carried into effect is uncertain. At the Dissolution of monasteries, the two were valued separately; the mother church, in the valley of Ewias, being only one-ninth part of the monastery at Gloucester.

The form of the Church of Llanthony was that of a Roman cross. At the Dissolution, the Church and manor were granted to Richard Arnold, in whose family they remained until Queen Anne's reign, when the property passed into the hands of the Oxford family, who retained it until Mr. Walter Savage Landor became the possessor. Part of the old Priory is converted into a romantic inn.

In addition to Tintern and Llanthony, Tanner mentions the following religious houses in Monmouthshire :

Abergavenny.—A Priory, which remained until the general Suppression.

Bassaleg.—A Benedictine Priory.

Caerleon.—A Cistercian Abbot and monks.

Goldcliff.—A Priory, founded in 1173, and afterwards united to Tewkesbury. It was granted to Eton College in the 29th of Henry VI. The college was deprived of it, but subsequently regained possession.

Gracedieu.—A small Cistercian Abbey.

St. Kynemark, or Kinmercy.—A Priory in existence before A.D. 1291.

Lankywan, or Llangwin.—Near Grosmont, a cell of Black Monks, subordinate to the Abbey of Lara, in Normandy.

Llanturnam.—A Cistercian Abbey.

Malpas.—Near Caerleon, a cell of Cluniac Monks, to the Priory of Montacute, in Somersetshire.

Monmouth.—A Priory of Black Monks, who came from Anjou in the reign of Henry I.; also, two Hospitals, one dedicated to St. John, the other to the Holy Trinity.

Newport.—Situated "by the key, beneath the bridge," was a house, probably of Friar Preachers, for such was granted in the 35th of Henry VIII.

Strigil.—An alien Priory of Benedictines to the Abbey of Corneilles in Normandy.

Usk.—An old Hospital and a Priory.

Ragland Castle.

Ragland Castle is situated about eight miles from Monmouth, near the road thence to Abergavenny : it gives name to one of the hundreds of the county, and the dignity of a baron to the honours of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, he being styled Baron Herbert of Cardiff, Lord of Ragland, Chepstow, and Gower.

This edifice, which, when in its splendour, was reckoned one of the finest in England, stands on a hill called, before the Castle was built, Twyn-y-ciros, which in Welsh signifies the Cherry Hill. The space of ground within the castle walls measured four acres two roods and one perch. Grose observes, that "this Castle is of no great antiquity; its foundations are said to have been laid about the time of Henry the Seventh (1485-1509)." Leland thus describes it:—"Ragland, yn middle Venseland, ys a fair and pleasant castel, eight miles from Chepstow and seven from Bergavenny, the towne by ys bare, there lye to goodly parkes adjacent to the castel." And in another place, "Morgan told me that one of the laste Lord Herbertes builded al the beste coffes of the castel of Ragland." Camden calls it "a fair house of the Earl of Worcester's, built castle ways." We know not on what authority Grose fixes so late a date as the reign of Henry VII., since Mr. Collins informs us, in the "Pedigree of Herbert," that Sir John Morley, Knt. Lord of Ragland Castle, resided here in the reign of Richard II. Mr. Jones says it was built by Sir William Thomas, and his son William Earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded at Banbury. Sir W. Thomas lived in the reign of Henry V., and was present with the king at the memorable battle of Agincourt, in defending whom, in company with Sir David Gam, he lost his life, his Majesty bestowing on him the honour of knighthood before he died. The Earl of Pembroke was beheaded in the 8th of Edward IV., 1469, so that both these testimonies contradict the above assertion.

In walking round this Castle every part of it may be distinctly traced, and its purposes immediately applied. In a direct line with the fortress were three gates: the first of brick, from which, at the distance of 180 feet, by the ascent of many steps, was the White gate, built of squared stones. At some distance, on the left side, stands the Tower Melin y Gwent, (the Yellow Tower of Gwent) which, for height, strength and neatness, surpassed most, if not every other tower in England or Wales. It was six-sided; the walls were ten feet thick, of square stones, in height five storeys, commanding a delightful view of the surrounding country. Its battlements being but eight inches thick, were soon broken by the shot of eight guns; but the tower itself received little or no damage from bullets of eighteen and twenty pounds weight, at the rate of sixty shots a day.

This tower was joined to the Castle by a sumptuous arched bridge, encompassed about with an out-wall, with six arched turrets with battlements, all of square stone, adjoining to a deep moat thirty feet broad, wherein was placed an artificial waterwork, which spouted up

water to the height of the Castle. Next to it was a pleasant walk, set forth with several figures of the Roman emperors, in shell-work. The Castle gate has a square tower on each side, with battlements. Within this gate was the pitched stone court, on the right hand side of which was the Closet Tower. Straight-forward was the way to the kitchen tower of six outsides. About the middle of this was the passage into the stately hall, sixty-six feet long and twenty-eight broad, having a rare geometrical roof, built of Irish oak, with a large cupola on the top for light. The parlour was noted for the fair inside wainscots and curiously carved figures. There was a gallery, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, having many beautiful windows.

In a large court was a marble fountain, called the White Horse, continually running with clear water. Thence through a fine gate, under a large square tower, over a bridge, is the way to the bowling-green, much admired for its prospect westward by King Charles I., who visited this Castle several times. The park was planted thick with oaks and large beech trees, and richly stocked with deer.

This Castle was a garrison from the beginning of the Civil War, and kept by the Earl at his own charge. When created a Marquis, in 1642, he raised an army of 1500 foot and 500 horse, which he placed under the command of his son, the second Marquis, the discoverer of the steam-engine. Charles sought a refuge here in July, 1645, after the disastrous battle of Naseby, and remained until the 15th of September. The Castle being strongly besieged, and having no hopes of relief (being one of the last garrisons), it was surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax on the 19th day of August, 1646. Fairfax's lieutenant, when he summoned the garrison to surrender in June, 1646, wrote thus:— "His Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, having now finished his work over the Kingdom, *except this castle*, has been pleased to spare his forces for this work." The Marquis, then 85, in reply stoutly said, that he "made choice (if it soe pleased God) rather to dye nobly than to live with infamy." The siege lasted from the 3rd of June until the 19th of August, when a capitulation was effected on honourable terms. The Marquis and his followers marched sorrowfully out, the former proceeding to London, where contrary to the articles of surrender, he was seized and imprisoned. His health failed, and shortly before his death, at the age of 86, when informed that Parliament would permit him to be buried in the family vault in Windsor Chapel, he cried out cheerfully, "Why, God bless us all, why then I shall have a better castle when I am dead than they took from me whilst I was alive." Afterwards, the woods in the three parks were destroyed; the lead and

timber were carried to Monmouth, and thence by water to Bristol, to rebuild the bridge there after the great fire. The lead alone that covered the Castle is stated to have been sold for 6000*l.*; the loss to the family in the house and woods was estimated at 100,000*l.*

The great tower, after tedious battering the top thereof with pick-axes, was undermined, and the weight of it propped with timber, whilst two sides of the six were cut through: the timber being burnt it fell down in a lump, and remains so to this day.

The artificial roof of the hall, as it could not well be taken down, remained whole twenty years after the siege. Above thirty vaults of all sorts of rooms and cellars, and three arched bridges, besides the tower bridge, are yet standing; but the most curious arch of the chapel and rooms above, with many others, are totally destroyed.

Many coins of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I., &c., have been found, but not one deserving preservation. Every reader of taste must regret the vandalism that destroyed the magnificent library at Ragland Castle, which was esteemed one of the finest in Europe.

In this Castle the second Marquis of Worcester, the inventor of the "Water-commanding Engine," (in which steam was employed as in our steam-engines,) pursued his experimental researches. In 1640, some rustics, in the interest of the Parliament, came to search the Castle for arms, from which, however they desisted; but the inventive Lord Herbert, afterwards Marquis, in the parley which ensued, "brought them over a high bridge that arched over the moat that was between the Castle and the great tower, wherein the Lord Herbert had newly contrived certain water-works, which, when the several engines and wheels were to be set a-going, much quantity of water through the hollow conveyances of the aqueducts was to be let down from the top of the high tower." These engines were set to work, and their noise and roar so frightened the Parliamentary searchers that they ran as fast as they could out of the grounds upon being told that "the lions had got loose." The position of these water-works, as described by a contemporary chaplain, exactly coincides with some remaining vestiges in the stonework of the Castle, the external wall of the keep, whereon are seen "certain strange mysterious grooves," on that side of the wall facing the moat, "which point like a hieroglyphic inscription to the precise place where once stood in active operation the first practical application in a primitive form of a means of employing steam as a mechanical agent." (*Mr. Dircks, C.E.*)

The Marquis died in London in 1667: his remains were interred in

Ragland Church, and he had expressed an intention that a model of his Water-commanding Engine should be buried with him; whether this was done is uncertain.

Abergavenny Castle.

Abergavenny, at the confluence of the Gavenny and merry Usk, (*Aber*, meaning confluence) is of Roman origin, and was, subsequently, a sort of Warder on the edge of the hill country. Owen Glendower burnt Abergavenny almost to ashes in 1403. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was "a fair waulled town;" the last, or Tudor's gate, was destroyed in our time. Churchyard the poet (1587) sings of "the most goodly towers" of the Castle; but as a ruin it is now uninteresting, hidden by ivy, and blended with a modern mansion, upon the site of the keep. It was long an important fortress, conferring a barony on its possessor by feudal tenure. It has been the scene of foul deeds. In 1172 Abergavenny Castle, under William de Braos, was taken by Sytsylt ap Dyferwald, a Welsh chieftain, but shortly afterwards restored to Braos, who invited Sytsylt and his son Geoffry to conclude a treaty of amity at this place, when they were both treacherously murdered. A similar act of sanguinary treachery had been before perpetrated within the same walls by William, son of Milo, Earl of Hereford. In 1215, the Castle was taken from the forces of King John by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. In the grounds is a celebrated avenue of Scotch firs, about a mile in length, but not more than 35 feet in width, and in some places only 10 feet.

Some miles east of Abergavenny, are situated the stately ruins of White or Llandillo Castle, a strong and important fortress in the early ages of English history. Grosmont, in the upper part of the romantic valley of the Monnow, exhibits a fine view of this ancient fortress.

Caerleon, a Roman and British City.

Caerleon, now an inconsiderable town, is stated to have once been the capital of Wales. It stands on the river Usk, in Monmouthshire, and was the *Isca Silurum*, one of the oldest Roman stations in Britain. It was the seat of an archbishop soon after the introduction of Christianity into this country. The remains of the former importance of the place are extremely scanty, and the chief part of the ancient city site is now occupied as fields and orchards. The site is impressive when

approached near sundown on a summer evening. Here, when the iron-hearted Roman became elegant and luxurious, he was wont to resort, and disport himself in the fair region of *Britannia Secunda*. It was a place of great note—"the City of the Legions." Giraldus Cambrensis, more than seven centuries after the Romans had left our island, gives this lively picture of Caerleon:—"Many remains of its former magnificence are still visible: splendid palaces, which once emulated, with their gilded roofs, the grandeur of Rome; for it was originally built by the Roman princes, and adorned with stately edifices; a gigantic tower, numerous baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre, the walls of which are partly standing. Here we still see, within and without the walls, subterranean buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted caverns; and, what appeared to me most remarkable, stoves, so excellently contrived as to diffuse their heat through secret and imperceptible pores."

There is altogether much to repay curiosity at Caerleon. There is the mound, 300 yards round at the base and 90 at the summit, on which stood "the gigantic tower;" ruins lie about it; the garden on which it stands is strewn with Roman antiquities. A space of ground, which it is believed was a Roman amphitheatre, may still be traced in the *Round Table* field. Its form is oval, 222 feet by 192. In the last century stone seats were discovered on opening the sides of the concavity, but they are now covered with turf. The walls near the amphitheatre are the most remarkable: none now exceed 13 feet high, but their thickness extends to 12 feet. The shape of the fortress is oblong; three of the sides are straight, the fourth curvilinear; they inclose a circumference of 1800 yards, with corners rounded, like most of the Roman stations in Britain. The mound is supposed to have been greatly enlarged by the Normans, who built here a fortress, the ruins of which were about 40 feet high in the middle of the last century.

Amongst the other features of Caerleon are the remains of the Castle, overhanging the Usk; ruins near the bridge, and a round tower. Many of the houses in the village are partly built with Roman bricks; the market-place is supported by four Tuscan columns—grim memorials of the ancient conqueror. About half way between Caerleon and Usk, in Tredounech church, is a Roman inscription to the memory of a soldier of the second Augustan legion.

After the departure of the Romans, Caerleon became a British city—the capital of Gwent land—in the sixth century, one of the abodes of King Arthur.

Coldbrook House.

Coldbrook House, about a mile south of the town of Abergavenny, in Monmouthshire, occupies a charming situation, in the midst of grounds beautifully diversified and richly clothed with oak, beech, and elm. The ancient mansion was an irregular edifice, with a square tower at each angle. Its northern front, with an elegant Doric portico, was constructed by its last famous proprietor. Among the pictures to be seen here are a portrait of Henrietta, Queen of Charles I., by Vandyke, in his best manner, and portraits of Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Oldfield, and General Churchill. But this ancestral seat is chiefly noticeable for the residence in it of two persons equally memorable in their time, though for different qualifications—the one, Sir Richard Herbert, the intrepid soldier and flower of chivalry; the other, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, “the polished courtier and the votary of wit and pleasure.”

The derivation of the name of Herbert has given rise to much controversy. Investigation, however, shows that it was common in the different provinces of France prior to the Conquest. It made its appearance in England with the Normans under the Conqueror. Great difference of opinion prevails respecting the original English ancestor of the Herberts, and, indeed, inquiry in this direction seems hopeless. An anecdote related of Mr. Proger, one of the later owners of the estate of Wernder, or Gwarynder, the seat of the ancestors of the Herberts, at once illustrates the family pride of the gentleman and throws some light on the question under consideration. A stranger having met Mr. Proger near his own house, inquired, “What is this ancient mansion before us?” “That, sir, is Wernder,” replied Mr. Proger, “a very ancient house, for *out of it came* the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line; the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Rumney, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton, the Earl of Hunsdon, the Jones’s of Treowen and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house also, by the female line, came the Dukes of Beaufort——” “And pray, sir, who lives there now?” “I do, sir.” “Then come out of it yourself, or ’twill tumble and crush you.”

The first Herbert of Coldbrook of whom we read is Sir Richard of that name, whom his great grandson, Lord Herbert of Cherbury

writes of as "that incomparable hero, who (in the history of Hall and Grafton as it appears) twice passed through a great army of northern men alone, with his poleaxe in his hand, and returned without any mortal hurt, which is more than is famed of Amadis de Galle, or the Knight of the Sun." The earlier pages of Herbert of Cherbury's Autobiography are taken up with an account of the writer's ancestors. In this account occurs the following tradition:— Being employed, together with his brother, Earl of Pembroke, to reduce certain rebels in North Wales, Sir Richard Herbert besieged a principal portion of them at Harlech Castle, in Monmouthshire. The captain of this place had been a soldier in the wars of France, and it was his boast that he had kept a castle in France that had made the old women in Wales talk of him, and that he would keep his present castle in Wales so long that he would now make the old women in France talk of him. And, indeed, as the place was almost impregnable, except by famine, Sir Richard Herbert was constrained to offer conditions to the keeper of the castle, in the event of his being willing to surrender. The chief condition was, that Sir Richard was to do all in his power, by intercession with the king, to protect the life of his prisoner. The condition was accepted, the besieged surrendered, and was brought by Sir Richard before King Edward IV. The Knight begged the king to grant the prisoner a pardon, since he had yielded up a place of importance, which he might have held much longer. But the king replied that he had no power by his commission to pardon any. Sir Richard, remembering his promise to do the best he could for the prisoner, humbly besought his majesty to do one of two things—either to put the prisoner again in the castle in which he had surrendered, and let some other knight have the duty of besieging, or to take his own (Sir Richard's) life for the captain's—that being the last proof he could give that he used his utmost endeavour to save the captain's life. The king was now obliged to yield, he could not take the life of his bravest knight, and he was constrained to pardon the captain.

On another occasion, Sir Richard Herbert, with his brother, the Earl of Pembroke, was in Anglesea, in pursuit of a robber band, and had captured seven brothers, who had done many mischiefs and murders. The Earl of Pembroke, thinking it fit to root out so wretched a progeny, commanded them all to be hanged. Upon this the mother of the felons coming to the Earl of Pembroke, besought him upon her knees to pardon two, or at least one, of her

sons, affirming that the rest were sufficient to satisfy justice or example. This request was seconded by the earl's brother, Sir Richard. The earl, however, finding the condemned men all equally guilty, declared he could make no distinction between them, and therefore commanded them to be executed all together. Upon this the mother, falling upon her knees, cursed the earl, and prayed that God's mischief might fall upon him in the first battle he should make. After this the earl, on the eve of the battle of Edgcot-field, having marshalled his men in order to fight, was surprised to find his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, standing in the front of his company and leaning upon his pole-axe with a most sad and pensive air.

"What!" cried the earl, "doth thy great body (Sir Richard was higher by the head than any one in the army) apprehend anything, that thou art so melancholy; or art thou weary with marching, that thou dost lean thus upon thy pole-axe?"

"I am not weary with marching," replied Sir Richard, "nor do I apprehend anything for myself; but I cannot but apprehend on your part lest the curse of the woman fall on you."

And the curse of the frantic mother of the seven convicts seemed to have gained the authority of Heaven, for both the earl and his brother, Sir Richard, were defeated at the battle of Edgcot, were both taken prisoners and put to death,

The son of Sir Richard Herbert was a very great and luxurious personage in his day. "He delighted also much in hospitality, as having a very long table twice covered, every meal, with the best that could be gotten. This table, so richly was it set every day, that everything that flies seems to have been brought to it, and it was an ordinary saying in the country at that time, when any fowl was seen to rise—'Fly where thou wilt, thou wilt light at Blackhall.'" Blackhall was the residence built by this epicurean baron.

Edward Herbert, first Lord Herbert of Cherbury, great-grandson of Sir Richard Herbert of Coldbrook, is the author of an "Autobiography" and a "History of England under Henry VIII." He was the son of Richard Herbert and Margaret Newport, of Arkall, in Shropshire, and was born in 1581. During his early years he was sickly and infirm, and was not taught to read until he was seven. But this tardiness was amply repaid by the extraordinary progress he made in his studies; for when he was no more than twelve he attained so great a knowledge of learned languages and

logic that he was sent to University College, in Oxford. Here he gained great applause by disputing in logic, and composing his task oftener in Greek than in Latin.

The death of his father in the same year occasioned his temporary removal from the university, and soon afterwards he contracted a marriage with the heiress of St. Julian's, which procured him that mansion and estate. After his marriage he returned to Oxford and continued his studies with increased assiduity. Without any assistance, he acquired French, Italian, and Spanish. "My intention," he says, "in learning languages, being to make myself a citizen of the world, as far as it was possible, and my learning of music was for this end that I might entertain myself at home, and together refresh my mind after my studies, to which I was exceedingly inclined, and that I might not need the company of young men, in whom I observed in those times much ill-example and debauchery."

The accomplishments of the first Lord of Cherbury were not limited to those of the college. He was remarkable for agility in running, leaping, and wrestling; excelled in fencing, riding in the manege, shooting with the long bow, and fighting duels on horseback. In this last qualification his expertness saved his life on one occasion. Being suddenly attacked by Sir John Ayres, and four armed associates, he defended himself with so much courage, that, although thrown from his horse, dragged in the stirrup, and his sword broken, he drove away the assailants and wounded Sir John Ayres, after having wrested his dagger from him, and struck his sword out of his hand.

On the occasion of his being created Knight of the Bath, he informs us that the Earl of Shrewsbury put on his spur, and that "a principal lady of the Court, and in most men's opinion the handsomest, took off the tassel of silk and gold from his sleeve, answered that he would prove a good knight, and pledged her honour for his."

In taking the usual oath of the knights, "never to sit in place where injustice should be done, except to right it to the uttermost of their power, and particularly ladies and gentlewomen that shall be wronged in their honour," if they desired assistance, his imagination, already filled with romantic notions and barbarous chivalry, was fired with additional enthusiasm, and, thinking himself bound by the literal tenor of his oath, he engaged in duels on the most frivolous pretences.

In 1608, he set out on a tour on the continent, and traversed France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, performing wherever he went acts of extraordinary heroism. Returning to England he was becoming dissatisfied with the inactivity of his life, and was on the point of raising a regiment for the service of the Venetians against the Turks, but was prevented by an accidental meeting with Sir George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham. Through this courtier's influence Lord Herbert was appointed ambassador to France.

In 1631 he was raised to an English peerage by the title of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Shropshire. He died in 1648 at his house in Queen Street, London. Vanity was his prevailing foible; hence he represents himself as a most extraordinary being, even from his infancy to the last stage of his life. In his gossiping Autobiography he says with much complacency, that his figure was much commended by the lords and ladies of the Court; he also relates many instances of the effect of his attractions, and gives intimations of many more which honour and delicacy prevented him from divulging. He thus describes his first appearance at Court, and his interview with Queen Elizabeth:—"As it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence chamber when she passed by to the chappel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, till Sir James Croft told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Julian's daughter. The queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, 'It is pity he was married so young,' and thereupon gave me her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek." It may be as well to inform readers that Elizabeth was at this time seventy years old.

But other and younger queens looked upon the handsome Lord of Cherbury with favouring eyes. Anne of Austria, consort of Louis XIII., was particularly courteous to him; and the marked attentions of Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., attracted the notice of the public and excited the jealousy of the King.

The greatest and most beautiful ladies of the Court vied who should obtain his picture; several, he informs us, procured it surreptitiously, and wore it next their heart: a circumstance which more than once exasperated their husbands and brought Herbert

in danger of assassination. Even the queen placed his portrait in her innermost chamber.

The estate of Coldbrook continued in the Herbert family down to 1709, when it passed through Judith (the daughter of the last Herbert) to Sir Thomas Powell, of Broadway, Caermarthen. Shortly afterwards the estate of Coldbrook was purchased by Major Hanbury, of Pont-y-pool, and settled on his third son Charles, who, in consequence of the will of his godfather, Charles Williams, Esq., of Caerleon, assumed the name of Williams, and is well known as Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

He was born in 1709, and was educated at Eton. He married Lady Frances Coningsby, youngest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Coningsby. He entered Parliament for Monmouth in 1733, and was a steady supporter of Sir Robert Walpole. Remarkable for his sprightliness of conversation, vivacity, and agreeable manners, he was soon admitted into the best society, and remained to adorn it. He became the wit of a coterie of wits, and the intimate companion of such men as Horace Walpole and Lord Holland.

In 1746 he was created Knight of the Bath, and shortly afterwards was appointed envoy to the Court of Dresden. As a foreign minister his *savoir faire*, pleasing manners, and gay wit stood him in good service. He subsequently served in the same capacity at the Courts of Berlin and St. Petersburg. He is the author of a volume of odes, satires, political ballads, &c., which are remarkable for their gay tone and elegant versification. He died in 1759.

The estate of Coldbrook is still in the possession of the family of Hanbury-Williams.



HEREFORD AND WORCESTERSHIRE.

The Castle of Wigmore, and its Lords.

OF this famous fortress, a place of great historic renown, there remains a massive ruin, situated on a rocky eminence, to the west of the town of Wigmore, on the north side of the county of Hereford. The Castle was surrounded by a moat, the remains of which are now visible, and over which was a drawbridge. The fortress was built by Ethelfleda, or Elfleda, the eldest daughter of King Alfred. At the time of the Norman Conquest, Edric, Earl of Shrewsbury, and several other nobles, made formal submission to the Conqueror, but afterwards rebelled. They were all slain, or taken prisoners, in an engagement with the King, except Edric, who fled to his castle at Wigmore, where he sustained a long siege against the forces under the command of Ranulf Mortimer and Roger de Montgomery. Edric was at length compelled to surrender, and sent prisoner to the King; and Mortimer was rewarded with the gift of Wigmore Castle and its appendages.

Through a succession of ages the Mortimer family possessed this fortress, together with vast estates, and became great and powerful; and by their ambition and intrigues, several English monarchs were made tremble on the throne. Roger, the sixth Lord of Wigmore, took an active part in favour of Henry III. against his rebellious barons. After the fatal battle of Lewes, seeing his sovereign in great distress, and nothing but ruin and misery attending himself and other loyal subjects of the King, he took no rest till he had contrived some way for their deliverance: to that end he sent a swift horse to the Prince, then prisoner with the King in the Castle at Hereford, with suggestion that he should obtain leave to ride out for recreation to a place called Widmarsh; and that upon sight of a person mounted upon a white horse upon the foot of Tulington Hill, and waving his bonnet, he should hasten towards him with all possible speed; which being accordingly done (though all the country thereabout were hither called to prevent his escape), setting spurs to the horse they escaped through them all, and arriving at the Park at Tulington, Roger met him with 500 armed men and chased them back to the gate at Hereford, making great slaughter amongst them. Having thus brought off the Prince with safety to his Castle at Wigmore, he was the chief person in raising a powerful army,

consisting chiefly of the Welsh, by which, upon August 4, 1265, he obtained a glorious victory over the insolent Montfort and his party near Evesham, in Worcestershire, when the King himself was happily set at liberty.

By others this story is related with a difference, viz.,—that Roger sent the Prince a swift horse for the purpose before mentioned, and that the Prince obtaining leave of Montfort to try if the horse were of use for the great saddle, first tired out other horses and then got on this (a boy with two swords, whom Roger had sent, being near with another horse); and so turning himself to Roger de Ros, then his keeper, and other bystanders, said, “I have been in your custody for a time, but now I bid you farewell,” rode away; and Roger, with his banner displayed, received him at a little hill called Dunmore, and so conveyed him safe to his Castle at Wigmore. He was rewarded for his faithful services with considerable grants from the Crown.

In the seventh year when all was quiet, Roger having procured knight-hood for his three sons, he at his own cost held a Tournament at Kenilworth, where he sumptuously entertained one hundred knights and as many ladies for three days—“the like thereof was never before in England.” There, it is said, originated the Round Table (so called because the place wherein they practised these feats was encircled with a wall); and upon the fourth day the Golden Lion in sign of triumph being yielded to him, he carried it with all the company to Warwick. His fame being spread into foreign countries, the Queen of Navarre sent him certain wooden bottles bound with golden bars and wax, under the pretence of wine, but which were filled with gold, and for many ages after were kept in the Abbey of Wigmore. For the love of the Queen he added a Carbuncle to his Arms.

Roger de Mortimer was created Earl of March in the reign of Edward II. He conducted the Queen and the young King, Edward III., to the Marches of Wales, where he welcomed them with magnificent festivities, accompanied with tournaments and other princely recreations at his Castles of Wigmore and Ludlow; “so likewise in his forests and his parks, and also with great costs, in tilts and other pastimes; which, as it was said, the King did not duly recompense.” Roger hereupon grew proud beyond measure. His own son, Geoffrey, called him “the King of Folly;” he also kept the Round Table of Knights, in Wales, “for a pride in imitation of King Arthur.” Roger de Mortimer was now blinded by ambition, and set no bounds to his ostentation; he scarcely took pains to conceal his intimacy with the Queen; he usurped all the offices of Government, and offended

many nobles by his haughty and defiant conduct. He was at last seized in Nottingham Castle, as already described in our account of that fortress.

Edward de Mortimer, Roger's eldest son, survived his father a few years, and left a son named Roger, who in 1354 obtained a reversal of the attainder of his grandfather; and it was declared in full parliament that the charges on which Roger had been condemned were false and his sentence unjust. He died in Burgundy in 1360 in command of the English forces in that country, and left a son, Edmund, then in his minority, who early in the reign of Richard II. was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He married the Lady Philippa Plantagenet, daughter and heir of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, by which union he gave to his descendants their title to the English Crown, the cause of so much bloodshed in the following century.

In the Parliament held in the ninth year of the reign of Richard II., 1385, his eldest son, Robert de Mortimer, fourth Earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the Crown, from his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence. His eldest daughter, Anne, was married to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Cambridge, younger son of Edmund, Duke of York, and therefore the great-grandson of Edward III.

Edmund, son and heir, fifth and last Earl of March, was born at the New Forest, and being only six years old at his father's death, was committed in ward to Henry, Prince of Wales, son of Henry IV. Out of his custody he was shortly afterwards stolen away by the Lady Despencer, but being found in Chiltham Woods, he was kept afterwards under stricter guard, since he was rightful heir to the Crown of England. After having distinguished himself in the French wars, he died childless in 1424, and the male line of this branch of the Mortimer family became extinct.

The baronies of Mortimer and the other dignities and estates were inherited by his nephew, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who was put to death after the battle of Wakefield Edward IV., when Duke of York, resided at Wigmore Castle. During the Civil Wars it was attacked and burnt by the rebels, and has remained in ruins ever since.

Gough, in his additions to Camden, has this touching reflection on Wigmore and its Lords: "It is impossible to contemplate the massive ruin of Wigmore Castle, situate on a hill in an amphitheatre of mountains, whence its owner could survey his vast estate from his square palace, with four corner towers on a keep, at the south-east corner of his double-trenched outworks, without reflecting on the instability of

the grandeur of a family whose ambition and intrigue made more than one English monarch uneasy on his throne—yet not a memorial remains of their sepulture.”

Worcester Castle, and its Sieges.

Lambarde, the antiquary, remarks that he never met with a place that had so great experience in the calamities of the intestine broils of the kingdom, and other casual disasters, as the city of Worcester. An early town was taken by Penda, King of Mercia; was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt about A.D. 894. In 1041 it was plundered and burnt to the ground by King Hardicanute. In 1088 it was unsuccessfully besieged by Bernard Neumarck; and about this year was built the Castle, by Urso d'Abitot. In 1113 the city, not excepting the Castle and the Cathedral, was consumed by fire, caused, as suspected, by the Welsh. In 1113 the city was again partially burnt. In 1139 the forces of the Empress Maud fired and plundered it. In 1149 King Stephen burnt the city, but the Castle, which had been strongly fortified, resisted his attempts; the remains of one of the forts then reared, may be seen on Red Hill, near Digley; another stood on Henwick's Hill. Eustace, Stephen's son, afterwards vigorously besieged the Castle, but was repulsed by the Count de Meulant; in revenge he fired the town. In 1151 Stephen made another assault on the Castle, but was obliged to raise the siege: the King "built castles" before it, and filled them with garrisons, but they were overthrown by Robert Earl of Leicester. In 1157 Worcester was fortified against Henry II. by Hugh Mortimer, but afterwards submitted. In 1189 the city again suffered severely from fire. In 1216 Worcester declared for Lewis the Dauphin, but was taken by Ranulph, Earl of Chester. In 1263 the city was besieged and taken by the Barons; and in the following year Henry III. was conducted here, prisoner, after the Battle of Lewes. In 1265 Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., taken prisoner at the Battle of Lewes, escaped to Worcester, where he assembled an army; he then defeated young De Montfort, at Kenilworth, and next on the heights above Worcester, defeated Simon de Montfort and his son, being both killed, and his army entirely routed. Worcester was visited several times by Edward I., who in 1282 held a Parliament here. In 1401 the city was burnt and plundered by Owen Glendower's troops. In 1485 Worcester was taken possession of by Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth Field; 500 marks being paid as a ransom for the city. In 1534 it suffered by an earthquake; next year by the sweating

sickness; and in 1637 by a pestilence. In 1642 Worcester was besieged and taken by the Parliamentary forces. In 1651 Charles II., coming from Scotland, possessed himself of Worcester, and was there first proclaimed King in England. In the same year, Sept. 3, Cromwell defeated the Royalists at Red Hill, about a mile from the city, when 2000 were killed, and 8000 taken prisoners: most of the latter were sold as slaves to the American Colonies. Of this "crowning mercy" of Cromwell, a curious memorial exists at Worcester, in a half-timbered house at the north end of New-street, where, preceding the battle, King Charles II. resided; and whither, after the unfortunate issue, the King retreated with Lord Wilmot. He was closely pursued by Colonel Corbet, but effected his escape at the back door of the house just as his pursuer entered it. The person who inhabited the house at the time is said to have been Mr. R. Durant. The room in which the King slept was in the front of the house. Over the entrance the following inscription was placed:—"LOVE GOD. [W. B. 1577. R. D.] HONOR THE KING." The date over the door most probably marks the year of the erection, at which time it is said to have belonged to William Berkeley. Judge Berkeley was born in it, July 26, 1584. R. Durant was most probably the person who put up at least part of the inscription, "Honour the King," in allusion to the entertainment and protection he himself had afforded to his Sovereign. The King having escaped the dangers of the field, was conducted to Boscobel, and soon after escaped to France. In 1687, James II. visited Worcester, when the Mayor attended his Majesty to a Roman Catholic chapel; and, upon being asked by the King if the Corporation would not enter with him, the Mayor nobly replied, "I fear, your Majesty, we have gone too far already."

The site of the Castle which, from time to time, sustained so many sieges, and so frequently changed governors, is on the south side of the Cathedral: there are no architectural remains whatever; the last was Edgar Tower. A small part of an old ecclesiastical house, the Nunnery of Whitstane, now called "The White-ladies," still remains; and here were long preserved the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept, the cup she drank out of, &c. at her visit in 1585. Friar-street takes its name from a house of Franciscans which formerly existed here; the Dominicans, Penitents, Black Friars, and Friars of the Holy Trinity, had likewise their establishments here.

Boscobel, and Charles II.

Boscobel is celebrated in English history as having been the first place of refuge in which King Charles II. took shelter after his defeat at the Battle of Worcester, as described in the preceding page. It is situated near the little town of Madeley, on the confines of Worcestershire and Shropshire, and was, at the time referred to, the residence of William Penderell, a forester or servant in husbandry to Mr. Giffard, the owner of the surrounding domain. To the fidelity of this man, his wife, his mother, and his four brothers, Richard, Humphrey, John, and George Penderell, was the fugitive king indebted for some days of concealment and safety, when even the noble and gentle who parted from him chose to remain in voluntary ignorance of the exact place of his retreat; "as they knew not what they might be forced to confess." The King fled from Worcester field, attended by Lords Derby and Wilmot and others, and arrived early next morning at White-ladies, about three quarters of a mile from Boscobel House. At this place Charles secreted himself in a wood, and in a tree (from the King's own account, a pollard oak), since termed "the Royal Oak;" at night Boscobel was his place of refuge; and that part of the house which rendered him such service is still shown. The account states that the King remained among the branches of the oak concealed, while his pursuers actually passed round and under it. But it must be remembered that the day of his flight was September 4, when the tree could scarcely have been in sufficient leaf to conceal him. The custom of wearing oak on the 29th of May was on account of his preservation in the oak; this was the King's birthday, and the day on which Charles entered London, so that the Royalists displayed the branch of oak, from the tree having been instrumental in the king's restoration. The oak at Boscobel was, after the Restoration, speedily destroyed by the zeal of the Royalists to possess relics of their sovereign's hiding-place: but another, raised from one of its acorns, is still flourishing. Charles is related to have planted in Hyde Park, as memorials of the Restoration, two acorns from the Boscobel oak, on the north side of the Serpentine; one tree only now remains.

* When Charles was on his flight, in disguise, from Brighthelmstone to Dieppe (says Baker, in his *Chronicle*), "the king, sitting on the deck, and directing the course, or as they call it, coursing the ship, one of the mariners, blowing tobacco in his face, the master bid him go further off the gentleman, who, murmuring, unwittingly replied, that *a cat might look upon a king.*"

"Few palaces," says a sympathizing writer, "awake more pleasing recollections of human nature in our minds than does this lowly cottage. The inhabitants were of the poorest among the poor, the humblest among the humble; death on the one hand was the certain punishment which attended their fidelity, if discovered; while on the other hand, riches, beyond anything they could have contemplated, courted their acceptance, and might have been secured by one single treacherous word; yet did this virtuous band of brothers retain their fidelity untempted and their loyalty unshaken." Boscobel is, however, a half-timbered house of two storeys.

In the year 1869, at Bridgnorth, which is only a few miles from Boscobel, a gentleman came into the possession of an interesting memorial of the history of the latter place—namely, a life-size portrait of an old lady, which, after having been sold at an auction for a few pence, was used as a fire-screen. The cleaning of the picture discovered the inscription—"Dame Penderel, Anno Dom. 1662." From the proximity of Bridgnorth and Boscobel, there can be no reasonable doubt the picture is an authentic portrait of the woman who, with her five faithful and loyal sons, aided the fugitive Charles II., and found him a hiding-place from his pursuers in the branches of an oak. The picture represents her in the ordinary costume of the period, and holding to her heart a red rose.

The Abbey of Evesham.

Evesham, fifteen miles south-east from Worcester, was formerly called "Eovesham," or "Eovesholme," an appellation derived from Eoves, a swineherd of Egwin, Bishop of Wiccii, who was superstitiously supposed to have had an interview with the Virgin Mary on this spot. It owes its importance to an Abbey that was founded here in 709, and dedicated to the Virgin. William of Malmesbury tells us that this spot, then called Hethome, though then barren and overgrown with brambles, had a small ancient church, probably the work of the Britons. Egwin procured for the convent several royal and apostolical privileges, with a grant of land, large donations, and twenty-two towns for its support. It was filled with Benedictine monks. It was a stately monastery as well as a mitred Abbey. The Abbots were powerful; for in 1074 the conspiracy against William I. was frustrated; the Abbot of Evesham, Bishop Wulstan, and Urso d'Abito, guarding the passes of the Severn, stopped the Earl of Hereford, and thus obtained

the day. One of the Abbots, 13th century, was styled "the Phoenix of the age." In the British Museum is a charter giving manors to this Abbey by a Norman baron: the names of the witnesses are written by the same hand as the body of the charter, their signatures being crosses before their names. The Abbey surrendered in 1539: the last abbot but one was Clement Lichfield, who built the isolated tower now almost the only relic of this once celebrated edifice. The tower called the Abbot's Tower, is a beautiful specimen of the Pointed architecture of the period immediately preceding the Reformation. It was converted into a campanile in 1745; it is 110 feet high, and 22 feet square at the base. It contains eight fine deep-toned bells, one of which has this inscription:—

" I sound the sound that doleful is,
To them that live amiss;
But sweet my sound is unto such
As live in joy and bliss.
I sweetly tolling, men do call
To taste on food that feeds the soul."

In the memorable battle of Evesham, 11 August, 1265, between Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.) and Simon Montfort, Earl of Leicester, the latter placed King Henry III., whom he had made prisoner, in the van of his army, hoping that he might be killed by his son's troops, who were fighting for his release. However, the King was recognised nearly at the first onset by the Prince, who rushed through the thickest of the battle to the assistance of his father, and soon placed him in safety. Leicester's defeat was complete, and he himself, as well as his son, fell on the field of battle.

Among the several persons of rank buried in the Abbey church by the monks before the high altar were Simon Montfort, Henry Montfort, and Hugh le Despenser.

The monks of the Abbey were twice displaced, but recovered their possessions and kept their ground till the Dissolution. Their house had no less than three successive churches; and the third, with the cloisters and offices, was so demolished in the reign of Henry VIII. as to prevent any judgment being formed of their extent. Near St. Lawrence church an old arch, a fragment of the Abbey buildings, remained; it was the principal entrance; the mouldings have sitting figures of abbots or bishops decapitated. At Evesham the learned Saxonist, Mrs. Elstob, kept a small day-school, her weekly stipend with each scholar being at first only a groat!

The Church of All Saints, at Evesham, is said to have formed part of the Abbey. The Church of St. Lawrence is now in ruins; it is a

beautiful specimen of the ornamented Gothic. In the south aisle is the chapel of Clement Lichfield; it is only 18 feet by 16, but "of such elegance and delicacy of construction as a verbal description would but very imperfectly convey to the reader's imagination." In the parish of Bengworth was a Castle belonging to the Beauchamp family, but in 1156 it was razed to the foundation by the Abbot of Evesham.

The Corporation claim prescriptive rights and privileges, but they were all confirmed by charter in the third year of the reign of James I. They had the power of trying and executing for all capital offences except high treason; and so late as 1740 a woman was burnt here for petty treason.

There is in the British Museum an unique copy of a rare tract, printed by Machlinia about 1491 A.D. It is entitled *the curious Revelation to the Monk of Evesham in the days of King Richard the First, and the year of our Lord 1196*, describing the Monk's visit to Purgatory and Paradise, under the guidance of St. Nicholas, showing how he saw an Archbishop of Canterbury, an abbess, and other people in Purgatory, what they all suffered, and what sins they suffered for, how sinners are punished, and well doers rewarded, and intended "for the comfort and profetyng of all cristyn pepulle," and supplying evidence as to the sins of English people and the condition of the country in the twelfth century. This curious tract is one of Mr. Arber's series of English Reprints, for which all students of History are bound to be grateful. "We have in the above Book, a Story as distinct from a Revelation. The Story is laid in the monastic circle at Evesham Abbey. The Revelation tells us of a Journey: it is the pilgrimage of the Soul from Death through Purgatory and Paradise to Heaven. It is such a Book as John Bunyan might have written, had he lived five centuries earlier, and been, as probably he would have become, a Monk. Only that the Author intended no such pleasant allegory, setting forth the progress of Christian life; but the making manifest of those unfailling realities, of that inevitable doom that was coming upon all, except the inevitably lost." We quote this passage from Mr. Arber's admirable Introduction to this unique printed book and its contents; in which it is set down that "beneath an uncouth text there is a direct diction and power both of Mind and Soul; that there is much that is true, but simply distorted; with much that is ludicrous and purely false; and that in all, undeniably, the best of motives and aspirations." The masterly introduction extends through twelve closely printed pages.

Hendlip Hall and the Gunpowder Plot.

At four miles from Worcester formerly stood a spacious mansion with this name, supposed to have been built late in Elizabeth's reign by John Abingdon, the Queen's cofferer, a zealous partisan of Mary Queen of Scots. It is believed that Thomas Abingdon, the son of the builder of the Hall, was the person who took the chief trouble in fitting it up. The result was that there was scarcely an apartment which had not secret ways of going in and out: some had staircases concealed in the walls, others had places of retreat in the walls, and the chimneys double flues, and some had trap-doors, descending into hidden recesses.

"All," in the words of one who examined the house, "presented a picture of gloom, insecurity, and suspicion." Standing moreover on elevated ground, the house afforded a means of keeping a watchful look-out for the approach of the emissaries of the law, or searching after evil-doers.

Houses provided with such places of concealment existed at this period in various parts of England, in times when religion and politics made it prudent for meddling persons to get out of the way. But Hendlip was contrived for no ordinary purpose; and in some of its secret places, of which there were eleven, were discovered several of the Gunpowder conspirators. Father Garnet, who suffered for his guilty knowledge of the plot, was concealed in Hendlip, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Abingdon, for several weeks in the winter of 1605-6. A hollow in the wall of Mrs. Abingdon's bedroom was covered up, and there was a narrow crevice into which a reed was laid, so that soup and wine could be passed by her into the recess, without the fact being noticed from any other room. Suspicion did not light upon Garnet's name at first, but the confession of Catesby's servant, Bates, at length made the Government aware of his guilt. He was by this time living at Hendlip along with a lady named Anne Vaux, who devoted herself to him through a purely religious feeling; and with him was another Jesuit, named Hall. These persons spent most of their hours in the apartments occupied by the family, only resorting to places of strict concealment when strangers visited the house. When Father Garnet came to be inquired after, the Government suspecting this to be his place of retreat, and the proclamation against the Jesuits being issued, sent Sir Henry Bromley, of Holt Castle, an active justice of the peace, with the most minute orders. "In the search," says the document, "first observe the parlour where they use to dine and sup; in the east part of

that parlour it is conceived there is some vault, which to discover you must take care to draw down the wainscot, whereby the entry into the vault may be discovered. The lower parts of the house must be tried with a broach, by putting the same into the ground some foot or two to try whether there may be perceived some timber, which if there be, there must be some vault underneath it. For the upper rooms you must observe whether they be more in breadth than the lower rooms, and look in which places the rooms be enlarged; by pulling out some boards you may discover some vaults. Also, if it appear that there be some corners to the chimneys, and the same boarded, if the boards be taken away, there will appear some. If the walls seem to be thick and covered with wainscot, being tried with a gimlet, if it strike not the wall but go through, some suspicion is to be had thereof. If there be any double loft, some two or three feet, one above another, in such places any may be harboured privately. Also, if there be a loft towards the roof of the house, in which there appears no entrance out of any other place or lodging, it must of necessity be opened and looked into, for these be ordinary places of hovering (hiding)." Sir Henry was to surround the Hall with his men; to set a guard at every door; to suffer no one to come in, no one to go out, until the priests were found. The servants were to be watched by day and night, to see that they carried no food into strange places. The dining-room was to be carefully examined, and the wainscot pulled down to see if any passage lay beyond. Even the chimney stacks were to be pierced and proved.

Sir Henry searched the house from garret to cellar without discovering anything suspicious but some books, such as scholarly men might have been supposed to use. Soldiers were placed on guard in every room except the bedroom of Mrs. Abingdon, who is thought to have written the letter to Lord Monteagle, warning him of the plot. She feigned to be angry with the searchers, and shut herself up there day and night, eating and drinking there, by which means, through the secret tube, she fed the two Jesuit fathers, squatting in their hollow in the wall upon a pile of books. But the two other fugitives were hidden in a hurry in a cupboard, where no provision was made for their food. The soldiers being in the room, nobody could go to this cupboard, and the two men were kept without food for four days. At last they could endure it no longer; a panel of the wainscot slid open, and the famished persons stepped out into the hall, half dead with hunger, and proved to be servants. Mrs. Abingdon pretended not to know them; but that would not do. Sir Henry Bromley continued to occupy the house for several days, almost in despair of further discoveries, when the confes-

sion of a conspirator, condemned at Worcester, put him on the scent for Father Hall, as for certain lying at Hendlip. It was only after a search protracted for ten days in all, that he was gratified by the voluntary surrender of both Hall and Garnet. They came forth pressed for the need of air rather than food, for marmalade and other sweetmeats were found in their den, and they had warm and nutritive drinks passed to them by the reed through the chimney, as already described. They had suffered extremely by the smallness of their hiding-place; but Garnet expressed his belief that if they could have had relief from the blockade but for half a day, so as to allow of their sending away books and furniture by which the place was hampered, they might have baffled inquiry for a quarter of a year. They were conducted to Worcester, and thence to London.

In this house was preserved a small enamelled casket, given to Wolsey by the King of France, and afterwards in the possession of Anne Boleyn: it was the property of the Abingdons. The old Hall was pulled down many years ago; it has been handsomely rebuilt by Lord Southwell, a Catholic peer.

Dudley Castle.

Dudley is an island of Worcestershire, being entirely surrounded by Staffordshire. Here, at the Conquest, one of William's Norman followers built a Castle, and obtained upwards of forty-four of the surrounding manors. The foundation is attributed to an earlier date. Camden tells us that Doddo, or Dodo, a Mercian duke, erected a Castle here about the year 700; and another fixes the foundation about 300 years later; but neither tradition is supported by authority. In Domesday it is stated Edwin, Earl of Mercia, held this lordship in Edward the Confessor's reign. He was allowed to retain his estates and dignities after the battle of Hastings; but being betrayed and slain, upon an unsuccessful rising against the Conqueror in 1071, his estates were distributed amongst the Norman followers of William; and Dudley was bestowed on William Fitz-Ansculf, of whom Domesday says, "the said William holds Dudley, and there is his Castle." He possessed 44 manors within eight miles of the Castle, and 47 elsewhere; yet Dugdale could never discover what became of him. Fulke Paganel possessed some of his lands, and with part of them founded a monastery near Newport. His son Ralph, who succeeded him, was a partisan of the Empress Maud, and held Dudley Castle for her; when in

1138, in July or August, Stephen marched to it, burnt and plundered the neighbourhood. Ralph left six sons, the eldest of whom, Gervase, founded a Priory at Dudley, in pursuance of his father's intention, about 1161. In the rebellion of Prince Henry against his father, Henry II., in 1175, he supported the young prince, for which offence his Castle was demolished, and all his lands and goods forfeited to the Crown; but next year the King received 500 marks, as a peace-offering for the transgression.

By marriage the estate came into the hands of the Somerys; but, in the time of Roger de Someri, on his refusal to appear, when summoned, to receive the honour of knighthood, the Castle and manor were seized by Henry III., he however afterwards obtained leave to castellate his manor-house at Dudley. One of his family, John de Someri, who was knighted in 34 Edward I., was a knight of great energy and consideration in those days, having been, between the years 1300 and 1312, seven times in the Scottish wars. He was, too, a turbulent neighbour; as it was reported of him that he did so domineer in Staffordshire, that no man could enjoy the benefit of law or reason, taking upon him more authority than a King: that it was no abiding for any man thereabouts unless they did bribe him in contributing largely towards the building of his Castle at Dudley. And that he did use to beset men's houses, in that country, threatening to murder them, except they gave him what he would demand.

"In proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date."—*Byron*.*

In the time of Edward II. the Castle and manor came to the Suttons, one of whom was summoned to Parliament as Lord Dudley (on account of holding this Castle), in whose line it continued till John Lord Dudley parted with it to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, son of that Dudley who was employed with Empson in acts of oppression by King Henry VII. The Duke wished to be considered as a descendant of the Suttons; though there was a story current of his grandfather having been a carpenter born at Dudley. It was said this carpenter was employed in the Abbey of Lewes, in Sussex, and his son Edmund was educated by the Abbot, placed at one of the inns of court, and at length pitched on as a proper assistant in his law proceedings.

* Twamley's *History of Dudley Castle and Priory*. 1867. From this work, admirably executed, and remarkable for its precision and condensed details, the materials of this sketch are mainly derived.

John de Sutton and his wife were destined to enjoy these estates for a short time only. For Hugh le Despenser, son of the Earl of Winchester, and the rapacious and insolent minion of Edward II., casting a wistful eye upon their fair domain, accused John de Sutton of aiding the Earl of Lancaster in his late rebellion, threw him into prison, and threatened him with death. To extricate himself from the snares of this wily favourite, he passed away to him all his right and title to the Castle, manor, and township of Dudley, and other manors, lands, and tenements. When Despenser was taken prisoner, and summarily executed, or rather murdered by the rebellious Barons, the custody of Dudley Castle was committed to William de Birmingham, he having to answer for the profits thence arising unto the King's exchequer.

After the celebrated entertainment of Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester, at Kenilworth, in 1575, she visited Dudley Castle; and in the year 1585, when for some reason Elizabeth wished to remove Mary Queen of Scots from Tutbury, Sir Amyas Pawlet, in whose custody she was, inspected the Castle to ascertain if it would be a proper place for her to be sent to. Sir Amyas writes to Sir Francis Walsingham, "finding my Lord Dudley absent, I was forced to take my lodging in one of the poorest towns that I have seen in my life; and the next day took a full view of the Castle, with the assent of my said L., who being then at Warwick, sent the keys with all expedition." The plan was abandoned, and Mary was taken to Chartley, as had been previously intended. In this reign, in 1592, Oct. 12, the Lord Dudley, in the night-time, raised above 140 persons, all weaponed with bows and arrows, forest bills, or long staves, and went to Prestwood and Ashwood; and from the latter took 341 sheep of the executors of Sir John Lyttelton, and caused them to be driven towards Dudley. With the rest of the company, numbering about 110, he entered into Mr. Lyttelton's enclosed grounds of Prestwood, and thence with great violence chased 14 kyne, one bull, and eight fat oxen, took them to Dudley Castle, and there kept them within the walls. Mr. Lyttelton having sued replevyns, three or four days after, his lordship's servants threatening to cut the bailiffs to pieces, would not suffer them to make delivery of the cattle, according to their warrant. Afterwards Lord Dudley killed and ate part of the cattle, and some of them he sent towards Coventry, with 60 men, strongly armed with calyvers, or bows and arrows, some on horseback with chasing staves, and others on foot with forest bills,—there to be sold. After they had gone about eight miles, suddenly in the night time, he raised the inhabitants of Dudley, Sedgley, Kingsswingford, Rowley, &c., to the number of 600 or 700, and all weaponed, went after these

cattle, and fetched them back to Dudley Castle, where they wanted them all.

The declining fortunes of Edward, Lord Dudley, obliged his wife to sell her jewels, and his affairs at last became so involved, and he so clogged his estates with debts, that he married his grand-daughter and heir, Frances, to Humble Ward, the only son of William Ward, jeweller to the Queen of Charles I., descended from an ancient family of that name in Norfolk; by which means the estates came into the possession of the present noble family.

At the commencement of the Civil War, Colonel Leveson held this Castle for the King, who wrote to the Lord Dudley, and others, and upon his death, to Lady Dudley, desiring them to assist the Colonel in defending it; and the warrants issued show the oppression and extortion exercised upon the inhabitants of a country during a civil war. The Castle was quietly surrendered to the Parliament; and in 1646-7, the fortress was rendered untenable, and reduced to the defenceless state in which Dr. Plot found it forty years afterwards.

From the style of the Castle it is probable that all the most ancient parts were built by John de Someri early in the fourteenth century, except the vault underneath the chapel. They consist of the keep, the south gateway, and the chapel and adjoining rooms. These, with some low buildings for offices, kitchens, &c., on the opposite side of the inner baily, or court, the whole surrounded with a moat, completed the establishment. The Keep is oblong, having at each corner a semi-circular tower, with winding staircase, all of limestone, with facings of a reddish sandstone. In the base apartment of the Keep, instead of windows are loopholes, having a flight of steps ascending to the apertures, for the use of crossbow-men. The entrance to the Keep was through a low pointed gateway, in the middle of the curtain connecting the two towers on the north side. It was defended by a portcullis from above. The chapel stood over a vault, commonly but erroneously called the dungeon. The hall was 75 feet in length, lighted by two rows of square mullioned windows, one on each side. The kitchen had two fireplaces, each 9 feet wide, large enough to roast an ox whole. In the great hall was a table 17 yards long and nearly 1 broad, cut from an oak that grew in the new park. "Certainly," says Dr. Plot, "it must be a tree of prodigious height and magnitude, out of which a table, all in one plank, could be cut, 25 yards 3 inches long, and wanting but 2 inches of a yard in breadth for the whole length; from which they were forced (it being much too long for the hall at Dudley) to cut off 7 yards 9 inches,

which is the length of the table in the hall at Corbyns hall, hard by, the ancient seat of the Corbyns."

Dudley Castle continued habitable until the year 1750, when a fire occurred in it, July 24, and it burnt on the 25th and 26th. The people could not be persuaded to go near the fire to extinguish it, on account of gunpowder said to be in the place, and it burnt until reduced to the present state of desolation. Tradition ascribes the fire to a set of coiners, to whom the Castle served as a sort of retreat, or concealment.

In the year 1799, William, the third Viscount Dudley and Ward, employed a number of workmen in removing the vast heap of limestone which filled up the area of the old Keep, the work of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and exhibited the form in which it was originally built. At the same time he raised one of its mutilated towers to its present height and appearance.

The Priory of Dudley.

About a quarter of a mile to the west of the Castle of Dudley (says Mr. Twamley, in his *History*), are the ruins of the Clugniac Priory, founded, as before described, by Gervase Paganel, in pursuance of the intention of his father, Ralph, to found a convent here. Accordingly, in the middle of the twelfth century, he gave in perpetual alms to God, and St. James, at Dudley, the land on which the church of St. James was built, and also the churches of St. Edmund and St. Thomas at Dudley, and the churches of Northfield, Segesle, and Iggepenne, and other property. He confirmed all gifts made to the said monks of St. James, by any of his feudatory tenants (vassals). He also granted that their cattle should feed in whatever pastures his own feed in, except in his parks; and pannage (fruit growing on forest trees, proper food for pigs), throughout his forests; also a tenth of his bread, venison, and fish, whilst he resided at Dudley and Herden. The Prior of Wenlock was likewise empowered to settle the monks in a convent at Dudley, when it could support one, which power was soon after exercised. This gift the prior, with his own hand, offered upon the altar of St. Milburga, at Wenlock, before the convent; and upon the altar of St. James, at Dudley, before the monks of that place. In 1540 this Priory, as parcel of Wenlock, was granted to Sir John Dudley, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. Upon his attainder and forfeiture, it was granted by Queen Mary to Sir Edward Sutton, Lord Dudley.

About thirty years after the date of the last grant, in the church of the Priory there were several monuments of the Somerys and Suttons.

and especially one, being cross-legged and a very old one of goodly workmanship; it was strange for the stature of the person buried, for the picture which was laid over him was eight feet long, and the person of the same stature, as was the stone coffin wherein the charnel was placed. Under the arch of the monument, the gold was fresh, and in it were portions of two blue lions, so that it was a Somery, and it is presumed the first founder of the Priory. Here were also portions of other monuments defaced. The subsequent owners of the property abandoned it still further to decay and ruin, and regardless of all respect for these venerable remains, permitted different manufactures to be carried on in the midst of them. Grose, in 1776, describes the chief remains to be those of the conventual church. South of the east window, richly ornamented, was a niche and canopy for an image. The arches all appear to have been pointed. East and west of the ruins were large pools of water, seemingly the remains of a moat which once encompassed the whole monastery. The pools were drained when the present house and offices were built. The ruins were cleared of rubbish, and ivy planted, which has grown so luxuriantly, that little of the buildings can be seen.

Bransil Castle Tradition.

About two miles from the Herefordshire Beacon, in a romantic situation, are the shattered remains of Bransil Castle, a stronghold of great antiquity. There is a tradition that the ghost of Lord Beauchamp, who died in Italy, could never rest until his bones were delivered to the right heir of Bransil Castle; accordingly, they were sent from Italy enclosed in a small box, and were long in the possession of Mr. Sheldon, of Abberton. The tradition further states, that the old Castle of Bransil was moated round, and in that moat a black crow, presumed to be an infernal spirit, sat to guard a chest of money, till discovered by the right owner. This chest could never be moved without the mover being in possession of the bones of Lord Beauchamp.

In the same neighbourhood, in 1650, one Thomas Tailer, a peasant, found a coronet of gold, set with diamonds, as he was digging a ditch round his cottage, near Burstner's Cross. It was sold to Mr. Hill, a goldsmith in Gloucester, for 37*l.* Hill sold it to a jeweller in Lombard-street, London, for 250*l.*, and the jeweller sold the stones, which were deeply inlaid, for 1500*l.* It is supposed to have been the diadem of a British prince, who had, perhaps, fallen in a battle near here, as, from the description, it corresponded with the ancient coronets worn by the princes or chiefs of Wales.

Clifford Castle.

CLIFFORD CASTLE, the castle on the *cliff* at the *ford*, owes its existence as a fortress, as well as its name, to its situation on a bold eminence on the right bank of the Wye, and commanding a reach of the stream which is shallow enough to be forded. Such a site, on the western border of England, was too obviously suitable for fortification, during the long wars which were waged between the Welsh and the Saxons, to be overlooked. We have no specific knowledge of any castle erected here by the Saxons; though there is little doubt that some rude stronghold, built by them, was in existence at the time of the Conquest. The Normans, however, with their quick apprehension and military instinct, readily perceived the strategic value of the position, and made the most of it. The barony of Clifford was conferred, by William the Conqueror, upon William Fitz Osborne, Earl of Hereford, who either restored the original fortress or built the castle from the foundations.

The first Earl of Hereford fell in Flanders in 1070. He was succeeded by his son, Roger de Bretevil, who, engaging in a conspiracy against the Conqueror, was stripped of his inheritance and thrown into prison. His case is by no means a singular one. It might naturally be imagined, that the immediate successor to the noble who had received a rich lordship direct from the hands of his monarch, would not have wavered, under any temptation, in his loyalty to the bounteous source of his wealth, to whom, moreover, he was bound by the strongest ties then recognised in the most advanced of European nations—the obligations of Feudalism and of Chivalry. Yet it is a remarkable fact that an extraordinary number of the families enfeoffed of lordships by William were disinherited in the second generation from the defection of the second lord from the royal favourite. The fact is another instance of the truth that it is more difficult to withstand the temptations which sudden good fortune brings with it, than to bear up against the hardships of a comparatively humble station. The power of the Conqueror had not yet become consolidated. Rebellion was in the heart of the whole Saxon race, who revolted against the rule of the stranger, and pined for the time when they should be again governed by princes of their own blood. And the sons of the companions of the Conqueror, intoxicated with the good fortune their fathers had won and they had inherited, probably imagined that under a new state

of things, when a revolution had broken William's power, they would be able to seize a still greater portion of spoil than had fallen to their lot. Seduced by this visionary idea, they dabbled in the conspiracies of the Saxons, with the result already stated. Their treachery and ingratitude were discovered, they themselves cast out of the domains which, had they been more prudent, they might have possessed in peace and handed down to their posterity. Ralph de Sodevi, who was related to the Fitz Osbornes, was the next possessor of Clifford; and his daughter, on her marriage with Richard Fitz Pontz, or Des Ponts, carried the estate with her into that family.

Walter, the son by this union, was the first to assume the name of De Clifford, from the place of his residence. His eldest daughter was the ill-starred favourite of Henry II.—the “Fair Rosamond.” (See “Woodstock Palace,” and “Canyngton Priory.”)

Walter de Clifford, the son and successor of the first lord of that name and the brother of the Fair Rosamond, succeeded in 1221. He was one of the least important of the barons of the Welsh borders, either in power, wealth, or liberties; but, nevertheless, his temper was imperious. The king on one occasion sent him a messenger bearing royal letters. Clifford made the messenger eat the letters, seal and all. Having been found guilty of this before the king, Walter did not dare to stand trial, but threw himself on the king's mercy, whereby he escaped death or disinheritance, “but he lost his liberty,” says Matthew Paris, “and all the money he possessed or could procure, amounting to about a thousand marks, and was then allowed to return home without being imprisoned, on the bail of some special securities.”

In those times it was customary for the king to regulate the matrimonial alliances of his nobles, and in 1250 Walter de Clifford received the king's command to effect a marriage between his only child—a girl of twelve years of age—and her cousin, William Longspee, great-grandson of Fair Rosamond. Six years afterwards the young husband was killed at a tournament at Blythe, and his widow, still a girl, thus became heir to the united possessions of the De Cliffords and the Longspees. Her next marriage had neither the warrant of the king, of her father, or her own. She was forcibly carried from her manor-house by a bold knight, John Giffard of Brunsfield, Gloucestershire. The lady herself is stated to have made a complaint, but afterwards, becoming reconciled to her bold wooer, withdrew it, and Giffard was allowed to marry his captive

bride, after payment to the king of the sum of three hundred marks. Giffard was an active man in his time. He was conspicuous among the barons of the Marches in opposing Simon de Montfort, and in assisting Prince Edward in his escape from Hereford, in 1265. He and Edmund Mortimer, joining their forces together in 1282, defeated Llewellyn, the Prince of Wales, near Builth. In this action the brave Welsh leader met an ignoble end, being stabbed in the back, and his body dragged to the junction of two cross roads, and there buried. Giffard died in 1299, and the estate of Clifford was afterwards given to the Mortimers. While under their keeping the castle afforded shelter for one night to the ill-fated Richard II. and his uncle, John of Gaunt, in 1381. On the accession of the House of York, in which the Mortimer family were merged, the estates of Clifford Castle came to the crown. The unfortunate Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was its constable in the first year of Edward IV., but from about this time it ceased to be a private residence, and Powell, who sketched it at the beginning of the present century, states that at that time there were growing upon the site of the castle oak-trees that must have been three or four hundred years old.

Of the picturesque shell of the old pile, still sternly dominating the "babbling Wye," the principal portion is a part of the north wall. The building when entire is supposed to have been quadrangular, environed on its landward sides by a moat communicating with the Wye. The old walls are now covered with ivy, the empty arches support nothing, and the turrets, broken by natural decay, have been rounded by the wear of the weather, and the coating of moss and ivy with which they are clad.

In 1547 the manor, including the remains of the castle of Clifford, was granted to Lord Clinton as a reward for military service against the Scots at Musselburgh. The present owner is Tomkyns Dew, Esq.

Brampton Brian Castle.

BRAMPTON BRIAN CASTLE, on the north-west border of Herefordshire, derives its chief historical interest from its heroic defence against the royalist forces during the Revolution, by Lady Brilliana Harley. The castle itself was built during the later years of Henry I. Barnard Unspec, Lord of Kinlet in Shropshire, was the first of his

family to adopt the name of "De Brampton," making it at the same time the place of his residence. The De Bramptons held the manor for a number of generations, but in the reign of Edward I. the line ended in two co-heirs, one of whom carried the lordship with her by marriage into the family of Harley, in the person of Robert de Harley, whom Roger de Mortimer calls "his beloved bachelor."

Of the existing remains of the castle, repeated siege and conflagration have left but little. The earliest portion of the present ruins is the entrance gateway, built probably in the reign of Edward III., and defended on either side by a low circular tower, pierced with loopholes on the ground floor, and surmounted by a crenellated parapet. There is a pointed arch of good proportions, ornamented with trefoil ball-flowers, and admitting to a vaulted passage guarded by a portcullis. The bay windows in ashlar-work, with the depressed archway beneath them, are portions of the ornamental additions made to the interior when this Border fortress was converted into a private manor. A rose which appears upon one of the doorways seems to point out that this part of the building was erected during the sixteenth century.

Bryan, the second son of Robert de Harley, succeeded to his mother's property in the county of Hereford, and he signalized himself by his martial spirit and enterprise. He was selected by the Black Prince, as a reward for his heroism, for the order of the Garter.

During the Wars of the Roses the Harleys took the field with the white rose in their caps—they being connected with the house of York by the ties of blood as well as by the friendship of a number of generations. The feudal relation that subsisted between the Harleys and the great house of York had been nurtured upon mutual acts of accommodation—kindness and generosity on the one side and faithful service on the other; so that up to this point, at least, feudal fidelity to the White Rose was the historic creed of the Harleys. Did not the walls of the old hall at Brampton still show the spurs of knighthood which John Harley had won at Tewkesbury? and did not the sword which his grandson wielded at Flodden Field hang there also?

But England was now entering upon a new era, and the policy and the fortunes of many of the best families were now to undergo a change. The ties of personal obligation which had hitherto bound the subject to the sovereign were now to be subjected to suspicious examination, perhaps to be severed altogether—beliefs

that had grown and flourished in the soil of tradition and prejudice, not, in all cases, without the shedding of tears and of blood. A new standard of human excellence had been arrived at, and by this new measure the worth of men was to be estimated. The great struggle of the seventeenth century had begun in England—the struggle between the Crown and the Commons, between Royal caprice and established Law.

Sir Robert Harley, who succeeded to Brampton at the death of his father in 1631, was one of the few leading gentlemen in his county who took the side of the Parliament in the struggle of the Revolution. A person of his rank and influence was not to be overlooked, and the leaders of Parliament demanded so much of his time and labour that he was obliged to reside in London, and compelled to leave the custody of his castle of Brampton Brian to the keeping of Lady Brilliana, his wife.

Lady Brilliana Harley was the second daughter of Sir Edward Conway of Ragley, in Warwickshire, and was born in Holland whilst her father was Lieutenant-Governor of the Brill. She was married in 1623, while in her twenty-third year; and consequently, when her husband declared for the Parliament in 1631, she was thirty-one years of age.

The Civil War had no sooner broken out than Lady Brilliana—unsupported now by her husband's encouragement and counsel, for Harley was closely confined to London—became an object of suspicion to her royalist neighbours. After repeated provocations and threatenings, such as plundering the park of deer and game, withholding rents due, &c., the persecutions which the residents at Brampton Brian had to submit to took the form of actual siege and assault; for royalists of the locality, under Sir William Vavasour and Colonel Lingen, surrounded the castle.

But Lady Brilliana met the emergency undauntedly. Her own cause was "God's cause, in which it would be an honour to suffer." This reflection would have afforded consolation in the event of her castle being taken and her friends and kinsmen slain; but she was too magnanimous to admit of such a possibility. She kept her consolations in reserve, for use when they should be required; but in the meantime, while yet her walls were strong, her garrison in good heart, and her larders well stored, she did not require the comfort of consolation, but stoutly maintained "that the Lord would show the men of the world that it is hard fighting against heaven."

During the years 1642 and 1643, when as yet the tide had not

set distinctly in favour of Cavaliers or Roundheads, Lady Harley painfully felt her isolated and friendless position. Almost all the influential families of Herefordshire had risen in arms for the king, and Brampton Brian stood almost alone in its championship of the Parliament. To Lady Harley the very indecision of her enemies gave her additional perplexity. Vague threats reached her from all sides, but she knew not whence to expect any decided movement. For a whole year she lived in daily apprehension that her castle was to be assailed. Gradually the ill rumours became more distinct—the farms around Brampton Brian were to be burned, and the castle itself blockaded. Later on it was reported that a council of war had been held by the Royalists, and that the somewhat irrational conclusion had been arrived at, “that the best way to take Brampton was to blow it up!” Active operations were now daily expected.

On St. Valentine’s Day, 1643, Lady Brilliana writes to her son—
“The sheriff of Radnorshire, with the trained bands of that county and some of the Hearfordsheare soulders mean to come against me. . . . Now, they say, they will starve me out of my howes. They have taken away all your fathers rents, and now they will drive away the cattell, and then I shall have nothing to live upon ; for all theare aim is to enforse me to let the men I have goo, that then they might seize upon my howes and *cute our thoughts by a feeewe rooges*, and then say they knowe not whoo did it. . . . They have used all means to leave no man in my howes, and tell me I should be safe, but I have no caus to trust them.”

Her own mind was now made up to hold the castle at any hazard. Stores were collected without delay, and the building was put into the most efficient state of repair possible under the circumstances. The lead of the roofs was recast, the timber-work renewed and strengthened, and money borrowed from a friendly neighbour for the costly work of refilling the moat. The garrison of Brampton had hitherto been under the command of Dr. Nathan Wright, the family physician—a widely accomplished gentleman who knew something about the art of killing as well as of curing—but it was now strengthened by the addition of a sergeant from Col. Massie’s division, Sergeant Hackluyt, “a brave and abell souldier” who had served in the German wars, and who now took the direction of affairs.

As the time for the assault of the enemy drew near, the spirit of the Lady of Brampton rose with the occasion, and her letters to

her son become more and more cheerful. These epistles, several hundreds in number, recently published under the superintendence of Lady Frances Vernon Harcourt, a descendant of the Lady Brilliana, are of very great interest as depicting the arrangements of a fortified house of the middle of the seventeenth century, under a prolonged siege. "I thank God," writes Lady Harley, in June 1643, "I do beyond my expectations or that of some in my house: my provisions hold out and I have borrowed yet not much money."

On the 26th July, Sir William Vavasour besieged the house with six hundred men; but at the close of August he had achieved nothing, and he was then called away to Gloucester, to help to sustain the falling fortunes of the king in that quarter. The command was left with Colonel Lingen, a Herefordshire man, who to the ardour of his loyalty to the king, added a special animosity against a neighbour differing with him in opinion. But, however anxious to reduce the place, Lingen found his efforts unavailing. The defenders of the castle were full of courage and spirit. They had a lady to serve and an old Gustavus Adolphus veteran to direct them, and they received the attacks of the enemy with unflinching gallantry. During the siege the church and the town of Brampton were burned, but the castle itself sustained no serious damage. In the beginning of September, when authentic news of the defeat of the royal forces at Gloucester reached the castle, Colonel Lingen drew off his baffled troops.

But the protracted anxiety which she had undergone proved too much for Lady Harley. She lived to survive her triumph, and then, when the excitement of danger was over and the tension passed away from nerve and brain, she felt the strain under which she had been labouring, and sank down helplessly. Rumours of another intended siege reached the castle, and in announcing the circumstance to her son, she tells him she is sure the Lord will deliver her from its trials. Her trust was fulfilled—she died the next day.

Meantime, early in the spring of the succeeding year, Sir Michael Woodhouse, a stern and able officer, brought a fresh force against the castle and attacked it in a manner which proved his skill and experience. The heavy artillery employed by Woodhouse tore down the walls, and though the defence was most gallant, there was nothing but surrender possible, after the outworks were levelled with the ground. Among the prisoners are enumerated, Sir Robert Harley's three young children, as well as "Lieutenant-Colonel

Wright and Captain Hackluyt," in which gentlemen of military rank we recognise the family physician, and the "brave and abell souldier" who had been in the German Wars. The year wore on, and before its close the royalists had been definitively beaten at the conclusive battle of Naseby; Hereford itself was in the possession of the Parliament, and the garrison of Brampton Castle who had been taken prisoners, were set at liberty.

After the Commonwealth was established, it was in Sir Robert Harley's power to exact compensation for the losses he had sustained and the expenses to which he had been put by the two sieges. His claim amounted in all to 12,990*l.* Parliament allowed the claim, and authorized Harley to levy a large portion of the amount upon the estates—now confiscated—of Colonel Lingen, who had conducted the first siege of the Castle of Brampton. When this order in Parliament was given, Colonel Lingen was either in prison or otherwise detained from home. Edward Harley, Sir Robert's son, accordingly waited on Lingen's wife, presented the account of the property assigned to him by Parliament, and inquired whether the particulars had been correctly set down and signed by her husband. On receiving her answer he returned the schedule, voluntarily renouncing all right or title to the estates which it conferred upon him. "A revenge so noble," says the author of the "Castles of Herefordshire," "elevates the son to a level with his heroic mother. Her courage baffled her enemies; his forgiveness subdued them."

Brampton Brian remained a complete ruin till after the death of Sir Robert, the husband of Lady Brilliana, in 1657. Sir Edward, the heir and successor to the estates, had been appointed Governor of Dunkirk, but resigning this appointment in 1661, he returned to his native country, and commenced rebuilding the castle, or more properly speaking, the Hall of Brampton Brian. In this house he was resident in 1665, and a few years later we find him commencing a retrospect of his life, with the words: "I was born at Brampton Castle, October 21st, 1624; I am now through Divine long suffering, at Brampton Brian, October 21st, 1673, forty-nine years old This place which was justly waste, and for divers years as the Region of the Shadow of Death, for the sins and iniquities of my forefathers. . . . now is made to me a goodly Heritage."

The estate is now the property of Lady Langdale, the direct descendant of Robert de Harley, its possessor five centuries ago.

Hagley Park.—Lord Lyttelton's Ghost Story.

"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park."
Castle of Indolence.

This lordly mansion, the seat of Lord Lyttelton, one of the most beautiful of the ancestral halls of England, and one which, apart from the glorious beauty of the scenery amid which it is placed, and independently of the treasures of art and literature which bespeak the wealth and the refinement of the ancient family that possess it, has an unusual attraction as having been the rendezvous of a number of the brightest spirits of a past generation, and as having been specially the favourite haunt of Thomson, of Shenstone, and of Pope. The famous author of the "Seasons," writing from Hagley to a lady friend, for whom he seems to have cherished an affection that hesitated between being Platonic and going further, thus describes the scene in which he was destined afterwards to meet the most brilliant Englishmen of his time, and in which he was to spend so many happy days:—"After a disagreeable stage-coach journey, disagreeable in itself, and infinitely so as it carried me from you, I am come to the most agreeable place and company in the world. The park, where we pass a great part of our time, is thoroughly delightful, quite enchanting. It consists of several little hills, finely tufted with wood, and rising softly one above another; from which are seen a great variety of at once beautiful and grand extensive prospects: but I am most charmed with its sweet embowered retirements, and particularly with a winding dale that runs through the middle of it. This dale is overhung with deep woods and enlivened by a stream, that, now gushing from mossy rocks, now falling in cascades, and now spreading into a calm length of water, forms the most natural and pleasing scene imaginable. At the source of this water, composed of some pretty rills that purl from beneath the roots of oaks, there is as fine a retired seat as lover's heart could wish. There I often sit and with a dear, exquisite mixture of pleasure and pain, of all that love can boast of excellent and tender, think of you," &c. To the description of Thomson may be appended the brief note of Horace Walpole,—much an inferior poet than the bard of the "Seasons;" but a much more piquant letter-writer:—"I cannot describe the enchanting beauty of the park; it is a hill of three miles, but broke into all manner of beauty; such lawns—such woods—hills, cascades, and a thickness

of verdure, quite to the summit of the hill, and commanding such a view of towns and meadows and woods, extending quite to the Black Mountains in Wales. Here is a ruined castle, built by Millar, has the true rust of the Barons' Wars. . . . A small lake with cascades falling down such a Parnassus, with a circular temple on the distant eminence, a fairy dale with cascades gushing out of the rocks, a pretty well under a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Nicolo Poussin."

The following fine lines from Thomson's "Spring," addressed to Lord Lyttelton, with allusions to Hagley Park, which the poet names the British Tempe, from its resembling the celebrated Thessalian valley in excess of natural beauty, will be read with interest. After mentioning the exquisite pleasures to which the contemplation of nature gives rise, the poet proceeds:—

" These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart informed by reason's purer ray,
 O Lyttelton, the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the muse, through Hagley Park you stray ;
 Thy British Tempé ! there along the dale,
 With woods o'erhung, and shagged with mossy rocks,
 Where on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the soothed ear."

The dell of shrubberies and waterfalls laid out in the park by the first Lord Lyttelton and by Shenstone the poet, has been considerably altered, but the renown of the beautiful grounds of Hagley is as high at the present as at any former day. The noble owner constantly employs a number of industrious poor in dressing the lawns and preserving the utmost neatness. Gravel walks are now conducted across all the glens, through the woods, and along the sides of the lawns, concealed from sight in the fine prospects by shrubbery, but rendering communication always easy, and conducting to all the more charming spots which it has been the owner's care to enhance by ornamentation. The scenes and the chief architectural "points" of the park are, the model of the

porch of the Temple of Theseus—the beautiful proportions are prominently thrown out by the darkening background of Scottish firs that extends behind it; the octagon temple erected by Lord Lyttelton to the memory of his friend the poet Thomson, and which, standing at a short distance from the house, bears the following generous inscription :—“To the Immortal Genius of JAMES THOMSON, a Sublime Poet, a good man, this Temple (built after his death) in that recess which when living he delighted in, is erected and dedicated by George Lyttelton ;”—the Ionic Rotunda, an elegant dome, inclosed in an amphitheatre of very large trees; the Doric Temple with the inscription “*Quieti et Musis,*” standing on the summit of a swelling lawn; the Hermitage, a sequestered spot, constructed chiefly with roots and moss, and containing only a humble bench, with appropriate lines from the “*Il Penseroso*” of Milton above it; the Ruined Tower, a masterly artificial “antique,” occupying the highest ground in the park, and erected merely as a picturesque eminence from which to obtain the best and most extensive views; the ornamental Urns in memory of Pope and Shenstone; and the column bearing the statue of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The mansion itself stands on an easy rising ground, surrounded by lawns on all sides except the north, where are the offices and kitchen garden, bordered by shrubbery, evergreens, and lines of luxuriant limes and other trees. The building is quadrangular with a square tower at each angle. A handsome double flight of steps lead to the hall, which is thirty feet square, contains a well executed white marble chimney-piece, supported by two figures of Hercules, as well as numerous art-treasures, as “*The Courtship of Diana by Pan,*” in relievo by Vasari; busts of Rubens and Vandyke, by Rysbrach; and casts of Bacchus, Venus, and Mercury. The library is interesting not only from its valuable collection of books, but from the busts of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and Dryden with which it is ornamented, and which, besides being from the studies of Scheemakers, were a special gift from Pope to Lord Lyttelton. There is also here a portrait-picture representing Pope and his dog Bounce. In the noble gallery, 85 feet by 22 feet, there are amongst an extensive collection of pictures, portraits of the Countess of Exeter, by Vandyke; the Countess of Suffolk, Duke of Monmouth, Sir W. Fairfax, &c., by Lely; Oliver Cromwell, uncertain, and many others of note. The drawing-room is hung with Gobelins tapestry, and contains a number of famous portraits by

Ramsay. Distributed throughout the other rooms is a "Dead Christ with two Marys," by Vandyke ; "A Holy Family," by Poussin ; "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery," by Paul Veronese ; with specimens of Jansen.

The present church, the original building of which stood here in the reign of William I., is a structure of the reign of Henry III. ; but since his time several alterations have been made. The chancel was rebuilt from the foundation in 1754, with freestone. In our own day the edifice has been enlarged and thoroughly repaired from Street's designs, by a fund raised throughout the county, in order to honour the present Lord Lyttelton with a testimonial expressive of the general appreciation of his conduct as Lord Lieutenant. Among the alterations made under Mr. Street's superintendence, the chancel floor was raised above the nave, and paved with encaustic tiles. The arch of the chancel is of great width and rests upon detached shafts of polished serpentine marble. The pulpit is ornamented with panels of the same material, and a spire now crowns the edifice. The parish register of Hagley is perhaps the oldest in England. It dates from December 1, 1538, being the year in which registers were first ordered to be kept in all parishes, which order seems not to have been very generally complied with at first. In the chancel two very elegant monuments have been erected by George, Lord Lyttelton : one to the memory of his first wife, the other to that of his father and mother.

In Doomsday book the name of this splendid domain is written Hageleia, and from time to time the spelling is differently given. It is described as having been held by a "King's thane," who held directly from the king, acknowledging no other lord, and who was succeeded by the king's barons after the Norman conquest. Considerable Roman remains have been found in the vicinity, and the district appears to have been of some importance from very early times.

Hagley was held at the time of the great survey as one of the fourteen lordships which William Fitzsculph held in Worcestershire as a member of his barony of Dudley. This wealthy lord died without issue, and the property came successively into the hands of the Paganel and Somerys, barons of Dudley, and in the reign of Henry II., William de Haggaley held the Manor of Gervase Paganel. The lordship paramount of this manor fell, about the close of the reign of Edward III., to John de Botetourt, Knight. The property was recovered by Henry de Hageley, who was High

Sheriff of Worcestershire in 1398, and subsequently. It afterwards passed by sale to Thomas Walwyn, Esquire, who alienated it to Jane Beauchamp, Lady Bergavenny, who devised it to her grandson, James Boteler. This gentleman, son and heir to the Earl of Ormond, came into possession in 1445. He was a fervid Lancastrian, was taken prisoner at Towton, and beheaded at Newcastle, when his lands reverted to the crown. The king granted it afterwards to his consort, Elizabeth Wodeville ; but it soon passed into the possession of Thomas Butler, younger brother of the James Boteler or Butler above-mentioned. The daughter of Thomas Butler bequeathed Hagley to her grandson, who sold the estate, in 1564, to Sir John Lyttelton, of Frankley, Worcestershire, Knight.

The family of Lyttelton is of ancient lineage. They had considerable possessions in the Vale of Evesham, particularly at South Lyttelton (whence probably they derive their name) as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century. The most famous of the early Lytteltons was Thomas, who was bred to the law, was called, 1454, and ten years after was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and in ten years more was created a Knight of the Bath. His famous work the "Treatise on Tenures" has been spoken of by Lord Coke as "the ornament of the Common Law, and the most perfect and absolute work that ever was wrote in any human science." His grandson, John Lyttelton, Esq., married Elizabeth, great-great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III., in right of which connexion the Lytteltons "quarter the arms of France and England within a bordure gobony." Sir John Lyttelton, the eldest son by this marriage, succeeded in 1532. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1556. His grandson, John Lyttelton, Esq., member of Parliament for the county of Worcester, was much respected for his wit and valour ; and being a Catholic, he was courted by Lord Essex and his friends. One result of this somewhat dangerous intercourse was that Lyttelton was induced by Sir Charles Danvers to take some part in the conspiracy which ultimately cost Essex his head. Lyttelton himself did not emerge unscathed from his complicity in a treasonous scheme. He was tried, condemned, and imprisoned in 1600, and his estate was forfeited. Indeed his property was so tempting a bait to the queen herself, and to Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then in high favour, that all advantages were taken against the rich but erring gentleman ; and although he was then dangerously ill, yet, lest he should die before he had been condemned as

a traitor and his estates thus made over to the crown, the queen had him hurried with indecent haste to his trial, though she was at the same time pardoning others who were more, or at least equally, guilty, but whose fortunes were less desirable. He was convicted of high treason and was condemned to death in February, 1600-1, and though his death at the hands of the executioner was averted eventually by the intermediation of Sir Walter Raleigh, Lyttelton died in prison in the following July. His wife, Muriel, was the daughter of Lord Chancellor Bromley. On the accession of James I. this lady threw herself at his Majesty's feet at Doncaster, in Yorkshire, and obtained a reversal of the attainder of her husband, and a grant by letters patent of the whole of his estate. Thomas, the eldest son of John Lyttelton and his wife Muriel, was member for Worcestershire, and Sheriff of that county in 1613. He was a zealous adherent of the cause of the Stuarts during the civil war. He offered to raise a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, in 1642. He suffered imprisonment in the Tower, for his fidelity to Charles, and died in 1649-50. He was succeeded by his eldest son Sir Henry, who was also a staunch royalist, and was consequently imprisoned for nearly two years in the Tower by Cromwell. He died without issue in 1703, when the title devolved upon his brother, Sir Charles, whose grandson, Sir George Lyttelton, laid out the grounds of Hagley Park, and lavished the richest yet most tasteful ornamentation on that famous domain, made it the almost continuous residence of his family, and the home under whose roof-tree he loved to see assembled such men as his bosom friends Thomson and Shenstone, Mallet and West.

Sir George was born in 1709; was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and entered Parliament in 1730. He was appointed secretary to the Prince of Wales in 1737, and in 1755 became Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer. He was elevated to the peerage by the title of Lord Lyttelton, 1757. In his own day, and towards the close of the eighteenth century, he had a considerable reputation as an author. His best known works are "On the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul" (1747), "Dialogues of the Dead" (1760), and "History of Henry II." (1764). A singularly beautiful letter was written by his father to the first Lord Lyttelton, on the publication of his treatise on the conversion of St. Paul. "I have read your religious treatise," writes the author's father, "with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear; the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings,

whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eyewitness of that happiness which I don't doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the meantime I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such talents, and giving me so good a son."

George, Lord Lyttelton, so fortunate in his virtues, rank, talents, and in the love and admiration of his friends, was succeeded in 1773 by his son Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, who was as conspicuous for profligacy as his father for virtue. This nobleman's brief career of debauchery had a termination which would be most curious if it were not too dreadful to be merely entertaining. To the story of his remarkable death, the hour of which he himself foretold to the whole circle of his friends, we shall presently return. The second Lord Lyttelton died in 1779, at the early age of thirty-five, without issue. The peerage then became extinct; but the baronetcy reverted to his uncle.

The present peer is Sir George William Lyttelton, Baron of Frankley, county Worcester, in the peerage of Great Britain; Baron Westcote of Ballymore in the peerage of Ireland.

"Lord Lyttelton's Ghost Story" is one of the most mysterious, and at the same time one of the best authenticated, stories of its kind on record. Dr. Johnson, who was curiously impressible on the superstitious side, pronounced the death-foretelling vision of Lord Lyttelton as one of the most extraordinary occurrences of the day. In proof of the authenticity of the story, which, however, there is no reason to doubt, the great lexicographer was wont to declare that he heard it from the lips of Lord Westcote himself, the uncle of Lord Lyttelton. "And," he used to add, "I am so glad to have evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it." Sir Walter Scott, in his "Letters on Demonology," merely mentions the outlines of this famous ghost story, but has evidently heard only a maimed account of the extraordinary incident, and has accepted as a satisfactory solution of it a theory which is incompatible with the actions of Lord Lyttelton, with the terrors that harrowed his dying hours, and with other facts of the story as we know it in all its completeness.

This strange occurrence has been described by many pens. The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains one version of it; the account given in Chambers's "Book of Days" contains all the principal facts; but the most carefully compiled and the fullest account is

that given by Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Romance of the Aristocracy." In this sketch no feature of the story is allowed to drop into shadow by undeserved neglect, nor do we believe that any undue prominence has been given to any special point. The sketch is confirmed by the versions of earlier writers, and we think Sir Bernard makes no boast when at the conclusion of "Lord Lyttelton's Ghost Story" he says, "*The reader is now in possession of every fact that is known to exist in relation to this singular event.*" Let us see what these facts, as collected by Ulster King-of-Arms, are :—

Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, cannot be said to have been a very good or a very bad man. His character was full of contradictions that may serve to puzzle the common mass of observers, who are apt to jump too hastily to their conclusions. By the unthinking, Lyttelton has been written down a mere libertine, and the judgment thus pronounced by the thoughtless or the pharisaical of his own times has been continued almost without a question to the present day. No doubt much of the calumny heaped upon his singular character has arisen from the unfortunate state of dissension existing between himself and his father; for no man, whatever may have been his rank or genius, ever yet set himself in avowed opposition to the established opinions, or even to the prejudices of society, but he has come halting off from the encounter. As a trifling but characteristic token of the enmity of his father, the first Lord Lyttelton, towards himself, we have the circumstance that the elder Lord Lyttelton bequeathed the office of editing his works to his nephew, Captain Ayscough, in order, as he himself says, "to mark a degree of parental resentment against an ungracious son." But Ayscough, it seems, was a coward, a poltroon, and a Sybarite of unlimited indulgence—a man who died the victim of coarse debauchery, and who left behind a diary filled with the foulest licentiousness. In bequeathing the honourable office of editing his works to his nephew, the first Lord Lyttelton showed that he was moved more by the desire to annoy and spite his son by passing him and grafting his fame upon a worthless relative, than by the wish to act justly, and humanely, and wisely.

And what, after all, was the real character of Lord Lyttelton, of whom the world seems to have known so little, while it has talked so much? Dissolute he undoubtedly was, devoted to women, and over fond of play; but it may be questioned whether he was worse in these respects than so many others, both nobles and commoners, who have gone down uncensured to posterity. But none of that

liberality was ever used in judging him, which men are generally content to exercise in other cases ; and this harshness has manifestly proceeded, not from his acknowledged faults, but from his carelessness of keeping these concealed. He was of too frank and ingenuous a nature to play the decent hypocrite. He was not without a sense of religion, though he seldom allowed it to influence his conduct ; he was not without talent, though he either misapplied it or suffered it to lie dormant ; and he too often frequented the lowest society, though such was the fascination of his wit and manners, that he was ever welcome in the highest. Solitude was intolerable to him, partly from his love of pleasure and the unfitness for self-amusement, which more or less prevails in all who mingle overmuch in the bustle of life, and partly from a constitutional disposition to melancholy, which made him glad to fly from loneliness, just as a timid child is always eager to escape from darkness into daylight. Perhaps, too, this dislike to being alone might in some measure be heightened by his superstitious leanings, and, at all events, these rendered him peculiarly liable to receive profound impressions of the supernatural.

After returning from Ireland, where he held office under government, Lord Lyttelton found that he was affected by suffocating fits. These were frequent during the month which preceded his fatal illness, though they did not prevent his attending to his senatorial duties in the House of Lords. They no doubt proceeded, in some measure, from indigestion, superinduced by his long-continued and excessive indulgence in pleasures of all kinds. These fits were accompanied by other and more dangerous symptoms—as pains in the region of the stomach, supposed to indicate the existence of heart-disease.

A prudent person thus afflicted would have exerted his utmost energies of will in endeavouring to avoid any indulgence which experience had taught him fed his disease, and induced the recurrence of the fits. But Lord Lyttelton was not a prudent man, and in the intervals of his attacks he made himself such amends as he could for his past pains by indulgence in the pleasures of the table, till a fresh access of his disorder drove him back again to abstinence and medicine. It might naturally be supposed that the bills which he thus persistently drew upon his constitution would at last be dishonoured. Each paroxysm left his natural powers of recovery weaker than before, and less able to contend with the disorder on its recurrence.

Thus matters progressed as they were of necessity bound to do,

till finding himself, on the evening of Wednesday, 24th November, somewhat worse than he had been for some time, he retired to bed at an earlier hour than usual. His servant gave him his customary medicine—which was kept in readiness for these occasions—and retired for the night. He had not been gone long, however, when Lord Lyttelton, who still conceived himself to be awake—and whom we cannot prove to have been at the time asleep—was disturbed by a gentle fluttering of wings about his chamber. While he yet listened, he was still more struck by the sound of footsteps apparently approaching his bed. Astonished at these noises in such a place and hour, he raised himself up in bed to learn what it all meant, and was surprised beyond measure at the sight of a lovely female, dressed in white, with a small bird perched, falcon-like, upon her hand. While he was struggling for words, the figure addressed him, in a grave authoritative tone, commanding him to prepare himself, for that he would shortly die. The delivery of an articulate message, however dreadful the message of itself might be, banished in some degree the elements of terror which the vision at first inspired, and Lyttelton now found words to inquire how long he might expect to live? The vision then replied, “Not three days, and you’ll depart at the hour of twelve.”

After he arose in the morning all the details we have narrated were as fresh in his mind as if they had occurred the minute before. If they formed what were merely the outlines of a nightmare, they had not, at least, become blurred, and clouded, and faint by the dreams that followed, or by the lapse of many hours, as the incidents—the plot, so to speak—of ordinary nightmares generally are.

In the morning his lordship felt his dream a burden to him, and could not resist trying the usual expedient for relief in such cases—communicating his distress and describing its cause. At the breakfast table he related his dream or vision; but in the manner of his relation it was obvious that he tried to convince himself, as well as his hearers, that his apparition was simply a common dream. As to the bird he accounted for it by saying, that when he was in the green-house at Pitt Place, a few days before, he had taken some pains to catch a robin, which had been shut in, his object being to set it free. But the imagination, when fairly excited, is not easily set at rest again. Gloom and despondency were evidently gathering upon the peer—he jested in a ribald fashion about his warning, but he seemed to feel already that the shroud was high upon his breast—he laughed at the chimeras that had

affrighted him, but at the same time he was fain to call his friends about him, and have his house filled with revelling guests, to blot out from the vision of his brain the shape that was sure to rise there when his ears were stilled and his eyes were closed.

He could not resist the temptation to tell the story to his friends, and it thus became known from his own lips to a wide circle of the best educated and intellectually acute men of the time.

His companions knowing Lyttelton to be at once nervous and superstitious, tried to cure him of his fears by ridicule, and for a time their arguments had the desired effect; for during the course of the day after his vision, his spirits had so far rallied that he attended in his place in the House of Lords, and delivered two speeches with all his accustomed wit and brilliancy. This feat, however, was injudicious; the excitement was too much for him, and he returned home much worse than he had been when he left.

The third day had now come—the second having passed pretty much as the first. The time, as on the two previous days, was passed in alternations of despondency and confidence, in accordance with the predominance in his mind of his own broodings or the noisy revels of his friends. At dinner he seemed to rally wonderfully, and when the cloth was removed he joyously exclaimed, “Richard’s himself again.” This feeling of exhilaration prevailed throughout the early part of the evening, and Admiral Wolseley and others, who feasted with him on this occasion, have stated, that during these hours his wit and convivial qualities shone to greater advantage than usual. As the night wore on, however, the lights of his temporary illumination seemed gradually to die out, and gloom seemed again to settle down upon him. His brow darkened, his manner grew restless, if not agitated; he became silent, or when he replied to his friends, who saw and endeavoured to rouse him from his gradually deepening despondency, it was in short, abrupt answers, often foreign to the purpose. Yet his friends had used every precaution to prevent him from becoming the victim of what many of them considered to be a disordered imagination. They had all put their watches half-an-hour forward, and, acting with the assistance of the valet and steward, had similarly altered Lyttelton’s own watch, as well as all the clocks and watches in the house.

At what his lordship believed to be half-past eleven, though in

reality it was only eleven o'clock, he complained of weariness and retired to his bedroom. He now showed great uneasiness, kept his valet with him in the room, and was observed to consult his watch frequently and anxiously. At length when it was within a minute or two of twelve by the altered time, he asked to see his servant's watch, and seemed pleased to find it corresponded with his own. He then held them, the one after the other, to his ear, and appeared highly gratified to find they were both "going."

It was now a quarter past twelve, as he imagined, when he exclaimed to his servant—"This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find. Give me my medicine; I'll wait no longer."

On this errand the servant went to the dressing-room adjoining, but after a minute's absence, he thought he heard his master breathing unusually hard. He at once returned to the bedroom and found that the prophetic vision had been a true one, and that his lordship was in the agonies of death. He instantly raised the alarm, and at his summons Lord Fortescue, the two Misses Amphlett, cousins of the dying man, and Mrs. Flood, their companion, hurried into the room; but they were in time only to witness the painful parting of soul and body. It was subsequently found that his lordship had died of disease of the heart.

"The marvels of this story," says Sir Bernard Burke "might well be supposed to end here. We have Lord Lyttelton stating, over and over again, not to one but to many credible witnesses, a dream he has had the night before, and at the end of three days, by evidence equally indisputable, we find this dream fulfilled to the very letter. These facts may, indeed, be variously and even reasonably accounted for, but they cannot be denied upon any of the grounds usually employed as tests of credibility. The parties who have recorded them are all above suspicion . . . nor was there anything in what they saw or heard that could be set down to illusion . . . Then as to Lord Lyttelton, he could scarcely have fancied a dream; and to what purpose should he have feigned one? It has indeed been said that for some unknown cause he poisoned himself; but this charge has never been substantiated—beside: that, if we allowed a thing so improbable, under all the circumstances, it would still have been a thing beyond his power to have foretold the exact hour when it would end him, unless he had taken some very active drug at the predicted moment. This certainly he might have done during the absence of the valet, brief as it was; but the supposition seems totally inconsistent with the part he had

been playing for the three days previous; the bravest man never yet trifled with death so hardily."

We may add here that the incorrectness of the poison theory seems to be demonstrated by the following facts:—1. Medical evidence proved the cause of death to be heart disease. 2. No poison, or vessel containing poison, was found in his lordship's room, or known to be in the house. 3. Had the man who was so vain and frivolous as to deceive his friends by telling them of a fanciful dream, he meanwhile having resolved to commit suicide by taking poison, he would have carried out the illusion to the end, and have taken the poison at such a time that it would have had the fatal effect *at the predicted hour*; but having been deceived by the watches, he would have been a dead man at half-past eleven, whereas he did not die till what *he* believed to be twelve o'clock.

"But," continues Sir B. Burke, "the most surprising part of the story, because the most difficult of explanation, yet remains to be related. On the *second* day, Miles Peter Andrews, one of the most intimate of his lordship's friends, left the dinner party at an early hour, being called away upon business to Dartford, where he was the owner of certain powder mills. He had all along professed himself one of the most determined sceptics as to the dream being anything more than an ordinary vision, and therefore soon ceased to think of it. On the *third* night, however, when he had been in bed about half-an-hour, and still remained, as he imagined, wide awake, his curtains were suddenly pulled aside and Lord Lyttelton appeared before him in his robe-de-chambre and nightcap. Mr. Andrews looked at his visitor for some time in silent wonder, and then began to reproach him for so odd a freak, in coming down to Dartford Mills without any previous notice, as he hardly knew where, on the sudden, to find him the requisite accommodation. 'Nevertheless,' added the disturbed host, 'I will get up and see what can be done for you.' With this view he turned to the other side to ring the bell, but on looking round again, he could see no signs of his strange visitor. Soon afterwards the bell was answered by his servant, and upon Andrews asking what had become of Lord Lyttelton, the latter replied that he had seen nothing of him since they left Pitt Place. 'Psha, you fool!' exclaimed Mr. Andrews, 'he was here this moment at my bedside.' . . . Mr. Andrews rose, and having dressed himself, proceeded to search the house and grounds, but no Lord Lyttelton was anywhere to be found. Still he could not help believing that his friend, who at all times was much given

to practical jests, had played him this trick for his previously expressed scepticism in the matter of the dream. But he was soon brought to view the whole affair in a very different light, and even to question the correctness of his own disbelief, when, about four o'clock of the same day, an express arrived from a friend, with the news of his lordship's death, and the whole manner of it as related by the valet to those who were in the house at the time, although not actually present at the parting scene."



STAFFORDSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE.

Stafford and its Castles.

As the railway traveller passes along the Grand Junction line, running from Birmingham to Newton, in Lancashire, he will not fail to notice the remains of the Castle of the celebrated Barons of Stafford, placed about a mile and a half to the south-west of the town of Stafford, on the summit of a hill, which resembles a labour of art.

The history of Stafford and its Castle is involved in much obscurity. The earliest notice of the place occurs in the Saxon Chronicles, when, in the year 913, Ethelfleda, "lady of Mercia," built here "a mighty castle," to keep the Danes of the neighbourhood in check; but there are no vestiges of it, and its precise site is much disputed. Edward the Elder is likewise said by Camden to have built a tower on the north bank of the river Soar, about a year after the erection of that which his sister had founded. The next remarkable mention of Stafford occurs in Domesday, wherein it is stated that the Conqueror built a Castle here; this, however, was soon demolished, but was restored by Ralph de Stafford, a distinguished warrior in the reign of Edward III. At the period of Domesday, Stafford was a place of importance, but it was not regularly incorporated until the 7th year of the reign of King John (anno 1206). The Charter is still in a very excellent state of preservation. According to the very erroneous statements of several writers (each following in the other's wake), Stafford was incorporated one year prior to the incorporation of the City of London; but Stow quotes a Charter of King Edward the Confessor, as being extant in the Book of St. Albans, which is directed to Alward, the Bishop of London, the *Port-reve*, and the Burgesses of London. The Stafford Charter was confirmed by different sovereigns, and additional privileges were granted; but at length, from the filling up improperly of the vacancies in the body corporate, the charters became forfeited in the year 1826; and from a singular coincidence the Corporation seal was by some means lost about the same time. In 1827, the town of Stafford was re-incorporated, on petition, by George IV., and a new Seal was engraved from an impression of the old one, which bears the elevation of the Castle. In the Civil War of Charles I. the Royalists, after the capture of Lichfield Close by the Parliamentarians, retired to Stafford;

and an indecisive battle was fought at Hopton Heath, two or three miles from the town, March 12, 1643, in which the Earl of Northampton, the Royalist commander, was killed. The town, which was walled, was subsequently taken by the Parliamentarians, under Sir William Brereton, and the walls were so entirely demolished, that no trace of them remains. The Castle was subsequently taken and demolished, except the Keep.

"Tamworth Tower and Town."

Tamworth is finely situated at the confluence of the rivers Tame and Anker, in the county of Stafford. The parish is, however, divided by the Tame into two parts, one in this county, the other in Warwickshire, whence it is accounted to belong to both. The early history of the town is very eventful. In the time of the Mercians it was a royal village, and the favourite residence of their monarchs. The celebrated Offa dates a charter to the monks of Worcester in 781, from his palace at Tamworth. At this period it was fortified on three sides by a vast ditch, 45 feet in breadth, the rivers serving as a defence on the fourth side. Upon the invasion of the Danes, Tamworth was totally destroyed. Ethelfrida, however, the daughter of the illustrious Alfred, rebuilt the town in the year 913, after she had, by her foresight and valour, succeeded in freeing her brother's dominions from the grasp of the invaders. This heroic lady likewise erected a tower on a part of the artificial mount which forms the site of the present Castle; and here she generally resided until the period of her death, in 920. About two years later, Tamworth witnessed the submission of all the Mercian tribes, together with the Princes of Wales, to the sovereign power of Elfrida's brother Edward. Leland tells us that at the time of Henry VIII. "the toune of Tamworth is all builded of tymber." Michael Drayton, the fine old English poet, was born in this neighbourhood on the banks of the Anker; which he celebrated in his most beautiful sonnet. Drayton is the name of a place on the western border of Staffordshire, near which is Blore heath, where the party of York, under the Earl of Salisbury, defeated the Lancastrians, commanded by Lord Audley. Queen Margaret beheld the battle from a neighbouring steep. Drayton Bassett and Drayton Manor are the names of two of the finest seats in the county. The church at Tamworth is famous for its Saxon work, "round arches with zigzag mouldings." The monuments are many, "most of them beautiful altar-tombs, with recumbent figures of knights in armour, and their wives."

The Castle of Tamworth, an eminent baronial residence, was founded by Robert de Marmion—a name adopted by Sir Walter Scott as the title of one of his soul-stirring metrical tales:—

"They hailed Lord Marmion,
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward and Scriveibaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town."

Marmion, canto i. st. 11.

The poet, however, acknowledges the Lord Marmion of his romance to be entirely a fictitious personage. "In earlier times, indeed," continues he, "the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the Castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire. One or both of these noble possessions was held by the honourable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. This Robert being settled at Tamworth, expelled the nuns he found here to Oldbury, about four miles distant. A year after this, he gave a costly entertainment at Tamworth Castle to a party of friends, among whom was Sir Walter de Somerville, Lord of Wichover, his sworn brother. Now it happened that as he lay in his bed, St. Edith appeared to him in the habit of a veiled nun, with a crosier in her hand, and advertised him that if he did not restore the Abbey of Polesworth (which lay within the territories of his Castle at Tamworth) unto her successors, he should have an evil death, and go to hell; and that he might be more sensible of this her admonition, she smote him on the side with the point of her crosier, and so vanished away. Moreover, by this stroke being much wounded, he cried out so loudly that his friends in the house arose; and finding him extremely tormented with the pain of his wound, advised him to confess himself to a priest, and vow to restore the nuns to their former possession. Furthermore, having done so, his pain ceased, and in accomplishment of his vow (accompanied by Sir Walter de Somerville and others), he forthwith rode to Oldbury, and craving pardon of the nuns for the injury done, brought them back to Polesworth, desiring that himself and his friend, Sir William de Somerville, might be regarded their patrons; and hence burial for themselves and their heirs in this Abbey—viz., the Marnions in the Chapter House, and the Somervilles in the Cloister. However some circumstances in this story may seem fabulous, the substance of it is perfectly true, for it appears by the very words of his charter that he gave to Osanna, the Prioress."

Robert, the son and heir of Robert de Marmion, being a great adversary to the Earls of Chester, who had a noble seat at Coventry, but a little distance from the Earl's Castle, entered the Priory there, and expelling the monks, fortified it, digging in the fields adjacent divers deep ditches, lightly covered over with earth, to the intent that such as made approaches thereto, might be entrapped. Whereupon, it so happened, that as he rode out himself to view the Earl of Chester's forces, which began to draw near, he fell into one of the ditches and broke his thigh, so that a common solder presently seizing on him, *cut off his head.*

After the Castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive Barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died 20th Edward I., without male issue. Baldwin de Freville, fourth lord of Tamworth (Alexander's descendant in the reign of Richard I.), by the supposed tenure of his Castle, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of the coronation, to ride completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any one who should gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dimock, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the coheiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrers; descended, says Burton, from an ancient Saxon line, long before the Conquest. It has subsequently been in the possession of the Marquess Townshend, in right of the heiress of the Comptons.

The architecture of the present Castle is of various periods; the old Castle stood below the site of the present fortress, which, by its elevation, throws around it an air of considerable grandeur. The exterior is kept in tolerable repair. The hall is large and of ancient state, but exceedingly rude and comfortless. By Leland's account, the greater part was built since his time: his words are, “the base court and great ward of the Castle is cleane decayed, and the wall fallen downe, and therein be now but houses of office of noe notable building. The dungeon hill yet standeth, and a great round tower of stone, wherein Mr. Ferrers dwelleth, and now repaireth it.” Such was its state in the time of Henry VIII. The dining and drawing rooms have fine bay-windows, and command rich views over the river, which runs at the foot of the Castle mount to the meadows and woodlands, where formerly was the park. Around the dining-room are emblazoned the arms of the Ferrers

family. In the hall was formerly a rude delineation upon the wall of the last battle between Sir John Launcelot of the Lake, a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, and another knight, named Sir Tarquin. The figures were of gigantic size, and tilting, as described in the romance; resting their spears, and pushing their horses at full speed against each other.

Tamworth is Shakspearean ground; for, on a plain near the town, the Earl of Richmond halted, on his march to Bosworth Field, thus to inspire his forces for the coming fight:—

“ This foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, for, as we learn,
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.”

Richard III., act v. scene 3.

Tamworth possesses a very interesting memorial of our own times, a bronze statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, erected in the marketplace by public subscription, in the summer of 1852. Tamworth, for which borough Sir Robert sat in parliament many years, owed this debt of gratitude to the fame of the deceased statesman, and it has been rendered with every evidence of sincerity: from the highest to the lowest, nearly everybody subscribed for the statue. It is placed with its back to London and the world, with its face directed towards the place of Sir Robert's birth; on the right is the church in which he worshipped, and on the left the palace (Drayton Manor) which he erected, but did not live long to inhabit. The sculptor or the statue is Mr. E. M. Noble, and we have the testimony of a son of Sir Robert Peel to its excellence as a work of art, whether in the general outline, the correctness of the proportions, in the resemblance of the features, or in the ease and gracefulness of the posture.

Tutbury Castle, and its Curious Tenures.

The Castle of Tutbury presents to the eye of the visitor little more than a stragling scene of shattered ruins. Yet, its appearance is extremely picturesque, and its site is worth more minute description. The high ground of Needwood Forest, contained between the Trent and the Dove, is brought to a termination eastward by the union of these streams upon the confines of the three shires of Derby, Stafford, and

Leicester. About five miles above this confluence, upon the right or Staffordshire bank of the Dove, stand the town and Castle of Tutbury, once, according to Leland, a residence of the Saxon lords of Mercia; and named, it is said, from the god Thoth, who presides over Tuesday, and is thought here to have been worshipped. The etymology is supported by Wednesbury; but, however this may be, Tutbury was certainly an ancient stronghold, and the site possesses in that respect unusual advantages. It is tutelar to the little town of Tutbury, with its beautiful church standing on the rise of the hill which ends abruptly on the banks of the Dove, giving an expansive prospect as far as the eye can reach, over Staffordshire and the famous Peak Hills of Derbyshire. The sharp, broken outline of tower and wall, when seen from this point, bespeaks the ravages of time and war which have reduced this once celebrated fortress to its present state of ruin.

The Castle crowns the head of a considerable ridge of new red sandstone rock, which projects from the high ground of Hanbury and Needwood, and forms an abrupt promontory above the broad and level meadows of the Dove. On the south or landward side, the hill is partially severed from its parent ridge by a cross valley, within and about which is built the ancient town of Tutbury. The natural position of the Castle is strong and well defined; it has been turned to account from a very remote period, and materially strengthened by Norman and pre-Norman art. Three of its sides are further protected by a broad and deep ditch; towards the north, where the hill projects upon the meadows, the ditch ceases, and this front, rising steeply about 100 feet, has been rendered steeper by art. Upon the south-west and west sides, the earth has been employed to form a large mound, about 40 feet high, and 70 feet across, which renders this front almost impregnable. The base-court of the castle covers about three acres; it is in plan an irregular circle. The best view of these magnificent earthworks is from the summit of the mound, which not only predominates over the court of the Castle to its east, but westward rises very steeply about 140 feet from the meadows.

The masonry which has been added to the earlier defences is composed of a group of buildings on the south front, flanked by curtains, which run west and east along the top of the bank. This curtain, now about 6 feet, was originally 20 feet high, with a rampart accessible from its flanking tower, and by a double flight of open steps from within. The east curtain is broken by a lofty rectangular mural tower, which faced the turn of the road up to the Castle, on the opposite side of the ditch: the interior wall, with a square angle-turret, only remains

This tower is Perpendicular in style, and has evidently been blown up by gunpowder.

At the north end of this curtain is the great gatehouse, almost entirely outside the wall; the portal has side lodges. Only its south and east walls remain. From two solid cheeks of wall, the drawbridge fell across the moat; two portcullis grooves remain. The masonry has been removed, and the ditch here solidly filled up with earth.

Upon the summit of the mound is a ruined round tower, an erection of modern times, probably as a summer-house. There is said to have been an earlier building here, destroyed before the reign of Elizabeth, probably by John of Gaunt: it was called the *Julius Tower*, a not uncommon name for such structures. The beauty of the view from this, the highest ruin of Tutbury, amply compensates for all the danger from the gaping clefts in the wall by uncertainty of foothold. The Dove is seen winding its silvery stream in the plain beneath; while, beyond it, field over field rise to view, the distance bounded by the high hills of Matlock, which, in the spring of the year are tipped with snow.

The Castle buildings have been broken down, but what remains is as sharp and fresh as though lately executed. The outward wall and altered windows remain of the great hall; at the west end is a brick building, probably of about the time of Queen Anne, or George I. At the east end is a group of state apartments. Here are two very fine crypts, no doubt cellars, entered from the court by handsome doorways, and six or eight descending steps. They have been covered with barrel vaults, ribbed transversely and diagonally, with large carved bosses—fitting receptacles for the very best of drinks. Above there are handsome rooms, with chimney-places with mouldings set with flowers and the “hart lodged,” and what may be a conventional pomegranate. These buildings are in the best and purest Perpendicular style. In the court is a deep well, still in use.

So far as can be observed, the Castle exhibits no trace of Norman masonry. All the structures, walls, tower, gatehouse, hall, and apartments are nearly or quite of one date; and are probably the work of John of Gaunt, who resided here very frequently in regal state. This is very remarkable, because Tutbury is mentioned in Domesday; was the caput of a very important Norman honour, and the principal seat of the great Norman family of Ferrars, earls of Derby, from the Conquest to their ruin towards the close of the reign of Henry III., since which time it has been, for the most part, in the Duchy of Lancaster.

Tutbury, as mentioned in our account of Chartley, was one of the

prison-houses of Mary Queen of Scots, in a low range of buildings at the south-east angle of the Castle. It originally consisted of two large rooms, an upper and a lower one: the former has disappeared; but the square holes in the wall are visible, in which the beams of the flooring were inserted. Of the lower apartment, the walls remain; the entrance is by a descent of several steps; it had a vaulted ceiling, and the projecting ledges or supports afford by their accumulation of earth sufficient nourishment for brambles. The room is lighted by two small windows, deeply cut in the thick wall. The upper room had two large pointed windows, commanding a fine view, the extent of which, to its luckless prisoner, Mary, must have made her narrow prison more irksome and dreary. She was removed hither from Chartley and placed under the care of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, then constable of Tutbury Castle. At Chartley the Queen had been placed under the care of Sir Amias Paulet, when Anthony Babington, of Dethic, and his accomplices, attempted to rescue her: maintaining a correspondence with her by means of a hole in the wall, which they closed with a loose stone; the attempt, however, ended in their own destruction, and the removal of the Queen to Tutbury. "Like every other place of her confinement," says Mrs. Howitt, "Chartley is a ruin. Crumbling walls, trees growing where rooms once were, and inscribed with the names or initials of hundreds of visitors; tall weeds and melancholy yews, spreading around their shade—mark the spot as one fraught with many subjects of thought on the past and the present, on the changes of times, and of national character."

Tutbury was held for the King, and taken by the Parliament, in the wars of Charles I. Subsequently, by order of the House, it was reduced very nearly to the condition in which it is now seen.

"Although the temporal evidence of the splendour of the House of Ferrars has disappeared, the memory, as usual, of their ecclesiastical beneficence has been preserved. The parish church of St. Mary, once the church of the Ferrars abbey of Tutbury, still stands, scarcely a stone's cast from the Castle wall, and seems anciently to have been included within the outer defences. It was founded by Henry de Ferrars, in the reign of Rufus, and has a Norman nave, clerestory, and aisles; and its west end is one of the richest and most perfect Norman fronts in existence. This edifice, which had been much misused, has had the Norman portion restored by Mr. Street, the eminent architect, who has also added a large polygonal apse, or east end, to the chancel. This is probably the Chapel of St. Mary within the Castle, in which

(18 Edward I.), Edmund Earl of Lancaster founded a special mass.*

Tutbury is a curious old place, with old services and customs, some of which are entitled to be called "Jocular Tenures." Thus, when John of Gaunt was lord of this castle, Sir Philip Somerville held of him the manor of Briddeshall by these services: that when his lord keepeth Christmas at his castle of Tutbury, Sir Philip, or some other knight, his deputy, shall come to Tutbury, on Christmas Eve, and be lodged in the town by the Marshal of the Earl's house; and on Christmas-day he shall go to the dresser, and carrying his lord's mess to his table, shall carve the meat to his lord, and this he shall do as well at supper as at dinner; and when his lord hath eaten, the said Sir Philip shall sit down in the same place where his lord sat, and shall be served at the table by the stewards of the Earl's house. And upon St. Stephen's Day, when he hath dined, he shall take his leave of his lord, and shall kiss him; and for this service he shall nothing take, and nothing give. These services Sir Philip performed to the Earls of Lancaster forty-eight years for the manor of Briddeshall.

Sir Philip also held the manors of Tatenhall and Drycot, in this county, by the following services: that he, or his attorney, should go to the Castle of Tutbury, upon St. Peter's day, in August, and show the steward that he is come to hunt, and take his lord's greese, or wild swine, at the cost of his lord; whereupon the steward shall cause to be delivered to Sir Philip an horse and saddle, worth 50 shillings, or that sum to provide one, and one hound; and shall likewise pay to Sir Philip, for every day to Holyrood-day, two shillings and sixpence for himself, and one shilling for his servant and hound. And the woodmasters of the forests of Needwood and Duffield, with all the parkers and foresters, are to attend upon Sir Philip, while their lord's greese is taking in the said forest, as upon their master during that time; and at the expiration thereof, Sir Philip shall deliver up the horse and barcelet (or hound), to the steward with whom he has dined on Holyrood-day at the Castle of Tutbury, he shall kiss the porter and depart.†

But the most extraordinary custom at this place was the barbarous diversion called Tutbury Bull-running, the origin of which is too curious to be omitted. During the time that the ancient Earls and Dukes of Lancaster had their abode, and kept a liberal hospitality at their honour of Tutbury, great numbers of people resorted here from all parts, for

* From an able contribution to the *Builder*.
 † *Dugdale's Baronage*, vol. ii.; *Plot's Staffordshire*, chap. 10.

whose diversion musicians were permitted to come, to pay their services. At length quarrels arose, when it was necessary to form rules for a proper regulation of these services, and a governor was appointed by the name of King, who had officers under him to see those laws executed; as appears by the charter granted to the King of the Minstrels, by John of Gaunt, dated August 22, 4th of King Richard II. In the reign of Henry VI., the Prior of Tutbury—for there was an Abbey founded here by Henry de Ferrars, for Benedictine monks, which Abbey was richly endowed, and remained in great splendour till the Reformation—gave the minstrels, who came to matins there on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, a bull to be taken on this side the river Dove, or else the Prior paid them forty pence. This custom continued after the Reformation, with alterations.

On the 16th of August, the minstrels met in a body at the house of the bailiff, where they were joined by the steward of the manor, from whence they marched, in couples, to church, the King of the Minstrels walking between the steward and the bailiff, with music playing, each of the four under-officers carrying a white wand immediately following, and then the rest of the company. Being seated in the church, prayers were read, and a sermon preached, for which each of the minstrels paid the Vicar a penny. From hence they returned in procession to the large Hall in the Castle, where the King, sitting between the bailiff and steward, made a report of such minstrels as had offended against the statutes, when the guilty were fined a small sum. Moreover, to exhort them better to mind their duty, the steward gave them a long charge; in which he expatiated largely upon the origin and excellence of music; its power upon the passions; how the use of it had always been allowed in praising and glorifying God; and although it might sometimes be demeaned by vagabonds and rogues, he maintained that such societies as theirs, legally founded and governed by strict rules, were by no means included in that statute. This charge being finished, and various forms gone through, they retired to the great hall, where an excellent dinner was provided, and the overplus given to the poor.

The next object was the taking of the bull, for which purpose the minstrels repaired to the Abbey-gate and demanded him of the Prior; afterwards they went to a barn by the town-side, where the bull was turned out with his horns cut off, his ears cropped, and his tail diminished to the very stump, his body besmeared with soap; and his nostrils filled with pepper, to increase his fury. Being then let loose, the steward proclaimed that none were to come nearer to the bull than forty feet, nor to hinder the minstrels, but to attend to their own safety. The

minstrels were to take him before sunset, on this side the river, which if they failed to do, and he escaped into Derbyshire, he still remained the lord's property. It was seldom possible to take him fairly, but if they held him long enough to cut off some of his hair, he was then brought to the market-cross, or bull-ring, and there baited; after which the minstrels were entitled to the bull.

Hence originated the rustic sport of *Bull-running*, which, before the close of the last century, had become a horrible practice. The harmony of the minstrels was changed to discord and noise; their solemn and harmless festivity into rioting and drunkenness, and the white wands of the officers into clubs and destructive weapons. In short, the sport had got to such a pitch of madness and cruelty, that not content with torturing the poor bull, the people fell in the most savage manner upon each other, so that it became a faction fight between the mobs of the two counties; and seldom a year passed without great outrages, and frequently loss of life. Happily, the Duke of Devonshire, who had become owner of the Castle and lord of the manor, abolished the inhuman custom.

The hivie-skivie and tag-rag of the scene are thus noticed in a ballad of the early part of the last century:

"Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For some were a Bull-back, some dancing a Morrice,
And some singing Arthur O Bradley!"

In an old play, *The Faire Maide of Clifton*, by William Sampson, 1696, this practice flourished at Tutbury; for in Act V. we read: "He'll keep more stir with the Hobby Horse, than he did with the pipers at Tedbury Bull-running." Mundy, in his elegantly-descriptive poem of "Needwood Forest" (written in 1770), has thus glanced at the celebrities of Tutbury:

"With awful sorrow I behold
Yon cliff, that frowns with ruins old;
Stout Ferrars* there kept faithless ward,
And Gaunt performed his castle-guard.†
There captive Mary‡ look'd in vain
For Norfolk and her nuptial train;

* Robert de Ferrars joining a rebellion against Henry III., forfeited the possession of Tutbury.

† A service imposed upon those to whom castles and estates adjoining were granted.

‡ Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in Tutbury Castle at the time of the Duke of Norfolk's intrigues. She listened to his proposals of marriage as the only means of obtaining her liberty, declaring herself otherwise averse to further matrimonial connexions.

Enrich'd with royal tears the Dove,
But sigh'd for freedom, not for love.
'Twas once the seat of festive state,
Where high-born dames and nobles sat;
While minstrels, each in order heard,
Their venerable songs preferr'd.
False memory of its state remains
In the rude sport of brutal swains.
Now serpents hiss and foxes dwell
Amidst the mouldering citadel:
And time but spares those broken towers
In mockery of human powers."

The steward of the manor held at Tutbury, to our time, a court called the Minstrels' Court.

Chartley Castle.

Upon an eminence, which rises from a wide and fertile plain, environed by some of the finest scenery in the county of Stafford, lies the beautiful estate of Chartley. The property is about six miles south-east of Stafford, and two miles east of the direct London and Liverpool road, between Rugby and Stone. And, upon a clear day, may be seen by the traveller from Stone to Colwich, on the North Staffordshire Railway, the remains of the Castle which has conferred celebrity upon Chartley for six centuries past.

At the Domesday survey, Chartley was in the hands of the Conqueror, whose successor, William Rufus, gave it to Hugh, Earl of Chester. In his family the estate continued for several successions; and Ranulph, Earl of Chester, built the Castle in 1220, or the fourth year of the reign of Henry III., and its defensive strength as a fortress was severely tested in those turbulent times. After the death of Ranulph, the founder, the Castle, with his other estates, devolved on William de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, and was then attached to the Royal forest of Needwood and the honour of Tutbury. But the Earl's grandson, having joined the rebellious Barons against Henry III., and been defeated at Burton Bridge, this Earl's immense possessions, now forming part of the Duchy of Lancaster, were forfeited to the Crown. The Earl, however, again possessed himself of the Castle by force; when, by command of his brother, the King, he was besieged by the Earl of Lancaster, who took the fortress after an obstinate resistance. Ferrers was subsequently pardoned; and though deprived of the Earldom of Derby, was allowed possession of his Castle.

The Chartley estate remained in this family until the time of

Henry VI., when being tied in dower, Agnes, heiress of William, carried it by marriage to Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex; and it remained in this line until the death of Robert, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general, who closed his life at the palace of Eltham, in Kent, in 1646. Thus, it is certain that Chartley was in the possession of the Earl of Essex, in the reign of Elizabeth; and it was probably the place of his retirement when he was liberated from his first imprisonment, at the end of August, 1600; perhaps here he planned the plot for which he was tried, Feb. 19, 1601, and executed on the 25th of the same month, being Ash Wednesday. In 1677, Sir Robert Shirley (son of Dorothy, sister of the last Earl of Essex) was declared Lord Ferrers of Chartley. This nobleman was afterward created Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers, from whom the property descended to the present Earl.

The keep of Chartley was circular, and about fifty feet in diameter. The present remains consist chiefly of the fragments of two round towers, and part of a wall twelve feet in thickness: the loopholes are so constructed as to allow arrows to be shot into the ditch in a horizontal direction, or under the towers.

The Castle appears to have been in ruins for many years. It is recorded that Queen Elizabeth visited her favourite, the Earl of Essex, here in August, 1575, and was entertained by him in a half-timbered house, which formerly stood near the Castle, but was long since destroyed by fire. It is questionable whether Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in this house, or in a portion of the old Castle. Certain, however, it is that the unfortunate Queen was brought to Chartley from Tutbury on Christmas-day, 1585. On the 8th of August, 1586, she was taken from Chartley to Tixhall, distant about three miles, and brought back on the 30th. She found, on her return, that her cabinet had been broken open, her papers carried off by Commissioners; and her two secretaries, Naue and Curle, taken into custody. The exact date at which Mary Queen of Scots left Chartley is not certain; but it appears she was removed thence under a plea of taking the air without the bounds of the Castle. She was then conducted by daily stages from the house of one gentleman to another, under pretence of doing her honour, without her having the remotest idea of her destination, until she found herself, on the 26th of September, within the fatal walls of Fotheringhay Castle. A bed, wrought by the Queen of Scots during her imprisonment, is shown at Chartley.

A strange traditional omen clings about the natural history of the indigenous Staffordshire cow which is preserved in the park at Chartley:

this cow is small in stature, of sand-white colour, with the ears, muzzle, and hoof tipped with black. The tradition is said to have originated in a black calf being born in the year of the battle of Burton Bridge, at which period dates the downfall of the House of Ferrers; and from this time the birth of a parti-coloured Chartley calf has been believed to foretell the death of a member of the Lord's family.

The Legend of Dieulacres Abbey.

At a short distance from the town of Leek, in Staffordshire, is the interesting site of the Abbey of Dieulacres or Dieuléncre, which stood in the vale of the river Churnet; but nothing of the Abbey remains standing except part of the shafts of the chapel columns. Randle Blundevill, Earl of Chester, in 1254, translated the Cistercian monks of the Abbey of Poulton, near Chester, to this place, and endowed it with the church of Leek. The following legend is recorded in White's *History of Staffordshire*, as immediately connected with the name and foundation of this Abbey. The earl dreamt that the ghost of his grandfather appeared to him, and bade him go to Cholpesdale, near Leek, and found an abbey of white monks, near to a chapel there, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; "for by it," said the ghost, "there shall be joy to thee and many others who shall be saved thereby; of this it shall be a sign when the Pope doth interdict England. But do thou, in the meantime, go to the monks of Poulton, and be a partaker of the sacrament of the Lord's supper; and, in the seventh year of that interdict, thou shalt translate those monks to the place I have appointed." Ranulph having had this vision, related it to his wife, who, hearing it, said, in French, "Dieulacres! God increase!" whereupon the earl, pleased with the expression, said it should be the name of the abbey, which he speedily founded, and furnished with monks of the Cistercian order from Poulton.

About 50 years ago the ruins of the abbey, which had been so completely buried in the earth that cattle grazed over them, were dug up, and most of the materials used in erecting barns and stables for the use of the ancient farmhouse which stands near the spot; the exterior walls of the farm-buildings were decorated with many fragments of arches and capitals, and in one of them is a stone coffin, with a crosier and sword carved upon it.

After the Dissolution of the monasteries in England by Henry VIII, the site of this Abbey, with the manor, rectory, and advowson of the

vicarage of Leek and the annexed chapels of Horton, Chedleton, and Ipstones, and all the tithes of those places, and all other property "to the said monastery of Delacres formerly belonging," were granted by letters patent, in the second year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, to Sir Ralph Bagenall, Knight, in fee, in consideration of his true, faithful, and acceptable services theretofore done "to us" in Ireland. Most of that property descended from him to Sir Nicholas Bagenall, and from him to his son, Sir Henry Bagenall, who, with Dame Eleanor his wife, by indenture dated 31st March, 1597, conveyed it to Thomas Rudyerde, of Rudyerde, Esq., under whom it has been derived or come to the present proprietors.

Shrewsbury Castle.

The ancient town of Shrewsbury was probably founded by the Britons of the kingdom of Powis, and it is supposed to have been established by them as a stronghold when they found Wroxeter (the *Uriconium* of the Romans) no longer tenable; the Welsh name was Pengwern. According to Domesday Book, the town had, in Edward the Confessor's time, 250 houses, with a resident burgess in each house; also it had five churches. It was included in the earldom of Shrewsbury, granted by William the Conqueror to his kinsman, Roger de Montgomery, who erected a Castle, to clear or enlarge the site of which fifty-one houses were demolished; fifty others lay waste at the time of the Domesday Survey, and forty-three were held by the Normans. The Castle was built at the entrance to the peninsula on which the town stands. There had been a Castle here previously, which was besieged A.D. 1068, by the Anglo-Saxon insurgents, and the Welsh, who burnt the town.* The Castle and town were surrendered to Henry I. by Robert de Belesme, the third Earl, who had risen in arms in favour of Robert, Duke of Normandy, Henry's brother. After being held for several years by the Crown, the Earldom was granted by Henry, in 1126, to his second wife. Her castellan and sheriff,

* In 1098, Magnus III. of Norway, in ravaging Anglesey, was encountered by Hugh Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, and Hugh de Albrincis, Earl of Chester, who had recaptured the island. The death of the former affords an instance of clever marksmanship. "King Magnus shot with the bow; but Hugo the Brave was all over in armour, so that nothing was bare about him excepting one eye. King Magnus let fly an arrow at him, as also did a man who was beside the King. They both struck him at once; the one shaft hit the nose-screen of the helmet, which was bent by it on one side, and the other hit the Earl's eye, and went through his head; and that was found to be the King's."

Fitz-Alan, held the Castle for the Empress Maud against Stephen, who took it by assault in 1138, and treated the defenders with great severity. It was retaken by Henry, son of Maud, afterwards Henry II., towards the close of Stephen's reign; and the custody of the Castle was restored to Fitz-Alan. The Seal of the Corporation, engraved in 1425, exhibits a curious representation of the town. Its contests with the Welsh, and the insurgent Barons under Simon de Montfort, and its Parliaments, we have not space to detail. In 1283, a Parliament was assembled here for the trial of David, the last Prince of Wales, who was executed as a traitor.

In the early part of the reign of Henry IV. that King assembled an army here to march against Owen Glendower; and the year after, 1403, fought the famous battle of Shrewsbury against the turbulent Percies and their allies. The insurgents, under the younger Percy (Hotspur), were marching from Stafford towards Shrewsbury, which they hoped to occupy, as its command of the passage over the Severn would enable them to communicate with their ally, Glendower; but the King, who came from Lichfield, reached Shrewsbury a few hours before them. Henry set fire to the suburb adjacent to the Castle, and marched out to offer battle; but Hotspur, whose forces were weary with their march, drew off, and the battle was fought next day at Hateley Fidd, about three miles from the town. Hotspur had about 14,000 men, a considerable part of them Cheshire men, who were famous for their skill as archers. Henry's force was nearly twice as great. The engagement was very fierce, but the death of Hotspur decided the battle. The insurgents were defeated with great slaughter: the Earls of Douglas and Worcester, and Sir Richard Venables were taken; the first was released, and the last two, with some others, were beheaded without trial.

In the Wars of the Roses, Shrewsbury supported the Yorkists, and Edward IV. showed much favour to the townsmen. His second son, Richard, the younger of the two Princes murdered in the tower, was born here. The Earl of Richmond on his march, previous to the battle of Bosworth, was received into Shrewsbury with some reluctance by the magistrates, but with acclamations by the townsmen.

In the Civil Wars of Charles I. the King came to Shrewsbury, where he received liberal contributions of money and plate from the neighbouring gentry, and largely recruited his forces. The town was surprised and taken by the Parliamentarians in February 1644. There are some remains of the Castle, especially of the keep, which has been modernized; also of the walls of the inner court, the great arch of the inner gate, a lofty mound on the bank of the river; and a fort called Roushill, built by Cromwell.

Shrewsbury has been for ages famed for its pageants and festal displays. The Shrewsbury Show originated in the splendid festival of Corpus Christi, in the Church of Rome: the procession, so far back as the reign of Henry VI., was supported by several of the Guilds. After the Reformation, the religious part of the ceremony was set aside, and as a substitute, the second Monday after Trinity Sunday adopted as a day of recreation and feasting, on Kingsland, where each Company had a small inclosure, within which was a building called "an arbour," surrounded by trees, and where refreshment was liberally provided by the respective trades. The Show is continued, but the Mayor and Corporation no longer take part, and the cost is defrayed by the junior members of the various trades.

Shrewsbury was formerly famous for its painted glass works, and for its making of excellent brawn. Nor ought to be forgotten the "Shrewsbury Cakes," which Shenstone has recorded among the products of his natal ground:

"And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honoured names the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known."*

* Another celebrated Cake is manufactured at Shrewsbury; this is the *Simmel*, made also at Coventry, Devizes, and Bury in Lancashire. At Bury, on Mothering, or Mid-lent Sunday, when young folks go to pay their dutiful respects to their parents, they go provided with this offering. At Shrewsbury it is made in the form of a pie, the crust being coloured with saffron, and very thick. At Devizes, it has no crust, is star-shaped, and is mixed with a mass of currants, spice, and candied lemon. The common Shropshire story about the meaning of the name *Simmel* is well known. A happy couple had a domestic dispute as to whether they should have for their day's dinner a boiled pudding or a baked pie. Words began to run high; but meanwhile the dinner lay not dressed, and the couple were getting hungry. So they came to a compromise by first boiling and then baking the dish that was prepared. To this grand effort of double cookery the name of *Simmel* was given, because the husband's name was Simon and the wife's was Nell. The real history of this famous composition is very different. The name is of very great antiquity, and in Latin is called *Siminellus*: and that from a Greek word signifying sifted or fine flour of wheat, mentioned among the finest kinds of bread by Galen, the physician, who was born in A.D. 131. Other languages have words very like it for fine flour: the German *semmel*, the Italian *semolino*. Originally, therefore, it was most likely not the heavy piece of pastry that it now is, but a lighter cake, considered as a treat by people who lived on coarser fare. The word *siminellus* is frequently met with in mediæval deeds. In the year 1044, when a King of Scotland was visiting at the English Court, an order was issued for 12 *siminels* for him and his suite every day. The monks of Battel Abbey in Sussex had by their rules bread of the most nutritious and digestible kind (*qui vulgo simenel vocatur*) commonly called *simenel*. This archeological confection is unsafe when eaten to excess; for an old gentleman of the year 1595, speaking no doubt from melancholy experience, gives this warning upon the subject, "Soden bread which bee called *Sinnels*, bee verie unwholesome!"

Ludlow Castle and its Memories.

This celebrated Castle, about whose history there is a sort of chivalric and poetic romance, is placed at the north-west extremity of the town of Ludlow, in a country of surpassing beauty. The fortress was built by Roger de Montgomery shortly after the Conquest; but the son of this nobleman did not long enjoy it, as he died in the prime of life. The grandson, Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, forfeited it to Henry I., having joined the party of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Henry presented it to his favourite, Fulke Fitz Warine, or de Dinan, whose name the Castle for some time bore. To him succeeded Joccas, between whom and Hugh de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, dissensions arose; and the latter was confined in one of the towers, still called Mortimer's Tower. Edward IV. repaired the Castle, as the palace of the Princes of Wales, and the appointed place for meeting his deputies, the Lords Presidents, who held in it the Court of the Marches, for transacting the business of the Principality. At his death, in 1483, his eldest son was twelve years old, keeping a mimic Court at Ludlow Castle, with a council. Ordinances for the regulation of the Prince's daily conduct were drawn up by his father shortly before his death, which prescribe his morning attendance at mass, his occupation "at school," his meals, and his sports. No man is to sit at his board but such as Earl Rivers shall allow: and at this hour of meat it is ordered "that there be read before him noble stories, as behoveth a prince to understand; and that the communication at all times, in his presence, be of virtue, honour, cunning (knowledge), wisdom, and deeds of worship, and nothing that shall move him to vice."—(*MS. in British Museum.*) The Bishop of Worcester, John Alcock, the President of the Council, was the Prince's preceptor. Here he was first proclaimed King by the title of Edward V., but after a mere nominal possession of less than three months, he and his brother, Richard Duke of York, both disappeared, and nothing is known as to their fate; but the prophetic words of the dying Edward IV. were fulfilled: "If you among yourselves in a child's reign fall at debate, many a good man shall perish, and haply he too, and ye too, ere this land shall find peace again."

Sir Henry Sidney, as Lord President of the Marches, resided at Ludlow Castle, then the principal stronghold between England and Wales. An extract from a letter in the ninth year of Elizabeth (1566), written to his son, Sir Philip Sidney, then a boy twelve years of age, at school at Shrewsbury, who was evidently in the habit of writing to his

father at Ludlow, serves as an example to parents generally how to encourage and advise their children when away from their custody or care:

“I have received two letters from you, one written in Latine, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will (wish) you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life you are born to live in. And since this is my first letter I ever did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advice, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age.

“Let your first action be the lifting of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. . . . Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what that obedience is, you will never be able to teach others how to obey you. . . . Well (my little Philippe), this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you.

“Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,

“H. SIDNEY.”

This charming letter was probably, though undated, written from Ludlow Castle. Sir Henry died here in 1586. The Queen being certified thereof, ordered Garter King-of-Arms to prepare all things appertaining to his office for his funeral. Accordingly, Garter and the other heralds coming to Worcester, ordered the corpse, robed with velvet, to be brought from Ludlow, which was solemnly conveyed into the cathedral church at Worcester, and there placed; and after a sermon preached by one of Sir Henry's chaplains, the corpse was conveyed into a chariot covered with velvet, hung with escutcheons of his arms, &c.: and being accompanied with “Mr. Garter,” and the other heralds, with the principal domestics of the deceased, and officers of the court of Ludlow, they proceeded on their journey to London; and from thence to Penshurst, where, on Tuesday, 21 June, 1586, he was interred in the chancel of the church of that place, attended from his house by a noble train of lords, knights, gentlemen and ladies, something like six weeks after his death; giving us a slight idea of the length of time consumed in those days in journeying from Ludlow to the metropolis, albeit this was a solemn and grand occasion.

It was during the time of Sir Henry's presidency that many im-

portant additions were made to the Castle of Ludlow; and here he often resided in great pomp and splendour. The young Philip was, consequently, a frequent indweller of the Castle; and the woods and hills around must have been the scene of many a hunting or hawking excursion, in which he, with his noble brothers and sisters, shared. Mr. Thomas Wright, in his *Ludlow Sketches*, says: "Sir Philip Sidney, the *preux chevalier* of his age, the poet, and lover of letters and men of letters, was no doubt a frequent resident in Ludlow Castle, and probably there collected at times around him the Spensers and the Raleighs, and the other literary stars of the day."

The stone bridge which supplies the place of a drawbridge at the Castle, is apparently of Sir Henry Sidney's time, and the great portal is of the same date. Over the archway is a small stone tablet, with a Latin inscription alluding to the ingratitude of man, which seems very curious, and must refer to some great disappointment Sir Henry met with at this time. The mere fact that much of the work he did in the Castle, at great expense to himself, and which the government ought to have paid for, but did not, has been surmised the cause of this complaint on the wall over the archway.

The next memorable circumstance in the history of Ludlow Castle is the first representation of Milton's masque of *Comus*, in 1634, when the Earl of Bridgewater was Lord President. A scene in the Masque represented the Castle and town of Ludlow. Mr. Dillon Croker, in a paper read to the British Archæological Association, in 1867, has thus ably illustrated this exquisite effusion of Milton's genius:—

"There are passages or phrases in this Masque," says Mr. Croker, "in which we may trace a similarity to the writings of Chaucer, Spenser (in his *Fairy Queen*), Shakspeare (notably in the *Tempest*), and other authors; the plot is also well known to be a striking resemblance to a scarce old play by George Peele, called *The Old Wive's Tale*, printed at London, 1595, in which, among other parallel incidents, are exhibited two brothers wandering in quest of their sister, whom an enchanter had imprisoned. This magician had learned his art from his mother Merse, as Comus had been instructed by his mother Circe. The brothers call out on the lady's name, and echo replies. The enchanter had given her a potion, which suspends the power of reason and superinduces oblivion of herself. The brothers afterwards meet with an old man who is also skilled in magic, and by listening to his soothsayings they recover their lost sister. From this there is much reason to believe that this old drama may have furnished Milton with the idea and plan of *Comus*, the resemblance traced by Warton being even stronger than has been

asserted. Again, from Fletcher's *Faithful Shepberdess*, and from Browne's *Inner Temple Masque*, it is asserted that Milton may have taken some hints; as well as from the old English *Apuleius*, and it has been conjectured also that he framed *Comus* very much upon the episode of Circe in Homer's *Odyssey*, whilst another ingenious annotator contends that it is rather taken from the *Comus* of Erycius Puteanus, a tract published at Oxford, in 1634, the very year Milton's *Comus* was written.

"Sir Egerton Brydges, in his life of Milton, observes that 'Comus is the invention of a beautiful fable, enriched with shadowy beings and visionary delights; every line and word is pure poetry, and the sentiments are as exquisite as the images. It is a composition which no pen but Milton's could have produced; though Shakspeare could have written many parts of it, yet with less regularity, and of course less philosophical thought and learning, less profundity and solemnity, but, perhaps, with more buoyancy and transparent flow.' The obligation of Pope to Milton has been examined, and Warton calls him the first writer of eminence who copied *Comus*. Having alluded to the various sources from which Milton (then in his twenty-sixth year) is said to have obtained his plot, or at least some valuable suggestions, there yet remains the story for which Oldys is the earliest known authority, that Lord Brackley, then aged twelve (who performed the part of the elder brother, and was the eldest surviving son of the Earl of Bridgewater), accompanied by the Hon. Thomas Egerton (who enacted the Second Brother), with their sister, the Lady Alice (who could not have been at that time more than thirteen, and who acted the Lady), were on their way to Ludlow from the house of some relatives in Herefordshire, when they rested on their journey, and were benighted in Haywood Forest, and this incident (the Lady Alice having been even lost for a short time) furnished, it is thought, the subject of *Comus* as the Michaelmas festivity, which was acted in the great hall of the Castle, the occasion being the installation of the Earl as president over the March of Wales, to which office he was nominated in 1631, but did not proceed to his official duties until some two years later. The early edition, a small quarto of thirty-five pages, was simply entitled "A Masque, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmasse night, before the Right Honorable John, Earl of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, Lord President of Wales. London, 1637." The names of the principal actors appear at the end of this edition. The songs were set to music by Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman of the King's Chapel, and one of His Majesty's private musicians, who taught music in Lord Bridgewater's family. The Lady Alice, who excelled in singing, was a pupil of Lawes; she

was allotted the song of "Echo." Lawes performed the part of the attendant Spirit, and undertook the general management of the Masque. It is not known who were the original representatives of the parts of *Comus* and *Sabrina*."

Entertainments of this kind having been discouraged, *Comus* was the delight of comparatively few until 1758, when it was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, with new music by Dr. Arne. It was subsequently repeatedly presented on the stage, and was revived at Drury Lane so recently as 1864. It is worthy of note, that in 1750 it was acted and published for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter, who kept a chandler's shop at Holloway; an occasional prologue was written for this occasion by Dr. Johnson, and spoken by Garrick.

It has been surmised that Milton produced *Comus* under his father's roof at Horton, near Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire, where the poet went to reside after leaving Cambridge: here his father had retired from practice with a competent fortune, holding his home under the Earls of Bridgewater, which may possibly have been young Milton's introduction to that noble family. Buckinghamshire, rather than Shropshire, may therefore have been his residence when he wrote *Comus*; and there is evidence to prove that he was even present at Ludlow Castle during the representation of the work.

In Ludlow Castle also Butler wrote part of *Hudibras*. During the Civil War the fortress was garrisoned for the King, but was delivered up to the Parliament in 1646. Lord Carbery's account of the expenses incurred in making the Castle habitable after the Civil War, has some entries which are valuable, as specifying the period of Butler's services as Steward of Ludlow Castle, and the nature of the services performed by the great wit. Thus we find payments made by Butler "to sundry Braziers, Pewterers, and Coopers," for "supplies of furniture;" "bottles, corks, and glasses;" "saddles and furniture for the caterer and slaughterman," &c.

The exterior of the Castle denotes in some degree its former magnificence. It rises from the point of a headland, and the foundations are ingrafted into a bare grey rock. The north front consists of square towers, with high connected walls, embattled; the old fosse and part of the rock were planted with trees in 1772. The principal entrance is by a gateway, under a low pointed arch; the enclosure is of several acres. The body of the Castle on the north-west is guarded by a deep and wide fosse. The arms of Queen Elizabeth, with those of the Earl of Pembroke, who succeeded Sir Henry Sidney in the presidency, are seen on the walls. The Keep is a vast Early Norman square tower

110 feet high, and ivy-mantled to the top. The ground-floor contains the dungeon or prison, half underground, with three square openings communicating with the chamber above; these openings, besides being used for letting down the prisoners, are supposed to have been intended for supplies of ammunition, implements, and provisions during a siege. The Great Hall, where *Comus* was first played, is roofless and has no floor. A tower at the west end is still called Prince Arthur's Tower; and there are the remains of the old chapel. The Castle has altogether a grand and imposing aspect; and in some points of view the towers are richly clustered, with the keep in the centre. The Earl of Powis, who, previous to the accession of George I. held the Castle on a long lease, acquired the reversion in fee by purchase from the Crown in 1811.

The prospect, we have said, is charming. The old town of Ludlow—in itself an object of considerable interest—stands upon a knoll, and to the westward, on the heights of a steep line of rocks, rise the grey towers of Ludlow Castle, which at one time must have been impregnable. From this point the view is perhaps unsurpassed in all England. Eastward is Titterstone Clee Hill; on the north is Corve Dale, and a series of hills which stretch as far as the eye can see, the beautiful valley of the Teme lying immediately before you, with the Stretton Hills as a background; to the west is a line of hill and forest; while, looking back, the Teme, prettiest and tiniest (in some parts) of rivers, disappears in a narrow ravine, “formed” (says a contemporary writer) “by some convulsion of the ancient world, which cut off the knoll on which now stand the castle and town, and gave it its picturesque character.” So beautiful, indeed, is the surrounding country, that Ludlow has been called by an enthusiastic admirer—probably a Salopian—the queen of our inland watering-places.

The Priory of Austin Friars at Ludlow.

How the remains of the Priory of Austin Friars at Ludlow were discovered about seven years since, is thus pleasantly narrated by Mr. Beriah Botfield, F.S.A., in the *Archæologia* :—

“Tradition, the handmaid of history, has happily furnished some account of the last state of this ancient foundation. A lady, now advanced in years, but still resident at Ludlow, was amused by the interest created by digging out the old foundations, while, as she said, no one took such notice of the buildings when they were above ground. When she was quite young, and used to go to school from Letwyche, an extensive range of stone buildings, which looked like a large house, stood a little

below the road in an open space full of stones and ruins. Dividing this space from the road was a massive wall with an archway in it, and gates, through which, and between some of the ruins, there was a kind of road down to the 'ruined building.' The little stream called Whitehall Brook, rising probably from St. Julian's Well, on Gravel Hill, flowed through the fish-ponds below the Priory inclosure into the river Teme. Its course having lately been altered, it has now ceased to run as formerly. The old lady described a road leading from nearly opposite the entrance archway of the Priory to join the Cleobury Mortimer-road, near where the Gravel Hill turnpike-gate now stands. The existence of a road in that direction explains the ancient road which was cut across by the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway at that spot, and set down, in spite of all reasons to the contrary, as a Roman road, at the time it was discovered, nearly seven years ago. The building itself was used as a kennel for Captain Waring's hounds; and the old lady perfectly remembers how he and a gay party of gentlemen and ladies, all dressed in scarlet, rode out of the archway on days when the meet was fixed at Ludlow. But, she added, at night was quite another scene. The old Priory seemed then to be reoccupied by its former inhabitants—singing and other noises were heard, as though many people lived there; and on fine nights the Prior and his brethren, all habited in white, might be seen walking along the road, still called the Friars-lane, in a stately manner, to the intense alarm of any young folks who might happen to be rambling that way too late in the evening. I tell this tale as it was told to me; but I am happy to add that the kennel was not on the site of the Priory, but in a barn immediately adjoining Old Gates Fee. The harriers, which were the hounds Captain Waring kept, were hunted by a man of the name of Maiden, who lived in that part of the old building which was still habitable. A great part of it had the roof off, and only holes where the windows were. All the remains of the old buildings were taken down by Mr. Gilley Pritchett, who laid down the land as a meadow, the turf of which soon covered the foundation of the walls. This happy accident enabled Mr. Curley, the engineer employed in levelling the ground for the new Cattle market, to trace, with remarkable accuracy, the ground-plan of the Priory and conventual buildings. In their general arrangement they correspond with other houses under the same rule."

Chillington Park.—Legend of Giffard.

The name of Giffard, which etymologists take to mean "Free-Giver," has been borne by an illustrious line of English gentlemen, from the Conquest to the present time. But this family did not enter upon its renown when it took possession of the rich lands assigned to it by the conquering William in Buckinghamshire and Gloucestershire. Before coming over with the Conqueror, this house had achieved a distinct reputation, and was known by another name. The family was a Norman one, and the head of the house took his name from his territorial domain of Bolebek. In these early and tumultuous Norman times, the mere fact that Bolebek held an estate, was in itself presumptive evidence that he was a man of resolution, of intrepidity and skill in battle, and of fair fame as a knight among his peers. Under a younger son of Bolebek, the fortunes of the house grew and prospered. The young knight was highly distinguished as a soldier, and no less distinguished as a man of quick and ready sympathies and frank generosity. The Duke of Normandy, afterwards William the Conqueror, had rewarded the knight's valour and generalship by conferring upon him the title of the Comte de Longueville, and his contemporaries testified to their appreciation of his open-handed generosity, by adding to his Christian name the approving *sobriquet* of Giffard or the Free Giver.

At the time of the invasion of England by the Normans, three members of the Bolebek family, the chief and two young branches, accompanied the Norman host to our shores. The two younger chieftains soon achieved distinction. The one, Walter, Comte de Longueville, was created Earl of Buckingham, and received extensive grants of land in that county; the other, Osbert, received lands in Gloucestershire, unaccompanied by a title. The Buckinghamshire branch died out in the second generation, the estates passing to the Clares, there being a marriage connexion between these families; the Gloucestershire branch took root and flourished, and its representative, John Giffard of Brunfield in that county, was summoned to serve in Parliament in the reign of Edward I.

In the celebrated expedition which invaded Ireland, under Strongbow, there was a young adventurer named Peter Giffard, a cadet of the Brunfield family of that name. This Peter was accompanied by a friend, a Saxon knight, named Corbucin. Giffard

won high reputation in the campaign, and received from Strongbow a liberal grant of lands in the country; Corbucin, however, was mortally wounded in one of the battles, and dying he entrusted to his friend and companion in arms the duty of returning to England, of carrying the news of his death to his only surviving relative, his sister Alice, and of comforting the poor girl in her bereavement. Giffard was faithful to his friend. He sought Alice in England, and comforted her to some effect; for after a short time he married the sister of his friend, and settling upon one of her Staffordshire estates, he became there the head of a house represented at the present day by direct descendants. Thus commenced the Staffordshire branch of the Giffard family, a branch that has flourished in peace and prosperity for many centuries, while other and even more illustrious Norman houses have died out.

The secret of the prosperity of the Staffordshire Giffards seems to have been, that perceiving that though the Saxon people were subdued, Saxon ideas, customs, justice, and liberty, were still unconquered and unconquerable in the country, they elected not to attempt the impossible; but instead of trying to crush out the Saxon spirit of the people, to harmonise themselves with it and live in peace and perfect accord with it. The natural result of this policy of conciliation and accommodation was, that the most cordial understanding has always subsisted between the Giffards and their neighbours and tenants. On the estate itself the connexion between baron and peasant recalls patriarchal times; for the baron has always been, in kindness and in readiness to protect and defend, the father of his tenantry.

Of this harmonious state of affairs, the following tradition, selected from many, exemplifying the same kindly relationship and differing mainly only in the marvellous character of their incidents, affords an illustration.

In the early part of the reign of King Henry VII., the head of the house of Chillington was Sir John Giffard. He held a distinguished position in his time. He represented his county in Parliament, and was a favourite at court. At the period to which our story refers, it was customary for great families to keep a collection of wild and rare animals; and even at the present day the visitor to an ancient mansion may very probably have some stable-like structure pointed out to him as "the menagerie." One of the rich friends of the Lord of Chillington had presented him with a

splendid panther. The present was a rich and handsome, but at the same time, an awkward one, as there was some difficulty in finding a properly fitted place in which to secure the dangerous animal. One summer morning the report was suddenly brought to Chillington House that the beautiful but deadly beast had broken loose and escaped. Instant pursuit was ordered, and the Lord of Chillington, seizing his powerful crossbow, issued forth, attended by his son. The ancient house stood on the exact site of the present mansion. Straight from the front entrance of the house, where there is now a magnificent avenue of oak trees, but where in those days the ground was still wild, Sir John Giffard and his son proceeded. Their route descended into a valley, crossed a stream and led up the opposite bank. Speeding up this ascent the travellers were urged to the utmost by hearing distant cries of terror. Arriving at the brow of the hill a frightful scene presented itself. Open fields with an unclosed road leading to a group of cottages extended in front, and there, on a slight elevation, the dreaded animal lay crouching for a spring and glaring upon a woman, who, with her baby at her breast, was fleeing distractedly toward her own door. Giffard lost not a moment in fitting a bolt to the string of his crossbow, and was in the act to shoot precipitately, when his son, stepping up to him, whispered in his ear, in the Norman tongue, which was still the familiar language of the Giffards, "*Prenez haleine, tirez fort,*"—"Take breath, pull strong." The caution was wise and well-timed. Lives depended upon it. The old knight drew a deep breath, steadied his foot-hold, covered the prey and shot. The panther had sprung, the mother fainting and distraught had sunk on the ground covering her infant with her own body; but the bolt had struck the panther midway in its spring and pierced its heart, and the brute that sank short of its prey was as good as dead before he reached the ground.

The courage and nerve of the good knight were soon made known over the country, and two crests commemorative of the gallant deed were granted to the family—one is the knight in the act of drawing the bow, the other the panther's head, with the now famous motto, "*Prenez haleine, tirez fort.*"

The spot on which this extraordinary rescue took place is marked by a large wooden cross, and is known, not only to the people of the neighbourhood as the scene of the incident related, but to persons far and near, as "Giffard's Cross."

Chillington Park, about thirteen miles to the south of Stafford

is still the seat of the Giffards. The former house was of the date of Henry VIII., and was remarkable for the varied forms of the windows and chimneys. The present house was built in 1787 from designs by Sir John Soane, by Peter Giffard, the seventeenth lord. The rebuilding of the house was no doubt rendered necessary from the rough usage the former mansion sustained during the Civil War. The principal attraction of the house is the magnificent approach by an avenue of oaks two miles in length. The grounds, however, are very extensive and beautifully wooded, and an additional charm is furnished by a large lake called the Pool.



Alton Towers.

Alton Towers, "one of the most exquisitely beautiful demesnes in England," is situated in Staffordshire, near the borders of Derbyshire. It has thus within its vicinity a number of populous towns and cities, hard-working, if not over-working; and, at the same time, by way of compensation, much of that scenery—many of those retreats of nature, at once wild, beautiful, and healthful, which are so admirably fitted to recruit overtaken energies. And the beauty of Alton Towers is not, like the beauty of the oasis in the desert, a thing to surprise and confound. It unfolds itself before you gradually, like the dawn, and you are prepared for and tuned into harmony with it, by the charming approaches which conduct to it from all sides. From the great centres of Manchester, Derby, and the Staffordshire Potteries, the routes to Alton Towers are in their diverse fashions all beautiful. From the first the approach is by Stockport and Macclesfield, Leek and Oakamoor, on to Alton Station through the beautiful valley of the Churnet; from Derby the route passes Sudbury with its grand old church, its extensive castellated ruins and modern mansion, on by Marchington and Uttoxeter, and so, after changing carriages, to Alton Station, while from the Potteries the traveller, leaving Stoke-upon-Trent behind him, passes Blythe Bridge, Cresswell, and Leigh, and, arriving at Uttoxeter, proceeds to his destination by the same route as from Derby.

An estate so lordly in extent, and comprising throughout its length and breadth so many spots which have a beauty of their own independently of that of the central attraction, the Towers

themselves, has necessarily several entrances; but of these it is necessary to mention only two.

Of these, Quicksall Lodge, Uttoxeter Road, ushers the visitors into a magnificent approach to the house known as the Earl's Drive. It is three miles in length, and leads along the vale of the Churnet. Near the house the conservatory is seen from the Earl's Drive, with its natural attractions enhanced by the statues, busts, and vases with which it is tastefully and profusely ornamented. And now the proportions of the Towers of Alton come out upon us through the intervening foliage—rich in spire and arcade, in dome and gable—a painter's dream realized in antique stone, a poet's vision rendered permanent for ever.

The other entrance or lodge, on the North Staffordshire Railway, was designed by Pugin. The carriage-way from this to the house is only about a mile in length, and rises throughout the entire distance, to the acclivity on which the house stands.

The gardens of this great estate are simply a wonder and a mystery of beauty. Their extent, made apparently greater than it really is by artificially formed terraces, and by the other subtle resources of the landscape gardener's art, and the lavish manner in which they are ornamented with statuary, sculptured vases, temples and fountains, excite the visitor's surprise and delight. That variety of gardening recently become popular, and known as "ribbon gardening," is here seen in perfection. The grand conservatory contains a palm house and orangery. Among the other attractions of the grounds are the Gothic Temple, four stories high, from which a glorious view is obtained; the Flag Tower, a massive building with four turrets, six stories high, and used as a prospect tower; the Refuge, a delightful retreat for the visitor weary with sight-seeing; Stonehenge, an imitation of the stone-temple of Salisbury Plain; Ina's Rock, at which, after a great battle with Ceolered King of Mercia, Ina King of Wessex held a parliament, are among the remaining interesting and picturesque features of the grounds. In the near vicinity of the Towers, are Alton Castle, with the picturesque ruins of a range of conventual buildings, in which the remains of a number of the earlier lords of Alton lie interred; Alton Church, a building of Norman foundation charmingly situated, near the castle; Demon's Dale, a haunted valley, in connexion with which there are a number of extraordinary legends; and Croxden or Crokesden Abbey, a grand old ruin, founded in 1176 by Bertram de Verdun, of Alton Castle.

This Bertram de Verdun, grandson of Godfrey le Ver-
dun, who held Farnham Royal, in Bucks, about the year 1080, was
the first Norman baron who was owner of the manor and strong-
hold of Alton, which at the time of the taking of the Domesday
survey was held by the crown, but was afterwards given back to its
original holders. Rohesia, the daughter and heiress of the last of
these, married the Bertram named, and thus brought into the
Norman family of Verdun, the hereditary possession handed down
to her from her Saxon ancestors. Bertram, after founding Cruxden
Abbey, in 1176, joined the crusade of the period, and dying at
Joppa, was buried at Acre. Rohesia, wife of Bertram, died in 1215,
leaving, among other issue, Nicholas de Verdun, whose descendants
contracted an alliance with the Lacies of Meath in Ireland. Of
this alliance, Theobald de Verdun was summoned as Baron Verdun
in 1306. By a second marriage he had three daughters, to one of
whom, married to Thomas, second Lord Furnival, the demesne of
Alton fell as her portion. For marrying this lady without the
King's licence, Lord Furnival was fined 200*l*. Through a female
descendant by this marriage the estates and title passed by mar-
riage to Thomas Neville, who was summoned as fifth Baron Fur-
nival, in 1383. His eldest daughter, Maude, the "Lady of
Hallamshire," married (1408) John Talbot, afterwards Earl of
Shrewsbury—*Le Capitaine Anglais*—and conveyed the Manor o
Alton to the illustrious family who are now, and have been for the
last five centuries, in possession of it.

This Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and who among his renowned
titles, enjoyed that of Lord Verdun of Alton, occupies a conspicuous
place in the history of his country. He lives in ancient story as
"the most worthy warrior we read of all," "the scourge of France;"
the Knight "so much feared abroad that with his name the mothers
still their babes," was slain at the siege of Chatillon, in the eightieth
year of his age.

George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, married Elizabeth, daughter
of John Hardwick, of Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire. This lady,
generally known as "Bess of Hardwick," was the builder of Chats-
worth and Hardwick Hall. To the seventh earl of this family was
confided the care of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was succeeded by
his brother, who died without issue, leaving the estate to pass to a
branch of the family in the person of George Talbot, of Grafton,
who succeeded as ninth earl. By regular lineal descent the title
then passed to the twelfth earl, who was created **Duke of Shrews-**

bury and Marquis of Alton, by George I., but, dying without issue, the dukedom and marquissate expired with him. From this time the succession has not been lineally regular, but has passed to subordinate branches of the family. In 1858 Earl Talbot established his claim to the estates, and his son, Charles John, the nineteenth earl, is now in possession.

The Manor of Alton has not always occupied the same site. The fortified castle of the De Verduns, which stood on a commanding eminence, now occupied by an unfinished Catholic hospital, and other conventual buildings raised by the later lords of Alton, who were Roman Catholics, was dismantled by the troops of the Parliament. Where the Towers now raise their varied and picturesque turrets and battlements there stood, a hundred and fifty years ago, a plain building, the dwelling of a steward of the estate. This building was called "Alton Lodge." But the beauty of its situation was fully appreciated, and the extraordinary facilities for improvement at the hands of the architect and the landscape gardener were so apparent to Charles, the fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, that he determined to make here his summer residence. The marvellous beauty of the buildings as they now stand, and of the cultured expanse around, bear witness to the soundness of the earl's judgment, the purity of his taste, and to the justice of the inscription on his beautiful cenotaph—

"He made the desert smile."

Halston House.—The Last of the Myttons.

Among the gentry of Shropshire, "the proud Salopians," the Myttons of Halston stood in the first rank for centuries. So far back as the days of the Plantagenets they represented the borough of Shrewsbury in Parliament, and they filled the high office of Sheriff of Shropshire at a very remote period. In 1480 Thomas Mytton, while acting in the latter capacity, was fortunate enough to capture Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. Him he conducted to Salisbury for trial, and the sentence, "Off with his head," was soon spoken and given effect to. In reward for this service, Richard bestowed on his "trusty and weil-beloved squire, Thomas Mytton, the Duke's castle and lordship of Cawes."

The immense wealth of the Myttons came into the family in

great measure by fortunate alliances. In 1373 Reginald de Mytton, M.P. for Shrewsbury, married the daughter of the Lord of West Tilbury in Essex, and obtained with her a handsome portion; his son, Thomas, married the daughter of William Burley of Malchurst, herself an heiress, and the representative of heiresses. But the grandest of the Mytton alliances—one which brought ample estates and royal blood into the family—was the union of Thomas Mytton, only son of the heiress of Burley, with Eleanour, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir John de Burgh, knight, Lord of Mowddwy, in Merioneth, a descendant on his mother's side of the princely Welsh line of Powis. This marriage added 32,000 acres to the family possessions of the Myttons.

This fortunate scion of the race of Mytton, or rather Mutton (for that was the original name and the manner in which he spelled it), was member for Shrewsbury in 1472. In 1520 Adam Mutton was member for the same borough, and in 1554 Thomas *Mytton*, now so called for the first time, sat in the House of Commons for the same town. From 1690 to 1710 Richard Mytton discharged the duties, which seemed to be a special privilege of his family, in Parliament; and in 1819 John Mytton, the subject of the following sketch, took his seat in the House.

The family of the Myttons, which thus continued steadily to interest itself in the common weal, did not fail to continue with as praiseworthy assiduity to contract alliances of the same influential kind as those already noted.

In 1549 the family, removing from their ancient residences, the castles of Cawes and Habberly, settled at Halston—or, as it was then called, "Holy Stone," much celebrated in ancient history as the scene of bloody deeds in the reign of the first Richard. At this ancient mansion there had been a preceptory of Knights Templars, and afterwards of the Knights Hospitallers. This ancient estate became private property after the dissolution of religious houses, and was obtained by Edward Mytton of Habberly in exchange for one of his estates. The remains of the ancient abbey of Habberly were taken down more than a century ago, but there still remains the ancient chapel or church on the domain of Halston, independent of episcopal jurisdiction, and without any other revenue than what the chaplain may be allowed by the owner of it.

Of modern Halston we now come to speak. It is situated about three miles from Oswestry, the site itself being flat, but surrounded with undulating land, with a lawn sixty acres in extent in front of

it. The great oak woods of Halston were once the pride of this part of the country. A fine sheet of water gives finish to the domain, and in the grounds there is both a rookery and a heronry—the latter very rare in this district.

John Mytton was born in 1796, and was left fatherless when he was only two years of age; and it is a noteworthy fact that in the latter generations of this family no father enjoyed the privilege of seeing his son and successor attain his majority. In his case the loss of one to advise and govern seems to have been productive of results which many had afterwards to mourn. He was a wild lad and a finished scapegrace from the precocious age of ten. "He was expelled Westminster and Harrow," says his biographer, the famous Nimrod; "he knocked down his private tutor in Berkshire, in whose hands he was afterwards placed; was entered on the books of both Universities, but did not matriculate at either—and the only outward and visible sign of his ever intending to do so was his ordering three pipes of port wine to be sent addressed to him at Cambridge. At the age of eighteen, however, he went on a tour on the Continent by way of something like 'the Finish,' and then returned to Halston and his harriers, which he had kept when he was a child."

When he was a mere boy at Westminster, he lived at the rate of 800*l.* a year—exactly double his allowance. Finding that the sum which was awarded him in Chancery was quite inadequate, young Mytton wrote to Lord Eldon, as Lord Chancellor, requesting an increase of income, as he was going to be married! The boy was then only fourteen years of age! The reply of his legal guardian was sufficiently laconic:—"Sir, if you cannot live on your allowance, you may starve; and if you marry, I will commit you to prison."

Mytton entered the army as a cornet in the 7th Hussars, at the age of nineteen, and after signalling himself as a jockey and as a most reckless gamester, he left it in his twenty-third year, and married.

After the death of his wife, which happened a few years after marriage, the career of extravagance through which Mytton passed has probably no parallel. "Never," says Nimrod, "was constitution so murdered as Mr. Mytton's was; for what but one of adamant could have withstood the shocks, independent of wine, to which it was almost daily exposed? His dress alone would have caused the death of nine hundred of a thousand men who passed one part of the day and night in a state of luxury and warmth. . . . He never wore any but the thinnest and finest silk stockings, with very thin

boots or shoes ; so that in winter he rarely had dry feet. To flannel he was a stranger since he left his petticoats. Even his hunting breeches were without lining ; he wore one small waistcoat, always open in the front from about the second of the lower buttons ; and about home he was as often without a hat as with one. His winter shooting gear was a light jacket, white linen trousers, without lining or drawers—of which he knew not the use.” . . . “He would ride, several times in the week, to covers nearly fifty miles distant from Halston, and return thither to his dinner. Neither could any man I ever met in the field walk through the day with him *at his pace*. I saw him, on his own moors in Merionethshire, completely knock up two keepers (who accompanied him alternately), being the whole day bareheaded under a hot sun.” . . . “Mr. Mytton appeared—at least wished to be supposed to be—indifferent to pain. A very few days after he had had so bad a fall with his own hounds as to occasion the dislocation of three ribs, and was otherwise much bruised, a friend in Wales, unconscious of his accident, sent him a fox in a bag, with a hint that, if turned out on the morrow, he would be sure to afford sport, as *he was only just caught*. ‘To-morrow, then, said Mytton, ‘we will run him ;’ and although he was lifted upon his horse, having his body swathed with rollers, and also writhing with pain, he took the lead of all the field, upon the horse he called ‘the Devil,’ and was never headed by any man till he killed his fox at the end of a capital hour’s run. He was very near fainting from the severity of this trial ; but I remember his telling me that *he would not have been seen to faint for ten thousand pounds*.” “As we were eating some supper one night in the coffee-room of the hotel at Chester, during the race week, a gentleman, who was a stranger to us all, was standing with his back to the fire, talking very loudly, having drunk too much wine. ‘I’ll stop him,’ said Mytton ; and getting behind him unperceived, put a red-hot coal into his pocket ! But I have a better, inasmuch as it was a more harmless, joke to relate with respect to George Underhill, the dealer. He rode over one day to Halston, to dun Mr. Mytton for his demand upon him, which, I believe, was rather a large one. After having been made comfortable in the steward’s room, Mytton addressed him thus :—‘Well, George, here (handing him a letter) is an order for all your money. Call on this gentleman as you pass through Shrewsbury, and he will give it to you *in full*.’ Now, this gentleman—also a banker—was one of the governors of the lunatic asylum, and the order for payment ran thus :

“Halston.

“SIR,—Admit the bearer, George Underhill, into the Lunatic Asylum.

“Your obedient servant,

“JOHN MYTTON.”

“In his dealings with the world,” continues Mytton’s biographer, “he was a man of strict honour and probity; and without justifying his extravagance, I may be allowed to say that his chief concern, after the last estates he could sell were disposed of, was not whether he himself might be left destitute, but whether there would be enough to pay his creditors *in full*. As a master he was the kindest of the kind, and a liberal and most considerate landlord. Surely, then, this man must have been either counterfeiting a nature not his own, or he must have been to a certain extent and on certain points a madman. No doubt he did the one; and no doubt he was the other.”

The following anecdote is illustrative of his impulsive nature. Mr. Mytton was in the billiard-room at Halston when the medical gentleman who attended at the accouchement of the *first* Mrs. Mytton went to inform him of a birth. “What is it?” he inquired. On being told it was a girl, he swore he would have it smothered; then, a moment afterwards, throwing himself on a sofa, he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears, and his anxiety for the well-doing of his wife would have done honour to any man.

He never on any occasion would take advice on any point, and he must have been either a very bold man or a very intimate friend who presumed to advise John Mytton. Previously to the disposal of the first property that he sold, Mr. Apperley (Nimrod), his biographer, happened to be at Halston, and was about to accompany Mytton to Lichfield races, where each had horses to run. Just before setting out, the squire’s agent, Mr. Longueville, of Oswestry, arrived at the house and desired to speak with Mr. Apperley. “I have reason to believe you can say as much to Mr. Mytton as any man can,” said he; “will you have the goodness to tell him you heard me say that if he will be content to live on 6000*l.* per annum for the next six years, he need not sell the fine old Shrewsbury estate that has been so many years in his family, and at the end of that period he shall not owe a guinea to any man.” “I fancy,” writes Mr. Apperley, “I can see the form and features of my old friend, with the manner in which he received and replied to the

flattering proposition, and many others who know him as well as I did will also have the picture in their mind's eye. Lolling back in his carriage, which was going at its usual pace, and picking a hole in his chin, as he was always wont to do when anything particular occupied his thoughts, he uttered not a syllable for the space of some minutes; when suddenly changing his position, as if rousing from a deep reverie, he exclaimed with vehemence—'You may tell Longueville to keep his advice to himself, *for I would not give a — for life on six thousand a year.*'" It was in vain to urge the subject further; there was that in his manner that convinced his adviser that the counsel even of an angel of heaven would have been in vain. The wild squire was already going down the hill—hungry ruin had him in the wind—but it is from his rejection of Mr. Longueville, his agent's, proposal that his perceptibly rapid declension dates.

He soon began to cast about, and busy himself with the great question of which of his estates should go to the hammer first. On one occasion a near relative of his was endeavouring to dissuade him from parting with a certain property on the score of its having been so long in the family.

"How long?" inquired Mytton.

"Above five hundred years," was the reply.

"The d——l it has!" returned the squire; "*then it is high time it should go out of it.*"

One is not a little curious to know how a man like Mytton, whose style of living at Halston was anything but ostentatious, could not with the very slightest self-denial, have given his affairs time enough to re-establish themselves, and his princely fortune—princely even on the brink of his ruin—to consolidate itself once more. There was no unnecessary display at Halston. A perfect stranger himself to the science of economy, his establishment was managed with considerable regularity; and notwithstanding the consumption of good things in the servants'-hall, for the number of stable servants was great, it was not Halston that ruined him. "It was," says Mr. Apperley, "that largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore, which Solomon had, but unaccompanied by his means as well as by his wisdom, which ruined Mr. Mytton; added to a lofty pride which disdained the littleness of prudence, and a sort of destroying spirit that appeared to run a muck at Fortune. By a rough computation, and a knowledge of the property he sold, I should set down the sum total expended at very

little less than half a million sterling within the last fifteen years of his life !”

In elucidation of the problem—how did Mytton succeed in the feat of making his magnificent fortune vanish so rapidly and effectually, his biographer states : “ Horace would furnish a commentary upon it. Some persons hunt, says he ; some race, some drink, some do one thing, and some another ; but Mytton, in sporting language, was ‘ at all in the ring.’ His foxhounds were kept by himself without any subscription, and upon a very extensive scale, with the additional expenses attending hunting two counties. His racing establishment was on a still larger scale, having often had from fifteen to twenty horses in training at the same time, and seldom less than eight. . . . His game preserves were likewise a most severe tax upon his income. Will it be credited that he paid one bill of 1500*l.* to a London game-dealer for pheasants and foxes alone ! The formation of three miles of plantation, which this game went in part to stock, must have cost him an immense sum ; having had for several years as many as fifty able-bodied labourers in his employ ; while the keepers in the neighbouring properties were commissioned to save all the vermin they could for him, and week by week men poured into Halston with sacks of badgers, stoats, and pole-cats. . . . I have reason to believe that the money he had at various times lost (not at play, for there I should say he was borne harmless) would have purchased a pretty estate. I am afraid to say what was supposed to have been the amount of bank-notes that were one night blown out of his carriage on his road to Doncaster races, but I have reason to believe it was several thousand pounds ! His account of the affair was this : He had been counting a large quantity of bank-notes on the seat of his carriage—in which he was alone—with all the windows down ; and falling asleep, did not awake until the night was far spent—his servant paying the charges on the road. An equinoctial gale having sprung up, carried great part of the notes away on its wings, verifying the proverb ‘ light come, light go.’ It was always his custom to have a large sum of money in his travelling writing-desk, but it was more than usually large at this time, in consequence of his having broken the banks of two well-known London Hells on the eve of his departure from London for Doncaster. Like Democritus, however, Mytton laughed at everything, and always spoke of this as a very good joke. I have seen him when he has been going a journey, take a lot of

bank-notes out of his desk, and, rolling them into a lump, throw them at his servant's head, as if they had been waste paper; but his chaplain used to say, he always knew what the lump contained, and how far it would carry him—a fact by no means so clear to me. I picked up one of these lumps some years since in the plantations at Halston, containing 37*l.*, which had been there some days by its appearance; and as he never had pockets in his breeches, such occurrences must have been frequent."

It might be interesting to inquire whether Mytton really enjoyed life amidst all his extravagance, his wild excitement of hunting and racing, and his regardless and indiscriminate expenditure. He had most of the requisites for the man of a noble fortune, which Horace granted to Tibullus; but one thing was wanting—the *ars fruendi*—the art of enjoying it. "Indeed," says Nimrod, "to a vitiated palate always calling for fresh gratifications, the wealth of Cræsus might fail in procuring that one thing wanting; but there was something about my friend that gave one the idea that to him it was peculiarly denied. There was that about him that resembled the restlessness of the hyena; and whether in the pursuit of his pastimes, or the gratification of his passions, there was an unsteadiness throughout, which evidently showed that, beyond the excitement of the passing moment, nothing afforded him sterling pleasure. . . . His popularity, independently of family associations, and recollection of ages long since gone by; the dashing personal character, and extreme and unaffected good humour of the late squire of Halston, together with his foxhounds, his race-horses, his game, his wine, his ale, and many other things besides, rendered him extremely popular in Shropshire; and if he had but been possessed of a fair share of *τὸ πρέπον*, so much esteemed by the ancients, and so expressive of that exterior propriety of conduct in the common intercourse of life, which the world is very unwilling to dispense with," he might have held the good esteem of all whose respect was worth retaining. But daily excess in drinking reduced his self-respect, and led him to associate with questionable comrades. Wine was to him the Circean cup—the bane of his respectability, his health, his happiness, and everything that was dear to him as a man and a gentleman. Yet even when he had sunk in the social scale, when his fortune was wrecked, he was still as nobly generous as when he scorned life at 6000*l.* a year. When he was at Calais, only a few months before his death, he chanced to be in a silversmith's shop, when a French soldier entered, with a watch in

his hand, which he said he wished to dispose of for the benefit of a sick comrade, who wanted some further comforts than a barrack afforded. On the silversmith objecting to the price demanded, Mr. Mytton threw down the money and took up the watch. "Thanks, Monsieur," exclaimed the soldier, who proceeded to give further expression to his gratitude. "Take this to your comrade *also*," said Mytton, placing the watch in his hand. "Ah, Monsieur Anglais ! exclaimed the man, "*que vous dirai-je ?*"—what shall I say to you. "RIEN," responded Mytton—"nothing !"

He was exceedingly kind to his servants, and readily pardoned derelictions of duty when he found that the offender's repentance was sincere. But the grounds on which he chose his people were often peculiar. "In once hiring a keeper, he did not go so much upon character and experience as the applicant's ability to thrash *a certain sweep*, that was in the habit of trespassing in the Halston covers. A trial was accordingly agreed to, and the new man put upon his watch. In due course, the sweep made his appearance, and after a long fight was well licked. The keeper's engagement was ratified at once, as the sweep was thoroughly satisfied—and *the sweep was Mytton himself.*"

The talents of this super-eccentric man were of a high order, and had they been cultivated instead of being prostrated by excesses, they might have enabled him to shine as a senator or a scholar. He read with unusual rapidity and retained what he read ; for his literary acquisitions were surprising, considering the life of tumult he had led. He had always a quotation at hand from a Greek or Latin author, and there was a conscious feeling of ability about him, which he was somewhat wont to display. His election squibs in prose and verse are capital.

Of the melancholy close of Mytton's career it is unnecessary and would be ungracious to give any but the merest outline. In his early "salad days" he had distinguished himself as the best farmer in his part of the country, and at one of the Shropshire agricultural meetings, he gained every prize for clean crops of grain save one, a field of barley, his claim for which was rejected from a cause highly typical of the man—"it was found to contain *wild oats*"—and the report of the judge to this effect was received, as may be imagined, with unbounded merriment by the company. At about the same time he planted extensively, with a twofold object,—to replace the fine old timber which he knew must one day or other fall under the hammer to pay his debts, and to afford cover for his

game. But these days of enterprise and industry were now gone. A well-known auctioneer at Shrewsbury said of him, at a very early period of his career—"He'll put the haxe to the hoaks and the hash," and now the day had come when the prophecy was to have a fatal fulfilment. Oak and ash fell, and the *Times* one morning published an advertisement of the sale of all his effects at Halston. After this, in fear of arrest, he sojourned for some time at a small hotel in Richmond, and then retired to France. His decline was now rapid, he gave himself up to drinking brandy, and was often affected with mania. The absence of his wife, who had been induced to separate from him near the close of his career, and the dissolution of Halston, also preyed on his mind. When his case became hopeless his mother took him from France to England, but it was only to find a prison and a grave. He was cast for debt into Shrewsbury gaol, and thence removed to King's Bench Prison, London, and here after a brief release and a re-arrestment, he died at the early age of thirty-eight. His death created the sincerest regret, and his funeral formed an event which, for its magnificence, and for the depth and genuine sincerity of the sympathy it called forth, is still remembered in Shropshire. The remains of John Mytton lie in the family vault at Halston Chapel.

The property of Halston was entailed upon his eldest son and namesake, by whom it was in a few years alienated. Mr. Mytton, junior, disposed of it to the late Edmund Wright, of Manchester, whose son, Mr. E. Wright, is the present proprietor.



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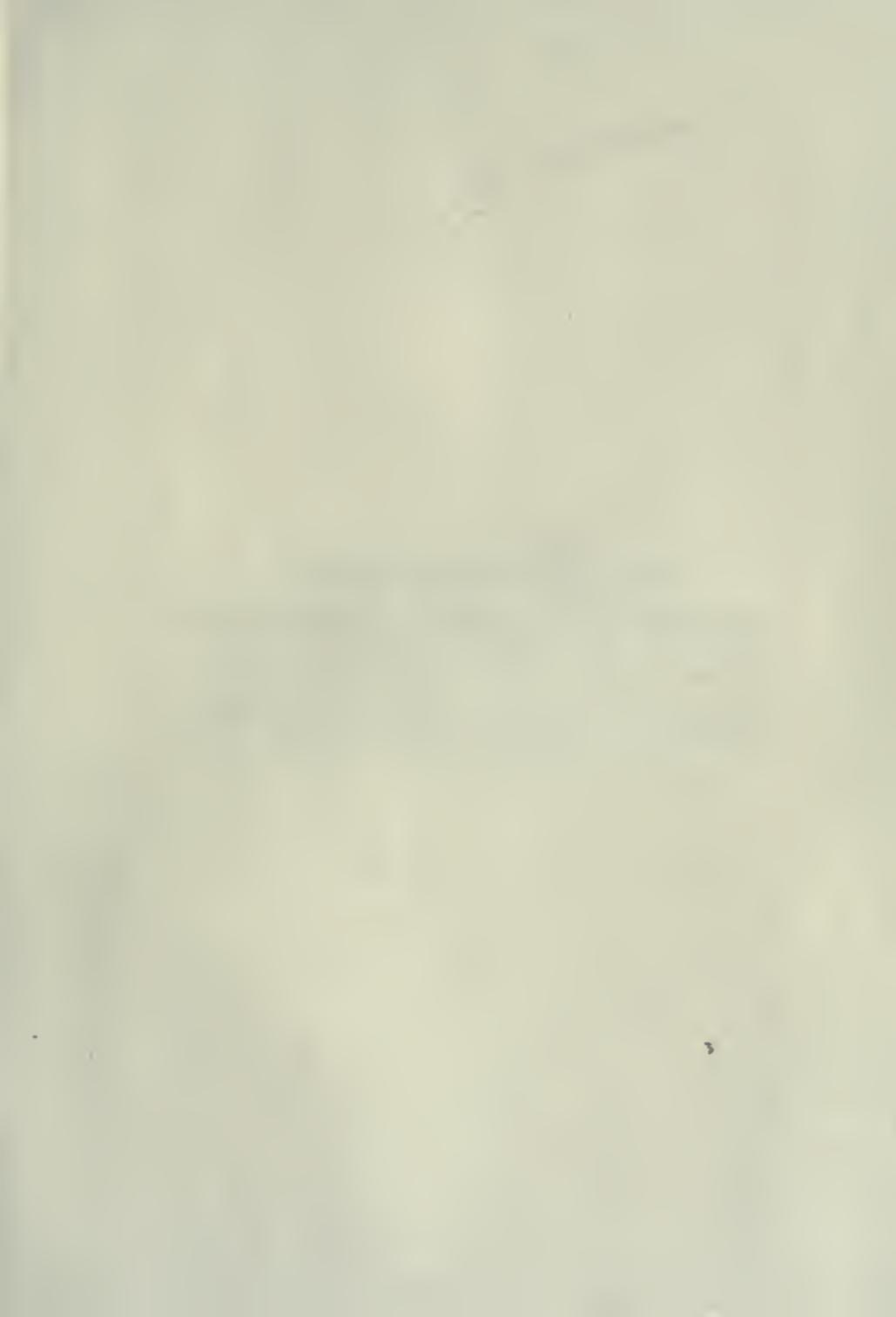
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