



PICTURESQUE ENGLAND

ITS LANDMARKS AND HISTORIC HAUNTS
AS DESCRIBED IN LAY AND LE-
GEND, SONG AND STORY

Compiled and Edited

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ILLUSTRATED WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND
FORTY WOOD ENGRAVINGS AND A SERIES OF
FULL-PAGE COLOURED PLATES



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PREFACE



t would require much more than a single volume to describe all the picturesque spots in our native land. But as far as space permitted, we believe we have given descriptions of all those places in England - whether towns, castles, manors, forests, lakes, or mountains - that are especially remarkable or that have either historical memories or poetic and romantic legend and lay associated with them.

Nearly every rood of ground in our country has some glorious or pathetic memory attached to it; its battlefields, its scenes of tragic events, or of happier associations, unite in giving a subtile charm to the land "set in the silver sea."

In order to give a fair picture of our country, we have sought for the picturesque in each of its forty counties; devoting generally three articles to each; but of course increasing the number of descriptions in those counties that have the greatest claim on our attention from their scenery or associations.

The southern counties possess many beauties: a charming coastline, and fertile and lovely pastures. In Wiltshire are those unique and ancient memorials of the past - Stonehenge and Abury; Hampshire has its old forest famed in history, and its adjoining "isle of beauty," the Wight; and all possess ruins of fine old castles and abbeys, and two of our finest cathedrals - Canterbury and Winchester. The shires round London are well called the Home Counties, for there is a great home charm in their quiet pastures and well-wooded lands; while in the very centre of our country our greatest poet was born, in lovely Warwickshire.

The eastern coast (with the exception of Essex) is the Fen country. But many a picture might be made from the Broads and slow shining rivers of Norfolk and Suffolk, such as the great Dutch painters would have loved.

The northern counties, inhabited by a race of different descent from the southern, are very picturesque. Their grand sea coast - with its glorious castle-crowned headlands - is extremely fine, and their castles are grand ruin or else stately dwellings.

In these northern counties we find some of the most picturesque scenes in England; for here are the mountains and lakes of Cumborland and Westmoreland, The mountains are small compared with the Alps, but their perfect proportion and symmetry make their height very apparent.

We remember our own disappointment at first seeing Mount Atlas from the Straits of Gibraltar. The great mountain "that casts its shadow across the western foam" looked quite low through its immense mass and width. The Cumberland mountains, by comparison, look higher than they really are. Some of them stand alone with peaked summits, as Scafell and Bowfell. Others are rounded, as Skiddaw. In autumn the colouring of these hills is excessively brilliant, for the bracken growing on them take hues of orange, crimson, and brown, in varied tints of great beauty.

The lakes are inferior in size to those of Scotland or the Continent; but they are varied in form, and either extremely beautiful or sternly impressive; some having woods and meadows sloping to their margin, others being overhung by inaccessible precipices.

The Tarns are small lakes, some of which are very picturesque. The water falls are not remarkable for any great descent of water, although called by the people Forces; but their surroundings of rock and trees make them lovely. The rivers are also picturesque with fine scenery on their banks, as the Eden.

Yorkshire is full of interest, not only from its delightful dales and wolds, but for its sea coast full of

charming views: Flamborough Head, Filey Bay, Scarborough Robin Hood's Bay, and Whitby, are all strikingly picturesque. Even the manufacturing towns of the West Riding are picturesquely situated, though often concealed in smoke; Lancashire has two noble lakes, one is Windermere; and the district of Furness and Morecambe Bay present splendid prospects; Derbyshire has its Peak and its wonderful caves, its hills and dales, and grand old houses; Cheshire, its ancient city and many lordly homes.

Durham is the most picturesque of cities, with its wandering Wear, its banks, its cathedral, and its many historic memories. Of all these the North may be proud; but the counties on the West - those bordering on Wales, and the extreme South-West - Devon and Cornwall - compete strongly for the palm of beauty with the North.

Shropshire, with its ancient capital and grand river, is full of spots worthy of being the haunt of artists; Worcestershire, with its quiet, soft, reposeful beauty; Gloucestershire, with its ruined abbeys and historic castles; Herefordshire, with the exquisite scenery of the Wye, may have some claim; but the real rivalry in beauty occurs when we enter Devonshire and Cornwall.

Devonshire has the highest land south of the Peak; and its whole surface, varied by hill and dale, is wonderfully picturesque.

One of its peculiar features is the great plateau, called Dartmoor, from the river Dart, that rises on it. This great moor covers an area of 130,000 acres. The grand waste, scattered over with rocks called Tors, is unequalled as a moor; it is the highest part of the granite elevation that extends to the Scilly isles. Surrounding it is a richly wooded and lovely country. Everywhere the most charming verdure decks the soil, and wild roses and honeysuckle overshadow the long, deep lanes in summer.

On Dartmoor are seen still some of those curious circles or alignments of upright stones, of which there are such grand remains on Salisbury Plain. Of the circles the best are the Longstones on Scorhill Down, and the "Grey Wethers" under Sittaford Tor. There is a fine cromlech, three pillared, called "the Spinster's Rock," at Drewsteigton, and there are numerous maenhirs or single upright stones about the moor. Devonshire has, also, some remarkable bone caverns. One is Kent's Hole, near Torquay - which has yielded bones of bears and hyenas, and the traces of its occupation by primitive man - another at Chudleigh; one at Oreston, near Plymouth, and another at Brixham.

Cornwall, the last British stronghold - the county of old romance, and of singular superstitions - has a peculiar, though sometimes savage beauty. Its stern and rock bound coast, washed by a mighty sea, which has carved the rocks into grotesque forms by the beating of the relentless waves, is sublimely picturesque; whilst its moorlands, with their giant boulders and Tors, its waste land, its woody valleys, and its dancing streams, present many varying forms of beauty.

And now we approach the Land's End - that magnificent point of grand rocks that so perfectly completes the fair land of Albion - the White Island. In the far distance we distinguish the Scilly isles; once, old tradition tells us, united to England by a fair and fertile tract of country - the Arthurian Lyonesse, the inundation that severed them from the mainland happened, according to the "Saxon Chronicle," in 1099. Stow, who wrote his "History of England" in 1580, records a very high tide in that year. "The sea broke in over the banks of the Thames, and other ryvers, drowning many towns and much people," he says, "with innumerable numbers of oxen and sheepe, at which time the lands in Kent that sometime belonged to Duke Godwin, Earl of Kent, were covered with sandes and drowned; which are to this day called the Goodwyne Sandes." Thus we see there must have been an inundation; to what extent it affected the Land's End, we do not authentically know.

We have thus given a general glance over England before offering more perfect pictures to the reader; and we hope that our book may awaken or inspire a greater love for our glorious and beautiful country, and that our hearts may echo the inspiring words: -

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

ENGLAND.



FROM side to side of her delightful isle
Is she not clothed with a perpetual smile?
Can Nature add a charm, or Art confer,
A new found luxury not seen in her?

Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn
Poured out from Plenty's overflowing horn:
Ambrosial gardens, in which art supplies
The fervour and the force of Indian skies;
Her peaceful shores, where busy Commerce waits
To pour his golden tide through all her gates;
Whom fiery suns that scorch the russet spice
Of Eastern groves, and oceans floored with ice,
Forbid in vain to push his daring way
To darker climes, or climes of brighter day
Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,
From the world's girdle to the frozen pole;
The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn streets;
Her vaults below, where every vintage meets;
Her theatres, her revels, and hot sports,
The scenes to which not youth alone resorts,
But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
Still haunts in hope to dream of youth again:
All speak her happy:- let the Muse look round
From east to west, no sorrow can be found.

COWPER

LONDON.



THE wonderful city that is the heart of the world's thought and trade, and from which issue the power and the might of England, has less claim to be called picturesque than many another far less important capital. It is perhaps of too great extent to easily convey the idea of beauty; yet few who gaze upon London from its own imperial river will refuse to acknowledge that it possesses a certain charm and majesty peculiar to itself.

It was certainly more picturesque, in the ordinary sense of the word, in the old days when London Bridge had a street on it, and the town was full of quaint gabled houses such as Hollar has drawn for us. But it still possesses its ancient and picturesque Tower, its grand old Abbey, its fine Houses of Parliament; and from many parts of the river it will still afford subjects for the artist.

Stand for a few moments in early morning on Charing Cross Bridge, and look eastward, and you will see a noble river decked in the "many twinkling" smiles of summer sunshine; the pathway of busy men still, though no longer, as it once was, the bearer of royal or civic pageants. Before you is the finest of the London bridges, through the arches of which is caught a glimpse of the Temple and of the frontage of the City of London School, while in the distance is Blackfriars Bridge.

Above the centre of the bridge rises the majestic dome of St. Paul's, and nearer to us the grey walls of Somerset House appear through the foliage of the Embankment gardens.



VIEW OF LONDON FROM THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Figure 1: View of London.

Perhaps a greater idea of the grandeur and wealth of the city may be gained by steaming up the Thames to Charing Cross, past the great docks that receive the shipping of the world.

They are of vast extent. St. Katharine's, the first built, or rather constructed, occupy the site of the old St. Katharine's Hospital, that was transferred to the Regent's Park. These docks cost 2,000,000 to build. They cover 24 acres, nearly half of which are water. The London Docks, united to the St. Katharine in 1863, contain 90 acres, a third being water, and cost 4,000,000 of money to construct. Here are great warehouses of tobacco, rented by the Crown, immense wine vaults, covering acres of ground; the mixing house, which has a vat in it that will hold over 23,000 gallons; the wool, spices, tea, drugs, sugar, and other warehouses, innumerable and worthy of the great city that is the centre of the world's trade.

From the docks we reach the Tower, which from the Thames is very picturesque, for we have here a view of the Traitor's Gate, the Bloody Tower, where the little princes were murdered, and of a rather confused assemblage of walls and towers encircling the great keep, or White Tower, which rises proudly above them. We proceed up the river, and reach the Custom House Facade, facing the river. Immense sums are levied here yearly. Both this building and the docks are evidences of the enormous wealth of London. After passing Billingsgate Fish Market, we reach London Bridge.

Old London Bridge was picturesque in Elizabeth's reign, and previously, with a gate-house at each end, a beautiful Gothic chapel in the middle, and stately houses on each side, with flat roofs having gardens and bowers on them. The Nonsuch House, richly carved and gilt, and prepared in Holland, stood near the drawbridge. In 1666 these houses were burnt down in the Great Fire, but they were rebuilt a few years after. In 1757 they were altogether removed; and in 1832 a new bridge replaced this memorable old one. Formerly, passing under the arches was called "Shooting London Bridge," and was not a little dangerous, as the arches were very narrow, and the stream, thus impeded, rushed strongly through them. Now the passage is easy under the fine bridge of five semi-elliptical arches, two of 130 feet, two of 140 feet, and the centre arch 152 feet 6 inches span. The roadway is 52 feet wide.

Old London Bridge was associated with many events in the history of England. Here De Montfort repulsed the royal troops during the Barons' War; here our great Henry V. crossed in triumph after Agincourt; and here, all too soon afterwards, his dead body was borne across in solemn pomp. In 1450 Jack Cade seized London Bridge; in 1554 it was the scene of Wyatt's rebellion.

Not many years ago the dynamitards endeavoured to blow up the present bridge; but in this instance, we believe, the engineer "was hoist with his own petard," and the unhappy man perished in the act of committing a crime that might have destroyed hundreds.

The next picturesque scene is that presented by the Temple and Temple Gardens, the Water-gate of York House, on the Embankment Cleopatra's Needle, the gardens open to the people, and Charing Cross station itself, of the view from which we have already spoken; while during the whole passage up the stream we have seen the glorious dome of St. Paul's towering over the city.

Joanna Baillie has left us a very graphic description of London as seen inland from the heights of Hampstead Heath, and we think our readers will be glad to read her picture of London seen from a height slightly above it. It is thus she describes it:

"It is a goodly sight through the clear air,
 From Hampstead's heathy height to see at once
 England's vast capitol in fair expanse
 Towers, belfries, lengthened streets, and structures fair.
 St. Paul's high dome, amidst the vassal bands
 Of neighboring spires a regal chieftain stands,
 And over fields of ridgy roofs appear,
 With distance softly tinted, side by side,
 In kindred grace, like twain of sisters dear,
 The towers of Westminster, her abbey's pride;
 While far beyond the hills of Surrey shine
 Through thin soft haze, and show their wavy line,
 Viewed thus a goodly sight! but when surveyed
 Through denser air, when moistened winds prevail,
 In her grand panoply of smoke arrayed,
 While clouds aloft in heavy volumes sail,

She is sublime. She seems a curtained gloom,
 Connecting heaven and earth - a threatening sign of doom.
 With more than natural height, reared to the sky
 'Tis then St. Paul's arrests the wandering eye;
 The lower parts in swathing mist concealed,
 The higher through some half-spent shower revealed,
 So far from earth removed, that well, I trow,
 Did not its form man's artful structure show,
 It might some lofty Alpine height be deemed.
 The eagle's haunt, with cave and crevice seamed.
 Stretched wide on either hand, a rugged screen
 In lurid darkness, nearer streets are seen
 Like shoreward billows of a troubled main
 Arrested in their rage. Through drizzly rain
 Cataracts of tawny sheen pour from the skies,
 Of furnace smoke black curling columns rise,
 And many-tinted vapours slowly pass
 O'er the wide draping of that pictured mass,
 So shows by day this grand imperial town,
 And when o'er a I the night's black stole is thrown,
 The distant traveller doth with wonder mark
 Her luminous canopy athwart the dark,
 Cast up, from myriads of lamps that shine
 Along her streets in many a starry line;
 He wondering looks from his yet distant road,
 And thinks the northern streamers are abroad.
 'What hollow sound is that? Approaching near,
 The roar of many wheels breaks on his ear;
 It is the flood of human life in motion!
 It is the voice of a tempestuous ocean.
 With sad but pleasing awe his soul is filled,
 Scarce heaves his breast and all within is stilled,
 As many thoughts and feelings cross his mind,-
 Thoughts mingled, melancholy, undefined, -
 Of restless, reckless man; and years gone by,
 And time fast wending to eternity."

Wordsworth has admirably described another phase of London, that all will recognize. He writes,-

"Before me flow,
 Thou endless stream of men and moving things;
 Thy everyday appearance, as it strikes-
 With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe-
 On strangers of all ages; the quick dance
 Of colours, lights, and forms; the deafening din;
 The comers and the goers, face to face,
 Face after face; the string of dazzling wares,
 Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
 And all the tradesman's honours overhead."

But in describing London we must not omit her Houses of Parliament. They are not of any great antiquity, dating from about 1840 to 1857; the previous building having been burnt down. But the assembling of the members of both if Houses dates from the reign of Henry III., and was owing to De Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and the Barons' struggle for the people's freedom. But when first elected, these citizens and

burgesses were of an unimportant character, scarcely daring to raise their eyes to the nobles and prelates. "To grant money," says Mr. Hallam, "was the main object of their meeting; and if the exigencies of the administration could have been relieved without subsidies, the citizens and burgesses might still have sat at home and obeyed the laws which a council of nobles and prelates enacted for their government. But it is a difficult question whether the king and the peers designed to make room for them, as it were, in legislation, and whether the purse drew after it immediately, or only by degrees, those indispensable rights of consenting to laws which they now possess."

Their business, however, appears to have been to petition for redress of grievances, as well as provide money for the government.

There were not at first two houses; the Commons probably sat at one end of the hall at Westminster, and the Lords at the other, but they never intermingled their votes. The usual reason for calling a parliament was to raise money by taxation. But they soon had separate houses.

In the eleventh year of Edward I. the Commons sat at Acton Burnell, and the Upper House at Shrewsbury. The laws made by the early Parliaments are remarkable, especially those of Edward I. He has, in fact, with good reason been called the English Justinian.

But it is not of these laws, or of the struggles of the members at different times, that we are to speak now, but rather of the Houses themselves.

Westminster Hall was the first locality of parliament when held in London, and until separate houses were built for it.

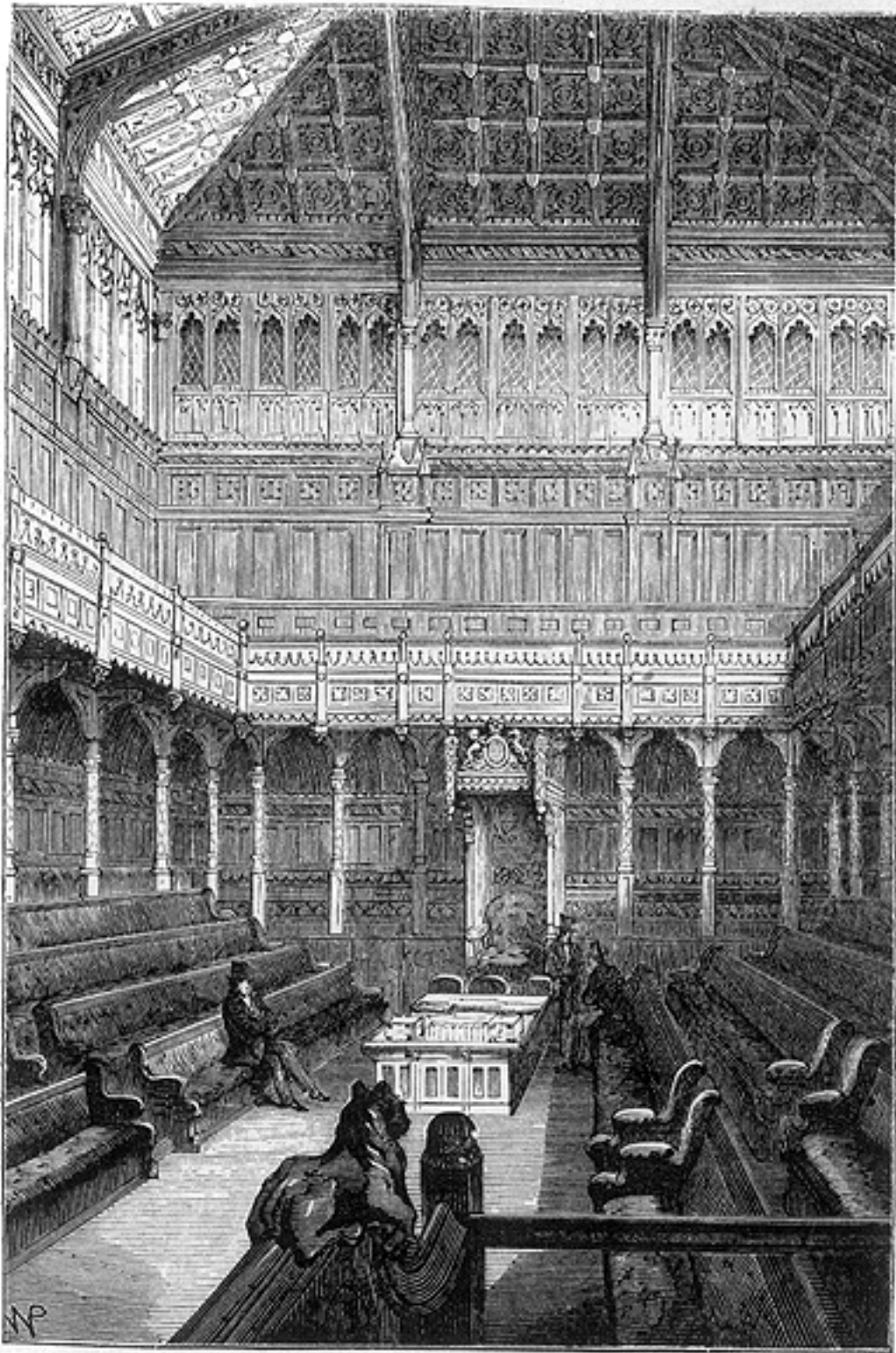
In James the First's time the famous Gunpowder Plot had nearly reduced the House to ashes, with those who were in it. Happily the nation was spared this crime, by the betrayal of the plot to Lord Montague.

But more than two centuries after, a fire broke out in the House of Commons, and both the Houses of Parliament were destroyed. We were shown once a pretty sketch of Guy Faux's cellar, made at the time when access



BIG BEN AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Figure 2: Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Figure 3: Interior of the House of Commons.

THE TOWER.

ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.



THE Tower of London - at once a palace, a fortress, and a prison - is most closely associated with the events English history. When we say a palace, we must add, that of the palace of the Tudors that existed within those walls as a splendid building, with a painted hall, spacious galleries and noble courts, not a vestige now remains. Its place has been taken by the Ordnance Offices. The Tower itself has remained as we see it, though the dwelling-place of kings within its walls is gone.

Yet how grand that painted hall must have been! Here King John of France was feasted by King Edward III. Here Henry of Lancaster wore the crown torn from Richard II.'s brow, and Henry VIII. banqueted with his queens, two of whom were destined to die in that fatal fortress.

The Tower is always a weird place, by night especially. The writer spent many days and nights, during childhood, as a guest there, and has often walked in the solemn moonlight round it, on the platform under the old trees, passing the Devil's Battery, the Stone Battery, and the Wooden Battery, and again the White Tower, all clothed in the solemn light - awesome, and full of terrible memories; for the past scenes of three or four hundred years seemed to be absolutely present under the charm of the hour, and one could almost see the victims of the savage Yorkists and Tudors passing in shadowy procession before one. The boy princes; the unhappy Anne Boleyn clasping her little throat; the saintly Jane Grey; the gallant Raleigh.

Gray has apostrophised the Tower thus:

"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed;"

and Shakspeare asserts the same origin of the Tower in the scene where young Edward V. objects to the Tower as his residence.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:-
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

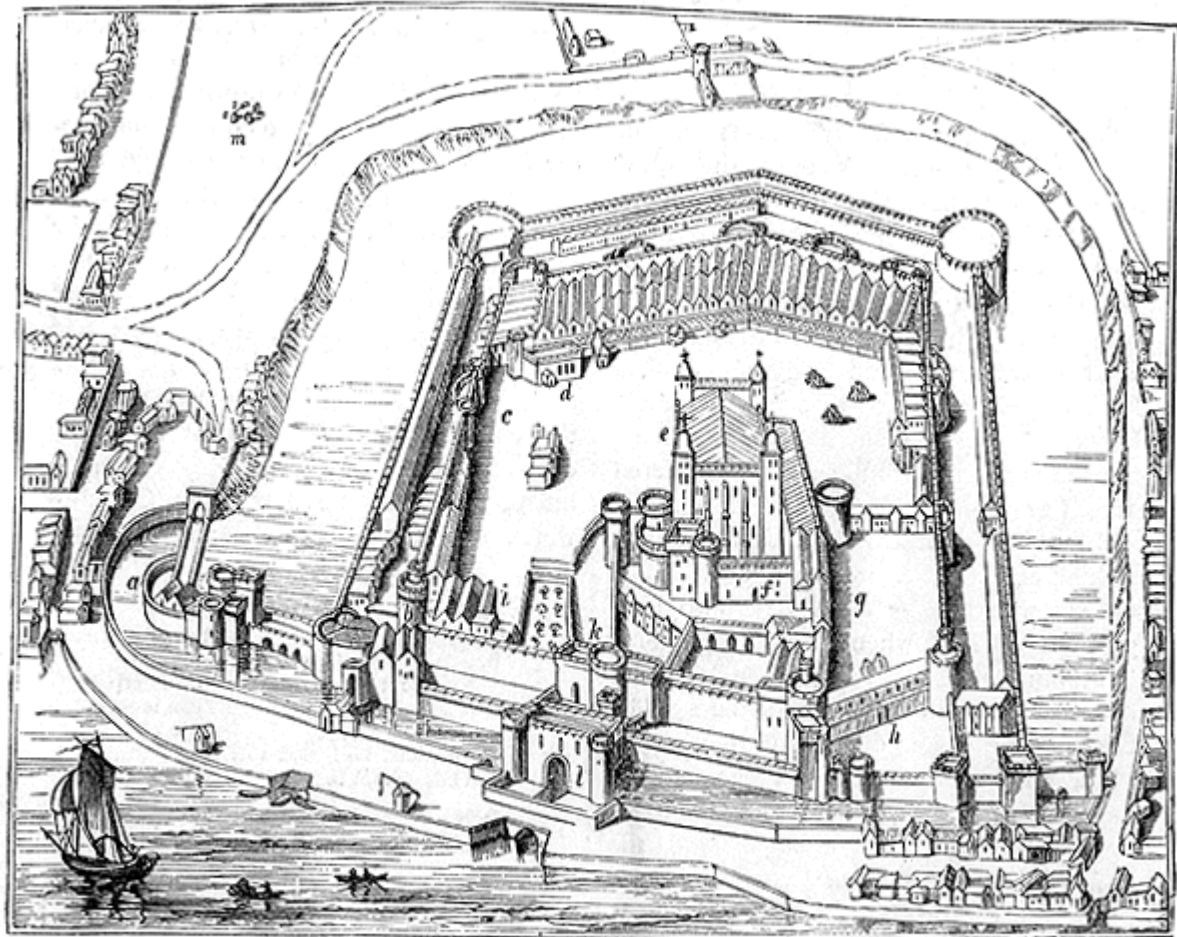
Glo. [Aside.] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.

But in fact Julius Caesar did not build the Tower. It was built by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester (who also erected Rochester Castle), in 1078, for William the Conqueror. Rufus added to the keep, Henry I. strengthened it, and Stephen kept his court here.

It is a singular fact that Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, who assisted in completing the Tower, was the first person imprisoned in it. He managed, however, to escape. His friends conveyed a rope to him in a flagon; he made his keepers tipsy (therefore doubtless wine had been sent with the flagon), and



PLAN OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

- | | | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------------|---|
| a. Lion's Tower. | j. The Keep, or White Tower. | k. Queen's Gallery and Garden. | l. St. Thomas' Tower, and Traitor's Gate. |
| b. Bell Tower. | f. Jewel House. | i. Lieutenant's Lodgings. | m. Place of Execution on Tower-hill. |
| c. Beauchamp Tower. | g. Queen's Lodgings. | k. Bloody Tower. | |
| d. The Chapel. | | | |

Figure 4: Tower of London.

then, when they were so intoxicated as to be blind and incapable, he let himself down from a window in the south gallery, taking his pastoral staff with him. The rope broke, and the bishop had a serious fall; but though he was injured by it, he managed to escape to Normandy, and lived to recover his See.

King John held his court here; Edward II. found refuge in the fortress; and here were imprisoned two monarchs - David, king of Scotland, and John, king of France, the captives of our third Edward. Richard II. found safety in the Tower from Jack Cade and his rebels, and was imprisoned here when first brought to London by usurping Bolingbroke.

Here his grandson, the saintly Henry VI., expiated his grandsire's crime by his death, - murdered, it is said, by Gloucester. In a strangely small and dark room in the Bloody Tower the two young princes of York are said to have been murdered.

The room is not generally shown, as the tower is inhabited; but we have seen it, and no spot could have been better adapted for a foul midnight murder. A passage runs between it and the wall of the tower, and the light in it is borrowed from the loophole or window, the side of the room towards the passage being glazed half-way from the top. Through this window tradition says that Tyrrel watched the ruffians execute their deed of blood. The bed is placed sideways to the window.

We cannot resist giving Shakspeare's account of this sad tragedy.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "Lay the gentle babes," -
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
But O, the devil" - there the villain stopp'd:
When Dighton thus told on, - we smother'd
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'r she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse
They could not speak and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king:
And here he comes, -

Enter KING RICHARD.

All health, my sov'reign lord.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Grave doubts have at different times existed as to the death of at least one of the princes - York; but upon the whole the evidence is strongly in favour of the tradition. In Charles II.'s reign a box was found at the bottom of the staircase which leads to the chapel of the White Tower. It contained bones, supposed to be those of the young princes, for Sir Thomas More, who wrote a century and a half before the box was found, says the bodies had been removed from the Bloody Tower by a priest, at the king's request, and buried elsewhere; but both king and priest dying suddenly, the place of their burial remained a secret, and when Henry VII. would have given anything to exhibit them, in order to disprove Warbeck's claims, he could not find them.

Charles II. caused the skeletons of the boy princes to be removed to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where a Latin inscription upon marble records the discovery, after a lapse of a hundred and ninety-one years, of these remains of Edward V. and the Duke of York, who were confined in the Tower, put to death, and secretly and ignominiously buried by Richard III.

A singular discovery was made in this Tower in 1868.



Figure 5: The Bloody Tower.

An opinion had long been entertained that a staircase existed between the Bloody Tower and the Wakefield Tower, and at the period mentioned an investigation of them led to the discovery that in the thickness of the walls connecting the Bloody and Wakefield Towers there is a small passage which leads past the chamber containing the windlass for raising the portcullis, and ascends in a spiral course to the top of the ballium wall; thence it leads into a passage which connected the Bloody Tower with the Lieutenant's lodgings, and communicated immediately with the room in which the princes are traditionally said to have been murdered. At the bottom of the staircase, the stones of which are sharp and clean, was a small cell, with a chimney 'due, which (both cell and flue) were crammed with bones and earth. The bones were at first said to be human, as might be expected; but upon careful examination, they were found to be entirely the bones of animals, principally deer and oxen. It has been conjectured that the staircase may have been closed immediately after the murder; that the bodies were concealed in the flue, so closely adjoining, in order to escape the notice that their removal and burial elsewhere would occasion, and that both flue and

stairs were at once closed up by Richard's own orders. The work is carefully executed, the openings being closed with stone so as exactly to match the walls and thus escape observation, as it did so many years "At all events, it is very singular," says Mr. Timbs, "that a convenient staircase, already made, should be closed, thereby necessitating the formation of another on the farther side of the tower to reach the chambers above."

In front of the foot of the stairs is an arched opening, which has all the appearance of a doorway, but it is at a considerable height from the ground.

The Bloody Tower gateway opposite the Traitor's Gate is the main entrance to the inner ward. It has massive gates and a portcullis, said to be the only one in England now fit for use.

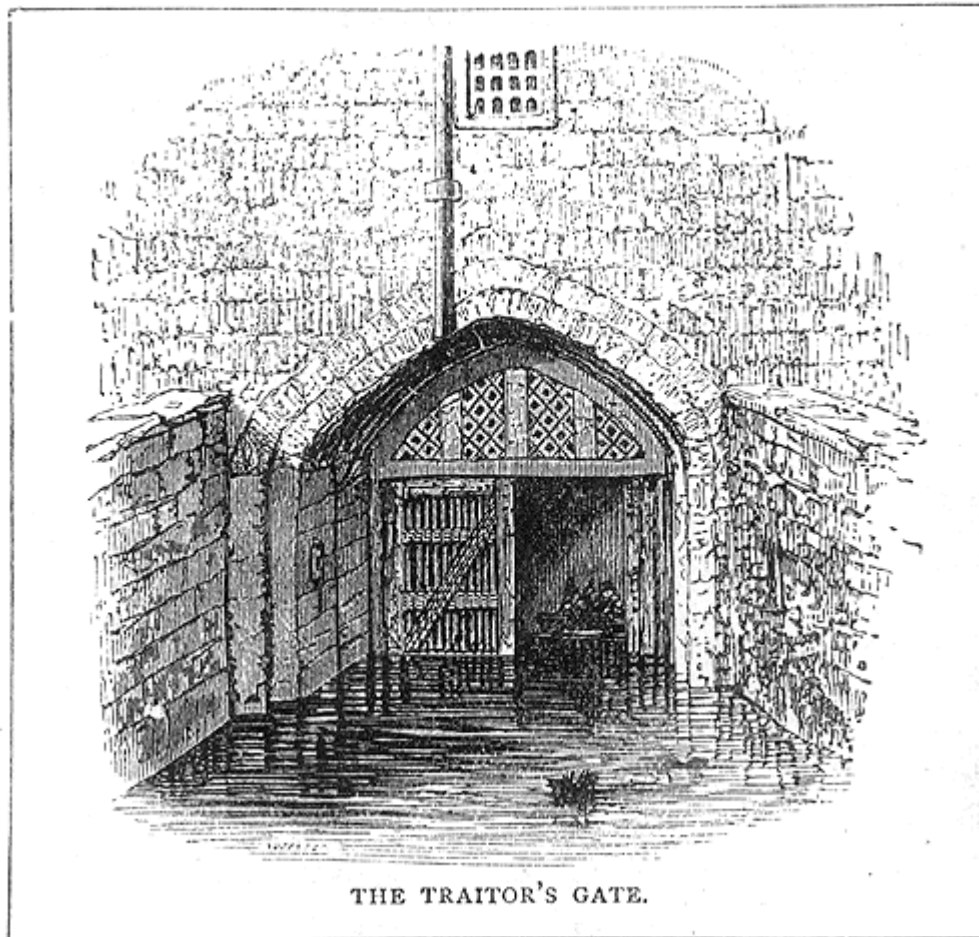


Figure 6: The Traitors Gate.

The Traitor's Gate was a small postern with a drawbridge, which was seldom let down but for the passage of some distinguished prisoners.

By this gate the unhappy Anne Boleyn entered the Tower in hysterical agony; and her daughter, the dauntless Elizabeth, stepping boldly from the boat that bore her to prison and possible death, declared her spotless loyalty. She was confined in the Bell Tower with great severity. Mary's counsellors do not seem to have intended to let her live, but the murmurs of the Londoners and the threats of Lord Howard and his fleet compelled the Queen to show some courtesy to the royal prisoner, on whom Mass had been forced and who had not been suffered to take outdoor exercise in the Queen's garden. When at last this privilege was accorded her, she found amusement and consolation in the children who lived in the fortress. A boy of four years old took a great fancy to her, and carried her flowers whenever he could get them. This infant



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE KEY.

was actually brought up before the council and strictly examined, with promises of figs and apples, if he would tell who had sent him to the Princess. He said, "I will go to the Earl of Devonshire, and ask what he will give me to carry to her." The Chancellor exclaimed, "This same is a crafty child." "Ay, my Lord," said the little boy, who evidently did not understand the word "crafty," "but pray give me the figs." "No," said the Chancellor. "Marry, you shall be whipped if you come any more to the Lady Elizabeth."

It is pleasant to think of the royal Elizabeth's captivity being cheered by the innocent love of children. When walking in the garden, the little ones gathered round her; and tradition says they found a little key, and offered it to her, hoping that she might escape by means of it, but begging her to return sometimes to see them, for they loved her.

Sir Walter Raleigh was thrice imprisoned in the Tower. For twelve long years in the Bloody Tower, where Prince Henry, the son of James, visited him, and was heard say that no being save his father would keep such a bird in a cage. The great seaman and historian wrote his "History of the World" in the Tower. It is one of the great prison books, among which we may also name "Don Quixote" and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Raleigh never left the Tower after his third incarceration till he went to the scaffold; given up by the cowardice of James I. to the vengeance of Spain.

The walls of the Beauchamp Tower are rich in inscriptions left by the prisoners kept in it. In one of the state prison rooms are cut the letters, -JANE, JANE, supposed to have been done by Lord Guildford Dudley during his imprisonment and separation from his wife, who was at the same time a prisoner.

Amidst all the horrid memories of the Tower there is one amusing story. It dates from the time of the conflict between the Red and White Roses.

Sir Henry Wyatt was a Lancastrian, and in the reign of Richard III. found himself a prisoner in the royal fortress. He was in a cold narrow cell, "where," the Wyatt Papers say, "he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there had not God, who sent a crow to feed His prophet, sent this and his country's martyr a cat, both to warm and feed him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and, as it were, offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and by making much of her won her love. After this she would come every day unto him, divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of the cold and his short fare. The answer was, 'he durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any food, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may, well enough,' said the keeper; 'you are safe for that matter,' and being urged again, promised him, and kept his promise, for he actually dressed for him such pigeons as his caterer the cat provided."

Sir Henry was released and restored to his estates by Henry VII., and had a portrait of himself and of his friend, the cat, painted, with a pigeon in its paws, offering it through the grated window of his dungeon to the captive.

The poets Surrey, Wyatt, and Raleigh were preceded in their captivity in the Tower by one of the earliest of the French poets, Charles, Duke of Orleans, taken prisoner at Agincourt, and brought to England by Henry V. He spent twenty five years in captivity; partly in the Tower, partly at Pontefract; but many of his poems were written in the Tower, an admirable view of which adorns one of his MS. The Duke of Orleans was one of the best of the early French poets, and of excellent moral character. He was left for dead on the field of Agincourt; but Henry V. ordered all care to be taken of him, and he was conducted to Calais with the other prisoners. He refused on the road to take any nourishment, and Henry remonstrated with him, saying, "Fair cousin, be of good cheer; it is to the protection of Heaven that my victory alone is due. Heaven was determined to punish the French nation for their bad conduct." And Charles, whose father had been basely murdered in Paris, could scarcely fail to acknowledge the truth of the conqueror's words. Whilst he was a captive his wife died. We will give some of his poems (translated by Miss Costello) which were probably written in the Tower.

TO HIS WIFE.

My only love, my dearest, best,
 Thou, whom to love is all my care
 Be not thy heart with woe opprest,
 Nor yield thy thoughts in dark despair.
 One sole design my thoughts can move-
 To meet, and cast our woes to air,
 My dearest, best, and only love,
 Thou whom to love is all my care!

Alas! if wishes had the power
 To waft me on their wings to thee,
 The world could give no brighter hour
 Nor one desire be left for me,
 Wert thou to this fond bosom prest
 My only love, my dearest - best.

I stood upon the wild sea shore,
 And marked the wide expanse,
 My straining eyes were turned once more

To long loved, distant France.

I saw the sea bird hurry by
 Along the waters blue;
 I saw her wheel amid the sky,
 And mock my tearful, eager eye,
 That would her flight pursue.

Onwards she darts, secure and free,
 And wings her rapid course to thee!
 Oh, that her wing were mine to soar
 And reach thy lovely land once more!

O Heaven! it were enough to die,
 In my own, my native home-
 One hour of blessed liberty
 Were worth whole years to come.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

No more, no mere my trembling lute
 Can wake for love some mournful story,
 Alike its altered chords are mute
 To gentle lays or themes of glory;
 My art is lost, and all forgot
 The tender strains, so sweet, so moving;
 I ponder but my hapless lot,
 And start when others speak of loving.
 My soul declines in pensive thought,
 A dreary gloom around me lingers,
 My lips with idle words are fraught.
 And wildly move my wand'ring fingers.
 A cloud no sunshine can remove
 Hangs its dark shadowy pall above me;
 I must not - cannot sing of love,
 For none are left on earth to love me.

The writer of these touching lines was at length ransomed for an immense sum by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and after his release married the Princess Marie of Cleves, Philip's niece. She became the mother of a son, who succeeded to the throne of France as Louis XI., and married Mary Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII.

The Armouries in the Tower are worth careful notice. Here we have defensive and offensive armour and arms from the time of the Crusades. Gambuised armour was made of stitched padded work, the shirt of mail was formed of rings, or of small metal plates, covering each other like the scales of a fish. Over the armour surcoats were worn, to prevent the sun heating the metal. Armour was at times so expensive that it was said of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had a suit of silver armour, that "he bore a Spanish galleon on his back."

There are terrible instruments of torture also in the Tower, some of which are said to have been brought over in the Spanish Armada. There are thumbscrews, one of which William III. insisted on trying on himself, but declared, when it was screwed to the uttermost, that he would have agreed to anything rather than bear such agony. There are also yokes, cravats, and a collar of torment. We do not know if a rack still remains. Another kind of torture in the Tower is a cell called "Little Ease." It is so small that the prisoner in it could neither stand, sit, nor lie at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting position, and remain thus day and night.

The Crown Jewels are also kept in the Tower. Their attempted robbery by Colonel Blood is one of the mysteries of Charles II.'s disgraceful reign. Our Queen has added to them the famous Koh-i-noor, - a gift to her from her army. It is said to be the finest diamond in the world.

It may interest our readers to glance at a plan of the Tower, which will explain how it was that it contained a palace, and was also a prison and a fortress. A clear notion of its extent may be gathered from the above, which was engraved from a survey made in 1597. Very few changes have taken place since.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



LEAVING the bloodstained Tower, with its cruel memories, we will proceed to Westminster, and gaze on the glorious Abbey, of which England is so justly proud, exchanging the scene of human oppression for the peaceful precincts where prayer and praise rise daily to heaven, and the mighty dead sleep in peace and honour. From the western door one has a general view of the interior, and the great extent, the stately pillars, the lofty roof, the galleries of double columns, and the fine stained glass in the north and the great west windows must win both awe and admiration from all who behold it.

In Henry VII.'s Chapel we find the very perfection of architecture. Some one has called it (architecture) "frozen music," and one understands the rather fantastic comparison as one looks at this wonderful specimen of art. The brazen gates, the exquisitely carved ceiling, the double range of windows, the brown-wainscoted stalls, with their wonderfully carved Gothic canopies, the pavement of black and white marble, Henry VII.'s tomb, all are unspeakably beautiful and stately.

The Abbey is built on land that was once an island, called Thorny, from its being overgrown with thorns, and surrounded by water reeds, but it was really a peninsula of the purest sand and gravel. The Abbey has no basement storey, but is built on fine close sand, and is secured only by its very broad, wide, and spreading foundations. A pagan temple originally stood here; but Sebert, king of the East Saxons, having been converted to Christianity, pulled it down, and founded on its site a church dedicated to St. Peter. On account of the dedication of the church to the Apostle-fisherman and tutelar saint of the craft, the toilers in the sea were wont, in Popish days, to offer salmon on the high altar; the offerers having on such occasions leave to dine at the convent table, and to ask bread and ale from the cellarer.

Edward the Confessor built and endowed the present Abbey, giving a tenth part of his entire substance in gold, silver, cattle, and other possessions for the purpose. The pious king lived only just long enough to see the completion of the work; the Abbey being dedicated on the Feast of the Holy innocents, December 28th, 1065, and Edward dying eight days afterwards. He was buried by his own desire in front of the high altar.

A year afterwards, William the Norman was crowned in that same Abbey; and ever since our kings and queens have held their coronations there.

There is a singular legend belonging to the Abbey at this period.

The Conqueror wished to replace the Saxon bishops by Normans, and for this purpose called a synod at the church in Westminster, under Archbishop Lanfranc, to examine into the conduct and qualifications of the English clergy, and to eject "such bishops as had little learning or influence."

At this synod Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, was charged with being "a most illiterate and foolish man, and unfit for the station he held; as very idiot, unacquainted with the French language, and incapable either to instruct the Church or counsel the king." Lanfranc, William's Archbishop, then demanded his pastoral staff and ring in the king's name; but the old bishop, firmly grasping his staff, replied,-

"I know, my Lord Archbishop, that I am entirely unfit for, and unworthy so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; however, I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff which I never received from you; yet in some measures I submit to your sentence, and will resign it; but I consider it just to make that resignation to King Edward, who conferred it on me."

Then the stately old bishop rose, and leaving the synod, crossed the church and stood by Edward's tomb, saying,-

"Thou knowest, O holy king, how unwillingly I undertook this office, and even by force; for neither the desire of the prelates, the petition of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till thy commands obliged me. But see-a new king, new laws, and a new bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of a fault for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for accepting the charge." Then, raising his arm, he put the staff erect into the carving on the tomb, left the Abbey, and resuming the dress of a monk, went and sat with the monks in the chapter house. A priest was sent by the synod for the staff, but he found it so firmly fixed in the tomb that it could not be moved. The king was told of this strange fact, and he and the archbishop both tried to remove it, but in vain. William sent for Wulfstan and ordered him to try and



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Figure 7: Westminster Abbey.

remove the staff. The prelate simply touched it, and it yielded at once to his hand.

"Keep it," said the king; "the holy Edward will not let you resign it. Resume the charge of your see."

Such implicit credence was given to this legend, that King John urged it to Pandulph, the Pope's legate, as the proof of the right of English kings to nominate a bishop.

William, who, to ingratiate himself with his new subjects, displayed great veneration for the Confessor's memory, was probably quite ready to acknowledge the right of the bishop Edward had appointed after this solemn and public appeal to the monarch, who was looked on as a saint.

The monuments in the Abbey form a portion of our history; for they record the names and deeds of England's greatest sons, as well as of many of her sovereigns. To have a place amongst the Abbey dead has inspired many a hero. We all know how Nelson, as he boarded the Spanish ship, cried, "Victory, or Westminster Abbey," though he, as well as his heroic contemporary, the great Duke of Wellington, rest together, not there, but in St. Paul's Cathedral.

We have not space to linger over the monuments; but we must first say that beneath our feet, when standing opposite the tombs of Lord Robert Manners and Lord Chatham, lie side by side the great rival statesmen - Pitt and Fox.

"Taming thought to human pride!
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
 O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
 And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,
 'Here let their discords with them die.'"



WULSTAN OF WORCESTER.

Figure 8: Wulstan of Worcester.

In Poets' Corner sleep Chaucer, Spenser, Prior, Butler, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Gay, Thompson, Goldsmith, Camp. bell, Browning, etc., etc., and a monument was here erected to Shakspeare by that noble woman, Anne, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Westminster in olden times possessed the right of sanctuary; though sometimes abused by affording shelter to great criminals, it was more generally a blessed protection to the weak and helpless. Never was its sanctuary more needed than by that unhappy queen, Elizabeth Woodville, when, in 1483, she took her second little Yorkist son's hand, and led him, followed by her five daughters, into the Abbey. There, seated on the rushes, her long fair hair streaming on her shoulders, a woeful suppliant, she demanded sanctuary. It was granted to her. Rotherham, Archbishop of York, endeavouring to comfort her, delivered the Great Seal to her, saying, "Madam, be of good cheer; for I promise you, if they crown any other king than your son whom they have now with them, we shall on the morrow crown his brother whom you have with you." In fact, the life of each child was safe so long as they were apart. But Gloucester suffered no obstacle in his path.

He sent the Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury to claim little York. "Children had no right of sanctuary," he said, "and the prince must be present at the coronation." The agony of the queen was terrible when her little York was thus demanded. The Archbishop was much distressed himself, but he was powerless to defend her against the might and will of the Protector. It was probably the sense of the uselessness of her own resistance, also, that caused the queen to yield at last. Taking her son by the hand, she said solemnly, "My lord, and all my lords now present, I will not be so suspicious as to mistrust your truth. Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me if I were permitted; and well do I know there be such deadly enemies to my blood, that if they wist where any lay, they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred; brothers have been brothers' bane; and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children is safe while the pair are asunder. Notwithstanding, I have delivered him (and his brother's life with him) into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God



Figure 9: Westminster Sanctuary.

and man. . . . Farewell, my own sweet son. God send you good keeping. Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again." Tenderly embracing the poor boy, she parted from him, "weeping bitterly over him, and he weeping as fast in his turn."¹ Thus Richard of York is said to have passed to his doom in the Tower.

In Westminster Abbey our kings and queens are crowned; and since Edward I. brought the famous coronation chair from Scone, they have received the royal diadem seated on the magic stone, that he, Edward, so vainly strove to render impotent. For the coronation chair has a legend attached to it of a very singular nature. The stone in the seat is said to be the same on which Jacob rested his head when he was a wanderer at Bethel, and saw the vision of angels.

It was taken to Ireland and afterwards to Scotland, where it was used, as it still is, as the seat of coronation, for on the stone is an inscription in Runic characters, running thus, we are told:-

"Where'er this sacred stone is found,
There shall the Wanderer's race be crowned"

Strangely enough, the kings of Scotland have actually followed their Chair and the Stone of Destiny; James VI. of Scotland ultimately inheriting the crown of the sovereign who had carried off the Stone to do away with the Scotch superstition.

A great many of our kings have been buried at Westminster. For a long time the place of sepulture of James I. was unknown, but it was found at last that he had taken his last rest in the grave of Henry VII. The grave of his mother, i.e., Mary Queen of Scots - has given shelter to many of her royal kin, amongst them the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart. The tombs in Westminster Abbey suggested a charming essay to Addison, and will yield much matter for reflection to a visitor of the present century.

¹This is, perhaps, the saddest scene the stately Abbey ever witnessed.

THE TEMPLE.

EXT to the Tower, the antiquary and the lover of history will value the Temple; originally the Preceptory of the famous Temple Knights or Templars, and, since the extinction of their order, the abode of lawyers studying or practicing.



"Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templar Knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride."

Charles Lamb has lightly but effectively sketched the Temple. "What a transition," he writes, "for a countryman visiting London for the first time - the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet Street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green retreats I What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it which from three sides overlooks the greater garden; that goodly pile-

'Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,'

confronting with massy contrast the lighter, older, more fantastically-shrouded one named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown Office Row . . . right opposite the stately stream which washes the garden foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters. . . ."

We cannot say this of the Thames of the present day, though it is not perhaps now at its worst. Still, the stately stream is a great adjunct to the beauties of the old buildings and their charming gardens, so famous in our history; though chrysanthemums rather than roses are the present boast of them.

The Temple possesses also a most remarkable and beautiful church - one of the only four circular churches to be found in England. It was supposed to be built in imitation of the Temple Church at Jerusalem, and was undoubtedly erected by the Templar Knights in the reign of Henry III.

Their Grand Master, Heraclius, came to England to consecrate it.

The architecture is between the Romanesque and early English Gothic; the western entrance, the semi-circular arches, and the capitals are richly sculptured.

"Within, Purbeck columns, with boldly-sculptured capitals, support a triforium or gallery of interlaced Norman arches; and the clerestory has six Romanesque windows, one filled with stained glass - a bright ruby ground, with a figure of Christ and the emblems of the Evangelists." - Timbs.

On the gallery well-staircase is a penitential cell, in which any Knight Templar who had disobeyed the Master was confined. It is only four and a half feet long and two and a half broad, so that the unhappy prisoner could not lie down except in a most uncomfortable position. Some were fettered here by order of the Master, and left till they died; in other cases an offender was scourged on the bare shoulders in the hall by the Master's own hands, or whipped in church on Sunday, before the congregation. But these severities must have belonged to the early days of the Order of the Temple, and not to the time when their pride and power is well represented by Brian de Bois Guilbert, in "Ivanhoe." Instituted as a religious order of knighthood, for the purpose of defending Christian pilgrims on the road to Jerusalem, they enlarged their vow by devoting themselves also to the defence of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, established by Godfrey de Bouillon. They lived at first on alms, and were so poor that one horse served for two, a fact recorded on their seal. Wealth, however, flowed in on them, and Templar establishments were to be found in nearly all European countries, but chiefly in France and England. The Templars grew remarkable for haughty insolence - disdainful of other Orders, and arrogating a place with nobles. But in battle they were the bravest of the brave, and Saladin had no more dangerous enemies than the Templars.

The English knights purchased the land on the south of Fleet Street, and erected there their Preceptory and the magnificent Church, which was, as we have said, built after the model of the one at Jerusalem. The effigies of these feudal warriors, sculptured of freestone, are sketched upon the pavement of the Temple Church, all having their legs crossed - the sign of having been a crusader.

In 1841 the ancient lead coffins containing the bodies of the knights were discovered, the dates on them being not earlier than the 13th century.

The fate of the knights was disastrous.

Once models of devotion and humility, they accumulated great riches and became powerful and proud. Their wealth excited the cupidity of the King of France, Philip the Fair. They were persecuted, accused of most ridiculous crimes, such as worshipping an ape's head, etc., condemned and executed. Sixty-eight knights were burnt at Paris, 1310. Their Grand Master, De Molay, was burned at Paris in 1314.

There is an old French tradition that De Molay at the stake protested his innocence, and summoned the King of France and his accomplice Pope Clement V., to meet him at the judgment seat of God that day twelvemonth; both pope and king dying at the same time, in accordance with the prophecy or citation. Pope Clement abolished the Order, 1312. Their property in England was given to the Hospitallers or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the head of the English Order died in the Tower.

The Temple was divided into Inner and Middle before the lease was transferred from the Hospitallers to the Crown; and the Middle Temple still bears the arms of the old Knights, "Argent, on a cross gules a paschal lamb or, carrying a banner of the first, charged with a cross of the second"; that is, in ordinary language, a silver shield with a red cross, on which is a gold lamb carrying a banner; on the banner is a red cross.

"The Round" is the nave or vestibule to the oblong portion of the church. The choir is in pure lancet style. It is divided into three aisles by clustered marble columns; the groined roof is richly coloured in arabesque, and adorned with holy emblems.

It was in the gardens of the Temple that the famous dispute took place that gave its emblem to each side in the Civil Wars of the Roses. The fine scene in Shakespeare's Henry VI. gives a vivid picture of it.

SCENE IV. - London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick. Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;-
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude, that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the care,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who else?

Law.

To Somerset.

Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his troth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true.
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He hears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom,
Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will,
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension;
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition
And so, farewell, until I meet thee next, [Exit.]

Som. Have with thee, Poole.
- Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.]

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;

And if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy, - thus brawl today,
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still would I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
 This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exuent.]

The Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem were a very worthy Order, who fought for, and also nursed and attended on sick and wounded pilgrims or warriors in the Holy Land. They in 1346 demised the magnificent buildings, church, and gardens to law students then residing at Holborn, and from this time the lawyers have studied in quiet in the lovely and still abode of the ancient Templars. Once, it is true, Wat Tyler's mob plundered the students and destroyed their books, but since that time all has been peace.



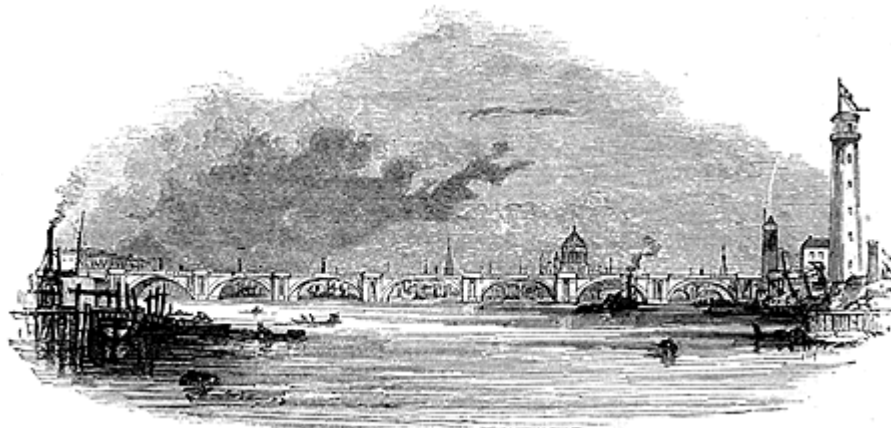
THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

Figure 10: Temple Church.



PLUCKING THE ROSES.

Figure 11: Plucking the Roses.



WATERLOO BRIDGE NEAR THE TEMPLE.

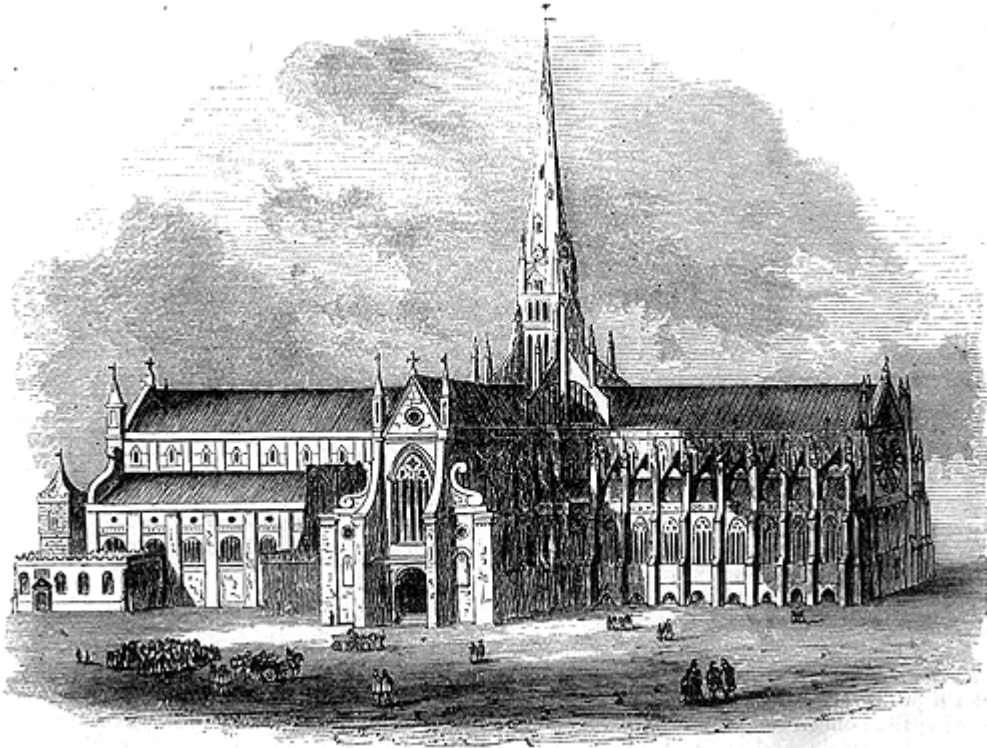
Figure 12: Waterloo Bridge.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



OLD ST. PAUL'S in Elizabeth's reign lost its airy and graceful steeple by being struck by lightning, and many of the Roman Catholics at the time ascribed the accident to the anger of Heaven at the new doctrines preached there.

The beautiful steeple was never restored, but the roofs that had also been destroyed were replaced. The old church was partially restored by Inigo Jones, but the alterations intended were interrupted by the Rebellion, when art was suppressed entirely, and the hand of violence assisted in the destruction caused by the elements. The "body of old St. Paul's was converted," says Dugdale, "to a horse quarter for soldiers. The beautiful pillars of Inigo Jones's portico were shamefully hewed and defaced for the support of the timber work of shops for seamstresses and other trades, for which sordid uses that once stately colonnade was wholly taken up and defiled. Upon taking away the inner scaffolds which supported the arched vaults, in order to their intended repair, the whole roof of the south cross tumbled down, and the rest in several places of the church did after fall; so that the structure continued a woeful spectacle of ruin till the happy Restoration."



OLD ST. PAUL'S, BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STEEPLE, 1561.

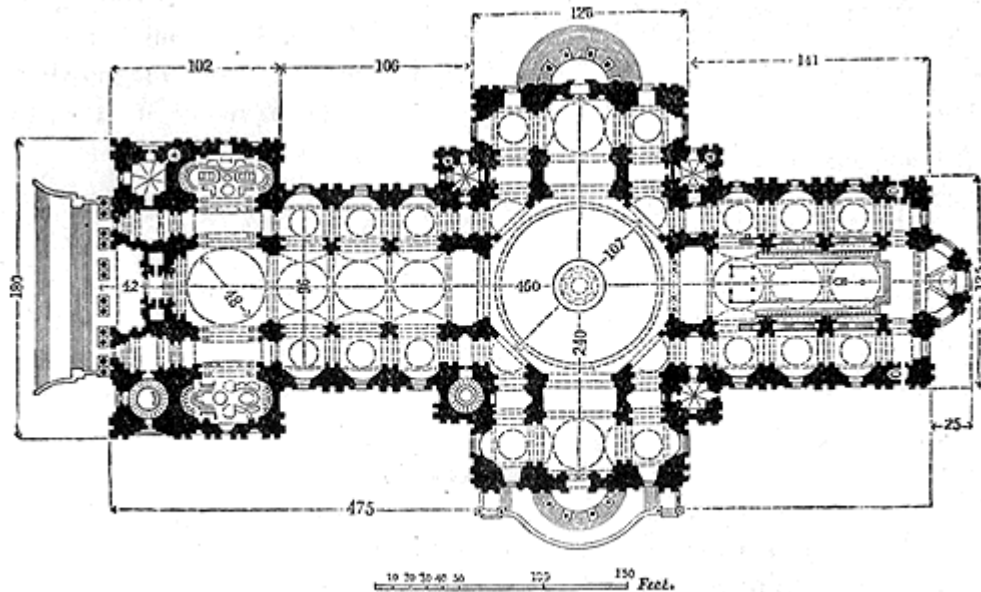
Figure 13: Old St Pauls.

It was as well, therefore, that the terrible Fire of London destroyed the whole cathedral, or at least reduced it to such a hopeless ruin, that Christopher Wren, our great architect, fortunately found it impossible to repair it. For he was thus enabled to build the present St. Paul's, which has long been declared to be second only to St. Peter's at Rome as a Christian church.

Wren was a man of great and varied talents; he was not educated for an architect; and before he exhibited his natural genius for the art, he had acquired a great reputation as an astronomer and mathematician. But he studied sedulously the art he loved, and was employed by Charles to assist Sir John Denham in the

great works the King designed to have executed. Charles proposed, after the Fire, that Wren should design a plan for the rebuilding of the city; but the work was delayed, and the owners of the former property meantime rebuilt their destroyed homes according to their own sweet will.

It was not until 1675, nine years after the Fire, that Wren was able to lay the foundation of the great Cathedral.



PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Figure 14: Plan of St Pauls.

Sir Christopher's first design differed greatly from the last he adopted; it has been said that the Duke of York, hoping that some day the church might pass back to the Roman community, interfered in the alteration; but if he did so, the change was certainly for the better, as the design is grander. The above plan was the one finally adopted.

The cupola is by far the most magnificent feature in the building, and nothing can be more pure in style than the peristyle with its unbroken entablature.

There is an anecdote recorded of the motto, "Resurgam," on the south front. It is said that while Sir Christopher was meditating about the motto he should select for his building, he required something to raise a stone about to be placed in position, and a workman brought him for the purpose a piece of an old tombstone on which was graven the word "Resurgam." The great architect at once saw the aptness of the word for his rebuilt church, and adopted it for his motto, perceiving that it was not only suitable for the church, but that it contained also a blessed promise to those who slept beneath the cathedral roof.

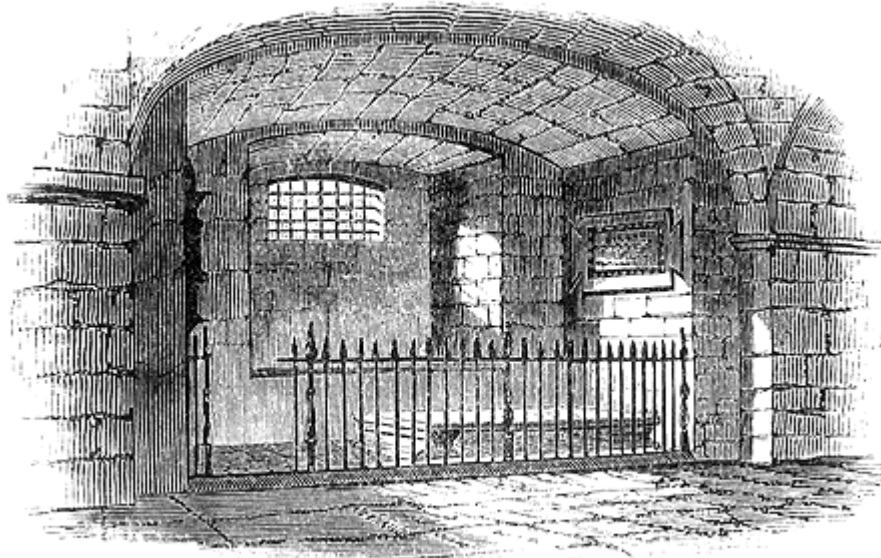
There are some fine monuments in St. Paul's; the one with the figure of Nelson with the lion beneath him, that of Sir John Moore wounded and dying, Sir Ralph Abercrombie falling from his horse into the arms of a Highlander, are admirable, and there are fine ones also erected to the memory of Howe, St. Vincent, Heathfield, Collingwood and Duncan; Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Nelson did not lie, as he had hoped, in Westminster Abbey, but is buried in the centre of the cathedral, beneath the dome, where he lies by his great contemporary, Wellington - the greatest sailor and the greatest soldier of Britain side by side.

The interior of St. Paul's is impressive and grand, but might have been brightened by greater ornamentation, as of stone carving and statuary. Wren left niches for the latter, which have never been filled.

Wren's scientific knowledge is manifested in the Whispering Gallery, which is a singular product of acoustic art. The geometrical staircase and the big bell are worth noticing. The clock is wound up by a donkey, the great key being very difficult to turn; the writer, when young, had a crushed foot from having been so silly as to take the donkey's place and attempt to wind it up!

The view from the cupola of St. Paul's is absolutely wonderful. The great capital lies so far below that all the noise of the streets is hushed, and no sound rises from its thronging millions. Every object beneath looks reduced to the size of Lilliput, yet we can distinguish the Post Office, St. Martin's Church - another production of Wren's genius - and St. Bartholomew's Hospital; while the tiny green trees interspersed amongst the buildings make the town very picturesque from this bird's-eye view of it. The Mansion House, the Mint, the Tower, and the Monument can also be seen here.

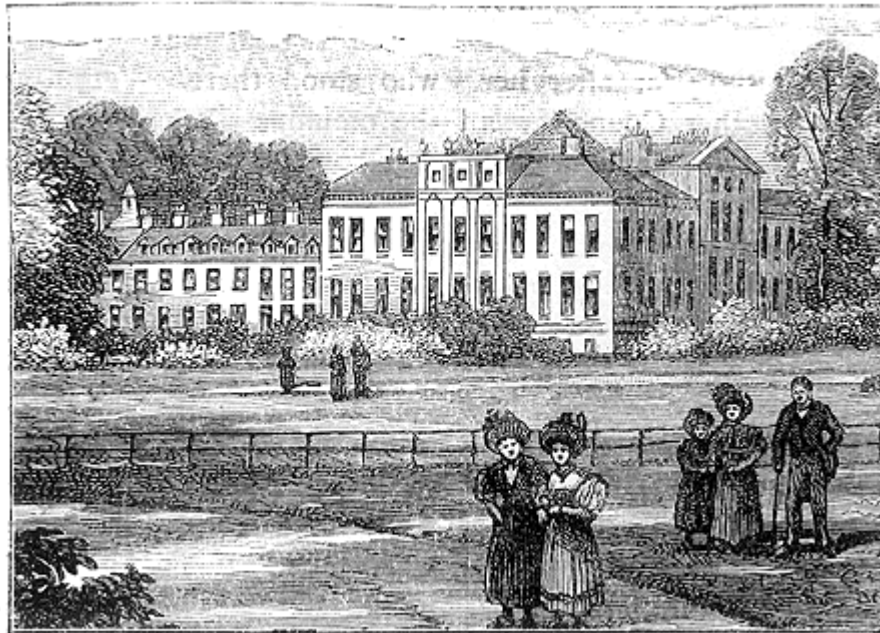
Wren found his own resting-place in the cathedral he had built, and needs no monument but his magnificent work to preserve his name as long as his country exists.



TOMB OF WREN.

Figure 15: Tomb of Wren.

KENSINGTON PALACE.



KENSINGTON PALACE.

As a building this rather Dutch-looking palace cannot be called picturesque, but its surroundings undoubtedly are so. The avenue of fine old trees leading to it, the park-like land round it, the great pond at the east end, and the walks round it and amongst the trees are very lovely in summer. The gardens themselves are rich in all kinds of rare and beautiful flowers, and about its walks run generally those human flowers, little children, while the great pond is adorned by fairy boats sent afloat by childish hands.

There are some very fine horse chestnut trees in Kensington Gardens, and in May nothing can exceed the beauty of them, adorned from the turf to their highest summit with tall spires of flowers of ivory, tinged at the edges with faintest pink. They almost equal those at Bushy Park.

The palace is connected with many events in our history; it has been the scene of the death of four of our kings, and the birthplace of the most beloved of our sovereigns.

The house that originally stood here with six acres of ground round it, was the property of Daniel Finch, the second Earl of Nottingham King William III. took a fancy to it, and purchased it from him; but on the following November it caught fire, and was nearly destroyed, the sovereign narrowly escaping being burnt in his bed.

It was rebuilt, and only the north wing remains of the old mansion. William held several councils here; and Queen Mary, who was very fond of the place, delighted in decorating it. Here she died, and William III. also breathed his last here. It became then the property of Queen Anne, for whom the banqueting hall in the garden was built. It was at Kensington that this poor queen ended her reign. She came there from Windsor to try and put an end to the perpetual quarrels between Harley and Bolingbroke by dismissing the former, her Prime Minister.

She had frequently declared that the perpetual contention of which her Cabinet Council was the scene would cause her death, and assuredly it did; for after her dismissal of Harley another Council was held, and with equally ill results. The partizans of the displaced Premier kept the invalid queen sitting at the Council table till two in the morning, whilst they raged against the Jacobite members of it - Lord Harcourt, the

Dukes of Ormond, Buckingham, and Shrewsbury, and Sir William Wyndham - in the most furious manner. At length the queen, complaining of her head, sank into a deep swoon from exhaustion, and was carried to bed seriously ill; she wept all night, and never closed her eyes. How terrible the spirit of party is, that could thus change English gentlemen into mere ruffians!

Two more Councils followed, again interrupted by the illness of the queen. Another Council was fixed for the 29th of July. Miss Strickland has given so good an account of this royal sufferer's end that we extract a short passage from it as a picture of the queenly and womanly sorrow suffered in this palace:-

"The anticipation of another agitating and protracted scene of altercation between the unmannerly worldlings, who, although they styled themselves her servants, not only violated the respect due to their sovereign, but conducted themselves with the most cruel disregard of her feelings as a lady, and her weakness as an invalid, was of course most distressing to the poor sufferer... Worn out as she was with sickness of mind and body, Anne had not completed her fiftieth year when the hour appointed for the royal victim to meet these trusty lords of her Council drew near Mrs. Danvers, the oldest and probably the most attached lady of her household, entering the presence-chamber at Kensington Palace, saw, to her surprise, her Majesty standing before the clock, and gazing intently on it. Mrs. Danvers was alarmed and perplexed by the sight, as her Majesty was seldom able to move without assistance. She approached, and ascertained that it was indeed Queen Anne who stood there. Venturing to interrupt the ominous silence that prevailed in the vast room, only broken by the heavy ticking of the clock, she asked 'whether her Majesty saw anything unusual there in the clock?' The queen answered not, yet turned her eyes on the questioner with so woeful and ghastly a regard that, as this person afterwards affirmed, she saw death in the look. Assistance was summoned by the cries of the terrified attendant, and the queen was conveyed to her bed, from whence she never rose again."

She could not bear the mere anticipation of that hateful Council.

We wonder if the old clock that received the agonized look of the unhappy queen is still in the palace. The closet of William III. contained some time ago his writing-table and escritoire, and the patchwork closet had its walls and chairs covered with tapestry worked by Queen Mary. A clock of Queen Anne's reign may have lasted, if it did not go, to the present day. Some of the State apartments in the palace are hung with tapestry, and several rooms have painted ceilings, and carvings by Gibbon.

George II. and Queen Caroline spent much of their time at Kensington Palace; and there is a singular story of a robber meeting the king one evening when he was strolling alone in a part of the grounds at some distance from the palace. The footpad demanded his purse, with a pistol presented at him; and as George was unarmed' he prudently yielded his money. But when the robber demanded a valuable ring that he wore, which had long been in his family, the king remonstrated; and then, as the fellow persisted in his demand, asked him if he would restore it to him for a sum named. The robber at length agreed; he would bring back the ring at the same time the next evening, and let the king thus ransom it, if he would pledge his honour as a gentleman to come alone for it, and not to attempt in any way to take the footpad. George II. gave his word and kept it. He was the bravest of the brave, and did not fear to go alone the next night (though probably armed) to meet his dishonest but obliging subject. The robber was true to his appointment; restored the ring at the price named; and the sovereign, in accordance with his promise, let him depart.

The palace must have been very gay at that time, when Queen Caroline's court was kept in it. Miss Bellenden and the beautiful Miss Lepell were maids of honour to her and friends of Pope, who has drawn from their own account a rather disagreeable picture of their life in the palace. "To eat Westphalia ham in a morning," he writes, "to ride over hedges and ditches (with the king) on borrowed hacks, to come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat" was their fate; and "as soon as they could dress, they were obliged to simper an hour and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakespeare has it) 'to dinner with what appetite they may'; and after that till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please."² And we learn from the Suffolk Correspondance,³ they romped in the gardens at night to the scandal of the married ladies of the court.

But the days in which poor Queen Anne wet her pillow with her tears, and the maids of honour romped

²Pope's "Letters."

³Vol. i, p. 333.

in the gardens, are happily long passed away; and a charming memory now hangs about Kensington Palace. For there, in 1819, was born the sweet little princess, who, because her natal month was May, was called by her family by the pretty name of "May flower." The widowed Duchess of Kent wisely resolved to reside in England after her child's birth, and remained at Kensington Palace, devoting herself to the care of the infant. The little Victoria dined at a small table placed by her mother's side as soon as she could sit alone, and her little bed was always beside her mother's. She was often led about Kensington Gardens on her little donkey, decorated with blue ribbon, by a soldier servant of the late Duke of Kent, named Stillman, whom he had placed in a small cottage near the palace; and she was sometimes seen walking between her mother and her half-sister, Princess Feodora (a little girl of nine), always nodding her fair head to those who bowed to her, and smiling sweetly. Very often, following a pretty German fashion, the Duchess of Kent and her daughters would breakfast in the open air under the trees, surrounded by the little Princess's pets - her dogs.

Here also began that idyllic love between the princess and her young cousin of Saxe-Cobourg; and here also the sleeping "May flower" awoke one morning to find herself the Queen of a mighty empire.

At five o'clock on a June morning in 1837, a carriage and four dashed up the great central avenue of Kensington Palace, where the sweetness of early morning breathed from flower and shrub, the birds twittered in the early sunshine, and the sun rose in glory on a new reign.

Miss Wynn, in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality," has told the story, and it has been many times repeated; but it so belongs to the old palace that we must again quote it:

"The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) and the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis of Conyngham) left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where Princess Victoria had been residing, to inform her of the king's death. It was two hours after mid. night when they started, and they did not reach Kensington till five o'clock in the morning. They knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard; then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed to be forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of State to the Queen, even her sleep must give way to that.' It did, and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few moments she came into the room in a loose, white nightgown and shawl; her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

At eleven o'clock that morning the Queen met her first Council at Kensington Palace.

"Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour," says Mr. Greville in his diary.

"Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of State, but she said she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled, the Lord President (Lord Lansdown) informed them of the king's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two royal Dukes" (Cumberland, now King of Hanover, and Sussex) "and the two Archbishops were deputed; the Chancellor and Melbourne went with them. The Queen received them in an adjoining room alone."

"Then the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles. She bowed to the lords, and took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment."

"She was quite plainly dressed," adds Mr. Greville, "and in mourning. After she had read her speech and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Privy Counsellors were sworn; the two royal dukes first by themselves; and as these old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she

felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion that she evinced. Her manner to them both was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was furthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after the other to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance to any individual of any rank, station, or party."

Thus ended the first Council of Queen Victoria in the old Palace of Kensington.

LAMBETH PALACE.



HIS picturesque palace on the banks of the Thames was built by Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, uncle to Henry III.'s Queen, by order of the Pope, as an expiation for his extraordinary and shameful violence to the monks of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield. It is an almost incredible story. The Archbishop in his visitation came to St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield, where the canons received him in a grand procession; he told them he desired not honour, but had come to visit them in the course of his pastoral visitation. To which the canon answered, "that they, having a very learned Bishop (of London) ought not in contempt of him to be visited by any other bishop." Of course they were right; the Primate was an intruder; but the archbishop was so enraged at this reply that he struck the sub-prior in the face, saying, "Indeed! indeed! doth it become you English traitors to answer me?" Then with fearful oaths he rent in pieces the rich robe of the sub-prior, trode it under his feet and thrust the poor man against a pillar in the chancel with such violence that he almost killed him. The canons, fearing for the life of their sub-prior, came and pulled the archbishop off him with such force that they threw him backwards, and then saw that he was fully armed. The archbishop's men, being like him of Provencal nationality, and not clearly comprehending anything except that their master was down, attacked the canons, beat them, tore them, and trampled them under foot. At length the canons, getting away as well as they could, ran bloody and miry, rent and torn, to the Bishop of London to complain. He told them to go to the king (Henry III.) at Westminster, and tell him how they had been treated. Four of them taking his advice hastened there, the rest were so much hurt that they were not able to accompany them. But when they came to Westminster, the king refused to see them, so they had to return without redress. In the meantime the city was in an uproar, the citizens shouted orders to ring the great bell, and were ready to hew the archbishop in pieces. He was obliged to hide himself in Lambeth, where they sought him, but not knowing him by sight, said to each other, 'Where is that ruffian, that cruel smiter? He is no winner of souls, but an exactor of money; whom neither God nor any lawful or free election did bring to this promotion.' But the king did unlawfully intrude him; being unlearned, a stranger-born, having a wife,"⁴ etc. The archbishop managed to leave Lambeth, and went to the king at Westminster, where he made a formal complaint against the canons, whom he then excommunicated; relying on the favour of the king to support him. For Henry III. was always on the side of his queen's countrymen and relatives.

The prior and canons, however, appealed to the Pope, who took a just view of the affair, and obliged the furious archbishop to atone for his cruelty by building a palace at Lambeth, as we have already said, in place of the old and smaller one. The building is varied in style from early English to the late perpendicular. The gatehouse entrance built by Cardinal Morton, in 1490, has an enriched centre, two large square towers of red brick, with stone dressing, and a spacious Tudor archway. The towers are gained by a spiral staircase that leads to the Record-room, which contains many of the Archives of the See. The chapel dates from 1244, and is early English with lancet windows. Its beautiful painted glass windows were destroyed in the civil wars, but Archbishop Tait, in 1868-82, put up new ones, and had the chapel decorated in fresco. The oak screen was presented by Laud, and bears his arms. Archbishop Parker, to whom Anne Boleyn entrusted her little daughter Elizabeth, lies before the altar.

But the most interesting portion of Lambeth is the Lollards' Tower. It was built by Archbishop Chicheley in 1434 and 1435. It is a large stone building, and contains the prison in which the Lollards were immured; the ascent to it is by a narrow newel staircase, the steps of which are much worn by the many reluctant feet that formerly ascended them. It is entered by a small, pointed stone doorway, so narrow that one person at a time only can pass it. There is a double door to it of strong oak thickly studded with iron, and with strong iron fastenings. The walls are lined with very thick oak wainscotting, which also covers the ceiling. Fastened into the wainscot, which is an inch and a half thick, are eight large iron rings. It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards. There is a small chimney. On the wainscot are scratches - a few words here and there - a cross cut with a knife by the prisoners of those unhappy days.

⁴Matthew Paris.



VIEW OF LAMBETH PALACE.

Figure 16: View of Lambeth Palace.

The Lollards were thus named from their custom of singing hymns at funerals (from the German *lollen*) They were a sect whose preaching caused a great change in the religious opinions of the day; but they were fanatical and unsocial in their habits, and certainly greatly resembled the Puritans of a following age. They were mostly adherents of Wickliffe, who was himself brought before a private council at Lambeth, to answer for his opinions. He had previously been cited to St. Paul's, and was there defended by the famous John of Gaunt; now he was without the support of the great Lancaster's presence. But he had even more powerful protection in the citizens of London, who (with a mob of the people) forced themselves into the chapel to speak in favour of Wickliffe, while the queen's mother sent Sir Lewis Clifford to forbid them to pronounce any definitive sentence against him. Good Queen Anne, Richard II.'s adored queen, protected the followers of Wickliffe while she lived, and herself read the Scriptures in his translation.

The Church of England was for this first and only time in her history disloyal, when her archbishop and bishops joined the House of Lancaster against Richard II. and Henry IV., to reward their personal attachment to himself, passed the law by which heretics were to be burnt alive unless they submitted to the Church, the first law of the kind ever known in England.

William Sautre was the first who was burnt under this new and cruel edict, the first martyr of the Reformation, but he was put to death by Arundel, and was not one of those who were shut up in Archbishop Chicheley's Tower.

We are not writing a history of martyrdom, or we might give in detail the story of one of the occupants of the Lollards' Tower, whose fate was exceptionally cruel; she was Joan Boughton, a lady, and over eighty years of age, who suffered at the stake, as did her daughter, Lady Young. We can never gaze on the Lollards' Tower without an emotion of gratitude that God has placed us in a happier and gentler age.

Two Popish prelates were committed to the Archbishop's Tower by Elizabeth, who also occasionally immured state prisoners in it. These prisoners were kept in separate apartments, and had their meals at the Archbishop's table.

Outside the Tower is a niche, in which was a statue of St. Thomas a Becket, and adjoining the porter's lodge there is a small room with immensely thick stone walls, a double door, high and narrow windows, and iron rings in the walls, as in the Lollards' Tower, showing that it also was a prison.

There is a curious account extant of the expense of building the Tower, which, as it gives us an idea of the rate of wages at that period, may be interesting. A bricklayer's and a tiler's wages were then 4d. a day with their food; a labourer's with food was 3d., without food, 3 1/2d.; so a halfpenny was thought a sufficient sum to feed a man. The whole expense of building the Tower was only 278 2s. 11 1/2d., though the iron work in it weighed 1,322 1/2 pounds.

At the great gate of the palace the Dole to the poor has been given from time immemorial.

The Post room has some fine carving on the ceiling, and the library, or Juxon's hall, is a noble apartment, containing 30,000 volumes besides MSS. Many of these are very rare and valuable. The library has a fine timber roof. It is open to the public from ten till four, five days in the week, from April to July.

In the palace there is an historical series of portraits of the Archbishops of Canterbury from 1570, many of them by great artists.

THE THAMES: ITS PICTURESQUE BEAUTIES.



ONDON'S noble river has even yet great claims to be considered picturesque; its width, its full free stream, its grand bridges, must assuredly win admiration. Of course it has lost much of its picturesque appearance since the days when royal and princely pageants chose it for their pathway; and when the barges of Essex and Cecil were moored by the steps that led from their lovely gardens to the stream; when swans floated on its tranquil surface, and the Thames waterman was himself a picturesque adjunct to the stream.

Now, embarking from Blackfriars bridge, we steam up a rather muddy river, over which pass innumerable skiffs, barges, luggers, and penny steamers; but the banks are crowned with noble buildings.

The Houses of Parliament with their rich carvings and campanile, the towers of the Abbey, the many great buildings, are worthy of the stately stream; while the extensive and separated buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital on the left bank speak eloquently of modern philanthropy; and Lambeth Palace and the Lollards' Tower are full of the memories of the past. Then following with our eyes the Embankment on the right hand, we see the gray walls of Somerset House, Cleopatra's Needle, and the young foliage of Charing Cross gardens.

Onward steams our boat, and soon we reach the Chelsea Hospital Gardens, and the building devoted by Nell Gwynn and her royal lover to the disabled soldiers of England - a deed of thoughtful goodness on the part of poor Nelly, which has won for her a gentler judgment than she might have hoped to gain.

Cheyne Walk and its embankment are pretty; and the old chronicles recall the days when he who rests in the church - the brave and good Sir Thomas More, dwelt in the (then) rural village of Chelsea, and entertained the Tudor tyrant in his home; when bluff Hal walked in the garden with his arm round More's neck, and Lady More spoke of it as a sign of the royal affection; but the chancellor, with his shrewd smile, told her that nevertheless Henry would send his head to the block remorselessly for ever so slight an offence. He read character only too truly. Here the river spreads into the wide and beautiful reach by Battersea, and on the left is Battersea Park, where, in summer, are hedges of tall white lilies, and a semi-tropical garden full of lovely flowers.

The boat steams on, and we reach still lovelier banks, with trees to the water's edge. Putney bridge with the picturesque church and palace of Fulham, the residence of the Bishop of London; and then Hammer-smith, also extremely pretty with trees and passing boats, and by-and-by Kew Bridge with its tree-crowned banks, its willows dipping into the stream on the shore, and the little island, and we pass the gardens where earth's loveliest flowers from all lands are reared, and where verdant lawns and noble trees offer a summer solace to hard-worked London.

And beautiful Richmond is gained at last, with its perfect hill, commanding a charming view of the river, and its park, also "a thing of beauty."

The old name of Richmond was Shene, or the "bright palace," and here was a noble palace, occupied, and alas, destroyed by Richard II. For at Shene he had lived in great happiness with his beloved queen, Anne of Bohemia, and when she died, he could not endure the sight of the place where she had dwelt. He had the buildings pulled down and removed. Henry V. rebuilt Shene, and Henry VII. changed its name to "Richmond," that of his own earldom in Yorkshire.

Here his granddaughter Elizabeth entertained her royal wooer, Eric, fourth king of Sweden; and it was here she died, a broken-hearted lonely old queen. "A view of the Thames front of Richmond Palace represents a long line of irregular buildings with projecting towers, octagonal and circular, crowned by ill-shaped turrets intermixed with small chimneys having somewhat the shape of inverted pears."

Richmond Park is the property of the Crown; and it was enclosed by Charles I., - "in the grounds of the lodge belonging to the Earl of Errol there is a raised piece of ground called Henry VIII.'s Mound." It is said that he stood here to watch for the signal from the Tower of London which assured him of the death of Anne Boleyn. It is in a direct line with the Tower, which is easily seen from thence with the naked eye on a clear day.



Figure 17: View of the Thames at Richmond bridge.

"In beauty the grounds of this charming lodge (with reference to their extent), are exceeded by few in this kingdom."⁵

The trees in Richmond Park are almost entirely oaks: two very large ones are called the king and queen. We have not space here to describe all the lovely scenes on the banks of the Thames. We must leave Cliveden with its towers and Medenham with its ancient Abbey, and all the lovely home scenes on the great river, to those who choose to take a well repaid voyage up to its source. It is full of beauty, as the exhibition of riverside views by Mr. Halswell has taught us. We shall close our brief sketch with Wordsworth's celebrated sonnet on the Thames in early morning, composed on Westminster Bridge, September 3rd, 1802.

SONNET.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty.
 This City now doth as a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers and domes, theatres and temples lie,
 Open unto the fields and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering is the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep

⁵Jesse's "Gleanings"

The river glideth at his own sweet will
 Dear God I the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still.

Sir John Denham has also rendered poetic homage to the Thames. We subjoin a few lines from "Cooper's Hill."

Thames I the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 I tasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold:
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring.
 Nor are his blessings to his hanks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind,
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores
 Full of the tribute of his gracious shores,
 Visits the world and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us and makes the Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where his, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants,
 So that to us no thing no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O, could I flow like thee I and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme,
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Written in 1643.

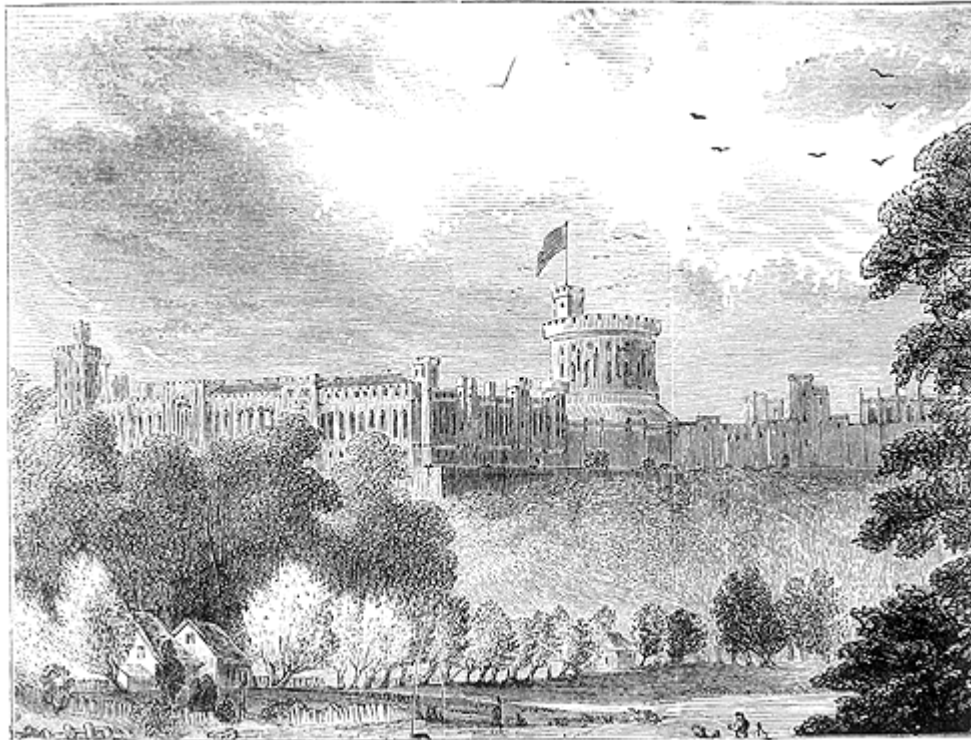
WINDSOR CASTLE AND FOREST.



TILL sailing or steaming up the Thames, we reach the most stately home of the Queen of England - Windsor. This grandest and loveliest of regal dwellings is within twenty miles of London. From a noble eminence above the Thames the royal castle looks down on a dozen surrounding counties, "bearing on its turretted brow the impress of majesty, strength, and power." From its keep can be seen Bedford, Bucks, Berks, Essex, Hants, and Herts, Kent, Middlesex and Oxford, Surrey, Sussex and Wiltshire - a magnificent prospect for the eyes of the crowned and beloved lady of the land!

The Castle owes its stately existence to Edward III., who gave it grandeur and extent; for, though he was born there, it was a mere fortress, with a chapel attached, till he extended it, and gave it its present grandeur and size.

The Windsor at which King John dwelt during the conferences at Runnymede was simply this earlier fortress, originally built as a stronghold by William the Conqueror. Henry 111. enlarged and altered the Lower Ward considerably, and added a chapel. Thus it remained till, we have said, Edward III. re-built it. He began with the Round Tower, in 1315, when he was only 17 years old. His architect was the famous William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, of whose genius the Castle is one of the finest records. It was indeed a worthy dwelling for the great king, his equally noble wife, and his son, the Black Prince.



VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

Figure 18: View of Windsor Castle from the river.

But Windsor, like the Tower, was both a palace and a prison, and it was the ransoms of two captive kings that built a great part of it. The Upper Ward was erected at the expense of John, King of France; the Middle Ward, or Keep, at the cost of David, king of Scotland's liberty. The largest of the three wards of the Castle is the Lower Ward, which includes the Winchester Tower, Store Tower, Wardrobe Tower, Salisbury Tower, Garter Tower, Julius Caesar's Tower, and the Belfry Tower. The great gates without the Castle

are King Henry VIII.'s, St. George's, and King George IV.'s. One within is called the Norman, or Queen Elizabeth's Gate.

The Round Tower or Keep was built by Edward for the purpose of assembling in it a fraternity of knights, who should sit together on a footing of equality, in the fashion of the knights of King Arthur's Round Table, and here the great Plantagenet designed to hold an annual festival; but in this he was thwarted by the jealousy of Philip de Valois, king of France. For the construction of his intended Round Table fifty-two oaks were taken from the woods of the Prior of Merton, near Reading, for which the king paid 26 13s. 4d.

Disappointed of his Round Table Order, Edward instituted instead the Order of the Garter, the legend of which is well known The patron saint was of course St George; and Edward held a great feast at Windsor in his honour and that of the Order, with great triumph, jousting and tournaments, attended by all his nobles, knights and squires.

If is unfortunate grandson, Richard II., also held a feast of St. George there; a joust, with forty knights and squires challenging all comers. They were apparelled in green, with a white falcon embroidered on their surcoats, but few nobles appeared at this feast, so unpopular had the king then become.

The interior of Windsor Castle is very magnificent The ante-room, vestibule, and throne room, with their painted ceilings, their exquisite carvings, and richly embossed medallions of gold and silver, are superb.

The Waterloo Chamber, the ball-room, and St. George's Hall, the latter two hundred feet long, are equally splendid.

The guard-room used to contain a part of the mizenmast of the Victory, against which Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound. It is perforated by a ball which had passed completely through this part of the mast. This memento was in possession of William IV. when he was Duke of Clarence, and residing at Bushy Park. It was deposited in a small temple in the grounds, and in the bullet hole a pair of robins built their nest and reared their young birds. The mast, with a bust of Lord Nelson on it, is now in the Armoury at Windsor Castle. Here also is a silver shield, inlaid with gold, presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. of France, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The ceiling is groined with massive mouldings, and rests on corbels, supported by grotesque heads and richly flowered bosses. Here are piles of ancient armour, and full-length armed figures.

The Queen's Presence Chamber and Audience Chamber have painted ceilings, and are enriched with beautiful Gobelin tapestry.

The paintings in the State rooms are many and valuable. They are by nearly all the great painters. Two are especially interesting - the exquisite portrait of Charles I. on horseback, and the Misers, by Quentin Matsys. The latter, a splendid painting, is also interesting from the story attached to it. Quentin Matsys, a young Dutch blacksmith, fell in love with the daughter of his master. This person had vowed that the maiden should only marry a great painter. The decision seemed prohibitory of the blacksmith's hopes; but Matsys loved the girl, and determined to win her. If is beautiful ironwork proves that he possessed naturally a certain artistic taste. He studied the required art with all his powers, and at last produced this magnificent painting, which won him his bride, as well as both fame and fortune, while his heart-wrought work has found a home in the palace of ancient kings.

The fine old Keep was the prison of the Castle from Edward III.'s reign till the Restoration. The first prisoner of note who was confined here was James I., of Scotland.

His father, Robert III., was a weak old man, powerless to control or set aside the will of his brother, the Duke of Albany. Robert's elder son, the Earl of Rothsay, was wild and thoughtless; and Albany managed to exaggerate his misdoings to the king, and finally obtained permission to imprison the unhappy young man, whom he then caused to be starved to death.

Our readers have probably read his sad story in "The Fair Maid of Perth." The king, convinced of his brother's crime, but as unable to punish it as he had been to prevent it, resolved, if possible, to save his only remaining son (then nine years old) from his uncle, and succeeded in sending little James away from Scotland, on the plea that he wished him to be educated at the Court of France. But the ship in which the child sailed was taken by an English vessel, the two countries being at the time at war, and James was carried to the Court of Henry IV., who detained him a prisoner. But the education of the prince was not neglected. He had every advantage of instruction given him, and became the friend of Prince Hal.

afterwards Henry V., with whom he learned the arts of war in France. It was while he was a prisoner in the Keep that James fell in love with the beautiful Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. He tells the story charmingly in his poem of the "Queen's Quhair." His window, he says, "looked over a garden fair," in which was an arbour built of willow wands, and overshadowed by trees, with which all the place was set; and the hawthorn hedges were so thickly knit together that no one walking outside could see within it. The little sweet nightingale was pouring forth her song of love in it, till all the gardens and the old walls rang with the sweet strains. He continues: -

"And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly new comyn her to pleyne,
The fairest and the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw (methought) before that hour;
For which sudden abate anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart."

He thus describes the lady -

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

There is a tradition, believed by Mr. Tytler to be true, that rather accounts for the long detention of James in England. Mr. Tytler states that Richard escaped from Pontefract Castle (how, is not known), that he travelled disguised to the Western Isles, where he was discovered serving in the kitchen of the chief by a jester who had been bred up at the English court. This man revealed the wanderer's rank to Donald, Lord of the Isles, who sent him to Robert III., by whom he was generously treated and supported as became his rank. After Robert's death Richard was honourably treated by the Duke of Albany, who probably may have made his retention of Richard as prisoner conditional on Henry's retention of the young King of Scots, whose power Albany usurped. This story is, however, disbelieved by the English historians. Yet we are told that there are entries in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland, during the period in question, for sums expended for the maintenance of the king for eleven years, and that he was buried in the church of the Preaching Friars at Stirling. There are, however, many circumstances in Albany's conduct that render the tale doubtful.

But James was at last ransomed, and married the lady of his love, with whom he returned to Scotland, and was for a time very happy.

Let us leave him there; his unutterably sad fate belongs to the pages of the blood stained history of Scotland.

Another poet who was also a prisoner at Windsor, and who, as James did, soothed his captivity by writing, was Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the last victim of Henry., VIII.

He was the greatest ornament of the English court; a brave soldier, an accomplished gentleman. He had been an inmate of the Castle in his childhood, when Henry had made him the companion and playmate of the young Duke of Richmond, the king's own son, to whom Surrey became tenderly attached. The following poem, written by him during his captivity, is full of sad, sweet memories of that early, friendship which had been broken by death

"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 sour!
 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, dispoiled 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 that oft we made resound
 Of 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 averted and swiftly breathed horse,
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 Where 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 passed the winter nights away.
 And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face,
 And tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
 The which as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
 Unsupped have, thus I my plaint renew;
 O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
 Give me account where is my noble fere,⁶
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night inclose,
 To other leefe, but unto me most dear,
 Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of 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."

To Queen Elizabeth Windsor owes its terraces, which she formed, and she annexed the portion of the Castle built by Henry VII. to that designed by herself; this annex is called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery.

The splendid state beds shining with gold and silver, were also additions made by the great queen.

In the civil war the Castle was mercilessly plundered, but Cromwell stopped the spoliation.

In the reign of Edward IV., St. George's Chapel, one of the finest perpendicular Gothic buildings in the kingdom, was commenced and finished by Henry VII.

It is a very beautiful chapel, from the grandeur of its architecture, its splendid stained glass, and its choir, where the installation of the Knights of the Garter takes place. The stalls of the knights are ranged on each side of the choir, and over each stall, beneath a canopy of carved wood, are the sword, mantle, helmet,

⁶Richmond.

and crest of each knight, with his banner above all; a brass plate at the back of the stall sets forth his name, style, and titles. The noblest names known are emblazoned in this chapel.

The very large perpendicular window has fifteen lights. In this chapel is the tomb of King Edward IV. enclosed by a range of admirable wrought steel-gilt church work, by John Tressilian, smith. On the arch above hung the king's coat of mail, covered with crimson velvet, on which the arms of France and England were embroidered in pearl and gold interwoven with rubies. This trophy was stolen by the Roundhead Captain Fogg in 1642, when he also robbed the treasury of the chapel of its rich altar plate.

In 1789, more than three hundred years after its interment, the leaden coffin of King Edward IV. was discovered in laying down a new pavement in St. George's Chapel. The skeleton is said to have measured seven feet. 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 his favourite wife, Jane Seymour, the loyal Marquis of Worcester, and King Charles I.

In 1813 the coffin of Charles I. was opened by Sir Henry Halford, when the remains were found as the faithful Herbert had described them.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES I.
AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

The castle clock had tolled midnight;
With mattock and with spade,
And silent, by the torches' light
His corse in earth we laid,

The coffin bore his name, that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secrets should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

'Peace to the dead,' no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave:
No prayers were heard, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, 'dust to dust.'

A moonbeam, from the arches' height,
Streamed as we placed the stone;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,
While the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing from the stalls.

'Tis gone! again on tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only by the torch we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air
Without blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,

No name, no trace appears;
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

WILL. LISLE BOWLES.

The tomb-house, east of St. George's Chapel, was built by Henry VII. for himself, but he erected a far more stately tomb for himself at Westminster; and Henry VIII. gave his father's unused mausoleum to Wolsey, who prepared it for himself, but after his fall the ornaments of it were sold as defaced brass. James II. converted it into a Romish Chapel, but it was defaced by a Protestant rabble. Next George III. converted it into a sepulchre for himself and his descendants. It has since been vaulted in stone, inlaid with the finest Mosaic work extant, and the windows filled with stained glass, as a sepulchral chapel in memory of the Prince Consort.

Of the magnificence of Albert the Good's memorial chapel, we have not here space to write.

WINDSOR PARK AND FOREST.



OUTWARD of the Castle lies the great park, a portion of Windsor Forest, which the reign of Queen Anne was cut off from the Castle by intervening property. It was therefore determined to buy enough land to complete an avenue from the Castle to the Forest; this was done, and it became the Long Walk, generally considered the finest avenue in Europe. It is a perfectly straight line for three miles, running from the principal entrance to the Castle to the top of a hill, called Snow Hill. On each side of this magnificent walk is a double row of stately elms; on Snow Hill is placed a colossal statue of George III.

Windsor Great Park is indeed one of the stateliest woods that we can find in England. There is in it "a prodigality of shade" formed by some of the most beautiful beech trees in the country. The venerable pollards also are most interesting, for beneath their shade have walked many of our kings and famous men; Shakespeare perhaps, and certainly Pope.

The size of some of these old trees is amazing. One beech tree near Sawyer's Lodge measured at six feet from the ground, thirty-six feet round. There are two magnificent old oaks near Cranbourne Lodge, one, at six feet from the ground, measures thirty-eight feet round; the other tree is thirty-six feet in circumference at four from the ground.

The most interesting tree, however, in Windsor Park is Herne's oak.

"In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge in the Little Park, about half-way on the right a dead tree may be seen, close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's oak. It looks the picture of death itself. Not a leaf, not a particle of vitality appears about it. It stretches out its bare and sapless branches, like the skeleton arms of some enormous giant, and is almost fearful in its decay.

" . . . there want not many that do fear,
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak."

Its spectral branches might indeed deter many from coming near it 'twixt twelve and one."

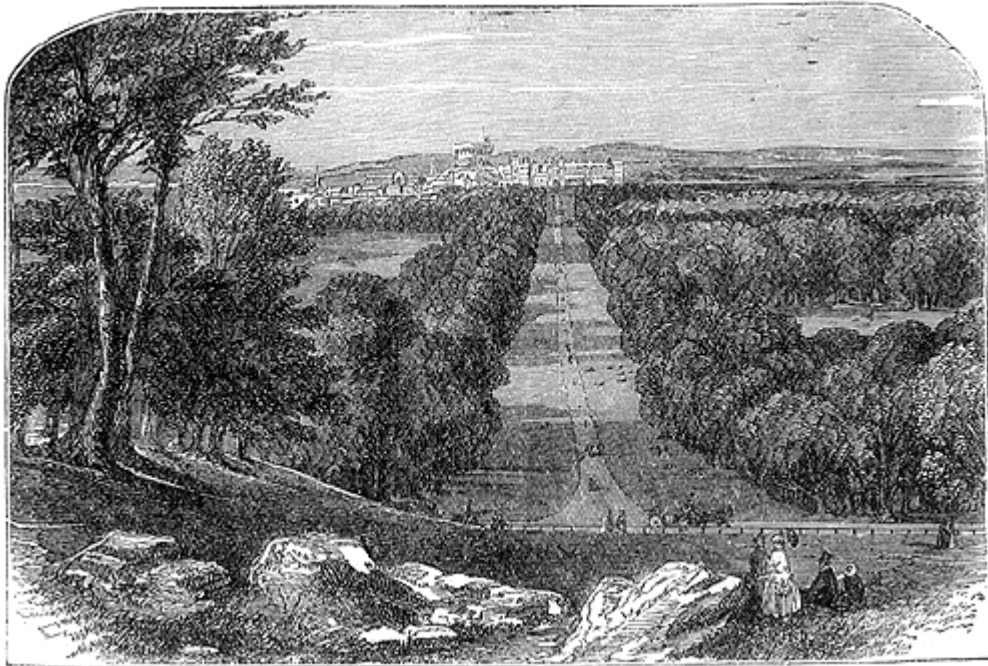
"I was glad," continues Mr. Jesse, from whose "Gleanings" the above is taken, - "I was glad to find a pit hard by, whence Nan and her troop of fairies and the Welch devil, Evans, might all have crouched without being perceived by the 'fat Windsor stag,' when he spake like Herne the Hunter." The pit above alluded to has recently had a few thorns planted in it, and the circumstance of its being near the oak, with the diversion of the footpath, seems to prove the identity of the tree, in addition to the traditions respecting it,-

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns,
And there he blasts the tree."

The last acorn from Herne's oak was planted by Sir David Dundas, in his estate in Wales, where the tree still flourishes that grew from it.

In September the fern, then become golden, is extremely beautiful.

Virginia Water is another lovely spot when seen glittering in the sunshine, with the fishing boats and the pretty frigate on it; it is a delightful contrast to the woody scenery. The Belvedere and the Obelisk are, also, happily placed. Before George IV. bestowed them on the Zoological Gardens, wild animals were kept in this park; and Mr. Jesse tells us a rather sensational story of the person who was their keeper. He took pleasure in petting the boa constrictor, and was accustomed to allow it a certain degree of liberty, by letting it loose in his own sitting-room. One day his pet (playfully, perhaps) wound himself round his friend's body, and would probably have crushed him to death, had not his cries brought help, and the animal been disengaged from him. Happily the snake had not been able to fix its tail to anything, or probably it would



WINDSOR PARK AND CASTLE FROM THE LONG WALK.

have succeeded in crushing its beloved victim at once. Happily there are no longer snakes or wild beasts at royal Windsor.

The great public school of Eton, founded by Henry VI., is close to the royal founder's palace, and is a lasting memorial of his goodness and sense of the necessity of education. Henry of Windsor was, when sane, one of our most saintly kings; unhappily he inherited insanity from his maternal grandfather, Charles VI. of France.

Eton has sent forth many distinguished men. The Duke of Wellington used to say that Waterloo was won at Eton, alluding to its athletic sports and games; and one cannot read Kinglake's description of the Balaclava charge without perceiving the full truth of the Duke's remark. It was an Eton boy who planted the English flag on the heights of Alma, and fell - the heroic lad - in the act.

Eton seems peculiarly connected with Windsor, and the loyalty of the boys is notorious. The Queen has nowhere more devoted subjects than at Eton.

FOLLOWING the course of the great river towards its source, we come to the "beautiful valley," through which, as Macaulay says, "the Thames, not yet defiled by the precincts of a great capital, nor rising and falling by the flow and ebb of the sea, rolls under woods of beech round the gentle hills of Berkshire." The valley is Hurley, a spot of great beauty. Here, in 1600, Richard Lovelace, who fought with Drake in the Spanish Main, and brought home much treasure taken from the Spaniards, erected on the ruins of St. Mary's Priory, a splendid dwelling.



His son was elevated to the peerage as Baron Lovelace of Hurley, and his great-grandson was the celebrated Lord Lovelace of James II.'s reign, noted for his taste, his magnificence, and his audacious Whiggism. He was five or six times arrested for political offenses, the last for which he was tried being his contemptuous denial of the validity of a warrant signed by a Roman Catholic justice of the peace. He was brought before the Privy Council, the king being present, and was strictly examined. But he cleverly avoided criminating himself, and the evidence against him was not sufficient to convict him. James angrily exclaimed, "My lord, this is not the first trick

you have played me!" "Sir," answered Lovelace boldly, "I have never played any trick on your Majesty or on any other person. Whoever has accused me to your Majesty of playing tricks is a liar."



GATEWAY, ETON COLLEGE.

LADY PLACE.

But we can scarcely allow that Lovelace was as truthful as he boasted, for he was soon afterwards engaged with the planners of the Revolution, and it was in a dark chamber under the splendid saloon of Lady Place that midnight conferences were held during that anxious time when England was impatiently expecting a "Protestant wind" that would bring William of Orange to her shores. Here, in fact, it is said the resolution to call William in was adopted, and the principal papers that brought about the change of government were signed.

When William III. landed at Torbay, Lovelace met him with seventy armed followers, and the new king afterwards visited his zealous adherent at Lady Place.

Lord Lovelace spent great part of his fortune in decorating his house. The grand inlaid staircase was magnificent; the ceilings of the rooms were painted by Verrio, and the panels were of paintings of Salvator Rosa's.

When the Lovelaces' wealth declined, the place was purchased by a lady who had won 20,000 in a lottery. She was a Mrs. Williams, the sister of the Bishop of Rochester.

The Williams' family were succeeded by the brave and unfortunate Admiral Kempenfeldt, who went down in the Royal George at Spithead, "while all the sea was calm."

Admiral Kempenfeldt and his brother planted two thorn-trees here. The brother occupied the house while the Admiral was at sea. One day he saw that the thorn planted by the gallant seaman had withered, and with a strange feeling of superstition exclaimed, "I feel sure that this is an omen that my brother is dead." It chanced to be a true presentiment, for that evening came the news of the loss of the Royal George.

The house was entirely destroyed in 1837, and only a green mound remains to mark its site, but Hurley is still a lovely spot.



VIEW OF LADY PLACE, HURLEY, 1832.

Figure 19: View of Lady Place.

BISHAM ABBEY.

BISHAM ABBEY, one of the most interesting houses in Berks, is one mile from Great Marlow, in Bucks.



In this ancient dwelling the Princess Elizabeth lived for nearly three years, committed by Queen Mary to the care of Sir Thomas Hobby and his sisters. Her residence here does not seem to have been an unpleasant one. A bow window was made for her at her wish, and a dais constructed sixteen inches above the floor, so she was evidently treated with the respect due to her royal rank; and when she became Queen, and Sir Thomas Hobby first paid his homage to her, she said to him, "If I had a prisoner whom I wanted to be most carefully watched, I should entrust him to your charge. If I had a prisoner that I wished to be most tenderly treated, I should entrust him to your care."

"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 in the time of Stephen. The rest of the building - a fine specimen of the Tudor style - was built by the Hobbys. The hall, which was beautifully restored in 1859, has at one end a fine ancient lancet window of three lights, and at the other a dark oak gallery. Here is a picture of the Lady Hobby, whose ghost is said to haunt the Abbey. She has in her portrait a very white face, and is in widow's mourning of that period - a not attractive picture nor face, and a still less attractive original. In one of the bedrooms she is still - the tale goes - seen, a self-supporting visionary basin moving before her, in which she is constantly trying to wash her hands. The legend is that this cruel woman beat her little son to death because he could not write without blotting his copy-book! It is a rather remarkable fact that about forty or fifty years ago, in altering a window shutter in the room said to have been the scene of the murder, a quantity of children's copybooks of the time of Elizabeth were found, pushed into the rubble between the joists of the floor, and that one of these was a copybook that answered exactly to the legend, for it was covered with blots, as if the child could not write a word without making one: a poor little nervous fellow, probably, writing in deadly fear of the woman whose furious temper could overcome even a mother's love, and whose hand stained his copy-books with his blood.

Behind the tapestry in one of the bed rooms a secret room was also discovered, the chimney of which was artfully united to that of the hall, so that the smoke of both mingled and the secret chimney was not suspected.

There is also a still older tradition attached to the Abbey.

It is that Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who had founded the Abbey, came hither to offer his last prayers before he started for the Holy Land. His daughter, then residing as Abbess in a convent at Marlow, came to Bisham to meet him, bringing her nuns with her. Now one of Lord Salisbury's esquires was deeply in love with the lady, and she fully returned his affection. They eloped together, and escaped in a boat to Marlow, but were there taken. The nun was returned to her convent (to be saved, we hope, from the fate of Marmion's Constance by the power and protection of her father); the youth was imprisoned in the Tower. He made a desperate attempt to escape, by tearing his clothes into strips and making a rope with them, by which he endeavoured to descend. But the rope broke; he fell and was dreadfully injured, but was taken into the Abbey, where he finally became a monk.

Thus, much sorrow as well as crime has visited this most lovely spot, where all should be sweet and tranquil as the scene.



Figure 20: Bisham Abbey.

INGLEFIELD HOUSE, AND ITS LOVE STORY.



INGLEFIELD is one of the most ancient and interesting manor houses. It is a Tudor building, and was quaintly described in 1663 as "a well-seated palace with a wood at its back, like the mantel on a coat of arms."

It has a central tower, a series of projecting bays and fine stone terraces leading to the grounds, and appears a conspicuous object from the Bath road. It was the seat of a Berkshire family, who claimed to have been settled in it for two centuries and a half before the Norman Conquest.

Englefield was the scene of one of the greatest contests fought between the Danes and Saxons. Here, in 871, the battle of OEscendum was fought between the Saxons under Ethelwulf, alderman of Berkshire, and the piratical Danes.

A lofty spirit seems to have possessed Ethelwulf, for when he addressed his forces before the fight, he said, "Though the Danes attack us with more men we may despise them, for our Commander is Christ the Lord."

The pagans were defeated, and two of their great sea earls slain on the Geld.

A long line of illustrious Englefields is recorded as serving their country in Parliament and in the field. One was controller of the household to Richard III., another was knighted at the marriage of Prince Arthur with Catherine of Arragon.

The estates were lost to the family by Francis Englefield in the reign of Elizabeth. Being a Roman Catholic, he became a zealous partisan of Mary Queen of Scots, and was attainted and convicted of high treason in the 28th year of Elizabeth, all his estates being forfeited to the queen.

By way of avoiding the danger, Sir Francis had ten years previously settled the manor and estate of Englefield on his nephew, with power to revoke the gift whenever he should tender to his said nephew a gold ring, thus reserving a possibility of reclaiming his property at some future time. Of course use was made of this arrangement in order to save the estates; but Elizabeth had a sharp way of settling such disputes. She caused a special Act of Parliament to be passed establishing the forfeiture of Englefield to herself and her heirs, and then, tendering a gold ring to the heir of Sir Francis (who dared not refuse it), she claimed the property. By this cunning device, Elizabeth stripped the Englefields of estates that had belonged to them for 780 years.

Sir Francis Walsingham then became, by grant of the Crown, the owner of Englefield. Soon, however, the property passed to the Powlets, and after his house in Hampshire had been burnt to the ground by Cromwell's Ironsides, Lord Winchester spent the remainder of his life at Englefield, and was buried in the parish church.

A pretty story belongs to the residence of the loyal Marquis at the manor. A younger son of his fell in love with the daughter of a yeoman, or farmer, living in the neighbourhood, and engaged himself to her. Lord Winchester at first objected to the unequal match, but was at last won to consent, on condition that the maiden should receive proper training for her future rank. This her family bestowed on her; grace and a wider knowledge were added to her simple beauty, and she became an ornament to the family she had entered.

Far happier than the lady of Burleigh, she accepted her position with quiet dignity, and she and her Cavalier lived happily together. Her portrait in the picture gallery justifies by its great loveliness the taste and choice of her husband.

Anne, daughter and sole heir of Lord Francis Powlet, only surviving son of the Marquis by his second wife, brought Englefield to the Rev. Nathan Wright, younger son of the Lord Keeper.

On the death of their son Nathan in 1789 the estate devolved to Richard Benyon, Esq., by the widow of Powlet Wright, elder brother of Nathan, last named.

The property is still in the possession of the Benyon family.

In the beautiful park, which abounds in deer, is the church, a gem of its kind, containing some noteworthy monuments, especially, as we have already said, that of the great Marquis of Winchester, who defended Basing House against the Parliamentary rebels. He died in 1674. The following lines by Dryden are inscribed on his 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 a Heavenly Prince
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear,
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ark of this ages 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 exulted 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."

THE SIEGE OF BASING HOUSE.

E cannot leave the grave of the loyal Marquis without adding a few words about that glorious defence of his house that has won a record in our history.



Basing House was one of those grand old mansions that were built with capacities for defence in troubled times, and in 1644 it was garrisoned for the king by the Marquis of Winchester. For three months it had been straitly besieged by the Parliamentary troops of Hampshire and Sussex Under the command of Norton, a man of spirit and fortune. It was so closely begirt before the king's march to the West, and was looked upon as a place of such importance, that when the king sent notice to Oxford of his projected march into the West the council besought Charles to relieve Basing on his way. But the king, thinking that it would retard his march, declined to do so.

Norton now summoned the Marquis to surrender, but the gallant old noble answered: "if the king had no more ground in England than Basing House he would maintain it to the uttermost." Yet at the moment he had sent frequent expresses to the council begging them to provide in some manner for his relief, and not to suffer his person and a place from which the rebels received so much prejudice to fall into their hands. The Marquis had indeed great claims on them, for Wailer had besieged Basing House previously, and been driven off; and Lady Winchester was at Oxford, urging the council to preserve her husband.

But famine now threatened to do that which the sword could not; the garrison suffered the extremity of want. So great was it that in September, 1644, the Marquis, after sending messenger after messenger to Charles, who was then at Oxford, despatched to him at last, notice that if no assistance came in ten days, he must surrender. The brave Colonel Gage then volunteered to convey them provisions. With great skill and some hard fighting he succeeded in his endeavour, and returned to Oxford successful; but having had eleven men killed and forty or fifty wounded.

This extraordinary defence of Basing House naturally drew the eyes of the nation to it, and the humiliated and angry parliament turned at last to Cromwell, and ordered him to undertake the siege. He marched thither with three regiments of foot and three of horse; double the number of the defenders, and was at last successful. In his letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, October 14th, 1645, he says:- "SIR, - I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for a storm. Col. Dalbeere was to be on the north side of the house, next the Grange; Col. Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Col. Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning after six of the clock; the signal for falling on was the firing from our cannon, which being done our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the new house, passed through and got to the gate of the old house, where upon they summoned a parley, which we would not hear. In the meantime Col. Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which with great resolution they recovered, beating the enemy from a whole culverin and from that work, which having done they drew their ladders after them, got over another work and the house wall before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller, performing his duty with honour and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously. We have had little loss; many of the enemies our men put to the sword and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which are the Marquis and Sir Robert Peake, with divers others officers whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken ten pieces of ordnance, much ammunition, and our soldiers a good encouragement."

This good encouragement was valued at 200,000, in money, jewels, provisions, and magnificent furniture. Nothing could be more shameful and savage than the conduct of the Roundhead soldiers in this affair. The loyal and unfortunate marquis would have been murdered had not Colonel Hammond, who had been for a week the prisoner of the noble Winchester, in gratitude for the generous treatment he had received, saved Lord Winchester's life at the imminent hazard of his own. Nothing can be more true or pathetic than Charles Landseer's picture of this event. Two hundred royalists were taken prisoners, one hundred were slain. Of the latter there were counted in the house, immediately after the assault, seventy-four men and one young lady. She was the daughter of a clergyman, Dr. Griffiths.

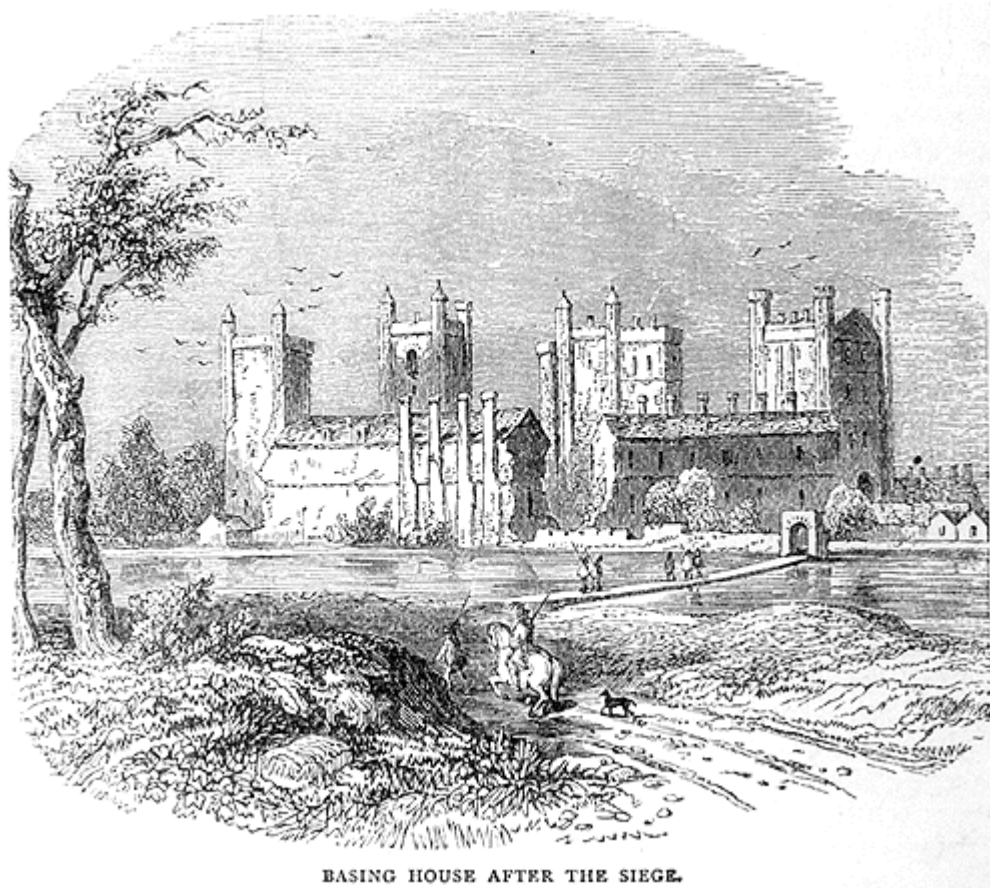


Figure 21: Basing House.

"She came," says Mr. Peters, Cromwell's messenger to the Commons, "railing against our soldiers for their rough carriage towards her father," whom even Peters acknowledges they used "hardly," i.e. "cruelly," on account of his being a clergyman; and when the daughter interfered to save her tortured parent, the wretched Roundheads killed her. "Her two sisters and six or seven other ladies of rank were permitted to escape without serious injury."

When the soldiers were withdrawn, a fire, caused by an unquenched fireball thrown by the besiegers, broke out, and in twenty hours only bare walls and chimneys remained of Basing House. The Parliament ordered it to be utterly destroyed. The Basingstoke Canal now runs through its site.

The Marquis of Winchester lived to see the Revolution of Charles II., but his heroic loyalty met with no reward or requital from his royal master.

WHITE HORSE HILL.

SCENE OF ALFRED'S GREATEST VICTORY.



ABOUT miles W.N.W. of Reading is the famous and remarkable White Horse Hill, a bold eminence of the chalk hills of Berkshire. From its summit, which is a tableland of twelve to fourteen acres in extent, it is said that eleven counties can be seen. On this summit are the remains of a Roman camp, with gates, ditch, and mound still visible. But the chief interest of the hill is the carved figure of a white horse on it, 374 feet long, and said to have been cut in the turf by the army of Alfred the Great in commemoration of his complete victory over the Danes at Ashdown. Alfred felt that gaining this battle was the crowning mercy of his life, and thus recorded it on the very earth he had freed from the heathen invader. The white horse was the standard of the Saxons; it was appropriately stamped on the soil of the land they had won and saved.

"Right below the White Horse," says Mr. Hughes, "is a curious broad and deep gully called the Manger, into 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 thistledown 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 projection from the main range of hills. On this hill, the country people say St. George killed a dragon. The track where the monster's blood ran down is still pointed out, with the assertion that no grass will grow on it; but the fact is the turf is worn off by the feet of visitors who mount the hill by this path. The figure of the horse can be seen at a great distance in dry weather, but in wet it is occasionally obscured by mud and weeds, and needs "scouring," as it is called.

The ceremony of scouring the White Horse has been solemnised from time immemorial by a concourse of people from all the villages in the neighbourhood. The horse is in the manor of Uffington, yet other towns claim, by ancient custom, a share in the duty. On these occasions the scourers are entertained by the lord of the manor; and by pick, shovel, and broom, their united labours keep the White Horse a distinct and glorious memorial of our patriot king.

Passing along the Ridgeway, a great road made by the Romans, to the west for about a mile, we come to a huge flat stone raised on seven or eight others. A path bordered by large single stones leads up to it, and this is traditionally said to be Wayland Smith's Cave - the Wayland Smith of Kenilworth! It stands on slightly raised ground, and is a very lonely spot with wind-stricken trees round it.

In a note to "Kenilworth," Sir Walter Scott tells us that popular belief still retains a memory of the wild legend that, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre (for such is the cave), may have arisen from some legend concerning the northern Duergar, who resided in rocks and were cunning workers in steel and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith's fee was sixpence, and that he was offended if more were offered - rather differing in this respect from ordinary workmen!

THE BALLAD 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 shape,
And a'll last for many a year.

A was made a long, long time ago,
Wi' a dale o' labour and pains,
By King Alfred the Great when he spwiled their consate,
And caddled⁷ thay wosberds⁸ the Danes.

⁷ Worried.

⁸ Woe-birds.

The Bleawin Stwun, in days gone by,
 Wur King Arthur's bugle harn,
 And the tharnin tree you med plainly zee,
 As is called King Alfred's tharn.

There'll be backsword play and climmin the powl,
 And a race for a pig and a cheese;
 And us thinks as hisn's a dummel⁹ sowl
 As dwoan't care for zich spwoarts as these."

The battle of Ashdown was fought, as we have seen, on this now hallowed ground; and had not Alfred there broken the Danish power, England might not have been a Christian nation for another hundred years. It was a grand contest. The Danes had marched up and seized Reading, and, having secured the town, began to scour the surrounding country for plunder. But the men of Wessex, brave and numerous, were not likely long to submit to the invaders. Their alderman (or chief), Ethelwolf, assembled at once as many men as he could, fought the heathen Danes at Englefield, and defeated them with great loss. Before three days were over, King Ethelred and his brother Alfred came up from the west, each leading a strong band of Anglo-Saxons, and joined the trusty alderman.

On the fourth day they attacked the Danes at Reading, but after a terrific combat were compelled to fall back along the line of chalk-hills to the neighbourhood of what is now called White Horse Hill. At length, however, their forces being augmented by fresh bands of men, the king turned at bay at Ashdown, and there encountered the whole army of the Danes, under the shadow of the famous hill. It was arranged that Ethelred should attack the two Danish kings, while Alfred fought against the two great sea-earls who commanded under them.

But Ethelred remained a long time in prayer, and hearing mass, though the Pagans were coming up quickly. "He would not," he said, "leave till the priest had done, nor abandon the protection of God for that of man."

"Then Alfred," continues the chronicler, "though holding a lower authority, as I have been told by those who were there, and who 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 upper 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 a 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 that 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."

Such is the glorious memory preserved by the image of the White Horse.

⁹Dull.

WINCHESTER.



It will pass now from the scene of Alfred's first important triumph to the city where he lived and ruled during his wonderful reign - Winchester. This town justly claims a very high antiquity; in fact, it is thought to be nearly coeval with the Christian era. Here dwelt Shakespeare's Cymbeline and his gallant sons Guiderius and Arviragus. The latter - Arviragus - is best known to us by the name the Romans called him - Caractacus, who fought so gallantly for his native land, and whose noble conduct when taken prisoner and carried to Rome every schoolboy knows. Chroniclers relate how Claudius, the Roman Emperor, adopted him into his family, and gave him his daughter Gewissa in marriage, with whom he was allowed to return to Britain and reign again at Winchester - then called Venta Belgarum. Their daughter Claudia wedded the noble senator Pudens, both of whom are mentioned by St. Paul, in his Second Epistle to Timothy (ch. iv., v. 21), as Christians at Rome. Claudia is said to have taught her faith in Britain, and Lucius, the great grandson of Caractacus, was the first Christian king, not only in Britain, but in the world. He founded in Britain twenty-eight cities, with churches in each, and a cathedral. Lucius was the last tributary king of this

country, the conquered land being after his time ruled by Roman proconsuls till the emperors abandoned it.

Uther Pendragon, the father of King Arthur, was driven from Venta by Cerdic the Saxon, and the city then took the name of Wintanceaster, or Winchester. The next Christian king who ruled in Winchester was the Saxon Kinegils; he commenced building the cathedral, where his bones are still preserved. Egbert reigned here, and his descendants, till at length our glorious Alfred, "the miracle of history," as he has been justly called - warrior - lawgiver - father of his people, "most Christian king," to him no empty title, ruled the White City.

Civilising, educating, and defending his people, Alfred resided in Winchester, then the capital of the kingdom, and was buried in a beautiful and stately abbey, built on purpose to receive him in death, in Hyde Meadow, near the city. But at the dissolution of the monasteries this abbey was pulled down; and since then a Bridewell has been erected on the spot where Alfred, his queen, and his son, Edward the Elder, had their last repose.

The descendants of Alfred continued to reign for more than a century, with the brief interval of the Danish conquest; then the Saxon family were for a short time replaced on the throne.

The king whom Sweyn and Canute drove from his throne - Ethelred the Unready - deserved his fate, for he was guilty of a terrible crime. He ordered the massacre of all the Danes in England on one day - the festival of St. Brice - which that year fell on a Sunday. The crime concluded the rejoicings for his marriage with the beautiful Emma of Normandy.

It was in Winchester that the Danish massacre began, and the streets literally streamed, we are told, with blood. The furious vengeance of the Danes which followed this atrocious act was almost equally terrible, and again Winchester presented the appearance of shambles.

Under Edward the Confessor, Queen Emma was accused of being accessory to the murder of her own son, Prince Alfred, whom Godwin, Earl of Kent, was supposed to have killed by putting out his eyes; she was also said to have misconducted herself with Alwyn, bishop of Winchester. The queen, enraged at such slander, insisted on undergoing the ordeal by fire. Emma had been the wife of Ethelred the Unready, and her sons by him were Edward the Confessor and Alfred; after his death she married Canute, and had a son who became king, Hardicanute. Her demand could not be refused, and it was in the cathedral of the city that Ethelred had stained with the great crime of the Danish massacre on her wedding him, that she underwent the ordeal. Nine hot ploughshares were placed before the altar; the king, the bishops, and a multitude of the people were within the sacred walls, and saw the queen-mother, supported on each side by a bishop, step fearlessly on the red-hot iron, and walk across it unhurt. Her innocence thus miraculously established, she stood proudly facing the people, who rent the air with their acclamations.

The person who had first accused Queen Emma of having ordered the death of her young son - Earl Godwin - had been long suspected by Edward to have been implicated in the crime himself, and after the justification of Emma, the king felt convinced of it. A great feast followed the ordeal, at which Godwin was

present. "The butler," says the legend, "slipped in bringing a dish to the table, but recovered himself by the adroit use of his other foot. 'Thus does brother assist brother,' laughed Earl Godwin. 'And thus might I have been assisted by my Alfred,' said the king bitterly, 'if Earl Godwin had not prevented it.' Upon this the earl, holding up the morsel he was about to eat, pronounced a great oath, and in the name of God said that the morsel might choke him if he had had anything to do with the murder. Upon this the king repeated a short prayer, and the earl attempted to swallow the morsel, but he could not. It choked him, and he fell dead from the table. The king, full of remorse at having listened to the calumnies against his mother, exclaimed 'Take away that dog, and bury him in the high road.'"

Authentic history says that Godwin died of apoplexy at the feast, and he is certainly buried in the cathedral.

William the Conqueror loved the beautiful city, for it stands, or rather stood, amidst splendid forests, those of Bere, Woolmer Chute, and Pamber; and then, too, he had made, not far off, the great New Forest for his chase.

William Rufus was buried here. Mary I. was here married to Philip of Spain. Sir Walter Raleigh, Lords Cobham and Grey were here tried for treason, and three persons said to be concerned in the plot were beheaded on the castle hill. Cromwell did disgraceful mischief here, blowing up the castle, demolishing the bishop's palace, and knocking down the Norman tower at the west gate. His troopers stabled their horses in the cathedral, smashed the painted windows, and broke the statues of the saints.

There are many more historical memories of Winchester, but we have not space for all.

In the centre of the town stands the cathedral; at a short distance Wykham's College, and down in the valley the Hospital of St. Cross, nearly hidden by trees.

The west front of the stately and venerable cathedral is remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, and for the fretted gallery over it, where the bishop used to stand and bless the people. Its fine window is rich with perpendicular tracery; it has two slender lantern turrets, and a crowning tabernacle with the statue of its builder. The eastern window glows with the richest colours of enamelled glass; the lofty roof is fretted with tracery, and the great height and vast length of its unbroken space is not surpassed by any cathedral in England.

In fact, Winchester Cathedral is as beautiful as it is venerable. The most striking works of art in it are the chantries containing the tombs of the prelates who have been bishops of the see. They are of the most delicate and elaborate workmanship. There are two in the nave: those of Edington and William of Wykeham. The latter tomb is of great beauty, the sides of it are covered with panels of trefoil arches, and crotched spandrils, and emblazoned with mitres and armorial shields. His statue or effigy is remarkably fine; at his feet are three quaint little figures of monks praying. This chantry and Edington's are between the great pillars of the south aisle. So exquisitely are these chantries carved, that they appear rather to be wrought in ivory than in stone. They originally had each its own shrine, and the niches - now empty - bore figures of the saints. Here daily masses were chanted for the souls of the prelates, the chantries being endowed for the purpose. That of Bishop Fox, long prime minister and the patron of Wolsey, is very beautiful, as is that of Cardinal Beaufort, he "who died and made no sign." Gardiner's is inferior to these.

There are other objects in the cathedral of great interest as well as these chantries. There is the marble coffin of William, the Conqueror's second son Richard, who was killed by a stag while hunting in the New Forest before Rufus fell there; the Lady Chapel, in which Mary I. married Philip of Spain. The chair in which she sat is still to be seen. In the Chapel of the Guardian Angels there are remains of old paintings on the walls of angels and legendary figures.

In the north-east aisle is the monument of King Hardicanute, having on it the very appropriate figure of a ship, as marking a sea king's grave.

The northern transept does not belie its age in appearance; it was built by Bishop Walkelin, the cousin of the Conqueror. It is a stern and ancient-looking portion of the cathedral. There is a dark chapel below the organ stairs - the Chapel of the Sepulchre - whither in Holy Week worshippers assembled for the mass of the Passion. On the roof are rude paintings of scriptural subjects.

The choir is of great beauty. The rich, dark wood-work of the stalls is thrown out by the pale delicacy of the walls above them. The fine vault of the roof has orbs at the junction of the timbers embossed with the armorial shields of Lancaster and Castile - for John of Gaunt and Cardinal Beaufort - with those of the Tudors and of various episcopal sees. Here are also emblazoned the instruments of OUR LORD'S Passion



VIEW OF THE DEANERY AND CATHEDRAL AT WINCHESTER.

Figure 22: View of the Deanery, Winchester Cathedral.

and the faces of Pilate and his wife, all in the most gorgeous colouring. On the floor of the sanctuary is a plain beveled stone of dark marble; it is the tomb of William Rufus, and arranged on the top of the beautiful stone portions defining the choir are six mortuary chests, three on each side, containing the bones of several Saxon princes. They were collected by Bishop de Blois in the twelfth century, and placed in coffins of lead in the Holy Hole, a room in which were deposited sacred relics and remains of saints. A stone staircase, now, we believe, blocked up, led to it. When the choir was rebuilt, Bishop Fox had the coffins placed in these chests, which are carved, gilt and surmounted with crowns, with the names inscribed on them, and placed them where they now remain. The remains are thus preserved of Kinegils, who commenced building the cathedral; of Adulphus or Ethelwulf, the father of Alfred; of Egbert, Rufus, Queen Emma, Edmund, the son of Alfred, Edred, those of Bishops Wina and Alwin; and one chest contains the fragments inextricably mingled of the princely or holy dead that were scattered about by "the sacrilegious barbarism" of 1642.

The screen is exquisite; the canopies and lacework on the upper part are perfect; in fact, one of the finest and most picturesque objects in England is Winchester Cathedral.

HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.



THE Hospital of St. Cross, an ancient and picturesque building near this city, was built by King Stephen, and is still a hospital, entire as in the days of the house of Blois. And still the bequest of the great Bishop continues, and every stranger presenting himself at the wicket is entitled to receive bread and beer. The bread is good, the beer what is called small; two gallons of beer and two loaves of bread are distributed daily.

The hospital is built as a quadrangle, enclosing a court; the removal of one side has opened a view of the fields. The buildings are of great antiquity, as we have said. A strong gateway tower gives entrance to the court, and on its outer front kneels a statue of Cardinal Beaufort, in his hat and robes. Milner says: "In the corner over the gateway of this tower we behold the cardinal's hat displayed, together with the busts of his father, John of Gaunt, and of his royal nephews, Henry IV. and V., and of his predecessor, Wykeham. In the spandrils on each side appear the founder's arms, - France and England quarterly. The centre boss in the groining of the gateway is carved into a curious cross, composed of leaves and surrounded with a crown of thorns."

On the left is a cloister, in the centre of which is a projecting recess, in which stands an old table, said to have been used by Charles II. The cloister terminates in the church, and over it are the nuns' rooms, formerly occupied by three hospital sisters who attended the sick. Here also are the wards where the sick brethren were nursed. On the east end of these rooms is a window opening into the church, so that the invalids might hear mass as they lay in their beds. On the opposite side of the court are the brethren's houses. They have three small chambers each and a garden. They must be unmarried, or, if married, must not bring their wife here; they must wear a black gown with a silver cross on the breast. The third line of the building consists of the brethren's hall and the master's residence.

But the church is the glory of St. Cross. The whole of the building has the air of great antiquity. With the exception of the front and upper storey of the west end, the church was built by Henry de Blois in the reign of Stephen.

"Here," says Milner, "we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of equal dimensions in its circumference and in its length, which, however, supports an incipient pointed arch." In fact, the building seems to have been a mixture of architectural essays, and is both venerable, curious, and picturesque. As a whole, however, it is thoroughly Saxon, with massy round pillars, and round arches with the billet and zigzag mouldings mixed with a variety of ornaments.

With this brief notice of St. Cross we take our leave of the old capital of England and its neighbourhood.

We have not space to describe Wykeham's College, but there is a very sad and touching story attached to St. Mary's College, which we must relate.

About two hundred and fifty years ago a scholar of this college was - for some offense committed - confined by order of the master; report says he was chained to a pillar. It was close on Whitsuntide, and he saw his companions depart joyously to their homes, leaving him an unhappy prisoner. His only consolation was to compose in Latin the well-known "Dulce Domum," in passionate regret and memory of the happiness of former years. Grief at his disgrace and disappointment affected him so deeply, that when his companions returned he was dead. Annually, in commemoration of this sad event, on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the master, the scholars, and choristers of the College walked in procession round the court of the College and the pillar to which the unfortunate youth was tied, and chanted in Latin, accompanied by a band of music, the verses he composed in his affliction.

The following is a translation of

DULCE DOMUM.

Sing a sweet melodious measure;
Waft enchanting lays around:
Home! a theme replete with pleasure;
Home - a grateful theme resound.

Chorus -

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure;
 Home! with every blessing crowned;
 Home! perpetual source of pleasure;
 Home! a noble strain resound.

Lo! the joyous hour advances;
 Happy season of delight!
 Festal songs and festal dances
 All our tedious toil requite.

Chorus.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
 Leave thy task so hard to bear;
 Leave thy labour, ease returning,
 Leave this bosom, O my care.

Chorus.

See the year, the meadow smiling
 Let us then a smile display;
 Rural sports our pain beguiling,
 Rural pastimes call away.

Chorus.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
 And no longer loves to roam;
 Her example thus impelling,
 Let us seek our native home.

Chorus.

Let our men and steeds assemble.
 Panting for the wide champaign;
 Let the ground beneath us tremble,
 While we scour along the plain.

Chorus.

O what raptures, O what blisses,
 When we gain the lovely gate!
 Mother's arms and mother's kisses
 There our blest arrival wait.

Chorus.

Greet our household gods with singing,
 Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray;
 Why should light, so slow upspringing,
 All our promised joys delay?

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure;
 Home! with every blessing crowned;
 Home! perpetual source of pleasure;
 Home! a noble strain resound.

PORCHESTER.



HE writer cannot pass over Porchester Castle, although no romantic incident is recorded of it; for it was a childhood's haunt, and seemed then a visible representation of the castles of romance and of fairy-land. How many stories of knights and ladies, of giant and enchantress, we have woven in those days of the grey keep and its surrounding walls! Then, too, it was difficult of approach by water - at least, if you were not well up in the tides, and were not very attentive to the posts that marked the channels up Porchester Lake, as that part of Portsmouth Harbour is called; for at low tide the passage has on each side formidable mud-banks, and if, while they still were covered (but not deeply enough for a boat to sail or row over them), the boat stuck on them, one had to wait a weary time aground till the next high tide released her.

Yet the sail was a very pleasant one up the harbour from Portsmouth, passing the dockyard, avoiding the Excellent's gun practice, and gliding by the superannuated dear old men-of-war that could "dare the seas no more." Then in Porchester Lake we had, on the left hand, the magazines for gunpowder and the little village of Hardway, while right ahead rose the grey keep, backed by the great hill called Portsdown, with its glittering white chalk-pits and green downs.

At last we land safely on the beach, where grows the beloved blue borage flowers and many another little sea darling, and approach the castle. It is a very ancient fortress. Its origin is unknown, but Porchester must have had a fortress on its site from the earliest times. Stow says it was founded by a son of Beline in 375, and that its British name was *Caer Peris*. By the Romans the harbour and castle were deservedly called *Portus Magnus*; and it has been affirmed by some historians that *Vespasian* landed here on his first visit to Britain. It must have been in his possession when he conquered the isle of *Wight*. *Titus* was with him, and once when *Vespasian* was surrounded by the barbarians, who fought so gallantly for their native land, and was with his legion in considerable danger from them, his admirable son, with great boldness, broke through the ring they had formed, rescued him, and put the natives to flight, slaying many of them. In later times this castle was held by the great officer who defended the Saxon shore from pirates.

The outer walls, with their semi-circular towers, from one of which we had as a child a near escape of falling, were undoubtedly built by the Romans; but Saxons, Normans and English have added to the castle, and the different modes of building can all be easily traced here. The fortress is of quadrangular form, and includes an area of nearly five acres. The walls vary from eight to ten feet of thickness, and in many parts a rampart and parapet remain. There are eighteen towers connected with the walls still standing - round, square, and semi-circular ones. The keep, of noble dimensions, is in the northwestern angle of the fortress. Here originally stood the ancient round tower of the Romans; adjoining was the sacellum for the Roman idolatrous ensigns. The round tower was removed, and a Saxon keep built in its place for the residence of the lord and his family; and where the Roman eagles and victories once stood was built a Christian church. The keep is, of course, therefore, early Saxon; it is lofty, and has two vaults or dungeons at the bottom, with three storeys above, each containing a double room of good size. The walls are nearly eight feet thick. The rooms in the two first storeys are lighted from narrow loopholes; on the third storey (where probably were the State apartments) there are small plain windows on two sides.

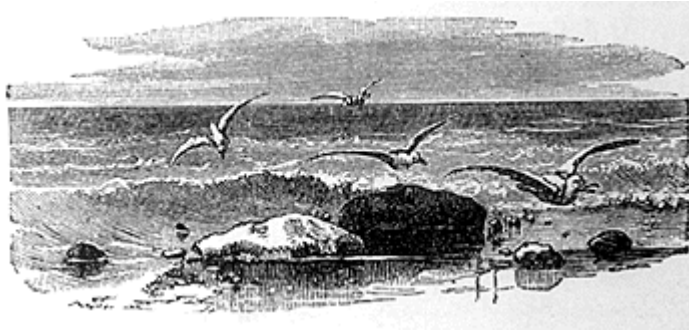
The most curious part of the inner court, which is Norman, is its entrance - a portal with an obtuse pointed arch, with a strong gate; then a portcullis, and beyond that another great gate; eighteen feet further on, a second portcullis, and beyond that a third great gate. The entrance passage is vaulted and perforated, and furnished with machicolations for pouring molten lead, hot water, etc., on assailants entering it. To these machicolations and the battlements above there was a passage from the top of the walls surrounding the inner court. These entrances, so strong and well defended, are mute witnesses of the terrible dangers of the period to which they belong, and from which they were intended to guard the indwellers,

The castle and town - it is now a village - of Porchester, with the adjoining forest, then valued at 16 13s., were settled on *Margaret of Anjou* as part of her dowery.

During the war with *Napoleon*, French prisoners were incarcerated in Porchester Castle; there were at one time nearly 9,000 captives of our fleets within its walls. These poor creatures made and sold many trifles to the neighbours, and we have seen very pretty straw-work and silk shoes made by them, which are

still to be found in the chests and attics of the country houses round the place.

There used to be a bust of Julius Caesar kept in the castle; it was coloured, and the people had a superstition that when rain was approaching the colour of the cheeks faded! It is very doubtful whether it was ever intended for a bust of Julius Caesar, as it bore not the slightest resemblance to the heads on his coins.



NETLEY ABBEY.



NETLEY ABBEY is situated at a short distance from the eastern bank of Southampton Water, and about eight miles east of Southampton. The walk to it from Southampton is one of entrancing beauty, rich in all the charms of water and woodland. Only part of the walls of the Abbey remain, but the site of the ruin is of considerable extent. It is embosomed in foliage, oaks and other trees rising in thick clumps round it; while within the roofless walls trees of a lighter description have sprung up, and the blue sky shines down on the ruins through a tracery of green leaves, while luxuriant ivy clothes the grey walls and hangs in wreaths from them, so that scarcely a fragment of them can be seen till the visitor is close to them.

Netley Abbey stood, and stands, on a gentle elevation that rises above the bank of Southampton Water. Originally it seems to have been built as a square; but very little is left of the Abbey save the remains of the church, which occupied one of its sides. It appears to have been 200 feet in length by 60 in breadth, and to have been crossed at the centre by a transept of 120 feet in length. The walls can be distinctly traced, except in the northern portion of the transept. Many broken columns still remain, and there are also windows in different parts of the walls more or less defaced, yet showing that the Abbey must have possessed uncommon architectural beauty. The east end is the most entire, and has an elegant and elaborately finished window. We have stood also in the Abbot's kitchen, which is of great size; and in the refectory, which is conjecturally pointed out. Netley was once surrounded by a moat, of which traces are still discernible; and there are two large ponds not far from the buildings, which probably once supplied the brethren with fish; they are deep and full, and overhung by trees and underwood. About 200 feet from the west end of the church, and near the water, was a small building called Netley Fort, built by Henry VIII.

On the turf in the church lie many fragments of the old roof, which bear mute testimony to an accident, of which a strange account has been preserved in the locality. The Abbey roof was entire up to 1704, when Sir Bartlet Lucy possessed the Abbey. With singular want of feeling or sentiment, the Earl of Huntingdown, its next possessor, actually sold the materials of the church to a builder. The following strange story is told of this purchase by Browne Walters, the antiquary:-

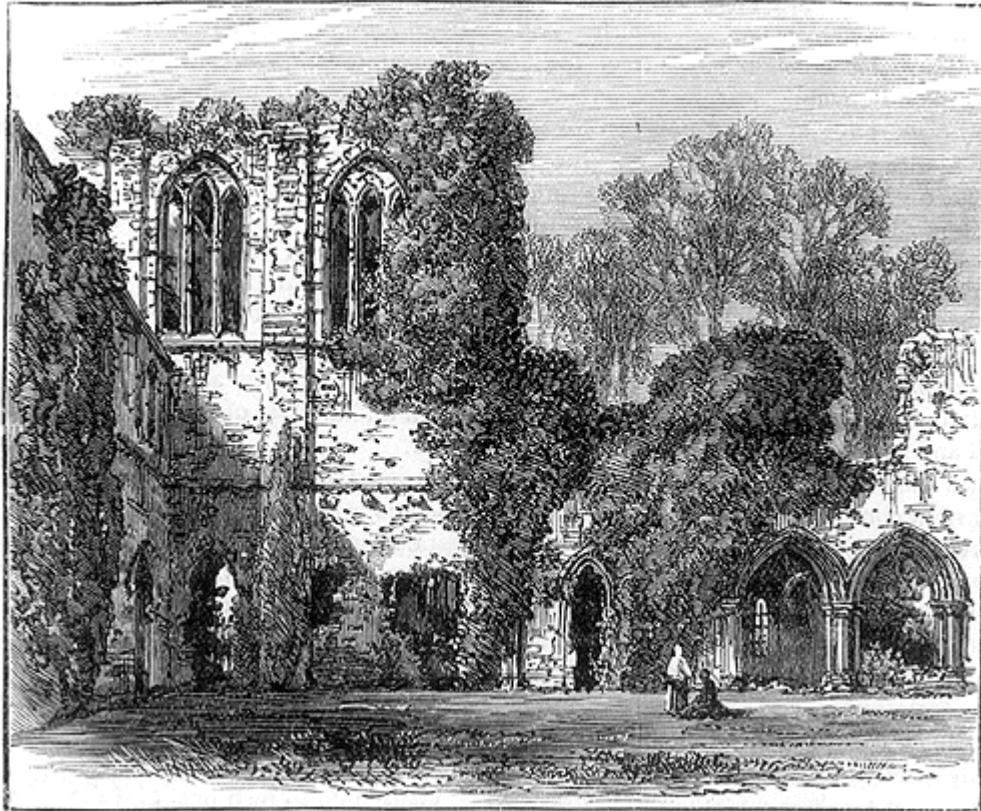
"The earl, it is said, made a contract with a Mr. Walter Taylor, a builder of Southampton, for the complete demolition of the Abbey; it being intended by Taylor to employ the materials in erecting a town house at Newport and other buildings. After making this agreement, however, Taylor dreamed that, as he was pulling down a particular window, one of the stones forming the arch fell upon him, and killed him. His dream impressed him so forcibly that he mentioned the circumstance to a friend, who is said to have been the father of the well-known Dr. Isaac Watts, and in some perplexity asked his advice. His friend thought it would be the safest course for him to have nothing to do with the affair, respecting which he had been so alarmingly forewarned, and endeavoured to persuade him to desist from his intention. Taylor, however, at last decided upon paying no attention to his dream, and accordingly began his operations for the pulling down of the building; in which he had not proceeded far, when, as he was assisting at the work, the arch of one of the windows, but not the one he had dreamed of (which was the east window still standing), fell upon his head and fractured his skull. It was thought at first that the wound would not prove mortal; but it was aggravated through the unskilfulness of the surgeon, and the man died."

The accident that befell Taylor was thought to have been a judgment of Heaven on him, and the Abbey was thus saved from demolition.

This story is told in the "History of Mitred Abbeys," and is quite intelligible. The instinctive reverence of the builder, struggling with his greed, undoubtedly caused his dreams, aided perhaps by his knowledge that the task of taking down the Abbey church must necessarily be a dangerous one. Happily, however, the walls still in great part remain, probably no one caring to take the risk of their removal.

Netley has no longer any architectural perfection to boast, but the loveliness of its position is unrivalled - the beautiful trees, the blue water, the distant view out nearly to the Needles, the sea breezes sighing through the trees, will always render its site attractive. Bowles has written the following lines on Netley, which describe the effect it has on one's mind very accurately:-

"Fallen pile! I ask not what has been thy fate



THE SOUTH TRANSEPT, NETLEY ABBEY.

Figure 23: The South transept, Netley Abbey.

But when the winds, slow-wafted from the main,
 Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 of those who once might proudly in their prime
 Have stood with giant port; till, bowed by time
 Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
 They might have sunk like thee; though thus forlorn,
 They lift their heads, with venerable hairs
 Besprent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
 of mortal vanities and short-lived cares;
 E'en so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
 smile at the tempest and time a sweeping sway."

The Abbey was founded by Peter Roche, Bishop of Winchester, in the thirteenth century. Its monks belonged to the severe order of the Cistercians, and were originally brought from the neighbouring Abbey of Beaulieu.

It was never a rich establishment, and at the dissolution of the monasteries it contained only an abbot and twelve monks, while its net revenue has only a hundred per annum. Moreover, it possessed only one book! - a copy of Cicero's "Treatise on Rhetoric." In 1537 the place was granted by the king to Sir William Paulet, afterwards the celebrated Marquis of Winchester, of whose valiant defence of Basing House, in the time of the civil war, the memory still exists in Hampshire.

THE NEW FOREST.

HERE is scarcely a lovelier spot in southern England than the New Forest; although of late years it has lost much of its sylvan beauty.



One should see it in the summer. Then, making one's way by the wide and excellent roads that run through it, we may seek a nook beneath the magnificent old trees in the heart of the wood, and rest upon the moss and ferns at their foot. The air is most pure and sweet; the shade of "melancholy boughs" protects us from the glare of the midsummer sun that gilds and brightens the open spots within our view. There is the far-off song of a lark, high above, a soft roulade of coos from the wood-pigeons, a hum of bees, and the trickle, trickle of a rill that passes close by, hidden among the ferns; while the eye rests upon trees that time has crowned with most magnificent beauty.

And yet this glorious greenwood is the product and the memorial of a crime.

England had been conquered by the Norman, and the Conqueror - loving best of all her fair cities the ancient town of Winchester - resolved to make a mighty chase close to his dwelling place. He was not satisfied with the noble woods close by, which had sufficed the Saxon kings; he resolved to have a special one, such as few monarchs possessed so near at hand to their palaces. He therefore doomed to a temporary desolation the district called Itene or Ytchene.

It was already a woodland of great beauty, with tracts of common land covered with turf, golden gorse, and heath, and noble groups of trees and underwood that afforded a harbour to wild animals. But there were churches, manors, and villages in that extent of thirty miles by ninety, which were to form his chase; and all these the will of the savage Norman doomed to destruction. So rapidly was the ruthless order carried out, that very shortly a mighty forest darkened the land, and the traces of human habitation were buried beneath the wild growth of nature. There are names in the forest that still retain some recollection of what was once an inhabited district; Church-place and Church-moor mark the spots where prayer once ascended to God; Thompson's Castle still retains the name of its former owner.

It was said of William the Norman that he loved wild beasts "as if he were their father," and it seems a true judgment tested by his cruel laws. The slaying of a man might be atoned for by a price; but he who killed a stag, boar, or even hare, was punished with total blindness. Even his Norman nobles might keep no sporting dogs on their estates unless the fore-paws of the poor animals were mutilated. This law was an exceedingly cruel one at a time when men depended on the chase for much of their subsistence.

But William seems to have brought a curse on himself and his progeny by this act of ruthless selfishness. His second son, Richard, was gored to death by a stag, as he was hunting here; his wife and favourite daughter died soon after, and he met his own death as the consequence of his cruelty to the city of Mantes.

His second son, Rufus, succeeded him, and kept his court at Malwood Keep in 1100, close to the forest in which he intended that same Lammas-tide to hold a chase. Prince Henry, his younger brother, was with him,

The morning of that second of August dawned in unusual splendour. The previous night had been disturbed by Rufus, who had had an awful dream, and v-hose shouts had called his followers to his bedside, where, at his request, they had retained till dawn. Put at breakfast the king was in great spirits the day was come that he had fixed on for the chase, and he had forgotten his dream.

While he was preparing for the hunt, an artizan brought him six new arrows. He praised the workmanship, and, keeping four for himself, he gave the two others to his favourite, Sir Walter Tyrrel, or de Poix, saying, "Good weapons are due to him who knows how to make a good use of them."

And now the horses were at the door, and the huntsman's horn sounded, when a strange monk suddenly appeared and demanded an interview with the king, saying that he had matters of great moment to communicate to him. He was admitted and brought before the Red King. "What would you with me, Sir Priest?" asked William, frowning at the delay.

"King of England," said the monk solemnly, "I bear thee a message from the Norman Abbot of St. Peter's at Gloucester, and thank Heaven - long and weary as the journey has been - I have arrived in time. He warns thee, Sire, not to hunt in the New Forest on this holy Lammas morn; for one of his monks has dreamed a dreadful dream about thee. He saw thee lying dead and bleeding beneath an oak in thy New

Forest as the blessed sun was sinking, and assuredly if thou huntest to-day it will be for the last time."

The king's brow clouded; he had had an evil dream himself; but the next moment he shook off the superstitious thrill that was foreign to his godless, fearless nature, and smiled scornfully.

"Monks can dream as it suits them," he said; "I am not a child to be scared by visions. To horse, Walter de Poix (Tyrrel). Do you think I am one of those fools who give up their pleasure or business for such matters? The man is a true monk. He dreameth for the sake of money. Give him a hundred pence, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person."

In vain the monk entreated and expostulated; the huntsmen followed the royal example, and were soon on horseback galloping off, a noisy company, to the forest.

Once within its shades, they divided about, and by-and-by William and Walter Tyrrel were alone.

They had had good sport, when towards sunset a hart came bounding by between the king and his companion, who stood at the moment concealed in opposite thickets.

The king drew his bow, but the string broke, and at the twang the noble beast paused and looked round. The rays of the sun now piercing the trees horizontally were in the king's eyes; he raised his bridle hand to shade them, and cried impatiently, "Shoot, Walter, shoot!"

Tyrrel obeyed, and drew his bow at once. But - was his aim untrue? - the arrow glanced aside from a tiny branch, and striking the king under his raised arm pierced him to the breast, and he fell dead from his horse.

Tyrrel flew to his side, but saw at once that Rufus was dead, and that help was vain. Then a sense of his own danger smote him. To slay a king was a dangerous accident in more ways than one. Who would believe so strange a story? He would not risk the telling it? He sprang on his steed, spurred it to its utmost speed, gained in safety the seashore, and from thence sought refuge in France, finally going to the Holy Land in expiation of his involuntary treason.

The sun sank; twilight fell on the forest, and still the Red King lay bleeding beneath the oak. A charcoal burner returning from his day's work found the body at last, and putting it into his cart took it to Winchester, where the slain monarch was finally buried.

Kingsley, in his quaint imitation of a ballad of the period, gives a somewhat different version of the story:-

THE RED KING.

The king was drinking in Malwood Hall,
 There came in a monk before them all;
 He thrust by squire, he thrust by knight,
 Stood over against the dais aright;
 And "The word of the Lord, thou cruel Red King,
 The word of the Lord to thee I bring.
 A grimly sweven I dreamt yestreen;
 I saw thee lie under the hollins green
 And through thy heart an arrow been
 And out of thy body a smoke did rise,
 Which smirched the sunshine out of the skies.
 So if thou God's anointed be,
 I rede thee unto thy soul thou see:
 For mitre and pall thou hast y'sold,
 False knight to Christ, for gain and gold;
 And for this thy forest were digged down, all
 Steading and hamlet and churches tall;
 And Christe's poor were ousten forth,
 To beg their bread from south to north;
 So tarry at home and fast and pray,
 Lest fiends hunt thee in the judgment day."
 The monk he vanished where he stood;
 King William sterte up wroth and wod;

Quod he: "Fools' wits will jump together,
 The Hampshire ale and the thunder weather
 Have turned the brains of us both, I think;
 And monks are curst when they fall to drink.
 A lothly sweven I dreamt last night,
 How there hoved anigh me a griesly knight,
 Did smite me down to the pit of hell,
 I shrieked and woke, so fast I fell.
 There's Tyrrel as sour as I, perdie,
 So he of you all shall hunt with me,
 A grimly brace for a hart to see:"

The Red King down from Malwood came,
 His heart with wine was all aflame,
 His eyne were shotten, red as blood,
 He rated and swore wherever he rode.

They roused a hart, that grimly brace,
 A hart of ten, a hart of grease,
 Fled over against the kinge's place.
 The sun it blinded the kinge's ee,
 A fathom beyond his hocks shot he;
 "Shoot thou," quod he, "in the fiende's name!
 To lose such a quarry were seven years shame!"
 And he hove up his arm to mark the game
 Tyrrel he shot full light, God wot;
 For whether the saints they swerved the shot,
 Or whether by treason men knowen not,
 But under the arm, in a secret part,
 The iron fled through the kinge's heart.

Tyrrel he smiled full grim that day,
 Quod "Shooting of kings is no bairn's play;"
 And he smote in the spurs and fled fast away.

Prince Henry shared in the family love Of sport, but had often been so poor as not to have even a horse to chase the deer, and used to follow it on foot. But now he was friends with Rufus, and had the silver his father had left him, consequently he was able to hunt with the king on that memorable and of August. But being separated from the royal hunt while pursuing his game in a glen of the forest, he, by accident, broke the string of his cross-bow, and seeing a forester's hut near, he went to it to see if he could get it replaced. As he entered an old woman advanced to meet him, and addressed to him in Norman French these lines:-

"Hasty news to thee I bring,
 Henry, thou art now a king;
 Mark the words and heed them well,
 Which to thee in truth I tell,
 And recall them in the hour
 Of thy state and kingly power."

She then passed swiftly from the hut, and at the same moment Henry heard the cries of those who had found Rufus's body: "The king is killed - the king is dead," and at once springing to his horse rode full speed off to Winchester to seize the royal treasure and obtain the crown. Butewit, the royal treasurer, strove to get there before him and save the treasure for Robert; but Henry won the day, and being chosen king by the Commons, was (on the third day after Rufus's death) crowned King of England.

The old sibyl had doubtless seen the king dead previously. We do not hear if Henry ever saw her again.

The wickedness of William Rufus must have been really as great as the monkish chroniclers represented it to have been, for even in distant Cornwall a legend still exists that proves the universality of the people's belief in it.

Robert, Earl of Moreton, was created Earl of Cornwall by William the Conqueror. He was remarkable for his valour and wisdom, yet he was the especial friend of Rufus. As Earl of Cornwall, he gave St. Michael's Mount to the monks of Mount St. Michael in Normandy, and seized on the Priory of St. Petroc, in Bodmin, for his own use, taking possession of all its lands.

It happened that Robert was hunting in the extensive woods round Bodmin - of which some remains are still to be found in the Glyn Valley - when the following fabulous incident is said to have occurred.

"The chase," says Mr. Gunn, in "Abbeys and Castles," "had been a severe one. A fine old red deer had baffled the huntsmen, and they were dispersed through the intricacies of the forest, the Earl of Cornwall being left alone. He had advanced beyond the shades of the woods on to the moor above them, when he was surprised to see a very large black goat advancing over the plain. As it approached him, which it did rapidly, he saw that it bore on its back 'King Rufus,' all black and naked, and wounded in the midst of his breast. Robert adjured the goat, in the name of the Holy Trinity, to tell what it was he carried so strangely. He answered, 'I am carrying your king to judgment; yea, that tyrant William Rufus, for I am an evil spirit, and the avenger of his malice that he bore to the Church of God. It was I that did cause this slaughter; the proto-martyr of England, St. Albyn, commanding me so to do, who complained to God of him, for his grievous oppression in this isle of Britain which he first hallowed.'" Having so spoken, the spectre vanished.

"Robert the Earl related the circumstance to his followers, and they shortly after learned that at that very hour William Rufus had been slain in the New Forest by the arrow of Walter Tyrrel."

If this fable is not of later invention than William's time; if Earl Robert really told such a story, it would appear that the fatal arrow was not discharged accidentally, and that Earl Robert knew something about it; but most probably the legend (which is very old) may have originated in the imagination of the people at that time; and mark only the great unpopularity of the second Norman king.



VIEW IN THE FOREST.

Figure 24: View in the forest.



THE ISLE OF WIGHT :

WITH THE STORY OF CARISBROOK.



HIS beautiful little island contains some of the most picturesque scenery in England. Situated in the English Channel, opposite Portsmouth Harbour and Stokes' Bay, it lies an emerald gem on the waters. The point of St. Helen's and the Needle Rocks at opposite ends of the island are striking objects from the sea; on the south-east side is beautiful Bonchurch; and more to the south, Ventnor.

At Bonchurch is the picturesque churchyard, sloping down to the sea, in which the shadow of the cross falls on the grave of the Rev. W. Adams, the author of the beautiful allegory of that title, and of the "Distant Hills," etc. The Rev. Legh Richmond was curate in the island of the parishes of Brading and Yaverland. Here he wrote his touching story of the "Young Cottager," in which he gives the following admirable description of the island seen from the churchyard of Brading.

"Eastward of us extended a large river, or lake of sea water, chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly enclosed by the land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small sloop or cutter to the first-rate man of war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form, and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundred sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water, a large sloping extent of bank was diversified by fields, woods, hedges, and cottages.

At its extremity stood, close to the edge of the sea itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church still preserved as a sea-mark. Far beyond the bay, a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more especially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun. To the southwestward of the garden was another down, covered also with flocks of sheep, and a portion of it fringed with trees."

It was in Brading churchyard that "little Jane" learned the epitaph,-

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear."

The "Dairyman's Daughter," another tale of the Isle of Wight, acquired extraordinary celebrity, and was immediately translated by the Religions Tract Society into French and Italian, and subsequently into most languages. It was the most popular tract ever known. We have heard of one rather queer translation of it, told to a relative by Mr. Austin Layard. He found an Arab sheik with a copy of it in Arabic in his hand, looking rather puzzled. He asked what was the difficulty. The sheik replied, "The title - he did not know what 'The Daughter of the Father of Milk' meant." Thus the "Dairyman's Daughter" had been translated.

For seven years Mr. Richmond worked in the Isle of Wight, and wrote there all his "Annals of the Poor."

Carisbrook Castle is one of the most interesting of the fortresses of the Isle of Wight, from its great antiquity and strength. It was probably a British camp, and when Vespasian took the island he garrisoned the fort. The first authentic mention of Carisbrook is in 530, when Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, took the island, exterminated its inhabitants, and gave the fortress, strengthened as it had been by the Romans, to his nephew Whitgar.

The castle is extremely picturesque and romantic; the Keep stands on an artificial mound; it lies to the north, and is much higher than the ground plan of the fortress. It is supposed to have been built in the sixth century by the Saxons. In the eleventh century FitzOsborne, the Norman, built a larger castle, and included the Keep and the portion near it in his enclosure of an acre and a half. This was of a square form with rounded angles, and was surrounded by a fosse, or ditch. Here the lords of the race lived, and all lands held of it were granted on condition of serving it and defending it from all enemies. Hence it was called the Honour of Carisbrook. FitzOsborne's castle was repaired and enlarged by the Earl of Salisbury in Richard's II.'s reign; and was again enlarged and some parts rebuilt by Lord Woodville, who was put to death by Richard III. at Pontefract, two months after the death of Edward IV.

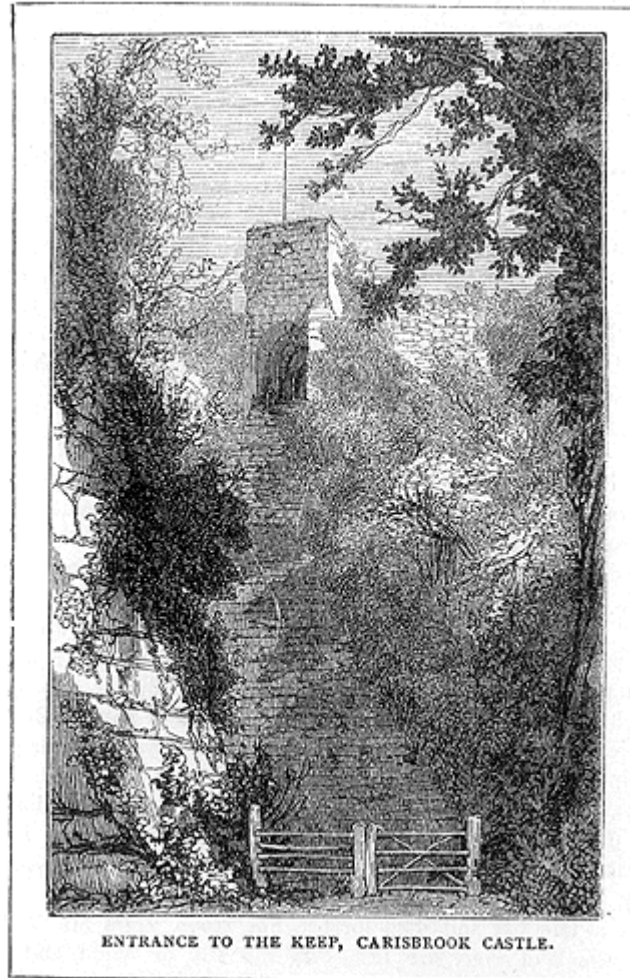


Figure 25: Entrance to the Keep, Carisbrook Castle.

When the Spanish Armada was expected, Queen Elizabeth fortified Carisbrook with outer walls, faced with stone and defended by five bastions. The Queen gave 4,000 towards the repair of the fortress, and the gentlemen of the island 400. The patriotic commons dug the outer ditch gratuitously.

Among the curiosities of Carisbrook are two wells - one, in the centre of the keep, three hundred feet deep, is now partially filled up; the other, in the castle yard, is two hundred feet deep, and the water is drawn up from it by means of a wheel, turned by a donkey. The wheel is broad and hollow, and furnished inside with steps of projecting pieces of wood; the donkey is placed in the interior of the wheel, and by treading from one step to another, makes the wheel turn round, and bring up the bucket. This well is also remarkable for echoing the fall of a pin distinctly.

Carisbrook Castle was defended against the Parliamentarians by a lady, who somewhat resembled the celebrated Countess of Derby.

The Earl of Portland had been governor of the island for many years during the reign of Charles I., but at an early stage in the civil war he was removed by Parliament on account of his religion. He was a Roman Catholic. He was imprisoned in London on this ground, and accused also by the Commons of having wasted the public money in ammunition, entertainments, and drinking loyal healths in Carisbrook. The principal inhabitants of the island drew up a petition in behalf of Lord Portland, whom they styled their "much honoured and beloved captain and governor," declaring that he was not only a good Protestant, but that there was not one Papist in the Isle of Wight. No notice was taken of this petition, and they drew

up a spirited remonstrance, in which they spoke of defending themselves by arms, and admitting no new governor who was not appointed by the king.

The lower class of the people were, however, led by the Mayor of Newport, Moses Read, who was a staunch Parliamentarian, and who sent in a petition representing the great danger accruing to the cause from the Countess of Portland remaining in the castle, and retaining Colonel Brett as her warden. Read speedily received orders to reduce the fortress, and secure Colonel Brett, Lady Portland, her five children, and some relatives who had taken refuge within the walls, Read summoned the Militia of Newport, and drew four hundred sailors from the vessels at anchor off the island to carry out his orders.

The garrison of the castle did not exceed twenty men, but the Countess resolved that she would not surrender it unless under honourable conditions. As soon as she saw the forces from Newport approaching, she took a lighted match in her hand, walked deliberately to one of the bastions, and declared that she would fire the first shot from the cannon at the foe.

Moses Read was not of a warlike turn of mind; he cared not to encounter the lady's firm and warlike resistance, and came to terms with her. The castle was surrendered on honourable conditions, and the Countess left the island.

But the most memorable incident connected with Carisbrook is the imprisonment of Charles I. in it. We have seen the total defeat of his army at Naseby; we have read how the Scots, as the old rhyme says,-

"Sold their king for a groat;"

how the Parliament confined their sovereign in Holmby House, and how Cornet Joyce seized his person for the army; but at Hampton Court he was treated with a certain amount of respect and attention by Cromwell and Fairfax, with whom he was then negotiating.

The Levellers, who, we are told by historians, now looked on Cromwell as their greatest enemy, and Colonel John Lilburne in alliance with Wildman had formed a plot to assassinate him as a renegade to cause of liberty.¹⁰

They attacked Charles still more fiercely, calling him an Ahab, a man of blood, and demanding justice on his head.

All these threats were repeated to the king. Mr. Ackworth told his majesty that Colonel Rainsborough was resolved to kill him.

The king, dreading assassination, took the imprudent resolution of flight without having any determined place of refuge.

Accordingly, on Nov. 5th, 1647, the unhappy Charles fled from Hampton Court, attended by two confidential servants.

They rode all night in storm and darkness, and found themselves at daybreak in the New Forest. At first the king thought of going to Titchfield, a seat of Lord Southampton's, which was in the neighbourhood; but reflecting that here it was not possible that he could remain in safety, they resolved to send a message to Colonel Hammond, governor of the Isle of Wight, expressing the king's desire to place himself under his protection, one of his attendants having told Charles that Hammond had expressed great disapproval of the conduct of the army, and the king being aware that Hammond was a nephew of his own chaplain. He hoped, therefore, to find a friend in the governor; but he was fatally deceived. Colonel Hammond was a devoted adherent of Cromwell, through whose good offices he had married a daughter of Hampden, and had obtained the government of the island.

Thither, however, the king proceeded, and was respectfully received by the governor, who treated him as a guest rather than a prisoner; allowed him to ride where he chose, and to receive all who desired admittance to him.

It was not till after some time that Hammond changed his conduct. Then he told the king that orders had been sent down for the instant dismissal of all his attendants, and they were compelled to leave on the following day. As soon as they were gone, the unhappy monarch was told that he was a prisoner, and must remain within the precincts of the castle, but that he might walk on the ramparts; and Hammond had a bowling green made that his royal prisoner might enjoy his favourite game. Books were also supplied to him. He walked on the ramparts in the morning, and played bowls in the afternoon, and employed

¹⁰C. Knight's *History of England.*"

much of his time in reading. Persons desiring to be touched for the king's evil were permitted to see him, and doubtless many made the pretext to gain admission to their sovereign. Still Charles was absolutely a prisoner, and his friends and himself were occupied in planning his escape. Many attempts were made unsuccessfully for this purpose; the first on December 29th, which failed through the mismanagement of its deviser, Captain Burley, the captain of Yarmouth Castle, who not only failed in his attempt, but was apprehended and put to death for it.

A faithful Loyalist of the name of Firebrace succeeded in obtaining a place amongst his pages, and thus was enabled to consult with Charles as to the possibility of escape.

One of Firebrace's suggestions was that the king should escape by his chamber window, he proposed cutting the bars before it through with a saw. But Charles feared discovery from the sound of sawing, and thought that he could get through between the bars; for he had tried his head, and believed that where the head could go through, the body could also. He therefore ordered Firebrace to get every thing ready for his escape, and the design was imparted to some trusty friends.

It was arranged amongst them that, at the time appointed, Firebrace should throw something up to the window, as a signal that all was clear, and that the king should then let himself down by a cord with which his page supplied him. Firebrace was then, hidden by the darkness, to lead Charles across the court to the main wall of the castle, from which he was to descend by means of another cord, with a stick fastened across it to serve as a seat. Beyond the ditch into which the king would descend was the counterscarp, but that might be easily ascended, and near that place two Loyalists, named Worsley and Osborn, were to wait ready mounted, and holding a spare horse with pistols and boots for the king; while a fourth friend, Mr. Newland, was at the seaside with a large boat ready to take his majesty wherever he desired.

At the appointed time Firebrace gave the signal, and the king attempted to get out of the window, but found, too late, that he had been entirely mistaken in thinking that, if his head passed, his body would.

He found great ease in passing his head out, but stuck fast between the breast and the shoulders, and could neither move in nor out. He had, however, tied a piece of cord to the bar of the window, by means of which he could force himself back again; and this he, after great difficulty, succeeded in doing. Firebrace heard him groan, and was not able to lend him the least assistance. When the king had freed himself, he put a candle in the window, as a signal that he could not get out. But it is said that a Major Rolfe, who happened to be at Carisbrook at that time, and kept most careful watch, was ready to have shot Charles in the act of descending. He thus escaped assassination, through the attempt to escape failing.

"On the 6th of April," says Knight, "Cromwell had written to Hammond: 'Intelligence came to the hands of a very considerable person, that the king had attempted to get out of his window; and that he had a cord of silk with him whereby to slip down, but his breast was so big that the bar could not give him passage. This was done in one of the dark nights about a fortnight ago. A gentleman with you led him the way and slipped down. The guard that night had some quantity of wine with them. The same party assures that there is aquafortis gone down from London, to remove that obstacle which hindered; and that the same design is to be put in execution on the next dark nights.' He then points out that 'Master Firebrace' was the gentleman assisting the king; and mentions Captain Titus, and two others, who 'are not to be trusted.' It is probably to this time that the statement of Clarendon must be referred, when he says that the king 'from thenceforth was no more suffered to go out of the castle beyond a little ill garden that belonged to it.'" His walks on the ramparts where he could gaze on the sea, and his pleasant games of bowls, were ended.

Charles now gave up the hope of escape in despair. In 1648 he was permitted to go to Newport to confer with the Parliamentary Commissioners, on giving his honour that he would make no attempt to escape. On the following 29th of November, about two months after this meeting, he was seized by a party of soldiers, and carried off to Hurst Castle, on the coast of Hampshire, from which he was taken to London, for his trial and execution about six weeks afterwards.

The part of the castle where Charles was confined is now in ruins, but the window in which he so unfortunately stuck is still shown to visitors.

After the execution of the king, his two youngest children, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester - the seven-years-old child, who answered his father's injunction, not to take the crown while Charles or James lived, with the words, "I will be torn in pieces first," - were sent to Carisbrook. They had at first been placed with the Countess of Leicester, at Penshurst, in Kent, and Parliament allowed 3,000 a year for their maintenance.

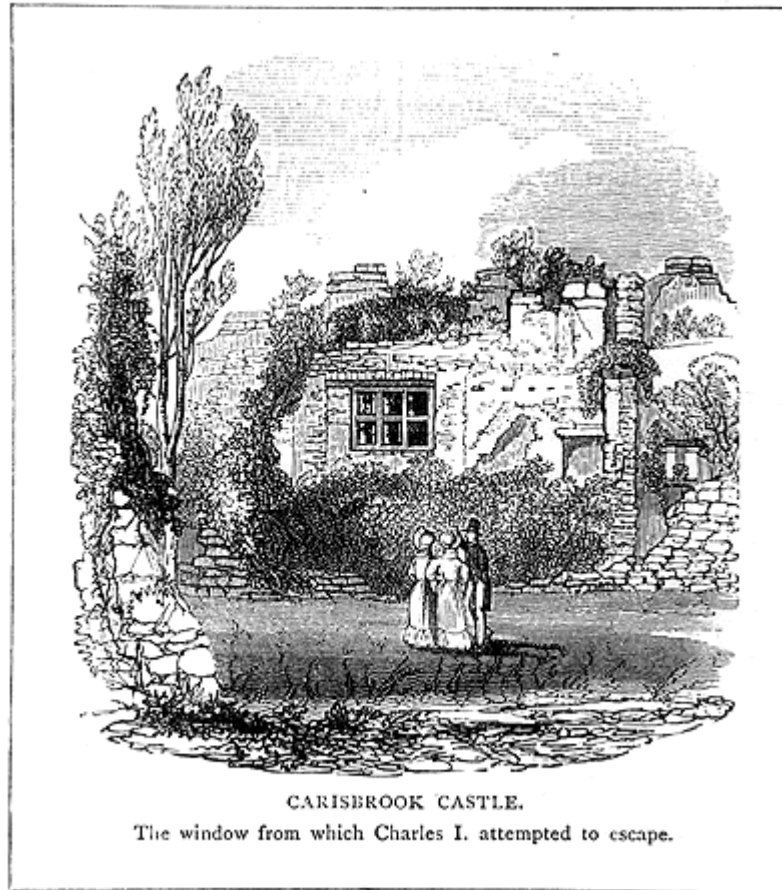


Figure 26: Carisbrook Castle.

When they were sent to Carisbrook, Mr. Lovel, the young Duke's tutor, went with them - "an honest man," Clarendon calls him. "But orders were given that no person was to be allowed to kiss their hands, and that they should not be otherwise treated than as the children of a gentleman." The Duke was always called "Master Harry." Elizabeth was old enough to feel deeply her father's death, for he had dearly loved his children. At their meeting at Hampton Court, before his flight, even Cromwell had wept at the touching meeting of the father with his children. She knew, too, that he had been a prisoner at Carisbrook, and he must have been constantly in her thoughts. She pined and grieved; and then one day, about eighteen months after her father's death, she got accidentally wet on the bowling green; cold and fever ensued, and in her state of depression took fatal hold of her. Supposing her, one day during her illness, to have fallen asleep, her attendants left her for a short time. When they returned, they found that she had passed away; her hands were clasped as if in prayer, and rested on an open Bible that had been her beloved and regretted father's last gift.

Elizabeth Stuart slept in peace.

Her remains were embalmed, and buried in the church at Newport, dedicated to St Thomas a Becket. The letters E. S. on an adjacent wall alone pointed to the grave of the princess, and the spot was forgotten till 1793, when a grave being preparing for a son of Lord Delaware, a leaden coffin was found bearing the inscription "Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles. Deceased Sept. 8, 1650." Soon after the discovery, a small brass plate was placed over the grave; but when it became necessary to rebuild the church at Newport, which had become ruinous, Queen Victoria took the opportunity of erecting a monument to the unhappy Stuart Princess.

It was designed and executed by Baron Marochetti, and represents the Princess lying on a mattress,

her cheek resting upon an open Bible, at the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From the Gothic arch beneath which the figure lies, hangs an iron grating, with its bars broken asunder, as an emblem of the prisoner's relief by death. Two (side) windows of stained glass were added by her majesty's desire, and the following graceful inscription: "To the memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle on Sunday, September 8th, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church. This monument is erected, a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes, by Victoria R., 1856."

Two years after the death of his sister Elizabeth the young duke was liberated by the advice and influence of Cromwell, who caused 500 to be paid by the Treasury to defray the expense of sending him to his mother on the Continent, the only condition being that he should sail direct from the Isle of Wight, and not touch the coast of England.

At the south-east angle of Carisbrook are the remains of Mountjoy's Tower. Its walls are of enormous thickness.

The entrance to the Keep is by an exceedingly steep flight of eighty-two steps. Seventy-two of these steps are external, the remainder leading through a small square portal to the interior. This portion is supposed to be Saxon.

After the release of the Duke of Gloucester - who died of small-pox after his brother's restoration - the Commonwealth still used the castle as a prison, and one of the most interesting of its inmates was Sir William Davenant, the poet, and godson to Shakespeare. He had fought in many battles for the king, but at the downfall of the monarchy fled to France. "While here he laid," says old Aubrey, "an ingenious design to carry a considerable number of artificers, chiefly weavers, from thence to Virginia, and by Mary, the queen mother's influence, he got favour from the king of France to go (into) the prisons and pick and choose; so when the poor wretches understood what his design was, they cried uno ore (with one voice), 'Tous tisserands,' 'We are all weavers.' Well, he took thirty-six, as I remember, and not more, and shipped them; and as he was on his voyage to Virginia, he and his weavers were all taken by the ships belonging to the Parliament of England. The French slaves I suppose they sold, but Sir William was brought prisoner to England. Whether he was first a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle in the Isle of Wight, or at the Tower of London, I have forgotten. He was a prisoner at both. His 'Gondebert,' quarto (a play), was finished at Carisbrook Castle. He expected no mercy from the Parliament, and had no hope of escaping with his life. He was saved, however, by the intervention, according to one account, of two aldermen in his favour; according to another, by the wit of Henry Martin."

In Newport Church is a curious monument to an adherent and tool of Leicester's, a Sir Edward Horsey, who was Captain of the Wight in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Leicester entrusted him with the secret of his clandestine marriage with Lady Douglas Sheffield, whom Horsey gave away at the altar; yet he denied all knowledge of the nuptials when the earl wished to make a bigamous marriage. In reward for this false evidence, Leicester gave him the captaincy of the island.

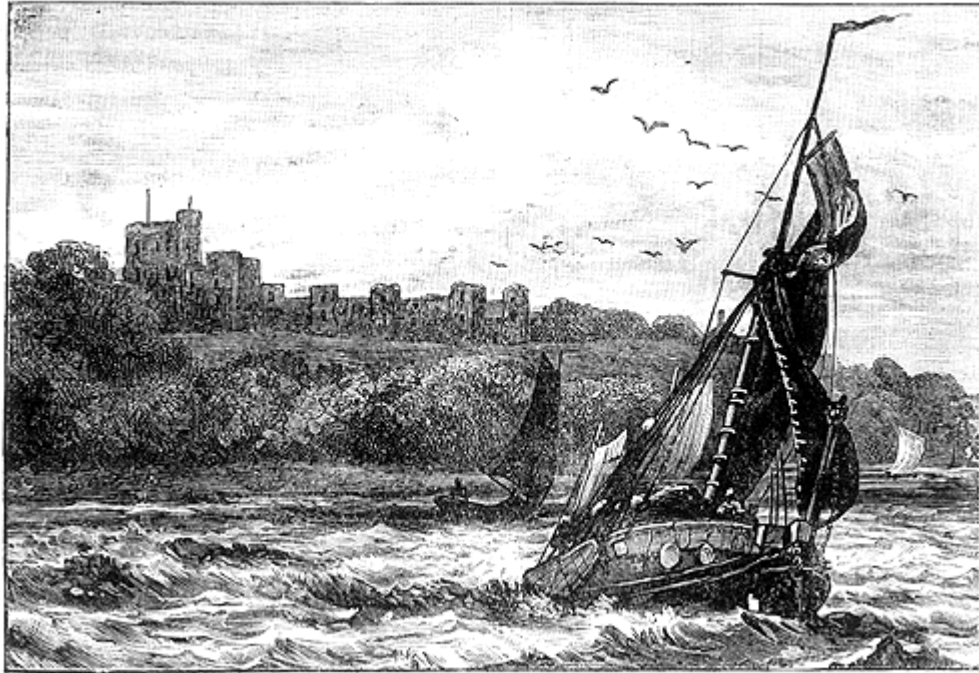
The Isle of Wight is a garden of beauty; everywhere are objects of interest and natural loveliness. The views - ever-varying - are perfect, having nearly always a glimpse of the sea, and being rich in woodlands, meadows, and hills. We remember the exclamation of an Indian Rajah who came to England in our steamer as the Wight came into full sight. "It is small, very small, but beautiful. Ah, though, how much jungle fever there must be in it!"

Alum Bay is noted for its coloured sands, with which the seashore people fill bottles very ingeniously.

Norris Castle is a fine building as seen from the sea, and was inhabited occasionally by the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Victoria. It was there, probably, that our Queen became acquainted with the beauties of the Wight, and was led to wish for a house of her own there.

Shanklin Chine is a pretty and picturesque little waterfall. Every beauty of the isle of Wight is in miniature, though exquisite of its kind; and this tiny cascade is lovely, overshadowed as it is by trees, and looking seaward. A walk descends beside it, and in summer the broken, hilly ground, wearing its emerald green hue, the waving trees, the sunshine on the sea, and the soft dash of the water, make it a delightful stroll.

Osborne, at East Cowes, was, during the civil wars of Charles I. and his Parliament, the property of Eustace Mann, Esq. Adjoining it is a copse called Money Copse, where Mr. Mann is said, at that time, to have buried his money, plate, and jewels; but, though searched for, the treasure has never been found, and



NORRIS CASTLE.

Figure 27: Norris Castle.

is thought to be still hidden.

Her Majesty the Queen bought Osborne in 1844 from Lady Isabella Blachford, and has made it a princely residence by extension and improvements inaugurated by the lamented Prince Consort. The nightingales at Osborne are remarkable for singing perpetually day and night during the short period of their stay in England.

ALUM BAY.

Thread the gorge,
 And, turning on the beach, while the low sea'
 Spread out in mirrored gentleness, allows
 A path along the curving edge, behold
 Such dazzling glory of prismatic tints
 Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures
 The orient gardens where Aladdin plucked
 Jewels for fruit no fable, - as if earth
 Provoked to emulate the rainbow's gauds
 In lasting mould, had snatched its floating hues
 And fixed them here for never o'er the bay
 Flew a celestial arch of brighter grace
 Than the gay coast exhibits; here the cliff
 Flaunts in a brighter yellow than the stream
 Of Tiber wafted; then with softer shades
 Declines to pearly white, which blushes soon
 With pink as delicate as Autumn's rose
 Wears on its scattering leaves; anon the shore
 Recedes into a fane-like dell, where stained
 With black, as if with sable tapestry hung,

Light pinnacles rise taper: further yet
Swells out in solemn mass a dusky veil
Of purple crimson, - while bright streaks of red
Start out in gleam-like tint, to tell of veins
Which the slow-winning sea in distant time
Shall bare to unborn gazers,

If this scene
Grow too fantastic for thy pensive thought,
Climb either swelling down, and gaze with joy
On the blue ocean, poured around the heights,
As it embraced the wonders of that shield
Which the vowed Friend of slain Patroclus wore,
To grace his fated valour; nor disdain
The quiet of the vale, though not endowed
With such luxurious beauty as the coast
Of Undercliff embosoms; 'mid those lines
Of scanty foliage, thoughtful lanes and paths,
And cottage roofs, find shelter the blue stream,
That with its brief vein almost threads the isle,
Flows blest with two gray towers, beneath whose shade
The village life sleeps trustfully, - whose rites
Touch the old weather hardened fisher's heart
With childlike softness, and shall teach the boy
Who kneels, a sturdy grandson, at his side,
When his frail boat amidst the breakers pants,
To cast the anchor of a Christian hope
In an unrippled haven. Then rejoice,
That in remotest point of this sweet isle,
Which with fond mimicry combines each shape
Of the Great Land that by the ancient bond
(Sea parted once, and sea united now),
Binds her in unity, - a Spirit breathes
On cliff and tower and valley, by the side
Of cottage fire, and the low grass-grown grave,
Of home on English earth, and home in heaven!

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

CORFE CASTLE.



CORFE CASTLE has an unenviable notoriety as the scene of one of the most shocking crimes that stain our annals. Elfrida, the wife of Ethelbald, Alderman of the East Angles, betrayed her unhappy husband, and wedded King Edgar after his murder.

She was Edgar's second wife. His first, Elfreda the Fair, left a little son, to whom Elfrida became step-mother. She also had a son, and the young princes, Edward and Ethelred, were extremely attached to each other, though Edward was seven or eight years older than Elfrida's child. After the death of Edgar, she made a party to get the crown for her boy; but the famous Dunstan was on the side of the rightful heir, and succeeded in placing young Edward on the throne. But Elfrida, who hated her stepson, determined to destroy him, and thus make way for her own son to the throne. She watched for her opportunity, and it came in about two years' time. Edward was hunting in the forest of Wareham one day, when the clever, cankered dwarf of the queen, Wulstan, came up to him, and by some story of strange bird or beast, lured the boy-king to follow him into the wood, and leave his attendants. Then, finding that Corfe Castle, where his brother dwelt, was close at hand, Edward thought he

should like to see little Ethelred - then ten or eleven year' old - and rode thus unattended to the door of his stepmother's home. She received him at the doorway, kissed him, and asked him to alight. He declined, but asked to see his brother. Elfrida then called for wine, and whilst the king held the cup to his lips, either the queen or one of her attendants stabbed him in the back. The wounded prince had, however, strength enough to set spurs to his horse, and attempt to rejoin his suite; but fainting from loss of blood, he fell; his foot got entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged a considerable distance, till the horse stopped of itself Elfrida, alarmed at his apparent escape, sent servants after him, who found the poor young prince dead, and his face much cut by the flints of the road over which he had been dragged. The queen ordered his body to be lodged in a house near; on that spot a church was afterwards built. The next morning she had it conveyed to a marshy place, and retired herself to a mansion of hers called Bere, ten miles off. Little Ethelred had seen the murder, and was overpowered by his mother's wickedness; he reproached her so bitterly, in his childish grief and horror, that she beat him most severely with the great wax tapers, the only weapons she had near her hand. Ethelred was so much hurt that he hated the sight of them ever afterwards. Edward's body was found, and the murder discovered; but Ethelred, who of course was quite innocent of his beloved brother's death, succeeded to the throne. Dunstan was compelled to crown him; but as he placed the royal diadem on the boy's head, he accompanied the act with an awful prophecy. It ran thus: "Even as, by the death of thy brother, thou didst aspire to the kingdom, hear the decree of Heaven. The sin of thy wicked mother and of her accomplices shall rest upon thy head, and such evils shall fall upon the English as they have never yet suffered, from the days when they first came into the isle of Britain even until the present time."

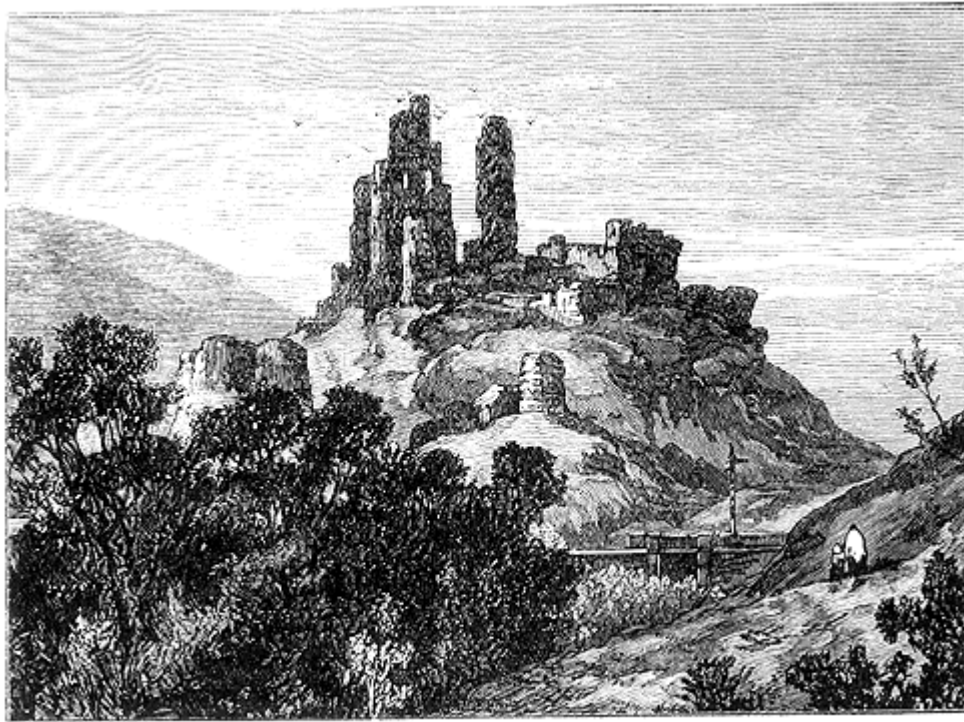
Fearfully was that doom fulfilled by the Danish invasions. Three years after little Ethelred's coronation the "dreadful banner of the Raven was again unfurled." Sweyne came with an army; Southampton was plundered, and the inhabitants carried off into slavery. Chester was taken; London was burnt down; and the whole coast from the Mersey to the Thames was ravaged.

Elfrida, miserable and despised, tried to expiate her crimes by building and endowing two nunneries - those of Amesbury in Wiltshire, and Wherwell in Hampshire. She took the nun's habit in the latter, and spent the rest of her life in great austerity, confessing on her death-bed another most atrocious secret murder. Her servants appear to have been a band of assassins.

King John made the crime-stained castle his residence, and deposited his regalia in it. He also converted it into a State prison, and starved to death in it, in 1202, twenty-two French prisoners, the very flower of the Poitevin chivalry. Not many years afterwards he brutally tortured here Peter of Pomfret, the poor hermit who had prophesied that John should lose his crown in 1213. The king actually did resign it that year to the Papal Legate, and the truth of the hermit's prediction so infuriated the royal monster that he caused Peter to be dragged to and fro through the town of Wareham at the tail of horses, and afterwards he had the poor mutilated man and his son hanged in sight of the walls.

Edward II. was imprisoned in Corfe Castle by Queen Isabella, his wife, and Mortimer, his gaolers being

Sir John Gournay and Sir John Maltravers. He was removed by them from Corfe to Berkeley Castle to die. In the reign of Edward III. the castle was the property of the Earl of Holland.



CORFE CASTLE.

Figure 28: Corfe castle.

George, Duke of Clarence, the unhappy brother of Edward IV., possessed it till, by his attainder for high treason, it became the property of the Crown. Henry VII. gave it to his mother, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, and founder of Wimborne Grammar School. On her death it reverted to her grandson, Henry VIII.

Queen Elizabeth gave the castle to Sir Christopher Hatton, making him (the Lord Chancellor) Admiral and Lord Lieutenant of the island of Purbeck. He repaired and decorated it in the most costly manner, and inhabited it till his death, when it became the property of his nephew, Sir William Hatton; and he dying childless, it passed to his widow, Lady Hatton, of Stoke Poges.

On the death of Sir Edward Coke, Lady Hatton's second husband, Sir John Banks, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, purchased the castle. In 1643 he declared from the bench at Salisbury that the acts of Essex, Manchester, and Waller were treasonable, and the Parliament at once declared him, and the other judges who had agreed with him, traitors. Lady Banks and her family had taken shelter in the castle as soon as they saw the storm of civil war break, and here she remained till 1643, when the Parliamentarians, having possessed themselves of Dorchester, Lyme, Melcombe, Weymouth, Wareham, and Poole (Portland Castle being treacherously delivered to them), only Corfe Castle remained in obedience to the king. The castle, standing on a very steep, rocky hill, was very strong - almost impregnable - and if they could take it, the leaders of the rebel forces would command the whole coast. It was indeed of great importance, as it commanded the whole isle or peninsula of Purbeck, and had been justly named by the Saxons, Corf Gate, as it was the pass into the best part of the county. The fortress is separated from the town of the same name by a strong bridge of four very high, narrow, semi-circular arches, crossing a very deep, but now dry, moat. This bridge leads to the gate of the first ward, which is nearly entire, probably being preserved by the strength of the walls, which are full nine yards thick, from the outer to the inner facing. The ruins of the entrance to the second ward, and the tower near it, are remarkable "The latter (which once adjoined

to the gate) was separated with a part of the arch at the demolition of the castle, and is moved down the precipice, preserving its perpendicularity, and projecting almost five feet below the corresponding part. Another of the towers on the same side is, on the contrary, inclined so much that a spectator will tremble when passing under it. The singular position of these towers seems to have been occasioned through the foundations being undermined (for blowing them up) in an incomplete manner. On the higher part of the hill stands the Keep, or citadel, which is at some distance from the centre of the fortress, and commands a view of considerable extent to the north and west. It has not hitherto suffered much diminution of its original height, the fury of the winds being resisted less by the thickness of the walls than by the strength of the cement."¹¹

Passing the first gateway, the three towers will be seen thrown entirely open by the removal of their inner walls; in each there is a fireplace and flue, and in the next tower, where the kitchen for the guard and warders was, there is a cupboard.

The first or outer ward was the tilting ground, and is now a verdant lawn. Just beyond the guard-room a huge block of wall has blown over, so that the outer face is turned in on the escarpment surface. As this was the most assailable part of the castle, the walls were four feet thicker than in the steeper and more impregnable parts. We come now to the guards' prison tower that defended the southeast corner of this ward; against the south angle, constructed in the thickness of the wall, is a small cell having a little window fitted for iron gratings. This was probably a place of temporary confinement of refractory soldiers. The tower is circular, with loophole bays in good preservation. There was, it is evident from the open lodgment for the beams, an upper floor, or platform, from which the causeway and the opposite side of the moat might be swept. It is supposed that on this platform Lady Banks mounted the guns that dispersed the first party of the besiegers. The second gate, which is gained by an ascending pathway, is named Edward the Martyr's gate, and is exactly similar to the first - a square between two round towers. One tower has sunk considerably, and the arch and wall are split apart. Some broken winding stairs show the place of the grand staircase from the king's tower, by which the inhabitants of the state apartments could descend direct to this gate, without passing through the intervening wards or gates. It was constructed on the wall from the Keep to this point, and is probably identical with a similar one by which Elfrida descended to meet her stepson; or it might have even been the identical one she used, for it is of great antiquity. It was, however, repaired and partly rebuilt in 1235. The prison chapel, the fourth ward, and the priest's tower, are all worth examination.

Passing over the site of the king's, or fifth court, we see the lofty ruins of the great keep rising before us; the south front alone is standing; the adjoining returns of the two side walls and of the east side are isolated from the rest, and covered entirely with ivy.

Such is a very brief sketch of the Corfe ruins; its strength when a perfect fortress must indeed have been great.

Lady Banks, when besieged there in 1645, was alone, with her children and the garrison; for her husband, Sir John, was with the king. But she fearlessly defended her stronghold against repeated attacks by the governor of Wareham, Captain Butler, and Colonel Bingham, governor of Poole. Yet her courage and loyalty were vain. She was infamously betrayed. A traitor was in the garrison, a Colonel Pitman, who put himself in communication with the enemy, and offered, on assurance of his own protection and pardon, to deliver the castle to the Parliament. The proposal was accepted, and the traitor at once proposed to Colonel Anketill, the governor of the castle, that he (Pitman) should go into Somersetshire and get a hundred men as reinforcements for the garrison. Anketill consented to his running the supposed risk of getting through the besieging forces, and agreed to receive Pitman and his recruits at a certain post. Pitman went at once to Colonel Bingham, who commanded the Parliamentary forces, and proposed to him to take more than a hundred rebel soldiers into the castle, as the expected relief, and that as soon as they were inside it, the besiegers should attack. Bingham immediately drew a hundred men out of Weymouth garrison, and marched to Lulworth Castle, where he added thirty or forty to their number. Pitman led them at night to the castle, to the spot where Colonel Anketill awaited and admitted him. Some of these men came from the neighbourhood, and knew every part of the castle. These at once seized the king's and the queen's towers, and the two platforms.

¹¹Dr. Morton's "Observations," vol. i. p. 12.

The besieged, headed by Lady Banks herself, threw down great stones and fired on the rebels as soon as the treachery was discovered, but could not drive them out; the lady, in fact, having only six men with her in the upper ward, as that had been thought impregnable; and the defending force had been placed in the lower wards as the post of danger.

As soon as the Parliamentarians saw their men on the towers and platforms, they attacked at once.

The inmates of the castle, with enemies within and without, demanded a parley; the terms of the besiegers were accepted; but almost immediately afterwards, two of the Parliamentary soldiers, in haste to enter the castle, came over the wall by means of a ladder, and some of the castle garrison fired on them. The besieging troops were furious, and there was great danger of a general massacre of the castle's defenders. Colonel Bingham, however, succeeded in saving the lives of the hundred and forty persons then in the castle; but two of the garrison were killed and one of the besiegers through this fatal accident. Thirty rebels who were prisoners in the castle were released.

Everything, however, was given up to plunder and destruction. The magnificent decorations and furniture put there by Sir Edward Coke and Sir John Banks were all stolen or destroyed, and months were spent in undermining the tower, and reducing Corfe Castle to the ruins that still crown the hill of Purbeck. The place seemed fertile in crime, especially in treachery, beginning with the treacherous murder of an innocent boy by Elfrida, and ending in the cowardly betrayal of a woman by Colonel Pitman.

John's ruthless murders; Isabella's cruel imprisonment of her husband, Edward II., all stained that fatal castle, and perhaps it is as well that it no longer exists to be a stronghold of crime.

The maiden name of Lady Banks was Mary Hawtrey, the only daughter of Robert Hawtrey, Esq., of Riselip. From her descends the family of Bankes, of Kingston Hall and Corfe Castle. She lived for fifteen years after her gallant defence of her home, and was buried at Riselip.

DRAYCOT:

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE HAND



THE park of Draycot, richly studded with ancient oaks, crowns a hill commanding a charming prospect, and is esteemed one of the most beautiful spots in Wiltshire. The Manor House is a large irregular building, with this fine park and pleasure grounds attached to it. It contains many objects of interest; paintings, Sevres china, curious fire-dogs, and candelabra presented to the family by Charles II. after his restoration.

The old place took its name from the Draycot-Cernes family, to whom it belonged in the thirteenth century. From them it passed by marriage to the family of Wayte; and in the reign of Henry VII., Sir Thomas Long, of Wraxall, became proprietor in right of his mother, Margaret, heiress of the Wayte family. He married a daughter of Sir George Darell, of Littlecote, by whom he had three sons.

The great grandson of Sir Thomas Long was named Walter. It is to his family that the singular and touching legend of the white hand belongs.

He married; had a son; and lost his wife. Till his son was grown up, Sir Walter continued a widower; but then he married (though of mature years) a young lady - Catherine, daughter of Sir John Thynne, of Longleat.

When he brought his bride home, there were great rejoicings in the village. Revelry - such as was usual in that age - prevailed.

There was but one who walked sadly amongst the rural guests, though generally he was fond of pleasure, and he was the heir of Draycot and Wraxall, who saw his mother's place taken by a mere girl.

Warm-hearted and generous, John Long was simple, candid, and unsuspecting. It never occurred to him that in the girl-bride and her brother, Sir Egremont, he had two subtle enemies.

They became very friendly with him, and studied his character closely. They found that he loved gaiety, liked play, and (though not a drunkard) had no objection to a cheerful glass; but hitherto his father's parsimony had checked his inclinations, for Sir Walter was a miserly as well as a grave and unrelenting man. John's young stepmother showered gold upon him, and bade him enjoy his youth; she and her brother merely smiled when, by-and-by, they heard of his excesses; but they carried an exaggerated report of his conduct to his stern father, who listened with perfect faith to all his charming wife told him.

Sir Walter's health was failing, and he began to think of making his will. He deemed it a sin to leave anything to one who would, as he believed, spend all on drinking and gambling; therefore he told his wife that he meant to disinherit his eldest son, and leave his entire property to her, to her child, and her brother. Sir Egremont, greatly pleased, hastened to draw up a draft will, and set it before the old knight for his approval. Assent to it was readily given, and he desired Egremont to have it engrossed.

Now comes the supernatural part of this strange story. Engrossing requires a clear, bright light. Any shadow intervening between the light and the parchment is sure to interrupt the work. As the clerk about midnight was engrossing Sir Walter's will, a shadow came between it and the light. He looked up to see what it was, and beheld a small, beautiful white hand held between the lamp and the spot of the vellum on which he was engaged. He was greatly startled; but almost instantly it disappeared; and believing that his senses had deceived him, the young man resumed his task. He had just begun the cruel sentence in which Sir Walter declared that he disinherited his son John, on account of his immoral and disgraceful conduct, when once more the shadow came between him and the lamp. Again he looked up, and there was the white hand interposing once more. The clerk was seized with sudden fear and awe; he sprang up, went to Sir Egremont's chamber, and roused him from his sleep, to tell him of the singular vision. "It was the hand of the dead mother," he continued excitedly, "come from the grave to defend her son. I will not en. gross that wicked will."

Sir Egremont was very angry, and treated the story with contempt; but the young scribe was firm in his refusal to engross it. The deed was, however, engrossed by another clerk, and was duly signed and sealed Sir Walter dying soon after, his great fortune passed to the cunning step. mother and her boy.

Yet the appearance of the white hand was not without results. The clerk's strange story got abroad, and became the subject of general conversation.

A number of friends rose up to aid the disinherited heir, who, but for the interest roused by the clerk's

story, might have forgotten him. The trustees of the first Lady Long arrested the old knight's corpse at the church door; her nearest relatives commenced a suit against the widow, and the result was a compromise between the parties, by which John Long was to have possession of Wraxhall, while his stepmother and half-brother had Draycot.

The descendants of John Long are all extinct in the male line. His half-brother, Walter Long, was knighted, and represented Wiltshire in Parliament. His male representatives are also extinct.

The last of the family, a lady, married the Honourable William Wellesley Pole. Her fortune is said to have been 80,000 a year.



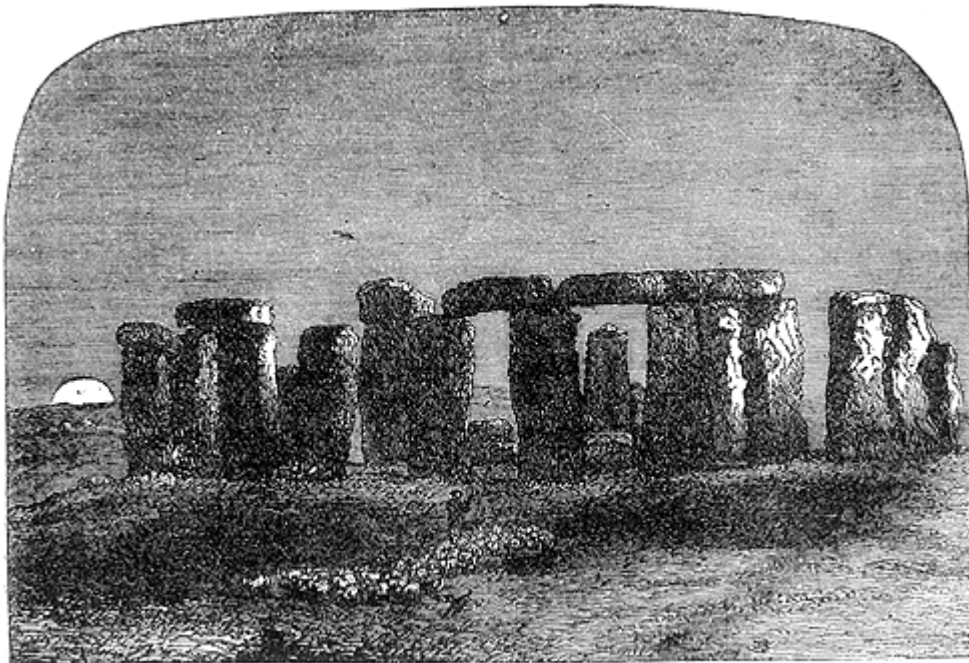
STONEHENGE.



T was a lovely summer day when we first saw Stonehenge. The great Wiltshire plain lay calm and silent before us as we descended from the carriage that brought us from Salisbury. Over the rich green grass the shadows of a few clouds were slowly flitting before the soft breeze; but the silence, as we walked towards the ancient temple, was 60 profound as to be remarkable. It was with feelings of awe that we gazed on that strange, wonderful monument of the past; dating, antiquarians tell us, from before, or nearly at, the period of the Roman invasion. The stern magnificence of this magic circle of huge stones struck us with wonder and awe.

In 1869, Mr. Hall wrote to the Athenoem on the subject of Stonehenge, and gave the following reason for believing that Stonehenge is a work of post-Roman times. "It is clearly understood," he says, "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 the Saxon barbarians, but restored by Norman influence under the later Saxon kings." But there are great differences of opinion about the period when those mighty stones were placed on Salisbury Plain.

The stones formed originally two large circles; they are raised on their ends, and across the top of them are laid other stones. The outer circle probably contained thirty eight stones, of which seventeen are standing; of the large trilithons only two are now complete. There is a local superstition that no two people ever count the number of the stones alike. When we visited it, we tried counting, and grew confused over it. Within the circle, at that time, at one end of it was a huge stone with a narrow channel in it, apparently meant to carry off the blood of the sacrifices; for that it was a Druidical temple is generally allowed.



STONEHENGE.

Figure 29: Stonehenge.

"The temples in which the Britons worshipped their deities," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "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 still existing, such as Stonehenge, near Salisbury; the huge masses of rock may still be seen there, grey with age; and the structure is still sufficiently perfect to enable us to under-

stand 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 mortal power. Hence Choorganer (the Giants' Dance, the British name for Stonehenge) was fabled to have been built by giants, or otherwise constructed by magic art; and the tradition that Merlin the enchanter 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 then they have discovered vases, containing the ashes and the bones of the primeval Britons, together with their swords and hatchets, and arrow heads of flint or of bronze, and beads of glass and amber."

It is a terrible vision that transports us to Stonehenge when it was really a place of worship, when the Druids in their white robes, oak crowned and wearing the mythic serpent's egg round their neck, came to offer human sacrifices to Bel (the sun) and to the serpent; while, if it were Midsummer, the Beltane fires glowed all over the great plain. And the unhappy victims - can we not imagine their shrinking horror? Of these human sacrifices there is no doubt. "They held it right," Tacitus says, "to stain their altars with the blood of prisoners taken in war, and to seek to know the mind of the gods from the fibres of human victims."

From these terrible imaginations we were roused by a sound without the temple; it was the peaceful song of a shepherd and the rush of the flock he led, and with a sigh of relief we issued from the unhallowed circle, where human blood had flowed..

"Wrapt in the veil of Time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death and silent as the tomb,
Where cold Oblivion holds her dusky reign
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.

Yet think not here with classic eye to snare
Corinthian beauty or Ionian grace:
No pillared lines with sculptured foliage crowned,
No fluted remnants deck the hallowed ground;
Firm as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
Whence the poised fragment tottering seems to throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below.

Here oft, when evening sheds her twilight ray
And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale:-
How at deep midnight, by the moon's chill glance,
Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance;
While on each whispering breeze that murmurs by,
His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.
Rise from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime!
Rise! magic spirit of forgotten time!
This thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on tradition's page.
See! at thy call from fables various store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour;
Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke and scorns the oppressor's chain.
Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell,
Waves the dark wand and chants the thrilling spell;

Hark! 'tis the bardic lyre whose harrowing strain
Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain;

Lo, 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line,
In lowest homage bends before the shrine;
He comes - the priest - amid the sullen blaze,
His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays;
Dim gleam the torches through the circling night,
Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light;
O'er the black scene of death each conscious star
In lurid glory rolls its silent car.

'Tis gone! e'en now the mystic honours fade
From Sarum's loneliness and Mona's glade;
Hushed is each note of Taliesin's lyre,
Sheathed the fell blade, and quenched the fatal fire;
On wings of light Hope's angel form appears,
Smiles on the past and points to happier years,-
Points with uplifted hand and raptured eye
To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky
And views at length the Sun of Judah pour
One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore."

OXFORD PRIZE POEM, 1823.

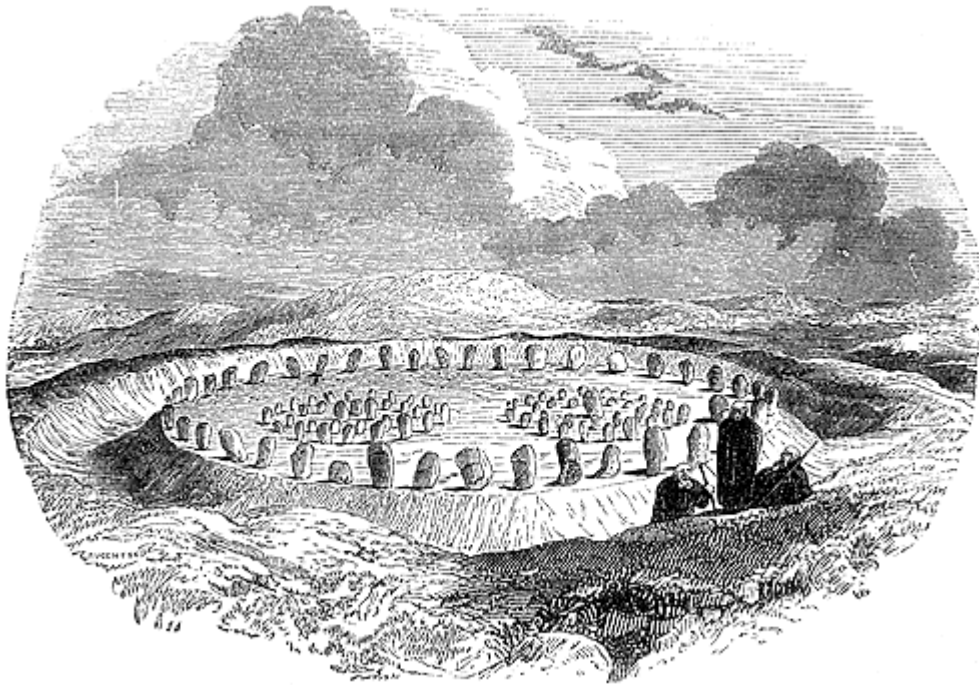
ABURY AND SILBURY HILL.



ABURY is also supposed to have been a Druid temple, and of much earlier date than Stonehenge. Two lines of upright stones branched off from two openings through a bank and ditch, and extended 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. There were two hundred stones in it. The western avenue, extending nearly a mile and a half towards Beckhampton, consisted of two hundred stones, and ended in a single stone. It has been thought that these avenues running in curved lines were emblematical of the serpent worship of the Druids. On the high ground to the south of Abury within the avenues of stones is a most remarkable monument of the British period - Silbury Hill. It has been variously thought to have been one of the component parts of the grand temple at Abury, or to be a sepulchral mound raised over the ashes of a king or archdruid.

It is the largest mound of the kind to be found in England, the next in size being Marlborough Mount. There is no extant account of Silbury. The local tradition is that King Sil, or Zel (as the country people call him), is buried under it on horse-back, and that the mound was raised while a posset of milk was setting. But the name really signifies "the great hill."

Silbury stands on as much ground as Stonehenge, and is 170 feet high; it covers five acres of ground, and is most probably, as the people of the place believe, a huge barrow in which some great personage has been buried; for the ancient Britons, as well as their descendants, liked to sleep under the shadow of their god's house.



GENERAL VIEW OF ABURY RESTORED.

Figure 30: Abury restored.



LACOCK ABBEY.



THROUGH a spacious and level meadow in Wiltshire, with wild flowers and tall elms on its banks, flows the Avon, moving on tranquilly and with a low musical murmur; and standing on the verge of the fair pasture land through which it glides is Lacock Abbey. It is still inhabited; its cloisters are fresh and perfect, and garlanded with ivy.

The spot is one of the most peaceful, and the sweetest in fair and fertile England. At a distance over the wood rises the high and lonely arch of Malmesbury Abbey, and not very far off are the nuns of Bradenstoke Abbey. A fairer scene can scarcely be found than this home of the Talbot family, and a very charming and romantic story is attached to it, for it was founded by a lady whose singular adventures began in her early childhood.

The Lady Ela was the only child of William, Earl of Salisbury, a great noble of the court of Richard the Lionhearted. She was born at Sarum Castle, and lived there for some years in princely state. Her father was the licenser of tournaments; and a wide plain, which was one of the appointed places for these military spectacles, is still shown in front of the site of Sarum.

Ela was only seven years old when her father died, and she became possessor of his great estates and feudal power - a terrible position for a girl in those days, when the king trafficked in the marriages of royal wards, and their hand was bestowed by the sovereign either on some favourite or on some political opponent that he wished to gain. It was not very wonderful, therefore, that the widowed countess should feel anxious for the future of her little daughter, around whom also other perils were gathering.

Immediately after her father's death, therefore, the Lady Ela disappeared - was lost - no one knew how.

Every search was made for her imaginable; knights and servants explored every brake and hollow of the downs, and every peasant was questioned; but in vain. The mother showed only a feigned anxiety. She knew, in fact, that her husband's next brother, though a monk at Bradenstoke, had induced the Pope to absolve him from his vows of poverty, and that he had come forth into the world as a claimant to the family wealth and honours.

Well might the widowed countess fear for the safety of the frail little life that stood between an ambitious man and his wishes. She acted with promptitude and wisdom, as we have seen. She sent her child to Normandy, where she was carefully concealed and closely guarded. But King Richard intended the heiress of Salisbury for his brother, William Longsword, the son of Fair Rosamond, and he resolved on finding her. An English knight named William Talbot volunteered to undertake the adventure, of which Blondel had first shown the feasibility. Attired in the garb of a pilgrim, with staff and cockle shell, he landed in Normandy, and for two years wandered from shrine to shrine, sometimes in lonely forests, sometimes in cities, never failing, after he had paid his vows, to question every one he met as to the presence of an English child in the neighbourhood; but he could learn nothing from them. At length, while seated one day by the sea, he saw some children come forth from a castle on the coast, one of whom possessed the golden hair and blue eyes of the English. Talbot concealed himself behind a rock, and heard the small maiden, as she gathered shells, speak of the fair land from which she had come, and saw her look wistfully across the sea. Feeling certain that he had now found the little Lady Ela, he changed his pilgrim dress for that of a troubadour, and thus easily gained admission to the castle. Then, in the presence of the English girl, he sang of the sweet pastures and green forests of England, and of the glories of her king, and told to his harp the story of Blondel's discovery of the royal captive.

The child understood him, and he succeeded in bearing her away from her guardians, and placing her in her mother's arms. Richard at once caused her to be married to Longepée, and bestowed on him her father's title. William was then only a youth, and Ela but ten years old; but the marriage in the end proved one of the happiest on record. Talbot became the dearest friend Longepée possessed, and was long an inmate of his castle.

King John all too soon filled the throne of the chivalrous Richard; but, heartless tyrant as he was, he was sincerely attached to Lord Salisbury, and in his turn Longepée was very faithful to the king. It was probably out of affection for the earl that John erected a tomb to the memory of Rosamond. It was embossed with fine brass, and had an inscription on the edge. A beautiful drawing of it used to be kept in the Chamber

of Records at Salisbury Cathedral. At Runnimeade, even, the banner of Salisbury floated over the camp of John; and only for a brief interval was his allegiance shaken by the murder of Arthur.

Longepee founded the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury, the first stone of which was laid by the bishop in the name of Pope Honorius, the second in that of the Arch bishop of Canterbury, the next by Longepee himself, and the fourth by the Countess Ela.

King Henry III.'s brother having received the order of knighthood with the earldoms of Cornwall and Poitou, it was resolved that he should begin his military life under the guidance of Lord Salisbury, and the Lady Ela was left to rule the princely patrimony of the Salisburys while her lord fought in France. The expedition successfully achieved, the warriors embarked for home; but a violent storm ensued, and the ships were driven to the Isle of Rhe, about three miles from Rochelle. As they reached the coast an old abbey was observed not far from it, and the earl boldly asked shelter there, from the foes into whose very teeth the tempest had driven him. The abbot received him and his followers with gracious hospitality; but the island was held for the French king by Savaric de Maloleone, and he would undoubtedly have seized the earl, had not one of his retainers warned Salisbury of his danger, and advised instant flight. Again, therefore, the Englishmen embarked on a raging sea, and for three long months they had to struggle against adverse winds and raging waves before they gained sight of land.

Meantime the people in England gave him up for lost, and the hand of the wealthy and beautiful countess became the aim of the greedy courtiers. Hubert de Burgh, who stood high in favour with Henry III., asked the king to give her to his nephew; and Henry consented, with the proviso that he should first win the lady's assent. But Ela rejected him with scorn, considering the mere offer an insult.

About the 15th January the earl reappeared in his home, heard his wife's tale, and the next day went to the king, who was at Marlborough, and complained to him of the insult offered to his consort by De Burgh. He said that if the sovereign would not cause full reparation to be made by De Burgh, he would himself seek redress. The justiciary Hubert, who was present, at once apologised for his nephew's conduct, beseeching the earl to pardon him, and in proof of it to accept some chargers and other costly gifts; and Salisbury consented to forgive the De Burghs. Some little time afterwards he was invited by De Burgh to dine with him, but was taken ill immediately after dinner, and had to return home. There was a very natural suspicion that he had been poisoned, but De Burgh's character stood too high for such a rumour to gain ground. The earl had indeed been worn out by his military exertions and his long sufferings at sea. He died, after days of prayer and penitence, and was buried in the cathedral that he had founded. The king, much grieved by the death of his noble kinsman, would never suffer the Lady Ela to be again insulted by offers of marriage. The boon of a free widowhood was conferred on her - a rare favour, as ladies of great wealth were seldom allowed to remain unmarried. She therefore exercised the office of Sheriff of Wilkshire and Castellan of Old Sarum, even when her son came of age, and, by her wish, asked for the investiture of the earldom. The king could not, however, grant it, in accordance with the principles of the feudal law, till his mother's death; and the Lady Ela held her great power for so long that, surviving her son and grandson, the title at her death passed from the family. For seven years she devoted herself to her maternal duties; then, her children being all provided for, she founded the nunnery of Lacock, in which she took the veil, and at last died, an exceedingly old lady, in the "0 our of sanctity."

Another legend belongs to Lacock. Olivia, a daughter and a co-heir of Sir Henry Sherington, of Lacock, fell in love with John Talbot, a younger brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but her father refused his consent to the match. The lovers, however, continued faithful, and sometimes on moonlight nights young Talbot, like a second Romeo, wooed his lady from below, while she stood and listened on the battlements of the adjoining church.

One night she said to him, "I will leap down to you." He replied that he would catch her if she did, believing that she spoke only in jest. However, she actually kept her word and leaped; a high wind inflating her dress, partly checked her fall, and Mr. Talbot caught her in his arms; but she knocked him down, and he lay unconscious. Believing that she had killed him, she shrieked for help; the youth was taken into the abbey, and with some difficulty recovered. "Her father," says Aubrey, "told her that since she had made such a leap she should e'en marry him." And thus a mad and foolish action ended more happily than might have been hoped. Olivia Talbot inherited Lacock, and it has ever since remained the property of that branch of the Talbots.

Sir John Talbot of Lacock was the person who received Charles II. in his arms upon the king's landing

at the Restoration.

The scientific Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., discovered the beautiful art of photography at Lacock Abbey.

PEVENSEY CASTLE, AND THE STORY OF QUEEN JOANNA.



T was to the shore of Pevensey that William the Norman came to invade and conquer England. It had then a castle of formidable strength and a good harbour. Now its castle is a picturesque and ivy-covered ruin; and the sea has retreated so far from it that it stands on a headland about half a mile from the sea, in the level called the Marsh of Pevensey, and is a most picturesque object from the Channel, it is so beautifully covered with ivy and is surrounded by such rich pastures. Pevensey is united by the village of West Ham with the remains of the great Roman castrum, the ancient Andenda which held out so long against the Saxons.

In the Bay of Pevensey the Norman ships first appeared, and on one of the neighbouring heights a Saxon thane, alone, and on horseback, witnessed the scene, and then rode off at his best speed to bear the evil tidings to Harold, who had been called northwards by the Norwegian invasion, and had just fought and won the dreadful battle of Stamford Bridge.

It was on the 28th of September that the momentous landing took place. The archers came on shore first: they wore short dresses and shaved hair; then the horsemen landed in full armour, with their long lances and double-edged swords; then the pioneers, carpenters, and smiths, bringing three wooden castles, in pieces, prepared in Normandy, to be erected in England when required. William was the last to spring on shore. As his foot touched the sand, he fell on his face. The soldiery cried aloud, "God keep us! but here is a bad omen." But William leaped gaily to his feet, crying, "What now? what astonishes you? I have taken seisin of this land with my hands, and by the splendour of God, as far as it extends it is mine - it is yours."

"We have seen that Pevensey was the first scene of the Norman Conquest, the most momentous event in English history. Southey, upon the conjoint authorities of Turner Palgrave, and Thierry, gives such a version of the Normans landing at Pevensey as to decide its having been a Roman station. 'They landed,' he says, 'at a place called Pulverhithe. William occupied the Roman castle at Pevensey, erected the wooden fort, the materials of which he had brought with him ready for construction, threw up works to protect part of his fleet, and burnt, it is said, or otherwise rendered them unserviceable.'" (Abbeys and Castles.)

The ruins of Pevensey were explored in 1852 by two clever antiquaries, Mr. Roach Smith and Mr. Mark Anthony Lower. They found that the castrum, which encloses about a dozen acres, is by far the most perfect Roman building in England. Nearly two-thirds of the great wall, which is twenty five feet in height, and nine in depth, with huge solid towers, remains almost as perfect as ever. On the side facing the sea there is a bank of considerable height, overlooking a lower one. It is supposed that the sea formerly flowed up to this side of the fortress. Excavations showed that the lower bank is, in fact, nothing hut a fallen wall, now buried under soil and herbage. On this side a small postern door was discovered; there is one opposite to it in the north wall. The chief entrance was the only one that could be approached by carriages. The castrum includes a fine Norman castle, partly formed out of the Roman walls.

Pevensey was called the "Castle of the Eagle honour," from its long possession by the great Norman family of De Aquila.

It was used in the Plantagenet times as a prison, of great strength and (for the poor captives) of gloom.

Here a queen, accused of witchcraft, was immured. Joanna, the queen dowager of Henry IV., was accused of having endeavoured by magic arts to destroy the life of her stepson, Henry V.

"The king's stepmother, Queen Johanne," says Walsingham, "being accused by certain persons of an act of witchcraft, which would have tended to the king's harm, was committed (all her attendants being removed) to the custody of Sir John Pelham, who, having furnished her with nine servants, placed her in Pevensey Castle, there to be kept under his control."

Joanna's chief accuser was her confessor, John Randolf. Henry had been informed of the queen's employing two "domestic sorcerers" to influence the powers of darkness for his destruction, and at once had the friar arrested. He was in the island of Guernsey, and was sent over to Normandy to the king, who examined him, and on his confession took proceedings of the utmost rigour against his stepmother. She was first confined in one of her own palaces, Leeds Castle, and then committed to the charge of Sir John

Pelham at Pevensey. Her property was taken from her; her lands, castles, money, and even her clothes,¹² and proclamation of her offence was made throughout the kingdom. We are not told the exact act of magic of which she was accused; it might have been the wax figure melted before the fire - as this effigy of the person doomed melted away, his health also waned; when the last wax floated off altogether, he would, it was believed, die. This dark magic is the subject of a very fine ballad by Dante Rossetti.

The queen was never brought to trial, for the chief witness against her (the friar) came to a singular and sudden end. While he was disputing with the priest of the chapel in the Tower, the anger of the latter waxed so hot that he actually strangled friar Randolph! There was therefore no witness against Joanna. But it is believed that she was quite innocent of the attempt. Of course we know that she could not in reality have thus injured Henry.

For years, however, the poor lady remained a prisoner at Pevensey. In the fourth year of her incarceration another remarkable prisoner was brought to Pevensey - Sir John Mortimer, the uncle of the Earl of March. He had been a prisoner in the Tower, but had made so many attempts to escape that it was thought safer to keep him at Pevensey. The last illness of Henry V. released Joanna from prison, for on his deathbed he repented of his treatment of his father's widow, and addressed the following injunction to the bishops, who were of his council.

"Right worshipful Fathers in God, our right trusty and well beloved: Howbeit we have taken into our hand till a certain time, and for such causes as ye know, the dowers of our mother, Queen Johanne, except a certain pension thereof yearly which we assigned for the expense reasonable of her and of a certain menie¹³ that should be about her: we, doubting lest it should be a charge unto our conscience for to occupy forth longer the said dower in this wise, the which charge we be advised¹⁴ no longer to bear on our conscience, will and charge you, as ye will appear before God for us in this case, and stand ii;. charged in your own conscience also, that ye make deliverance unto our said mother the queen wholly of her said dower, and suffer her to receive it as she did heretofore. Furthermore we will and charge you that her beds and all other things moveable that we had of her, ye deliver her again.

And ordain her that she have of such cloth and of such colour as she will devise her self five or six gowns, such as she useth to wear. And because we suppose she will soon remove from the palace where she now is, that ye ordain her horses for eleven chares [cars], and let her remove them into whatsoever place within our realm that her list, and when her list," etc., etc..¹⁵

Joanna was released from her captivity before this injunction was written, and was, when Henry wrote, living at her own palace, Leeds Castle. He must have known that she was innocent of the charge against her, or he would not have thus made restitution; for Henry shared all the superstitions of his time, even to the strangely fulfilled prediction that Henry of Windsor would lose all that Henry of Monmouth had gained, and he was even vexed with his queen, Catherine, for having allowed his son (against his commands) to be born at Windsor. It would, in his eyes, have been a deadly sin to release a sorceress, consequently we may pronounce her wronged and innocent.

¹²Parliamentary Rolls, 7th of Henry V.

¹³Servants.

¹⁴By his confessor.

¹⁵Parliamentary Rolls, 1st of Henry VI.

HASTINGS AND ITS ENVIRONS.



It was to this picturesque town on the sea-coast that William the Norman marched after his landing at Pulverhithe. It was even then an ancient town, for here Arviragus, the British king (Caractacus), is said to have constructed a fort, when he threw off the Roman yoke towards the end of the first century. It is said to have been built by Hastings, the famous Danish pirate, but must have been in existence long before his time. It became a flourishing town early in the Saxon period, and King Athelstan established a Mint there. It is the second in rank of the Cinque Ports. Nearly joining it now is the comparatively new town of St. Leonards. The view of Hastings from the sea is very picturesque. Its high cliffs - the west one crowned by the ruin of its castle - its fishing boats and shore are strikingly pretty.

Standing on the rocky cliffs to the west of the town at the height of 400 feet above the sea level, the castle must formerly have commanded the adjacent country, and was well placed as a defence to the town.

The walls now are nowhere entire, but the ruins show that they were eight feet thick. The gateway was on the north side, inland, but only its site is now found. Not far from it to the westward are the remains of a small tower, enclosing a circular flight of stairs; and near it, farther to the westward, are the ruins of another tower and a sally-port. The south or sea side of the castle does not appear to have had any defence; probably it was thought inaccessible; or, as the cliff has been considerably removed on that side, the ruins of the castle may have gone with it. On the western side are the remains of a high wall with lofty towers, one square, the other circular; part of the interior of the latter is constructed of herring-bone work. The square tower, which is south, has openings deeply splayed from within, with the remains of a sally-port. The eastern side had, however, the strongest defences; for it had a towered gallery, a portcullis, and semi-circular tower, and a moat sixty feet deep and a hundred feet wide. The north has besides a gate, a sally-port, and two towers, one round with a circular flight of stairs in it, the other square. Mr. Timbs says, in his "Abbeys and Castles": "This gate had always been supposed to be the site of the original gate; but on proceeding with the excavations on the north side, a gateway was discovered about eight or nine feet in width, and nineteen in depth. This is considered to have been the keepgate, and there is still remaining the grooves for the portcullis, and the hooks on which the hinges of the gates were hung."

When the interior of the castle was excavated in 1824, the chapel was discovered, with the chapter house and other offices. and several stone coffins with skeletons.

"These ruins are interesting as marking the site of a chapel in which Thomas a Becket, somewhere about 1157, and William of Wykeham, about 1363, once conducted the services of the Church of Rome, and which once echoed to the voice of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury." - Mr. Gent: Proceedings of the British Archaeological Society, 1867.

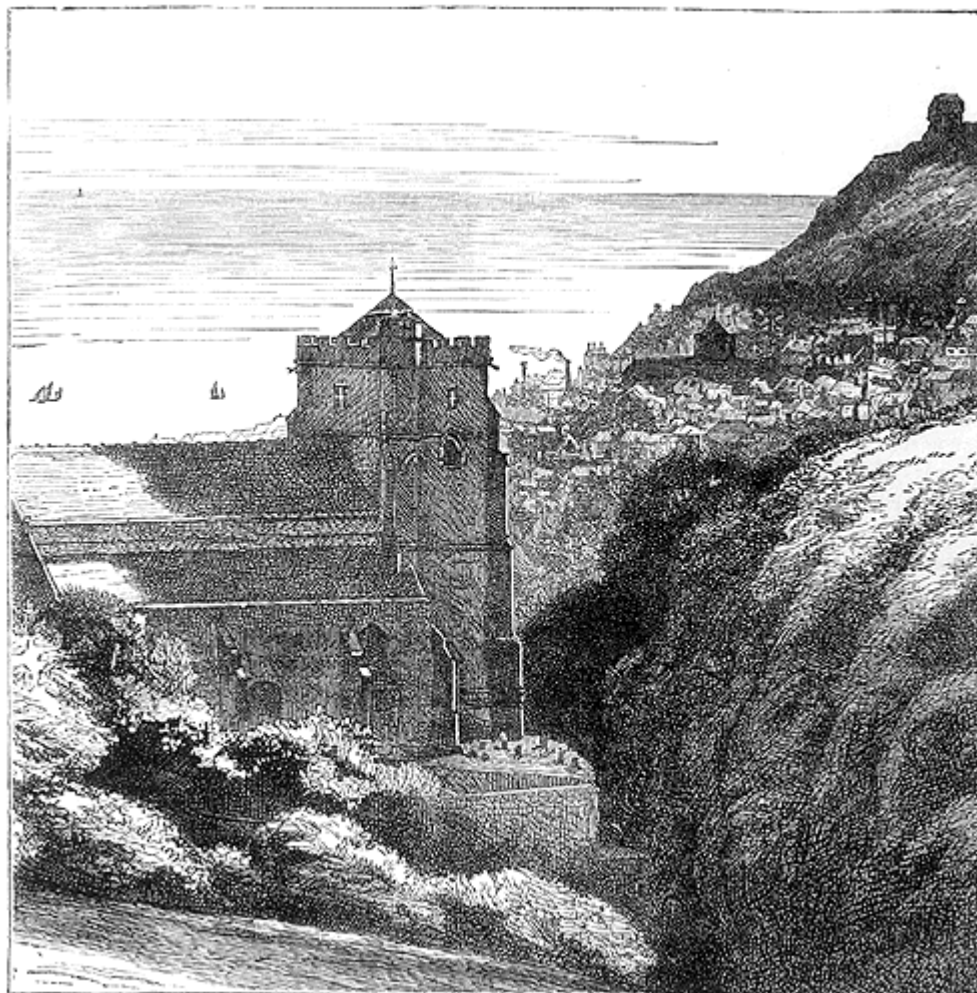
Hastings made some slight resistance to the invader, judging from that wonderful piece of woman's work, the Bayeux tapestry - work by which the patient fingers of Matilda and her ladies recorded her husband's conquest - for we see a burning house close to the castle hill; but the town soon opened its gates and received the invader. The lines of William's camp were to be seen about twenty years ago on the field near the consent.

The tapestry tells us that William ordered a castle to be dug at Hastings, and underneath the words is the picture of a castle on the summit of a hill, as it now stands.

The table on which William is said to have dined after the battle of Hastings is preserved in the Subscription Gardens of St. Leonard's.

The neighbourhood of Hastings has great beauty: Fairlight Glen is a most romantic spot.

Fairlight Down may be recognised by its well-known windmill; and when the summit is reached, a most beautiful panoramic view is obtained from it. We gaze on broad cornfields, red and gold in the light of the sun; on grove and meadow and vale; on the village church embosomed in trees; on the old decayed towns of Rye and Winchelsea, and on sixty-six ancient churches and five ruined castles; while the sea view extends from the South Foreland to Beachy Head. To the east, like a white cloud in the distance, are the chalk cliffs of Dover.



GENERAL VIEW OF HASTINGS FROM ABOVE ALL SAINTS' CHURCH,

Figure 31: View of Hastings Castle.

At the head of Fairlight Glen we find the Dropping Well. A tiny stream of water falls over a ledge of rock into a black hollow beneath, that is over-shadowed by the rich and abundant foliage round it. The glen is perfectly lovely with its trees, its carpet of sward fringed with flowers, its succession of verdant terraces, the wood above it, and its dells; indeed, it may compare favourably for picturesque beauty with any other spot in England.

Descending the ravine, we come to Covehurst Bay, which lies enclosed by two rocky headlands, and is skirted by a low wall of cliff.

The eastern boundary consists of a great bed or floor of sand-rock, which, from the fissures in it, has some resemblance to a pavement. Re-ascending up the east side of the glen, we reach the Lovers' Seat, which is placed just below the edge of the cliff, and is rather dangerous to get at from above. One has a lovely view from it; and there is, of course, a love tale connected with it. A pair of lovers met here often in secret. The gentleman was in the navy, a Lieutenant Lamb, who had the command of a revenue cutter stationed off Hastings. The lady was a Miss Boys, who was very rich, and whose parents objected to her union with a man who had little more than his pay. She, the heroine of the tale, used to come here and signal her presence to her watchful lover by waving her handkerchief. It is said that she brought the materials and put up the seat with her own hands. As soon as her signal was seen, her lover rowed ashore and ascended the steep cliff to gain her side. Ultimately the lovers eloped, and were married in Hollington Church - the

church in a wood.

Hollington village is very pretty, surrounded by woods, that hide the church; so that coming suddenly upon it, it gives us a surprise. It is a plain rustic edifice, dating from the fourteenth century; but the east end was rebuilt in 1861. The heptagonal font is built into the wall; the campanile is of timber, with a low pyramidal top in the old Sussex fashion.

Of course there is a legend attached to this romantic church. It is that when a church was begun on a neighbouring headland or cliff, the Fiend every night undid the work of the builders during the day. The stones mysteriously disappeared, and the people began to despair of ever having a church, when one Sunday morning they heard the bell summoning them to matins sound from the thickest grove near them. Hastening to see what it could be they came upon the church that angel hands had built with the materials pulled down by the Evil One. There is a sort of sanctity in this spot, and in the solemn sheltered churchyard, as if heaven indeed were near us here.

Between St. Leonard's and Hastings is a very picturesque house called Bohemia - it is said because it was once the haunt of gipsies. It stands on a hill that is well wooded and cut in terraces, one of which is filled with roses and lovely flowers. But the singularity of the place is a garden sunk in the earth to protect its produce from the seabreezes. The banks round it are walled; fruit trees are planted in the ground above, and then trained over the bricked banks, with their heads downwards. The fruit they produce in this unnatural position is excellent. A very broad pathway separates these banks from the garden-wall. Within this wall is a delightful kitchen and fruit garden. Leaving this spot, we turn to the left, and find ourselves in a path winding through a wood, the ground beneath the trees being in May a perfect mass or bed of bluebells. It winds by three large fishponds; over the last an old oak spreads its branches. Beyond, the fields lead to Hastings. From the terraces the view of Hastings Castle and of the sea is lovely.

William the Norman did not linger long at Hastings. The thane who had witnessed his landing reached York only on October 8th, for the roads were bad, and the fiery haste of the horseman could not overcome the natural difficulties in his path. He found Harold the king feasting to celebrate his victory over the Norwegian king and his own brother - a victory too dearly won, for at Stamford Bridge he had lost some of the best and bravest of his warriors.

Harold, on receiving the thane's news, started from the table, ordered his troops to be marshalled, and at once, with too great haste, marched to the south; for ere he reached London numbers of men-at-arms fell out of the ranks exhausted, and unable to keep up with the main body. Thus his troops diminished. The great earls, Morcar and Edwin, stood fatally aloof from him; and his mother, Githa, weeping for the death of her slain son, Tostig, besought Harold not to meet William in the field. For Harold, when he took the English crown, was guilty of perjury. He had sworn solemnly to William that he would not be king of England; and though the oath had been extorted from him, he had, nevertheless, taken it, and his family dreaded the retribution of a broken vow. His young brother Gurth - the best and gentlest of his family - enforced their mother's entreaties. He represented to Harold that his tired and diminished forces were quite unequal to cope with the Norman chivalry; and he besought the king to let him (Gurth) lead the English against the invaders, for Harold could not hope for victory with the stain of perjury on his soul.

But Harold, elated perhaps by his late victory, persisted in staking the crown of England on the issue of a single battle.

Before leaving London, he visited the Abbey of the Holy Rood at Waltham, and offered prayers before a crucifix of which many marvellous tales were told. The monks whispered that as the king knelt in the gloom of the choir, the holy image had bowed its head - an omen, they strangely enough considered it, of danger. Impressed with this foreboding, the abbot sent two of his monks, Osgood and Ailric, to follow their benefactor to the field.

Harold, however, strengthened his army by Londoners and the men of Kent and Sussex, and again marched southward, till he reached Senlac (now Battle), where he halted his army and planted the royal standard of England on the very spot, it is said, where the high altar of Battle Abbey was afterwards placed.

Negotiations were opened on October 13th between the Normans and the English. William sent a monk named Maigrot to the English camp to make three proposals to Harold. One was to resign the crown in compliance with his oath; the second to refer their claims to the decision of the Pope - who had actually blessed William's standard; the third was to decide their quarrel by single combat. Harold declined all these. William, a little fearful, perhaps, of the issue of a battle with the victor of Stamford Bridge, sent the

monk a second time to propose to Harold the division of the kingdom; Harold keeping the north as far as the Humber, William the south. Again Harold refused, and the battle was decided.

Neither host slumbered on that momentous battle-eve; but they differed greatly in their mode of spending it. The Saxons, who were a very immoral people, passed the night in drunken revelry round their watch-fires; the Normans in confession and prayer, the chanting of psalms and solemn litanies.

At last the grey dawn broke over the sea, and the fatal 14th of October had come. The English were strongly posted within lines of trenches and palisades, and were marshalled by Harold according to their national mode of fighting - shield to shield - thus presenting a wall of steel to cavalry, as their descendants did at Waterloo, eight hundred years afterwards, with the bayonet. The gallant men of Kent claimed their privilege of leading the vanguard.

The brave burgesses of London formed the royal bodyguard, and gathered round the standard. In their midst stood the king of England, with his gallant young brothers, Gurth and Leofric. A Norman minstrel named Taillefer began the fight. Spurring his horse to the front, he sang with a loud voice the song of Roland at Roncevalles; and as he sang he threw his sword into the air with one hand and caught it with the other. The Normans joined in the chorus or burden of his song, or shouted, "Dieu aide." Taillefer struck the first blow; he ran one Englishman through, and felled another; then he was himself mortally wounded by a third. The Normans attacked along the line with their archers, but their arrows fell harmless from the English shields. Then they charged with the cavalry, but could not break the row of serried shields, and the English received them with battle-axes, with which they broke their lances and mail, and wounded the soldiers. The palisades appeared invincible, and the Normans retired in disorder. Once more Harold's brothers begged him to leave the field. "Thou canst not deny," they said, "that thou didst swear on the relics of the saints. Why risk the ordeal of battle? Go for reinforcements to London, and leave us to command today."

But Harold was deaf to their entreaties. Meantime, the Normans again advanced in three divisions: the first, composed of the volunteers of Boulogne and Amiens, under the command of Fitzosborne and Montgomery; the second was commanded by Alan Fergunt of Brittany and Aimeric de Thouars; the third, above which floated the banner blessed by the Pope, by William in person. It consisted wholly of Normans, led by his bravest knights.

The duke again sent forward his archers, and supported them by a charge of cavalry. Some of these horsemen broke through the English line, but were all driven back into a deep trench artfully covered over with bushes and grass, where very many perished. There was a general panic. A cry rose that the duke was killed, and a flight commenced. William threw himself before the fugitives, and taking off his helmet, cried, "Here I am! Look at me! I am still alive; and I will conquer by God's help."

The attack on the English was renewed, for the valiant Bishop of Bayeux had rallied another portion of the army. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon the fight continued evenly balanced, or rather in favour of the English.

William then ordered his archers to direct their arrows up in the air, so that the points should fall like hail on those invincible squares. This manoeuvre succeeded so far as wounding many of the English in the face, but still they stood firm; and the duke then resorted to stratagem. He ordered a thousand horse to advance, and then turn and fly. The English, deceived, at once left their position, and pursued. But speedily the pretended fugitives turned; were joined by a fresh body of Normans, and attacked the English, who fought bravely and desperately, but in vain. They made no attempt to retreat, but fell with their foes in hundreds on the spot. Three times the sham flight was tried, and each time lured the English out of their lines; but still the main body gathered round their standard, and stood firm, closing in round Harold, who had fought gallantly all the day.

But at this moment an arrow, shot at random, entered his left eye and pierced his brain. The English then despaired, but still they defended their standard, which the Normans made the most desperate efforts to take. Ten Norman knights were slain in the attempt. Then William made his way to the spot, and himself killed Harold's brother, Gurth. Leofric was already dead. The banner was seized, and the Norman Gonfanon erected in its place. It was now six o'clock, and the sun was setting; the battle had lasted nine hours. A desperate attempt to rally was still made by the men of Kent and Essex, and numbers of Normans fell. But it was vain, and the army of Harold, broken and dispirited, dispersed through the woods in the rear of their position. They were pursued by the Normans, but they made a stand where ever possible, and

so many of the pursuers fell, that they thought it best to give up the pursuit.

Thus ended one of the decisive battles of the world. "A battle most memorable of all others, and howsoever miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England," says Daniel. William had, however, only conquered the South of England; he had still to win the rest of the island; and he had lost the fourth part of his army.

It is said that he supped that night on the field heaped with slain, but the sight touched him, and he vowed to build an abbey on the spot, where prayers should be offered for both the Norman and the English dead.

LINES ON THE CAMP HILL NEAR HASTINGS.

In the deep blue of eve,
 Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
 Or the lark took his leave
 Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,
 I climbed to yon heights,
 Where the Norman encamped him of old,
 With his bowmen and knights,
 And his banner all burnished with gold.
 At the Conqueror's side
 There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
 In pavilion wide,
 And they chanted the deeds of Roland,
 Still the ramparted ground
 With a vision my fancy inspires,
 And i hear the trump sound
 As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.
 On each turf of the mead
 Stood the captors of England's domains
 That ennobled her breed,
 And high mettled the blood of her veins.
 Over hauberk and helm
 As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
 Thence they looked o'er a realm,
 And to-morrow beheld it their own.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

We must add that the first tournament ever held in England was held at Hastings Castle, the queen of love and beauty being Adela, daughter of the Conqueror. It was from Hastings also that King John issued his proclamation claiming the heritage of the sea.

BATTLE ABBEY.



WILLIAM kept his vow, and Battle Abbey was built by him the next year. He is said to have offered on its altar his sword and the royal robe worn at his coronation.

A dreadful superstition hung about the spot. A sangulac, as the Normans called it, or fountain of blood, was said to spring up here after every shower of rain, in token of God's anger at the immense outpouring of Christian blood on that fatal field; and men were thankful when a religious house rose on the spot, and banished it. The abbey was very magnificent, and had great privileges granted to it. Amongst these was one resembling that of the vestal virgins of Rome. If the Abbot of Battle met casually any culprit going to execution, he had the power of pardoning him on the spot.

He (the Abbot) was privileged to sit in Parliament, and the land for three miles round the Abbey was bestowed on the brethren.

At the Dissolution the Abbey was granted to a person named Gilmer, who, after pulling down many of the buildings, sold the estate to Sir Anthony Browne, whose descendants used part of the Abbey as a dwelling.

The Websters purchased the estate of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, and enlarged and improved the house. The hall remained perfect, and part of the cloisters formed a charming room of Lady Webster's. The house stands on a gentle rise, bounded by woody hills on three sides; in the front is a valley winding away towards Hastings. The grand entrance gateway is now the most perfect part remaining; it is square and embattled, and has octagonal towers at each angle. In front are pointed arches and pilasters. The roof was destroyed. The Abbey Church has also been destroyed, but parts of the cloister arches remain, and the ruins of the monks' refectory, with a detached hall, in which it is supposed the tenants of the Abbey were entertained. The hall has some long pointed windows, twelve on one side and six on the other; below is a crypt with pillars and arches.

It was formerly believed that the monks of Battle Abbey possessed a roll or list of all the persons who accompanied William to England; the roll having been given them that they might pray for the souls of the slain. It was also said to contain a list of the families who came over after William's conquest, and settled in the country.

It is now thought (indeed Camden asserts) that the roll existing in his time was forged, and that the names inserted were not in Domesday Book.

It is probable, nevertheless, that a list of the slain may have been given to the Benedictines for use in their masses, but if so, it has long been lost.

There is a tradition that the original roll, compiled by the monks of Battle, hung in their Abbey beneath some Latin verses, of which a translation was formerly inscribed on a tablet in Battle Church; they ran thus:-

"This place of war is Battle called, because in battle here,
Quite conquered and overthrown the English nation were;
This slaughter happened to them upon St. Celiet's
The year thereof (1066) this number doth array."

The Abbey, always inhabited by families of distinction, is now the property of the Duke of Cleveland.

ARUNDEL CASTLE.



HIS noble and picturesque castle belongs to the Duke of Norfolk, to whom it gives the title of Earl of Arundel; the peerage being attached to the tenure of the house, so that, whoever legally possesses Arundel Castle becomes an earl without requiring any other form, patent, or creation. William the Conqueror bestowed the castle, which existed in Edward the Confessor's time, on Roger de Montgomery, one of his bravest knights, who thus became Earl of Arundel. Arundel Castle stands on a steep circular knoll, and commands a fine sea view. The entrance gate has a drawbridge and porticullis, and was originally built in the reign of Edward I. The keep and some of the walls are of the ancient castle. Taken and retaken by Parliamentarians and Cavaliers, the castle was nearly a ruin till in 1815, Charles Howard, the eleventh Duke of Norfolk, restored it at the cost of more than half a million of money.

Arundel Keep is the most perfect in England. It is a circular stone tower with a dungeon in the middle, accessible by a flight of stairs. Many owls frequent the ancient building.

A queen of England had once her home within these castle walls. Adeliza, the charming second wife and widow of Henry 1., fell in love with William de Albin, Earl of Arundel, and wedded him. That he was a peerless knight there is no doubt, for the same tradition belonged to him as to our Coeur de Lion, i.e. that he killed a lion by pulling out its tongue (Richard was said to have torn out the heart! /) but the story probably arose, Mr. Planche thought, from the Earl's assuming a golden lion in his arms when he married his royal bride.



Figure 32: The keep, Arundel Castle.

When the Empress Maud came to claim her father's crown from Stephen, who had usurped it, she landed at Little Hampton and proceeded to visit her step-mother at Arundel Castle. Adeliza received her

cordially, but King Stephen hearing of the Empress's residence at Arundel, at once marched there and appeared before the castle with an army: demanding that Maud should be given up to him. Queen Adeliza sent him this spirited answer: "I have received the Empress as my friend, not as your enemy. I have no intention of interfering in your quarrels, and beg you to allow my royal guest to leave Arundel, and try her fortune in some other part of England. But if you are determined to besiege her here, I will endure the last extremity of war rather than give her up or suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated."

Stephen was a true knight in courtesy at least. He yielded to the demand of Queen Adeliza and permitted Maud to depart safely to Bristol.

It was at Arundel Castle that the nobles who were accused of plotting to seize the person of Richard II. and kill the Lords of his council were taken. The Earl of Arundel, on the evidence of the Earl Marshal, was executed.

Bodiam Castle is another of the fine old castles that must have so well defended the southern counties from the French, who for twenty years before it was built, had ravaged the country round Hastings and Winchelsea, and eight years before had besieged Battle.

The castle is situated on the north bank of the Rother, and is surrounded by a perfect moat, which is crossed on the north side by a causeway on which some ruins of a barbican still remain.

The castle is nearly square with circular towers, sixty-five feet high, at the four corners, connected by embattled curtains; in the centre of each of which rise square towers equal in height to the circular. The gateway is composed of two flanking towers, in which are numerous oilettes for arrows. It has embattled parapets and deep machicolations whence stones and other missiles could be hurled on assailants. Covered now with ivy, there were once three shields above the gateway, bearing the arms of the former owners of the castle. Passing through the gateway we see that there were two more further on; and that there was a balcony at the lower half of the passage. On the southern side of the quadrangle were the windows of the great hall and the still remaining windows of the buttery and kitchen. On the left of the quadrangle are a series of chambers once probably occupied by the officers of the fortress. The whole courtyard was surrounded by buildings. Next we come to the ruins of the chapel, and then to the residence of the Lord of the castle. The lady's "bower" or boudoir is the first we enter. The sleeping apartments were in the square tower or keep; in one of these rooms are two curious stone cupboards.

The castle was destroyed by the Parliamentarians under Waller, and since then the ruins have crumbled before the rain and frosts of winter, and present now a mere outline of the manner in which the feudal nobles of England lived five hundred years ago.

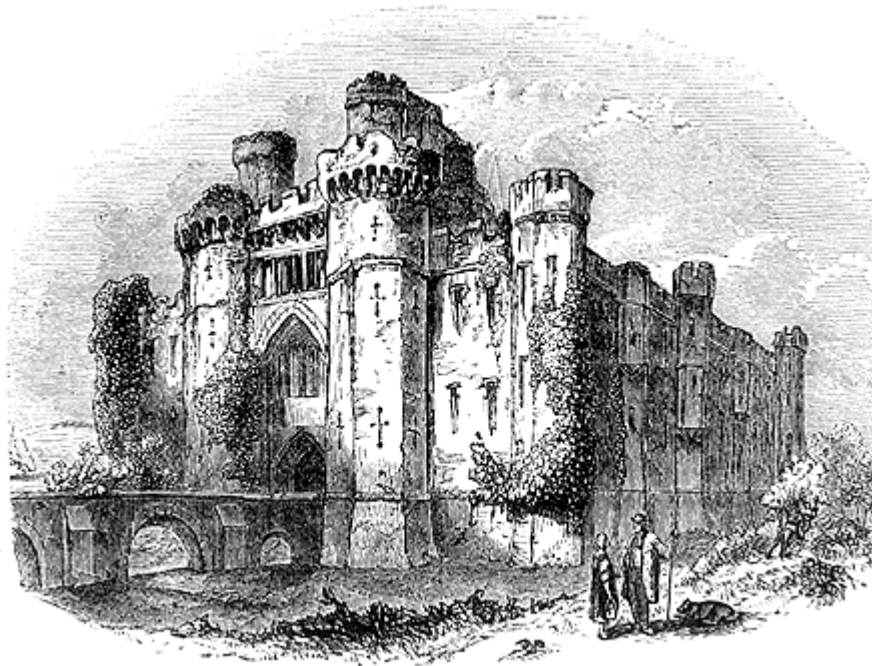
HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX.



HURSTMONCEAUX was one of the latest built castles in England, being erected just before the period of embattled manor-houses; its name means the wood of the Monceaux, a Norman family who came in with the Conqueror, Hurst or Hyrst being the Saxon for wood. Sussex was rich in woods, therefore we find many places in this county ending in Hurst, and it is the name of one of the old Sussex families. The castle is built of brick, with copings of stone; and as bricks did not come into use till the fifteenth century, the date of its erection is tolerably certain. Two towers, eighty-four feet high, flank the entrance.

The corbels of the parapet are tolerably perfect, and it is altogether a fine ruin. Had it not been dismantled by its last owner, Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex, it might have remained to the present day as perfect as Warwick or Chirk Castles. But he sold it before his death, and the best materials were used about 1777, to build a manor house in the neighbourhood.

Hurstmonceaux was a castle in the days of the Conqueror, and never changed owners by purchase from that time till 1708, continuing always in one family, though, as we have seen, the castle was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. It is five miles from Pevensey, and seven miles southeast of Battle.



HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE, SUSSEX.

Figure 33: Hurstmonceaux Castle Sussex.

From the Monceaux it came by marriage to the Fiennes, by one of whom the present castle was erected in 1440. He was created Baron Dacre in 1458. Of his grandson a sad story is told; unfortunately a true one.

The young Lord Dacre succeeded to his grandfather's property in 1525, when he was just seventeen years of age. His boyhood had been neglected, for his father was a man of disreputable character, and had been once committed to the Fleet prison for harbouring felons; thus the poor lad had had bad examples from his earliest days, and had received very little education. He was, however, on his accession to the title, taken to court, and married, while yet very young, to a daughter of Lord Abergavenny.

Dacre was a handsome young man, with some attractive qualities. He was, probably, good-natured

and liberal, but he was weak and easily led into mischief. His favourite companions were three gentlemen named John Mantell, John Frowdys, and George Roydon. These wild youths, with some others, devised what they probably considered a frolic. They resolved to hunt by moonlight, and their chase should be after the deer of their neighbour, Sir Nicholas Pelham, who lived at Laughton, a man of the highest reputation. The "joke" was arranged ten days before it was carried out, and then, in the moonlight, the idle young men started intent on their wild sport. But in the meadows near the river Cuckmere in Hellingly Wood. they encountered three men who were quarreling. One of them was a gamekeeper of Sir Nicholas Pelham's. He of course interfered for the protection of his master's property, and his companions, forgetting their dispute, sided with him. A fray ensued, in which the poor gamekeeper received such terrible injuries that he died in two days (May 2).

The huntsmen had been recognised by the men, however; and Lord Dacre, his three friends, and several others were arrested on the charge of murder. Lord Dacre was tried by his peers, found guilty, and sentenced to death. He was confined in the Tower, of which his intimate acquaintance and neighbour in Sussex, Sir John Gage, was constable. "On the 8th of June," says Holinshed, "the sheriffs of London were ready at the Tower, to receive the prisoner and lead him to execution on Tower Hill; but a gentleman of the Lord Chancellor's house came and in the king's name commanded to stay the execution till two in the afternoon, which caused many to think that the king would have granted him his pardon." But no reprieve arrived, and at three o'clock on that bright June day, the unfortunate young man was delivered by the Constable of the Tower to the sheriffs, who led him on foot between them to St. Thomas Waterings (near the second milestones on the old Kent Road), where he, Mantell, Frowdys, and Roydon, all died a disgraceful death.

As the slaying of the gamekeeper must have been unpremeditated, the crime could scarcely have been more than manslaughter; but the law was then extremely severe and pitiless. Archdeacon Hare thought that "the law was strained to convert Lord Dacre into an accomplice in the crime;" but documents exist that prove he had a fair trial.

Many persons in the neighbourhood were unjustly sought to be implicated in this sad affair, and Sir Nicholas Pelham was thought to have been severe and unjust in the matter; but there was no evidence of any ill-feeling on his part towards Lord Dacre. Mrs. Gore, in her tragedy of "Dacre of the South," represents him (Dacre) as the victim of the tyranny and jealousy of the knight; but this is a poetical fiction.

The truth is that the poor young man - he was not quite twenty-four when he died - was sacrificed to the follies and vices of his associates.

Gough, in his additions to Camden, describes the castle as it was then, with its three courts; its hall, chapel, and kitchen reached to the upper storey, and the oven in its bakehouse was fourteen feet in diameter. In the east corner of the foundation was an octagonal room, once a prison, with a stone post and iron chain in the middle of it. Stairs built wholly of brick, without any woodwork, led to the galleries, and in each of their windows was painted the wolf-dog, which was the ancient supporter of the family arms. A very picturesque and beautiful dwelling was Hurstmonceaux in the fifteenth century.

Archdeacon Hare was for some years Rector of Hurstmonceaux, and is interred in its quiet churchyard; his brother, who assisted him in writing the "Guesses at Truth, by two Brothers," sleeps near him. John Stirling was for a few months the Archdeacon's curate.

BRAMBER CASTLE.



SUSSEX is remarkable for its picturesque villages, as well as its ruined castles, and Bramber - a decayed one - still boasts of the picturesque ruin of what was once a stately edifice.

At the general survey of the country in William the Norman's reign, it was ascertained that Bramber belonged to William de Breose, who possessed also forty other manors.

The family were left in possession of their estates by the service of ten knights' fees to the Crown. But in John's tyrannical reign the troubles of the owners of Bramber Castle began. In the year 1203 the anger of the barons began to find voice, and John, alarmed at the symptoms of disaffection, required hostages of them.

William de Breose was one of the suspected nobles, and John demanded his children as hostages for his fidelity. The lady of Bramber was more frank than prudent. When her husband sternly refused to send his children to the king, she added that "she would not trust her children with the king who had so basely murdered Prince Arthur, his kinsman." The imprudent words were carried back to John, who never forgave them. He ordered the family to be seized; but his creatures came too late to execute his orders-the De Breoses had fled to Ireland.

They had, however, only escaped for a time. The tyrant king caused them to be followed, and at length succeeded in having them seized, and sent to him. They were taken to Windsor, and shut up together in a room of the castle-the whole family (save one)-and were there starved to death by John's order. The imagination of Dante only could picture such a scene of horror as that must have been; the agony of the mother, who must have blamed herself for their misfortunes; the stern grief of the father; the tears and complainings of the children. John's hideous reign scarcely supplies a fellow-horror to this one.

One son, William de Breose, who was married and had a son, escaped and fled to France; but when he learned how all his dear ones had perished, he lost courage, and died shortly afterwards.

John had previously taken possession of his estates, and given them to his son Richard; but he restored Bramber to William's son Reginald, the last of his family.

John, the heir of Reginald, died by a fall from his horse in Henry III's reign, and that sovereign's brother took charge of the castle till the infant heir was of age, when it was restored to him.

Bramber devolved at length to the Mowbrays, but was forfeited to the Crown when John de Mowbray was executed for treason, having joined the nobles against the Spencers, the favourites of Edward II.

It was restored by Edward III. to his son, who had followed his liege to the French wars.

The castle became afterwards the property of John, Duke of Norfolk, and again brought ill fortune with it, as the superstitions of that age said.

For the Duke - the "Jockey of Norfolk" of Shakspeare's Richard III. - fell on Bosworth Field, and the castle and manor were forfeited again to the Crown, and were bestowed by Henry upon Thomas Lord Delaware and his heirs.

Bramber seems to have been always possessed by restless owners - in general opposed to the sovereign; only once taking the king's side, and that in the case of usurping, blood-stained Richard. It has long been reduced to a ruin, its remains overlooking the little picturesque village in which doubtless dwell far happier people than those who once owned the stately castle of Bramber.

There is an amusing anecdote in the life of Wilberforce illustrating the relation of members to the snug boroughs they held, and were supposed to represent. Travelling once in this direction, and struck probably by the picturesque ruin, he called the postboy and inquired the name of the place they were passing through.

"Bramber, sir," was the reply.

"Bramber, Bramber," said Wilberforce, recalling the name with an effort; "why, that's the place I'm Member for."

We cannot leave this beautiful Sussex without saying a word or two about its grand coast. From the white cliffs of Dover to the shores of Brighton and Bognor, it is watered by the sea of the Channel; here and there presenting a bolder front to the waves that roar and fret against its cliffs, as at Beachy Head, a grand



BRAMBER CASTLE.

Figure 34: Bramber Castle.

headland that has seen many a storm and hostile fleet pass by it, when French, Spaniards, and Dutch have tried unsuccessfully to win in many a sea fight of past centuries the tight little island.



BEACHY HEAD,

Figure 35: Beachy Head.

ROCHESTER:

THE TOWN AND CASTLE.

VERY quaint old-world town is Rochester, though its cathedral, and the near military and naval station of Chatham, redeem it from the stillness and monotony of most small country towns.



Its castle, high above the swift Medway, is most picturesque; indeed, a prettier picture than castle and river from the opposite bank can scarcely be conceived. There was from early times a fort here; for the passage of the Medway was important, and had to be defended, whether by Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans. A great fighting place, therefore, was Rochester, and its castle stood many attacks at that time.

Rochester town and castle were besieged by Rufus during the civil war in Kent in his reign. The town was soon taken, and then the king closely pressed the castle for six weeks. Within its walls was Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the valiant priest who rallied the Normans at Hastings, and he was not likely to yield easily, especially as the castle was his own. A contagious disorder, however, broke out in the garrison, and he offered to capitulate; but Rufus would not accept his terms for a time. At length, persuaded by his barons, he permitted the besieged to march out with their arms and horses, on condition that they should leave the kingdom and forfeit their estates. Odo alone was made prisoner, and was sent to Tunbridge Castle; but afterwards received his liberty and the sentence of banishment.

Rufus probably suspected that Gundulph, the bishop, was inclined to the side of Odo, for he refused (after the castle was yielded up) to confirm a grant of the manor of Hadenharn, in Bucks, which Archbishop Lanfranc had given to the see of Rochester. But being entreated by Robert Fitz Hamon and the Earl of Warwick, he consented, on condition that the bishop should spend sixty pounds in repairing the injuries the castle had received in the siege, and make other additions. Gundulph repaired the walls, and commenced building the great square tower; but he died twelve years after it was begun, and left it unfinished. It is still called Gundulph's Tower. It is quadrangular, and about seventy feet square at the base.

The present ruin is that of the castle built by this Gundulph, a monk of Bec in Normandy, who was Bishop of Rochester and the best architect of his time. He also built the White Tower of the Tower in London.

One enters the pretty gardens now spread beneath the ancient keep, by an ascent formed by two arches turned over the castle ditch, and one finds one's self in a lovely spot, full of roses and lilies; and one is greeted by a rush of wings and the soft coo of doves, as the castle pigeons of all hues flutter round one. They are so tame that they will take food from the hand, and perch on one's head and shoulders. Under the protection of the lodge-keeper they are safe, and know it. What flocks there are of them!

The keep, noble even in decay, is at the southeast angle, and is so lofty that it can be seen twenty miles off.

The points most observable in Rochester ruins are the well, which is built in the centre of the great tower, and its contrivances for supplying every floor with water; the columns and arches of the chapel in the second storey, and the extreme massiveness of the walls, which are twelve feet thick.

From the floor glancing upwards one sees the whole height of the interior. The space enclosed by the walls of the castle is about 300 feet square. The tenure of the fortress is perfect castle guard. On St. Andrew's Day, old style, a banner is hung out of the house of the receiver of the rents, and every tenant who does not pay is liable to have his debt doubled on the turn of every tide in the adjacent river during the time that it remains unpaid. Much land in Kent is held on this tenure from the castle.

Adjoining to the east angle of the tower is a small one, about two-thirds of the height of the keep and about twenty-eight feet square. The grand entrance was by this small tower, ascending by a noble flight of steps through an arched gateway. Here, in old days, was a drawbridge, under which was the entrance to the lower apartments of the great tower, which were probably designed for store rooms, and are very dark and gloomy. Air and light were admitted only through narrow slits in the walls. They are divided by a partition wall with arches in it, by which the rooms communicate. There is a vault under the small tower, which was doubtless the prison of the castle. The great tower is ninety-three feet high, and has a battlement round it seven feet high, with embrasures. At each angle of the roof is a battlemented tower, twelve feet square. The whole height of the keep, including these towers, is a hundred and twelve feet

from the ground. The rooms have fireplaces and arched chimney-pieces, but no chimneys; the smoke was supposed to be carried off through small holes made in the outer wall near each fireplace. As we ascend to the next floor, we find a narrow arched passage in the main wall, running all round the tower. In the tower of the castle near the bridge is an open space from top to bottom of the wall for the secret conveyance of provisions to the garrison.

The first event that occurred at the castle after its siege by Rufus was the imprisonment in it of the gallant Robert, Earl of Gloucester, by the adherents of King Stephen. He had been the general of the Empress Maud, his half-sister, and was taken prisoner at Winchester after effecting the escape of the empress. There is something absurd in the fact that Stephen himself was at the same time the prisoner of Maud I. The king and earl were exchanged.

Among the articles of complaint preferred by Becket against Henry II. was that of the king having unjustly deprived him of Rochester Castle, which had been annexed to the archbishopric by Henry I.

Rochester had a large share of the civil strife in the infamous John's reign. William de Albin held the castle for the barons, and defended it bravely for three months, till famine was added to his difficulties, and the garrison had to kill their horses, and finally to surrender, when John had all the soldiers, except the crossbowmen, hung.

Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, also besieged the castle in the next reign. It held out for King Henry III., however, successfully; and after seven days the great rebel retired, and the force he left behind him was put to flight by the besieged.

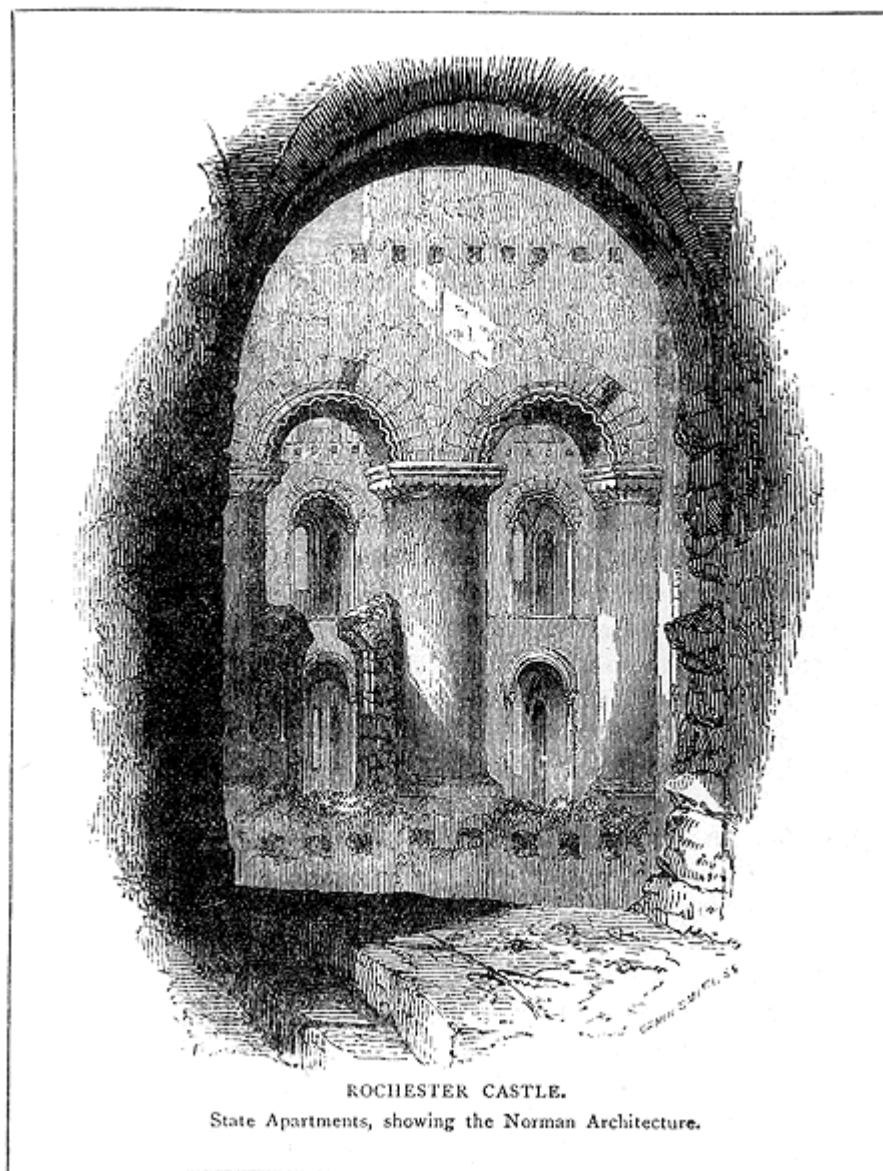
James I. granted Rochester Castle to Sir Anthony Weldon. His descendants destroyed the interior to sell the timber. The noble ruin is now the property of the Earl of Jersey.

Close to the castle is the fine cathedral of Rochester (it is said that there was a subterranean way between the fortress and the church), and in a house near it Queen Elizabeth stayed when on a visit to the town.

The view of the castle towering over the Medway is, as we have said, highly picturesque.

The town also has one or two quaint old houses, and its High Street is interesting. The Bull Hotel is immortalised in "Pickwick," and the place of the duel between Messrs. Winkle and Slammer can be identified on the hill by the military hospital.

Indeed, the localities of Pickwick make both town and neighbourhood interesting. Edwin Drood also belongs to Rochester.



ROCHESTER CASTLE.

State Apartments, showing the Norman Architecture.

Figure 36: Rochester castle.

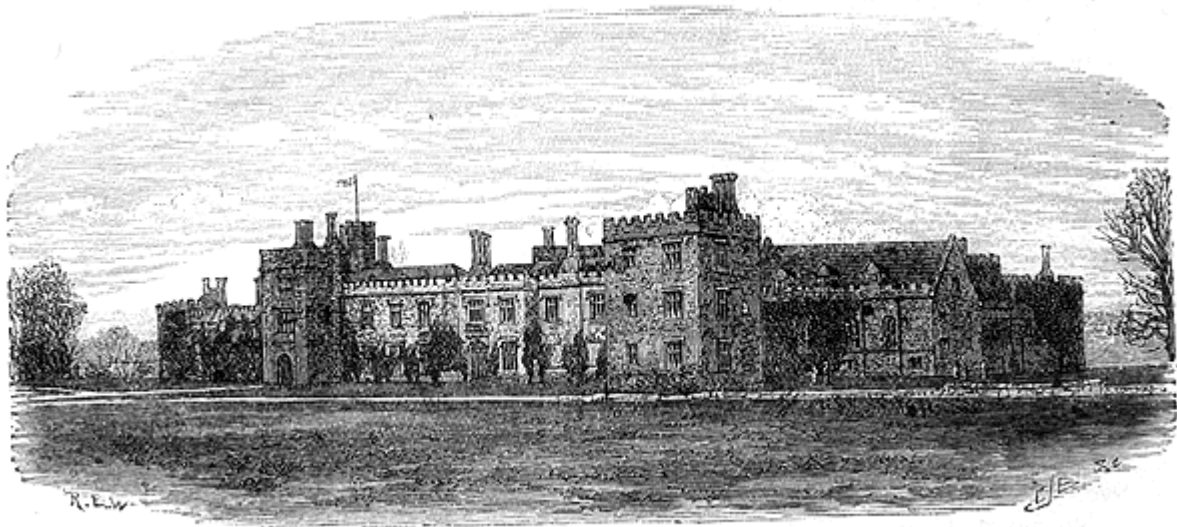
PENSHURST PLACE.

"Tread,
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
The groves of Penshurst."



THE fine old home of the Sidneys has given great men to serve our country, and is beautiful enough, from its surroundings, to be a dwelling worthy of the race. Its grey walls and turrets, and its high - peaked, red roofs, mingled with the more recent buildings of fresh stone, give it a striking and venerable appearance. But the lovely valley above which it rises, the woods and park stretching northwards, and the old church and parsonage grouped in front, are its chief claims to the picturesque. Valleys run out in every direction from the one in which it stands, and the hills rise and wind charmingly at a little distance covered with woods and fields and the graceful hop plantations. The park has ancient and renowned trees in it; there are Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, Saccharissa's Walk, and Gamage's Bower.

The house has two principal fronts - west and north. They are both of great length. The western front is of several dates and styles of architecture; the facade is battlemented, and the centre division has large windows of triple arches, with armorial shields between the upper and lower stories. The south end is very ancient, with smaller mullioned windows; the northern end has windows similar to the centre, but plainer and smaller. At each end of this facade projects a wing with towers of various heights and sizes; stone ones that are square, octagon ones of brick, etc. The northern front facing up the park has been restored, and presents a battlemented range of stone buildings of various projections; towers, turrets, and turreted chimneys. The old gateway tower forms the principal entrance, and from the eastern end of this front runs a fine avenue of limes.



PENSHURST.

Figure 37: Penshurst.

The south side of Penshurst has all the irregularity of an old castle, with its towers, projections, buttresses, and gables. The court that used to be on this side is now a lawn.

The old banqueting hall is a grand specimen of the ancient baronial hall of the fourteenth century, with its raised dais, its tall Gothic windows, and the space marked out in the centre of the hall where of old the fire burnt on the dogs, the smoke escaping through the centre of the high oak roof.

On the right hand of the dais is the entrance into the cellar, from whence many a stoup of wine or ale was wont to be brought to the great tables in the hall. Passing this cellar entrance and ascending the loo stairs, the ball room is reached - a large room with columns of verde-antique giallo and porphyry from Italy.

It is said that Queen Elizabeth, when visiting Sir Henry Sidney, furnished one of the apartments very splendidly. It is now called Queen Elizabeth's room. The gilt chairs were covered with richly embroidered yellow and crimson satin, and the walls of each end with the same, the embroidery having been done by the queen and her ladies. But the chief interest of the apartment is in the three portraits it contains of Sir Philip, Algernon, and Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke.

Sir Philip Sidney - a perfect match for the French Bayard - is one of the glories of England. The story of his gallant death, and of his generosity at the battle of Zutphen in giving the water, for which his burning lips craved, to a dying soldier, are known to all. But he was not only a gallant and generous soldier, he was a poet and novelist; some of his sonnets are very beautiful, in spite of the old language of his day being slightly different from our present English. Here is one of them.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low
 With shield of proof, shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw:
 O make in me those civil wars to cease:
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light;
 A rosy garland and a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

It was at Wilton, when with his accomplished sister, that Sidney is said to have written the greater part of his "Arcadia," the first original prose romance in our language. It is full of quaint beauties and brilliant thoughts. He wrote also "Astrophel" and "Stella" and "Defence of Poetry."

The "Arcadia" embodies the very spirit of his age, and an heroic tone of thought. Pamela's prayer in it was used by Charles I. before his death, and has therefore a most touching interest for us. We will add the closing portion of it as a specimen of the noble nature of the poet and of the king who sympathised with him. "Let the power of my enemies prevail, but prevail not to my destruction. Let my greatness be their prey; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge; let them, if so it seem good unto Thee, vex me with more and more punishment; but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body."

This warrior and poet was also the very model of a courtier, but without the baseness of the mere flatterer. Elizabeth called him the brightest jewel of her Crown, and Lord Brooke thought it the greatest glory of his life that he could have inscribed on his tomb, THE FRIEND OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

His domestic virtues were equally remarkable; he was the best of sons to a most noble father - Sir Henry Sidney (in whose arms King Edward VI. died), and he was the most affectionate and generous of brothers to young Robert Sidney and his beloved sister Mary. The latter, the Countess of Pembroke, equalled him in fine qualities and intellectual gifts. He was the idol of his times, both in his native home and on the Continent, and for his chivalrous character and virtue the Crown of Poland was actually offered to him.

Sir Philip's portrait must have been taken when he was about two or three and twenty. His dress is a rich laced doublet of pale crimson, a ruff his neck, and a scarlet mantle hanging loosely from his shoulder. He has clear earnest eyes and ruddy brown hair. He is standing reading with a staff of office in his hand.

Algernon Sidney's portrait is similar to the engravings of him. He is standing by a column, leaning on a folio book labelled LIBERTAS; his buff coat, scarlet sash, and steel cuirass are the dress of the age. His is a stern and melancholy countenance, and as in the background are the Tower and the axe, it must have been painted after his execution.

The women of the house of Sidney have also been distinguished. Dorothy Sidney, "Saccharissa," was immortalised by Waller, and at Penshurst a noble avenue of beeches is still called Saccherissa's Walk.

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

Are days of old familiar to thy mind, O Reader?
Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With highborn beauties and enamoured chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and with a breathless joy,
Whose expectation touched the verge of pain
Following their dangerous fortunes, if such love
Hath ever thrilled thy bosom, thou wilt tread
As with a pilgrims reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady,
With courteous courage and with loyal love.
Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourished, when his perishable part
Had mouldered dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath mouldered now, but Sidney's fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

Robert SOUTHEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. "His wit and understanding," says his friend Lord Brooke, "beat upon his heart to make himself and others, not in word or opinion, but in life and action, good and great."

CANTERBURY.



ANCIENT, beautiful and full of historical memories is Canterbury Cathedral. Here the first Christian Church erected by the AngloSaxons arose, and Canterbury is the oldest Episcopal city in England. Its archbishop is metropolitan, and has suffragan bishops subject to him; he is also primate of all England, and first peer of the realm.

Many of the Roman legionaries were Christians, and they had built two churches at Canterbury, which were still standing when Augustine arrived at the court of the king of Kent. Every one knows how Gregory the Great, enchanted with the beauty of the Anglo-Saxon children in the slave-market where they were exposed for sale, despatched Augustine on a mission of conversion to Britain. He (Augustine), decided on going to Canterbury first, because Ethelbert's queen, the lovely Bertha of France, was a Christian, and had stipulated when she married for the free exercise of her religion, and for a chaplain and some minor ecclesiastics to perform mass for her; the missionary was consequently sure of a welcome from the royal lady and her priests. With great pomp, and in solemn procession, Augustine and his forty attendant monks presented themselves to the King and Queen of Kent. Ethelbert received them courteously, and appointed them a residence in his chief city, Canterbury. Very soon the king became a convert to Christianity and gave liberty to the monks to preach freely and build churches throughout his kingdom, and Pope Gregory declared that hereafter the Church of Canterbury was to be paramount over all others in England, "for," said the good Pope, "where the Christian faith was first received, there also should be a primacy of dignity."

On the death of Ethelbert the infant Church was exposed to great perils. Ethelbert's son and successor, Eadbald, was a pagan and a persecutor; the enemies of Christianity ruled in Kent, and the bishops of London and Rochester, who had been appointed by Augustine, fled from the country, forsaking their sees in order to save their lives. Bishop Lawrence, Augustine's successor, was about to fly also, when he was stayed by a miracle, real or pretended.

The night before his intended departure Lawrence slept in the church, and dreamed that the Apostle Peter appeared to him, and reproaching him severely for his cowardice in forsaking the flock entrusted to his care, proceeded to beat him severely with his pastoral staff. Lawrence awaking in pain, found that a portion of his dream had been a reality, for he was stiff with bruises and weals, and his shoulders were severely lacerated.

The bishop at once proceeded to the palace, asked to see the apostate king, and laying bare his wounded shoulders, told Eadbald the vision. The king became from that hour convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, for he could not suppose that Lawrence would have willingly inflicted such injuries on himself. If he had, or if he had ordered one of his monks to do it, the pious fraud had greater success than it deserved, for the king of Kent now supported the church he had persecuted.

Canterbury was sacked in after years by the Danes, who massacred the archbishop and all his monks - for the church was also a monastic institution, and the archbishop an abbot. Canute, to atone for this cruel sacrilege, repaired the church and restored the body of the murdered archbishop to his monks. But in the time of the Norman Conquest the church was completely burned down, and not a single fragment remains of St. Augustine's Church.

Lanfranc rebuilt it and Anselm built the choir in such splendid style that according to William of Malmesbury, "it surpassed every other choir in England," in the transparency of its glass windows, its beautiful marble pavement and the painting of the roof. Prior Conrad completed the chancel, and the magnificent cathedral was dedicated in 1130, in the presence of Henry I. of England, David, king of Scotland, and all the bishops of the English Church.

In 1170 Becket was murdered in this church, and it was in Conrad's choir that the monks watched his body the following night.

It is a sad story - a few hasty words spoken by the king, who had certainly been greatly tried by the haughty prelate, and four knights, Reginald Fitzurse, William Tracy, Hugh de Morville and Richard Brito set out to rid Henry of his foe.

On the 29th of December they proceeded with a number of followers and citizens to the Monastery of

St. Augustine, the abbot of which was loyal to the king; from thence they proceeded to the archbishop's palace, and entering his apartment abruptly at about two in the afternoon, seated themselves on the moor without saluting him in any way. There was a pause: then Becket asked what they wanted; they did not answer immediately, but sat gazing on him with haggard eyes. At length Reginald Fitzurse spoke: "We come," he said, "that you may absolve the bishops you have excommunicated; re-establish the bishops you have suspended; and answer for your own offences against the king."

Becket replied with boldness and great warmth, saying that he had published the papal letters of excommunication with the king's consent; that he could not absolve the Archbishop of York, whose case was heinous, and must be brought before the Pope alone; but that he would remove the censures from the two other bishops if they would swear to submit to the decisions of Rome.

"But of whom, then, do you hold your archbishopric," asked Reginald - "of the king or the Pope?"

"I owe the spiritual rights to God and the Pope, and the temporal rights to the king," answered Becket.

"How! Is it not the king hath given you all?"

Becket replied in the negative; "and the knights furiously twisted their long gloves."

Becket then reproached three of them, who had been his liegemen in the days of his vainglory and prosperity, for forsaking him, and said that it was not for such as they to threaten him in his own house, adding that if he were threatened by all the swords in England he would not yield.

"We will do more than threaten," replied the knights, and departed. When they were gone Becket's attendants blamed him for the rough and provoking tone in which he had replied to his adversaries. He answered that he had no need of their advice; he knew what to do. The barons, who seem to have wished to avoid bloodshed, finding that threats were useless, armed themselves and returned to the palace, but they found the gate had been shut and barred by the servants. Robert de Broc endeavoured to break it in with his battle-axe, and his blows rang on the air.

Becket's servants, greatly alarmed, besought him to escape, but he refused even to take sanctuary in the church, perhaps from fear of the holy place being contaminated by crime and bloodshed, but at last, as the bell tolling for vespers reached his ears, he said he would go to the service, and making his cup-bearer precede him with the crucifix uplifted, he passed through the corridor with a solemn and measured pace, and entered the church. His servants wished to barricade the doors, but Becket forbade them. "No one," he said, "should be debarred from entering the house of God."

The terrified monks, as the noise outside became greater, fled to hide themselves; only three—Canon Robert of Merton, Fitz Stephen, and the faithful Gryme remained with him. He was ascending the steps that lead to the choir when Reginald Fitzurse appeared at the west end of the church, waving his sword and shouting, "Follow me, loyal servants of the king." The other conspirators followed him closely; four mailed figures gleaming, whenever a faint light from a shrine fell on their armour. But the shades of evening were closing in the short December day, and the vast church was in obscurity. Becket might easily have escaped and hidden himself in the intricate crypt underground, or in the chapel beneath the roof, and the monks urged him to do so, but he refused, and boldly advanced to meet the intruders, preceded by his cross-bearer, Edward Gryme, or Grim, a German monk.

A voice shouted, "Where is the traitor?" Becket made no reply; but when Fitzurse said, "Where is the archbishop?" he answered, "Here am I, an archbishop, but no traitor, ready to suffer in my Saviour's name."

Tracy pulled him by the sleeve, saying, "Come, thou art our prisoner."

He pulled back his arm so violently that he made Tracy stagger.

"They advised him," says Knight in his "Pictorial History," "to flee, or to go with them; and on a candid consideration it seems to us that the conspirators are entitled to a doubt as to whether they really intended a murder, or were not rather hurried into it by his obstinacy and provoking language."

It does, indeed, seem as if Becket desired what he considered martyrdom. Turning to Fitzurse he said, "I have done thee many pleasures, why comest thou with armed men into my church?" They told him he must instantly absolve the bishops. "Never, till they have offered satisfaction," he replied, and he addressed a foul term to Fitzurse.

"Then die," exclaimed Fitzurse, striking at his head; but the faithful Gryme interposed his arm, which was nearly cut off, and the stroke only just reached the primate, and slightly wounded him. Another voice cried, "Fly, or thou diest!" but still Becket did not move. With the blood running down his face, he clasped

his hands, and bowing his head exclaimed, "To God, to St. Mary, to the holy patrons of this church and to St. Denis, I commend my soul and the Church's cause."

Blow now followed blow, and one from De Tracy brought him to the pavement; another was given with such force that the sword broke against the stone flooring. The blow had cleft his skull, and the brains were scattered about. Hugh of Horsea, one of their followers, then put his foot on the archbishop's neck, and cried, "Thus perishes a traitor."

The conspirators then left the church in safety, and went their different ways.

There are memorials of Becket's assassination in the cathedral itself. There is the Transept of Martyrdom; the door by which the knights entered the church; the wall in front of which the archbishop fell, and there is reason to believe (antiquarians tell us) that the pavement in front of the wall is the same now as then. It is of hard Caen stone, and a small square piece has been cut out of it, probably as a relic.

The steps up which pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas climbed on their knees still remain; and the indentations in the stones from wear yet tell of the pious multitudes that sought from him protection or pardon.

In 1174 Canterbury Cathedral was on fire, and the whole of the choir was destroyed. It was restored by William of Sens, and William Anglus, i.e. English William, under whom the choir and other buildings were completed, 1184. Prior Challenden took down Lanfranc's nave, and erected a new one with transepts, and Prior Goldstone added the great central tower.

In 1692 Canterbury suffered with all the other cathedrals. The centre of the great window of the north transept, in which Becket was painted robed and mitred, was demolished by a Roundhead.

The present cathedral, consisting of the different buildings thus erected, combines specimens of all classes of pointed architecture-transition, Norman, and perpendicular. The interior is much finer than the exterior. It is in the form of a double cross, and consists of a nave and aisles, a short transept with two chapels, a choir and aisles elevated above the nave by a flight of steps, another and larger transept with two semicircular recesses on the east side of each, and two square towers to the west.

East of the choir is Trinity chapel, which contains Becket's shrine and the corona, with the monument of Cardinal Pole.

Canterbury is distinguished from all other cathedrals by the choir rising so high above the nave. It is reached by a stately flight of steps, and this magnificent approach (with the massive piers rising like a forest of stone) is one of the chief beauties of the great cathedral.

Pilgrimages to the shrine of Becket (who was canonised) were frequent during the Middle Ages, and to them we owe the chief poems of our first English poet, Chaucer, the "Canterbury Tales." The murder of Becket and his following canonisation, were indeed most important events in the history of the cathedral. To him it owed its fame and wealth and artistic decorations.

The great window of the north transept was, as we have said, destroyed by a Roundhead, named Richard Culmer or Blue Dick, with his pike; the destructive Puritan, however, narrowly escaped with his life, for a loyal fellow-townsmen threw a stone at him with so good an aim that, if Blue Dick had not ducked, he might have laid his bones there.

There is still existing a grace cup, believed to have belonged to Becket, and legends and initials confirm the ancient possession. Round the lid is the motto *Sobrii estate*, with the letters T. B. supporting a mitre. Round the cup is chased *Vinum tuum bibe cum gaudio*. Round the neck is the name "God Ferare," probably the name of the goldsmith. The cup of ivory probably did belong to Becket, but the setting is not earlier than towards the close of the fifteenth century.

It is in the possession of the Arundel family.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

Figure 38: Canterbury Cathedral.

DOVER.



NLY those who have returned home after a long absence in other climes can realise the rapture with which one sees the white cliffs of Albion rising from the sea in their calm majesty. The high cliffs of Dover are picturesque in the extreme, and were looked on by the Britons of the earliest times as the vanguard of the British defences. They had a rude fort there long before the invasion of Caesar.

When threatened with invasion by Napoleon, the English Government put the castle into a state of strength sufficient to stand a siege by a modern army. The works then constructed consist of different batteries, containing a formidable train of artillery; casements dug in the solid chalk rock; magazines, covered ways, various subterranean passages, and lodging for 2,000 soldiers; light and air being conveyed by shafts and side openings through the rock to the face of the cliffs.

Within the Keep is an ancient well, said to be 310 feet in depth, and near it, within the Saxon works, are three other wells, nearly as deep. The large well is mentioned in the document by which the castle was surrendered to William the Norman.

The castle consists of two wards, an upper and lower, and occupies about thirty-five acres of ground. The lower ward is surrounded by an irregular wall or curtain, flanked at unequal distances by towers of different shapes. The oldest of these towers is said to have been built by Earl Godwin, the father of Harold, and still bears his name.

The Constable's Tower is the principal entrance to the lower court; this entrance has a deep ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, massive gates and a portcullis.

The Keep, re-built by Henry II., is very like the keep of Rochester Castle. It is in good preservation, and is used as a magazine. The walls are from eighteen to twenty feet thick, and in their thickness run galleries almost entirely protected from missile weapons. The summit of the keep is embattled, and at each angle is a turret. During the last wars it (the summit) was made bomb-proof, and several cannon are mounted on the top.

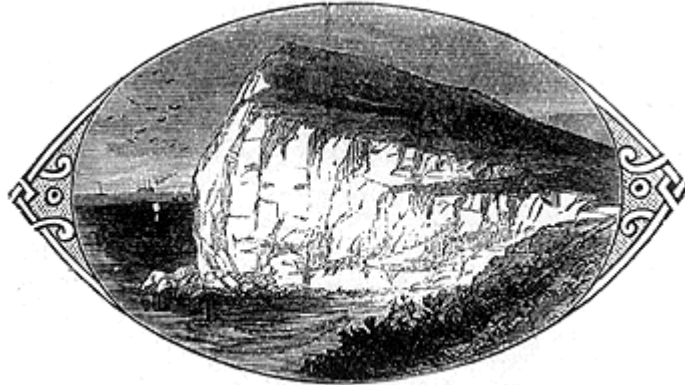
Near the edge of the cliff is a beautiful brass cannon, twenty-four feet long, cast at Utrecht in 1514, and presented by the States of Holland to Queen Elizabeth. It is called "Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistoll." It carries a twelve pound shot, but is quite unfit for use. There are several curious devices upon it, and some lines in old Dutch, which have been thus translated:

"O'er hill and dale I throw my ball
Breaker (my name) of mound and wall."

Shakspeare has left us a fine picture of Dover cliffs, with which we will close our description of them:

"There is a cliff whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep,"
Come on, sir ; here's the place:
Stand still: now fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: halfway down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high; I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
 Look up a height; the shrill songed lark so far
 Cannot be seen or heard."



SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.

Figure 39: Shakspeares cliff.

It was from the cliffs of Dover that the Roman galleys approaching the shores of Britain were seen by the gallant people, who resolved to sell their lives and liberty dearly. They watched the invaders from these cliffs as they sailed along the coast to find a landing place, and following all their movements, descended. Sending their cavalry and war chariots before them, and marching rapidly after them with the body of their troops, they prepared to oppose the Romans' landing. Caesar, however, favoured by both wind and tide, determined to disembark his forces on the open flat shore between Walmer and Sandwich. But the Roman soldiers hesitated to leave their galleys (deterred according to Caesar's account by the depth of the water). The standard-bearer, however, of the famous tenth legion, was equal to the occasion. Shouting with a clarion voice, "Follow me, fellow soldiers, unless you will give up your eagle to the enemy; I, at least, will do my duty," he sprang into the sea, and dashed with his eagle into the ranks of the British. The soldiers instantly followed the heroic Roman, and the troops from the other galleys hesitated no longer. The contest that followed was a severe one, and Caesar himself acknowledges the valour of the Britons. They rushed into the sea to encounter and drive back the invaders; but Roman discipline and arms prevailed, and Caesar landed his two legions, and finally defeated the natives of the island.

He was unable to follow up his victory on account of the absence of his cavalry and a hollow peace was made with the Britons; but as we all know, the conquest of Britain was finally achieved. It became a Roman province, and one of the first buildings erected by the conquerors was a watch-tower or Pharos, which still exists on Dover cliffs. It is unmistakably a Roman work, and is now about forty feet high; but the upper part is more modern, and appears to have been added by Sir Thomas Erpingham (he who gave the signal to begin the battle of Agincourt), as he repaired the Pharos when constable of the castle in the reign of Henry V., and his arms are sculptured on the north front.

Close by the Pharos is an ancient church, generally said to have been built by King Lucius in the second century, but the walls are of a much later period, though Roman materials are worked up in them. The church has been restored by Government, and is now used as a garrison chapel.

The Castle is magnificently situated on the summit of a cliff more than 300 feet high. William of Normandy took possession of it immediately after the battle of Hastings. Creating his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, Earl of Kent, he gave the castle into his custody, wisely considering it the key to the island. But Odo of Bayeux was a stern, tyrannical man, and much hated by the Saxons.

The men of Kent were not inclined to submit to him, nor, in fact, to William himself, and they resolved to retake their castle. They sent to Eustace, Count of Boulogne, entreating his aid; it was readily yielded, and the count managed to cross the Channel unobserved by the Normans. The Kentish men met him on the shore. He had brought a number of scaling ladders, intending to surprise the fortress. They were descried,

however, by the soldiers in the castle, who allowed them to approach and to begin scaling the wall; but then they opened the gates, sallied forth, and attacked the assailants with such fury that Eustace and a few others were the only ones who escaped. They succeeded in reaching their ship, but the rest were either slain by the sword, crushed by falling from the cliffs, or "devoured by the sea."

A terrible scene Dover cliffs must have presented on the dawn of the next morning.

Odo of Bayeux being suspected by William of disloyalty or treachery, was sent prisoner by him to Normandy, and his possessions were confiscated; the king seized Dover Castle and fortified it anew, appointing not one custodian, but nine. These were trusty knights, who by tenure of lands were each bound to find and maintain a hundred and twelve soldiers; and they were appointed to perform watch and ward, each in particular towers, turrets and bulwarks, which bore the names of their respective captains.

Henry II. rebuilt the keep, and refortified the castle. It was twice besieged by Louis the Dauphin, when he was called over by the discontented barons in John's reign, but it was so gallantly defended by Hubert de Burgh, the governor, the first time with a garrison of only a hundred and forty soldiers and his own servants, that the French retired with loss. Once again Louis besieged Dover Castle, and this time endeavoured to bribe Hubert to surrender it to him; but De Burgh was inflexibly honest and treated his offers with contempt. Our readers will recognise in Hubert de Burgh the Hubert of Shakspeare's magnificent tragedy of King John."

But though Dover Castle was saved from the surprise intended by Eustace de Boulogne and the men of Kent, it was not so fortunate during the civil war in Charles I.'s reign. A certain merchant, named Drake, resolved to obtain possession of it for the Parliament, and on the night of August 1st, 1642, with the aid of only twelve men he resolved to make the attempt.

The cliff on the seaside being considered inaccessible, was left unguarded. The brave Drake, with ropes and scaling ladders led his followers up this terrible path in the faint starlight. They succeeded in reaching the top unobserved, and he instantly made his way down to the entrance; here he seized the sentinel, and threw open the gates. The officer on duty believing that Drake had a strong force with him, and that resistance was hopeless, surrendered at discretion. Drake immediately despatched messengers to Canterbury, where Lord Warwick was with his troops, and the Earl instantly sent him one hundred and twenty men to help him retain the castle. The Royal forces shortly after besieged the daring conqueror, but the Parliament sent a superior force to his relief, and the Royalists were compelled to raise the siege.

This is the last adventure recorded of Dover Castle.

SURREY :

ITS HILLS AND CAVES.



SURREY is a perfectly English county in point of rural beauty. It is rich in pastures and streams and thickly studded with woods. From Leith Hill a perfect picture of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent may be obtained, and very lovely is that sunlighted, rich champaign country, the variety of woods, fields of corn and pasture, and clumps, groves, rows of stately trees, render it equal to any part of picturesque England.

The beautiful vale on which we gaze from Leith Hill is about thirty miles in breadth and sixty in length, and is terminated at the south by the majestic range of the southern hills and the sea; about noon on a summer day, when the air is serene and clear, one can see the line of sea water through a chasm of the South Downs called Becting Gap. Then turning northward, one looks over Box Hill and sees the country beyond, between it and London; from this point Box Hill appears insignificant, whilst the richly clothed hills of Norbury form a charming perspective.

The whole circumference of this view is at least 200 miles, and it far exceeds that from the keep or terrace of Windsor Castle. The country looks like one fair garden spread before us; the fields of yellow, russet, or dark brown softening the brilliant green of the pastures. When we have descended from the hill to the main road, we have again to ascend and take the left turning to reach Abinger. Proceeding to Abinger Cross-ways and walking for about a quarter of a mile northward, we reach Everehed's Rough, where a memorial cross - a granite monolith - marks the spot where Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, one of the wittiest and most eloquent of prelates, was killed by a fall from his horse, July 19th, 1873.

Wotton, famous as the birth-place and residence of John Evelyn, lies to the right of the turnpike, in the direction of Leith Hill; a fine old place that has been in the Evelyn family since the reign of Elizabeth Evelyn, known to us by his "Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees" and by his "Diary" is stated to have covered a great part of the parish of Wotton with trees of his own planting. He was one of the most excellent of men in a profligate age.

Reigate, not far from Dorking, is a town of great antiquity, nestling amongst hills and trees. Its old church, situated on a rising ground to the east of the town, with its square embattled tower, is highly picturesque.

Reigate had once a castle, said to have been built by the Earls of Warren and Surrey, but William, Earl of Warren, in the reign of John, is the first of his family mentioned as its owner by Dugdale.

The earl hesitated between the barons and the king, and, in consequence, lost his castle, which for a time was in the possession of Louis, the Dauphin of France, whom the barons had called in to oppose John. His occupation of it is shown by the French coins that have been found at times in the ground near the ruins.

But the castle that once crowned the heights above the town is entirely gone, not a vestige remains of it; and where it once stood on the top of the hill are now public gardens, prettily laid out, and fragrant in summer with lilies and roses, and with a velvet lawn bordered by flowers. On this height the air is very pure and fragrant, and there is an extensive view of Reigate Park to the south, Leith Hill and Reigate Hill on the west and north, the red roofs of the town clustering in the valley below.

In the centre of the lawn is a small pyramid of stones, having an opening in it which is an entrance to the singular and interesting caves below. A flight of rough steps, eighteen feet deep, and a descending passage of twenty-six feet or more, lead to a small cave which has the appearance of being a guard-room, at the bottom of this entrance, but no one is now allowed to descend the steps to it. To see the caves, we had to call on the gardener, who has a pretty cottage near a stone archway (erected in 1777), and ask him to conduct us to the caves. Walking down towards the ancient moat, and half round the mount, we descended some steps, the guide opened a door, and we entered the caves. Candles in holders are placed along the walls, and these the guide lighted as we proceeded, and we saw by their dim light the interior of the caves. From the small chamber at the entrance we passed into a passage rather more than a yard wide, and eight feet high, which widened to double the size as we advanced.

Our feet were on pure dry silver sand that carpets all the cave, and glitters delightfully. It is never

damp there, the guide told us.

On the white sandstone of the sides of the passage are a great number of wonderful carvings. Several heads are Roman in feature, and wear the Roman casque, and in one or two places we recognized the white horse of the Saxon. Had time and light allowed, one might have deciphered something like a story inscribed on these stones.

The cave passage runs on till another joins it, that is about twenty-seven feet long, and opens into a cave called the Barons' Cave. It is rounded into the segment of a circle, and at the end is a stone seat, on which tradition says the barons sat when, in the security of this earth chamber, they deliberated on the demands to be made in Magna Charta. It was interesting to believe that we looked on the spot where the charter of our freedom was concocted; but unfortunately there is no proof of the truth of the tradition.

On the ground lay an immense stone cannon ball, that the guide told us was used to summon the soldiers from the guard-room. He lifted it and let it drop, and the sound reverberated through the caverns. The cave-passages lead direct to the guard-room, a good-sized cave, from which the passage and steps ascend to the garden; a very few men could have protected the barons from foes descending them, or entering by the doorway; and the cave is certainly well fitted as a meeting place for conspirators. The Barons' Cave is thirteen feet wide.

There are other caves in Reigate, some of which were discovered when the railway was made. One of them under the railway is used as a wine vault. It is of some extent, and has rather dangerous pits in it. We saw it, by courteous permission of the owner, lighted by a guide with a tallow candle on a rod, that faintly illumined the surrounding darkness. A little boy of the party ram away, and the guide was evidently uneasy till he came back again, as we could not have found him if he had hidden in the great dark caves, or he might have fallen into a sandpit.

Were these caves (said to extend for eight miles) refuges for the Surrey women and children when the Danes invaded England? For the inhabitants of this district were so successful in repelling them (the Danes), that they gave rise to a proverbial distich attributed to them by Camden,-

"The vale of Holmes dale
Never wonne; never shall."

The reason that doubt has been cast on the story of Magna Charta having been concocted in the Barons' Cave, is that the Earl of Surrey of that time continued faithful to the king till resistance to their claims became hopeless. "it cannot, therefore," says Timbs, "be supposed that his castle would be chosen for their deliberations."

It is quite possible, however, that Lord Surrey and his friends may have held secret consultations in the Barons' Cave.

In 1265 a crime tarnished the reputation of John de Warren, Earl of Surrey. He had a lawsuit with Alan, Baron de la Zouche, about the title of a certain manor. The cause was decided against the earl, who was so exasperated that he insulted the baron, using abusive language to him. Surrey had armed retainers with him though their weapons were concealed; De la Zouche and his son were unarmed. By order of the earl, it is said, the followers of Surrey drew their swords and assaulted the unarmed gentlemen. Perceiving their danger, the father and son fled towards the king's chamber in the palace of Westminster; but the assailants followed, and wounded both De la Zoache and his son, the latter mortally.

The earl fled with his servants after this violence to the Thames, crossed the river, and took refuge in Reigate Castle.

Henry III. and Prince Edward thought it impossible to overlook so great a crime, though the earl had been to them a useful and loyal subject. They ordered Surrey to appear before the Court to answer for his offense. The earl refused to obey, and Prince Edward, accompanied by the Archbishop of York and other nobles, proceeded to Reigate to take the culprit into custody.

At first he seemed resolved to defend the fortress, but he was persuaded to surrender. He was tried, and asserting in his defence that the act was one of sudden anger and not premeditated violence, he was merely fined 10,000 marks to the king, and 2,000 marks to the injured baron.

In the third year of Edward I. he visited Earl Warren at Reigate, and was magnificently entertained by him. In return, the king remitted 1,000 marks of the fine that still remained unpaid.

In Reigate parish church lie the remains of the great Lord Charles Howard, of Effingham, who fought so gallantly against the Spanish Armada in Elizabeth's time. He was buried here. About a hundred years ago the vault was opened, and the following inscription on a brass plate, fixed to a leaden coffin, was seen:-

"Heare lyeth the body of Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admyrall of England, Generall of Queene Elizabeth's Navy Royall at sea against the Spanyard's invinsable navy in the year of our Lord, 1588; who departed this life at Haling House the 14 day of Dec., in the yeare of our Lord, 1624. AEtatis suae, 87."

Box HILL. - This small but remarkable hill of trees, situated 445 feet above the level of the river Mole, is a very delightful spot to wander on, amidst trees and wild flowers that are here of great beauty. The view from the summit is that of the fertile and lovely land that has been often called the Garden of England, - a name worthy of the rich and beautiful pastoral county in which the hill stands.

The box trees are said to have been planted by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who intended to build a house here, but had to forego his purpose on account of want of water. In 1800, the then owner of Box Hill and Betchworth Park sold the box on the hill for 15,000, the purchaser being allowed fourteen years to cut it down.

At the side of the main path, Major Lahelliere, an eccentric person, was buried in 1800 at his own request, with his head downwards, as he believed that the world would be turned upside down, and then he would be in a right position.

Boxhill belongs to the Hope family; on the summit of the hill Mr. Hope built a cottage where those who visit the spot, either as travellers, or for the purpose of playing any of the national sports, can get refreshments.

Descending the hill on the opposite side to Burford, and taking the path leading to the Betchworth road, we come to the principal entrance of Betchworth Park, about a mile east of Dorking. It forms a portion of the lovely Deepdene estate, where thick groves and fine avenues offer delightful walks to pedestrians. Here, also, beneath stately chestnut trees, are seats erected; and to this pleasant rural scene the people of Dorking proceed on Sunday afternoons to enjoy all the sweetness of nature in her summer garb of foliage and flowers, which the generous consideration of the owner allows them to share.

Deepdene is an Italian villa, surrounded by fine grounds, which, as Timbs says, "display unceasing variety in their disposal"; and in truth every portion of this princely domain, whether viewed in the palmy days of summer, or in the shady splendour of autumn, abounds with positive proof of the highly cultivated tastes of the late proprietor and his predecessor; the ornamental bridges, porticoes, lodges, wineries, gates, and even rustic seats, have some peculiarity which denote that they were designed by no ordinary skill.

Lord Beaconsfield wrote "Coningsby" amid the shades of Deepdene:

The house contains a gallery of exquisite sculpture, a collection of fine paintings, a number of valuable Etruscan vases, and an extensive and well-chosen library. Mr. Hope's great wealth enabled him to travel and collect the treasures placed here; he was known as a man of genius and of the most highly cultivated taste.

NORBURY. - Writing in his diary August 27th, 1655, Evelyn says:-

"I went to Box Hill to see those rare natural bowers, cabinets, and shady walks in the box-copses, and then walked to Mickleham and saw Sir F. Stidolph's seat environed with elm trees and walnuts innumerable, from which last he told me they derived a considerable revenue. Here are such goodly walks and hills shaded with yew and box as render the place extremely agreeable, it seeming, from these evergreens, to be summer all the winter through" Sir F. Stidolph's place was Norbury Park, the most beautiful spot in beautiful Surrey.

Edward the Confessor found the remains of a Roman stronghold at Norbury. He converted it into a district lordship held direct from the Crown. At the Conquest it was given to Richard of Tunbridge, and from him was inherited by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. He - the earl - may have taken hither the lovely little princess Joanna, when, after their marriage, she loved to visit his noble castles before settling down in their rural home of Clerkenwell. For many generations the Husee family were tenants of the Earls of Gloucester, and at length they purchased Norbury. A daughter received it as her portion when she married Wymeldon in the reign of Henry VI. Heirs male failing, Norbury passed to the Stidolphs, an old Kentish family. In time the Stidolphs also died out, and Norbury was sold to a man by the name of Chapman, who bought it to make money out of it, and cut down every saleable tree. Beautiful Norbury

would have been destroyed had not Mr. Lock bought it of him in 1774.

He was a man of great taste, and restored and improved the place, building a fine house on the crest of the hill. The windows commanded an exquisite view, and the decorations of his saloon were so fine that they became the talk of the time.

He entertained here Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke and Gibbon, and all the most distinguished characters in England.

When the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror drove the noblesse of France into emigration the fame of Mr. Lock's house and hospitality, which had long before reached Paris, brought some remarkable exiles to Surrey. At Juniper Hill Madame de Stael established her menage with Talleyrand, the Comte de Narbonne, the Duc de Montmorency, Monsieur Sicard and General D'Arblay; they were all entertained at Norbury. Fanny Burney, the novelist, used to stay at the house, and there fell in love with General D'Arblay. They were both very poor, but Miss Burney had a pension of a hundred a year from Queen Charlotte, in whose hard service she had spent the best of her life, and she made money by her pen, though not to any great amount. However, they married, and Mr. Lock gave them "a piece of ground in his beautiful park," she writes, "upon which we shall build a little neat and plain habitation." Her novel "Camilla" furnished the funds for building the house, which was finished in 1797, and called after the book, Camilla Cottage. It is now Camilla Lacey. Her diary contains amusing and graphic accounts of their residence here, of General D'Arblay cutting down asparagus with his sword, etc., etc.

At Norbury, in 1819, Mr. Lock's son died, and the property was sold to a Mr. Robinson, then to Mr. Fuller Maitland, who exchanged it with Mr. Speding. At length it was bought, in 1848, by Mr. Grissell, grandson of the builder of the new Houses of Parliament, who has greatly improved the grounds. There is a grove of yews here that are a perfect show, and Sir Joseph Paxton has been seen to embrace and kiss the bark of a magnificent beech here: he declared that the yews and beeches of Norbury were the finest in England.

About a mile distant from Norbury is the inn at Burford, where Nelson spent his last days in England, and where, about ten or eleven years afterwards, Keats, then barely twenty-one, wrote the latter part of his fine poem "Endymion."



A SURREY HEDGEROW.

Figure 40: A Surrey Hedgerow.

MOOR PARK.



HIS house has so many memories attached it that we must have noticed it even if it had not been, as it is, a picturesque place. It lies at the foot of the hills that bound the heaths towards Farnham, and is near Waverley Abbey. It is a spacious mansion of three storeys, and was the residence of Sir William Temple, long ambassador to the Hague, and a man of great ability as a statesman and essayist. He died at Moor Park in 1698, and beneath a sundial in the garden, near the east end of the house, his heart is buried; his body lies in Westminster Abbey.

He engaged Jonathan Swift, a distant relation of his own, and then a young man, to read to him and occasionally to act as amanuensis at a salary of £20 a year and his board. At first the accomplished courtier and statesman could scarcely endure the rough manners of the poor Irish lad, seldom talked to him, and never let him sit at his table. But Swift saw what good manners were in his brief interviews with Temple, and also what education could do. He resolved to improve himself, and studied eight hours every day. At the end of two years he was obliged to leave Moor Park, and go to Ireland for his health sake. He had foolishly eaten at one time a dozen Shene pippins, and they made him extremely ill. Sir William missed his clever amanuensis during his absence, and when Swift was able to return to him he occupied a far different position; he was now Temple's confidential secretary, and was permitted to be present at his employer's interviews with William III., who was much attached to Sir William. Whenever Temple had the gout and was unable to attend on his sovereign, he deputed Swift to do so, and the king seems to have liked the young secretary very much. Swift said that William III. taught him to eat asparagus Dutch fashion, that is to consume the whole of it - not only the ends - a good way of eating it if the stalks are green and tender, but impossible when they are white and hard. William must have felt very much at home in Temple's lovely but formal gardens, for they were laid out in the Dutch style, and must have constantly reminded him of Holland. He was so pleased with Swift that he offered him the favour he would himself have most appreciated: he told him that he would make him a captain of cavalry. But Swift had no inclination for a military life, and declined it. He had a good excuse for his refusal in the frequent attacks of giddiness from which he suffered all his life. It was at Moor Park - or rather in a cottage near it - that Swift met and loved the unfortunate Stella. Her true name was Esther Johnson, and she was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward. In consideration of her father's faithful service Temple left her at his death a legacy of a thousand pounds. Sir William constructed a canal - his tastes were wholly Dutch - in his park, and there were grass walks at the sides bordered with the most beautiful flowers.

In 1699 Temple died, and left a legacy with his MSS. to Swift, after having, before his death, obtained a promise from the king that he would give the secretary the first prebend's stall vacant at Westminster or Canterbury. But William forgot his promise, though Swift had dedicated Sir William Temple's posthumous works to him.

Lord Berkeley then invited Jonathan to accompany him to Ireland as his private secretary, and he went; but he did not retain the situation long, as the earl had been told that the office ought to be held by a clergyman. Swift took orders in the Church, but was disappointed of the deanery of Derry through the same malign influence that had caused his dismissal from his secretaryship, and had to be content with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin, in Meath.

He increased the parochial duty at Laracor by having prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and certainly endeavoured to do his duty as a clergyman. He invited Esther Johnson and a Mrs. Dingley with whom she lived to Dublin, and it is said on reliable authority, secretly married her, but would never acknowledge her as his wife, or even see her alone, spending, however, much of his time with the two ladies. From this time Swift appears as an author, and wrote the "Tale of a Tub."

It was not, however, till nine years afterwards that Swift, entrusted with a mission from the Irish Primate to the minister Harley, saw opened before him a field for the exercise of his great talents. But though recognised as one of the first literary men of his time, Queen Anne's strong prejudice against him prevented Harley from promoting him in the Church; nor can we blame Anne, as some of his writings were very objectionable, and would have been most unfitting from a bishop. Swift returned to Dublin to

pass the rest of his life as Dean of St. Patrick's; from this abode issued his famous "Gulliver's Travels" and poems, and he won the adoration of an entire people by the publication of the "Drapier's Letters." But much trouble came into his life, the consequences of his own faults, and the end was, indeed, misery. He lost his reason entirely, and died mad.

We have not space to enter here into the sad story of his conduct to Miss Vanhomrigh (the Vanessa of one of his poems), and his strange love for Stella. There is every excuse for him in the incipient insanity which at the end revealed itself. Both Scott and Thackeray have written the life of this gifted but most unhappy man, whose memory will always linger about Moor Park.

There is an old cavern in the sandstone rock that bounds Moor Park, that is called "Mother Ludlam's Hole," from Mother Ludlam, a rather amiable and popular witch, having lived in it. At the bottom of it flows a small stream from some hidden spring. The water is very transparent and pure, and it was from it that the monks of Waverley Abbey obtained their supply.

Above this cave is a deep fox-hole in the sand. A person named Foote, who had become disgusted with the world, took refuge here. He remained till he was nearly starved to death; then his thirst becoming unendurable he crawled down to the stream to drink, and was found by it dying. He was taken to the nearest cottage, and then to Farnham workhouse, where he died in 1840. His last words were, "Do take me to the cave again."

WAVERLEY ABBEY.

IN the borders of Moor Park are the ruins of the once celebrated Waverley Abbey.

They stand in a large green meadow, round which the river Wey winds on three sides, overshadowed by low wooded hills. It is just such a valley as the Cistercian Monks were wont to prefer to heights.

It was the first monastery of the White, or Cistercian Monks in England, and was built by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, who brought twelve monks and their abbot to it in 1128, from the Abbey of Eleemosyna, in Normandy. It soon began to receive gifts of granges and manors, and in about fifty years it had seventy brothers in it, and a hundred and twenty lay brethren. It kept also about thirty ploughs always at work. King John persecuted them for their wealth, and the monks had to disperse and fly; but they soon returned, and on St Thomas's Day, 1230, they entered in procession their new church, which had been thirty years building, and was opened that day.

The annals (or chronicle) kept in this abbey were published in Gale's Hist. Anglicanae Scriptorum. They begin in 1066 and end in 1291, and are very interesting. Waverley colonised several abbeys in the south, from Kent to Devonshire; but at the

Dissolution it was not a very rich abbey, though it had a fairly good income of 174 8s. 3 1/2 d. It was granted by Henry to his treasurer, Sir W. Fitzwilliam.

The precincts of this abbey had the full privilege of sanctuary, the same as if the applicant clung to the altar, and they held tenaciously to this right, of which a singular instance is given in their annals.

During the abbacy of Bishop Giffard in 1240, a young man offered himself as shoemaker to the fraternity, and was received into the abbey; but in the August following, some officers of justice appeared and arrested him on a charge of murder. In vain the monks and their abbot represented that the man was in sanctuary; the officers carried off their prisoner. The abbot and monks, greatly alarmed by this invasion of their privileges, agreed not to hold any divine services in the abbey till the wrong done it had been righted. The abbot was deputed to go and represent the facts to the Pope's Legate, who then happened to be in England. The Legate heard, but - all circumstances considered - refused to interfere. The abbot then proceeded to the king (Henry III.), demanded the punishment of his officers for violating sanctuary, and craved the return of the prisoner.

The Lords and councillors of Henry, however, interfered, and insisted that the abbot should first remove the interdict on his abbey, and produce his charters and muniments that the case might be thoroughly examined and considered. The bishop complied, and his charter being examined, it was found that the Abbey had the right of sanctuary he claimed, and his petition was at once granted. The suspected murderer was restored to the monks; the officers were condemned to ask pardon of Holy Church and to be whipped at the gate of the monastery. This sentence was executed by the Dean of the Abbey and the Vicar of Farnham. The poor men were then absolved and dismissed.

It is to be hoped that the monks believed the culprit not guilty of the charge against him; but no such motive, we may be sure, inspired their action. They only sought to protect the rights of sanctuary, which gave them so much power, and of which this incident shows the injurious side.

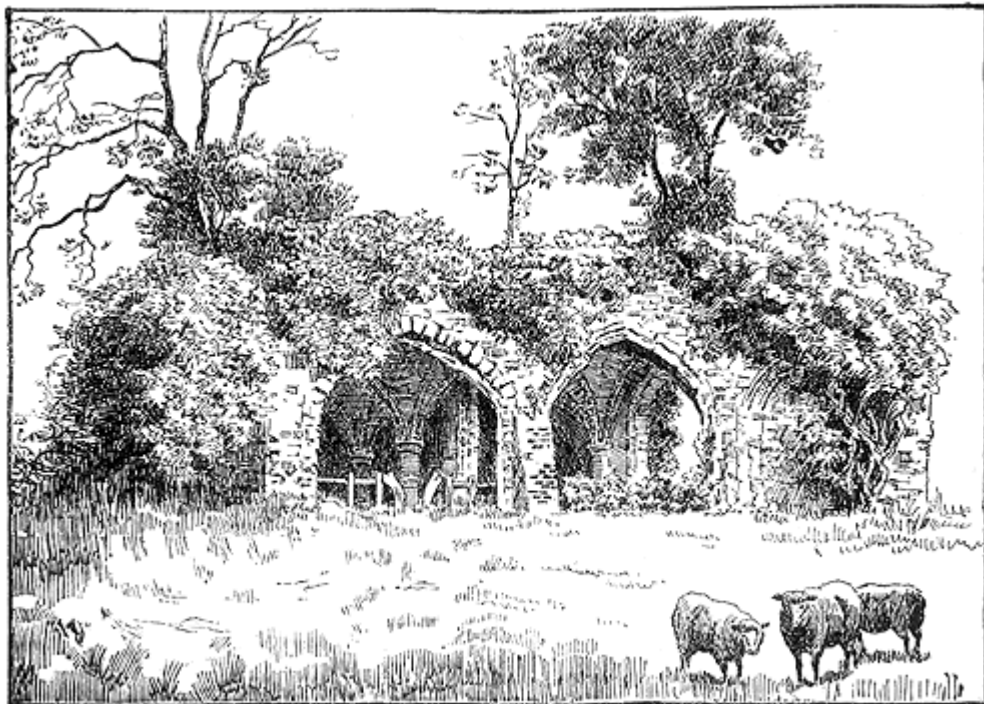
In cases where sanctuary would have saved an innocent political applicant for it, it was often found powerless, as, for example in the case of poor little Prince Richard of York, and of Perkin Warbeck. both of whom were removed from sanctuary against their own will or that of their guardians.

Of the existing remains of the abbey there is a fairly perfect vaulted crypt of the early English character. Near it is the solitary wall of a room, with three lancet windows in it; this, it is thought, may have been the refectory. Trees and ivy overshadow the remaining pieces of wall, and grow in and out of them, so close to the river that the abbey must have suffered from inundations whenever it overflowed its banks.

It is a tradition of the neighbourhood that there is concealed treasure in the ground, but no trace of it has ever been found.

The gardens of the abbey were once some of the most productive in England, the wall-fruit being especially fine and abundant.





WAVERLEY ABBEY.—THE VAULTED CRYPT.

Figure 41: Waverley Abbey - the vaulted crypt.

LOSELEY HOUSE; OR, A POET'S LOVE STORY.



HIS very ancient mansion is situated about two miles south-east of Guildford. It was much neglected for some years, but it retains a most beautiful chimney - piece in the dining-room, exquisitely carved, and a beautiful ceiling in the drawing-room of Gothic tracery and pendant corbels. In one of the cornices is a mulberry tree with these inscriptions on each side of it: *Morus tarde Moriens*, on the other, *Morum cito Moriturum* - a rebus on the family name. In one of the bedrooms is also a beautiful ceiling, in some of the compartments of which a moor cock and moor hen are introduced - the badges of the Mores.

Loseley had the same name before the Conquest. It was given by Osmund to Edward the Confessor, and after William the Norman had gained possession of it as Crown property, he gave it to Robert de Montgomery, one of his bravest followers at Hastings. From him it passed into several hands, till it was purchased by Christopher More, the son of a Derbyshire gentleman in the reign of Henry VIII.

His son William was knighted by Leicester in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, and built the present house to the north of an earlier one, completing it in 68.

To Sir William succeeded Sir George More, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and who, under James I., was Lieutenant of the Tower and Treasurer to Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1689, the male line failing, the estate devolved on the last heir's sister Margaret, who married, and took it to, Sir Thomas Molyneux, knight, in whose family it has continued.

In the time of Sir George More - 1600 to 1632 - a pretty love story became connected with Loseley.

A daughter of Sir George met at her aunt's house, with whom she lived, the celebrated scholar, poet and divine, John Donne. He was secretary to her aunt's husband, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, with whom he had lived five years when he fell in love with Anne More, and she with him. Sir George received a hint of this love and removed the young lady in haste to Loseley House, Surrey. But too late!

The lovers must have met in Loseley Park, whenever an interview would be safe, and at last, despairing of ever winning Sir George More's consent to their union, they took an opportunity, and were privately married by the Rev. Samuel Brooke, the master of Trinity College, - Christopher Brooke, his brother, giving the bride away. How anxious and yet how happy must Anne Donne have been in her lovely home of Loseley, till at length Henry, Earl of Northumberland, Donne's great friend, revealed the secret to her father. Sir George flew into a fury of rage at the news, and at once used all his influence to get Mr. Donne, the clergyman who had married him and Mr. Christopher Brooke committed to prison, and Mr. Donne dismissed by the Lord Chancellor. Lord Ellesmere was very reluctantly persuaded at last to yield to his brother-in-law's entreaties, and Donne was dismissed from his employment and soon after imprisoned. But when he dismissed him lord Ellesmere said: "I have parted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject." Donne wrote a sad letter to tell his wife of his dismissal and signed it, "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone." He was not long kept in prison, and once released never rested till he had procured the freedom of his two friends. His wife, however, was shut up by her father at Loseley, and he had to enter on a long and expensive law - suit to gain her. His original fortune was only 3,000, and he had spent some of this in travelling about Europe. When, therefore, he gained his bride, they were both extremely poor. Donne felt this, not for himself, but for his wife, who had been accustomed to live in great luxury; but she bore it bravely, happy in his love. At length their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly, of Priford, Surrey, entreated them to share his house, and they accepted his offer. For some years they dwelt under his roof, and as their children increased - they had one yearly - his generosity and love seemed to increase with them. They remained with this true friend for some years, until his death; before which he had succeeded in reconciling Sir George More to his daughter and her husband. Sir George then gave his daughter 800 as her dowry, paying 20 quarterly for their maintenance, till the said portion was paid.

After Sir Francis Wolly's death Donne settled his wife and children at Mitcham, in Surrey, and took lodgings for himself in London, to which he went occasionally, and was visited by the nobility, who asked his advice in all difficulties. Still he and his family were very poor, and he writes pathetic letters of the whole family suffering with illness, and of his being so poor that he can scarcely pay a doctor, and "could



LOSELEY PARK.

Figure 42: Loseley Park.

not bury them if they died."

But help came again. Sir Robert Dewry, a rich and liberal man, offered him apartments in his own large house in Drury Lane, rent free, and here he moved his family. Whilst he was living here, Sir Robert resolved to go to France with Lord Hay, who was sent there on an embassy by James 1. to Henry IV., and he asked Donne to accompany him. The latter could scarcely refuse such a request from such a friend, though his wife was reluctant to let him go, and they departed together.

It was during this absence that Mr Donne had the singular vision which has been recorded by Izaak Walton.

"Two days after their arrival" (in Paris), says Walton, "Mr. Donne was left alone in the room in which Sir Robert and he and other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left so he found Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him, insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer, but after a long and perplexed pause did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a

dead child in her arms; this have I seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which Mr. Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure that at her second appearance she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished.'"

The next morning Donne was still firm in his belief that he had seen a vision, and Sir Robert, very curious on the subject, sent a servant at once to Dewry House to inquire how Mrs. Donne was. The twelfth day from his departure he returned, with an account that Mrs. Donne was very ill and very sad, and that she had had a dead child; its birth had happened the same day and about the same hour that Mr. Donne had seen the vision. It was probably a dream, as Sir Robert said, but the sympathy between the wedded lovers must have been very strong to have produced it at the same hour as his wife's sorrow.

"Though it is most certain," says quaint Izaak Walton, "that two lutes being strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune, yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls, and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion."

Donne took orders in the Church, and James I. made him his Chaplain in Ordinary. He might now hope to become a prosperous man, but a heavy sorrow fell upon him in 1617, when his beloved wife died. He was still poor, and the father of seven living children (five were dead). and he then promised them that he would never give them a step-mother. He kept his word, remaining faithful till his death to the beloved woman who had given up the world for him.

James created him Dean of St. Paul's, and he received also the Vicarage of St. Dunstan. He became a man of whose alliance any family might have been proud, and Sir George More became one of his greatest admirers. But Donne's wife was no longer with him to partake of his prosperity, and he must often have looked back with a sad sigh to the days of his happy though secret love at Loseley House.

Donne's poems are too quaint to suit the taste of the present day, but it may not be uninteresting to our readers to see one of the poems that charmed the heart of Anne Donne.

"Sweetest love, I do not go
 For weariness of thee,
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me;
 But since that I
 Must die at last 'tis best
 To use myself in jest,
 Thus by feigned death to die.
 Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here to day,
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way:
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Speedier journeyings since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.
 O how feeble is man's power,
 That if good fortune fall,
 Cannot add another hour
 Nor a lost hour recall;
 But come bad chance
 And we join to it our strength,
 And we teach it art and length
 Itself or us to advance.
 When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,

But sigh'st my soul away,
When thou weep'st unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be."

FARNHAM CASTLE.



HIS fine old castle has a most picturesque appearance from the road by which it is approached. It is not more than a pleasant walk from the camp at Aldershot, and stands on a lofty and commanding eminence. The castle buildings are nearly quadrangular, and enclose a large court in connection with the keep, which is hexagonal in form, but is entirely unroofed. It is entered by a high flight of steps leading up an arched avenue of strong masonry. On the eastern side of the great court was another avenue leading to the ancient sallyport. The servants' hall formed a part of the original structure, and it has consequently round columns and pointed arches. The outer walls still retain some square bastions, and are surrounded by a wide and deep fosse, in which, at one part, oak and beech trees flourish.

The Episcopal Palace of the Bishop of Winchester is erected within the precincts of the fortress, and includes some portions of the original castle, as, for instance, the servants' hall already mentioned.

The state apartments of the palace are very fine, and there is a handsome chapel. The library is large, and there are many portraits.



THE PRIVATE CHAPEL, FARNHAM.

Figure 43: Farnham chapel.

The kitchen and flower gardens occupy a considerable extent of ground, and the park is lovely and full of splendid old trees. There is an avenue of elms three-quarters of a mile long, ending in two remarkably large trees, the bole of one being nineteen feet round, a yard from the ground, and the other eighteen feet six inches. In this park one may wander in summer into lovely nooks, overshadowed by oaks and beeches, with softest mosses, turf and wild flowers to rest on, and fresh scents of lime leaves and grass stealing on the air, while the song of birds and the murmur of the little river Lodden charms the ear.

The manor of Farnham was given to the See of Winchester by Ethelbald, king of the West Saxons, and it has belonged to it ever since. A castle, as a residence for the bishops, was built by Henry de Bois, Bishop of Winchester and brother to King Stephen, at the time when that monarch had given permission to all his partisans "to build castles."

Becoming "a retreat for rebels," says Camden, "this castle was razed by Henry III., but afterwards rebuilt by the Bishop of Winchester, to whom it still belongs."

The "rebels" here alluded to were the barons who had called in Louis the Dauphin of France, in the contest with King John, and who had seized the castle in June, 1216.

A story illustrating the chivalrous character of Prince Edward, the elder son of Henry III., afterwards our famous king, is told of Farnham.

Not long after Edward had brought his young and beloved bride, Eleanor of Castile, to England, and while she was living at her dower castle of Guildford, the prince heard of a noted outlaw, who was lord of Selborne Manor (Gilbert White's Selborne), and who kept the country in perpetual fear of him, preying on all the lands of those who were adherents of the king. Adam Gurdon - that was his name - had fought on Leicester's side, and had escaped from the last battle of Eversham, but now lived by rapine and plunder, haunting a woody height near the road, between the Castle of Farnham and the town of Alton.

As he was famed for his strength and courage, Prince Edward determined to put his valour to the test. He came suddenly on the outlaw, who was alone, with a strong body of men; but he ordered his followers not to interfere, and dared Gurdon to a single combat. The outlaw gladly accepted the challenge, and he and the prince encountered each other with the sword. They fought long and gallantly, and their strength and skill seemed so equal that Edward, struck with the bravery of the outlaw, dropped his sword and called on his brave opponent to surrender, offering him life and pardon if he would. Adam Gurdon saw that he had at last met his match, and won also by the frank generosity of the royal hero, he laid his sword at the feet of the prince, who took him with him to Guildford Castle to present him to his princess.

"Prince Edward hath brought him to Guildford Tower,
E'er that summer's day is o'er,
He hath led him into the secret bower
Of his wife, fair Elianmore.

His mother, the ladye of gay Provence,
And his sire, the king, were there;
Oh, scarcely the Gordon dare advance
In a presence so stately and fair."

But Edward, kneeling before his father, besought him to grant a pardon to Adam Gurdon; the Princess Eleanor knelt also, and joined in the supplication, and Henry, who loved to pardon, forgave the outlaw and granted him life and land. We are told by one chronicler that the prince henceforward found Gurdon a true and faithful subject, another says that he resumed his old ways, and robbed the neighbourhood of their sacks of meal and malt again, not even sparing the property of the Bishop of Winchester.¹⁶

Elizabeth several times visited Farnham Castle in her progresses, and in Bishop Home's time she was twice there, in 1567 and 1569. During this last visit the Queen invited the Duke of Norfolk to dine with her, and on rising from table advised him (but not angrily) to be "careful on what pillow he laid his head" - a significant hint, showing that she had learned of the duke's desire to wed the Queen of Scots. But he did not take it, or see the danger he was in, and rushed to his doom. Two years afterwards he was beheaded on Tower Hill.

Elizabeth visited Farnham again in 1591, when Bishop Cooper was her host; and in 1601, when Bishop Montague entertained her.

In the civil war between Charles and his Parliament, Sir John Denham, high sheriff of the county, garrisoned the castle for the king, and in 1642 was appointed governor. But soon after he quitted it, and it surrendered to the Roundhead general, Sir William Waller, by whom it was said to have been blown up but this was not the case, as the next year it was again garrisoned with several companies of soldiers, who in 1643 joined with Waller's army and its London auxiliaries in an unsuccessful attack on Basing House - not the last and fatal one. After besieging it for some days Waller left it, took up his quarters at Farnham Castle, and began to fortify the tower. Twice he drew up his forces in Farnham Park on hearing that the Royal troops were about to attack the place. The Cavalier force did, at last, come in sight, but made no assault, though the ordnance from the castle and park killed some of their men and horses. On the 13th

¹⁶Strickland, "Lives of the Queens of England."

of December Waller marched with the Londoners to Alton, where the Royalists were. He attacked and defeated them, and took 800 or 900 prisoners, who were brought to Farnham and secured in the church and castle.

George Wither, the Roundhead poet, was afterwards made governor of Farnham Castle by the Parliament, but he proved a feeble defender of it, and had to resign it to the Cavaliers.

In 1648 the fortifications were demolished by order of the Government.

After the Restoration, Charles II. restored Farnham to the See of Winchester, and Bishop Morley, who held it from 1662 to 1684, spent a large sum in restoring the Episcopal Palace within the precincts.

Farnham was the retreat of Bishop Fox, when afflicted with blindness; and it was the home of Bishop Sumner after his resignation of his see.

For more than ten centuries Farnham has now been the Surrey Palace of the Bishops of Winchester, and at Loseley there is a document preserved by which we learn that in Elizabeth's reign the lawyers of the Temple drank their wine or ale out of green pots manufactured from the clay in Farnham Park. But in those days Farnham had two parks.

Close by it is the Long Valley, the great remarkable vale which the troops from the neighbouring camp at Aldershot use for their reviews, inspections, etc., etc. Farnham, it will be seen, is therefore on the very borders of Hampshire, as it ought indeed to be, since it belongs to the See of Winchester.

ELTHAM PALACE.



NE of the most picturesque ruins to the south of London is Eltham, for more than two centuries a royal palace. It is only eight miles from town, on the Maidstone road, and is within a drive of Charlton and Woolwich. It is charmingly situated. We approached it by an avenue of noble forest trees, and the entrance on the north is across an ivy-mantled bridge of four groined arches of massive design. It probably replaced the drawbridge in the reign of Edward IV. East of the palace, and extending over five acres, are the original gardens, massive walls, and a lofty archway. The building was quadrangular in plan, and surrounded by a moat and external wall. There was a drawbridge on the south side, as well as on the north, but in its place DOW is a bank of earth.

The hall must have been magnificent. It is a perfect specimen of the banqueting halls of the fifteenth century, at once an audience chamber and a refectory. It is of the grand dimensions of a hundred feet in length and thirty-six feet in breadth. It is fifty-five feet high. The high-pitched roof is of oak, with hammer beams, carved pendants, and braces supported on corbels of hewn stone. The hearth and louvre have disappeared,

but there remained, a few years ago, when we saw it, the minstrels, gallery, and the oak screen below it, that hid the doors leading to the kitchen, butteries, and cellars. Over the chief entrance are the falcon, the fetter lock and the rose-en-soleil, the badges of Edward IV., who built the hall.

We may strive in fancy to recall the scene when Edward of York kept his Christmas here in 1482, "with great feasting entertaining 2,000 guests every day."

The hall, strewn with fresh rushes, is in all its newly built splendour; on the dais are seated at table the gallant white-rose King Edward; his lovely wife Elizabeth Woodville is on his right hand; on his left, two charming princesses, Elizabeth and Mary of York, in the very bloom of their youth; too young indeed, as modern ideas would think, for such a feast; and next to them little York, with his pretty merry face, the archbishop stately and reverend, and next the queen's son Dorset. He has left the Prince of Wales at Ludlow Castle under the care of the queen's brother, Earl Rivers. The place of Clarence, the king's second brother, and that of his wife, are, alas! vacant, and the king looks worn and ill, his wife anxious amid all the gaiety. Next her is sitting the one man she most dislikes and distrusts, Richard of Gloucester, with his beautiful intellectual face and his crooked body, and by him that miserable Anne of Warwick, whom he had widowed by killing her brave young husband at Tewkesbury. By Richard's side sits the Lord Chamberlain Hastings, and down the long tables what a galaxy of nobles! Buckingham, Richard's friend; the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Stanley, Lord Lovel and Catesby, Blunt and Herbert, with many another noble; the Lord Mayor of London too, and some prominent citizens; while, below the salt sit the many guests, gentlemen, soldiers of fortune, yeomen, the people of the household, the many who dine daily at the royal expense.

The minstrels play on rebec, harp and lute, occasionally one sings of the glories of the White Rose. The dogs who beg a bone, growl on the rushes, and there is sound of laughter and merry voices. It is a great Christmas feast with boar's head and venison, and game and poultry, and puddings, and a mince pie like a huge cradle - which it represents. And by-and-by little York steals to his father's knee and makes him laugh, and the queen smiles at the child's precocious wit. Then by-and-by the nurse, in great state, brings in the last-born baby Plantagenet (now a child of two years old, and born at Eltham) for her father's Christmas blessing. Poor little Bride! six years afterwards she was con. signed to the care of the Abbess of Dartford, and became "a praying nun, not weeping queen," as her mother said. It was a splendid and gorgeous feast, but beneath the outward show there lurked fear, distrust, and murder.

In one short year "the Boar," as Richard of Gloucester was called, would rule as Proctor, the king being dead, the queen in sanctuary - the princes in the Tower.

Henry VIII. also twice kept Christmas at Eltham, as so many kings had done before, and here created the "Stanley" of Marmion, Lord Monteagle for his services at Flodden Field. But Henry preferred Greenwich, and was generally there.

And now can we, any of us, think of Queen Elizabeth as a baby? Yet an infant princess of that name was frequently sent from Greenwich to Eltham by her father Henry VIII. for the benefit of the air, and must have

toddled about and played in the garden and under the old trees of the picturesque palace.

Once after she was queen in 1559 she made a summer excursion hither, Sir Christopher Hatton being then keeper of the palace. James I. only once visited it.

In 1649, after the murder of Charles I., Eltham, then much out of repair, was sold for the materials valued at 2,753, and the manor and entire property were disposed of to different persons; but at the Restoration the whole reverted to the Crown.

Eltham Palace standing on an elevated site was, in some measure, protected from sudden attack, but sure means of escape for its royal inmates, in case of treason or the attack of rebels, were provided by a series of subterranean passages running in the direction of Blackheath or Greenwich.

Nothing certain, however, was known about these passages until 1834, when Messrs. Clayton and King commenced exploring them. They descended a ladder below a trap door in the yard on the south front of the hall, and found themselves in a subterranean room, from whence a narrow arched passage, about two feet in length, conducted them to a series of passages with decoys, stairs and shafts, some vertical and others on an inclined plane, which were once used for admitting air.

The remains of two iron gates, completely carbonised, were found in the passage under the moats. There is a tradition that at Middle Park, through which the passages are believed to run, there are underground apartments sufficient to stable sixty horses. The date of these passages is assigned to the reign of Edward II., at the commencement of the fourteenth century.

In a yard on the north side we saw, when we visited Eltham, a curiously and prettily decorated wall; the gardener had hung all over it, by wires, pots of red and white geranium mixed with other flowers, so that the bricks were entirely covered, and it looked as if we were surrounded by a wall of flowers - a pretty and ingenious plan, which we have since practised in our London' garden, and recommend to the reader.

Eltham is so near town that it ought to be better known than it is to Londoners.

ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

HIS beautiful ruin is situated on an estuary formed by the junction of the rivers Stour and Blackwater, about ten or twelve miles south east from Colchester.



It was a noble foundation for Augustine Canons, and lay near the sea-coast opposite to Mersey Island, the parish being anciently part of the royal domains. Canute granted it to Godwin, Earl of Kent, and the great earl gave it to Christ Church, in Canterbury, by permission of Edward the Confessor.

But the first nunnery was founded for Osyth, daughter of Redwald, the first Christian king of East Anglia and of Wilburga, his wife, daughter of Penda, king of the Mercians.

She was, when very young, entrusted to the care of St. Modwen, at Pollesworth, in Warwickshire. While there she was sent with a book from St. Edith, Alfred's sister, to Modwen, fell off a bridge into a river, and was said to be drowned. Happily she was restored to life by the prayers of St. Modwen.

Osyth's parents, as soon as she returned to them, betrothed her to Sighere, king of Essex; but as soon as she was wedded to, him she told him that she had vowed herself to Christ, and could not be his wife. Sighere was generous and religious; he accepted her decision, and let her take religious vows. Then he gave her his village of Chich, and built a nunnery for her, of which she became the abbess. The house was of the order of the Maturines. But in October, 653, a band of Danes under Inguar and Hubba landed in the neighbourhood of Chich, and ravaged the country. They came to Osyth's nunnery, and, bringing forth the young abbess into the Nun's Wood, commanded her to worship their gods; she steadily refused; they threatened her with scourging and worse torments, but she continued faithful to her own creed: "she would worship only Christ." Then, infuriated, Hubba bade her lay down her head to be cut off. She meekly obeyed. Her head was severed from her body close by the fountain that still flows, and that is called by her name.

The monkish legend adds, that after her head was cut off the saint took it in her hands, and walked with it to the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, about one-third of a mile; stopping at the church door that was closed, she struck it, and fell dead on the threshold.

There is no reason to doubt that Osyth was martyred, and that the scene of her martyrdom was the Nun's Wood, but the legendary ending is, of course, an addition. Or is it possible her head was not taken off, but her throat cut, and that she had yet strength to reach the church? We recollect, years ago, that a woman walked quite as far from Dulwich Wood to the turnpike with her throat cut; in St. Osyth's case this would appear a miracle.

The martyred princess was first buried in the church of Chich, which had been founded by her, but her father and mother soon removed her to Aylesbury. Many miracles were performed at her shrine, and after fully six years the body was taken to Chich, and deposited, with much solemnity, in Christ Church.

The nunnery was destroyed by the Danes at the time of the martyrdom; the church of St. Peter and St. Paul that she founded was on the site of the church now standing.

"Matthew Paris," says Timbs, "has a story how a certain husbandman named Thurcillus, who lived at Tidstude, a village in Essex, was taken into purgatory, hell, and paradise by St. James and other saints, and when he had come to the most holy and pleasant place in paradise, he saw St Catherine, St. Margaret, and St. Osyth. This vision occurred in the reign of John."

"In those days," says Aubrey, "when they went to bed they did rake up the fire, and make a X on the ashes, and pray to God and St. Sythe (that is St. Osyth) to deliver them from fire, and from water, and from all misadventure."

According to local tradition, St. Osyth on one night "in every year revisits the scene of her martyrdom, walking with her head in her hand!"

In the reign of Henry 1. the Bishop of London, Richard de Beauvays, built a religious house of regular canons of St Augustine at Chich, in honour of the great apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. Osyth, virgin and martyr; and in the year 1120 obtained the manor of Chich, which, then belonged to the See of London, giving in exchange fourteen pounds of land at Lodeswoode, and six pounds of land in Southminster.

Bishop Belmeis, or De Beauvays, had the arm of St. Osyth translated to the church in the presence of

William de Corbill, the first prior of the house, who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and other bishops, remitting twenty days' penance to all that came to worship it, and relaxing every year seven days' penance to those who should devoutly come thither to celebrate her festival on August 7th.

The Priory was surrendered to Henry VIII in 1539 by Prior Colchester and sixteen monks. It was given by the king to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; on his attainder, however, it reverted to the Crown.

A canon of St. Osyth, William Barlow, was very active in helping forward the scheme for the dissolution of the monasteries. He v. as obliged, therefore, on Mary's accession to the throne, to fly from England, but he returned when Elizabeth succeeded her sister, and was made Bishop of Chichester.

Sir Thomas Darcy bought the Priory and other estates from Edward VI. for 3,974 9s. 4 1/2d. the same year he was created Lord Darcy of Chich.

John, this Lord Darcy's son and successor, entertained Queen Elizabeth here, when the festivities were interrupted by a terrific thunderstorm and great rain; so severe was the weather that the people believed the day of judgment had come.

The Priory estates passed, at Darcy, Earl River's death, into the Savage family, but it was not inhabited by them, and probably began then to fall into decay.

The Earl of Rochford at length inhabited it, and in 1768 he brought some poplar trees from Lombardy, of which four or five still stand in the park. They are supposed to have been the first planted in England.

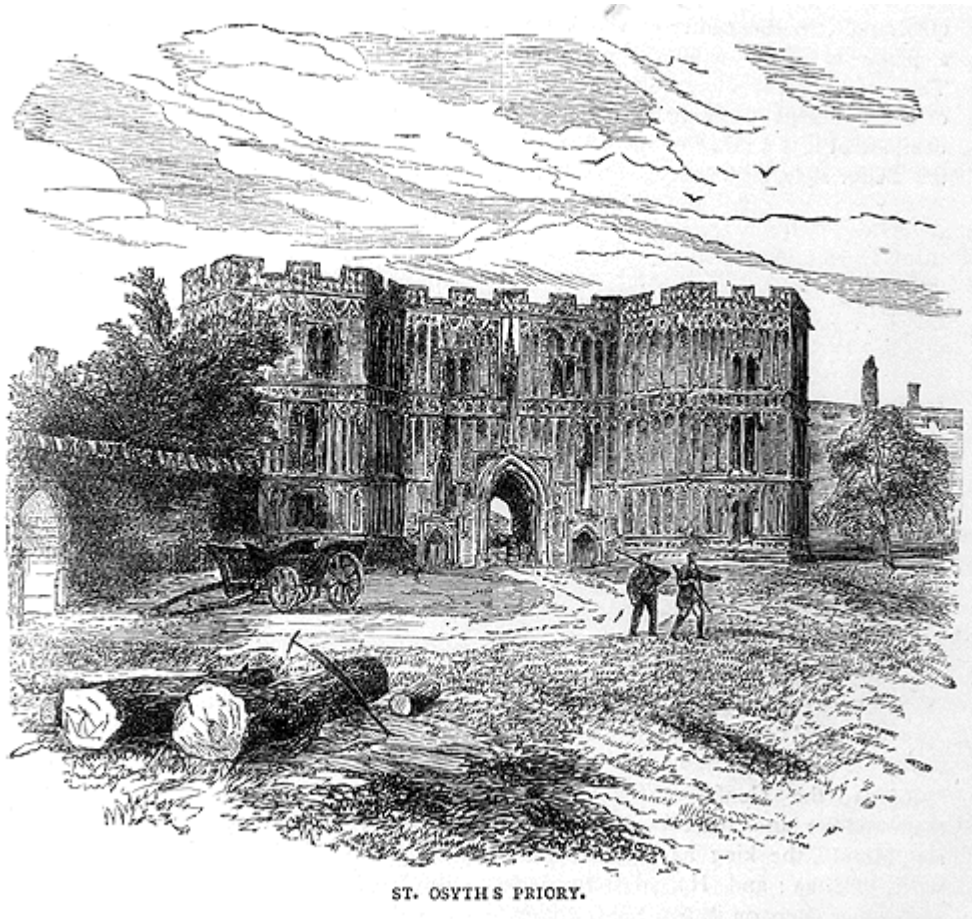
On two occasions St. Osyth received royal visitors. George III., when he went to inspect the camp at Colchester, stayed at St. Osyth, the guest of the fourth earl, and the king expressed his gratitude for the nobleman's hospitality by giving him two fine portraits of himself and Queen Charlotte in their coronation robes. Lord Rochford was a personal friend of two kings George II. and III. At George II.'s death he was Groom of the Stole, and as such was entitled to the furniture of the room in which the king died.

The ancient buildings of St. Osyth cover a large area. They are scattered in all directions round the modern dwelling-house. The greater part of these remains were built by Abbot John Vyntoner, the last abbot but one. At the time of the Dissolution it must have been a magnificent building. There are few remains of any earlier date. The Norman archway on the Bury, part of another Norman arch at the back of the present house, some old walls, and the crypt, or chapel, alone belong to the earlier foundation.

The gatehouse, the abbot's terrace, the clock tower, and the beautiful oriel window in the front of the house, date from the sixteenth century.

The tower gateway, which is the principal entrance to the Priory, is a noble structure covered with rich tracery, niches and ornaments. To the east of the gate way are three lofty towers, which can be seen out at sea. The gateway opens on a quadrangle, in the centre of which stands a figure of Time supporting a sundial. The quadrangle is almost entire, but some of the buildings are of modern date. On one side of it is a range of old buildings in the Tudor style, with sharp, pointed gables, and an octagonal observatory rising from the centre. In the grounds, about sixty yards from the house, is a square brick pillar, surmounted by an urn, with the following inscription in Latin to mark the boundary:-

"This ancient wall, which you see, is preserved to declare the bounds of this reverend monastery; and you may rejoice at the happiness of your time between the mirth and pleasantry of this place, now that superstition has been banished from this stately mansion, which was consecrated to barrenness and sloth. 1760."



ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.

Figure 44: St Osyth's Priory.

WALTHAM ABBEY.



ALTHAM Abbey, or Waltham of the Holy Cross, is situated on the river Lea. It derived its name from the Saxon Weald-ham, a dwelling in a forest or wild, and from a cross or crucifix that was said to possess miraculous powers.

Edward the Confessor bestowed Waltham and the lands thereabout on Godwin's son, Harold, the king having married his sister, Editha; and Harold immediately built a monastery on it, and richly endowed it. Each canon had one manor appropriated for his support, and the dean had six - in all, seventeen.

As might be supposed, William the Norman had small liking for Harold's abbey. He robbed the Church of Holy Cross of its plate, gems, and rich vestments, but fortunately left it its estates and revenues.

Henry II. dissolved the foundation of dean and eleven canons for their bad conduct, and settled regular canons there; declaring the church then exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and granting the use of the mitre, crozier and ring to the abbot. Waltham is still exempt from the archdeacon's visitation.

Favoured by succeeding sovereigns, the abbey grew very rich, and the monks were said to be jovial, and keep a good table. Rumours of this reached the ears of Henry VIII. The monarch, then a young and merry prince, determined to try the hospitality of the reverend fathers. He disguised himself in the dress of one of his guards, and contrived some excuse for arriving at the abbey about dinner time. He was at once invited to the abbot's table, and a fine sirloin of beef was put before him. He ate so heartily of it that the abbot said, "Well fare thy heart, and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master. I would give a hundred pounds if I could feed so heartily on beef as thou dost, but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken."

The king pledged him in turn, and having dined, thanked the abbot for his hospitality and departed.

A few days after the abbot was sent for to London, and on his arrival was committed to the Tower, and for some time fed only on bread and water. At length one day a sirloin of beef was placed before the half-starved abbot, who attacked it at once, and ate as heartily of it as a ploughman might. In the midst of his feast the king burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds for restoring the abbot's appetite.

The worthy Churchman, delighted to find his incarceration only a joke, readily paid it, with many a compliment and laugh at the king's trick played on him, and went thankfully back to his abbey.

There may have been some memory of the wealth of Waltham Abbey in Henry's mind, when in 1539 he dissolved the house, and the last abbot, Robert Fuller, surrendered it to his commissioners. The site was granted to Sir Anthony Denny for thirty-one years. His grandson, created

Earl of Norwich by Charles I., was the next possessor; from him it passed to his daughter, who married James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and next it went to the family of Sir William Wake, Bart.

Scarcely any part of Waltham Abbey remains but the nave, which is now the parish church; the Lady Chapel on the south side; some ruinous walls, a small bridge and gateway near the abbey mill; but it was once a magnificent building, the earliest specimen of the Norman style of architecture in England.

The present stone tower at the west end of the church is eighty-six feet high, and was built in 1558.

But that which has rendered Waltham most memorable to Englishmen is the belief entertained that it is the burial place of Harold. There are, however, very differing accounts of it. William of Malmesbury says that Githa, Harold's mother, begged the corpse of her son from the Conqueror, and had it buried in the Abbey of Holy Cross (Waltham), but the chaplain of the Norman duke declares that a body supposed to be Harold's was found between his dead brothers, Gurth and Leofric, and that though Githa offered its weight in gold for it, William was deaf to her prayers and tears, and ordered the dead king to be buried in the sands of the sea-shore, saying, scornfully, "Let him guard the coast that he so madly occupied." For Harold had been excommunicated by the Pope, and it was against the duke's opinions that an excommunicated man should sleep in consecrated ground.

The two monks of Waltham who had followed Harold to the battle-field tell a different story.

They assert that they sought Duke William when the strife was over, and offered him a purse containing ten marks of gold, for permission to find the body of Harold. The Conqueror refused the purse, but gave



HAROLD'S BRIDGE, WALTHAM.

Figure 45: Harold's Bridge, Waltham.

them permission to search for the corpse. But their search was vain, and they had to ask the assistance of the king's beloved Editha - the swan's neck - to discover amongst the slain her royal lover's body. They assert that the eyes of love were keen; she found the slain prince, and the faithful monks bore him back with them to Waltham Abbey, and buried him at the east end of the choir, with royal pomp and solemnity. His tomb bore only the touching epitaph:-

HIC JACET HAROLD INFELIX.

There is yet another legend. Near the fine old church of St. John, at Chester, close beside the Dee, there stood - the very spot marked by the tradition has been pointed out to the writer by the dwellers there - a cell or hermitage, where, about 1066, and many years after, an anchorite dwelt, who lived to a great age. He was blind in the left eye, and his face was deeply scarred. On his death-bed he declared to the monks surrounding him that he was King Harold. The two monks of Waltham and Editha had found him not quite dead, had borne him to a hiding place, and buried one of his slain nobles in his supposed grave. As soon as it was safe to do so, he was removed to Chester, where he buried his grief and repentance in a living grave. Henry I. had once a long private interview with the anchorite, and is said to have been encouraged by him to invade Normandy. The day of vengeance for Hastings came at last, when at Tenchebraye, Henry I. conquered Normandy, and "God so disposed it," says William of Malmesbury, "that Normandy should be subjected to England the very same day (Michaelmas Day) wherein England was subdued to Normandy."

That was forty years after the brave struggle on the Sussex hills, and if Harold did really survive Hastings, he may possibly have lived to hear of the English victory.

ST. ALBANS:

ITS MARTYR AND ITS BATTLES.



HIS town is situated close to the site of the ancient Verulamium, a celebrated British town. Like London, Verulamium was favourable to the Romans, and had obtained some of the privileges of Roman citizenship when Boadicea rose against the conquerors, and in anger at the alliance of the town with the Romans subjected its inhabitants to a dreadful slaughter, destroying here and in London 70,000 Roman citizens and their allies. Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman governor, then attacked the British queen, gained a complete victory over her, and put 80,000 of her soldiers to the sword. Verulam was then rebuilt and remained eventless, and therefore, probably, fairly happy, till the reign of Diocletian, when the city was rendered famous by the martyrdom of the man from whom it has taken its modern name of St. Albans.

Alban was a heathen - a worshipper of the gods of Rome - but he was generous and hospitable, and when a Christian priest named Amphilabus craved shelter in his house from the persecutors - Diocletian had ordered a persecution of the Christians - Alban permitted him to enter, and concealed him. The fugitive spent days and nights in prayer, and Alban, questioning him as to his faith, was told the story of the Gospel, and believed it. For some days the Christian instructed his host, and his words fell on willing ears. But it was rumoured at last that Alban was hiding a Christian, and the governor of the city sent soldiers to search for him. Alban had already effected the escape of his teacher, and to delay pursuit, probably, put on the priest's long cloak or habit and gave himself up to the soldiers. He was brought before the governor, who recognised him and reproached him for concealing a Christian. Alban's defence was that he also believed in the Christ, and was willing to die for his faith. The governor was at the time worshipping his gods and ordered the soldiers to drag Alban before the altar. Here he commanded the Christian to bow down before the statue, but Alban resolutely refused. The governor ordered him to be most severely scourged; but the confessor remained firm in his refusal to burn incense to Mars or Jove, and after further torture the Roman ordered him to be put to death.

On their way to the place of execution they came to a river that ran between it and the town. A great multitude of people had followed the martyr, "and in their sight," says the legend, "the stream dried up for Alban to pass over." The executioner, who walked beside him with uplifted sword, saw this miracle, and on reaching the fatal spot where Alban was to die cast down his sword, and throwing himself on his knees, prayed that he might suffer with the martyr, or in his place.

Alban then ascended the little hill; it was covered with flowers and sloped to a beautiful plain. Here Alban prayed for water, and a living spring broke out at his feet.

A soldier struck off the martyr's head, but as he did so his eyes dropped out and fell to the ground. Alban was buried in a woody place near the town, and his disgrace, as the Romans styled his martyrdom, was inscribed on the city walls.

But time went on; all Britain became Christian, and the Pelagian heresy made its appearance. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, Bishop of Troyes, were sent on a mission to Britain to preach against it. Germanus had the remains of the first British martyr exhumed, placed them in a wooden coffin, and put holy relics in it to preserve it; then he solemnly buried the body amidst tears and lamentations, and raised a small church of timber over his remains to the holy man's memory. Many miracles were said to have been shown at his sepulchre; but the Saxon invasion came, and the ruthless adventurers levelled the martyr's church, as well as many others, to the ground, and all trace of his last restingplace was lost. Now Offa, King of Mercia, had committed a great crime. He had invited Ethelbert, Prince of the East Angles, to his court on presence of marrying him to his daughter; but had then killed him and seized on his dominions. Anxious to do something in expiation of this guilt, being much tormented by his conscience, Offa determined to find the body of St. Alban and place it in a shrine. He had, tradition said, been ordered to do so by an angel. It is certain that he did seek for and found the wooden coffin containing the bones of Alban and the relics just as Germanus had left them 344 years before.

Offa is said to have placed a circle of gold round the skull, with an inscription signifying its name and title. He also erected an abbey, in which the sacred bones were placed, and on which he bestowed

great privileges. As Alban was our first martyr, Pope Honorius granted to the Abbot of St. Alban's a superiority over all others. A hundred Benedictine monks, carefully selected, were placed in the Abbey, and it prospered for three hundred years. Then, a short time preceding the Norman Conquest, Abbot Paul began to build the present Abbey Church, which was consecrated in 1115. It was partly constructed of the ruins of the preceding building. The interior walls were full of Roman bricks, and the outside wall of the same. Nothing of the old abbey remains except the church and a large square gateway; all the monastic buildings were pulled down by Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but the townspeople purchased the church from the latter monarch for 400, and then made it their parish church. It is in the form of a cross; its extreme length is 556 feet, that is three feet longer than Winchester Cathedral, therefore longer than any of our cathedrals. There are two transepts 170 feet long, and a tower 150 feet high, of the Norman period. The carved oak ceiling of the Norman lantern is 102 feet from the pavement.

St. Albans was the scene of two of the sad battles of the Roses. The first encounter of the hostile factions took place there on May 22nd, 1455; it lasted only an hour, but was fiercely fought, and disastrous to Henry, who was wounded in the neck by an arrow, and became prisoner to the Duke of York. The king remained on the field till he was quite alone, then he sought refuge in a baker's shop. Here the conqueror found him, and with cruel mockery, bending his knee, bade the unfortunate Henry rejoice that "the traitor Somerset" was slain. He then led the king to the shrine of St. Alban, and afterwards to the royal apartments in the abbey.

The second battle of St. Albans was fought, Feb. 17th, 1461. Queen Margaret won it, and the defeated Yorkists fled, leaving their royal prisoner nearly alone in a tent with Lord Montague, his chamberlain, and a few attendants. Here Margaret and her little son, the Prince of Wales, flew to greet him. They then hastened to the abbey. At the doors they were met by a procession of the monks, headed by Abbot John, singing hymns of triumph and thanksgiving. The whole party then proceeded to the high altar to offer up their thanksgivings for the victory.

The Lancastrian royal family remained several days at the abbey. Abbot John, of Wheathampstead, entertained Edward IV., after his coronation, and he protected the abbey, but did not again visit it.

Richard III. showed much favour to St. Albans, and encouraged the monks to finish and publish the famous St. Alban's Chronicle.

In the Abbey Church the good Duke Humphrey, Protector during the boyhood of Henry VI., is buried.

The monument to St. Alban, found in broken pieces when the church was being restored, has been very cleverly reconstructed, and is of beautiful carved stone, on which is represented the story of the martyrdom. St. Albans is now a bishop's see.

PANSHANGER HOUSE.



IN the midst of a large park in the county of Hertford, about two miles from its chief town, is Panshanger House, situated picturesquely on the north-east bank of the river Meriman. It is a splendid mansion, and the chief residence of Earl Cowper. It was built by the Earl Cooper of 1801, near the site of an older house. The gardens are remarkably beautiful, and laid out with great taste. In the noble and picturesque park is a very large oak, measuring seventeen feet in girth at five feet from the ground. It was called the "Great Oak," a hundred and ninety years ago, and must therefore be of great age. Panshanger contains a very fine collection of paintings, which adorn its really splendid apartments. Amongst them are two invaluable pictures by Raphael, and a fine painting by Titian; indeed, all the greatest painters of Italy are represented here, and also the English Wilson and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The family of Cowper is an ancient and illustrious one. They trace their descent to John Cooper, of Strode, in Sussex, a gentleman of Edward IV.'s time. The third in descent from him was John Cowper, Esq., one of the sheriffs of London in 1551, and alderman of Bridge Ward. His son William, of Ratling Court, Kent, was created a baronet in 1642. This gentleman was a devoted loyalist, and served Charles I. faithfully; he was consequently subjected by the Republicans to a long and severe imprisonment, and his fate was shared by his eldest son, who died in prison. He was consequently succeeded by his grandson, Sir William Cowper.

The proceedings of James II. alienated many of the loyal followers of his royal father, and the son of the Cavalier who died in prison for the cause of King Charles I., joined the opponents of his son, and even took up arms against him for the Prince of Orange. This change of politics made Sir William Cowper many enemies, but from that time the Cowpers have been Whigs.

Sir William had two sons: William who succeeded him in the baronetcy, and Spencer Cowper, grandfather to the poet.

The elder of these sons became a most distinguished lawyer, and in 1706 was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Cowper of Wingham, Kent. At the death of Queen Anne he was appointed one of the Lord Justices till George I. arrived. In 1717 he was created Earl.

Spencer Cowper, the grandfather of the unhappy poet, became the hero of a most unpleasant story.

The party spirit of the day was even more cruel than it generally is. The Tories were not unwilling, therefore, to believe that the brother of a potent Whig member, fast rising into practice also as a barrister on the Home Circuit, had been guilty of murder. The story was this:-

Mr. Spencer Cowper, a married man, went on the Home Circuit at the Spring Assizes of 1699, riding from London to Hertford. He was acquainted with a Quaker lady named Stout, who lived in the latter town, and who, on several occasions when he visited Hertford, had let him have a bed at her house. He had forwarded a letter to Mrs. Stout, before starting, telling her that he was coming to Hertford, and asking her to have a bed ready for him. On reaching the town he went to an inn to dress, and sent his horse by his servant to Mrs. Stout's, with a message that he would follow it in time for dinner. He kept his word, dined with Mrs. Stout and her daughter, and left them at four o'clock, arranging to return and sleep there.

He did return, supped with his hostess and her daughter, and remained talking with them till after ten, when Mrs. Stout ordered her maid, in his hearing, to prepare Mr. Cowper's bed. He made no remark on this order, but he did not afterwards go to his room. The maid waited for orders, and was wondering why he did not appear, when she heard the front door slam. She went downstairs, but could not find either Mr. Cowper or Miss Stout, and, very much surprised, she went to Mrs. Stout's bedroom (she had gone to bed previously), and told her that Mr. Cowper and Miss Stout were gone out. The mother was surprised, but she had perfect confidence in Mr. Cowper and her daughter; and she quite believed that they had for some reason gone out together, because the door, which made a loud noise in shutting, had slammed only once. Neither Miss Stout nor Mr. Cowper returned to the house all night.

The next morning the body of the daughter was brought home; it had been found floating among the stakes of a milldam on the stream called the Priory river. The neck was disfigured by swelling and blackness (according to the deposition of a medical witness). The last person who had been seen with her was Mr. Cowper, and as it was supposed that they had gone out together, a terrible suspicion fell on the

young barrister.

The Quakers, the sect to which the Stouts belonged, prosecuted him for murder, and were supported by his political opponents in a most unfair manner.

The case was a very serious one; many a man at that period had been hanged on less circumstantial evidence. Mr. Cowper was saved by the maid luckily having noticed 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.

But there were other circumstances that assisted in clearing Mr. Cowper. Miss Stout was hypocondriacal, perhaps even insane, and she had fallen violently in love with the young barrister. She wrote wild love letters to him, which were produced in Court. In consequence of these letters, which were shown to him by his brother Mr. William Cowper, afterwards the Lord Chancellor, the latter advised his brother not to go to Mrs. Stout's again. It would have been well with him if he had taken that prudent advice, but he swore that he only went to pay over some money he had received for her as her lawyer, to Mrs. Stout, and to excuse himself for not staying; but fearful of a scene on the young lady's part, he said nothing when his bed was ordered. As soon as he was alone with Miss Stout, however, he told her that he must go and should not return, and she was in agonies of anger and despair. He left her, and went at once to the inn, where luckily for him, people remembered the hour when he appeared Miss Stout had told several persons, who appeared as witnesses in the Court, that she meant to commit suicide to put an end to the melancholy that oppressed her. Of course she must have gone out after Mr. Cowper left her, and ended her life in the mill-dam.

A verdict of "not guilty" was returned, and Mr. Cowper was discharged; but his enemies pursued him with libels, and held him up to general execration. He however lived down the effects of this malice, rose in his profession, and was appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales on the accession of George I. He became a judge, and was remarkable for leniency and great care in investigating the cases brought before him, showing also pity and humanity to those unfortunate men who stood before him, as he had once stood at the bar of justice.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

HATFIELD HOUSE - picturesque both from its surrounding trees and park and its architectural beauty - is situated near the little town of Hatfield, and at about nineteen miles from London. The rich colour of the brickwork of the mansion harmonises admirably with the verdure of the park, when the house is seen from the grounds.

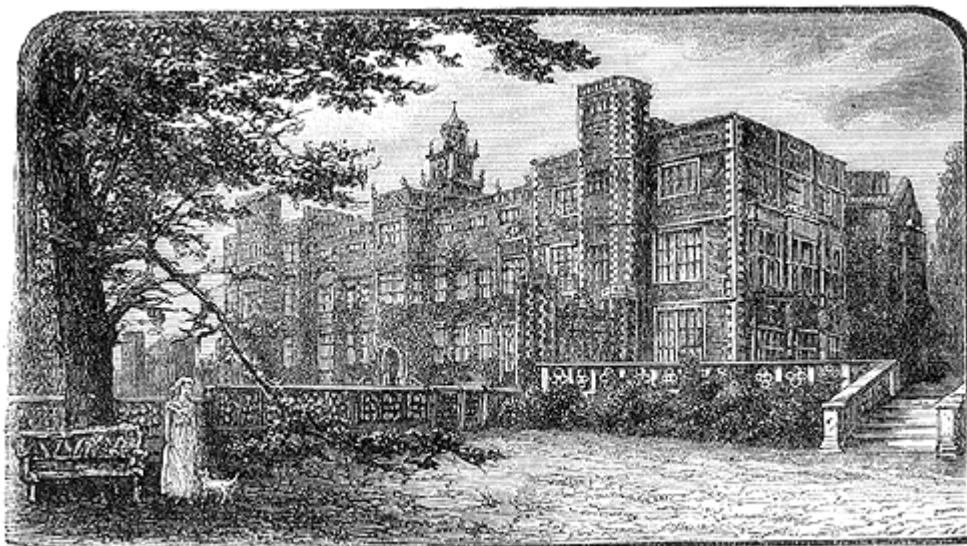


There are magnificent oaks here in the greenwood: the Lion Oak is upwards of thirty feet round, and is a thousand years old. Here also is the oak under which the Princess Elizabeth was sitting when the messenger arrived in hot haste to tell her that she was Queen of England. That messenger met with a strange and sudden death some years afterwards, caused, it was supposed, by his eating figs at Lord Leicester's table; for what reason the figs were given we are not told.

The Bishop of Ely had a palace here, which, with the manor, was made over to Henry VIII.; but Hatfield had been, before that time, a royal residence occasionally, the second son of Edward III. being born here, William of Hatfield. During the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. Prince Edward resided at Hatfield. From thence he was brought by his guardians to London on his accession to the crown, and placed in the palace of the Tower.

He must have had pleasant memories of Hatfield, for in the fourth year of his reign he bestowed it on his beloved sister Elizabeth. In the latter part of Mary's reign Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower, as we know, being charged with participation in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion. She was, however, released and permitted to retire to Hatfield under the guardianship of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1557 Queen Mary paid her a visit at Hatfield, and was received with great state and festivity, and a child, we are told, sang to her, accompanied by Elizabeth on the virginals. But Mary was to pass away the next year, and under the grand old oak Elizabeth heard of her accession to the crown, and held her first Privy Council in Hatfield House.

The remains of this old palace are still to be seen on entering the place, and the brick entrance to the park seems of even an earlier date than the reign of Henry VIII.



SIDE VIEW OF HATFIELD HOUSE.

Figure 46: Hatfield House.

A large portion of the old palace is used as stabling for other offices. In the north part of the building is the room where Elizabeth was kept, for some time, a state prisoner, till, it is said, at the request of Philip II.,

she was reconciled to her sister Sir Thomas Pope did his best to entertain her, giving a great display of rich masquings and pageants, according to the fashion of the times, in the great hall at Hatfield, and a banquet afterwards of sweet dishes, when the cupboard of the hall was garnished with rich gold and silver vessels, "alle at his own costes." The play of Holophernes was performed for Elizabeth's amusement the next day. A rumour of these gaities, however, reaching Queen Mary, she wrote to Sir Thomas Pope, telling him that she disapproved of "such follies," and that disguisings must cease. This banqueting hall is now a stable. It has a wooden roof springing from grotesque corbel heads, and its windows are partly filled with stained glass.

When James I. ascended the throne, he exchanged Hatfield with Sir Robert Cecil for the palace of Theobalds, and Cecil (afterwards created Earl of Salisbury) commenced building the present house, which was finished in 1611. 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; each of the two wings has two turrets with cupola roofs. By the north entrance we find ourselves in a spacious hall which leads to a very long gallery, open on one side by a trellis work to the lawn. Here is Queen Elizabeth's saddle, that was put on the white charger she rode at Tilbury; there are also arms of all kinds, some captured from the Armada.

The chambers in this wing have rather a sombre appearance, much of the furniture being of carved wood of James I.'s time. In this wing a fire broke out in 1835, in which the then Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury perished. The building has been well restored, and in the woodwork of the mantelpiece a gilt frame has been introduced, containing a portrait of this unfortunate lady when a girl

The grand staircase is very magnificent. It consists of flights with five landings, and occupies a space of thirtyfive feet by twenty-one feet. The balusters are beautifully caned and very massive. The upper part of the ceiling is enriched with a very beautiful pendant in the Florentine style. At the foot of the staircase is the door of the diningroom. This room is panelled throughout with oak, and has a highly decorative chimney-piece and ceiling. Adjoining it are the summer, breakfast and drawing-rooms, the remainder of this wing (the east) containing the private apartments which are magnificently furnished in perfect keeping with the house.

The view from these eastern rooms is very charming, the eye first falling on a noble terrace with an enriched balustrade; beyond are the brilliant flowers of the Elizabethan garden, and further the maze; then the park and its fine sheet of water, in which the glorious old trees are reflected, and on which glide the stateliest of swans. Another noble staircase communicates with the upper end of the great hall - the Marble Hall - which is fifty feet by thirty: The hall has three bay windows the whole height of the hall, and an oriel at the upper end, where stood the dais in the days of old. At the east end a massive carved screen runs the whole length of the hall, with a gallery of fine wood carving, amongst which are lions bearing emblazoned shields. The walls are lined above the oak panelling with splendid tapestry The ceiling is divided into ten compartments with the head of a Caesar in relief in each.

The first apartment entered on ascending the stairs is King James's room; it is very large, and lighted by three great oriel windows. The ceiling is beautifully decorated in the Italian style with pendants and much gilding. From it hang six chandeliers of King James's time. Over the high mantelpiece is a marble statue of James, and in the fire-place are massive silver fire-dogs. The furniture is the same that was used by James I., and is finely carved and gilt and covered with crimson velvet. The bed furniture is of white satin. From this sumptuous chamber we enter a noble gallery, which runs the whole length of the southern front of the house to the library. This gallery is 160 feet long, panelled with oak, and with a fretted ceiling of gold and brilliant colours.

Of the two grand staircases one was restored after the fire in the west wing, but this one, leading to King James's room, is as old as the house, and the balusters are most exquisitely carved.

The library is a noble room of the same size as King James's It is rich in historical documents. Here are no less than 13,000 letters from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I., state papers extending through the great Lord Burleigh's administration, plans, maps, and charts from Henry VIII. to the present time, autograph letters of Elizabeth, her oak cradle, the pair of silk stockings presented to her by Sir Thomas Gresham, etc., etc.

The chapel is a perfect gem, highly decorated with an oaken gallery hung with Scriptural paintings.

The gardens of Hatfield have been famous ever since Charles II.'s reign, when Evelyn and Pepys described them.

There are a great number of very fine paintings at Hatfield, especially Zucchero's celebrated portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1846 Hatfield was honoured by a visit from Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and the latter expressed afterwards in a letter great admiration of the wonderful wood carving with which the house is adorned.

Hatfield has been in the possession of the Cecils ever since Elizabeth's sagacious minister built it. Robert Cecil was created Earl of Salisbury by James I. in return for valuable services rendered to him in the last days of Elizabeth, and the earldom was raised to a marquissate by George III., in 1789.

BEDFORD; AND THE INSPIRED JINKER.



EDFORD, situated in the rich and picturesque Vale of Bedford, is a very ancient town. It is supposed that it is the Bedcanford of the Saxon Chronicle, A.D. 571. It is recorded in it, "Cuthulf fought against the Britons at Bedcanford (Bedford), and took four towns,"

The name Bedcanford means a fortress on a river. Bedford suffered greatly from the Danes, who destroyed it, "ever burning as they went" But it was speedily rebuilt. In 919 Edward the Elder erected a fortress on the south side of the Ouse, and received there the submission of the neighbouring country. But this fortress was also destroyed by the Danes.

William Rufus gave Paine de Beauchamp the barony of Bedford, and he considered it necessary to build a very strong castle here; "but while it stood," says Camden, "there was no storm of civil war that did not burst upon it".

Stephen took it by surrender and gave honourable terms to the garrison.

In the Barons' war William de Beauchamp, who took part with them, received them in the castle; but when Faukes de Brent, sent by King John, summoned it, it was surrendered to him in a few days, and John gave him the barony for his services.

A troublesome gift to the donor: for Faukes, after he had fortified his castle and rendered it nearly impregnable - it is said that he pulled down the Church of St. Paul for materials - became a universal depredator. Everywhere in the beautiful Vale of Bedford and in the neighbourhood, Faukes de Brent and his men were seen harrying and robbing; no one could resist him; he and his men seemed to have been like the Doones of Exmoor, their hand against every man and every man's hand against them.

At last the king's justices sitting at Dunstable took cognizance of his proceedings, and fined him three thousand pounds. Faukes, enraged at this sentence, sent his brother at the head of a troupe of men-at-arms to seize the judges and bring them prisoners to Bedford! Happily they were forewarned of his intention, and two of them escaped, but Henry Braybrooke was taken and carried to the castle, where he was most cruelly treated. Henry III. was by this time greatly incensed at the outrageous conduct of De Brent, and marched to Bedford in person, attended by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the chief peers of the realm. The Church had suffered so much from De Brent's raids that it 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 Bedford Castle.

Faukes de Brent felt assured that his castle was impregnable, but Henry soon taught him that it was not so; very singular machines were used against it, and a high tower of wood was built, from which the besiegers could see into the enemy's quarters.

At last the castle surrendered. Faukes was not there at the time; he had taken sanctuary in a church at Coventry; and through the mediation of the Bishop of Coventry obtained the royal pardon, on condition that he left the realm. He had left his brother William governor of the castle, who, though deprived of all aid, kept up the defence for a short time and then surrendered. He was hanged with twenty-four knights and eighty soldiers. Culmo, another brother, was pardoned. Henry III. was determined to uproot a place that he called "the nursery of sedition" and ordered the castle to be dismantled and the moats to be filled up.

But this command was not fulfilled to the letter, for the ruined castle of Bedford was seen 250 years afterwards, and Camden says that the ruins overhung the river on the east side of the town, in his day. Not a vestige of it now remains.

The town of Bedford is very interesting as being possessed of so many charitable and educational advantages. The communication between the parts of the town separated by the Ouse, is by a handsome bridge of five arches on the site of the old one of seven arches, which was said to have been built in the reign of Mary out of the ruins of St. Dunstan's Church. The old jail was built on the bridge; of this we must now speak.

We think no one could call the town of Bedford picturesque, yet there are a few spots of great interest about or near it. One especially is the old jail in which one of the most popular of English books was written.



Figure 47: Bedford Jail.

We mean Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Bunyan was an uneducated man; or at least had received only the very elements of knowledge - reading and writing - yet his genius was very great, and he wrote the finest allegory ever conceived.

He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, and in early life, or rather after his early marriage, used to go to Elstow Church twice a day. It is a fine old church, with the singularity of the tower standing apart from the main building. He heard many good sermons there, but without their having much effect on him. At length, however, his conscience awoke; he overheard some women were sitting spinning in the sun, talking of the new birth, became impressed by their words, and embraced a religious life with great fervour; not, however, in the Church of England, but as a Baptist. He became a popular preacher with that sect, and during the Commonwealth preached often and in many places. But almost immediately after the Restoration he was arrested for illegal preaching and committed to Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years, and here he wrote the first part of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." He was imprisoned in 1660 and released in 1672.

His wife and his four children must have suffered much from poverty during his incarceration, for of course he could not ply his trade - that of a tinker - in prison; but he learned to make stay laces to support his family, and helped the jailer sometimes in the management of the prison. But his family met with kind friends, and Bunyan himself seems to have had many indulgences while in confinement, being frequently let out on parole, and often present at Baptist meetings.

How in a damp, dull prison cell, above the sluggish river Ouse, he could have written with so much animation and spirit, is a marvel; and yet, once immersed in his "Dream," he must often have forgotten that his own pilgrimage had been so suddenly arrested; though only apparently, for his book has taught many generations, and all sects and Churches divine truths; while his preaching could only have benefited a few.

Crowds gathered to hear him when he was once more free to preach, and a dilapidated barn was fitted up for a meeting house, of which he was minister.

He lived generally at Bedford, but often went to London, where he was extremely popular. The little cottage in which he dwelt was opposite the meeting-house, but has been taken down long since.

Bunyan died of cold and fever at the house of a friend on Snow Hill, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. His tomb had this inscription on it:

"Mr. John Bunyan,
Author of the "Pilgrim's Progress".
ob., 12th. Aug., 1688 - AEt. 60."

Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," states upon the authority of an old lady, who remembered the fact perfectly, that Bunyan's was a dreary-looking grave; some brickwork thrown down from it, and a sort of headstone, green and mouldering, upon which was faintly carved,

HERE LIES JOHN BUNYAN.

During Bunyan's life-time a hundred thousand copies of the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were sold; an amazing number for that period, indeed seldom paralleled at any time. Since his death the editions of it have been too numerous to count, and it has been translated into thirty or forty languages.

He had learned English from the fount and well-spring of the language, the English translation of the Bible; and his brilliant fancy and deep sincerity helped him to produce a masterpiece which has had no equal in popularity except Scott's novels, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Shakspeare.

Bedfordshire has few names to boast in literature, but her single one is unrivalled, and in some measure atones for the paucity of them. His county has acknowledged his claims on it, and a statue of John Bunyan stands in Bedford, gazing towards the town and with its back to the church; which position, it may be - like his book - is an allegory.

WOBURN ABBEY; AND THE RUSSELL FAMILY.



THE Abbey of Woburn was founded towards the middle of the twelfth century by Hugh de Bolebec, A.D. 1145, for monks of the Cistercian order. It was valued at the dissolution of the monasteries at 430 14s. 11 d. gross income, or 391 18s. 8d. clear yearly value.

The last Abbot of Woburn refused to accept the spiritual supremacy of Henry VIII. over the Church, and being concerned in Roger Aske's rising against the king, was hanged before his own monastery. The tree on which he suffered is still standing, and is carefully preserved.

The king granted the monastery to John Russell, first Earl of Bedford, and founder of the fortunes of the great ducal family.

John Russell was constable of Corfe Castle, 1221; from him descended James of Berwick, a manor in the county of Dorset, about a mile from the sea-coast. His eldest son, John Russell, was born at Kingston-Russell in the same county, where the elder part of the family had lived since the Conquest. This young gentleman was gifted with unusual talents, and at an early age was sent by his father to travel; the elder

Russell evidently agreeing with Shakspeare that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits." Mr Russell returned, in 1506, an accomplished gentleman and a wonderful linguist.

Shortly after his return to the old manor near the sea, a terrible storm arose, and on the next morning, January 11, 1506, three foreign vessels appeared off the coast, making their way to Weymouth. They were part of a convoy escorting Philip, Archduke of Austria, who had just married Joanna,¹⁷ daughter of Ferdinand and Isabelle, King and Queen of Castile and Arragon, and was on his way to Spain, when, being separated with two other ships from the convoy, they were forced to take refuge in Weymouth Harbour. Sir Thomas Trenchard, the Governor of Weymouth, conducted the duke to his own castle, and sent messengers to apprise Henry VII. of his arrival. Joanna was sister to Catherine of Arragon. The governor, whilst waiting the king's reply, remembered that his young cousin and neighbour, Mr. Russell, knew many languages, and sent to him, beseeching him to come to him as interpreter, and also to converse with the Austrian archduke on topics connected with his own country, in which Mr. Russell had lately travelled. Mr. Russell complied with his kinsman's request, and the archduke was so delighted with his conversation and the readiness with which he spoke several European languages, that when invited by King Henry to proceed to Windsor, he begged Mr. Russell to accompany him. Of course his request was granted, and the archduke strongly recommended him to the king. Henry was struck by Mr. Russell's manner and conversation, and perhaps his personal appearance was also a letter of introduction, for he was handsome and attractive.

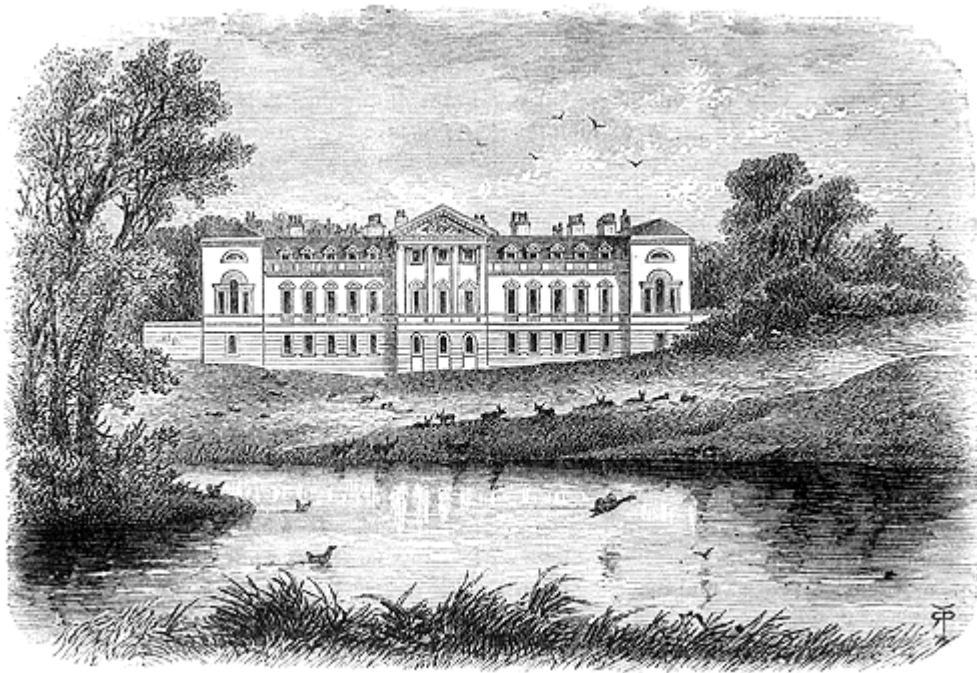
Henry appointed him a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. Three years afterwards Henry VIII succeeded his father, and at once perceived Mr. Russell's abilities. He employed the young man in diplomatic missions and in trusts of great confidence, and took him with him in his French wars. He became a favourite of the monarch's, was installed into the Order of the Garter, and raised to the peerage as Baron Russell of Chenies. In the next year, after his elevation to the Lords, when the monasteries were dissolved (1540), he received from the king a grant of the Abbey of Tavistock and its extensive possessions. His offices and honours were many. He was Controller of the King's Household, a Privy Councillor, Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Devon and Cornwall, President of those counties and of Somerset and Dorset, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Admiral of England and Ireland, and Captain General of the Vanguard of the Army. On his deathbed Henry appointed Lord Russell one of the counsellors to his son Edward VI. He (Lord Russell) continued in favour during the young king's reign; he was created Earl of Bedford, and the rich Abbey of Woburn was bestowed on him.

It is even more remarkable that he was not cast aside by Queen Mary, but was sent by her with other noblemen to escort Philip II. to England. It is quite possible that it was his power of speaking Spanish that influenced the queen in her choice, and made her not too curious as to the religious opinions of the great linguist. This was his last public act; but under each sovereign he kept his integrity, and there is nothing

¹⁷This lady was afterwards the mother of Charles V. emperor of Germany. She was deranged, and on the death of her husband went quite mad, and refused to let him be buried.

recorded of servility in his conduct to these imperious Tudors. He died in 1555, and was buried at Chenies, his wife's inheritance. In the little parish church of Chenies is a magnificent mortuary chapel of the Bedford family.

In 1572 Queen Elizabeth visited Francis, second Earl of Bedford, at Woburn. In 1642 the little adjoining town of Woburn was partly burnt by the Royalists; in 1645 Charles I. passed one night in the abbey. In November there was a skirmish between the Royalists and the townspeople, in which many houses were destroyed. Then the Parliamentarians occupied the town.



WOBURN ABBEY—THE WEST FRONT.

Figure 48: Woburn Abbey.

Part of the ancient abbey remains, and has been converted into the present magnificent ducal mansion, which retains the name. The abbey is a quadrangle presenting four fronts, each of above zoo feet in length. The west or principal front is of the ionic order, with a rustic basement. It is situated in a grand and beautiful park; there are, we were told, nearly eight miles of evergreens for drives and walks at all seasons, and the drive through the park from Ampthill to Woburn is remarkably picturesque, with rolling land here and there, water, trees, and great spaces of green turf. We were particularly struck when we last drove through it, by the quantities of golden broom flowers in great patches; the flowers that gave their name to the mighty Plantagenets, the *planta genista*.

There are many fine historical portraits in the abbey; those of Queen Mary and Elizabeth; a picture of Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain; Lady Jane Seymour, Henry VIII.'s third queen, Anne of Denmark, James I.'s queen, Sir Philip Sidney, General Monk, Cecil Lord Burghley, William Lord Russell, beheaded in 1683, and his heroic wife, Lady Rachel, who bore herself so bravely through his trial, but when he was gone, and her grief could not pain him, wept herself blind. At the abbey is preserved, in gold letters, Lord William's speech to the sheriffs, with the paper delivered by him 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 of Venice by Canaletti. In the sculpture gallery is the antique Lanti vase, brought to England by Lord Cawdor, and in the gallery is also a very old marble sarcophagus, brought from Ephesus, on the four sides of which are sculptured scenes from Homer, and the post-Homeric traditions of Andromache and Astyanax.

There is a sad story about one of the sweetest and loveliest of the Lady Russells. Francis Lord Russell of that time had married Lady Anne Car, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, who had by their agents poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury in the Tower. Of course this terrible story had been carefully kept from her, and she was herself one of the most angelic, excellent young ladies that ever lived. But one day going to the library to find a book to amuse an idle hour, she took down a pamphlet, and, seeing her father's name in it, read it. It was the trial for the murder. She was found lying insensible on the floor with the pamphlet beside her. It is said that she never recovered the shock - but that is apocryphal; still, it must have made an impression on her mind, never to be effaced.

AMPHILL:

THE OLD HOUSES AND ALAMEDA.



MPHILL is a very picturesque little town, some few houses still existing that must have been built in Henry VIII.'s reign; there is one principal street in which these small Tudor houses are; a market place with a pretty clock-tower and a general look of a German town about it. At the bottom of the hill, down which the street descends, is the church, a very old building with a small beacon tower at an angle of its large square one. There runs up at the side of the church and along by the graveyard, a narrow pathway called the Holly Walk. It is edged on each side by hollies, and presents a splendid appearance when the scarlet gems, that sometimes almost hide the sharp leaves and stems, appear. By this walk we proceed to a gate leading into a road, and crossing it, can (if privileged to do so) enter a very lovely avenue of limes leading to a flower garden and the French windows of the back of Amphill Park House. This lime walk, one of the finest in England, is upwards of a quarter of a mile in length; the trees meet overhead and make a charming arcade; the sunlight plays through the leaves, the song of birds is full and melodious, and the peculiarly sweet and fresh scent of the limes is on the air. A walk through the lime tree avenue can never be forgotten; and the last time we traversed it we were accompanied by one of the best and wisest of men - Lord Wensleydale - who then inhabited Amphill House; but it was winter. Still the branches of the graceful limes were fairy like in their fine tracery, and sparkling with frost gems, and the walk hard and firm. It was beautiful even then.

The house stands rather below the summit of a hill, and thus - though when we leave the lime avenue we enter a charming room scarcely above the level of the flower garden before it - the chief or front entrance is reached by flights of very high steps; indeed, Amphill is placed so high that it commands a fine view of the Vale of Bedford. The house has a long front with two projecting wings; there are nearly forty windows exclusive of the dormers. In the centre is an angular pediment bearing Lord Ossory's arms; and over the door a circular pediment with an antique bust.

The park is very picturesque, and is studded with beautiful groups of trees. Some of the oaks are of immense age, with a girth of ten yards each. They are very numerous, but many of them hollow and decayed from age, though preserving their picturesque beauty.

As we drive into the park we perceive to the right hand some ponds; above these, at the edge of a steep ascent, stood Amphill Castle. It was at the back of the present mansion, and was built by Lord Fanhope at the beginning of the fifteenth century. It was a favourite resort of Henry VIII., who was often here. There are two plans in existence of the old castle, from which we find that in front was a large court, then an oblong court, on each side of which was a very small one. "Between the front and back courts were two projections like the transepts of a church. In front were two square projecting towers." On the spot where this castle stood (it was totally demolished) Lord Ossory erected, in 1773, a monument, consisting of an octagonal shaft raised on four steps and surmounted by a cross, bearing a shield with the arms of Catherine of Arragon. On a tablet inserted in the base of the cross is this inscription, written by Horace Walpole:-

"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 waved,
And Love avenged a realm by priests enslaved;
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from lawless Henry's bed."

At the back of this spot Lord Ossory planted a grove of firs.

Queen Catherine was residing at Amphill - separated from her husband and daughter - when the commissioners for her divorce met at Dunstable Priory, in 1533; and here Cranmer, Archbishop of Can-

terbury, pronounced sentence of divorce on May 23rd. For this Mary, Catherine's daughter, never forgave him, and at last brought him to the stake. The sentence was communicated to Catherine at Ampthill. She was offered the title of Princess Dowager, and to be treated as the king's sister; but she solemnly protested that she would never consent to give up her title of Henry's wife. She was removed from Ampthill almost by force, and was taken to Kimbolton to die.

One of the Dukes of Bedford gave to the town of Ampthill an almeda, or alameda, such as we find outside Spanish towns - a charming place for sitting, walking, or chatting, if our climate would allow us to enjoy an outdoor life; but the soil being sand, it is nearly always a dry place to walk in. Let us try to describe it. We pass from the road into an extremely wide avenue, planted with trees at each side, and turfed, with seats under the trees. Walking up it for some distance - for it is long - we reach at length a piece of land on which grows a fine grove of pine and fir trees. This is a delightful spot, with hilly rises and miniature dells; the ground under the pines is strewn thickly with their needles, and their peculiar perfume is on the air. A lovely spot for reclining on the turf in the shade on a hot summer day, and listening to the aerial music that breathes through the pine stems, as sweet and mysterious as the sound of an Aeolian harp, while from high in the heaven the lark's song falls, adding a new charm to the place. Here sometimes an out-of-doors tea is drunk; but the almeda has never been as much used by the townspeople as the donor probably hoped. At one part of this grove, which is of some extent, there is a little brooklet, and the walk by it is said to have been that on which Catherine of Arragon walked, doubtless in painful thought of how cruelly she had been betrayed by her maid-of-honour and her husband.

Ampthill has a town-hall and one or two good shops. Just past the church is Ampthill House (not Ampthill Park), a fine mansion, picturesquely situated. It is in the Italian style of architecture, with a centre bow, and the house extending on each side of it. A new portion, nearly doubling its former size, has been added to it of late years. It has a wonderfully fine magnolia, and a wisteria climbing all over the front, and stands on a hill commanding an extensive and beautiful view. A wide terrace lies below the front windows, with a tennis ground at one end, and lovely flower beds gemming the lawn, which is over-shadowed by a very fine old oak and other trees. There is a walk round it, and below, meadows stretching in green beauty down the hill, with a picturesque tree-shadowed pond in them. The walk takes us by the margin of a much finer and larger pond, however, in the grounds, flower-edged and full of lovely water-lilies, and then to the hot-houses of all kinds, and the kitchen-garden and stables. It is all pastoral and sweet; and seen in May, with the meadows a sheet of gold and the tender green of the trees still at its freshest, there cannot be imagined a more picturesque and truly English home. The approach to the house is by an avenue of splendid sycamores. There used to be a very long elmwalk at the back of the house; but as the elms are apt to decay unseen when old, and from falling suddenly are dangerous, it has been partially removed. The elms met overhead, and a glimpse through their long perspective of the meadow-land and part of the town and sometimes of the sunset, was highly picturesque. The flowers in the green houses and conservatory are very beautiful.

At the end of the grounds near the lodge the son of the owner has erected a reading-room for the young men of the town, where they find fire and light in winter, and books, newspapers, chess, and bagatelle boards, etc. It is highly appreciated by the town, and must be a means of good. Art has been greatly cultivated amongst the young men and boys of Ampthill by a fair daughter of the house, and the wood-carving done there is of the highest beauty.

Bedfordshire is a rich and pastoral county, and escaped wonderfully from the ravages of the civil war of the Roses, from the fact of its not possessing any strongholds; all its castles, except Bedford and Ampthill, having been destroyed in the reign of John. From the same cause not many important events occurred here during the civil war of the seventeenth century.

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.

can scarcely call Kimbolton picturesque, but it stands at the head of our great fen country, and must have a place here also for its historical interest.



It is the seat of the Duke of Manchester, and the centre of all the legends of Huntingdonshire. It has really a grand feudal air about it, though it is not very ancient, the old castle having been nearly rebuilt by Sir John Vanburgh. We place it next to Ampthill because it was here that poor Queen Katherine was brought from that place, much against her wish; for Kimbolton was thought damp, and damp was especially injurious to her health. She was forcibly taken to Kimbolton Castle in December, 1534. The Duke of Manchester, in the Kimbolton papers, has given the following graphic delineation of the castle:

"It was an ancient pile, built by the Mandevilles, and occupied after them by the Bohuns, Straffords, and Wingfields, with a tower, and gateway and double ditch; a very strong place in a crosscountry valley, guarding the road from Bedford to Huntingdon; a house buried in wood, and open uplands to the east and west, each knoll of which was crowned with either abbey tower or village spire. A green bright coun-

try, full of deer and birds and fen water-fowl, open to the March winds, and asking of its dwellers who would keep in health a good deal of exercise on horse or foot. The unhappy queen could neither walk nor ride." She was not allowed to do either, had she been well enough. But great and tender pity followed the forsaken queen even here. A poor man ploughing at Grantham found a huge brass pot, in which was a large helmet of pure gold set with precious stones. He presented it to Queen Katherine; and she had need of gifts, for her income as Princess Dowager, 5,000, was shamefully kept from her, or so ill-paid that Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, her jailer, wrote more than once to say that the household was quite devoid of money and lacking everything. A queen lying ill, her attendants unpaid - what a position for her gentleman jailer! One marvels at the way in which the nobles and knights of the Tudors allowed themselves to be placed in such a position. The queen was very unhappy while she was at Kimbolton, on account of her former confessor, Father Forrest, whom Henry had imprisoned with Abell. They had been witnesses of Henry's marriage with Katherine, and the king dreaded their testimony to that effect; for he wished it now to appear that only a betrothal had taken place.

The close of the year found the queen on her deathbed. The king first heard of her danger from Eustachio Capucius, the resident Spanish ambassador; and Cromwell wrote to reprove Sir Edmund Bedingfeld for letting foreigners know the state of the queen before he did. Sir Edmund excused himself by saying, "that his fidelity in executing the orders of the king rendered him no favourite with the ladydowager, therefore she concealed everything from him." But he sent for her Spanish physician and questioned him. "Sir," replied the doctor, "she doth continue in pain, and can take but little rest; if the sickness continueth in force, she cannot remain long." She positively refused to see another doctor, as Sir Edmund proposed; she was satisfied, she said, with her own physician, and committed herself to the pleasure of God. When she felt that she was dying, Queen Katherine wrote a most pathetic letter to her husband:-

"MY LORD AND DEAR HUSBAND (she wrote or dictated), -

"I commend me onto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and my case being such, the tender love I bear you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all I yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

"For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

"Lastly, I do vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

Henry received this letter some days before Queen Katherine's death, shed tears over it, and sending for Capucius, entreated him to hasten to Kimbolton to greet Katherine kindly from him.

It was at nightfall about six o'clock on New Year's Day that Lady Willoughby, Katherine's country-

woman and attendant, - she was one of the maids-of-honour who accompanied her from Spain - arrived at Kimbolton Gate, cold and exhausted from a dreary journey on horseback, and hurt by a fall from her steed. At first, Bedingfeld and Chamberlayn demanded her licence to see the queen. She had none; but she besought them so earnestly to let her see the dying "Princess Dowager," promising to show them her letters in the morning, that they were persuaded to admit her, and once in her royal lady's chamber they "never saw her or her letters," says Bedingfeld. She never left Queen Katherine again, and they dared not compel her to do so in the very presence of death.

Capucius, the Emperor's Ambassador, arrived the next day, and after dinner was shown into the dying queen's room. He saw Katherine several times afterwards; but the spies about them could learn nothing from their conversation, because both he and Lady Willoughby spoke her native Castilian to the queen.

Katherine expired with these true friends beside her with great calmness.

Of the Shaksperian castle of Kimbolton this is the chief incident; Queen Katherine has made it her own.

"The room in which she died remains," says Hepworth Dixon. "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.... 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 Bolqu's eyes,'

Montague, the 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 burned her fingers; and as the cold Spanish training, which allows no pressure of hands between the sexes, nor 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.'

Montague 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 his blood, in which his life was fast oozing away, he wrote these words to the queen, "Madam, I die of your love."

"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."

CRESLOWE HOUSE; AND ITS GHOST STORY.



RESLOWE is a picturesque and venerable building with numerous gables and ornamented chimneys, some ancient mullioned windows, and a square tower with an octagonal turret. The tower is of stone, and the walls are six feet thick. The turret is forty five feet high, and has a newel staircase and loop holes. The original building dates from the time of Edward III., including the crypt and tower; some alterations were made in the time of Charles I. - ceilings were plastered and square windows made. The crypt is excavated from the solid limestone rock, and is entered by a flight of steps. It has but one small window, but its roof is vaulted in a light Gothic style, and supported by arches springing from four pillars, groined at their intersection, and ornamented with carved flowers and bosses.

The dungeon, as it is called, is near the crypt, but it is entered by a different flight of steps. It is windowless, gloomy, and dark. In it are several skulls and some thigh bones of great size, that must have belonged to gigantic human beings. Above the crypt is a chamber with a Gothic window of two lights, enriched with tracery of the decorative period. This chamber has a Gothic doorway, with wood-moulding resting on two sculptured heads with grotesque faces. It is said to be haunted by the ghost of Rosamond Clifford. Why a legend should have arisen of her haunting a place not in any way connected with her story, no one can tell; unless it is because Creslowe belongs to the Clifford family. The house and manor have had many owners. The Knights Templars once owned it; on the suppression of their order it was given to the Knights Hospitallers, and passed from them at the dissolution of the monasteries to the Crown. It was used as the pasture land of the royal cattle, and it is still wonderfully fertile, and a feeding place for animals that are the finest in the kingdom.

While Creslowe belonged to the Crown, it was given into the custody of a keeper. Sir Harry Vane had in the reign of Charles I. a poor boy waiting on him, whose father had died a bankrupt in the Fleet. Sir Harry begged the place of keeper of Creslowe for this lad, whose name was Cornelius Holland. He deserted his royal master as soon as fortune forsook him, and was rewarded by the Parliament with many lucrative posts. He entered Parliament, proved one of the bitterest enemies that the unfortunate king had, and at length signed his royal master's death warrant. He grew immensely rich, and is accused traditionally of having dismantled and destroyed many of the churches in his neighbourhood. At the Restoration he was excepted by name from the amnesty, and only escaped execution by flying to Lausanne, where he died, universally despised.

Charles II. granted the manor of Creslowe to Thomas, first Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and it continues in his family.

The haunted room has caused much interest; for though Fair Rosamond does not deign to show her lovely face, she is heard distinctly, it is said, by those who venture to sleep in the chamber. She comes from the crypt, and always enters by the Gothic door. After entering she walks about (her steps plainly audible), in a stately manner for some time, a long silk dress sweeping the floor and making a frou-frou as it passes; then she is heard moving quickly, as if struggling violently, and her dress rustles loudly.

The room has been slept in several times with the same result, we are assured, and a very clear and amusing account is given of one nocturnal experience by a gentleman who passed the night there.

We will extract part of his own account of it, from "Abbeys and Castles," Mr. Gunn having abbreviated it from the "Book of Days."

"Having entered the room," he says, "I locked and bolted both doors, carefully examined the whole room, and satisfied myself that there was no living creature in it besides 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 of a silk gown I sprang out of bed and lighted a candle; there was nothing to be seen, and now nothing 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 the cessation when the candle was lighted."

It is quite possible, nevertheless, that the noise was made by rats, or perhaps birds; sounds in the night and in darkness take all kinds of queer forms. A haunted room once owed its reputation to a snail crawling on the window glass. In fact, mysterious sounds belong to night and sleep, and we never feel inclined to take them on their own representation; we decline also to believe that the rest of poor Rosamond is to be nightly disturbed without the least possible reason or cause.

STOKE POGEIS, OR POGIS.



THE old Manor House of Stoke Pogeis, or Pogis, is the scene of Gray's humorously descriptive poem, "The Long Story." The poem originated in the following incident:- Gray had previously written, but not published his exquisite "Elegy," suggested by the beautiful churchyard in which he was wont to ponder. It was, however, handed about in MS. and, among those who had the good taste to appreciate it, was Lady Cobham. She became desirous of making the author's acquaintance, and Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, who were staying at Stoke Pogis, determined to introduce themselves and her to the poet. They called on him at his aunt's dwelling near the churchyard, and not finding him at home, left their cards. Gray returned the visit, and flattered by the admiration which had caused it, gave a humorous description of the manor house in "The Long Story," which he sent to them. The mansion is thus described in it:-

"In Britian's isle, - no matter where,
An ancient pile of buildings stands,
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands,
To raise the building's fretted heights,
Each panel in achievement clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing."

"Full oft within the spacious halls,
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."

But this is decidedly poetical fiction. Elizabeth's dancing Lord Keeper, Sir Christopher Hatton, never "led the brawls," or any other dances at Stoke Pogis, for he was never there. The old manor house was not even finished till it was a possession of Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, who retained the property till his death, which occurred four years after that of the Lord Keeper, and on the death of Lord Huntingdon, Sir Edward Coke purchased the house and resided in it. Soon after, he married for his second wife, Lady Hatton, widow of Sir William Hatton, nephew and heir of Sir Christopher. This lady has a strange history. At the death of her first husband, she was young, very beautiful, and very rich. Her wooers were many, and amongst them were Bacon and Coke, two bitter enemies on other accounts. Coke had been appointed Attorney-General by the queen in spite of Essex's earnest endeavours to obtain the appointment for Bacon; and the latter hated his rival for it. Now they both wooed the beautiful Lady Hatton, and Essex pleaded Bacon's cause with the widow and her mother as earnestly as he had pleaded with Elizabeth for the Attorney-Generalship. Lady Hatton, however, chose Coke, as being of the higher rank, and she was married to him in a private house without banns or licence, at the very moment when the archbishop was prosecuting informal and irregular marriages.

In 1616 Coke by his unbending judicial integrity lost the favour of James I., and with it the Chief Justiceship. In order to regain the king's favour and to obtain an equivalent for his lost office, Coke resolved to marry his daughter to Sir John Villiers, brother of the Duke of Buckingham, then supreme in James's affections..

But Lady Hatton determinedly refused to consent to this sale and bargain of her child, who was only sixteen, and had a great aversion to Sir John. At first the mother and daughter ran away and hid themselves at Oatlands; but Coke discovered their retreat, came armed with a warrant, and broke open all the doors



Figure 49: Stoke Pogis.

till he confronted his enraged wife and trembling daughter. The matter was then brought before the Privy Council, and Coke and his wife had fierce quarrels at the Council Table, where she declaimed against him so bitterly, and with such wonderful gestures, that it was said' "Babbage the player could not have acted better."

The lady had previously (and often) been forbidden the court on account of her insolent treatment of Lady Compton, Buckingham's mother, but she retained full power over her own property, and that which she enjoyed in right of her first husband. When her husband fell into disgrace she left him, and avoided him. She unfurnished her Holborn House and took all the plate and movables from Stoke Pogis, leaving Coke to empty houses and the knowledge that he had alienated her and his daughter from him. However, in June, 1616, Sir Edward yielded at discretion. In an unpublished letter we read that "his cruel heart had been forced to yield to more than he ever meant, but upon this agreement he flatters himself that she will prove a very good wife."

The dismantled manor house at Stoke was refurnished, and again the proposal of Sir John Villiers came to the front. Apparently Lady Hatton offered no further opposition to it They had been talking over the matter one night at Stoke, and Coke was in great glee at the prospect of the alliance, but when he rose next morning his wife and daughter were gone. They had left Stoke at midnight, and no one knew where they were. At last, after some days of fruitless search, he discovered that they were in the house of a cousin of Lady Hatton, and without waiting for a warrant Sir Edward hastened thither, accompanied by a dozen

strong men, took the house by assault, and having gained possession of his daughter, carried her to Stoke and locked her up in an upper chamber, keeping the key in his own pocket. Lady Hatton tried to recover her child also, by forcible means, but her husband (again in the king's favour) threw her into prison, and kept her there, and his daughter locked up, till both had given a legal assent to the marriage with Sir John. It took place at Hampton Court in the presence of the king, queen, and courtiers. Two years afterwards the favourite's cousin was raised to the peerage as Viscount Purbeck and Baron Villiers of Stoke Pogis.

The sequel of this enforced marriage was very sad. Lady Purbeck deserted her husband and lived with Sir Robert Howard; and her crime brought on her degradation, imprisonment, and early death.

Lady Hatton hated her husband, and openly wished him dead. He died in 1634, in his eighty-fourth year, preserving his brilliant legal intellect to nearly the close of his life.

As soon as she was a widow, Lady Hatton returned to Stoke and lived in the old mansion occasionally, till her death. She has the character of being a perfect vixen, but the conduct of her husband offers a strong excuse for her, and her opposition to her daughter's marriage with John Villiers was greatly to be commended.

Queen Elizabeth visited Coke at Stoke Pogis in 1601, and in 1647 Charles I. was for some days confined in it by the Parliamentary army. Ten years afterwards Sir Robert Gayer received it as a bequest from his brother, and at the coronation of Charles II. was made a Knight of the Bath. He was devotedly loyal to the house of Stuart.

In Lipscomb's History of Bucks we are told that soon after William III. had ascended the throne, he visited the village of Stoke and expressed a wish to see the inside of the old manor house. It was mentioned to Sir Robert, who flew into a violent rage, declaring that William of Orange should never come under his roof. "He has already," he said, "got possession of another man's house. He is a usurper; tell him to go back again." Lady Gayer expostulated with him, and entreated him (even falling on her knees) to admit the king, who was actually waiting at the gate. But her entreaties were vain, Sir Robert only became more angry, vociferating, "An Englishman's house is his castle. I shall open and close my doors to whom I please; the king, I say, shall not come within these walls." And his Majesty had to depart without seeing the inside of the historical mansion, while the Stuart adherent exulted at his triumph. It was well for him that the sovereign thus repulsed was not a Tudor.

The old house was pulled down, save one wing, in 1789, by its then owner, Granville Penn, a descendant of the celebrated William Penn, the founder of Virginia.

But Stoke Pogis is still a place to visit for the sake of its beautiful church and churchyard, associated for ever with the recollection of Gray's perfect poem.

The poet spent much of his early life with his mother and her sister at Stoke, and wrote here his "Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College," and his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." He died in 1771, and was buried by his own desire at Stoke, where his mother already rested, with his aunt. He sleeps beside them.

In 1799 Mr. Penn erected in a field adjoining the churchyard, a large stone sarcophagus, in honour of Gray. It stands on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side; and a bust of Gray, presented by the Earl of Carlisle to the school, stands in the upper schoolroom of Eton College.



STOKR POGIS CHURCH.

Figure 50: Stoke Pogis Church.

GREAT HAMPDEN.



IGH up amongst the Chiltern Hills, and about five miles sooth-west of Wendover, stands the home of England's patriotic son, John Hampden. It is still the property of his descendants in the seventh or eighth generation. It is shrouded in ancient woods, and the approach to it is by a long avenue of grand beeches.

It is not easy to say when this house was built. The estates were given to Baldwin de Hampden by Edward the Confessor, and the name seems to indicate that De Hampden was a Norman, one of those "foreign favourites" about whom the Saxons used to murmur. It was because of his nationality, probably, that when the Conqueror gave England piece-meal to his knights, the estate of De Hampden escaped confiscation, passing from father to son in succession. The family increased in influence and wealth. There is a tradition that Edward III. and the Black Prince once paid a visit to Hampden, and that while the Prince and his host were amusing themselves with games of chivalry, a quarrel arose and the prince received a blow in the face, which greatly enraged his royal father, who instantly left the house with his son; and afterwards seized some valuable manors belonging to De Hampden as a punishment for his want of manners and loyalty. The following lines are said to refer to this incident:-

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe
Hampden did forego
For striking of a blow,
And glad he did escape so."

Queen Elizabeth visited Hampden during one of her progresses, and Griffith Hampden, in order that his sovereign might find an easier road to his house, cut an avenue through his woods, still called "the Queen's Gap."

The Hampdens were a chivalrous race, and represented their county in several parliaments.

In the Wars of the Roses they wore the Red Rose, and lost some lands by it; but when Henry VII. came to the throne Edward Hampden was made one of the Esquires of the Body and Privy Councillor to the King. In Henry VIII.'s reign Sir John Hampden of the Hill was appointed one of the attendants on the Queen of England, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. His daughter, Sybil Hampden (Mrs. Penn), was nurse to the Prince of Wales (after wards Edward VI.), and was ancestress to William Penn, of Pennsylvania. Her monument in Hampton Church, Middlesex, records her possession of much wisdom and many virtues. Griffith Hampden, who cut down his trees for Queen Elizabeth, served as sheriff of his county, and represented it in Parliament in 1585.

His eldest son, William, married Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrook, in Huntingdonshire, and was thus, by marriage, uncle to the Protector.

John Hampden born 1594, was consequently cousin to Oliver Cromwell. He succeeded to his paternal inheritance in his infancy. He was educated at the Grammar School at Thame, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, and at nineteen he was admitted as a student of the Inner Temple, where he carefully studied English law. He was rather a wild youth; fond of sports and good company, but on marrying Elizabeth, only daughter of Edmund Symeon, Esq., he completely reformed. Love for his wife and her gentle and holy influence caused him to give up his life of licence for a very quiet and devout one. Thus sedately and happily he dwelt in the old home in a pleasant woodland country, the hills of which were covered with beech trees, and close by a very ancient church, "standing in a park-like enclosure." When he sent his dear friend Eliot, who was then a prisoner in the Tower, a buck out of his paddock, he writes "that it must be a small one, to hold proportion with the place and soil it was bred in."¹⁸ Thus it is evident that Hampden was not very wealthy. He served in all the parliaments of Charles I.'s reign, and in 1636 became generally known by refusing to pay ship-money, because it was an illegal tax. For his refusal he was imprisoned, but his conduct under the persecution he endured gained him a great reputation. In the beginning of the civil war he commanded a regiment of infantry, and fought with distinguished courage at Edgehill. Macaulay

¹⁸Nugent's "Memorials."

and Clarendon have both told the story of his last field, at Chalgrove. We will give a brief extract from Macanlay's spirited account of it:-

"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 partisan, 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 Commissioner) were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the Parliamentary army 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 entrusted to him. But it was decreed that, at this juncture, 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."

On the evening of the 17th of June Rupert rode out of Oxford on one of his raids. At three in the morning of the 18th he attacked and dispersed a band of Roundheads, who lay at Postcombe. He then galloped off to Chinnor, burned the village, drove off the cattle and prepared to return with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

As soon as Hampden heard of this affair he sent off a messenger to tell the General what the Cavaliers had done, and that they could only return to Oxford by Chiselhampton Bridge; would Lord Essex send a force at once in that direction to intercept them? Meantime, aware of the dilatory character of the general, he determined to go out himself with all the cavalry he could collect to impede Rupert's march. A considerable body of horse volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander; he did not belong to their arm of the service, but "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men."

The Royal and Parliamentary cavalry came face to face in Chalgrove Field, and at the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by "two bullets which broke the bone and lodged in his body." His followers seeing him wounded gave way and fled. Rupert pursued them for a short time, then crossed the bridge and arrived safely at Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly from the field. "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 dividing the parishes he paused; then suddenly summoned his courage, clapped spurs to his horse and cleared the brook. No wonder that he arrived at Thame almost fainting with agony. The surgeon dressed his wounds, but they were mortal, and he knew it. In spite of the dreadful pain he suffered, he wrote several letters to the Parliament about public affairs, and sent a message to Lord Essex, entreating him to concentrate his troops.

Then he prepared for death. He was attended by an intimate friend, a clergyman of the Church of England, and by Dr. Spurton, the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Green Coats.

He received the Holy Communion, declaring that, though he disliked the government of the Church of England, he agreed with its doctrines. Then he lay murmuring prayers in a low voice. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed at the last moment, "receive my soul, O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to-" In that unfinished ejaculation his noble soul passed to God.

He was buried in Hampden Church. His soldiers, with reversed arms and muffled drums, followed him to the grave, singing as they slowly marched the ninetieth Psalm.

Had he lived we might have had a constitutional government or a Republic; but Charles I. would not have been put to death; and probably there would have been no desire for a Restoration; for Hampden would have respected the liberties of his country and have ruled wisely and well.

Of the house, as it is, there is not much to say. It is entered by a curious old hall, surrounded by a wooden gallery. Among its relics are a bust and two portraits of Hampden; portraits of Henrietta Maria, and of Sir Kenelm Digby, by Vandyck; of Oliver Cromwell in armour, and some others. There is a full length portrait of Elizabeth in the room she occupied when she visited Great Hampden.

At the top of the house is a long room full of books, called "John Hampden's library." and there is a small library below, in which is a Bible with a register of his birth and those of his family.

The Church is, as we have said, close to the house. On the south wall of the chancel is a monument erected by Hampden to his first wife Elizabeth, with this epitaph:-

"In her pilgrimage-
The stay 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 celestial mansion
And communion with the Deity."

The patriot's grave has no memorial, but he sleeps near his first love.

HINCHINBROOK HOUSE.

HIS ancient and highly interesting mansion belongs now to the Earls of Sandwich; but it was, for several generations, the home of the Cromwell family.



It is situated on the northwest slope of a gentle eminence, and "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 buildings are on each side of an open court. The principal fronts are to the north and east. The entrance is on the north side, and the great courtyard leading to it is crossed diagonally by a wall ornamented with clipt yews.

At the lodge or entrance are figures of savages with clubs, life size. On this front are two very large bay windows, profusely ornamented with shields of the Cromwells; the arms of Queen Elizabeth; and heraldic cognisances of the Tudors, the falcon, the portcullis of Tudor, a ton with a branch; with roses of different forms on the upper cornice of each window. The bay window of the dining-room has the arms of Elizabeth on a panel two feet nine inches wide, upheld by angels, with the royal badges of the portcullis and the harp crowned. Beneath the latter are the initials E. R. Over this window, in a decorated compartment, is a large radiated rose.

Upon the west side of the entrance court is still remaining a portion of the old priory, which was given by Henry VIII. to Richard Williams (or Cromwell), the nephew of his favourite minister Cromwell, Earl of Essex. They are now used as the dairy, scullery, and for other offices. The ancient kitchen is still used. The east front has two bay windows with the arms of the Montagu family on them, with this motto, "Post tot aufragia portum."

The most remarkable part of the mansion is the very large circular bay window, built in 1602. It is exquisitely ornamented, its basement forms a porch; seven arches spring from columns at the piers, the spandrils and key-stones of which are decked with shields and crests of the Cromwell alliances. The gilded roof of the dining-room which had this window was said to have been part of the ancient priory of Barnwell. In this room King James was entertained by Sir Oliver Cromwell.

Both these fronts are of stone; the rest of the house is of brick, coloured to correspond with the old portion, and erected by the first Earl of Sandwich.

The principal rooms on the ground floor are the dining and drawing rooms, the billiard-room, library and offices. The windows of the drawing-room are of painted glass, and record the marriages and children from Edward, first Earl of Sandwich, to John, fourth Earl. The great staircase has carved panels, containing the arms of the Montagues.

The great dining room of Elizabeth's days on the first floor is now divided into five bedrooms; of these are the green room, the velvet room, the state bedroom of James 1., etc., etc.

One or two of the fishponds belonging to the old nunnery are remaining, and Nuns' Bridge and Nuns' Meadows on the west side of the park still remind us that once the place was dedicated to God.

The name of the house comes from the Hinchin, a brook which skirts the estate, and joins the Ouse at Huntingdon, about one or two miles below the house.

The family who received this part of the Church property was Welsh. They were near connections of the Putney blacksmith, father of the Thomas Cromwell who, by his fidelity to his first master, Wolsey, gained the good opinion of Henry VIII., and rose to the highest power in England. He used it (and the needs and avarice of the king) to abolish the religious houses and secularise their revenues. One of the chief privileges conferred on him was the power of doing as he pleased with the ecclesiastical houses in Huntingdonshire. He kept them for himself and his kinsmen.

Amongst these was his nephew, Richard Williams, of an ancient Welsh family, claiming descent from the former lords of Powis and Cardigan. His mother was a sister of Cromwell's, who introduced his young kinsman to the sovereign.

Henry advised the youth to change his name from Williams - emphatically Welsh - to Cromwell, an English name. The young man obeyed and was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to the King, and

afterwards Constable of Berkeley Castle. His uncle gave him the greater part of the monastic houses in Huntingdonshire.

This nephew of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was one of the challengers at a tournament held by Henry VIII. in 1540, the combatants in which were rewarded with an annual income of 1,000 marks and a house to live in, granted from the dissolved monastery of Stamford. Young Cromwell distinguished himself by such remarkable skill and gallantry in this mock fight that the king was delighted with him, and knighted him the second day of the tournament. When the jousts were over he gave him a diamond ring, saying at the same time, "Formerly thou wert my Dick, but henceforth thou shalt be my Diamond," and ordered him to wear the ring in his arms on the fore-gamb of the lion in his crest, instead of the javelin, heretofore borne there.

This alteration of the arms was always borne afterwards by the elder branch of the family; and when Oliver became Protector, he adopted it instead of the javelin he had used previously. After the execution of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the king still continued to favour Sir Richard, and greatly added to his already large possessions.

Sir Richard Cromwell was succeeded by his son Henry. His second daughter married William Hampden, Esq., and became the mother of the great John Hampden, the patriot.

Sir Richard's eldest son, Oliver, succeeded him at Hinchinbrook; his second son, Robert of Huntingdon, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Stewart, Esq., and became the father of Oliver Cromwell, the Protector.

Sir Henry Cromwell was so hospitable and liberal, that he was called the Golden Knight. He built great part of the early house at Hinchinbrook, and lived there every winter; dwelling in the summer at an Abbey at Ramsey, which he had also made into a dwelling-place. His eldest son, Oliver, uncle to the Protector, succeeded him, and entertained James I. at Hinchinbrook, when the king was on his progress from Scotland to receive the English crown.

We have some account of this visit in Stowe's "Annales":-

"There attended at Master Oliver Cromwell's house," he says, "the Head of the University of Cambridge, all clad in scarlet gowns and corner caps, who having presence of his Majesty, there was made a learned and eloquent oration in Latine, welcomming his Majesty, as also entreating 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 cup of gold, goodlie horses, deepemouthered hounds, divers hawks of excellent wing, and at the remove gave fifty pounds amongst his Majesty's officers. The 29th of April his Majesty tooke leave of Master Oliver Cromwell and his lady."

The king was greatly pleased at this reception, and at his coronation created Master Cromwell a Knight of the Bath.

On the outbreak of the civil war in the next reign, Sir Oliver naturally took the Royalist side, raised men, and contributed large sums of money to the king's cause. His loyal devotion to Charles exhausted his resources, and he was obliged to sell Hinchinbrook to the Montagues, since Viscounts of Hinchinbrook and Earls of Sandwich.

Sir Oliver, now a poor man, retired to Ramsay Abbey, where, heartbroken at his royal master's troubles and his own, he died in his ninety-third year. His eldest son, Colonel Henry Cromwell, inherited the little left of their great fortune; but having also taken an active part on the king's side in the civil war, his estates were sequestered; but the sequestration was afterwards removed at the intercession of his kinsman, Oliver, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Colonel Cromwell died in 1657. His son Henry - perhaps influenced by the Protector's former kindness - went over to the side of the Roundheads, and entered Parliament. He died in 1673, leaving no children; and the great Huntingdon line - one of the wealthiest families in the kingdom, till the civil war - became extinct.

Robert Cromwell - the head of the younger branch of the family - settled at Huntingdon, married, as we have said, and had five daughters and one son - the famous OLIVER, who became Protector of England.

He (Oliver) belongs to history, and not to Hinchinbrook, except by relationship; we shall therefore here conclude our sketch of the family of Cromwell.

CAMBRIDGE.



THE situation of the University of Cambridge is not as picturesque as that of Oxford, but its stately buildings and avenues of magnificent trees atone for the level ground on which it stands, and for the slow Cam.

The time at which this University was founded is not exactly known, but Henry I. (Beauclerk) repaired the damage done to it by Robert de Montgomery (who had ravaged the county and town with fire and sword) and bestowed many privileges on the town. He constituted it a corporation, and fixed a regular ferry over the Cam, which "brought much trading and many people thereunto."

By the earlier part of the thirteenth century many scholars were assembled there; but they dwelt at a great expense in the town, and often declared that they must go elsewhere on account of the imposition of the lodging or "hostel" keepers. In 1270 Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.) visited Cambridge, and having been told of the frequent differences between the scholars and the townsmen, he caused an instrument to be drawn up by which it was settled that thirteen University men and ten burgesses were to act in concert in seeing that peace was faithfully kept between gown and town. In 1280 there were in Cambridge thirty-four hostels and twenty inns, but very soon the scholars were to have Colleges to live in. The oldest known College in Cambridge is St. Peter's, or Peterhouse, in Trumpington Street, nearly opposite to Pembroke College. In 1257 Hugh de Balsham, subprior of Ely, bought two hostels which he intended to appropriate to the use of certain scholars kept by him in the Hospital of St. John; in 1284 he obtained from the king a license to found his college, and he removed his scholars to Trumpington Street to his two hostels. He put them in possession of these and of the Church of St. Peter's, with the tithes of its two mills; and to atone to the brethren of the hospital for taking these mills and scholars, etc., he ordained that they should have certain rents and several houses near their hospital, which he had previously given to his scholars.

When he died in 1286 Hugh de Balsham by his will left to the college 300 marks for the purpose of building; with this money they erected a hall, kitchen and butteries. Balsham placed this college under the care of the Bishop of Ely, who did much for it. As it at present exists this college is not picturesque; we name it simply as the first foundation. Some eminent men, however, have been educated here, Heywood, the dramatist; Crashaw and Gray, the poets.

King's College was founded by the Royal Saint, Henry VI., in 1440. It is open only to the scholars of Eton, for whom the good king probably meant it when he established it. It soon became the largest and most important College in the University. The chapel, the work of the three Henries, VI., VII., and VIII., is one of the finest specimens of perpendicular Gothic in the world. It is three hundred and sixteen feet long, fifty wide and ninety high.

"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 the entrancing beauty of its fanlike tracery and gorgeous groining is at once awe-inspiring and overpowering."¹⁹

The stained glass windows are remarkably fine and in the best style of art.

Wordsworth was inspired by this most beautiful chapel with two of his finest sonnets.

"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 I
Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects lore
of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the tense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells

¹⁹"Abbeys and Castles."



KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Figure 51: Kings College Cambridge.

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."

"What awful perspective! while from our sight
 With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
 Their portraitures, their stone work glimmers dyed
 In the soft chequers 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."

Trinity College, founded by Henry VIII., has a magnificent hall; externally it presents a lofty building supported by light buttresses, with a high-pitched Flemish roof, surmounted by an elegant lantern. "The interior is a perfect picture of an old baronial hall with a raised dais, screenwork, music-gallery, butteries and adjacent kitchen. It is a hundred feet long, forty broad and fifty high, and is wainscoted in carved oak; open carved oak rafters support the roof. in the decoration of the wainscoting and the roof, gold and colour have been used with great effect." The grandeur of this hall is much increased by the coloured light that enters it from the painted windows, filled with heraldic bearings. At the upper end of the hall, just below the dais, is a deep and lofty oriel window on each side. There are some fine portraits on the walls.

This college has suites of rooms for royal visitors, and the judges on circuit are lodged here.

"The library is a fine building, by Sir Christopher Wren. The interior is unsurpassed by any building in the country for harmony of design. 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 country and river."²⁰ There are some fine statues and busts - Thorwaldsen's Byron, and a bust of Tennyson.

The library is rich in controversial tracts published in the troubled seventeenth century, and it has two cases of valuable old MSS, which contain much of the poetry of Milton, written by his own hand, and a volume of mathematical papers in the writing of Sir Isaac Newton.

The walks belonging to Trinity are charming. They form a rectangle, about a third of a mile in circumference, on the far side of the Cam. At the end of a fine avenue of lime trees, the branches of which meet and intersect at a great height, is seen the steeple of Coton Church.

St. John's, next in size and nearest to Trinity, is built on the site of the old Hospital of St. John.

The building consists of four distinct courts, and is entered from the street by a very noble gateway tower, with four corner turrets.

The chapel, 120 feet long and 27 broad, is a handsome building with curious carved stalls. The hall is remarkable for height and for its carved and gilt wainscoting. There are some fine paintings here.

Jesus College stands apart on the banks of the Cam at the eastern entrance of the town. its secluded situation attracted the attention of James I. when on a visit to the University, and he said "that if he lived at the University he would pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study at Jesus."

As we are chiefly describing the picturesque, we think we must here conclude our chat about Cambridge.

²⁰Gunn

OXFORD.



XFORD has great claims to the picturesque of a grave and calm character; a mass of towers, pinnacles, and spires rise from a valley, amid thick groves of trees, on the banks of the beautiful, and here limpid, river that glides gently through the meadows - the imperial Thames.

Christ Church is one of the finest of the Oxford buildings, and was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in the reign of Henry VIII., the first stone being laid July 17th, 1525. After the great cardinal's death, Henry refounded it, 1532, and in 1546 it received its present name. Over the entrance is a statue of Wolsey. Christ Church is preeminently the royal college. Here the Prince of Wales and Prince Leopold studied, and the Crown Prince of Denmark. Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, whose "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" are well known, was at Christ Church; also Atterbury, the exiled bishop, Ben Jonson, Ruskin, Peel, and Gladstone, with many another celebrated Englishman. Turning to the left the kitchen is entered, and here a monster gridiron is shown, that is four feet six inches by four feet one inch. In the cloisters is the Chapter House, where Charles 1. held his Parliament when shut up in Oxford. The loyalty of the University

was of the most devoted character The hall is reached by a very beautiful stone staircase, forty feet wide, dating from 1640. The Irish oak roof is emblazoned with heraldic bearings. There are many fine paintings here.

Great Tom, the famous bell, belongs to Christ Church, and every night, at five minutes past nine, it tolls 101 times (the original number of the students), and at the solemn sound the gates of most of the colleges and halls are shut.

The great gate of Christ Church is known as the Tom Gate, from the cupola over it containing the great bell. It came from Oseney Abbey originally, and was re-cast in 1680, its weight being about 17,000 pounds.

From a cross in the centre of the Quadrangle, Wicliffe used to preach. A fountain now stands on the spot. Leaving it, the visitor crosses to the Peckwater Quadrangle. On the right of it are the library and picture gallery. The former is rich in rare volumes, pictures, busts, and coins. Here is Wolsey's Prayer Book, beautifully illuminated - a French Psalter bound in embroidered crimson velvet, set with pearls, date 1599, and the original score of the May-day hymn sung on Magdalen College tower. There are more than three hundred pictures, arranged chronologically.

In Canterbury quadrangle stood Canterbury College, founded in 1365 by Simon Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the study of Canon Law. Wicliffe was its first warden, and Chaucer and Sir Thomas More were amongst its students.

Of Oriel, St. Mary's Hall, and Corpus Christi, we have not space to speak. Adjoining the latter is Merton, the old college founded 1264 by Walter de Merton, Lord Chancellor and Bishop of Rochester. The college chapel is very magnificent. It is used for parish service as well as for the students. The massive tower rises at the intersection of the transept and choir; the latter cannot be surpassed in beauty. It contains fourteen windows, beautifully illuminated, and the east window has a splendid Catherine Wheel. St. Alban Hall adjoins Merton.

A sad story belongs to the Terrace of Merton. A Cavalier named Windebank gave up Bletchington House to Cromwell without resistance, and "was shot by sudden courtmartial, so enraged were they at Oxford, for Cromwell had not even footsoldiers, still less a battering gun. It was his poor young wife, they said; she and other ladies on a visit there, at Bletchington House, that confounded poor Windebank. He set his back to the wall of Merton College and received his death volley with a soldier's stoicism." - Carlyle's Cromwell.

Sure man's heart anguish ne'er hath broken here
 This smiling air of natural repose,
 Which over Merton's meadowed landscape glows
 Yes, on this spot where the grey stone walls rear
 Their hoary height, fell that poor Cavalier,
 Who gave his post up to his monarch's foes

At iron Cromwell's summons, without blows,
Through gentle courtesy, not coward fear.

Perchance beneath where now I stand, he stood,
Setting his back against the college wall,
Baring his breast, not dabbled yet with blood,
A bold, unflinching mark for many a ball;
His young wife's name borne on his latest breath-
Short trial his, brief shrift and soldier's death.

JOHN BRUCE NORTON.

Magdalen College has a noble tower, which is a picturesque object when approaching Oxford from the east it was erected between 1492 - 1505. Its height is 145 feet.

The Maudlin Grace or May Morning Hymn is one of the old customs retained at this college.

On the summit of the stately tower a portion is railed off for men who sing and choristers in surplices; the remaining space is for members of the University and visitors, admitted with tickets. As the last stroke of five dies on the breeze, all heads are reverently uncovered, and the choristers in the deep silence wake the echoes of the morning with the fine old hymn to the Trinity, "Te Deum patrem colimus."

Dr. Rimbault gives the following account of this custom: - "in the year of our Lord Cod, 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 Holy Word that the hearts of kings, etc.,' 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 first 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."

There is an annual charge on Slymbridge Rectory, Gloucestershire, of 10 for choir music on the top of the tower, the college being the patron of that living.

The new buildings having been inspected, we proceed to the celebrated water walks winding along the river Cherwell for a long way. One of these is called "Addison's Walk," as he used to stroll there.

Cardinal Wolsey, Reginald Pole, Addison, Gibbon, Collins, Wilson, John Hampden, John Foxe, martyr-ologist, were all Magdalen men.

New College, or "Sainte Marie of Wynchester at Oxenford," was founded and built by that great architect, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor. Founded in 1379, it was completed and opened in 1386 with solemn processions and litanies. A warden was appointed, and with forty fellows, thirty scholars, ten chaplains, three clerks, and sixteen choristers formed the first establishment.

The entrance to New College is not striking, but the interior is charming. Over the gateway, however, are three exquisite statues representing the Virgin Mary, the angel Gabriel, and the founder, Wykeham. The tower stands by the portal. It has ten bells, one of the sweetest peals in the city. Four of these bells bear the founder's motto - "Manners makyth man." From the summit of this tower a very fine view of the University is obtained. There is a remarkable echo in the cloisters, and in them are buried several distinguished men. A small beacon tower is at the top of the great bell tower, which, in case of invasion, could be lighted to send the alarm of war forward.

From the cloisters the visitors enter the chapel, passing through the ante-chapel. The painted windows here are magnificent, and the large west window by Jervais, designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is splendid, as are also the south windows, said to have been painted by the pupils of Rubens. Wykeham's pastoral staff is preserved here, and his mitre, sandals, ring, gloves, and plate are kept in the muniment room. A letter of his is also preserved in the library.

The gardens of this college, overshadowed by old trees, are extremely beautiful. Surrounding them are the thick old walls and bastions, the bishop having entered into an agreement with the city magistrates to keep the walls in good repair for ever.

Amongst the great men who were students at New College were Archbishop Chichele, Bishop Kenn, Archdeacon Philpot, martyr, Bishop Lowth, Dr. Crotch.

St Mary Magdalen Church was erected during the Saxon period of our history, but St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, added the north and south aisles, 1194. The tower was built with some of the material from Rewley Abbey, 1511-31. In a MS. of the Bodleian Library is a legend of Ralph, a priest, 1286. He had been guilty of some great crime, and whilst he was celebrating high mass, he fancied that he beheld an angel descending, who snatched the holy elements from him, and he became senseless. When he recovered, he was so terrified and struck by remorse, that he hastened to confess his sin, and did a severe penance for it. From that time he was afflicted with palsy of the head, probably coming on when he thought he saw the angel.

The jewel chest, of finely carved oak, in which the plate of the Roman Catholic service was kept, is still in the vestry. The north aisle, called the Martyrs' Memorial Aisle, was built by public subscription in 1841 in remembrance of the martyred Bishops and Archbishop; Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer. This aisle contains the door of the cell in which the martyrs were imprisoned. Nearly adjoining the Church is the Martyrs' Memorial, erected at the same time as the aisle, 1841. It is in the style of the crosses raised by Edward I. to his Queen Eleanor, and is very light and elegant as well as lofty, being seventy three feet high. The statues in the niches are those of the prelates. Archbishop Cranmer is on the north side, Bishop Latimer on the west, and Ridley on the east. Below is the following inscription:

"To the glory of God and in grateful commemoration of His servants - Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ripley, Hugh Latimer, prelates of the Church of England, who near this spot yielded their bodies to be burned, bearing witness to the sacred truths which they had affirmed and maintained against the errors of the Church of Rome, and rejoicing that to them it was given, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His sake. This monument was erected by public subscription in the year of our Lord God MDCCCXLI."

Ridley and Latimer perished at the same time and place in a ditch opposite Baliol College. Lord Williams, of Tame, and a sufficient retinue were appointed to see them burnt. They embraced each other, and then knelt each beside his stake in prayer. A certain Dr. Smith preached a sermon, as was usual on these occasions. He took his text from the 13th chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians: "If I give my body to be burnt, and have not charity, it availeth me nothing." Ridley wished to answer the sermon, which was a tirade of reproach and uncharitable assertions, but he was not allowed; he was told that if he would recant he might have his life, and he answered, "So long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth. God's will be done in me!"

Latimer said he could answer the sermon well enough if he might, and added, "Well, there is nothing hid but it shall be opened," a saying he habitually used. Ridley distributed such trifles as he had about him to those who were near, and many gathered round him to obtain a relic. They undressed for the stake, and Latimer, when he took off his prison garb, an old threadbare gown of Bristol frieze, appeared in a shroud instead of a shirt. Till that moment he had looked like a withered, bent old man, but now he stood quite upright, "as comely a father as one might lightly behold."

Ridley then prayed aloud, "O Heavenly Father, I give unto Thee most hearty thanks for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even unto death. I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

After he had been chained to the stake, his brother-in-law tied a bag of gunpowder round his neck. Ridley, told what it was, said he received it as sent by God, and begged him to make haste and give some also to Latimer. Then he spoke to Lord Williams, and besought him to use his influence with Queen Mary in behalf of his sister and the poor tenants of his see.

When the faggots were piled around them, and the fire brought, the brave old Latimer said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust shall never be put out!" He then received the flame in his hands, as if embracing it, and stroked his face with them, dying apparently without pain. Ridley suffered longer, till the gunpowder exploded, when he fell at Latimer's feet. "As the bodies were consumed, the quantity of blood that gushed from Latimer's heart astonished the beholders." It was particularly observed, because he had repeatedly prayed during his imprisonment that he might shed his heart's blood for the truth; that God would restore His gospel

to England, and preserve the Lady Elizabeth. Latimer's words were prophetic. The fires of the martyrs restored the Light to their country.

Cranmer died alone at the same place, penitent for his former recantation, and holding his erring hand in the consuming flames as his penance for past weakness.

FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD.

Here Latimer and Ridley in the flames
 Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walked
 Uprightly through the world, just thoughts of joy
 May fill thy breast in contemplating here
 Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
 From the strait path of even rectitude,
 Fearful in trying seasons to assert
 The better cause, or to forsake the worse;
 Reluctant, when perchance therein enthralled,
 Slave to false shame, O thankfully receive
 The sharp compunctious motions that this spot
 May wake within thee, and be wise in time,
 And let the future for the past atone.
 - SOUTHEY.

Pembroke College dates from 1624. It was founded by Thomas Teesdale and Richard Wightwick, and named after William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

It was at Pembroke that Dr. Johnson studied. Here, as Macaulay says, "The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, haranguing a circle of lads over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy." He was only three years at Pembroke, entering the college in 1728 at nineteen years of age. Whitfield, the friend of Wesley, was educated here; Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici"; Francis Beaumont the dramatist; Camden, the historian; Pym and Bishop Bonner.

We may now pass to Folly Bridge at the southern entrance to Oxford, and recollect that Friar Bacon's Tower stood there, and remained till 1778, when it was taken down. The present bridge was built in 1825. This tower was called Friar Bacon's Study, from the popular belief that Bacon used to ascend it in the night to study the heavens.

Bacon was the most wonderful philosopher that England ever produced, except his great namesake, Lord Bacon, of Verulam, and Sir Isaac Newton. His knowledge of geometry and mathematics was so great that in his own time he was considered a wizard. It is said that in his works is the singular prophecy, founded probably on certain knowledge, that when the two greatest enemies could be united and ruled, man would be true lord of the universe. Under this figurative mode fire and water are described; their union in steam has undoubtedly greatly increased the power of man. We have searched Bacon's works, but have not found this exact prophecy.

There is a legend attached to Roger Bacon's tower, sufficiently absurd. It runs thus: - "His familiar spirit told him that if after great study he should succeed in making a head of brass which could speak, and if he should hear it when it spoke, he might be able to surround England with a wall of brass. By the assistance of Friar Bungay and a demon that they called to assist them Bacon did make a brass head that when finished was warranted to speak in the course of one month, but the exact day or hour was quite uncertain; and if they did not hear it their labour would have been in vain. The two friars watched it night and day for three weeks, then, exhausted with fatigue, Bacon desired his man Miles to watch, and call them the moment the head spoke. Half an hour after they had left him Miles heard the head speak. "Time is," it said. Miles thought he ought not to wake his master so soon, for as yet he could have had no rest. Half an hour elapsed, then the head spoke again; "Time was," it said. Miles thought it was not worth while to wake his master to hear such a truism. Another half-hour elapsed, then the head said, "Time is past," and fell down with a tremendous crash that woke the friars. Thus Bacon's work was lost. He died at Oxford in 1292.

One of the legends connected with Bacon's supposed magical power was that he had so charmed the building that if a more learned man than himself passed under it it would fall - perhaps on the learned individual in question. Thus, at that period, and long after, it was a common saying to a youth sent to Oxford, "Beware of walking near Bacon's Tower." Dr. Johnson alludes to this superstition in the "Vanity of Human Wishes":

"When first the college rolls receives his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head."

From Folly Bridge there is a fine view of Merton Tower. "As you stand on it 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."

St. John's College was re-founded in the year of Ridley and Latimer's martyrdom for divinity, philosophy, and the arts, under a grant from the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church for the use of a president and three scholars, since augmented to fifty. The first founder had been Archbishop Chichele, in 1436; the second, in 1555, Sir Thomas White, of Richmansworth. The chapel is on the north side, and was restored in 1843. It contains several monuments. The library contains some valuable and rare books, among them Caxton's Chaucer, the only perfect one, and some very beautiful missals.

The gardens of St. John's are extremely beautiful and picturesque with trees and the loveliest flowers. They cover five acres, and during Commemoration they are filled with visitors. There is a very fine *Wellingtonia Gigantea* in the gardens.

Some remarkable men have belonged to this college, amongst whom are Shirley the dramatist, who with his wife died from shock and exposure in St. Giles's Fields, to which they had escaped from the Great Fire of London; Hudson, the Arctic explorer, who sailed to Greenland, 1607; and Tresham, one of the Gunpowder Plot conspirators; Archbishop Laud, and Bishop Juxon.

Balliol College was founded by John Balliol, father to Balliol, King of Scotland. He had been sentenced to be scourged at the doors of Durham Cathedral, but was relieved from the disgrace and suffering on the promise of founding a college for poor Durham scholars. He resided at Barnard Castle, Durham, and was one of the barons in arms under Simon de Montfort against Henry III. He died in exile, and Devorgilda, his wife, carried out his intention. Her seal is on the statutes of the foundation. Balliol men rank as first class in intellectual power, as the examinations for entry there and for a scholarship are very severe.

The Schools date from 1439, but were rebuilt between 1613 and 1618. The name of each school is placed over the rooms used for the examinations. The Schools, Tower is of mixed architecture, and is therefore called the Five Orders Gate.

The examinations are Responsions, or Little Go; the first Public Examination, or Mods (Moderations); and the second Public Examination, or Great Go.

The Bodleian Library was originally founded by Roger de Lisle, Dean of York, in a room of St. Mary-the-Virgin's Church. The good Duke Humphrey, of Gloucester, Protector of Henry VI., commenced the present building.

In 1550, the library was much injured by the removal of all MSS., or books having a Roman Catholic tendency, by order of Edward VI.; these volumes were, most of them, burnt. But in 1597, the library was re-founded by Sir Thomas Bodley, of Morton College, and after him it was named. It was opened in 1602.

It is a magnificent collection of books and manuscripts; the number of volumes is about 400,000, and the MSS. 26,000.

Students and visitors of all nations have left their autographs in the visitors' book here; and one very unworthy reader, the infamous Marat of the French Revolution, who was living at Oxford as a tutor, robbed the library, and was imprisoned in the castle for the crime.

Oxford Castle is now only one ruined tower; but it was once no despicable stronghold. It is said that Alfred held his court here, and Harold Harefoot was crowned and murdered here.



CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Figure 52: Christ Church College, Oxford.

BLENHEIM AND WOODSTOCK.



BLENHEIM was the gift of a grateful nation to its greatest general at that period. He had been created a Duke, and that he might have a home worthy of his rank they gave the successful soldier 500,000 to build one; Queen Anne, who was still devoted to his wife, bestowed on him the honour of Woodstock, and the Marlboroughs added 60,000 themselves to the sum paid for the magnificent edifice that the duke determined to build, but had not completed when he died, though it had been begun seventeen years previously. A year after his death Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, erected to his memory a superb gate by which the park is entered. It is of the Corinthian order and has a Latin inscription on the Wood stock side, and a translation on the other.

The palace was built by Sir John Vanburgh, and is considered a very august and well-designed building. Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that no architect understood picturesque building so well as Vanburgh, and Blenheim is thought to worthily illustrate this talent in its architect, "exhibiting in its design consummate skill in the perspective of architecture."

The northern front is very fine, of a mixed yet original style, and extends 348 feet from wing to wing, slightly enriched, especially in the centre, where a flight of steps leads up to the portico, which has Corinthian columns and pilasters, a pediment enclosing armorial bearings, and above this an attic, surmounted by tiers of balls, foliage, etc.



A CORNER OF THE LAKE, BLENHEIM.

Figure 53: Blenheim lake.

The park, which includes the royal demesne of Woodstock, is more than eleven miles in circuit, and at some distance in front of the palace is a fine piece of water, partly river, partly lake, that winds through

a deep valley; there is a fine stone bridge over it, the central arch of which is 101 feet span. It unites two hills, and has a picturesque effect. Near the bridge is Rosamond's Well. It now is a large stone basin, within a stone wall, supporting the bank, and is overhung with trees; the water flows from the well through a hole of about five inches in diameter, and is conveyed under the pavement into another basin of great size, fenced by an iron railing. It escapes from this second basin by means of a grating into the lake. It was near this well that Alice (in "Woodstock") is said to have met Charles II. disguised as an old woman, and it was on the bank by the well that Eleanor, as it is traditionally said, encountered Rosamond.

Beyond the bridge, in the centre of a velvet lawn, stands a fluted Corinthian column, 30 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the great Duke in a Roman dress. The face of the pedestal opposite the house is covered with a long record of Marl. borough's great services to his country, supposed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke. The other three sides of the pedestal have Acts of Parliament in regard to the same services engraved on them, the opinion of the parliament about the duke; and an abstract of the entail of the estates on the descendants of his daughters.

The interior of the palace is very magnificent, with paintings, tapestry, and a splendid collection of pictures by almost every great master. The huge wall-paintings are very remarkable. They were done by Sir James Thornhill, who was paid by the square yard, receiving 255. for each yard of painting. The Duke of Marlborough is represented in them in a blue cuirass, kneeling before a figure of Britannia, who is clad in white, and holds a lance and wreath. Hercules, Mars, etc., are also represented. There are tapestries of the Battle of Blenheim, and the battles of Wynendael, Dunnwert, Lisle, and Malplaquet.

In the library is a statue of Queen Anne by Rysbraeck, that cost 5,000 guineas.

The Duchess's sitting room contains a fine collection of enamels, and a series of miniatures, about ten or a dozen of which are portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots. The gardens of Blenheim contain 300 acres.

Of the old palace of Woodstock not a vestige now remains; but there is an original sketch of the ruins, we were told, at Blenheim.

The manor and park belonged to the Crown till the fourth year of Queen Anne's reign, when the sovereign, with the concurrence of Parliament, bestowed the honour and manor of Woodstock and hundred of Wotton on John, Duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, as a reward for his late victories, on condition that on the 2nd of August in every year for ever, he should present to Her Majesty, or to 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." This service is still, of course, performed, as the estate is held by it. In 1714, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, had the remains of the old palace at Woodstock taken down by the advice of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin. On its site two sycamore trees have been planted, the boughs of which now extend over the once celebrated spot.

Woodstock (formerly Vudestoc) means "woody place," and was from the first a royal abode. Here Ethelred, the king, held in 866 a Witenagemot; and in this sylvan palace the great Alfred pursued his literary work for his people, and translated the "Consolations" of Boethius. To the grounds in his day a deer-fold belonged - not a deer-park, the origin of which belongs to Henry Beauclerk's time - and we may imagine how the wise and gracious sovereign wandered in the delicious shades of the most picturesque and romantic of royal residences.

Henry I. had an enclosure made here for wild beasts, which in those days were considered a proper appendage to the state of monarchs. Thus, at times, the roar of the lion may have been heard in the sweet glades of Woodstock. The king, moreover, placed there the wonderful animal never seen before in England - the porcupine. It was the gift of William de Montpellier to the king, and it was then believed that its quills were weapons of defence, which the animal could shoot at the dogs that hunted it. Henry's was not a large menagerie, and was bounded by a very high stone wall.

"King Henry was riding through his deer-fold on the third day after the Epiphany in 1123, with the two bishops of London and Salisbury, engaged in conversation with them, when suddenly the Bishop of London exclaimed, 'Lord king, I die!' and fell from his horse; he was carried into the palace speechless, and died the next day."²¹

During the war for the succession between the Empress Maud and Stephen, Woodstock proved loyal to Henry's daughter, and the palace was garrisoned for the queen. Her son, Henry II., always regarded the

²¹Saxon Chronicle.

place with favour, and resided much at his sylvan palace. Here he brought the lady of his love, supposed - with some reason - to have been his wife. She was Rosamond, the second daughter of Walter, Lord Clifford, whom he first saw, it is said, when visiting the nunnery of Godstow, where she was afterwards buried. To have her near him, he built or probably repaired an already existing maze or bower of vaults, or rather apartments underground, arched and walled with brick or stone. There is no doubt that these rooms were furnished with the best splendour of the time; they had underground passages running a long way, so that Rosamond or her children might issue forth and ride, or walk in the fair country, at a safe distance from the palace; but when Eleanor was in France or London, the lovely park might be traversed by Rosamond; and probably many a moonlight stroll might have been hers and Henry's also. She had two sons, William Longespee, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, whose wife was the Lady Ela of Lacock Abbey (he derived both title and wealth from her); and Geoffrey, who became Archbishop of York.

It was to William Longesword that Henry said, "You have a better claim to the throne than any of them," alluding to his rebellious sons.

The ballads of the time tell that the queen found and killed Rosamond. Thus runs the ballad:-

"But nothing could this furious queen,
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson strong,
As she knelt on her knee,

"She gave this comlye dame to drink,
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 mercey calle;
And drinking up the poyson strong,
Her life she lost withalle."

There is, however, no real foundation for this story. None of the old historians or chroniclers relate it. They only say that when the queen had found Rosamond she treated her harshly, with violent reproaches and sharp menaces.

The story of her discovery is also differently told. Brompton, a very old writer, says that "one day Queen Eleanor saw the king walking in the pleasaunce or garden of Woodstock, with the end of a ball of floss-silk attached to his spur; unperceived by him she took up the ball, and the king walking on, the silk unwound, and thus the queen traced him to a labyrinth in the park, where he disappeared. She was full of secret suspicion. In what company could he meet with balls of silk in the park? She waited till business called him from Woodstock, then she hurried to the thicket, and discovered a low door. This she forced open, 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."

Another story is that Rosamond, surprised while sitting on a bank in the open air, fled, and the end of the clue remaining, the queen followed her to her retreat.

Henry imprisoned Eleanor for stirring up his sons to sedition, and Brompton says that Rosamond lived a long time with Henry after this, and Carte, in his "History of England," says enough to prove that Rosamond was not poisoned, but that through grief at Henry's ceasing to care for her, she became a nun at Godstow, where she lived twenty years, and was buried there.

It is quite likely that much of the domestic trouble of Henry's life was caused by his conduct with Rosamond Clifford. Eleanor was a mature woman when he, a boy of eighteen, married her for her possessions. Her reputation was not good, and her temper violent, but she was a woman of ability, and had great influence over her sons.

It is pleasanter to think of Woodstock when inhabited by the brave King Edward III. and his charming queen Philippa, for then true and pure affection and simple faith were resting within its glades, and there, too, wooing a damsel of the queen's, was the father of English poetry - Chaucer.

He was a king's page, and soon attracted the notice and favour of Edward III. by his poetical talents; it is also said that he aided John of Gaunt in his love affair with Blanche of Lancaster, and his poem, "Chaucer's Dream," is an allegorical history of this love story. Blanche was too nearly related to her gallant young wooer (according to the Church of Rome), to be married to him without a papal dispensation, and there was a long train of intrigues and solicitations before the obstacles to their union could be removed. At length the king's assent and the Papal dispensation were obtained, and they were married in May, 1359. Blanche was a great heiress, Kenilworth being one part of her inheritance from her father, the Duke of Lancaster, and John of Gaunt's great power and wealth date from this marriage. The poet, by his aid, won the warm friendship of Blanche and her husband. John of Gaunt must have been a faithful and fearless friend, for he stood boldly forth as the defender of Wicliffe. Chaucer's fortune rose with his patron's, and the duchess gave him the sister of her favourite lady, Catherine Swynford, for his wife - Philippa Rouet. Chaucer, therefore, was constantly about the court, and when at Woodstock, is said to have resided at a square stone-house near the park gate, that still bears his name, though it has been lately thought to have been not his, but his son Thomas's house, as Henry IV. gave Thomas the manor of Woodstock. But many of the rural descriptions in Chaucer's poems are evidently taken from Woodstock Park. He tells us that a park he describes "was a park walled with green stone," and Woodstock was the first walled park. The description in "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," of the morning walk he takes, was an exact picture of the way from Chaucer's house, through the park to the brook in the vale, under Blenheim. Woodstock is therefore classic ground.²²

Mr. Kent has given us a very graphic sketch of the poet in his "Chaucer at Woodstock":-

On a sultry noon of a summer.
In a long, long vanished year,
When the leaves were thick with verdure,
And the skies were blue and clear;
A great poet-soul lay basking
In the sunny atmosphere.

Half reclined by garden terrace-
One plump hand on bended knee,
With gold links the other toying,
Oh, a dreamful man was he!
In his deep brown eyes thought dancing
To a merry minstrelsy.

"Rich his vest of damson velvet,
Velvet darkly damson-red
In a careless hood drawn upward.
Swathing half his hoary head-
Down in glossy folds descending,
Round his languid limbs outspread.

"From his crumpled cowl's sly cover,
Mark how keen the glances thrown
Over all that affluent, flowering waste,
Where calmly broods alone
This Father of our English verse,
Here couched as on a throne."

Richard II. was frequently at Woodstock, and held a tournament at Christmas, 1389, in the park, at which a sad catastrophe marred the sports. John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, a youth of seventeen, was accidentally killed in a tilt with John St. John, the lance slipping and piercing his body. How sadly that Christmas Eve must have set on Richard's festivities.

Most of the kings of England have visited Woodstock, or resided there at times. We have omitted to mention that Henry III. narrowly escaped being assassinated there by a mad monk. Edward I. held two

²²John of Gaunt, after his second wife's death, married Catherine Swynford, and thus became Chaucer's brother-in-law.

parliaments at Woodstock, and his second son, by Queen Margaret, was born here, and was known as Edward of Woodstock. The Black Prince was also born here.

Henry VII. added to the palace, and built the front gate-house, on which was his name and a rhyme, recording that he was its founder. It was in this very gatehouse that Elizabeth, his grand-daughter, was imprisoned by command of her sister Mary, and here she wrote with charcoal on a window shutter these 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 causest the guiltie to he loosed
 From bonds wherein an innocent's inclosed,
 Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
 And freeing those that death have well deserved;
 But by her malice can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thought.

A.D. 1555

-ELIZABETH -PRISONER.

While the princess, in daily peril of death, was imprisoned here, she heard one day a milkmaid in the garden singing merrily, and "wished herself," says the old chronicler, "to be a milkmaid as she was, saying that her case was better and her life merrier."

Elizabeth's room remained till the gatehouse was taken down by Duchess Sarah. Its roof was arched; it was of Irish oak, and was curiously carved and painted with blue and gold.

Every one knows how resolutely the palace was defended by Captain Samuel Fawcet, who would have buried himself beneath its ruins had it not been surrendered by the king to the Parliament; and every one who has read "Woodstock" (and who has not?) must remember how the Commissioners of the Parliament were diverted from their destructive work by ghostly appearances, then ascribed to the devil, but afterwards found to have been tricks and illusions effected by a clever Royalist who had engaged himself as Secretary to the Commissioners. Cromwell allotted Woodstock to three of his adherents, and two of them pulled down their portions to sell the stone. After the Restoration, Woodstock reverted to the Crown. The witty but wicked Earl of Rochester obtained from Charles II. the offices of Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Comptroller of Woodstock Park.

As we have seen, it was bestowed by Anne on her General, Marlborough, and is now united with Blenheim.

GODSTOW NUNNERY; AND ROSAMOND'S GRAVE.

ABOUT two miles from Oxford, on the banks of the Isis, are the remains of Godstow Nunnery, where Fair Rosa. mood was buried. There are remains of the north, south, and east walls, and of a small building, thought to have been a chapter-house, where Rosamond may have been buried finally.



Her first grave was an open tomb in front of the altar; over the coffin was spread a pall of pure white silk, and tapers were constantly burnt around it.

St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, was greatly displeased at the tender reverence shown by the nuns to poor Rosamond's body, and immediately ordered it to be carried out into the churchyard. But as soon as he was dead the faithful nuns gathered together their penitent sister's bones into a bag enclosed in a leaden case, and buried them again beneath the altar.

After their second burial they were not disturbed again till the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII., when Leland says her tomb was opened by the Royal Commissioners in it was found the leaden case, within which the bones were wrapt in leather; "when it was opened," he adds, "a very sweet smell came from it."

Rosamond's story caught the national fancy. Delony and Daniel both wrote of her; one a beautiful ballad, the other a lovely poem, called the "Complaint of Rosamond" Drayton also dedicated two of his poetical epistles to her memory, and Chaucer alludes to her. Addison wrote an opera called "Rosamond."

By Rosamond's grave a nut tree has sprung up, and waves above it its branches. It bears a profusion of nuts, but singularly enough they are without kernels; as deceptive as the royal glamour shed over her sad life.

Her eldest son - the beloved and faithful brother of Richard and John - was William Longepée, who became by his marriage Earl of Salisbury. He was one of the bravest and best men of his time. Her other son was, as we have said else. where, an archbishop.



BURGHLEY HOUSE.



ORTHAMPTONSHIRE is famous for having within its borders more than a hundred "stately homes of England," and one of the most celebrated of them is Burghley House, the home of the Marquis of Exeter.

It was improved, no doubt, by the great minister whose title name it bears, but it was not built by Lord Burghley, for we have it under his own hand that it was part of his mother's inheritance. He writes: "Burghley is of my mother's inheritance, who liveth and is the owner thereof; and I am but a farmer."

James I. created both of Lord Burghley's sons peers. Thomas, the eldest, who inherited Burghley House, was made Earl of Exeter. On the morning of the same day the king had created the younger brother - the Robert Cecil, to whom he owed so much - Earl of Salisbury, and thus it chanced that as peers take precedence by the date of their creation, the family of the younger brother precedes the elder.

Burghley is a very fine house, built of freestone, and in the form of a parallelogram, but in a great mixture of styles. On the eastern front the Ionic, Doric, and Corinthian orders are built one above the other, the Corinthian at the top, on which are also two stone lions holding or "supporting" a shield of the family arms. The pillars on the western side are plain Doric, as are the chimneys. Above the eastern side rises the spire of the chapel. On the western are turrets with cupolas. The house is of vast dimensions, but we can scarcely call it picturesque. The pretty story attached to it has given it a place here, for love is better than splendour. Its gardens are formal, but the beds of glowing flowers are beautiful, and the noble terraces - the slopes of green turf and the old trees - are beautiful. The interior is very fine. There are one hundred and forty-five rooms in this large house. The hall, of great height, has an open oak roof, and carved pendants. At the south end, beneath a fine armorial window, is a buffet of gold plate presented to the family by royal donors; by James 1., Anne, and George 1. At the north end is a large music gallery. The grand staircase has a fine vaulted roof and decorated archways. The kitchen is very lofty, and has a groined roof of very early date; it was built probably much earlier than the time of the great Lord Burghley. The bedrooms are very splendid. The one occupied by Queen Elizabeth when visiting the Lord Treasurer, is hung with fine tapestry, representing Acteon and Diana, Bacchus and Ariadne, Acis and Galatea, and the bed is splendid; it has furniture of green velvet on a ground of gold tissue; the chairs have the same covering. The black chamber has a bed of old black satin, beautifully embroidered with flowers, and lined with gold coloured satin; this room also has fine old tapestry; a carved chimney-piece by Gibbons, and a painted glass window. The new State bed chamber has a bed said to be the most magnificent in Europe. The curtains are of velvet, the quantity of material in them is 250 yards, and they are lined with 900 yards of satin. This room has a ceiling painted by Verrio, as has also the state dressing-room.

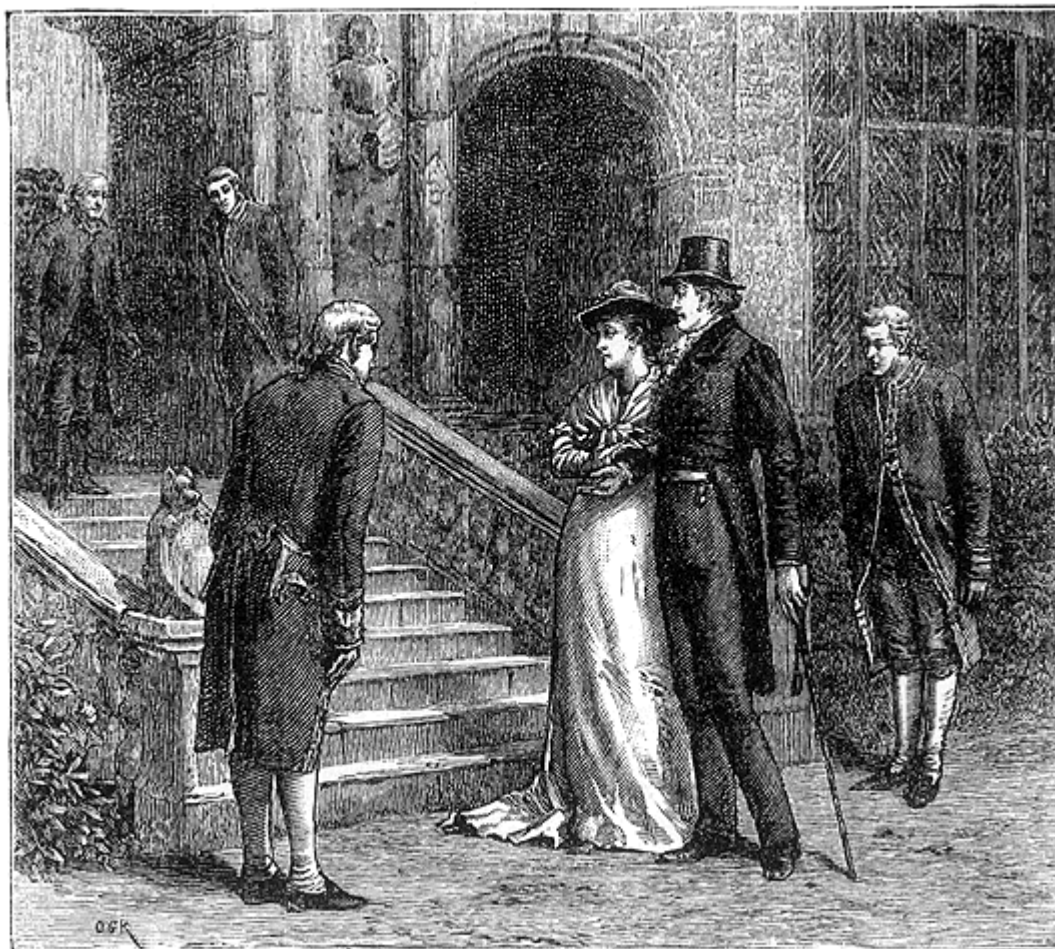
The jewel chamber is of cedar, oak and walnut. There are two superb silver cisterns in the dining-room; one weighing 3,400 ounces, and the other 656 ounces, besides some fine plate.

There is a good collection of pictures by the old masters at Burghley. But after all, the riches and grandeur of the Cecils interest us much less than the pretty love story attached to their family.

It was in "the days when George III. was king," that it happened. The nephew and heir of the then Earl of Exeter, Mr Henry Cecil, was in his youth a gambler, and had undoubtedly a bad wife (though a very beautiful one - Emma Vernon), for he divorced her in 1791. After these losses of money and wife, his uncle, Lord Exeter, advised him to go and live quietly for some time in the country. Mr. Cecil followed his advice, and went to live at a small inn at Bolas, in a retired part of Shropshire, but disliking his abode, he went to lodge at a farm-house. Here, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," he remained two years. - The farmer had a lovely daughter of seventeen, who was as good, as pure and gentle as she was beautiful. Mr. Cecil had had enough of fashionable ladies, and fell in love with this sweet rustic beauty. He asked her in marriage of her father. She loved him and they were wedded.

In 1793 the dying Earl of Exeter sent in search of his nephew and heir. The new earl did not tell his wife anything about his rank or his inheritance, but told her he must leave his home on business, and she gladly went with him. They travelled slowly, and visited many fine seats on the way, which they were often shown over, till at last they reached Burghley. Then, when the servants bowed before her husband

and called him "lord," the sweet country girl knew who he was.



THE HOME-COMING, IN 1793.

Figure 54: The Homecoming.

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.
 Then her countenance all over,
 Pale as death again did prove;
 But he clasped her as a lover,
 And he cheered her soul with love.

-TENNYSON.

The countess proved a true and gentle wife. She survived her new dignity four years, and died at the age of twenty-four, leaving three children.

Tradition and poetry tell us that she died from bearing "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 the 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.

-TENNYSON.

This lady's daughter married the Honourable Mr. Pierrepont, and their only daughter wedded Lord Charles Wellesley; thus the village beauty's descendants bear the title of Duke. Her husband married again, and in his own station - the widowed Duchess of Hamilton - but he must often have thought of the wild flower that had faded in the atmosphere of exotics.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toiled through winds and rains,
 'till Willkam at length in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;" -
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roamed a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at the close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 The wind blows cold and the hour is late":
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the porter bowed as they passed the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaimed the youth,
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
 She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger wooed and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

-Moore.

NASEBY FIELD.



HIS important battle, fought upon the rich plains of Northampton. shire, was destined to decide the fate of the monarchy of England for a period of some years, and may be said, in fact, to have virtually ended the civil strife of the period.

Charles I. had recently taken the town of Leicester by assault, and the prestige of the royal army had been greatly increased by the valour it had displayed on the occasion. Had the unhappy king possessed any judicious adviser capable of influencing him, he would have remained in the captured town till the arrival of Colonel Gerrard, who was upon his march from Wales to join his sovereign, bringing with him a body of three thousand horse and foot; and of Lord Goring, who had been recalled from the service on which the king had sent him, and was daily expected.

But the evil destiny of Charles decreed otherwise. He had heard that Fairfax, the general of the Parliament, was besieging Oxford; and tidings had reached the Royalists that the loyal city was in distress. It contained his young son, the Duke of York, the royal council, the magazines, and (the fact weighed most strongly with the warm-hearted king) many noble ladies and faithful nobles devoted to his cause. He resolved, in spite of prudence, to march to its relief, and five days after the taking of Leicester he ordered the marshalling and assembling of his troops to be commenced. Then it became apparent how much the recent victory had cost him; two hundred soldiers and many gallant officers had perished in the assault on Leicester, numbers of men were wounded and incapable of marching, a good many had run away to secrete their plunder (who would, nevertheless, have returned in a few days), and it was also necessary to leave a sufficient garrison in the town; the king's forces remaining, after these deductions, amounted only to 3,500 men. The cavalry, who had been recruited from the north, and had received a promise that they should march northwards, were so enraged at their disappointment, that they were with great difficulty restrained from laying down their arms and disbanding, and were therefore certain to fight with only half a heart whenever they should meet the foe.

The march southwards, nevertheless, began. On reaching Harborough the next day, the Royalists heard that Fairfax had never approached Oxford near enough to fire a cannon upon it; that he had been beaten off from Borstall House with the loss of officers as well as soldiers, and that he had marched with his whole army to Buckingham. This news, instead of causing the king prudently to fall back again on Leicester for a time, tempted him the rather to march onwards; his rash advisers persuading him that the discouraged and recently defeated Roundheads would be easily beaten by his own victorious troops. "All men," says Clarendon, "concluded that to be true which their own wishes suggested to them," and, elate with hopes of conquest, the Cavaliers pressed on to Daventry, in Northamptonshire. Here, not knowing the whereabouts of the enemy, the king remained for a few days, amusing himself with field sports, while his troopers, in spite of royal orders and royal displeasure, ravaged and plundered the surrounding district.

But on the 11th of the month (June) brave old Sir Marmaduke Langdale arrived, and brought tidings of the unexpected approach of Fairfax. The Royalist outposts were instantly strengthened, but the next morning Fairfax attacked them at Borough Hill, and the alarm spread up to the royal quarters. The attack was not, however, followed up, for Fairfax was very weak in cavalry, and did not think fit to venture further; indeed, the general of the Parliament was so apprehensive that Rupert and his Cavaliers might pay his own quarters a visit, that he rode about his camp in some anxiety from midnight till sunrise. The king, warned by this skirmish, and informed of the far superior numbers of the Roundheads, at once marched back towards Harborough, and took up his own quarters at the old Hall at Lubenham.

Meantime the general of the Parliament had called a council of war, and was with some anxiety debating on the best course to be pursued, when sounds of solemn applause and grave cheers of satisfaction and joy broke in on their deliberations. The next moment all rose with surprise and joy, as a Puritan officer unceremoniously entered the room, and Fairfax was seen heartily greeting the already distinguished general, Oliver Cromwell.

Hesitation vanished at once in his presence. He brought to the commander-in-chief his own cool resolution and warlike genius, and six hundred formidable and well-trained horsemen - his "Ironsides," the best cavalry in Europe. He at once advised the council to follow and attack the king, and, inspired by the

infection of his confidence, and with faith in his genius, Fairfax gave orders to marshal the host.

It was yet early morning on June 13th when, in obedience to orders, the drums beat, the trumpets sounded to horse, and the whole army of the Parliament was drawn up under arms. Their favourite leader pointed the way they were to march - it was in pursuit of the retreating king Major Harrison, whose name is so well known to all readers of "Woodstock," was sent forward to reconnoitre, while Colonel Ireton turned from the main road in order to get, if possible, on the flank of the Royalists. Fairfax and Cromwell, with the main body, kept on the high road to Harborough.

That evening the outposts of the king's forces were fallen on by Ireton's troopers; a gallant young officer was slain, with several soldiers, and at eleven at night the king, who retired early, was roused from his slumbers to hear tidings of the proximity of the foe. Charles rose immediately, dressed himself, and then, accompanied by two or three gentlemen of his household, galloped to Harborough, and proceeded at once to his nephew Prince Rupert's quarters, where he instantly summoned a council of war.

It met, and was composed of Rupert, Digby, Ashburnham, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and all the other leaders. Their opinions were divided. Rupert, contrary to his wont, counselled retreat: the army was not strong enough, he said, to risk a battle for the Crown, and the northern men were dissatisfied and not inclined to fight. Digby and Ashburnham, however, opposed him strongly, and spoke of assured victory; while Charles, impressed by his own recent success at Leicester, and by the news of the great Montrose's victory a month previously at Auldearne, inclined to their counsel, and finally rejected that of his nephew. The die was cast.

The royal trumpets sounded to boot and saddle, and the king's army began its march in the bright June morning for Naseby Field.

At three o'clock a.m. of the same day Fairfax commenced his march also, and at five o'clock halted before a fertile plain, green with the tender verdure of summer, stretching in front of Naseby village. Here he halted for a brief interval.

By-and-by columns of the royal horse appeared, crowning the top of an opposite hill; they were followed by masses of infantry, which marched into position; and Fairfax, convinced now that the king would abide the issue of a battle, drew up at once and faced them, "on the brow of a gentle hill," placing, at the distance of a pistol-shot below, a forlorn hope of 300 musketeers.

Cromwell commanded the right wing of the Parliamentarians; it was composed chiefly of his own invincible Ironsides, supported (as was the practice of the period) by a stout tertia (battalion) or two of foot. His extreme right rested on an abrupt declivity, beyond which lay a space of broken ground that would effectually prevent the possibility of his flank being turned. Before him lay the open plain, well suited for the manoeuvres of cavalry. The left wing, composed of five regiments of horse, a division of two hundred horse of the Association, and a party of dragoons, was, at Cromwell's request, placed under the command of Ireton; Fairfax and Skippon took charge of the main body. The reserves were headed by Colonels Rainsborough, Hammond and Pride.

We must now go back a few hours to trace the movements of the royal army before Fairfax beheld it crowning the heights of Naseby.

It was drawn up very early upon a rising ground in a strong military position, about a mile south of Harborough - which lay behind it - and was there marshalled in order to receive or give a charge, as might be deemed expedient. The main body of the foot was led by Lord Astley, and consisted of 2,500 men; the right wing of horse was led by Prince Rupert; the left wing of horse, which consisted of the dissatisfied northern men and those from Newark, and did not amount to above 1600 men, was commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. In the reserve were the king's life-guards, led by the Earl of Lindsey, and Prince Rupert's regiment of foot (both of which made a little above eight hundred men), with the royal horseguards, which were commanded by the Earl of Lichfield, and amounted to about five hundred horse.

Thus placed, the Royalists awaited the enemy. But when eight o'clock came, and there was still no appearance of Fairfax and his forces, the Cavaliers began to doubt whether the tidings of the proximity of the Parliamentary army were true. The scout-master was in consequence sent out to reconnoitre, and after a time returned, saying "that he had been three or four miles forward, and could neither discover nor hear anything of the enemy." This assertion, which proved to be partly untrue, at once caused a rumour to spread through the army "that the rebels had retired."

Prince Rupert instantly called out a party of horse and musketeers to go in search of them, and, if



Figure 55: Obelisk on Naseby Field.

possible, engage them; but the army remained in the same place and posture.

Rupert had not marched above a mile when he received certain intelligence that the enemy was close at hand, and shortly afterwards he distinguished the van of their army, but so indistinctly that he still believed they were about to retreat. The impetuous Prince instantly pushed forward, sending back a young trooper with an entreaty "that the king's army should march up to him with all speed."

Alas! the brave Rupert's want of prudence was destined to destroy the last chance for the Crown. In compliance with this rash message, "the vantage ground," says Clarendon, "was quitted, and the excellent order they (the troops?) were in, and an advance made towards the enemy as well as might be."

At the end of a mile and half's march, the cavalry of the Parliament was discerned "on a high ground above Naseby, whence seeing the manner of the king's march, in a full campaign, they had leisure and opportunity to place themselves, with all the advantages they could desire. The Prince's natural heat and impatience could never endure an enemy long in his view, nor believe that they had the courage to endure his charge. And so the army was engaged before the cannon was turned, or the ground made choice of upon which they were to fight; so that courage was only to be relied upon, when all conduct failed so much."²³

The armies were nearly equal as to numbers, the Royalists being only five hundred men less than the Parliamentarians. The field-word of the king's forces was "God and Queen Mary;"²⁴ that of the Parliament, "God our Strength."

And now on the rich and verdant plain of Naseby - a fallow field a mile broad - the battle began.

At ten o'clock Prince Rupert dashed forward with his usual gallantry, his short red cloak and long

²³Clarendon.

²⁴Henrietta Maria was so called by the people, who at first could not pronounce her name.

plume floating on the breeze, waving his sword above his head, and shouting in a voice like a clarion call, "God and Queen Mary!" Near him rode his brother Maurice, as brave, but calmer, sterner, and cooler; while fast behind pressed on the gallant chivalry that were the glory of England's loyalty. They attacked the left wing of the rebels, where Ireton formed line like lightning, and advanced to meet them, but Rupert's charge was irresistible; and although the ride was uphill, the gallant horses never flinched nor lessened their pace, but were carried through the Roundheads with the impetus of their charge. Ireton was wounded - a pistol-shot disabled his bridle arm, a sabre cut slashed his face, his horse was killed under him, and he was made prisoner, remaining so during the greater part of the battle.

After Ireton had ceased leading them, his men fell into confusion, and were driven back on the train of artillery, which was in danger of being taken, the foot and firelock men placed to guard the cannon giving way also; but Rupert passed it with his usual rashness, and spurred on too far. The scattered Roundhead foot rallied in his rear, and Ireton's broken horse formed, closed, and rode up to support their centre and the right wing.

The Prince, without drawing bridle, had meantime reached the baggage of the Roundhead army, on the skirts of Naseby village. But he found himself accompanied by only half his force; numbers of horses had tired and fallen back; the impulse was gone; the charge had done its work half a mile back, and its efficiency was over. The baggage-guard met the Royalists with a dropping fire, and presented a resolute front; their defences and position rendered them a formidable enemy for the exhausted cavalry: still Rupert summoned them to surrender. He was answered by their war cry, "God our Strength!" and a volley which emptied some of his saddles. He perceived that an attack on it would be fruitless, and, rallying his men, rode back to the artillery train, which he summoned (too late) to surrender. His offer of quarter if they would yield was sternly rejected, for now the firelock men were again at their posts, and a rear-guard supported them. Rupert perceived that here the opportunity had gone by, and that nothing remained for him but to join the royal forces again.

From the eminence on which he had halted he could see the field, and his quick eye at once discerned that the day was lost. Still something might be done to cover the retreat of the king, and Rupert, with a sad heart, led his diminished division rapidly back to the centre (where Charles commanded in person), ready to die loyally he. side the chief of his house. He did not err in his judgment as to the aspect of the battle.

Whilst he had been charging and defeating the left wing of the Roundheads, Cromwell had attacked the Royalists' left, advancing his cavalry by alternate brigades, and retaining a strong reserve in case of adverse fortune. He had taken every advantage, also, afforded by the ground. Carey's musketeers supported the enemy's horse, but their withering fire from the side could not check the charge of the Ironsides, who bore down like a torrent on brave Sir Marmaduke Langdale's division. Gallantly the old cavalier stood the shock; nevertheless, it was so tremendous that, after "firing at close charge, and standing to it at the sword's point," the left wing of the Royalists was broken, and driven back into a treacherous "rabbit-warren" and a young plantation, where their movements were broken and impeded by the ground. They fell back beyond all the king's foot, "nearly a quarter of a mile behind the plain," carrying with them to the rear their supports, the two regiments of north-country horse. In vain Sir Marmaduke and the Yorkshire Cavalier officers strove to stem the current, and rally their flying troops - efforts and entreaties were alike vain, the rout was complete.

And now Cromwell shoved in what military qualities he surpassed the "first cavalry officer" of his day. He was not tempted to pursue the enemy madly, as Rupert had done; he sent another brigade in pursuit, and turned his own victorious Ironsides on the flank of the Royalist centre.

In that centre a very fierce and doubtful conflict had meantime been raging. At first, victory appeared to favour the Royalists. All Fairfax's front division gave way, and fell back in disorder, but the officers rallied them and brought them on again to the attack, with the reserves. In this conflict Skippon was dangerously wounded by a shot in the side; Fairfax wished him to quit the field, but the old Roundhead sternly declared that he would never leave the battle so long as a man could stand in it. Fairfax, leading up the masses of his infantry, now pressed the whole of Charles's main body, while Cromwell kept the King's horse in check, and prevented them from coming to the rescue of their foot, which became disordered - save one gallant tertia or battalion, which "stood like a rock," and though twice desperately charged was still unshaken.

A third charge, however, conducted from several points at once, was more successful. The battalion was broken and thrown into confusion.

Charles, perceiving that the day was nearly lost, drew his sword, and placing himself at the head of his guards, who formed the reserve of horse, shouted, "One charge more, and we recover the day!" but scarcely had he uttered the words when the Earl of Carnwarth, who rode next him, suddenly seized the bridle of his horse, and "swearing two or three full-mouthed Scottish oaths," says Clarendon (for of that nation he was), said, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" and before his Majesty understood what he would have, turned his horse round; upon which a word ran through the troops, "that they should march to the right hand," which was both from charging the enemy, or assisting their own men. And upon this they all turned their horses, and rode upon the spur, as if they were every man to shift for himself. They never drew bridle for a quarter of a mile. "It is very true," continues the historian, "that upon the more soldierly word 'Stand,' which was sent to run after them, many of them returned to the King, though the former unlucky word carried more from him."

By this time Prince Rupert had returned, but his troopers having, as they considered, done their part in the battle, could not be rallied or brought again to the charge.

"And that difference," says the candid historian Clarendon, "was observed shortly from the beginning of the war, in the discipline of the King's troops, and of those which marched under the command of Cromwell (for it was only nuder him, and had never been notorious under Essex or Waller), that though the King's troops prevailed in the charge, and routed those they charged, they never rallied themselves in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge, again the same day, which was the reason that they had not an entire victory at Edgehill; whereas Cromwell's troops if they prevailed, or though they were beaten and routed, presently rallied again, and stood in good order, till they received new orders."

This want of discipline told fatally against the Royalist leaders that day. The efforts of the King and his gallant nephew, and of Sir Marmaduke Langdale, to stay the flight were vain. The cavalry fled on all sides; the mass of the infantry threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

The King was at last compelled to fly, hotly pursued by Cromwell's horse; but he reached Leicester in safety. Judging it, however, not safe to remain there, he rode the same evening to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, where he rested and refreshed himself for some hours. From thence he proceeded to Lichfield. The Parliamentarians took 5000 prisoners left on the field, of whom an immense number were officers, and some few members of the King's household; twelve brass pieces of ordnance, two mortar pieces, 8000 stand of arms, 40 barrels of powder, the rich pillage brought from Leicester by the soldiers, the King's baggage and coaches; and - most fatal loss of all to Charles - his private cabinet of papers and letters also fell to the victors in that day's fight.

The carnage was not great compared to that recorded in the dreadful wars of the Roses: not more than six hundred soldiers and about twenty officers sealed their loyalty with their blood. The Parliamentarians are said to have lost only a hundred men.

Thus closed the battle, and with the red sun which went down on Naseby Field set the last gleam of hope for King Charles's cause. Disaster after disaster followed it. Bridgewater surrendered to Fairfax without a blow. Rupert counselled peace and lost Bristol. At Rowton Heath the King narrowly escaped with his life. Monmouth and Hereford, Wales and the North country, were lost. Defeat followed defeat, till the King was sold by his own people the Scots, and his degradation and captivity ended on the scaffold - a fate which he might perchance have escaped had not his secret papers been captured on Naseby Field.

A very singular dream is recorded of Charles I.'s, preceding the battle of Naseby.

The king ordered his small army of 2,000 horse, and about the same number of infantry, to Daintree, fully intending to give the Roundheads battle. He followed them himself immediately.

But that night, about two hours after his Majesty had retired to rest, some of his attendants heard a singular noise in his chamber, and went at once to see what had caused it. They found the king sitting up in bed, and much agitated, but there was nothing to account for the noise. He asked them why they came, and then told them that he had been disturbed by a dream. He thought he saw an apparition of Lord Stratford standing at the side of his bed. He, Stratford, had reproached Charles for having abandoned him to his enemies, but told him that he was come to return good for evil. "Do not," he had said, "fight the army of the Parliament, quartered at Northampton, for you can never conquer it by arms."

The dream made a great impression on Charles, and he resolved to march to the north, as had been at first thought wisest. But Prince Rupert, though averse to the immediate battle, ridiculed the dream, and talked the king out of his apprehensions. A resolution was again taken to give battle near Northampton.

The next night the apparition of the slain earl again stood beside his unhappy sleeping master's bed, but now with a frowning brow. It was the last time, he said, that he would advise the king, but if he fought near Northampton he would be undone.

The advice of the apparition was wise, and had Charles followed it his fate might have been different.

In the north the Parliament had few forces, and the Scots were growing discontented; or had the king marched westward he would have been joined by the gallant gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall.

But he wavered, as was his wont, and remained a day at Daintree, uncertain what to decide. At last Rupert's influence prevailed, and he marched to Naseby, where he was, as we have seen, entirely defeated. He could never collect an army again large enough to face his enemies. Naseby was fatal to the Crown, and we are told that he often said afterwards that he wished he had followed the counsel of his faithful, though betrayed, servant, and not fought on Naseby Field. His attendants were charged to keep the dream secret, and long did so, but after the king's death it was told.

It can of course be easily accounted for by the state of mind of the sleeper, who no doubt must often have thought remorsefully of his slain minister, and probably had wished to march northwards.

It is singular that a dream of Cromwell's has also been recorded.

He was a boy - a child - when sleeping at Hinchinbrook House. One night he dreamed that a gigantic grey misty figure stood at the foot of his bed and told him that he should rule all England, but never wear a crown.

"The ambition of the future man,
Had whispered to the child."

If he told his dream to his uncle, he was probably reproved so severely that it may have imprinted the vision on his memory indelibly. Sulby Hedges, from which Okey's dragoons watched Rupert's mad charge, are still to be traced, but there are few local relics of the battle.



SULBY HEDGES, NASEBY FIELD.

Figure 56: Sulby Hedges.

NORMANTON PARK;

AND JEFFREY HUDSON.



N the middle of Rutlandshire, on a rising ground midway between the towns of Oakham and Stamford, stands Normanton, one of the picturesque homes of England. The house, a large and elegant mansion, is surrounded by extensive lawns of richest verdure, interspersed with plantations of noble trees; the oak, the beech, the ash and the lime, in all their varied beauty growing here abundantly, their contrasted foliage having a fine effect, and bringing out the house of pure white stone in strong relief.

The house consists of a centre flanked by two wings, in admirable proportion, and has much architectural beauty. The principal entrance is by the north front, and passing through it we find ourselves in a hall or vestibule, very light, elegant and airy.

The dining-room is a superb apartment, with an especially fine vaulted ceiling in ornamented compartments; the drawing rooms are splendidly decorated, and the gardens admirably laid out. They command fine views from different portions of them. The park is bounded on the northwest by the river Gwash, and the surrounding country is said to be the most fertile in England.

Normanton was the possession of the De Normanvilles after the Conquest, and continued theirs for fourteen generations; then the estate passed to Alice Barings, a Rutlandshire lady, who married Thomas Mackworth, of Mackworth, in Derbyshire. He gave up his early home - a castellated manor house - for the bright and rich dwelling of his young wife, and the family henceforward resided at Normanton.

They were a generous, hospitable race of men; spending freely, but occasionally marrying heiresses, who retrieved any diminution of the family wealth. Sir Thomas Mackworth was High Sheriff of his county in the reign of Elizabeth, and married the sister of the staunch Cavalier, Lord Hopton. The bride of his son, Sir Henry, was an heiress, and her husband rebuilt the old manor house.

The Mackworths were most loyal Cavaliers; they aided their king during the civil wars with their purse as well as their sword, and, as was too often the case, found themselves at the end of the war nearly ruined - their estates sequestered, their means straitened.

A contested election completed the ruin of the family.

It was the memorable contest for the representation of Rutlandshire between Messrs. Mackworth, Finch, and Sherrard. Mackworth won the seat, but was utterly ruined by the expenses of the election. He was obliged to sell the lovely home so long the possession of his family, and retired to Kentish Town, near London, where he died in 1745.

The baronetcy could not of course die; it passed to an apothecary who lived in Huntingdon, and from him to his cousin, Sir Henry Mackworth. This gentleman, old, landless, and poor, though the descendant of a loyal and ancient county family, accepted a home at the Charter House, and became one of its Brethren.

The present proprietors of Normanton are the Heathcote family, descended from Gilbert Heathcote, Alderman of Chesterfield.

His son, a man of great integrity and ability, was appointed one of the Directors of the Bank of England, and became Lord Mayor of London in 1711. For several years he represented the city in Parliament; received Knighthood from Queen Anne; and was created a baronet in 1733.

He was buried at Normanton, where a fine monument by Rysbraek is erected to his memory.

The fifth baronet of this branch of the Heathcote family was created Baron Aveland, of Aveland, in Lincolnshire.

Dyer, in his poem "The Fleece," mentions both the place and the family thus,

"The coloured lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,
Health's cheerful haunts, and the secluded walk
Of Heathcote's leisure.

Oakham, the county town of Rutlandshire, was the birthplace of a celebrated Dwarf - little Jeffrey Hudson.

George, Duke of Buckingham, was, in 1619, the possessor of Burleigh-on-the-Hill, in Rutlandshire, and had in his service a man called John Hudson, who was keeper and manager of the animals used for the Bullbaiting. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and strong, as were all his children but one; that one was Jeffrey, who, when seven years old, was scarcely half a yard high, but without any deformity, and very well proportioned. A pretty little creature he must then have been, and such no doubt the Duchess of Buckingham thought him; for between his seventh and ninth year she took him into her service, dressed him in "silks and satins," and gave him two men to attend on him.

When Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria were making a progress through Rutlandshire, they visited Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and at the banquet prepared for them, little Jeffrey was served up in a cold pie, from which he issued, to the surprise and amusement of the royal guests. Henrietta Maria was so charmed with the tiny creature, that the Duchess gave him to her, and he continued in her service for many years. He grew proud in the atmosphere of a court where he was petted by a queen, and refused to recognise his father when he came to see him; for which unfilial conduct Charles ordered him to be punished.

In 1630 Jeffrey was sent to France by the queen for a nurse; and he must have greatly pleased and amused the French court, as he received, we are told, 2,500 from the royal family and the courtiers in presents. On his way home, however, the poor boy's ship (he was only eleven years old, having been born in 1619) was taken by a Flemish pirate who carried him prisoner to Dunkirk, and robbed him of all his money.

But he was finally restored to his royal mistress, and at the commencement of the civil war received a commission as a Captain of Horse in the royal army. With this rank he accompanied the queen when she fled from Exeter to France. Here, unfortunately, he had a quarrel with the brother of Lord Crofts, and challenged him. The gentleman, thinking it rather a good joke, accepted the challenge, but came to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt. "The little creature," says Walpole, "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 act Jeffrey was imprisoned and afterwards banished the court. He was then thirty years old, and had not grown at all. But he was to go through strange vicissitudes, which actually even at that age accelerated his growth. The ship in which he was returning to England was taken by a Turkish Pirate, and he was sold for a slave in Barbary. Here he was treated with great cruelty; made work very hard, and was often beaten. He then grew to the height he remained till his death, i.e. three feet nine inches. At length he was ransomed, and returned to his native place. The Duke of Buckingham and some other noblemen who remembered him at the court, granted him a small pension. With this he went to live in London, and during the disturbed period of Titus Oates's pretended Popish Plot he was arrested as a Papist and imprisoned in the gatehouse at Westminster, where he remained a long time a prisoner. The poor little man seems to have been singularly unlucky.

Soon after his release he died, in the sixty-third year of his age, 1682.

Our readers will remember how Sir Walter Scott used this dwarf as one of the characters concerned in the plot of "Peveril of the Peak."

He was both brave and loyal.

STAUNTON HAROLD.



THE finest structure of modern architecture in Leicestershire is the mansion of Staunton Harold. It is of Palladian style; large, light, and graceful - the most cheerful and elegant of homes, and gazing on it we should say that it is the very last kind of place likely to be associated with a tragedy; yet a sad one occurred here during the eighteenth century.

But we must leave the story for a moment while we describe this splendid dwelling.

It is situated on level ground close to the borders of Derbyshire, and about three miles north of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The house has a fine wood at the back of it; there is a good deal of heath in the neighbourhood, and the scenery round it is charming.

In the centre of the south-east or grand front there is a pediment supported by Ionic pillars that are upheld by Doric ones. This centre is of stone, and the pediment is surmounted by three figures from the antique; there are other good casts from the same, especially a colossal lion over the south-west front.

The north-east front was designed by Inigo Jones, and is preserved nearly unchanged; it contains the library.

The entrance hall is 40 feet by 38 feet, and is 16 feet high; on the right is a grand staircase. There are sixty handsome and spacious apartments, among which is the drawingroom, a remarkably elegant room, the dining-room and the library, which is 72 feet long, 18 feet wide and 16 high. It is rich in choice and valuable books, and has some good family portraits in it. The family pedigree is kept here, and when unrolled, covers more than half of the length of the room. Here also is an exquisitely carved old ivory bugle horn, supposed to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini.

There are some very valuable pictures. In the hall is a Crucifixion said to be by Michael Angelo; a Vandyck, Lely, etc. In the other rooms are paintings by Carracci and Lely; in the library is a Last Judgment, by Rubens, a magnificent picture, and a portrait of Shakspeare, the artist unknown. In the drawing-room is a Venus and Cupids, by Correggio; six court ladies of Charles II.'s reign, given by that king himself to Robert, Earl Ferrers; landscapes by Berghem, etc., etc.

The park is very picturesque, and a fine sheet of water, or lake, extends through the greater part of it; there is a pond covering seven acres at the end near the house, which is called 'The Church Pool'. The lake is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and is well stocked with fish, especially carp; while wild fowl frequent the lake and pool.

The Ferrers are of a very old family. Sewallis, of Etingdon, who resided at Nether - Etingdon, in Warwickshire, was their ancestor. He dwelt in the home of many preceding generations of his family, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. After the Conquest, the Lordship of Etingdon was given by the Conqueror to Henry, Earl of Ferrers, of Normandy; but Sewallis held it under him, and his posterity have ever since possessed it. The descent was in the male line, but the name Sewallis became Shirley; one of these knights, Sir Ralph, greatly distinguished himself at Agincourt and in the French wars. His son married Margaret, daughter and heiress of John de Staunton, of Staunton Harold, and thus this fine property came into the family. Sir Robert Shirley succeeded to the baronies of Chartley and Ferrers, and was created Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrers by Queen Anne.

Laurence, the fourth earl, a man of very great abilities, and possessed of everything to make happiness, became the victim of his own terrible and unrestrained temper. Horace Walpole, his contemporary, has told the tale, and we will give extracts from his vivid account of it and its ending.

"His (Lord Ferrers') wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith."

He treated this lady very ill, "always carrying pistols to bed and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and so jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by Act of Parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him to be of the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward. . . . Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him; attempting to tear

off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the earl heard the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court - many of the Lords were standing to look at him - at once they turned from him in detestation.... The very night he received sentence he played at picquet with the warders, and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused.

"On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding clothes, and said he thought this at least as good an occasion for putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. Put this was not so easy; in all her cause before the Lords she had persisted that he was not mad."

He was condemned to death, and no interest used for him could succeed in getting his sentence commuted, or the mode of execution changed.

Walpole gives us an account of his last moments, that are interesting as a picture of the state of manners at that time.

"He (Lord Ferrers) left the Tower," he tells us, "at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next, Lord Ferrers in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards on each side; the other sheriff's carriage followed empty, with a mourning coach and six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards Observe that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decipher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning sitting as a magistrate by the side of the earl; and in the evening everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account; but he intends to print it, and I will send it to you with some other things and the trial. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious concourse of people (the blind was drawn up on his side) he said, "But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another."

One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel; Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, "I hope there will be no death today but mine "; and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. "On the contrary," said the earl, "I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition."

The chaplain of the Tower then talked seriously to the prisoner of the necessity of repentance and the need of some expression of contrition. The famous Lady Huntingdon had been much with him in prison, and had done all she could for the unhappy man; but he would not speak on the subject of religion, though he acknowledged to the chaplain that he believed there was a God. The chaplain then told him that even decency required "that some prayer should be offered on the scaffold, and asked his leave to repeat at least the Lord's Prayer;" then Lord Ferrers replied, "I always thought it a good prayer: you may use it if you please."

As they drew nigh (the scaffold) he said, "I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do." And he gave Vaillant his watch, and five guineas to the chaplain; he reserved the same sum for the executioner.

"He showed no kind of fear," says Walpole. "He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, and said, 'Lord have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors.'"

Thus died this singular man, bravely "and without ostentation."

We doubt if, in the present day, he would have been thought sane; it is a sad story, but it showed, as Walpole says, "the manners of the country" (at that time) "and the justice of so great and curious a nation."



HADLEIGH CHURCH; AND THE MARTYRDOM OF TAYLOR.



HADLEIGH, in Suffolk, nine miles west of Ipswich, is said to be the burial - place of Guthrum, the Dane, to whom Alfred ceded East Anglia. It is a most beautiful old church, as the illustration will show. But it is more celebrated for being the scene of Rowland Taylor's martyrdom under Mary 1. than for anything else, and we cannot think of it without speaking of him who taught the people from its pulpit and sealed his testimony with his blood.

He was originally a member of Cranmer's household, which he left after his appointment to Hadleigh, and went at once to reside at his living, where he taught the truths of the gospel most successfully to a manufacturing population. But Taylor was not only a good preacher, he was an admirable parish priest; he visited the poor, the sick and the needy to comfort, relieve, and instruct them, and he called regularly on the rich clothiers to go with him to the almshouses and see that everything was duly provided there.

But when Mary and persecution appeared upon the scene, a few Roman Catholics brought, with armed followers, a priest to his church to celebrate mass. Taylor, as the shepherd appointed to feed the flock, ordered these popish wolves, as he called them, to depart, on which they forced him out of the church, closed the doors against the people who were eager to defend their clergyman, and performed mass. After this they lodged a complaint against Dr. Taylor, and he was summoned before Gardiner, a summons equivalent to a death warrant. His friends earnestly entreated him to fly at once, as so many had done, across seas, reminding him that Christ had enjoined His disciples when they were persecuted in one city to flee unto another. But he replied, "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 know that there is neither justice nor truth to be looked for at my adversaries' hands, but rather imprisonment and cruel death. Yet know I my cause to be so good and righteous, and the truth so strong upon my side, that I will, by God's grace, go and appear before them, and to their beards resist them. God will hereafter raise up teachers to this people who will with more diligence and fruit teach them than I have done. He will not forsake His Church, though now for a time He trieth and correcteth us, and not without just cause. As for me, I shall never be able to do so good service, nor have so glorious a calling, nor so great mercy of God proffered me as at this present. Wherefore I beseech you, and all other my friends, to pray for me, and I doubt not that God will give me strength and His Holy Spirit that all mine adversaries shall have shame of their doings."

And in obedience to the summons he set out for London accompanied by a faithful servant named John Hall, who, on the way, besought him to fly, offering to follow him everywhere and in all perils.

"Oh, John," said his master, "remember the Good Shepherd Christ, which not alone fed His flock, but died for it. Him must I follow, and, with God's grace, will do. Therefore, good John, pray for me; and if thou seest me weak at any time, comfort me, and discourage me not in this my godly enterprise and purpose."

When he was brought before Gardiner, he was thus addressed:

"Art thou come, thou villain? How darest thou look me in the face for shame? Knowest thou not who I am?"

"Yes," quoth Taylor; "you are Dr. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor, and yet but a mortal man, I trow. But if I should be afraid of your lordly looks, why fear ye not God, the Lord of us all? How dare ye, for shame, look any Christian man in the face, seeing ye have forsaken the truth, and done contrary to your own oath and writing? With what countenance will ye appear before the judgment seat of Christ and answer to your oath, made first unto the blessed King Henry VIII., of famous memory, and afterwards unto blessed King Edward, his son?"

The bishop answered that was Herod's oath, he had done well in breaking it, and the pope had discharged him of it. When the brave Church of England man told him that no man could assoil him from it, and that Christ would require it at his hands, Gardiner told him he was an arrogant knave and a very fool. . . . Presently Gardiner said contemptuously, "Thou art married." He replied, "I thank God I am, and have

nine children." When reproached for opposing the priest he answered, "My Lord, I am parson of Hadleigh, and it is against all right, conscience, and laws that any man should come into my charge and presume to infect the flock committed to me with venom of the pope's idolatrous mass."

He was ordered to close custody in the King's Bench, to which many of the best and ablest men in England were committed for the same cause. Taylor had an excellent fellow prisoner, John Bradford, also destined to martyrdom and waiting for it with equal courage.

Taylor lay two years in prison, then he was summoned and the mockery of his degradation was performed. Bonner officiated, and was about to strike him on the breast with the crosier, which was part of the ceremony, when one of his chaplains called out to the bishop not to strike, for that if he did Taylor would return the blow.

"Yea, by St. Peter, will I," said Taylor; "the cause is Christ's, and I were no good Christian if I would not fight in my Master's quarrel."

As Taylor was a large powerful man, Gardiner refrained from striking him. "By my troth," said he, rubbing his hands when he related this to Bradford, "I made him believe I would do so!"

The prisoners at the King's Bench were humanely treated. The night after Taylor's degradation the gaoler permitted his wife, one of his sons, and the faithful John Hull to sup with him. His admonitions to his boy were excellent. He advised his "faithful yoke fellow," as he called his wife, to marry again if asked by some good man, for her children's sake. He bequeathed his whole family to the Almighty's protection, saying that he was going to the five children - naming them - whom God had taken to Him.

His wife expected that he would be removed that night, and therefore went to the church porch of St. Botolph's beside Aldgate, by which she knew he must pass, and watched all night, - a bitterly cold night, too, for it was early in February. She had with her one of her daughters and an orphan girl whom Dr. Taylor had adopted and brought up.

At two in the morning Sir William Chester, one of the sheriffs, a humane and compassionate man, came to conduct Taylor to an inn without Aldgate, where the Sheriff of Essex was to take him in charge.

"They were without lights, but when they approached the church the orphan heard them coming, and exclaiming, 'Oh, my dear father!' called upon her mother. 'Rowland, Rowland,' said the wife, 'where art thou?' For it was so dark that they could not see each other. He answered her, and stopped; the men would have hurried him on, but the sheriff desired them to let him stay awhile and speak to his wife.

"Taylor then took his daughter in his arms, and kneeling in the porch with his wife and the orphan girl, said the Lord's Prayer. He then kissed her, and shaking her by the hand said, 'Farewell, dear wife. Be of good cheer, for I am quiet in my conscience,' and blessing the children, he charged them to stand strong and steadfast unto Christ and keep themselves from idolatry. Then said his wife, 'God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh.' She followed them to the inn, but the sheriff, who had wept apace during their sad interview, would, in mercy, allow no more such meetings. He entreated her to go to his house and use it as her own, promising that she should lack nothing, and sent two officers to conduct her thither; but at her request she was taken to her own mother's, who was charged to keep her there.

"A little before noon the Sheriff of Essex arrived. Taylor was placed on a horse and brought out of the inn. John Hull was waiting without the gates with Taylor's son, Taylor called the child, and John lifted him up and set him on the horse before his father. 'Good people,' said he, 'this is mine own son, begotten in lawful matrimony . . . and God be blessed for lawful matrimony.' He then prayed for the boy, laid his hand on his head and blessed him, and returned him again to John, whom he took by the hand, saying, 'Farewell, John Hull, the faithfulest servant that ever man had.' And so they rode forth, the Sheriff of Essex with four yeoman of guard and the sheriff's men leading him.

"At Brentford a close hood with holes for the eyes and mouth was put over his head, that he might not be recognised. They stayed at Chelmsford for the night, where the Sheriff of Suffolk met them. The two gentlemen supped with the prisoner, and during supper both earnestly urged him to recant and be reconciled to the Church of Rome, the Sheriff of Suffolk praising his learning and good report, and promising, if he would do so, to win his pardon from the queen. Taylor replied, 'Mr. Sheriff and my masters all, I heartily thank you for your good will; I have hearkened unto your words and marked well your counsels, and to be plain with you, I do perceive that I have been deceived myself and am likely to deceive a great many at

Hadleigh of their expectation."²⁵

They were rejoiced at this, and blessed him for those words; but they were only one of the reverend humorist's jests; he told them he had been deceived in thinking that he should be burned at Hadleigh, and that the churchyard worms would be deceived in their expectation of a feast on him when dead. An unpleasant jest rather at the expense of the sheriffs.

When they entered Suffolk a number of gentry, who had been appointed to aid the sheriff, met them. They were earnest for Taylor to recant, They assured him that they had his pardon ready, and promised him promotion to a bishopric if he would accept it. But all their offers were vain. As they approached Hadleigh the sheriff asked him how he fared. "Never better," replied Taylor ; "I am almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house." A poor man was waiting for him at the bridge foot with five small children. They fell upon their knees, holding up their hands, and the man cried, "O dear father and good shepherd, Doctor Taylor, God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children."

The streets through which they passed were lined with people, some of whom cried out, "There goeth our good shepherd that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! What shall become of this most wicked world ? Good Lord, strengthen him and comfort him." The sheriff and his men rebuked the people sternly for thus expressing their feelings; but Taylor evermore said to them, "I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood." As he passed the alms-houses, he gave among their inmates all that was left of the money with which charitable persons had supplied him during his long imprisonment. He carried it in a glove, and inquiring at the last of these houses if the blind man and woman who dwelt there were living, threw the glove into the window, and rode on to Oldham Common, where he was to suffer. When they told him that was the place, he exclaimed, " God be thanked, I am even at home!" and alighting from his horse, he tore with both his hands the hood from his head. The people burst into loud weeping when they saw " his reverend and ancient face, with a long white beard," and his grey hairs, which had been roughly clipped and disfigured at his degradation; and they cried out, " God save thee, good Doctor Taylor; Christ strengthen thee and help thee !" He attempted to speak to them, but one of the guards thrust a staff into his mouth; and when he asked leave of the sheriff to speak the sheriff refused it, and bade him remember his promise to the council; upon which he replied, "Well, promises must be kept."

The common belief was, that after the martyrs were condemned, the council told them their tongues should be cut out, unless they would promise that at their deaths they would not speak to the people. When Taylor had undressed himself to his shirt, 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 come hither this day to seal it with my blood." One of the guards, a fellow who had used him inhumanly all the way, struck him on the head with a staff, saying, "Is that keeping thy promise, thou heretic?"

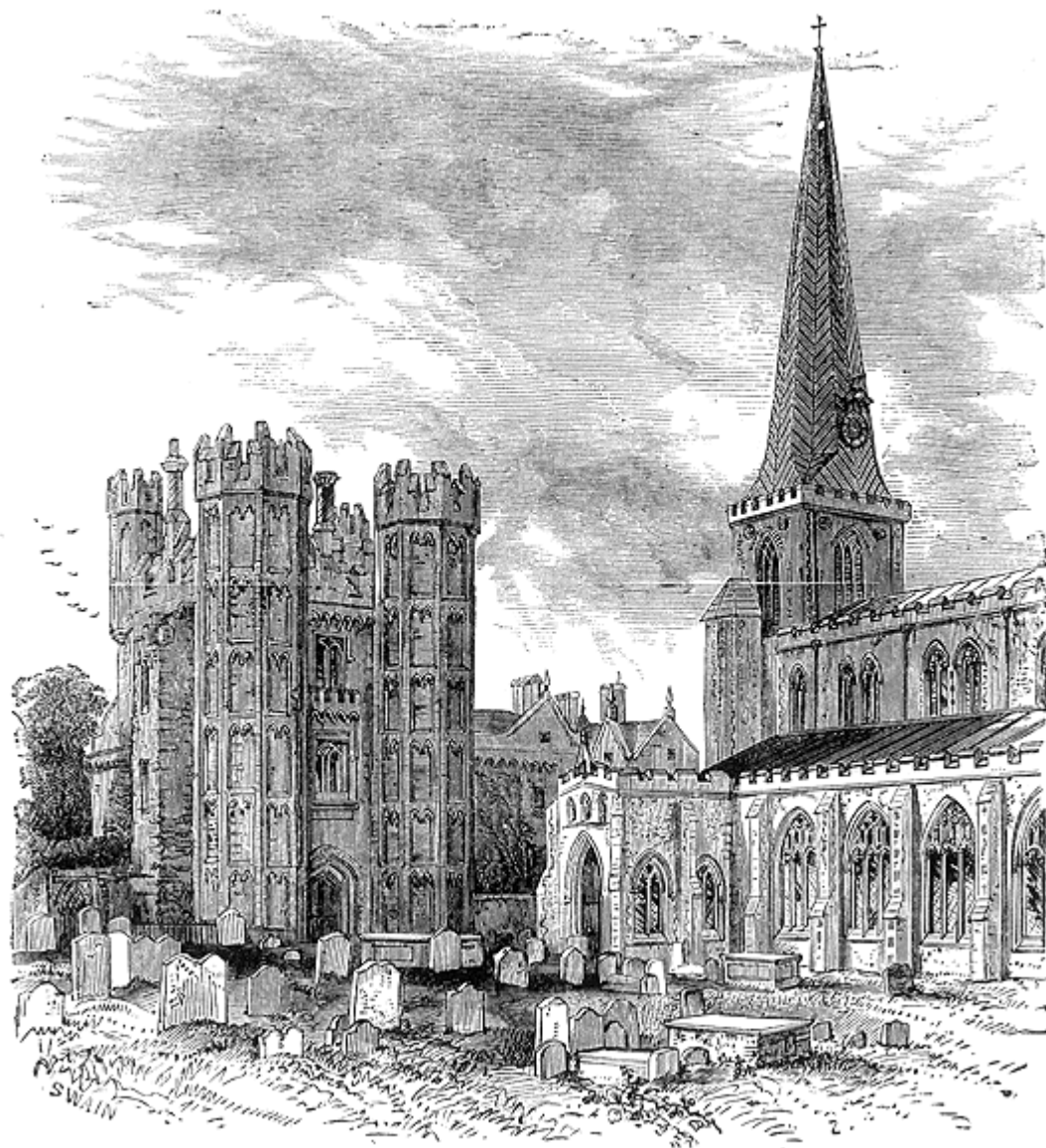
Taylor then knelt and prayed, and a poor woman, in spite of the guards who threatened to tread her down under their horses' feet, prayed beside him. Taylor then kissed the stake, got into the pitch barrel in which he was to stand and stood upright, his hands folded, and his eyes raised towards heaven in prayer. A butcher, who was ordered to assist in setting up the faggots refused, and persisted in his refusal, though the sheriff threatened to send him to prison. Wretches, however, were easily found for the work, and one of them threw a faggot at the martyr, as he stood chained to the stake, which cut his face, so that the blood ran down. "O friend," said Taylor, "I have harm enough! What needed that?"

Sir John Shelton, hearing him repeat the Psalm Miserere in English, struck him on the lips, saying, "Ye knave, speak Latin, or I will make thee."

They at length set fire to the faggots, and Dr. Taylor held up his hands and prayed, saying, "Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake receive my soul into Thy hands." In this attitude he remained, without moving or uttering another sound, until Soyce struck him forcibly on the head with his halberd, and put an end to his sufferings.

A stone was set up on the common to mark the spot where he suffered with this inscription:-
"1555. Dr. Taylor, in defending what was gode, at this plas left his blode."

²⁵Southey.



HADLEIGH CHURCH.

Figure 57: Hadleigh Church.



BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

A SUFFOLK LEGEND.



THE Danes in the ninth century were the most frightful enemies that England had ever known. Strong, brave, ruthless, as cruel as they were valiant, sparing neither woman nor babe, these heathens carried the Raven banner all along the south and eastern shores of our island. In 870 their attacks were even more than ordinarily ferocious, and it is no marvel that in the liturgy of the Church ran the mournful petition, "From the fury of the Danes, Good Lord, deliver us;" for they had laid in ruins the Abbeys of Croyland, Medhamsted (Peterborough), Marney, Ramsey, and Ely, and ravaged the land with sword and fire. Their strategy was to occupy all the best stations on the coast, and then to post their forces across the island. They now attacked East Anglia. The East Anglians had at the time a king famed for his piety and integrity, a brave warrior also, who defended his people with great resolution. But overpowered by the myriads of red-haired warriors who came against him, Edmund was defeated and made captive. The battle was fought near Hoxne, in Suffolk, on the banks of the Waveney, near Eye.

"Being hotly pursued by his foes," says Sir Francis Palgrave in his charming Anglo Saxon History, "the king fled to Hoxney and attempted to conceal himself by crouching beneath a bridge, now called Goldbridge. The glitter 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 to be married, and so much regard is paid to this tradition by the folks of Hoxne, that now (1831), or at least within the last twenty years, no bride or bridegroom would venture along the forbidden path."

An account of Edmund's death was given by his swordbearer, who lived to a great age, and was never weary of repeating the sad story to the courtiers of Athelstane. The Danes fettered and manacled the brave king, and treated him with every species of cruelty and insult. They, at last, offered him his life if he would deny Christ, and worship their gods; he firmly refused. He was cruelly scourged; then tied to a tree and shot at with arrows as at a mark; but this English St. Sebastian remained resolute in his faith, praying to Christ amidst all his sufferings, until, weary of cruelty, Inguair and Ubba struck off his head with an axe and threw it into the thicket.

Edmund was justly canonized as saint and martyr, and his name is still retained in the Church Calendar.

The ancient service contains the following legend:-

As soon after the martyrdom as possible, a party of his friends ventured into the wood to seek for his remains. They were searching everywhere all through the wood, when one cried in half-mocking despair, "Where art thou, comrade?" the ordinary cry of the woodman. To their amazement they heard an answer, "Here - here - here." They then constantly repeated the cry, and were always answered, till, following the sound, they came to where Edmund's head lay between the fore paws of a great grey wolf, - a greedy, hungry beast, - but who dared not touch the head he held, but guarded it against wild beasts. "Then were they astonished at the wolf's guardianship." The animal let them take the head from him, and followed them as they bore it towards the town, as if he were tame, while they went, thanking God for all His wonders. When they reached the town the wolf left them and went back to his woods.

The remains were removed to a town originally called Badrichesworth, and there they were buried, the place, henceforward, taking the name of Bury St Edmunds.

Canute, as if in atonement for the crime of his countrymen, founded here a monastery to St. Edmund, one of the most sumptuous then in England; a few fragments of it only remain; but the name of "Edmund" is a household name in Norfolk and Suffolk, attesting, perhaps, at first the reverential memory in which they hold St. Edmund.

FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.



HIS castle is said to have been founded by Redwald, one of the most powerful of the kings of the East Angles, between 599 and 624. It belonged from its first erection to the Crown, and it was to it that St. Edmund fled from the Danes in 870; but it was set on fire, and he was thus driven from it. He fled to Hoxne, about twelve miles from Framlingham, where he was discovered and martyred, as we have recorded in the last sketch. Framlingham Castle remained in the hands of the Danes until they were conquered by the Saxons.

William and Rufus kept the castle in their own possession, but Henry 1. gave it to Roger de Bigod, in whose family it continued till another Roger de Bigod appeared, a most turbulent and troublesome subject Edward I. made him resign this strong fortress again to the Crown. It is supposed that Framlingham was entirely rebuilt in the reign of Henry II., and the walls attest that it is of Norman, not Saxon architecture. Edward II. gave the castle to his half-brother, Thomas Plantagenet, of Brotherton, from whom it descended to Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. From the Mowbrays it descended to the Howards, Sir Robert Howard having married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray. His son, John Howard, was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, June 28th,, 1483. He was the "Jockey of Norfolk" in Shakspeare's Richard III., and fell at the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485; his son being attainted, the castle became the property of Henry VII, who granted it to John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, from whom it again returned to the Howards.

Thomas Howard, the third Duke of Norfolk, gave it to Henry VIII. "for the royal children." He saw that the Seymours would succeed in effecting his mill, and he was resolved to disappoint them of Framlingham, of which they were covetous.

Edward VI. gave it to his sister Mary, and here she sought refuge and found safety when her young brother's death exposed her to the machinations of her enemies - the Northumberland clique and the council.



FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.

She had a very narrow escape of losing her liberty and probably her life then, for the Duke of Northumberland, who had kept the dying Edward in a state of absolute thralldom, concealed his death for two days, and the council, at his instigation, wrote to Mary as if by command of the king, asking her to come to her brother, who was very ill, and earnestly desired the comfort of her presence. Mary at once set out to go to him, for she loved him almost with a mother's love; but young Throckmorton had overheard the duke

talking from his bed to Sir John Gates early in the morning after the death of the young king. They were discussing the destination of the Princess Mary, and he heard Sir John exclaim sharply: "What, sir! Will you let the lady Mars escape and not secure her person?"

Young Throckmorton hurried home and told v hat he had heard to his father and brother. They all knew the king was dead, for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, his elder brother, had been present at Edward's deathbed, and had returned from it in deep grief. They resolved to save Mary. They sent for her goldsmith, and persuaded him to meet her at Hoddesdon and tell her the true state of affairs. At first she feared the message was a trap to lure her into an act of treason by proclaiming herself queen in her brother's lifetime; but the elder Throckmorton soon appeared on the scene to confirm their messenger's story, and she believed his account of the deception just practised on her. She must fly at once, and she did. She diverged from the London road to Suffolk, taking the direction of Cambridgeshire as the nearest way to Bury St. Edmunds. They travelled late, she and her attendants, but at last, wearied and anxious, they reached Sawston Hall, near Cambridge, and by the advice of Andrew Huddleston, one of her gentlemen, Mary asked hospitality of his relative, its owner, Mr. Huddleston. He saw the danger he ran in receiving her, but he at once admitted the royal fugitive. Tradition says that the princess left the house very early the next day in the disguise of a market woman, riding behind Mr. Huddleston, who had put on the livery of one of his own servants. When she gained the rise called Gogmagog Hills she turned her steed and looked back at Sawston Hall. At that moment it burst into flames. The party adverse to her at Cambridge had attacked the house as soon as they had heard that it sheltered her, and set it on fire. She gazed at it undaunted. "Let it blaze," she said; "I will build Huddleston a better." But unhappily she forgot her promise, or only partially redeemed it, for the present Sawston Hall was not finished when she died. Mary was received loyally at Bury St. Edmunds, but she did not stay there; she hastened on to her house in Norfolk, Kenning Hall. But this dwelling was much exposed, and could not be defended if attacked. Therefore Mary (after writing to the council) started for her castle of Framlingham, in Suffolk. It was twenty miles distant from Kenning Hall, but she never drew bridle till those twenty miles were achieved, and she had reached Framlingham, embosomed in the Suffolk woodlands. The treble circle of moats that girdle the town and fortress were then full and efficient, and the castle in good repair. The queen arrived at nightfall with her little train of cavalry, her knights and their servants, and her ladies, and ascended by torchlight the woodland eminence on which Framlingham is built. They passed the mighty causeway, over two deep moats, and very soon afterwards the standard of England floated over its towers. The next day the chivalry of Suffolk gathered round their queen, and she was soon at the head of an army of 13,000 men, all volunteers and unpaid, though she ordered her captains if any man were in need to relieve him " as a gift."

Mary remained at Framlingham. The tide of popular feeling set in her favour; the fleet yielded its officers to the adherent of Mary who claimed them from Yarmouth as traitors, and her cause was everywhere successful. She left her castle of refuge, and made almost a triumphant progress from Suffolk to London, to take a crown with its cares and temptations and miseries, and the dreadful name it has brought her for ail time.

The site of Framlingham Castle is a high mound, from whence springs the source of the river Orr. This stream supplied the three moats, which are in the summer season gaily enamelled with golden irises. On the edge of the mound is reared a magnificent circle of walls and towers enclosing an area of more than an acre.²⁶ The outer walls remain nearly entire at the present day. They are forty feet high, and more than eight feet thick, and there were once in them thirteen square towers.

After crossing a walled causeway over the double moat, and passing through the gateway, the spectator enters into the spacious area. To the right, nearly opposite, are seen several chimneys, whose summits are hollow pillars of wreathed brickwork very elaborately wrought. The chimney of the state bedroom on the second floor still remains, and on one side of it is a recess about the size of a dressingroom with an arched window looking towards the east This is declared by tradition to have been Mary's²⁷ chamber, but it was evidently the oriel or private oratory pertaining to her state chamber which was the room to which the chimney belonged.²⁸

The defences consisted of the outer and inner moats, the latter running close to the walls save where

²⁶Miss Strickland.

²⁷Mary Tudor's

²⁸Miss Strickland, 1849.

the mere, on the west side, protected it. The outer wall of the ancient building alone remains. The Rev. C. Hartshorne, who was a very distinguished and learned antiquary, was of opinion that there was a keep to the castle, and that it stood in the south-east angle. The barbican appears to have been built in the reign of Henry VIII., probably by the Duke of Norfolk, who erected the church at Framlingham about that time. The seats of the warders are in good preservation, though the work is dilapidated.

James I. granted Framlingham to the first Baron Howard de Walden, youngest son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk. He was created Earl of Suffolk in 1603, but he made Audley Inn his abode, and the castle fell to decay. His son sold it to Sir Robert Hitcham, senior sergeant to James I., who bequeathed it in 1636 to the master and scholars of Pembroke College in trust for charitable use. Thus the castle was never repaired when it would have been possible to preserve so interesting and noble a pile.

NORWICH AND CAISTER CASTLES.



NORWICH is built on an eminence, and covers a large space of ground, with openings planted with trees, and many towers of churches. Fuller describes it as "either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city." At its foot runs the river Wensum, Norwich rose on the decay of Caister or Caster St. Edmund's, now a small village three miles from the town. An old rhyme records that-

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

Thetford was the metropolis of East Anglia, but Norwich was one of its best towns, and its kings erected a royal fortress there on a promontory on the shore of the estuary of the sea, which is now in the centre of the town, and called the Castle Hill. The town grew, as towns always did beneath the protecting shadow of a fortress, and by the time of Edward the Confessor, Norwich exceeded in wealth and population every town in England, except London and York.

The castle (standing as we have said on a lofty eminence, now in the middle of the city) is of Norman construction, and was undoubtedly built on the site of the strong fortress erected by Uffa, the first King of East Anglia, about 575; the fact that lands were granted to the monastery of Ely, in 677, charged with castle guard to Norwich Castle supports this theory.

In the Conqueror's reign Norwich Castle was entrusted to Ralf de Guader, Earl of Norfolk, but he rebelled, according to the wont of William's barons, was defeated, and fled from Norwich, where he took shipping to Bretagne. His wife bravely defended the castle, but was at last obliged to capitulate.

The constablership of the castle was then given to Roger de Bigod, or Bigot, who is believed to have built the keep. He held the castle after the Conqueror's death for Robert of Normandy, William Rufus's elder brother, but at the peace of 1091 Roger accepted a pardon from the Red King, and retained the castle. He is supposed to have proposed and aided in the removal of the bishopric of the East Angles from Thetford to Norwich, and to have founded the cathedral. Henry I. granted the city a charter, and soon after the Flemings appeared in the town, and established the woollen manufacture. Except for a short interval, Norwich Castle remained under the rule of the Bigods till the reign of Henry III.; though John seized the castle during the Barons' Insurrection. After John's death the city was taken by the Dauphin Louis, but when he had retired from the kingdom, it was restored to the Bigods. In 1224, one of the family surrendered the castle to the king. It was made the common prison, but is now used as a museum. The keep is 110 feet 3 inches from east to west, and 92 feet 10 inches from north to south; the height to the battlements is 69 feet 10 inches. On its east side there is a projecting tower called Bigod's Tower, and upon the upper ballium are the remains of two circular towers fourteen feet in diameter. The keep has been refaced, and Bigod's Tower restored.

Caistor Castle is one of the four chief castles of Norfolk. It is situated near Yarmouth. It is built of brick, and is thought to be one of the oldest brick buildings in the kingdom.

But it has been given a much later date, some antiquarians ascribing its erection to Sir John Fastolfe, an officer who served in the wars of Henry V. and Henry VI. It became at last the possession of Sir John Paston, and was twice besieged in the Wars of the Roses. This gentleman - Sir John Paston - was one of the writers of the celebrated Paston letters, from which we derive so much knowledge of the dark period to which they relate. An embattled tower at the north-west corner, one hundred feet high, and the north and west walls alone remain.

Caistor was once a place of great importance, and the abode of the kings of East Anglia. Edmund, the Saxon King, also kept his court here.



CAISTOR CASTLE.

Figure 58: Caistor Castle.

CROMER.



FROM Norwich a railway now takes us to Cromer, passing through the pretty village of Thorpe, on the Yare, Wroxham, North Walsham, and Gunton. Cromer is situated on the north-east point of the Norfolk coast, nine miles from North Walsham; ten miles from Holt; eleven miles from Aylsham; twenty-two north of Norwich, and a hundred and thirty miles N.W. from London. It is a most picturesque and interesting place, built on lofty cliffs, sixty feet high nearest the town, and sheltered on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, nearly covered with trees, and having the German Ocean stretching in wide, glorious expanse before it.

For some centuries the sea has encroached on this coast. In the reign of William the Norman Cromer formed part of the lordship and parish of Shipden, a large village, and must therefore have been situated some distance from the sea; but this village and its church (St. Peter's) were swallowed up by the advancing waves, it is supposed in the reign of Henry IV. At very low tides, a large mass of the wall of the church is still to be seen nearly half a mile from the cliffs; the fishermen call it Church Rock, and it is certainly composed of the squared flints used in building Cromer Church.

The sea has made rapid raids on Cromer cliffs. In 1611 great masses of land were washed away; in 1799, several large slips, or "shoots" as they are called, were made by the lighthouse cliffs, which rise two hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea, and these slips brought down with them more than half an acre of ground. A similar slip took place in January, 1825, when an immense mass fell from the cliff with great force on the beach. The fall was awfully sudden and quite unexpected; no sign had been given of it, nor any fissure perceived; happily, though the coastguard kept watch on the beach beneath it all night, the watcher was not on the spot when the fall occurred, and DO lives were lost. A rapid and large stream of water issued from the rent cliff, falling on the bench with great violence. In August, 1832, the lighthouse cliff again lost a huge mass, and the master and brethren of the Trinity House were so alarmed for the safety of the lighthouse, that they built another two hundred and eighty yards further inland. Their precaution was wise, as the old lighthouse fell and was swallowed up in a landslip in 1866.

The new lighthouse is fifty-two feet high, and is situated about two hundred and fifty feet above the sealevel. It has on the top a lantern with thirty lamps in it, in three divisions, placed in plated copper reflectors, which make an entire revolution every three minutes, consequently a full light streams over the sea every minute. The light can be seen twenty-seven miles out at sea; but probably by the time this book is published, the electric light will gleam from it upon the waves of the North Sea. Birds are much attracted by a lighthouse, and swarm round the lantern. The floating light off Happisburgh is twelve miles to the east, and it can be seen from Cromer.

Terrible dangers are occasionally incurred by the people who dwell so near the ocean. In February, 1837, a terrific storm swept away a subscription room, bath-house and other buildings on the beach, and on the next morning the cliff, being undermined, fell, bringing a house with it. An Act of Parliament was applied for to build an immensely thick sea-wall. The Act passed, and Mr. Wright, the famous engineer, built it; breakwaters were also erected, and a new jetty. A fine esplanade now stretches the whole length of the cliffs, and everything gives an assurance of safety. The new jetty is reached from the beach by a flight of stone steps, and there is a path from the town on the sloping cliff, securely railed in, that leads to it. It is the favourite promenade of the visitors to Cromer. Here the glorious and ever-changing sea spreads in a vast plain before them, or billows dash on the beach, and the surface is covered with "white horses." From the esplanade the sun can be seen to set in the sea in all its glorious hues of crimson, gold, saffron and purple; or we can watch it rise from the ocean in the morning; for Cromer possesses the strange advantage of seeing the sun rise and set in the sea; at least in summer. There are fine sands and excellent bathing here.

Nothing more magnificent can be conceived that the sea view on one side, and the great broken cliffs on the other.

But this is a very dangerous coast, as may be perceived when we remember how many lighthouses there are between this place and Yarmouth, every effort being made to prevent vessels from being driven into Cromer Bay, which has received the alarming nickname of the Devil's Throat. Life boats are always in readiness along this coast, and the fishermen are daring and noble fellows, always ready to risk their lives

for those in peril on the sea.

There are, however, many ships constantly passing on the silent highway before Cromer that enliven the scene with the presence of human life.

There are many organic and fossil remains to be found on this coast, and wild flowers grow in abundance in the neighbourhood; some are rare and worth seeking, amongst them is the wild yellow tulip, a very gay and lovely flower, brightening the meadows and the banks of hedges.

A quantity of beautiful seaweed is constantly washed up and left on the shore; this is collected in heaps and used for manure. Jet is often found here after a storm, and amber has been picked up also; some friends of ours once found a quantity of topazes entangled in seaweeds on this coast; jasper, cornelian, aqua marine, and agates of great beauty are sometimes picked up on the beach, and the common pebbles take a fine polish.

There are few shells except fossils, but the living periwinkle is gathered in great quantities on the rocks at low water, and sea-anemones are found of rare beauty.

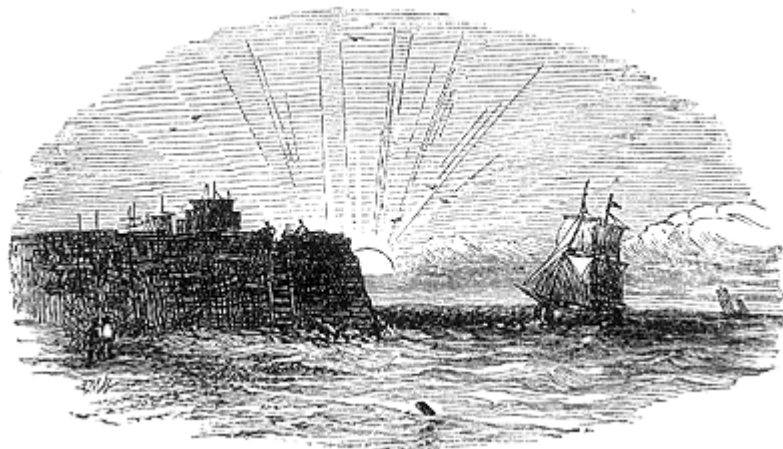
Cromer Church dates from Henry IV.'s reign. It is built of square 'dints, and has a nave and two aisles. The tower is a hundred and fifty-nine feet high; it is square, and the top is embattled. The entrance is a very fine piece of architecture. The church has been restored within the last thirty years.

A mariner of Cromer, Roger Bacon by name, is said to have discovered Iceland in the reign of Henry IV., and to have been the seaman who took young Prince James of Scotland prisoner on his way to France, to which his father, King Robert, had sent him to save him from the machinations of the Duke of Albany, who had murdered his elder brother. We have seen how James found a home, and finally a queen, at Windsor.

The sea is, after all, the finest adjunct a landscape can have, and the North Sea open, and at times mighty in wrath, forms perhaps the finest seascape we have.

It gives an idea of immensity and power, and of the Divine might that keeps it within its fixed bounds, or suffers it to creep into the land. We cannot help thinking of Byron's powerful lines as we gaze on it.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain
 Man marks the earth with ruin - his control
 Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.



THE BROADS OF NORFOLK:

THEIR BEAUTY AND PECULIARITY.



ENGLAND has, in miniature, scenery representative of that of nearly every European country. While the hills and lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland are tiny replicas of the great Swiss mountains and lakes, flat, marshy Norfolk presents us with Dutch pictures, some of which have a quiet charm and beauty that must not be ignored.

The Broads, as the Norfolk lakes are called, cannot be seen without admiration; the expanse of tranquil water, the beautiful reed borders, the mills that dot the marshes, and the cattle feeding on the plains, are worthy of a landscape painter's best skill. The levels of the rivers are frequently above the land, and thousands of acres of rich pastures are only saved from inundation by embankments, as Holland is saved by her dykes. The rivers also are slow of current, wide and navigable for vessels of large burden, such as small steamers, billyboys, and wherries, as a Norfolk sailing barge is termed. The chief rivers are the Yare, which winds inward for thirty miles to the city of Norwich; the Bure, or North River, which, after a long and winding course, leaves the marshland and enters a richly wooded country; and to the south the Waveney, a clear stream that flows past Beccles and Bungay, in Suffolk 1-ho banks

of these rivers are fringed with tall reeds, in which grow and bloom many varieties of sallows and sedge, and they flow through miles of level marsh, where nothing is to be seen but the white sails of yachts and the dark sails of the wherries.

The Norfolk wherries are of peculiar build. They are long, low, and shallow rather flatbottomed, but sharp at the stem and stern. They have one mast, stepped forward and weighted at the foot, so that it can be lowered to pass under bridges and be raised again. This mast has one immense sail, black or red-brown. These boats sail very fast with a fair wind, their black or tan sails gliding up or down the stream steadily; they are generally worked by two men who live on board, but when the wind is not fair, we see the boatmen using the long pole, called a "quant," for moving the vessel along. This pole has a large knob at one end to push with; while to prevent the quant from sinking too deep in the mud, there is a shoulder "cot" or cap at the end in the water. The boatmen are strong and skilful, and use this kind of boat-hook with great ease and success.

The great flatness of Norfolk, and the sluggish course of the rivers caused by it, originate the Broads, pools of water of various extent in the marsh - sometimes covering acres of land, in other times not bigger than a large fishpond. They lie chiefly in the north-eastern part of Norfolk and in a portion of Suffolk. The word "Broad" is provincial, and only used in Norfolk and Suffolk, and is better "translated" by the word "lagoon" than by "lake."

All these Broads are shallow, and surrounded by aquatic vegetation, reeds, rushes, bulrushes, and flags, which are the haunt of many rare birds, and swarm with waterfowl. Here, also, land first the migratory birds coming from other lands, and many of these are rarely seen elsewhere in England. The Broads abound with fish - large pike, perch, and bream.

Of these Broads, one of the most beautiful is South Walsham Broad. It belongs to the network of Broads that line each side of the river Bure from St. Benedict's Abbey to Wroxham. It is almost surrounded by trees, some of which rise in a gentle elevation, and above them we catch a glimpse of two churches that occupy the same churchyard. On the left is a velvety smooth lawn of some gentleman's seat sloping to the water, the lovely surface of which is covered in places with exquisite water lilies. The calm and sweetness and sense of home beauty on this small Broad must strike every one.

Returning to the river' and going up to the left, a dyke is reached, which leads to Ranworth Broad. This one is larger than South Walsham, and equal to it in quiet loveliness.

Four other Broads cluster here, but are not especially worthy of notice, the river itself being much more picturesque, winding from Salhouse to Wroxham between wooded banks edged with tall rushes, with pretty glimpses of scenery caught between the trees. Passing through a narrow opening, on each side of which grow reeds seven feet high, we find ourselves on the spacious waters of Wroxham Broad, a grand expanse, surrounded by gigantic reeds and with masses of trees that come down to the water's edge on one side; while on the other is the great marsh, stretching miles and miles, with its tall waving reed beds, its

tracts of white cotton grasses, and the many coloured marsh grasses that the wind sweeps over, changing repeatedly their hue and sheen, while the sun brings out on them golden red gleams of light. Gazing on this great marsh-land, we must allow that it has a strange picturesqueness peculiar to itself.

Here and there the dark sails of the wherries, or the snowy canvas of yachts, are seen above the reeds and lower foliage moving to and fro, though the water on which they sail is not visible.

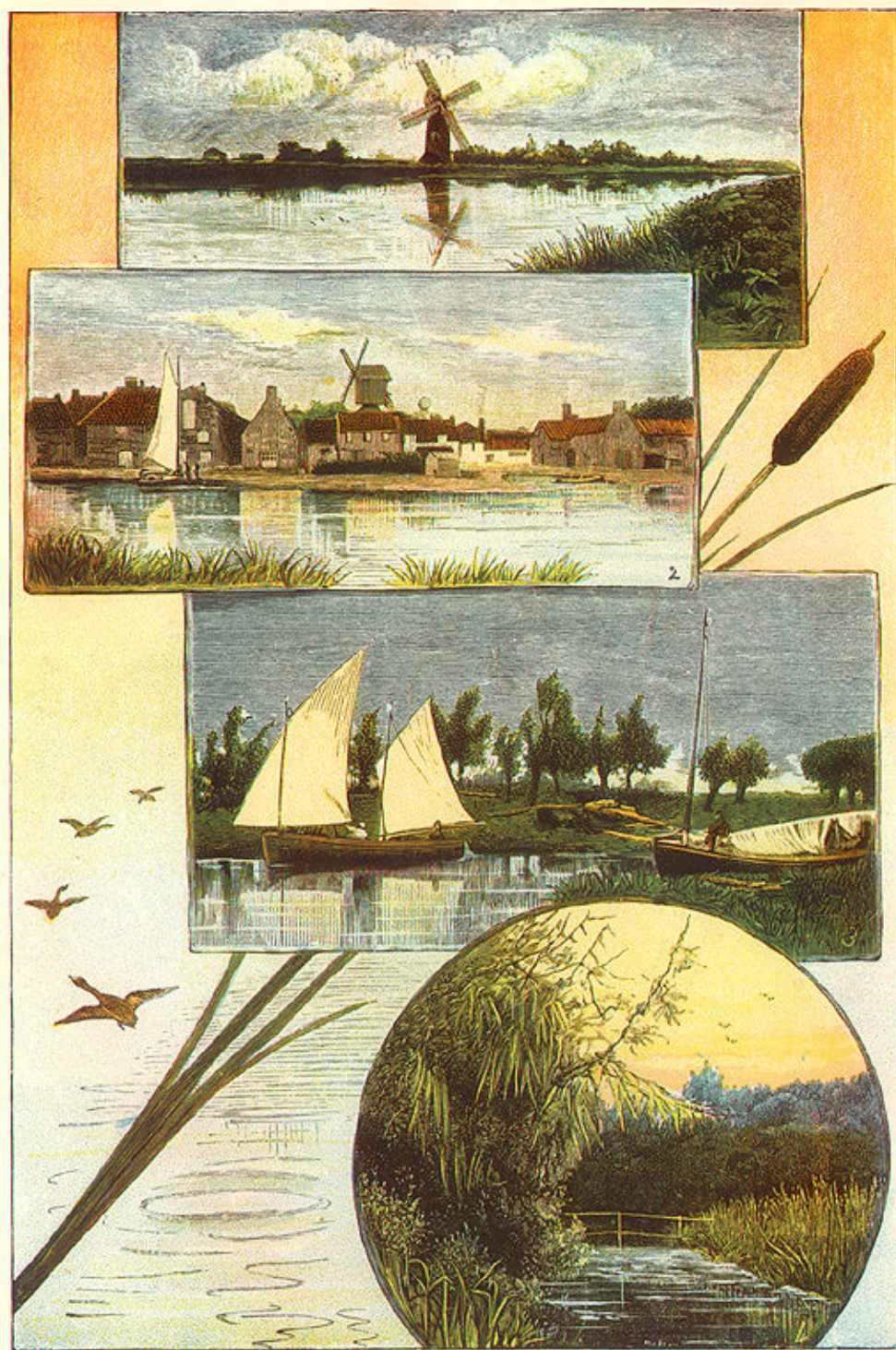
At one end of this Broad is a maze of wooded islands and banks covered with ferns; the water is crowned, too, with white and golden lilies and the more pointed leaves of the arrow head; and many coloured flowers - some rare specimens - nestle amidst the plants and reeds that fringe the water, forget-me-nots and speedwells raising their blue eyes from amongst them.

Birds and insects are found on the Broads in great numbers. All the waterfowls - the land birds who are but visitors - the butterflies and dragonflies, and all other creatures that haunt the reeds or build on the shores, make the Broads instinct with life and the sounds of life; the call of birds in spring, the incessant cry of the cuckoo that in great numbers haunts the Broads. Blackheaded gulls breed in multitudes, and make much noise; swans float also on the calm waters silent and graceful; and snipes make a strange bleating in the air. These sounds increase about twilight, when the water fowl come from their hiding-places; the reedwrens sing shrilly in the reeds; the reed buntings chatter; the coots and water-hens croak.

Nowhere, perhaps, is the sense of the fecundity of nature, and the fullness of life more strongly awakened; nowhere are we more impressed with the power of the great Giver of Life than on these Broads at eventide.

The vegetation of the banks and water adds greatly to the beauty of these lagoons. They are edged with reeds ten feet high; flags wave their yellow flowers; tall, smooth rushes whisper in the breeze; sweet sedge, with its curious catkins, is there; all kinds of grasses; foxgloves, and tall spikes of purple loosestrife; and dense clusters of white, sweetly-scented meadow-sweet, forget-me-nots, and speedwells.

In fact, the naturalist, the botanist, and the landscape painter may well rejoice in the Broads of Norfolk, of which there are many more; but a description of one or two suffices generally for a description of all.



THE NORFOLK BROADS.

Figure 59: The Norfolk Broads.

WALSINGHAM ABBEY.



HE chapel or shrine of our Lady of Walsingham was, in its day, one of the richest in the world. Roger Ascham, when visiting Cologne in 1550, says, "The Three Kings" - the famous Cathedral of the Magi - "be not so rich, I believe, as was the Lady at Walsingham."

The number of pilgrims who yearly went to Walsingham was enormous Thither penitents hurried for absolution, or persons in trouble to pray for aid. 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 chief attraction; pilgrimages to this shrine exceeded those made to St Thomas a Becket's, and large endowments and costly gifts enriched the priory.

Pilgrims from all nations came to this sacred place, and several of our English sovereigns visited it. Even Henry VIII., at the commencement of his reign, with Queen Katherine, paid his devotions here.

Spelman, the antiquary, tells us that the king walked to Walsingham barefoot from Baseham, a distance of about three miles, it being a condition that if the pilgrim would benefit by his pilgrimage it must be made barefooted. Henry presented a valuable necklace to the image. It is supposed that the riches and splendour of Walsingham greatly impressed the king's mind, and tempted him to precipitate its fall. Cromwell seized the image and burned it at Chelsea. We wonder what became of the necklace!

The monks persuaded the people that the Milky Way in the heavens was a symbol of the road to this shrine, and the populace took to calling the starry road "the Walsingham way."

Erasmus visited Walsingham in 1511, and has described it in a mocking dialogue.

The pilgrims entered the sacred precincts by a low, narrow wicket, which was made purposely difficult to pass, as a precaution against robberies from the shrine. On the gate in which the little wicket opened was nailed a copper image of a knight on horseback, whose miraculous preservation on the spot by the Virgin was one of the legends of the place. To the east of the gate was a small chapel where any pilgrim who liked to pay for it was allowed to kiss a gigantic bone, said to have been the finger bone of St. Peter! After this he was conducted to a thatched building enclosing two wells, which had the repute of curing headaches and indigestion; and also for the miraculous power of insuring to the pilgrim whatever wish he might make while drinking the water. The building itself was said to have been transported there miraculously from the north in a deep snow-storm; and as a proof of it an old bear skin attached to one of the beams was pointed out to the visitor.

In the Chapel of the Virgin the celebrated statue of Our Lady stood on the right of the altar. The chapel had only artificial light from numbers of tapers which dimly revealed the sacred image surrounded by gold and jewels. The air was strongly perfumed with incense. The pilgrim knelt on the steps of the altar, offered up his prayer and laid his offering on them and passed on. A priest stood in readiness to take the offering, "lest," we are told, "the next comer might steal it while depositing his own offering."

The Virgin and her Son bowed their heads, and Erasmus says it appeared as if they gave them a nod of approbation. Amongst the treasures of Walsingham were a silver statue on horseback, of Bartholomew, Lord Burghersh, ordered by his will in 1396 to be offered to Our Lady; and a kneeling figure of Henry VII. in silver gilt, given during his lifetime. The visitors at the Dissolution took possession of all these treasures for the king.

There are some fine remains of the abbey: a richly ornamented door that may have formed the east end of the church; the western entrance gateway to the monastery; the walls with windows and arches of the refectory; a Norman arch, with zigzag mouldings, remain. 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 decorated or early English period. The refectory and dormitory crypt are pure decorated; the west end has a noble window. The east end is early perpendicular. In the choir are a red and yellow glazed tile pavement, buttresses, and crypt.

A BALLAD OF WALSINGHAM.

"As you came from the holy land

Of Walsingham,
Met you with my true love
By the way you came?"

"How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?"

"She's neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
On the earth, in the air."

"Such a one did I meet, good sir,
With angel-like face;
Who like a queen did appear
In her gait, in her grace."

"She hath left me here all alone,
All alone and unknown,
Who sometime loved me as her life,
And called me her own."

"Wbat's the cause she hath left thee alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
And her joy did thee make?"

"I loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see;
Love liketh not the fallen fruit,
Nor the withered tree.

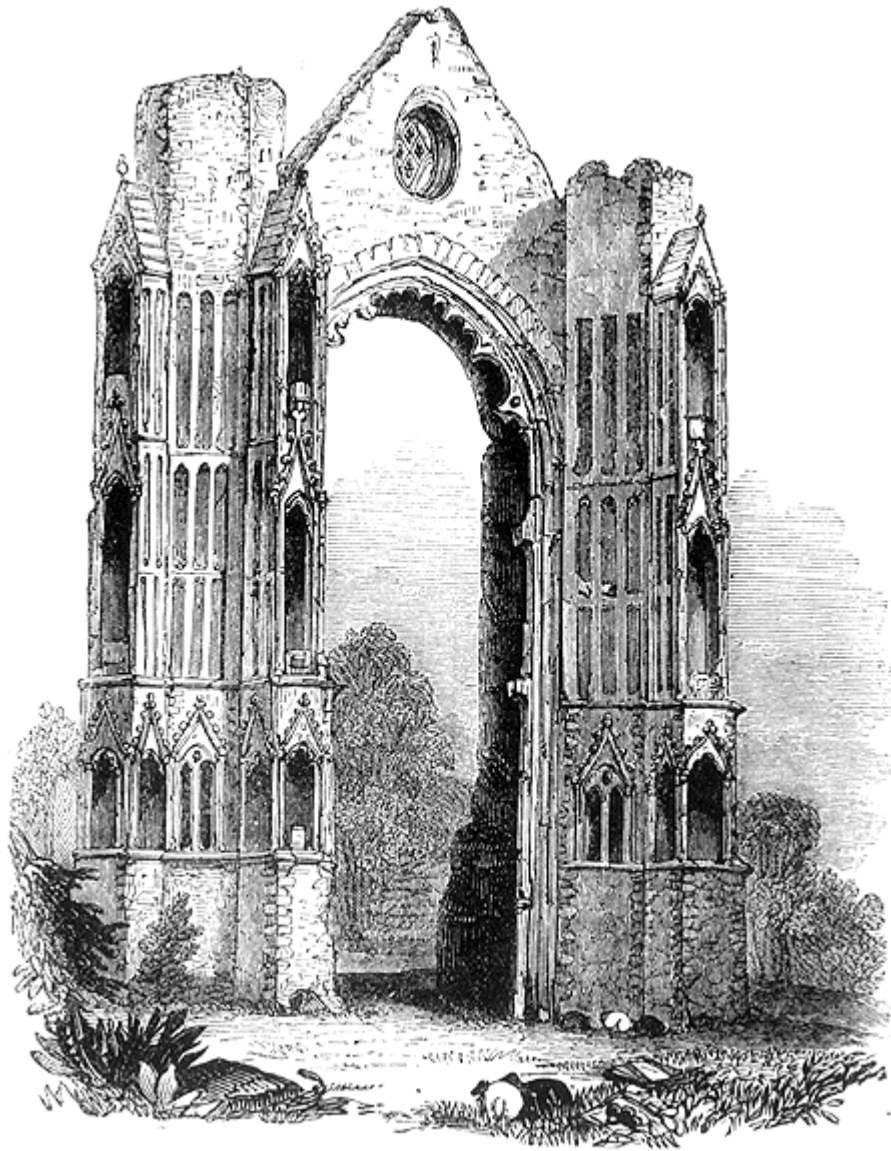
"For love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast.

"For love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy;
He is won with a word of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

"Such is the love of womankind,
Or the word abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

"But love is a durable fire
In the mind ever burning;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning."

Child's English and Scottish Ballads.



WALSINGHAM ABBEY.

Figure 60: Walsingham Abbey.

ALTON TOWERS.

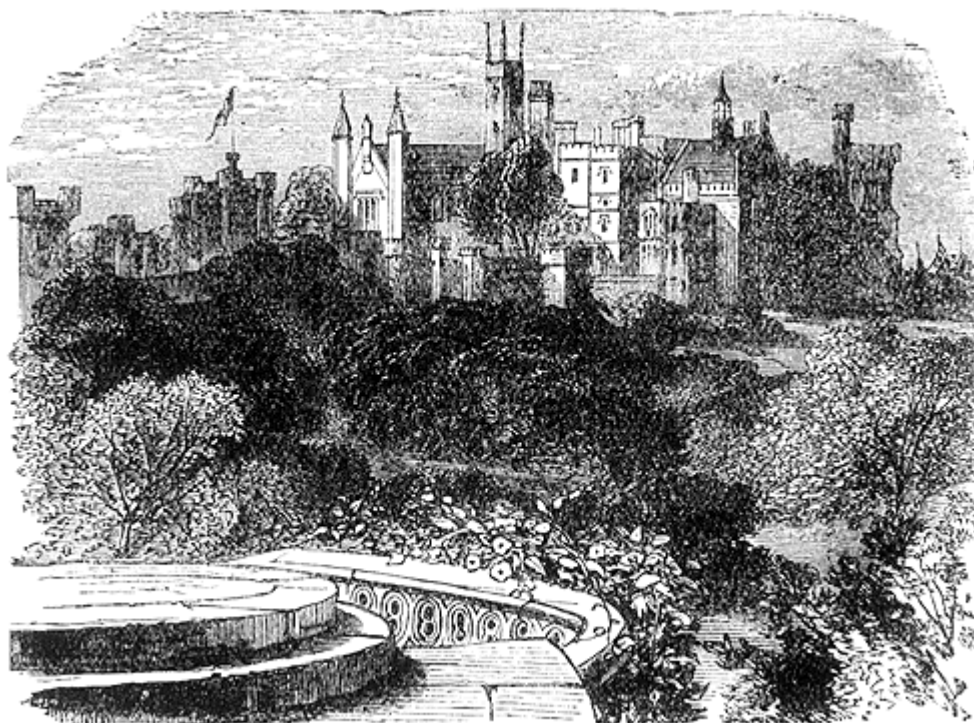
HIS extremely beautiful and noble dwelling is situated in Staffordshire, near the borders of Derbyshire.



The routes to Alton Towers run from Manchester, Derby and the Staffordshire Potteries, and though springing from centres of industry, are of themselves so pretty that they prepare the traveller for the extremely charming and even splendid place to which they conduct him. From Manchester we travel by Stockport, Macclesfield, Leek and Oakamore, through the charming valley of the Churnet; if we go from Derby we pass Sudbury, with its grand old church and castellated ruins, and the other route is equally picturesque.

The gate or entrance from the Uttoxeter Road Quicksall Lodge ushers the visitor into a magnificent approach to the Towers, called the Earl's Drive. It is three miles long, and leads along the vale of the Churnet; at last the conservatory by the house is seen, and then the Towers of Alton appear through the trees - spire and arcade, dome and gable.

The gardens of Alton are wonderfully beautiful, a perfect specimen of the landscape gardener's work, and they are ornamented with temples, fountains, statues and exquisite vases. The chief conservatory contains a palm house and an orangery. Among the ornaments of the gardens is the Gothic temple, four stories high. A magnificent view is obtained from the top: the Flag Tower, which is a massive building, with four turrets, and is six stories high, is also a prospect tower.



ALTON TOWERS, FROM THE TERRACE.

Figure 61: Alton Towers.

There is an imitation of Stonehenge; Ina's Rock, at which, after a great battle with the king of Mercia, Ina, king of the West Saxons, held a parliament; and in the vicinity of the Towers is Alton Castle, with the picturesque ruins of some monastic buildings in which the early lords of Alton are buried. Alton Church, a Norman building, is beautifully situated, and is also near the castle. Demon's Dale, a valley to which many

extraordinary legends belong, and Croxden Abbey, a grand old ruin founded in 1176, are both in the near vicinity. This abbey was founded by Bertram de Verdun, the first Norman baron who was owner of the manor and stronghold of Alton.

He obtained Alton by marriage, for it had been restored by the Norman sovereign to the original Saxon possessors, and Rohesia, the daughter and heiress of the last of these, married Bertram, who thus became its lord. Rohesia died in 1215, leaving amongst other children, Nicholas, whose descendants contracted an alliance with the Lacies of Meath, Ireland. One of these, Theobald de Verdun, was Baron Verdun in 1306. He had three daughters, one of whom married Thomas, Lord Furnival, and took him as her portion, Alton. Lord Furnival was fined 200 for marrying this lady without the royal permission. Through a female descendant the estates and title passed to Thomas Neville, who became thus fifth Baron Furnival. His eldest daughter Maude, "the lady of Hallamshire," married in 1408 Sir John Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, and conveyed Alton to the Talbots, who have been in possession of it for five centuries. This Sir John Talbot was the great warrior who was called the scourge of France, and with whose name French mothers hushed their babes. He was slain with his son at the siege of Chatillon, in the eightieth year of his age.

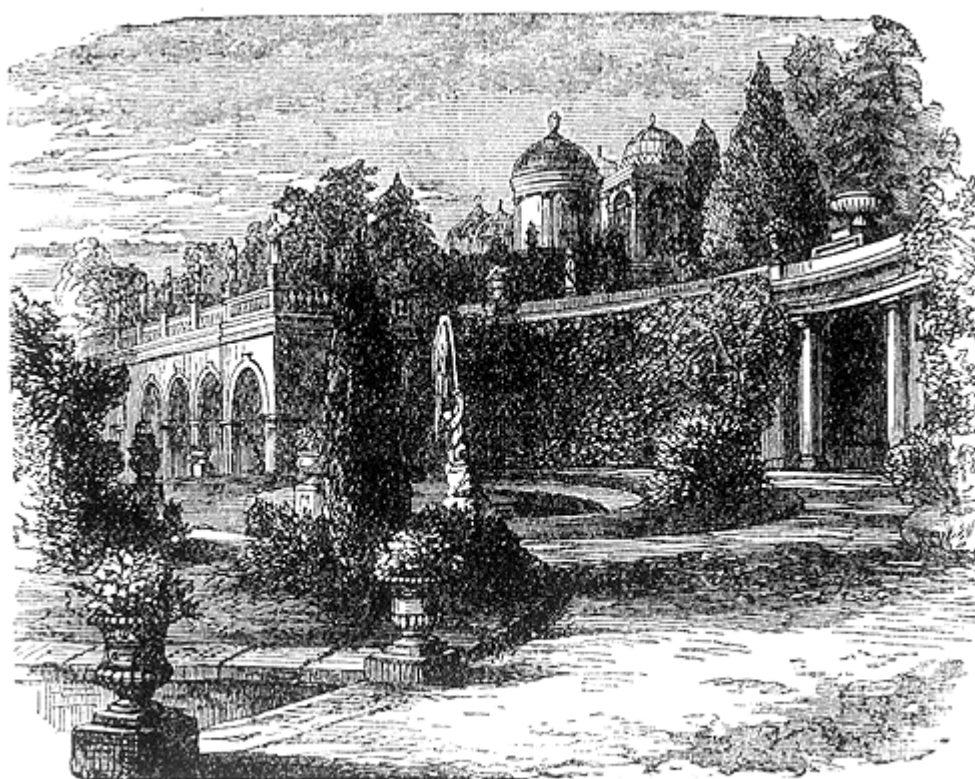
George, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, married the famous Bess of Hardwick, who built Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall. She was the daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire.

To this nobleman Elizabeth confided the safe keeping of Mary, Queen of Scots.

He was succeeded by his son, who died childless, and the estates passed to George Talbot, of Grafton, who succeeded as ninth earl. By regular descent the title passed to the twelfth earl, who was created Duke of Shrewsbury and Marquis of Alton by George I., but as he died without issue the dukedom and marquisate became extinct.

In 1858 Earl Talbot established his claim to the estates, and his son was the nineteenth earl.

Alton Towers were not the old home of the family; they were built by the fifteenth earl, a man of extraordinary taste and judgment. The castle of the De Verduns stood on an eminence; where the Towers stand was then the plain dwelling of the steward. The earl perceived that this spot afforded great capabilities of building, and space for the landscape gardener, and he erected this magnificent home. He merited the inscription on his beautiful cenotaph "He made the desert smile."



THE CONSERVATORIES AND ALCOVE (ALTON).

Figure 62: Conservatories.

TAMWORTH.

TAMWORTH is picturesquely situated at the confluence of the rivers Tame and Anker, in Staffordshire.

In the time of the kingdom of Mercia it was a royal village, and the favourite residence of their kings. Offa, the greatest of these sovereigns, resided at Tamworth, and dates a charter to the Monks of Worcester from it.

By an invasion of the Danes Tamworth was entirely destroyed, but the wonderful Ethelfleda, the daughter of Alfred, rebuilt the town in 913, after she had by her valour freed the king's dominions from the pirates.

She built a tower also on part of the artificial mound on which the castle was afterwards erected, and here she dwelt till her death. She was one of the noblest women to whom England has given birth, and the greatest benefactor the Saxons knew. Wherever a town was destroyed Ethelfleda built it up; was a place defenceless and exposed, she fortified it. She died in 920, and two years later Tamworth and all the Mercian towns and tribes submitted the power of Ethelfleda's brother, Edward.

The town, even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., was built of timber.

The poet Michael Drayton was born in this neighbourhood, on the banks of the Anker; he probably took his name from Drayton, a place on the western border of the county. Drayton Basset and Drayton Manor are two of the finest seats in Staffordshire.

Near Drayton is Bloreheath, where the Lancastrians and Yorkists fought one of the battles of the Roses; the former were commanded by Lord Audley and the latter by the Earl of Salisbury. Queen Margaret watched the battle from a neighbouring steeple, and saw the Lancastrians fly.

The town and castle of Tamworth were bestowed by the Conqueror on Robert de Marmion,²⁹ one of his most devoted followers. Marmion had also the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, granted to him Both these estates were held on champion service, that is, their possessor had to attend at the coronation of every king on horseback, and to defy any one who should object to the rightful title of the sovereign, throwing down his glove as a challenge. This service had hitherto been paid by the ancestors of Marmion to the Dukes of Normandy, and was continued till the reign of William IV.

"This Robert being settled at Tamworth," says Sir Walter Scott, "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 Whichover, 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 crozier in her hand, and advertised him that if he did not restore the Abbey of Polesworth (which lay within the territories of his Castle of 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 crozier, 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 possessions. 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 Walter de Somerville, might be regarded as their patrons, and hence have burial for themselves and their heirs in this abbey, viz., the Marmions in the chapter house, and the Somervilles in the cloister. However some circumstances of 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."

We are bound to believe that he was wounded, and restored the priory, but we think the strong hand that could so severely wound, could not have belonged to gentle St. Edith.

A singular fate befell his son and heir, Robert. He and the Earls of Chester were deadly enemies. The Lords of Chester had a noble seat at Coventry, not very far from Marmion's castle. Robert Marmion entered the priory there, which was, we suppose, under the earl's protection, or on his land; he (Marmion) drove out the monks, fortified the priory, and dug deep ditches in the adjacent fields, which he covered lightly with

²⁹Scott used the name for one of his finest poems, but assures us that the character was wholly imaginary.



branches and earth, so that any horseman approaching might be entrapped. But it so happened that he was caught in his own snare, for as he rode out to examine the Earl of Chester's forces, which were approaching to attack him, he forgot the exact situation of the ditches, and fell into one. He broke his thigh by the fall, and was unable to release himself; and thus he remained till a soldier saw him, seized him, and cut off his head.

Four generations of Marmions possessed Tamworth after this unlucky Robert, and then the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in Edward I.'s reign.

The Tamworth family had meantime lost the championship. Baldwin de Freville, fourth Lord of Tamworth, had claimed it; but it was adjudged to belong to the Manor of Scrivelsby, and as that had descended to the Dymocks through a co-heiress of Robert de Marmion, it was decreed that Sir John Dymock was hereditary Champion of England, and the honour remains in his family to the present day, Mr. Dymock being always addressed as "Champion."

The family and possessions of Freville became merged in the Earls of Ferrers; and has subsequently become the possession of the Marquis Townsend, in right of the heiress of the Comptons.

The present Castle of Tamworth stands on an elevation, and has an air of grandeur about it; its architecture is of different periods. The exterior is in tolerable repair, and the hall is perfect, but rude and comfortless in appearance.

Leland says, speaking in the time of Henry VIII., "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."

There are fine bay windows in the drawing and dining rooms, and the views from these over the river at the foot of the castle mount are very fine. Around the dining room are emblazoned the arms of the family. The name of Tamworth is immortalised by being mentioned in Shakspeare. On a plain near the town Richmond halted his forces on his march to Bosworth Field, and the poet makes him thus address his followers:-

"This foul swine³⁰
Lies now even in the centre of the 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."

-Rich. III. Act v. Scene iii.

The great and excellent statesman, Sir Robert Peel, was member for Tamworth for many years, and his constituents, proud of his fame and grateful for all he did for them, have erected his statue by subscription in their town. It stands in the Market Place with its back to London and its face towards the place of his birth; on the right is the church he attended, and on the left Drayton Manor, the noble dwelling he built.

³⁰Richard III.'s cognizance was a boar.



WARWICK CASTLE;
AND THE LEGENDARY GUY.



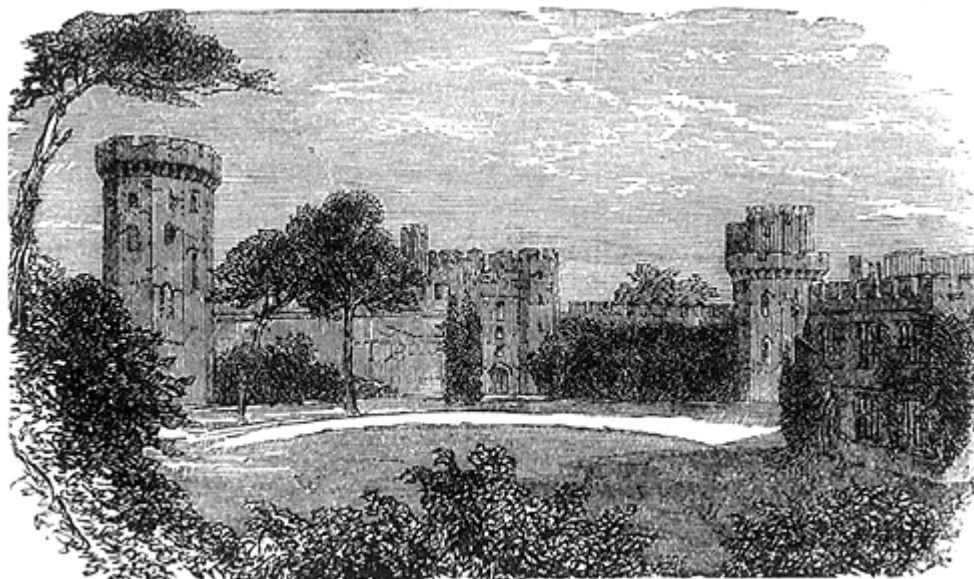
WARWICK Castle, associated with so much of our history, is a perfect specimen of the noble fortified dwellings of past ages. It is situated in the immediate vicinity of the ancient town of Warwick. It stands most picturesquely on a rocky eminence about forty feet high, overhanging the Avon. Seen from the bridge nothing can be more striking than the great building, with its lofty round towers, their base almost hidden by great old trees.

The present approach to the castle is through a recently erected gateway, called the Porter's Lodge; passing in by it we find ourselves in a broad road cut in the solid rock; above our heads extend the branches of old trees, making the wide road almost a pleached avenue, while moss and ivy at the roots, growing in wild luxuriance, add a natural charm to the spot.

A sudden turn in the road and we are at the outer court, and the stupendous line of ramparts and lofty towers rise before us.

On the right is the polygon tower, dedicated to Earl Guy, having walls ten feet thick and a base of thirty feet in diameter. It is 128 feet high; on the left is Caesar's Tower, still quite perfect, though more than eight hundred years old.

An embattled wall connects it with Guy's Tower, in the centre of which is the great gateway flanked by towers. Then comes a second gateway, with towers and battlements rising above the first. In front is a now disused moat, crossed by an arch where formerly was the drawbridge. The gates were formerly defended by two portcullises; one of these still remains.



VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE.

Figure 63: Warwick Castle.

We are now in the inner court, which is rather an enclosed lawn of rich verdure; on the left is Caesar's Tower, on the right, Guy's. On one side is an artificial mound, covered with trees and shrubs and surmounted by an ancient tower.

Open flights of steps and broad walks on the ramparts are the means of communication throughout the castle.

The rooms inhabited by the family extend en suite 330 feet in length, and from the windows the most charming views are obtained.

The stately building at the north-west angle, called Guy's House, was erected in 1394. It is 128 feet high, and the walls are 10 feet thick.

Caesar's Tower, which is supposed to be the most ancient part of the castle, is 174 feet high. In a room attached to this tower are shown the sword, shield and helmet said to have belonged to the fabulous Guy of Warwick, but they are really of varying dates. The custody of the sword was anciently thought of much importance, for it was granted in 1542 to Edward Cresswell, with a salary of ad. a day out of the rents and profits of the castle. Guy's kettle of bellmetal, 26 feet wide, and capable of containing 120 gallons of water, is also preserved.

The grounds round Warwick Castle are very extensive and beautiful. In a greenhouse built for its reception is the celebrated marble vase found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, at Tivoli, and presented by Sir William Hamilton to the Earl of Warwick. Some magnificent cedars of Lebanon grow near the Hill Tower, of very great size and beauty.

This beautiful and majestic castle is of great antiquity. The first building was erected by the Lady Ethelfleda, the heroic daughter of Alfred, who probably intended her fort as a protection for the town, which she had recently repaired, after it had suffered terribly from recent ravages of the Danes. The donjon which she built on an artificial mound of earth can still be traced in the grounds.

The most ancient part of the present castle dates from Edward the Confessor's reign, he having erected it "as a special stronghold for the midland part of the kingdom."

It was considerably enlarged by William the Conqueror, who committed it to the custody of one of his faithful adherents, Henry de Newburgh, whom he created Earl of Warwick.

To the Newburghs succeeded the Beau. champs. Their heiress, Anne, married Richard Neville, who assumed the title of Earl of Warwick in his wife's right, and is known to all readers of English history and Shakspeare as the King-maker. How he set up and pulled down (for a time) the House of York is well known, and how, at length, he fell at the Battle of Barnet. He had two daughters; he married the elder to Clarence, the unhappy brother of Edward IV.; and the younger, Anne, to Edward, Prince of Wales, the son of Henry VI., who was murdered by Edward and his brothers after the battle of Tewkesbury. She became afterwards the wife of Richard III.

Whilst Clarence was still on good terms with his brother, Edward put him in possession (in his wife's right) of Warwick Castle, and the title of Earl. Clarence made great additions to the building. On the duke's estates being forfeited, the castle was bestowed on the Dudleys. Their line failing, James I. bestowed the title on Robert, Lord Rich, and the castle on Sir

Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, who restored the then sadly ruinous building.

In the civil war it was garrisoned for the Parliament, and in 1642 besieged by the royal forces.

Francis Lord Brook was created Earl of Warwick in 1759, and the title and castle still remain in the family.

The story of Guy, Earl of Warwick, is well known. According to the legend, he was a man of gigantic stature and strength, renowned for courage and prowess, and had slain a dun cow of extraordinary size and fierceness.

The learned Dr. Caius, of Cambridge, tells us:-

"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.... 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, Earl of Warwick, are kept.... In the chapel of the great Guy, Earl of Warwick, which is situate rather more than a mile from the town of Warwick, there is hung up a rib of the same animal, as I suppose, the girth of which in the smallest part is nine inches, the length six feet and a half. Some of the common people fancy it to be a rib of a wild boar killed by Guy; some the rib of a cow that haunted a ditch 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 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, according to Caesar. They were supported on three silver feet, and had, as in Germany, a border of silver round the rim."

Guy departed, according to tradition, to the Holy Land, on a pilgrimage, and on his return landed, still clad as a palmer, at Portsmouth. Here he was confronted with King Athelstane, who, though ignorant of

his name and his renown, came (he told him) directed by a vision to ask him to become his champion in a combat on which the freedom of England depended.

The king informed Guy that he was at war with the Danes, and that the enemy had penetrated to the neighborhood of Winchester; but they had offered to stake their fortunes on a duel between an English and a Danish champion. Their champion was Colbran, a gigantic Saracen; the champion of England was yet to be declared.

If the latter won, the Danes and Norsemen were to leave the island; if Colbran were victor, England was to be given up to Anlaf, King of Denmark, and Govelaph, King of Norway. The stately palmer willingly undertook the fight, and defeated and killed the gigantic Saracen, his own name and fame remaining unknown. But he privately informed the king that he was Guy of Warwick, enjoined secrecy on the grateful monarch, and returned to the neighbourhood of his own castle, where his countess lived a life of devotion and charity. He did not reveal his return to her, but dwelt as a hermit in sight of his noble heritage till his death.

Guy's Cliff, the scene of this singular seclusion, is wonderfully picturesque, with its rock, wood, and water. It is supposed that there really was an oratory and cell for a hermit here in Anglo-Saxon times; it is certain that a hermit dwelt here in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. Henry V. visited an anchorite on the cliffs, and a chantry was founded here by Warwick, the kingmaker.

Richard Neville was of almost, or probably of quite, as gigantic stature as the famous Guy, for no one in England equalled him in majestic stature but Edward IV., whom he placed on the throne. When Edward's skeleton was discovered on opening his tomb at Windsor, its height was found to be seven feet! Warwick must have been of the same height - a giant in form as he was in intellect.

In 1871 a disastrous fire occurred at Warwick Castle, which, before it was suppressed, consumed the whole eastern portion, including the great hall and its priceless treasures. The pictures and books, with some of the antiques in the private apartments, were, however, preserved, and the building was afterwards admirably restored.

The poet Crabb has given an explanation of Guy of Warwick's singular treatment of his wife in the following comic lines, written by him at Warwick:-

Hail! centre county of our land, and known
For matchless worth and valour all thine own;
Warwick! renowned for him who best could write,
Shakspeare, the bard, and him so fierce in fight,
Guy, thy brave earl, who made whole armies fly,
And giants fall - who has not heard of Guy?

Him sent his lady, matchless in her charms,
To gain immortal glory by his arms;
Felice the fair, who, as her bard maintained,
The prize of beauty over Venus gained.

Urged by his love the adventurous Guy proceeds,
And Europe wonders at his warlike deeds;
Whatever prince his potent arm sustains,
However weak, the certain conquest gains;
On every side the routed legions fly,
Numbers are nothing in the sight of Guy;
To him the injured make their sufferings known,
And he relieved all sorrows but his own;
Ladies who owed their freedom to his might
Were grieved to find his heart another's right.

The brood of giants, famous in those times,
Fell by his arm, and perished in their crimes,
Colbrand the strong, who by the Dane was brought,
When he the crown of good Athelstan sought,

Fell by the prowess of our champion brave
 And his huge body found an English grave.
 But what to Guy were men, or great or small,
 Or one or many? - he despatched them all;
 A huge dun cow the dread of all around,
 A master spirit in our hero found;
 'Twas desolation all about her den,-
 Her sport was murder, and her meals were men.
 At Dunmore Heath the monster he assailed,
 And o'er the fiercest of his foes prevailed.
 Nor feared he lions more than lions fear
 Poor trembling shepherds, or the sheep they shear;
 A fiery dragon, whether green or red
 The story tells not, by his valour bled.
 What more I know not; but by these 'tis plain
 That Guy of Warwick never fought in vain.

When much of life in martial deeds was spent,
 His sovereign lady found her heart relent,
 And gave her hand. Then all was joy around,
 And valiant Guy with love and glory crowned.
 Then Warwick Castle wide its gates displayed,
 And peace and pleasure this their dwelling made.

Alas! not long, a hero knows not rest;
 A new sensation filled his anxious breast.
 His fancy brought before his eyes a train
 Of pensive shades, the ghosts of mortals slain;
 His dreams presented what his sword had done;
 He saw the blood from wounded soldiers run,
 And dying men with every ghastly wound
 Breathe forth their souls upon the sanguine ground.

Alarmed at this, he dared no longer stay,
 But left his bride, and as a pilgrim grey,
 With staff and beads, went forth to weep, and fast, and pray.
 In vain his Felice sighed, - nay, smiled in vain;
 With all he loved he dared not long remain,
 But roved he knew not where, nor said, "I come again."
 The widowed countess passed her years in grief,
 But sought in alms and holy deeds relief,
 And many a pilgrim asked, with many a sigh,
 To give her tidings of the wandering Guy.

Perverse and cruel! could it conscience ease,
 A wife so lovely and so fond to tease?
 Or could he not with her a saint become,
 And like a quiet man repent at home?

The chapel of Warwick Castle has been restored and opened for Divine worship. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., and is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. Beneath the chapel are the rooms built for the residence of the priests now fitted up as bath-rooms. The giant statue of Earl Guy is still in the chapel, but is much mutilated; the right arm is gone, and the hand of the left arm that holds a shield. The statue is eight feet high.

Returning to the entrance of the court, a small wicket gate on the right leads into a fine avenue of venerable firs. Crossing this, a general descent conducts us to Guy's Well, which was enclosed by Richard Beauchamp

when he founded the chantry. It is arched over, and the enclosure is entered by an iron gate. The water rises into two circular basins, and is exceedingly limpid and so clear that, though the well is very deep, the bottom can be seen through it.

Beyond the chapel, shrouded by trees and ivy, is Guy's Cave. It may be entered at its side through a pair of massive oak doors. The interior is very sombre and solemn. Leaving the cave, and walking by the river side, the rocks are seen to great advantage, and are grandly picturesque.

Ascending to the plantation, we pass the Bowling Green, and come to "Fair Fely's Walk," where, according to tradition, Felice used to wander lamenting the absence of her husband, and all unconscious that he was living close beside his home. The path then leads to the entrance gate through an avenue of yews.

KENILWORTH; AND ELEANOR PLANTAGENET.



THE ruins of Kenilworth Castle are some of the most picturesque in the country, and have had such a spell cast over them by the genius of Scott, that tourists from all lands visit them. They are of some magnitude, and in better preservation than most of our ruined castles, and they have especial historical associations well as those of fiction and romance.

Henry I. bestowed the manor on Geoffrey de Clinton, who built the castle and an adjoining monastery. On the death of Geoffrey it descended to his son, who transferred it to the Crown, probably on himself assuming the cowl of the monk. Henry II. garrisoned it during his son's rebellion.

Henry III. gave Kenilworth to his favourite, Simon de Montfort, whom he had married in 1238 to his sister, the young widow of the great Earl of Pembroke. It was a strange story, that of Princess Eleanor. She had been married in her infancy (four years old) to the Earl of Pembroke, who was forty, when as a bride of fourteen he took her to his home; but she loved him passionately, and when left a widow at the age of sixteen, she was in agonies of grief, and took a solemn vow in the presence of

Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, that she would never marry again, but become the bride of Christ.

Seven years went by, and the beautiful widow's grief passed. She returned to her brother's court, and there met his new favourite, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester in his mother's right, one of the handsomest and most accomplished of the courtiers. The widowed countess forgot her vow, though solemnly warned of the peril of breaking her oath by the primate, and Montfort easily persuaded Henry to give him his sister. But the king knew that both the Church and the barons would violently oppose the match. Much objection had been made to her previous marriage with a subject, though he was the first of the English barons. How then could Henry expect them to agree to a union between a Princess of England and the younger son of a French noble? They could only be wedded secretly. Therefore it was, that at early dawn, one cold January morning, in the king's private chapel at Windsor, without the presence of any friend but her brother, the daughter of King John was married to De Montfort.

It was not possible, however, to keep the secret long, and when it was divulged, a storm of indignation from priests and peers followed. Henry had recently promised not to transact any business without the assent of the barons, and reproaches were showered upon him by the irate nobles for his broken promise. They took up arms, headed by Prince Richard, the king's brother, and De Montfort had the greatest difficulty, by the exercise of much prudence and ingenuity, to avert the threatened civil war. By bribes and persuasions, however, he dissolved the confederacy, and then he started with all speed for Rome to get a papal dispensation of Eleanor's vow, without which her marriage would always remain illegal. By means of bribes to the papal court and the influence of the Emperor Frederick, who had married Eleanor's sister Isabel, he prevailed in his suit. Meantime Eleanor, who saw that she was locked on with secret scorn, withdrew from court and went to reside in her husband's castle at Kenilworth. How often she must have paced with a sad and anxious heart those ramparts, watching for the coming of him who would be the bearer of tidings either of honour or dishonour to her - her beloved De Montfort.

He came at last, happily before her son was born, and told her that the pope had ordered the papal legate to ratify her marriage. The joy must have been as great as the preceding anxiety, and De Montfort kept his Christmas at Kenilworth with regal state that year.

The wedded life of Eleanor was, however, chequered with much sorrow. Her husband soon lost the fickle favour of the king, and she had herself to endure cruel insults on account of her marriage. Then came the baron's wars; her husband opposed to her brother, and at last slain with her first-born son at the battle of Evesham.

Her youngest son, Simon, escaped, and with other fugitives took shelter at Kenilworth. Here he defied both king and legate, and was joined by the friends and followers of those who had fallen at the battle of Evesham. He exercised almost regal authority, sending his officers to drive in cattle and raise contributions for the garrison. But in 1266 the king beleaguered the castle. De Montfort had previously left it, and gone to France to procure succour; but his place was admirably filled by the governor he left in charge,

who repulsed every attack of the besiegers. The king then offered terms to the defenders, and also to De Montfort, who had returned and gathered forces in the Isle of Ely.

Meanwhile an assembly of clergy and barons was held at Coventry, and drew up terms of accommodation known as the Dictum de Kenilworth. It provides that the liberties of the Church shall be preserved, and also the great charters, which the king is bound by his oath to keep. It declares that there shall be no disherison, but instead, fines from seven 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 stories of vain and foolish miracles done by Simon De Montfort, who was now popularly esteemed a saint and martyr.

The dictum was rejected by the followers of Simon De Montfort; but at length provisions failed at Kenilworth, and a pestilence broke out which obliged the governor to surrender to the king, who immediately bestowed the castle on 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, 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." (Timbs.)

The castle came again into the hands of the Crown in the reign of Edward II., who intended to make it an occasional home for himself when desirous of resting from the fatigues of ruling; but the rebellion headed by the queen broke out, he was taken prisoner in Wales, and brought to Kenilworth. Here he was compelled to sign his abdication, and was soon after removed to Berkeley Castle, where he was cruelly murdered in 1327.

The castle frequently passed into the hands of the sovereign till it was bestowed by Queen Elizabeth on her favourite Leicester, who spared no expense in beautifying the fortress, and made splendid additions to it, called after him Leicester's Buildings. It was here the great earl received that celebrated visit from his royal mistress which has been so marvellously described by Scott. To his "Kenilworth" we must refer the reader for it.

On the death of Leicester, Kenilworth went by his will, first to his brother, Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, for his life, and secondly to Leicester's son, Sir Robert Dudley, the child of Lady Douglas Sheffield, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, whom the earl had secretly married, but never owned as his wife, and in whose lifetime he actually married the Countess of Essex.

Poor Sir Robert Dudley could never succeed in establishing the legality of his mother's marriage, and obtained leave to go abroad for three years. He was summoned to return, but not obeying the royal mandate, he was pronounced in contempt, and Kenilworth was forfeited to the Crown.

Lord Clarendon is its present possessor, and he has caused the great hall of the castle, Leicester's buildings, and part of the external walls to be repaired and strengthened.

Some of the towers rise seventy feet high, and the ruins being mantled with ivy and situated on an elevated site, are exceedingly picturesque as well as full of romantic and historical associations.



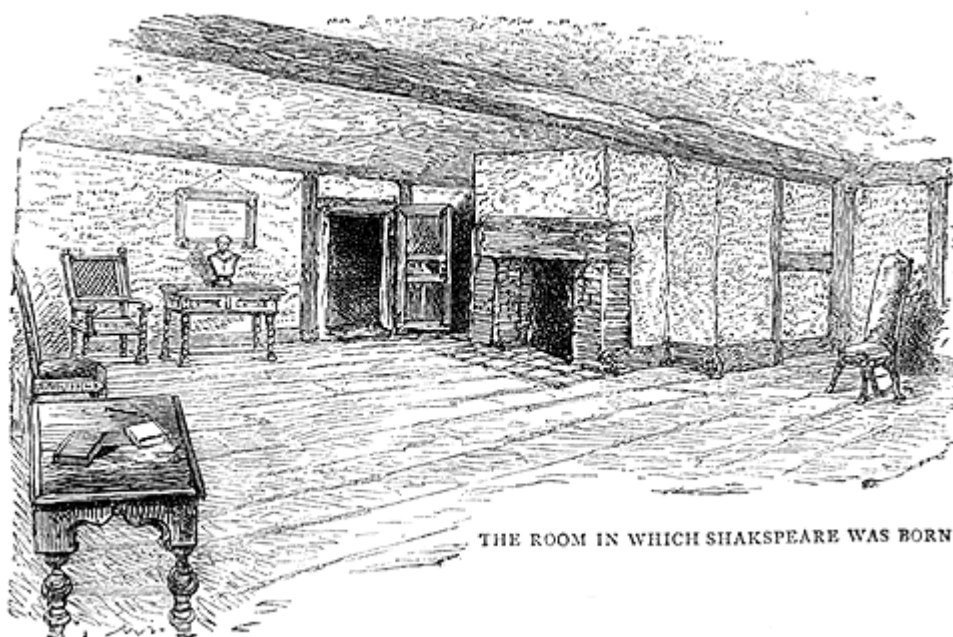
KENILWORTH CASTLE.

Figure 64: Kenilworth Castle.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON has all the picturesque beauty of sylvan English scenery. It stands in an open valley of great pastoral loveliness; for it is highly cultivated, and surrounded by wooded uplands and distant ranges of hills; while the softly flowing Avon and the majestic trees are the same on which the eyes of the greatest poet our country has known, rested three hundred years ago. Shakspeare has immortalized his birthplace, and the very atmosphere seems full of him as one walks through the streets, though few of the old houses remain, and the new buildings are not picturesque. Here is the house in Henley Street, where the wonderful Englishman first saw the light, and the bedroom in which he was born; a hallowed spot to which hundreds of the greatest men of the world have directed their steps as loving pilgrims.



THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

The events - few in number - that have been recorded of the poet's life are well known. How he wooed in his boyhood the fair Anne Hathaway, and wedded her; how he (in company with a party of gay young companions) stole a deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park, of Fulbrook, on the Warwick road (not as is commonly supposed from Charlecote), though it was in the hall of Charlecote that he was tried for poaching.

How for this offence (which in those days would be looked on as a mere frolic) he was, he considered, too hardly treated, and how he avenged himself by writing a satirical ballad on Sir Thomas. It was so severe that it created for him a powerful enemy, and he took refuge in London, and became an actor and dramatist. Thus good came out of evil, and we owe in a manner to Sir Thomas Lucy the arousing of the slumbering genius that was to doom him (Lucy) to a painful immortality, and to direct to Stratford the feet of pilgrims from all lands as to a hallowed spot. His after fortunes, too, were won by his temporary exile from home; for Shakspeare gained love, fame, and independence in London, and returned to his native town to occupy its best house, and be its first citizen.

He was educated at the Free Grammar School of the town, founded by a native of Stratford in the reign of Henry VI.

Immediately over the Guildhall is the schoolroom, now divided into two chambers, and having a low, flat plaster ceiling in place of the arched roof Thither the boy Shakspeare went about the year 1571, his schoolmaster being the curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington - Thomas Hunt.

The tercentenary festival here, in 1864, bore good fruit, and in the way of permanent Shakspeare monuments there is much now to be seen there. The site of New Place, the house purchased by Shakspeare when he returned to the town, and in which he died, was bought for upwards of 3,000 by subscription from Mr. Halliwell Phillips, the first purchaser, the list of the subscribers' names being headed by that of the Prince Consort. The foundations of the house were all that remained of it, for it had been ruthlessly demolished by Mr. Gastrell; these foundations are now carefully preserved beneath an iron grating, and a scion of the mulberry tree, destroyed by the same person, was planted and grows there. The ground plan of the house and of the two gardens attached to it, may thus be easily traced. There is a Shakspearean museum to which many gifts have been made; a Shakspeare memorial (a fine building), and a library containing all the known editions, new and old, of the poet's works.

Shakspeare himself cared nothing about the preservation of his works. He seems to have been entirely free from "that last infirmity of noble minds," the desire for fame.

In this pushing, puffing age, when some writers are always striving to bring their small names before the public, this appears astonishing. But as Howitt says:-

"He (Shakspeare) had a mind that could not only achieve what was beyond the fame of other men, but a calm indifference even for his own fame, that more resembled the elevation of a Divine nature than the nervous temperament of humanity." He might have added, "its weak little vanity." Mr. Howitt also suggests another reason for Shakspeare's indifference to his own wonderful productions, the hint being taken from his sonnets, especially the one commencing-

"O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed."

Mr. Howitt observes on this sonnet, "He clearly regarded his profession of an actor as a degradation, as no doubt it was considered in the eye of those times. He probably regarded his dramas as mere compositions written to advance his fortune, and as standing testimonies to that mode of life which he regarded with aversion. This, it is probable, was the cause why he so entirely neglected them, and turned, as it were, his thoughts from them, as reminding him of many things during the period of their production which he would fain forget for ever."

This is quite possible; but also there is the known prodigality of genius, and that high ideal which no really great poet ever fully reaches. To us the matchless dramas are wonders of mental power; to him his own greater ideal must have rendered them partly unsatisfactory. He must have had a good deal of the nature of his own Coriolanus, who "hated to hear his nothings monstered," - the said "nothings" being deeds of the most unparalleled heroism, - a man fighting against a city.

Stratford Church stands between Stratford and the Avon, surrounded by trees, and with a pleached avenue up to the porch. The chancel is of beautiful architecture, and there is some grotesque carving on the stalls, where the priests used to sit.

Close to the communion table, in a niche on the north wall of the chancel, is the well-known bust of Shakspeare, placed on a cushion, holding a pen in his right hand, and his left resting upon a scroll. Above are his arms, and on each side of them a small sitting figure; one holding in his right hand a spade; the other, who has his eyes closed, has one hand upon a skull, and in the other holds an inverted torch. Beneath the cushion this distich is engraved:

"Judicio Pylium, Genio Socratum, Arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moerit, Olympus habet."

And on a tablet underneath these lines:-

"Stay, passenger, why goest thou so fast?
 Read if thou canst whom curious death hath plast
 Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whome
 Quick nature dide; whose name doth deck ye tombe
 Far more than coste; sicth ytt he writt,
 Leaves living art, but page to serve his witt.
 Obut Ano. Dei. 1616, AEtatis 53, Die 23 Ap."

This monument is believed to have been erected by his son-in-law and executor, Dr. John Hall, not long after his death; for it was here before 1623.

Sir William Dugdale in his diary states the artist to have been Gerard Johnson, "a Hollander, a tombe-maker, who lived in St Thomas's Aposteles." It is a fine head; remarkable for the gravity of its features; there is an expression in it of great and calm benevolence. The bust was originally painted to resemble life; the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn. The dress was a scarlet doublet, with a loose black, sleeveless gown over it.

In 1748 the monument was repaired and the colours restored; the expense was defrayed by the receipts for the performance of "Othello" at the Old Town Hall, given by Mrs. Siddons' grandfather, Mr. Ward.

In 1793 Mr. Malone had the bust and monument painted white.

Below the monument and facing the communion rail are four inscribed flags covering the graves of the poet, his wife, his daughter Susanna, and her husband, Dr. John Hall. On that of Shakspeare is the awful warning by which the remains of the greatest Englishman have probably been preserved to his country.

"GOOD FREND, FOR JESUS SAKE forbear,
 To DIGG T.E DUST ENCLOSED HERE,
 BLESE BE T-E Man T/Y spares T-E-S STONES,
 AND CURST BE HE T/Y MOVES MY BONES"

Thus roughly engraved in large and small capitals stand the malediction and blessing. It reads thus:-

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
 To dig the dust enclosed here,
 Blest be the man that spares these stones,
 And curst be he that moves my bones.

The desecration of his daughter Susanna's tomb shows that there was in those days need for such a warning. Her grave-stone bore the following inscription:

"Here lieth the body of Susanna, wife to John Hall, gent., the daughter of William Shakspeare, gent. She deceased ye 11th July, A.D. 1649, aged 66.

"Witty above her sexe; but that's not all;
 Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;
 Something of Shakspeare was in that; but this
 Wholly of Him with Whom she's now in bliss.
 Then, passenger, hast ne're a tear
 To weep with her who wept for all?
 That wept yet set herself to chere
 Them up with comforts cordiall.
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
 When thou hast ne're a teare to shed."

But these lines were long ago obliterated for another inscription, carved on the same stone for a Richard Watts, who must have been buried in Susanna's grave, though in no way related to the Shakspeares. In the eastern corner is the tomb of John-a-Combe, with his effigy stretched on it. He was a noted usurer. He lived at Welcome Lodge, and afterwards at the college, which, before Henry VIII's dissolution of the monasteries,

was inhabited by priests and choristers. It was let by the Crown to John-a-Combe, who died there, 1624, two years before Shakspeare. John-a-Combe became on friendly terms with the poet, and importuned him to write an epitaph for him; it is said that Shakspeare at last acceded to his wish, and for ever offended him by this epitaph:-

"Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
 'Tis a hundred to ten if his soul be saved.
 If any one asks who lies in this tomb-
 'Oho,' quoth the devil, "'tis my John-a-Combe."

As if to contradict this satire it is recorded on Combe's tomb, and on gold lettered tablets in the church, that he left 1 for two sermons to be preached in that church; 6 13s. 4d. to "buy ten goundes for ten poore people; " and (true to his old habits) 100 to be loaned to fifteen poor tradesmen of the borough, from three years to three years, at 50s. per annum interest. The gain of the loan was to be distributed to the inmates of the almshouses, adding on his tomb, "Virtus Post Funera vivit." But in spite of this devised charity, the words of the poet have lived on in the hearts and mouths of the Stratford people to the present day.

Stratford Church has a very sad story attached to it. The Cloptons of Clopton were the great family of the neighbourhood - from them Shakspeare bought New Place - and at the east end of the north aisle (the chapel formerly dedicated to the Blessed Virgin) are their monuments "of massy though timeworn splendour." Under a Gothic arch an altar-tomb is raised more than four feet from the pavement; its sides are panelled, and must once have held shields; these are gone, and the flat stone on the top has no inscription; but the arms of Clopton, with those of the city of London and of the Woolstaplers' Company, to which Sir Hugh Clopton belonged (he was Lord Mayor of London in 1492), prove that this was his tomb.

The terrible story is this: the Cloptons had - judging by what we are told of her picture - a very lovely young daughter, with pale gold hair and soft blue eyes. During an epidemic of some sort that was highly infectious, Charlotte Clopton appeared to die, and was immediately, with unsafe haste, buried in Clopton Chapel. But the infection spread; another Clopton shortly after died, and was also hurried home to the ancestral vault. But, horror! as they descended the stairs with their burden, they saw by the torchlight, Charlotte Clopton in her grave-clothes, leaning against the wall. She had been buried in a trance, and they came too late to save her! She was dead; but in her agony of hunger she had bitten a piece from her own white shoulder.

Among the Shakspearean relics at Stratford is a painting of Charlotte in her trance - a lovely young woman leaning back in a cushioned chair in a profound sleep; probably it once hung in Clopton Hall.

TO THE AVON.

Flow on, sweet river! like his verse,
 Who lies beneath this marble hearse,
 Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
 For him who cannot hear thy call.
 Thy playmate once;- I see him now,
 A boy with sunshine on his brow,
 And hear in Stratford's quiet street,
 The patter of his little feet.
 I see him by thy shallow edge,
 Wading knee-deep amid the sedge,
 And lost in thought, as if thy stream,
 Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows,
 And fain would follow where it goes,
 To the wide world, that shall erelong
 Be filled with his melodious song.
 Flow on, fair stream! That dream is o'er,
 He stands upon another shore;

A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

Longfellow

EDGE HILL.



FROM the top of this rather singular cliff or hill in Warwickshire, we have a most extensive and picturesque prospect, extending from Coventry to the Severn basin, to Worcestershire and Gloucestershire. The road to Edge Hill from Stratford ascends gently nearly all the way - a distance of ten miles - and then Edge Hill rises suddenly and almost precipitately. The height has thus become, almost imperceptibly, very great, and from the top of the hill the prospect is, as we have said, most extensive. The queen, if it should ever please her Majesty to ascend it, would see almost the breadth of her kingdom of England from it. And such a beautiful country, too, - lovely, rich Warwickshire; the soft beauty of Worcestershire's hill and dale; and of fair Gloucestershire, - all stretched before her, a glorious panorama; from the other side are airy views of Oxfordshire, towards Banbury.

And this lovely spot was two hundred odd years ago polluted by the blood of brethren in that most hateful of wars, a civil one; the battle of Edge Hill is memorable also for being the first of that cruel strife.

The royal army amounted then only to two thousand men. The Earl of Lindsey, who had gained some military experience by service in the Low Countries, was general. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert, the finest cavalry officer of his day, commanded the horse; Sir Jacob Astley, the foot; Sir Arthur Aston, the dragoons; Sir John Heyden, the artillery; Lord Bernard Stuart, a troop of guards.

"The estates and revenues of this single troop," says Hume, "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 made another group, were commanded by Sir William Killigrew, and always marched with their masters."

With this army the king left Shrewsbury, and only two days after, Essex and the Parliamentary army left Worcester.

"Though it be commonly easy, in civil war, to get intelligence, the armies were within six miles of each other ere either of the generals was acquainted with the approach of his enemy. Shrewsbury and Worcester, the places from which they set out, are not above twenty miles distant, yet had the two armies marched ten days in this mutual ignorance. So much had military skill, during a long peace, decayed in England."³¹

The royal army lay before Banbury, the Parliamentarians at Kineton. Prince Rupert sent to inform the king of the enemy's approach, and though the day was far advanced,³² Charles resolved to attack them.

The prayer and charge of Sir Jacob Astley before this battle are so admirable that we cannot omit them. "O Lord," he said, "Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee do not Thou forget me! March on, boys!"

Essex drew up his men to receive the Cavaliers. He had on the left wing of his army a Sir Faithful Fortescue, who had levied a troop to serve in Ireland, but had been compelled to serve in the Parliamentary army, and was now commanded by a Scotchman, named Ramsay.

As soon as he saw the royal army advancing, Fortescue ordered his men to fire their pistols into the ground, and went over with them to Prince Rupert. Partly through this occurrence, and partly from the furious charge of the Prince, the cavalry of Essex instantly fled, and were pursued for two miles. The right wing of his army was not more fortunate. They were put to flight by Wilmot and Sir Arthur Aston. The king's reserve, commanded by Sir John Byron, seeing the flight of both wings, thought, like inexperienced soldiers, that the day was won, and, anxious for some share in the fight, followed the chase at once.

Sir William Balfour, who commanded Essex's reserve, saw the advantage thus offered to him, wheeled about upon the royal infantry, now left without horse, and dashed in amongst them, slaying right and left. Lindsey fell mortally wounded, and was taken prisoner; his son, trying to rescue him, was also taken. The royal standard bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, was slain, and the standard taken, but it was afterwards recovered.

Thus Rupert found the fight when he returned from his reckless chase. It looked as if defeat were to be expected instead of victory, and several gentlemen entreated the king to leave the field, but he indignantly

³¹Hume.

³²It was afternoon.

refused. The two armies faced each other for some time, and neither felt inclined to renew the contest. The feelings of both sides during that pause must have been terrible; brothers cannot, at first, shed the blood of brothers unmoved. It must have been one of the saddest nights ever passed in England, while those two armies lay under arms all night in sight of each other.

Next morning, as if heartsick, they did not renew the battle. Essex first drew off, and retired to Warwick; the king returned to his former quarters. Both sides claimed the victory, and it must certainly be regarded as a drawn battle. The king took Banbury a few days after, and then continuing his march took possession of Oxford, the only town on whose loyalty he could entirely depend.

Mr. Fisher, the Vicar of Kineton, at the request of Lord Essex, numbered the killed of Parliamentary forces left on the field; they amounted to a little more than 1,300.

The slain were buried on two spots still to be distinguished; one of them is planted with fir trees that have their roots in a deep pit, into which five hundred bodies were thrown. The farm on which they stand is called Battle Farm, and the two places of burial, the Grave Fields; they are about half-way between Radway and Kineton.

Edge Hill was fought October 23rd, 1642. It was Sunday. When Charles learned the state of Lord Lindsey, he wished to send him a surgeon, but it was useless. As long as the gallant Cavalier lived he reproached the Parliamentary officers for their treason and disloyalty.

Near the Round-house on the hill is a spot called Bullet Hilt from the vast quantity of bullets that have been taken out of it. It would appear to have received the hottest fire of the Parliamentary army, who evidently were not expert marksmen. Within view is the church of Barton Dasset, which is supposed to be the spot from which Cromwell, it is said, viewed the battle. Hooper states that he was not in the fight; afterwards excusing 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 watched the action from a church tower near, and seeing the flight of the Parliamentary cavalry he slid down the hell-rope and rode off; showing, as the historian remarks, what great endings may grow out of indifferent beginnings.

This story, which we repeat to contradict it, is utterly false. Carlyle has proved that at this battle "Cromwell was present and did his duty.... The fight was indecisive, victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told cousin Hampden that 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, 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." (Carlyle.)

Oliver was captain of the 67th troop of Lord Essex's cavalry, and his eldest son Oliver, then a young man of twenty, was a cornet in troop eight of the cavalry.

The two boy-princes, Charles and James, watched the battle from the hill, and during the temporary danger of the royal army might have been easily taken. In the village of Radway, at the foot of the hill, is a cottage in which tradition says the king and his sons breakfasted the morning after the battle, and an old table was shown years and years ago as the one on which their breakfast stood.

Dr. Thomas, in his additions to Dugdale, tells us that "as King Charles I. marched to Edgcot, near Banbury, on October 22nd, 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 (the king) very graciously received. Upon which he immediately went home, aroused all his tenants, and next day attended on him (the king) in the field, where he was knighted and was present at the battle. After the taking of Banbury, and his Majesty's retreat from those parts, he went to his own seat, and fortified himself on the top of Shuckburgh-hill. Here he was soon attacked by 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 prisoner to Kenilworth Castle, where he lay a considerable time, and was forced to purchase his liberty at a dear rate."

Charles II. rewarded the son, John de Shuckburgh, by creating him a baronet in 1660. He doubtless remembered that he, riding by his father's side, had seen blithe Richard Shuckburgh hunting merrily on that fatal October morning.

In 1809 a very sad event occurred in the family of this loyal gentleman's descendants.

The Bedfordshire militia were at that time stationed near Shuckburgh Park, and the officers visited at the Hall. Sir Stewkley Shuckburgh had a remarkably beautiful and charming daughter, who was admired by all of them; but a young subaltern, Lieutenant Sharp, fell desperately in love with her. He had many opportunities of wooing her in the beautiful park and in the rooms of the old country-house, and by degrees he won her heart. A correspondence commenced; but as soon as Sir Stewkley heard of it, he forbade the engagement. The beautiful girl listened to her father's arguments against the match; its unsuitableness; its being, really, for her a mesalliance, and consented to sacrifice her affection to the wishes and reasons of her parents. She wrote her resolution to Mr. Sharp; he was forbidden the house, and finding that she was resolute in her obedience to her parents, he consented to the renunciation of his beloved, and they agreed to return each other's letters. It was arranged that she should leave the packet containing his letters in a garden summer house, where they had sometimes met, on the evening of Saturday, March 25th, 1809, and that during the night he should take it and leave her letters, that she could find on the morrow.

Early on Sunday morning, therefore, she took the way to the summer-house. The extreme earliness of the hour, and the knowledge that most servants manage to gather of the family secrets, induced a footman to follow her stealthily. As he drew near the summer-house he heard the voices of Mr. Sharp and his young lady in earnest contention. The officer was loud and vehement, the young lady gentle, tender, but resolute. Suddenly there was the report of a pistol and the fall of a body, followed instantly by another report and fall.

The servant, greatly terrified, flew hack to the house and aroused Sir Stewkley. He and the rest of the family hastened to the summer-house, and found in it the beautiful Miss Shuckburgh and her mad lover lying dead on the floor.

Mr. Sharp was the son of a gentleman farmer, living at the Priory farm, near Bedford; he was very handsome and amusing, and undoubtedly Miss Shuckburgh had resigned him unwillingly and as a concession to duty. Some people thought therefore that they had agreed to die together, but the servant's eavesdropping contradicts this idea, and brands the unhappy young suicide alone with the fatal deed. The truth must, however, always remain a mystery.

The place is almost entirely changed since that sad tragedy occurred, and has been much improved, but the memory of this strange and pathetic story lingers still about the park of Shuckburgh.



MILL AT EDGE HILL.

Figure 65: Mill at Edge Hill.

BIRMINGHAM.



HOSE who know the Birmingham of the present time will probably be interested in reading some account of its early days, when it presented much the same appearance as in the engraving we give opposite.

In the year 585 the Saxon Cridda, a military adventurer who founded the Saxon Kingdom of Mercia, gave the Manor of Birmingham to one of his lieutenants named Ulwine, from which the modern name Allen is derived.

The Conquest, however, deprived the Ulwines or Allens of their property, which they were compelled to resign to the Norman Baron, Fitz Ausculph; to whom, henceforward, they became vassals; holding the lands that had been their own inheritance for nearly five hundred years under feudal tenure; yet residing on the estate. Can we not imagine what the Saxons must have felt at being thus robbed and degraded by the Conqueror, and can we not sympathise with the efforts made by Hereward le Wake, and by Morcar and Edwin, the brother-earls of Mercia, to free their native land from these Norman plunderers?.

The Fitz Ausculphs were lords of Birmingham for more than four hundred years, and were dispossessed by a most infamous crime, related in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire."

John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, an ambitious and rapacious man - the father of Queen Elizabeth's Leicester - had fixed a covetous eye on the pretty town and its lovely Warwickshire surroundings, and asked Edward de Birmingham, its lord, to dispose of it to him. Happy would it have been for him had he consented to sell it! But De Birmingham loved his fair inheritance, and declined to part with it. The remainder of the story is like a romance. The Duke, resolved to have it, devised a villainous stratagem. He hired a gang of bravoës, who were ordered to commit a highway robbery on one of their own companions, at a moment when De Birmingham should be near the spot. The highwaymen watched for a favourable opportunity, and at length one evening in a lonely road near Birmingham, they saw Edward de Birmingham coming. Their play was immediately begun; two of the villains attacked their companion, who pretended to be a lonely traveller, and De Birmingham, like an honest and brave Englishman, hastened to the rescue. It must have been to his great amazement that as the apparent robbers retreated, two other men issued from an ambush, and on the accusation of the soi disant traveller arrested him - De Birmingham - for highway robbery. He was taken to prison, tried for the alleged crime, and condemned to death. Then it was suggested to him that if he would give Birmingham to the Duke of Northumberland (who was at that time all powerful with the dying Edward VI.) the duke would use his influence with the king to obtain his pardon.

De Birmingham preferred poverty to a felon's death; he made over the town to his enemy, and retired to obscurity with his wife, with only 40 a year for their subsistence.

The wicked duke did not long enjoy his ill gotten manor. He succeeded in making the dying king leave his crown by will to Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk, and therefore cousin to Edward VI. He married her to his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, a month before the poor young Edward expired, and on his death forced his charming and reluctant daughter-in-law into the place of Henry VIII.'s daughter Mary. This act of treason brought her innocent head to the block; for, as we all know, his crime failed, and he also paid for it by dying on the scaffold, regretted by no one.

Birmingham, by his death for treason, fell to the Crown, and a survey was taken of it before the duke was dead.

The manor passed by favour of Queen Mary to the Marrow family, no restitution being made to the dispossessed owner. The Marrows sold it at the beginning of the last century.

The residence of the Lords of Birmingham was a moated and castellated manorhouse, the site of which is now occupied by a cattle market. It was situated at the southern extremity of the town, below St. Martin's Church.

In 1538, Leland thus describes Birmingham:-

"The beauty of Birmingham, a good market town in the extreme parts of Warwickshire, is one good street going up along, almost from the left ripe (shore) of the brook up a meane (small) hill by the length of a quarter of a mile. I saw but one parish church in the town. There be many smiths in the town that used to

make knives and all manner of cutting tools, and many lorimers that make bits, and a great many nailors, so that a great part of the town is maintained by smiths, who have their iron and coal out of Staffordshire." A hundred years passed, and Birmingham was little changed; for progress was slow in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

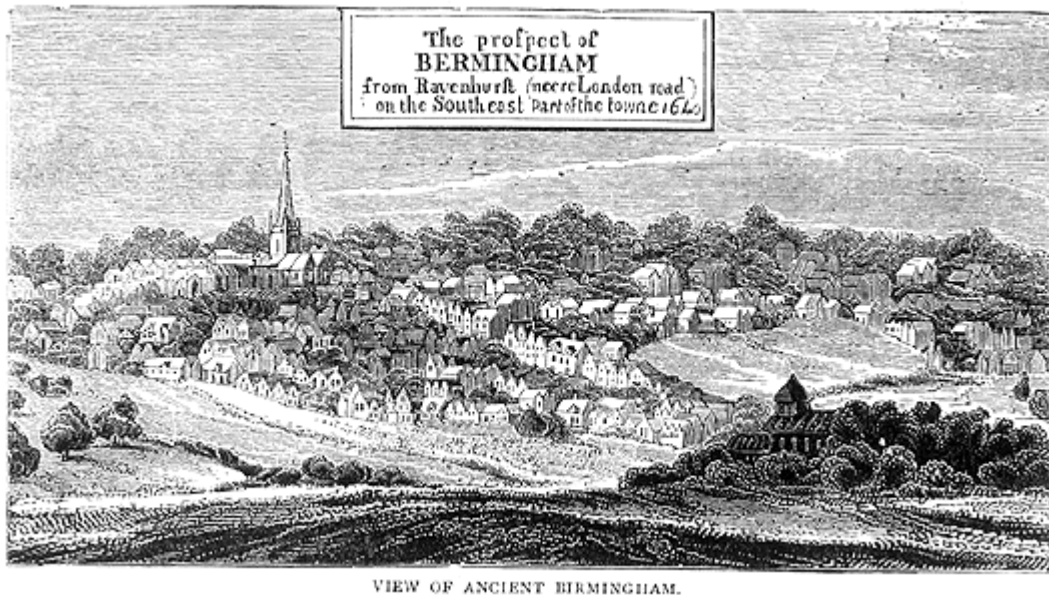


Figure 66: View of Ancient Birmingham.

In 1640 (the date of the engraving) the men of Birmingham were following the lead of Hampden, and refusing resolutely to pay the illegal tax called Ship-money. They were employed by the Parliament in making the swords and other arms required by the army.

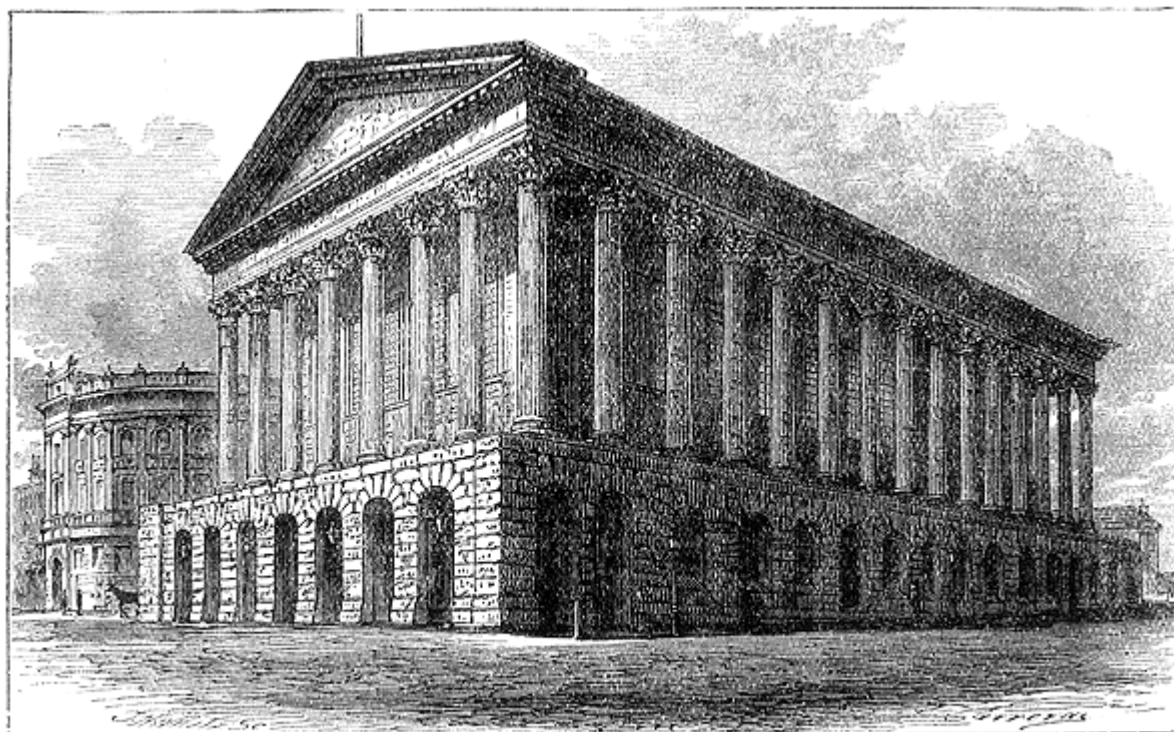
After the Restoration, the luxurious tastes of Charles II.'s court, and the growing refinement of the people, induced the energetic and industrious townsmen to devise and make new and costly metal articles, for which there grew a great demand.

The Revolution of 1688 was most fortunate for Birmingham.

At one of his levees William III. expressed regret that it was so difficult and expensive to get arms for the troops from Holland. Sir Richard Newdigate, a member for Warwickshire, replied that His Majesty need not go further than Warwickshire for them, since his Birmingham constituents were quite equal to making them. William instantly despatched Sir Richard to the town with a large order, and it was so well executed that he never again sent to Holland for arms; nor has any sovereign or minister found it a necessity to do so from want of skill in his people. William III., who introduced shoe buckles into England, was also, by means of this fashion, a benefactor to the town; for no less than 5,000 Birmingham workmen were employed for many years annually in making them.

The discovery of the steam engine brought still more work and wealth to the Warwickshire town. It has made guns, cast-iron and plated articles, toys (Burke called Birmingham the "toy-shop of Europe") glass-blowing and steel pens. Great, indeed, is the wealth of the modern town, which presents a very different, if less picturesque, appearance than when its owner was so cruelly wronged by the potent and wicked noble of the Tudor days. It has many streets and fine buildings; and we must especially mention the Town Hall, built between the years 1832 and 1850. It is in the form of a Greek Temple; its columns stand upon an arcade basement, twenty three feet high, and themselves measure thirty-six feet in height without the capitals. The interior contains a fine hall, richly decorated, and capable of containing more than 3,000 persons.

Birmingham and its immediate district are remarkable for the attention paid by them to the education of the poorer classes of society. As an instance of this we may mention that the Adult School Movement is, perhaps, more largely developed there than in other parts of the kingdom.



TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.

Figure 67: Town hall Birmingham.

"At the time of the survey made on the death of the Duke of Northumberland, the houses of Birmingham were few and scattered. From St. Martin's Church the houses then extended only along Edgbaston Street. Down Digbeth there were scarcely any beyond the bridge. St. John's Chapel, Deritend, was then surrounded by trees, and a little further on an enclosure (marked on the survey as the Great Buckstalls and Little Buckstalls, and the Birchhills Pastures) is now the site of Birchall Street. The site of Deritend Pool is marked 'Lake Meadows' and 'Oak Meadows,' and here were rows of trees."

The solitary church that Leland saw in 1538 was, we see, still standing at the time of the survey. It dated probably from the thirteenth century, and may have been the successor of an earlier building on the same site. It exists no longer, but on its site a new and elegant church - another St. Martin's - replaces it; and contains its old and interesting monuments of the Birmingham family. That of Sir William de Birmingham dates from Edward I.'s time, and there is another that is to the memory of John de Birmingham, who built the two western towers of York Cathedral at the beginning of the fifteenth century, at his own expense.

"The grounds of the Priory of St. Thomas are well marked in the survey, and had many large trees in them; the land is now bounded by Bull Street, Dale End, Stafford Street and Steelhouse Lanes. Nearer Dale End stood the priory.

"The topmost house in Bull at the time of the survey was the Bull Inn, opposite the Free Chapel. At the bottom of Bull Street was a large well, lined with wrought stones; this was exposed to view and filled up when the Lamb House was taken down. It was in the nook at the bottom of Crooked Lane, and close behind the old Lamb House, that the well was placed. The outline of Crooked Lane and its divergence to the right into the Cherry Orchard, and what was Little Cherry Street, shows that Crooked Lane existed three centuries and a half ago, and the Lamb House was probably much older."³³

Some account of this old house and its inmates may not be uninteresting. It was pulled down in 1886; and scarcely had they removed some of the rough stucco of the front when the ornamented and massive beams

³³ Abridged from "Birmingham Places and Faces."

and timbers of an ancient and fine half-timbered house were found. It had been plastered over, though its overhanging projections and stuccoed front gave it always an air of antiquity. Many of the old windows had been bricked up inside, and the massive frame-work had been terribly injured by hacking to fix the plaster.

One of the small bricked-up windows upstairs had an old-fashioned lead light with diamond-shaped panes, such as were in use when glass was thick, greenish, and not equal in quality even to the bottle glass of the present day.

"The house was a fine example of the fifteenth or sixteenth century mode of building with half timber and brick. At the back of it might be seen a rather angular nook in Crooked Lane, as it was then called Lamb's Yard, rather wider than the rest; here was the public well we have just mentioned, which was then uncovered and filled in. Further up the lane, and adjoining Suffield's warehouse, was the watch house, a small building to which the watchmen, or old 'Charlies' of that time, conducted any disturber of the night as prisoners.

"A certain Sarah Stevenson possessed the Lamb House in 1176, when it was demised to her by Thomas Walker. She resided here for more than twenty-five years, and was married to a Mr. Francis Skidmore.

"There is a tradition in the family of the Scudamores, or Skidmores, as the name is variously written, that this Francis Skidmore was a Herefordshire baronet of that name, who left his home and his estates about the time, and that it was he who married Sarah Stevenson, the successor to Thomas Walker in the Lamb House estate."³⁴

This singular conduct of Mr. or Sir Francis Skidmore might have been caused, it is suggested, by his desire to be with the leaders and enthusiastic followers of John Wesley's awakening Methodism, and this is highly probable if we reflect on the enthusiastic zeal existing amidst his followers. It was quite possible at that period that a man of wealth and position may have been willing to lay aside his hereditary property and rank, and join the humble but earnest followers of a spiritual religion.

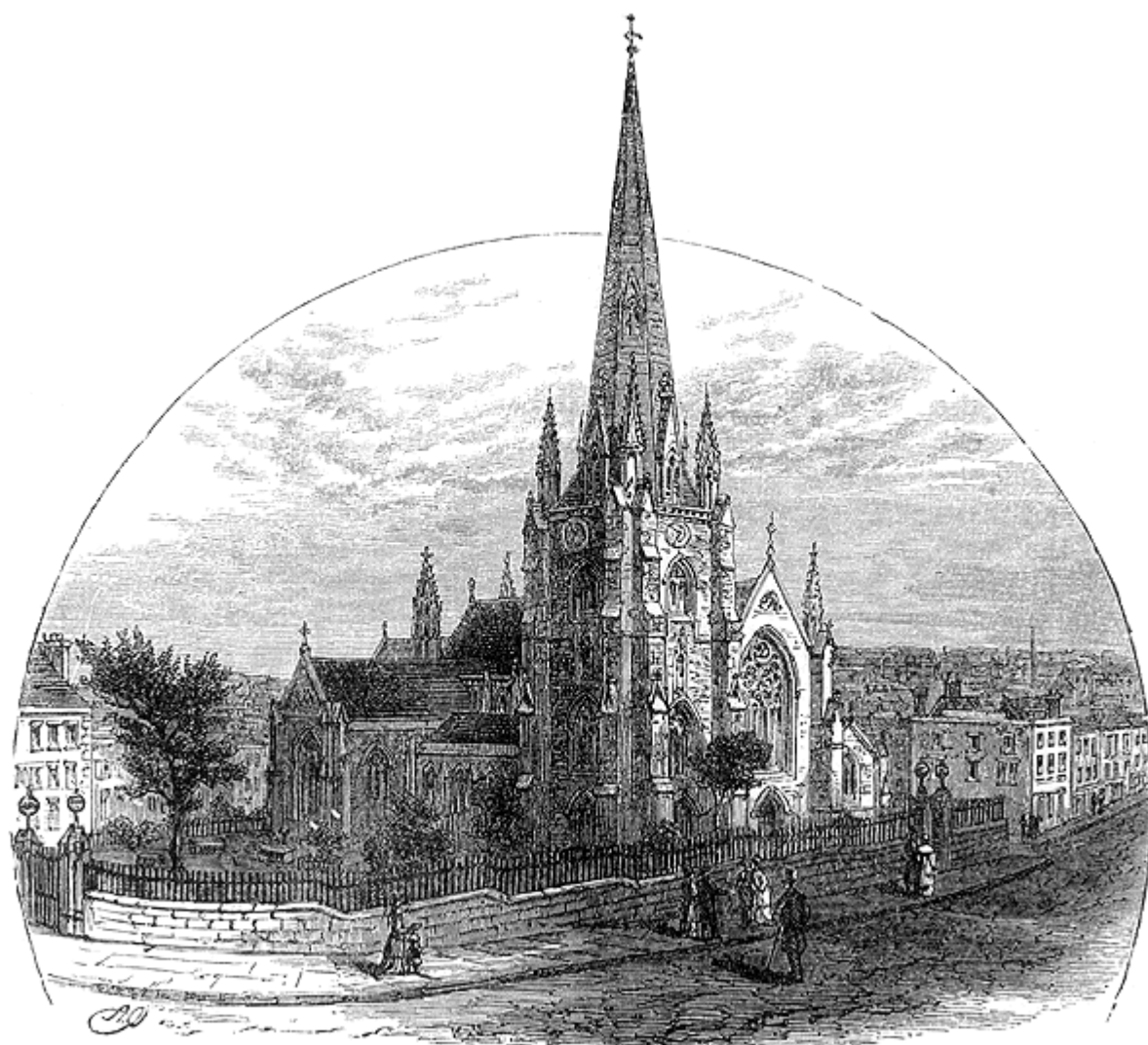
Miss Sarah Stevenson was also a religious enthusiast, and they both attended Cherry Street Meeting; thus he learned to love her for her goodness and sincerity, and we can well believe that the ancient house was then a very happy home. They had two sons, of whom some laughable anecdotes are told in "Birmingham Places and Faces," but we have not room to relate them here. A grandson of Mr. or Sir Francis Skidmore is, we hear, still living. He is the celebrated ecclesiastical and secular art metal worker of Coventry and Birmingham; a Mr. Tonks, of Birmingham, is also a descendant of the Skidmores by a daughter.

It is amusing to learn that some of the Birmingham people objected in 1708 to lighting the streets, urging "that the necessity for lamps did not appear, from the experience of the town having hitherto subsisted without lamps, and that perhaps fewer robberies and accidents had happened to its inhabitants than in any other town for its size and number of people, which might perhaps be in part ascribed to the want of lamps!"

The objectors, however, formed the minority of the sagacious townsmen, and in 1769 fifty commissioners were appointed with powers for lighting and cleansing the town, etc., etc.

The perfection to which the arts have attained in Birmingham is proved by the extreme beauty of the famous Elkington shields. The subjects of one - that perhaps is the finer of the two to which we allude - are taken from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" the other repeats finely the scenes in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

³⁴"Birmingham Places and Faces"



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, BIRMINGHAM.

Figure 68: St Martins Church.

COMBE ABBEY;

AND THE CONSPIRATORS OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.



OUR miles from Coventry, in a pleasant park, lies the fine old mansion of Combe Abbey. It has particular attractions as an ancient monastic building, and as the scene of some remarkable events.

Here the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James 1., and afterwards the beautiful Queen of Bohemia, was placed by her royal parents, under the care of the Earl of Harrington, then the owner of the abbey. From this safe shelter the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot determined to seize and carry her off, when they had exterminated her parents, elder brother, the whole House of Peers and that of Commons, intending to make her queen. It was the fact of her being in Warwickshire that drew them, after the plot was discovered, into that neighbourhood, and because, also, they had friends and connections in the county as well as in Worcestershire and Staffordshire.

The three Midland counties, Worcester. shire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire, were inhabited by more Roman Catholic families than any other part of England.

Catesby, the originator of the Gunpowder Plot, was intimately connected with families in these counties. He was lineally descended from the Catesby of Richard III.'s time, whose fame is preserved in the old rhyme,-

"The Rat (Ratcliffe), the Cat (Catesby), and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under the Hog."³⁵

Robert Catesby, the descendant of the "Cat," was one of the greatest bigots that ever lived. He was the friend of Garnet, the principal of the Jesuits in England, and had been concerned in all the plots against Elizabeth. On her death the Roman Catholics were in great hopes that their form of religion would be restored, for James was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, who had suffered so much from Elizabeth, and whom they looked on as a martyr; surely he would at least tolerate and be indulgent to the professors of his mother's faith. They were disappointed. James was rather ready to put the laws against Popish recusants into rigorous force than to grant more toleration, and when the King of Spain concluded a peace with the king, in which no stipulation was made for the relief of the English Catholics, they were in despair.

Catesby resolved to settle the matter by blowing up the king, queen, Prince of Wales, and all the Parliament. How the plot was discovered is well known.

Of the conspirators, Sir Everard Digby had been employed to remain at Dunchurch for the purpose of seizing and carrying off the Princess Elizabeth; and when the day came, and all was discovered, Catesby, Percy, the Lyttletons, and others of the conspirators, "as if struck by infatuation," instead of making their escape abroad, all hastened down to Dunchurch in the wild hope of securing the person of the little princess, and raising a civil war in her name.³⁶ But Lord Harrington had at once conveyed Elizabeth to Coventry, and the celebrated Sir Fulke Greville, who was deputy lieutenant of the county, raised a force and marched against them.

He seized the arms and horses of all whom he suspected of complicity in the plot; the sheriff raised the county, and the conspirators found that the people, far from being on their side, were as keen in the pursuit of them as the cavalry were.

They fled in confusion across the country into Worcestershire; some taking refuge at Hendlip Hall, the house of Thomas Habington, Esq., who was a secret favourer of their plots, but the greater number, with Sir Everard Digby, took shelter at Holbeach House, the seat of Stephen Lyttleton, where they resolved to make a strong resistance. But by a decree of divine providence, the very death they had planned for others nearly became their own. Their gunpowder exploded and blew up the roof, wounding some of them and rendering the house untenable. They were therefore compelled to sally forth and endeavour to escape elsewhere; but their enemies had now reached them. Percy, Catesby, and some others were killed, and Sir Everard Digby and the rest made prisoners, and doomed to suffer the dreadful death of traitors. Stephen

³⁵Richard, whose cognizance was a boar.

³⁶Howitt.

Lyttleton and Winter made their escape; but they were in a country swarming with pursuers, and were obliged to skulk in woods to hide themselves, in fear and starvation. At length Humphrey, the cousin of Stephen Lyttleton, conducted them to Hagley, belonging to his late brother John's widow.

Happily, the lady was from home and could not be blamed for sheltering them; but one of her servants betrayed them and they were taken prisoners.

They were all afterwards executed.

These men had, some of them, very remarkable family histories, and were undoubtedly descended from more or less guilty ancestors.

Sir Everard Digby, himself a generous, chivalrous young man, was descended from Simon Digby, Keeper of the Tower, who had been the accuser of De Montfort, in the reign of Henry VII., of having sent money to Perkin Warbeck, whom de Montfort firmly believed to be the son of Edward IV. For this he was tried for high treason in Guildhall, in 1494, was condemned, hanged, and quartered, and his vast estates confiscated. But soon afterwards Simon Digby became possessor of the dead man's estate and seat, Coleshill Hall.

This raised suspicion of the motive of poor De Montfort's betrayal, and people remembered it when Digby's descendant suffered for treason, though no one could refuse pity and sympathy to the gifted young man who had been the victim of others.

To the Lyttletons a most sensational story belonged.

In Shirford, near Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, there stood once an old hall, which, with a fine estate, belonged to a Sir Walter Smith. About the middle of the sixteenth century this gentleman, then an aged man, lost his wife; and thought it right to marry his grown-up son to a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood; probably that they might have a lady in the house. He asked Mr. Chetwyn, a gentleman of old family and large estate, to give one of his daughters to his son. Mr. Chetwyn consented, and was willing to bestow on his daughter Dorothy a portion of five hundred pounds. But no sooner had the old knight seen the beautiful girl, than he fell in love with her, proposed to marry her himself, and to induce her father to consent to the change of bridegrooms he offered to give the five hundred pounds portion to him, instead of receiving it himself, and to settle a large jointure on the bride. Mr. Chetwyn agreed, and the old knight married the lovely Dorothy.

But she was as wicked as she was beautiful. She fell in love with a Mr. William Robinson, of Drayton Basset, son of Sir George Robinson, a rich mercer of London, and hoping that he would marry her if she were a widow, she, with the assistance of her maid and a groom, strangled her husband, when asleep, with a long towel.

She managed to appear overwhelmed with grief at having found her husband dead; no suspicion was entertained or examination made, and not long after she went to London. But, luckily for him, Mr. Robinson did not marry her, and within two years the groom, who had been retained in Mr. Richard Smith's service, confessed the crime to his master, when intoxicated. Afterwards he denied his confession; but upon being brought to trial confirmed it. His statement was borne out by several circumstances, and the murderess was found guilty and condemned to be burnt - the punishment then adjudged by law to a wife who killed her husband.

She died at the stake near the Hermitage, on Wolvey Heath, towards the side of Shirford lordship. Her servants were executed at Warwick.

Mr. Richard Smith had only one daughter, Margaret, and treated of a marriage for her with Sir John Lyttleton's son, of Frankley, in Worcestershire.

The intended bridegroom was William Lyttleton, the third son of Sir John, a boy of nine years old, Margaret Smith being of the same age. These children were married; and lived with Sir John. But before the wedding Mr. Smith had arranged to settle all his lands in remainder after his death on his daughter and her heirs, if he should not have any other child; he had the deeds drawn up and gave them to Sir John to get them engrossed.

A fraud was perpetrated. Sir John had deeds drawn out which gave the estate to William and Margaret, but if either died without children, it was to pass to William's heir-at-law, his brother Gilbert.

Mr. Smith was cheated into signing away his estates (without reading the deeds, of course) by the game-keeper hurrying him to go and shoot some fat bucks, and did not know anything about it (as no claim was made) till after William's death, which happened when he was about fifteen, by a fall from his horse. Mr. Smith then wished his daughter to return to him, but Sir John objected, saying that he meant to marry her

to his second son, George. The father objected, and there was a quarrel, when the truth about the deed came out, and Mr. Smith found himself landless. He was unable to recover either his lands or his daughter, who was married to George, her brother -in-law. From Gilbert these stolen lands descended to his son John, though Mr. Smith tried to recover them by several suits at law. "But misfortune," says Mr. Howitt, "descended with it." John Lyttleton, Gilbert's son, was executed for high treason in Elizabeth's reign, and the estate was confiscated.

James I., however, on the widow petitioning him, granted the estate to his widow, and she, being fearful of more lawsuits, sold it to Sergeant Hale, a great lawyer

Sir John's grandson, the son of George and Margaret Smith, was one of the conspirators, as we have seen, in the gunpowder plot, and lost his life and estates in consequence.

The conspirators who had concealed themselves in Hendlip Hall were all discovered in the end; though the Habingtons had carefully hidden them; and Hendlip had been built so as to render it a most perfect place of concealment. There was scarcely an apartment in it that had not secret ways of getting in or going out; some had back stairs concealed in the walls; others, places of concealment in the chimneys; some had trap-doors; in short, the whole edifice was full of hiding-places.

When the sheriff, Sir Henry Bromley, and his men came to search Hendlip, Habington denied that any one was hidden there; but Sir Henry ordered a strict search to be made, and then in the gallery over the gate were found two very cleverly contrived conveyances in the main brick wall; three hiding-places were discovered in the chimney, most wonderfully arranged. Eleven hiding-places and secret stains in all were found, but in them only the articles used at the mass.

Three days went by, and the sheriff began to despair of finding any one, nay, even to believe that no one was there, when on the fourth day, in the morning, from behind the wainscot in the gallery came forth two men who had been starved into surrender; for they had had only one apple for sustenance for three days. One of them was named Owen, and he afterwards killed himself in the Tower; the other was Chambers.

Ten days afterwards, Fathers Garnet and Hall came forth also voluntarily from their confinement. They came forth for air, the closet they were in having become stifling. They had not suffered from hunger, as they had even then food in their hiding-place, and Mrs. Habington had passed them warm and nutritive drinks through a reed put into the chimney; the secret closet being in her own bedroom.

They were conducted to Worcester, and from thence to London.

The old hall was pulled down many years ago, but has been handsomely rebuilt by Lord Southwell.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, returned to Combe Abbey in her latter years. She is supposed to have privately married Lord Craven, who had devoted his life to her service.

The abbey is full of Stuart portraits, and has a fine collection also of pictures by the great masters.

The gallery is a fine old wainscoted room. There are old tapestry, old paintings, and old and valuable cabinets here, and it is even now in appearance, and by its contents, just such a home as fancy would place the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Bohemia in; it is full of memories of fair Elizabeth Stuart.

CITY OF WORCESTER.



THE city of Worcester was undoubtedly one of the most unlucky in England, for its early record is wholly of misfortunes. The first town occupying the site was taken by Penda, King of Mercia; was destroyed by the Danes; and rebuilt in 894.

The Danish king of England, Hardicanute, took it in 1041, plundered it, and burnt it down to the ground. In 1113 the city, castle, and cathedral were burnt down, the fire being supposed to have been kindled by the Welsh; in the same year the relics of the city were burnt.

In 1139 the soldiers of the Empress Maud set fire to it and plundered it.

Ten years afterwards King Stephen burnt the city, but the castle resisted him. The remains of one of the forts, raised at that time to defend the city, may still be seen on Red Hill, near Digley. Eustace, Stephen's son, then besieged the castle, but vainly, and in revenge burnt the remains of the town. In 1189 the city again suffered from fire. In 1216 Worcester went over to the side of Louis the Dauphin against John and was besieged and taken by Ranulph, Earl of Chester. In 1263 the city was besieged and taken by the barons, who brought Henry III. as their prisoner there after the battle

of Lewes. Two years afterwards Prince Edward, who had been taken prisoner also at the battle of Lewes, escaped, and flying to Worcester raised an army there, marched to Kenilworth and defeated young De Montfort; then returning to the heights above Worcester at Evesham, defeated Simon de Montfort and his other son, both of whom were killed and the barons' army dispersed.

In 1401 the city was again burnt and plundered by Owen Glendower's troops. In 1485, Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth, took possession of it, and made it pay a ransom of 500 marks.

In 1534 an earthquake shook it; the next year it was infected by that terrible disease called the sweating sickness; and in 1637 it was ravaged by the plague. Every sort of misfortune seemed to assail it, yet its citizens never abandoned it, but rebuilt it again and again.

In 1651 Charles II. entered Worcester, and was there proclaimed king of England.

Here, however, Cromwell - who had pursued him from Scotland - attacked him on the propitious anniversary of the battle of Dunbar, September 3rd, 1651. Charles that day held a council of war "upon the top of the College Church steeple, the better to observe the enemies' posture,"³⁷ and perceiving some firing at Powick, and Cromwell making a bridge of boats over the Severn at Burnshill, about a mile below the city, towards Teammouth, instantly descended from his post of observation, ordered the troops to get under arms, and marched in person to Powick Bridge to give orders for defending it, and for opposing Cromwell's attempt to make a bridge of boats; he then returned to the city. His orders were obeyed, and the bridge when assaulted was gallantly defended by Montgomery; but dangerously wounded, and his ammunition spent, the gallant Cavalier was obliged to make a disorderly retreat into Worcester, leaving Colonel Keyth a prisoner at the bridge. The effort to defeat Cromwell's attempt at making the bridge of boats was equally unsuccessful, though Colonel Pitscotty, with his Highlanders, did all that valour and fidelity could effect, in pursuance of his King's commands. They were, however, but 300 men opposed to great numbers, and were finally driven back. Cromwell achieved his purpose, took the bridge, and sending over a considerable body of men, with his usual benediction, "The Lord of Hosts be with you," returned to raise a battery of great guns against the fort royal on the north side of the city. Charles, with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grandison, and some of his cavalry, then rode through the town, and made a sally at Sudbury Gate by the fort royal, where the balls from the rebels' great guns flew round him. Cromwell was posted at Perrywood, within a mile of the city. Duke Hamilton, with his own troop and some Highlanders, Sir Alexander Forbes, with a regiment of foot, and a body of gentlemen volunteers and English nobles, engaged him here, and forced him to retreat, leaving his guns in their possession. The king charged valiantly at the head of his brave Highlanders, who fought with the butt-ends of their muskets when their ammunition was spent; but the main body of the Scotch horse did not come up to their relief; the English were reinforced, and the Scots were compelled to retreat in much disorder into the town by Sudbury Gate. Duke Hamilton had his horse killed under him, and was mortally wounded; many gentlemen of his name were slain; Sir John Douglas

³⁷Boscobel Tracts.

received his death wound; Sir Alexander Forbes was shot through the calves of both legs, and lay all night in the wood. He was brought prisoner to Worcester the next day.

At Sudbury Gate a cart laden with ammunition was overthrown, and lay across the passage, one of the oxen that drew it having been killed; this rendered it impossible for the king to ride into the town, and he was forced to dismount and return on foot. The English soon afterwards stormed the fort royal (the fortifications of which were not finished), and put all the Scots found in it to the sword. On reaching Friar's Street, Charles laid aside his armour, the weight of which oppressed him, and took a fresh horse; then perceiving that many of his foot soldiers were throwing down their arms and declining to fight, he rode up and down among them, with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms and fight like men; encouraging them, and alleging the goodness and justice of the cause they fought for; but seeing himself not able to prevail, he exclaimed, "I had rather you would shoot me than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day!" "So deep a sense had his prophetic soul of the miseries of his beloved country, even in the midst of his own dangers."³⁸

During this hot engagement at Perrywood and Redhill, the Parliamentarians on the other side of the river possessed themselves of St. John's, and the brigade of Royalists stationed there laid down their arms and craved quarter.

But now the enemy had entered the town both at the Key, Castle Hill, and Sudbury Gate, and the fight raged in the streets of Worcester itself. A body of Cavaliers - among whom were the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Colonels Wogan, Slaughter, and Carlis; Captains Giffard, Astley, and Kemble - rallied what force they could and charged the enemy very gallantly, both in Sudbury Street and High Street. Sir James Hamilton and Captain Kemble, however, fell desperately wounded, and many a brave Royalist went down in that hopeless struggle, but their devotion saved the king by giving him time to escape by St. Martin's Gate.

Meantime the Earl of Rothes, Sir William Hamilton, and Colonel Drummond, maintained the Castle Hill with their Scots till conditions were given for quarter.

At the Town-hall the battle also raged; Mr. Coningsby Colles and many other loyal gentlemen were slain; Mr. Rumney, Mr. Charles Wells, and others, taken prisoners. With them fell the last defenders of Worcester, and the victorious soldiers of the Parliament marched through streets red with the blood of their brethren, as well as of the Scots, to plunder and ravage the town.

When Charles perceived that he could not rally his disordered infantry, he marched out of the city by St. Martin's Gate, as we have said, with his main body of horse, which was commanded by General David Lesley. During the first half-mile's march from Worcester, Charles repeatedly faced about and urged a renewal of the combat, but at the bridge many of the troopers threw down their arms and rode off, and it became evident that there was no hope of retrieving the day. It was then determined that the king should fly to Scotland; but, as is well known, Charles did not abide by this counsel. "The Lord St. Clare, with divers of the Scottish nobility and gentry, were taken prisoners in the town; and the foot soldiers (consisting most of Scots) were almost all either slain or taken, and such of them who in the battle escaped death, lived but longer to die for the most part most miserably, many of them being afterwards knocked on the head by country people, some bought and sold like slaves for a small price, others went begging up and down, till charity failing them their necessities brought on them diseases, and diseases death."³⁹

It was six o'clock in the evening when Charles quitted Worcester, and, as day closed in, David Lesley turned his face homewards, and marched northwards by Newport with the remnant of the Scottish horse.

Charles found shelter at Whiteladies, half a mile from Boscobel, and from thence began the series of romantic adventures which ended in his escape from his kingdom to France.

The Earl of Derby, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, and the other gentlemen who had escorted their unfortunate sovereign to Whiteladies, then took horse northwards, in hopes of overtaking General Lesley.

Just as they reached the high-road, however, they were overtaken by Lord Levison, who commanded the Royal Lifeguards, pursued by a party of Roundheads, led by Colonel Blundel. The Cavaliers faced about and beat off their foes; but a little beyond Newport they encountered Colonel Lilburn's men, while a party of Cromwell's horse came thundering in their rear. Then horses were worn out; and the Cavaliers (themselves exhausted) were finally compelled to surrender, with promise of quarter. They were taken to

³⁸Boscobel Tracts.

³⁹Boscobel Tracts.

Whitchurch, and from thence to Danbury, in Cheshire, where, happily for him, Mr. Giffard, one of the Party, managed to effect his escape.

The noble Derby was carried to Westchester, and there (in spite of the quarter given) was tried by a mock court-martial; and condemned to death. He was beheaded on the 15th of October following, at Bolton, in Lancashire.

Lord Lauderdale and the other Cavaliers were carried to the Tower, and continued in captivity several years.

The prisoners taken at Worcester were sold to the planters of Barbadoes, and the other West India Islands, as labourers, or rather slaves, by auction, at Tothill Fields; and the cause of the Stuarts remained hopeless till the Restoration, which took place nine years after the Battle of Worcester.

A curious memorial remains in Worcester of this battle. It is an old half-timbered house at the north end of New Street. Charles resided in it, and retreated here with Lord Wilmot, hotly pursued by Colonel Corbet, but he escaped by the back door just as Corbet entered by the front. The person who then lived in the house was named Durant. The room in which the king slept was in the front of the house. Over the entrance is this inscription:- "Love God. (W. B., 1577. R. D.) Honour the King." W. B. stands for Judge Berkeley who was born here. Robert Durant is represented by R. D.

In 1687 James II. paid a visit to Worcester, and persuaded the mayor to accompany him to a Roman Catholic chapel. When asked by the king if the corporation would not enter with him, the mayor answered, "I fear, your Majesty, we have gone too far already;" a warning, if James would have taken it.

Whiteladies still remains.

WESTWOOD HOUSE.



WITHIN two miles of Droitwich stands Westwood House, in the centre of a large and well-wooded park, with a lake of some size at the east of the house, and lovely avenues of grand old trees radiating from it. The front of the mansion commands a view of this lake. Nash, in his History of Worcester, thus describes it:-

"Westwood House consists of a square building, from each corner of which projects a wing in the form of a parallelogram, and turreted in the style of the Chateau de Madrid, Paris, or Holland House."

Situated on a rising ground, and encircled with masses of glorious old trees, this ancient dwelling forms the centre of a picture of beauty that has few equals. The house greatly resembles a Norman chateau; it is built of brick with stone quoins and parapets. The body of the house is square, and three storeys high; the saloon occupies the first floor, and is lighted by large bay windows. Wings project in a line from the centre of each corner of the house, and communicate, by doors on each floor, with the central building. At some distance from each wing, yet opposite to them, are small square towers that were once connected by walls with the main building; but the walls have

been removed, or fallen, and the towers now stand alone.

The gate-house is immediately in front of the house at some little distance in advance; the gate has a red brick lodge on each side of it with ornamental gables and pinnacles. The gate between them is ornamented with the heraldic bearings of the family, the mullet or star of five points, and below them the garbs or wheat-sheaves. These bearings are also sculptured on the parapets, the wheatsheaves forming the pilasters and the mullets the balusters. The timber-work over the gate, with its high pointed roof and small pinnacle, is very picturesque.

The stables and servants' offices are at a short distance in the rear of the house, and where the kitchen garden now stands was originally a nunnery. No remains exist of it, but in digging, stone coffins have sometimes been found there.

Eustachia de Say and her son Osbert Fitz Hugh gave the church here to the Abbey de Frontevaud, in Normandy, where many of our kings are buried. Soon after a small priory was erected here, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, for six nuns of the Benedictine order; it ultimately numbered eighteen sisters. An abbess of this nunnery, Isabella, died under excommunication for having accepted Clement VII. as Pope.

The last prioress, Joyce Acton, received at the dissolution, in 1553, an annual pension of ten pounds.

After the dissolution Henry VIII. granted Westwood, with its lands, to Sir John Pakyngton, knight, in whose descendants it still continues.

The Pakyngtons resided at Hampton Lovet, but that house was so much damaged during the civil wars that they moved to Westwood, which had been built in the reign of Elizabeth. They enlarged and repaired the house, and probably erected the stone portico - purely Italian in taste. There is an open balustrade on each side of the steps, and over the centre arch is a figure seated on an eagle.

The hall is an oblong room possessing no features of interest; we pass through it to the library, which contains many rare and valuable works.

The principal apartments, besides the hall and library, are reached by a splendid staircase of carved oak, supporting globes on Corinthian capitals. By this stairway the saloon is reached. It is a grand room, with a double bay window, immediately over the hall; its walls are lined with fine old tapestry of the Elizabethan age, and it has a magnificent fireplace, decorated with the royal arms. From the window of this room a grand view is obtained over a most beautiful and undulating country. The lake, the radiating avenues, and the ancient oaks add to its beauty. There is, indeed, all over Worcestershire a soft beauty of landscape that is very bewitching.

Sir John Pakyngton, Bart., knight of the shire in the reign of Charles I., was a strong Royalist, and was tried for his life by the Parliament; his estates were sequestered, and he was greatly plundered, but he ultimately compounded with the Parliamentary Committee for 5,000. Sir John Pakyngton's house was the refuge of learned men in those sad times when the king and Parliament were at war. Dr. Hammond found shelter here, and Bishops Morley, Fenn, Gunning, and others were received and treated with the greatest hospitality. In concert with these good and great men, Dorothy, Lady Pakyngton - the good Lady

Pakyngham as she was called - is supposed to have written the "Whole Duty of Man," one of the most popular of religious works in its day. It has been asserted that the original MS. in the handwriting of this lady, with interlined corrections by Bishop Fell, was in the possession of her daughter, Mrs. Ayre, of Bampton, who declared it to be the production of her mother, adding that she was also the authoress of "The Decay of Christian Piety," and other very popular religious works.

At the Revolution the tried hospitality of Westwood House was extended to those who scrupled to take the oath of allegiance to William of Orange, and Dean Hickeys wrote several of his important works at Westwood.

BOSCOBEL HOUSE.



BOSCOBEL is situated near the little town of Madeley, on the confines of Worcestershire and Shropshire; a half timbered house of two stories, but with picturesque woods round it, and all the sylvan beauty of that sweet, sunny county.

At the time of Charles II.'s escape from Worcester, Boscobel was inhabited by William Penderell, a forester in the service of Mr. Giffard, the owner of the domain. William dwelt there with his wife, his mother, and four brothers - Richard, Humphrey, John, and George. To the loyalty, secrecy, and courage of these seven persons the king owed his life; death would have been the certain punishment of their fidelity had it been discovered that they concealed the king; riches would have been theirs had they uttered one treacherous word, and they were only poor labouring men, in this instance equalling the disinterested loyalty that has immortalised the poor Highlanders who sheltered Prince Charles Edward.

The king fled from Worcester attended by Lords Derby and Wilmot and several other nobles, and arrived early next morning at Whiteladies, a house about three quarters of a mile from Boscobel House. At Whiteladies the king changed his dress for that of a peasant: "a pair of ordinary grey cloth breeches," he tells us, "a leathers doublet, and a green jerkin." He also cut off his lovelocks and made his hair very short. Here his companions left him, hoping to find, or fight, their way to Scotland, and begging Charles not to tell them what he purposed to do, lest they should be "forced to confess." The king went into the great wood near the house and stayed there all day without food, "and by great good fortune," his Majesty writes, or dictated, "it rained all the time, which hindered them (the militia), as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was."

After a vain expedition to reach the Severn, Charles returned to the Penderells, where he found Major Careless, an officer of his own army. The king at once consulted him as to what they had better do the next day.

"He told me," says the king, "that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house or go into the wood (there being a great wood near Boscobel), that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape. Of which proposition I approving, we (that is to say Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all the day.... Memorandum. That while we were in this tree we saw soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood."

The custom of wearing oak-apples on the 29th of May was, of course, originated by the escape of King Charles in the Oak; the 29th of May was fixed on, because it was the king's birthday, and the day on which he entered London as its king.

The Royal Oak, as the tree was called, was destroyed by the Royalists cutting relics from it, but another oak, raised from one of its acorns, still flourishes. Charles also planted two of its acorns in Hyde Park, on the north side of the Serpentine, but one tree only now remains.

The eager search for escaped Royalists may be easily explained by the fact that Cromwell sold his prisoners for slaves to the American planters, and thus every defeated soldier was worth money.

Meantime, while Charles was in the oak, one of the Penderells went to ask at Mr. Whitgrave's if Lord Wilmot were there. He brought back word that he was, and that Mr. Whitgrave had a secure hiding place, and wished his Majesty to go there. Here Charles was concealed for a day or two, and then went to Colonel Lane's. The colonel's sister was going on a visit to a cousin who lived near Bristol, and offered to take Charles with her as her servant. He changed his garb of peasant for a kind of grey cloth servant's suit.

On arriving at her cousin's house Mrs. Lane called the butler, a loyalist named Pope, told him that her

servant had been ill with ague, and asked him to be kind to him. The man obeyed her by taking great care of the unknown king and letting him dine alone, not with the servants. But the next day when Charles, meeting Mrs. Norton in the hall, took off his hat to her, Pope recognized him; and the king thought it wise to take him into the secret. The man was faithful and most useful, and went to seek for a ship for Charles in Bristol to convey him to France, but without success. They (Mrs. Lane and her sovereign) then proceeded to the house of Mr. Frank Windham, a friend of the king, with whom he remained a fortnight, while his friends made every effort to get a ship for him, and the king went to a little village near Lyme for the purpose of embarking in a merchant vessel they had engaged, but the master failed to bring her for him. Cromwell's soldiers were indeed just then taking all the vessels for their expedition to Jersey. Mr. Windham, Mrs. Coningsby and the king then went to Burport, about four miles from Lyme, but, as they entered the town, they saw that the streets were full of Cromwell's soldiers. The king boldly resolved to go and take rooms at the best inn, and Mr. Windham and the lady attended him there. But the inn yard was full of soldiers. Charles took the horses - he was still acting servant - and pretending to be a loutish fellow, led them through the middle of the soldiers to the stable, amidst their abuse and anger. The hostler "thought he had seen his face before," and the king had some trouble in turning his thoughts away from these unpleasant remembrances.

The master of the ship at Lyme refused to take him, thinking it was some dangerous employment he was hired for, and they had to return to Mr. Windham's; but it was no longer safe for Charles to remain there. His next refuge was at a widow lady's house, about four miles from Salisbury. He went to it just as it was dark, with Colonel Robert Philips, not intending to make himself known, but the lady, Mrs. Hyde, recognised him immediately; however, he had already resolved to tell her who he was; and after supper he saw her alone and confided in her. She told him she had a very safe place to hide him in, and advised him to take his horse and quit the house the next day, but to return about night, when she would have sent all her servants out of the house, and no one would be there but herself and her sister. The king and Colonel Philips accordingly took their horses the next morning, and rode to Stonehenge, where they spent a great part of the day, returning at night to Hale at the hour Mrs. Hyde had appointed. She took him to her secret chamber, which was at once comfortable and safe, and he remained there four or five days. Then Colonel Philips came to tell him that a ship had been provided for him at Shoreham, by Colonel Gunter. So about two o'clock in the morning he left his hiding-place by the back way, and with Colonel Philips met Colonel Gunter and Lord Wilmot together, some fourteen miles off on the road to Shoreham, and went to lodge for that night at Hambleton, a village seven miles from Portsmouth. Here they stayed for the night at a brother-in-law's of Colonel Gunter's, Charles still acting serving-man.

The next day the party proceeded to Brighton (Bright-helmstone) to meet the master of the ship. When they reached the inn they found Mansel, the merchant whose vessel they had hired, with the master. The latter looked fixedly at the serving-man in grey, and then taking the merchant on one side, told him he had not dealt fairly with him, though he had given him a very good price for carrying the gentleman over, for he said, "he is the king; I know him very well." The merchant assured him that he must be mistaken, but he answered, "I know him very well; he took my ship, together with some other fishing vessels, at Bright-helmstone in the year 1648." (This the king knew was true, but he had let them go again.)

"But," added the seaman, "be not troubled at that, for I think I do God and my country good service by preserving the king, and by the grace of God I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." The merchant hastened to repeat this to Charles, who found himself again under the necessity of revealing himself, but he delayed doing so; kept the merchant to supper with them, and sat up all night drinking beer and smoking with him.

Another danger arose. As the king stood after supper by the fireside alone (his friends had gone into another room), leaning his hand upon a chair, the landlord came in, and as soon as he saw that Charles was alone, he suddenly bent down and kissed the hand on the chair, saying, "God bless you wheresoever you go; I do not doubt before I die to be a lord and my wife a lady." The king laughed, and went away to the next room, not contradicting him, and the man proved very faithful.

The next morning at four o'clock they started for Shoreham, taking the master with them. The vessel, one of only sixty tons, lay dry, as it was low water, and the king and Lord Wilmot got on board her by means of a ladder, and went to lie down in the cabin, awaiting the tide floating the ship.

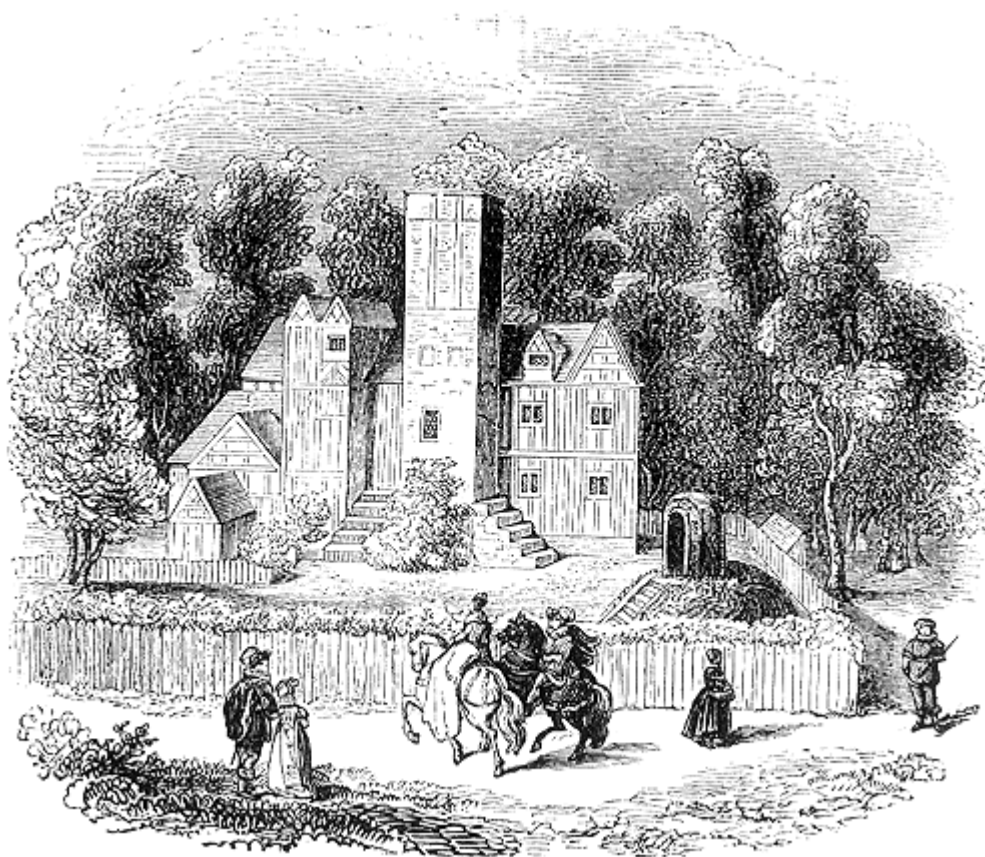
Charles had scarcely lain down, before the master came into the cabin, fell on his knees and kissed his hand,

telling him that he knew him very well, and would venture life and all that he had to set him down safe in France. At high water they left the port, but the master being laden with coal for Poole, stood towards the Isle of Wight. Then he came to Charles and asked him to induce the men to land himself and friend in France, to cover him (the master) from any suspicion. The king readily complied. He spoke to the crew of four men and a boy, told them that he and his friend were two merchants who had had misfortunes and were a little in debt, that they had money owing to them at Rouen, and that they were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they could persuade the master to take them to Dieppe, they would oblige them, and with that Charles gave them twenty shillings for drink. They agreed to second him if he would propose it to the master. Of course the captain yielded to these joint entreaties, and, about five o'clock, as they were in sight of the Isle of Wight, they stood over direct to the coast of France, with a fair wind, and the next morning saw the coast. But the tide failed and the wind veered, and the vessel was compelled to anchor two miles off the shore.

Then suddenly a vessel appeared to leeward that all took for an Ostend one, and as war was waging between France and Spain, the king thought it likely that they might be taken, plundered, and sent back to England. He proposed therefore that they should go ashore in a little cockboat. Wilmot agreed to this, and they went on shore at once, at Fechamp, where they stayed the day to provide horses for Rouen.

One is glad to hear that no sooner was the fugitive monarch landed, than the wind turned favourably for the return of the little vessel to Poole, so that it was never known that she had been upon the coast of France. Charles stayed one day at Rouen, to get proper clothes, and then proceeded to Paris, and was met outside the city by his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria.

We have thus abridged from the Boscobel Tracts Charles II.'s own account of his perilous escape from England, which certainly may well account for the assurance he gave the Duke of York, "that he did not wish to set out on his travels again."



BOSCOBEL HOUSE.

Figure 69: Boscobel House.

HAGLEY PARK; AND ITS GHOST STORY.



HAGLEY is one of the most beautiful of the "stately homes" of England, remarkable for the glorious beauty of the scenery surrounding it, and for the treasures of art it contains. It has also a very remarkable supernatural story attached to it.

It was a favourite haunt of Thomson, Shenstone and Pope, and the former of the celebrated triad has left us a sketch of Hagley which does it almost, but not quite, justice. "The park," he writes, "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."

Horace Walpole is equally transported with Hagley, and has left us a more animated description of it.

"I cannot," he says, "describe the enchanting beauty of the park. It is a hill of three miles, but broken 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."



Figure 70: Oakedge.

The shrubberies and waterfalls of Hagley have been considerably altered since Walpole's time, but the

grounds are still unsurpassed in beauty. The chief architectural ornaments of the park are the model of the porch of the temple of Theseus, the beautiful proportions of which are thrown out admirably by a dark background of Scottish firs; the octagon temple erected by George, Lord Lyttelton, to the memory of his friend the poet Thomson; the Ionic rotunda, a dome enclosed in an amphitheatre of wonderfully large and magnificent trees; the Doric temple, with the inscription, "Quieti et musis," standing near a lawn; the hermitage, a sequestered spot built chiefly of roots and moss, and containing only a bench, with lines from "Il Penseroso," of Milton, above it; the ruined tower, an excellent imitation of one; the ornamented urns in memory of Pope and Shenstone, and the column bearing the statue of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

The mansion itself stands on a rising ground, surrounded by lawns on the southwest and east; on the north are the offices and kitchen garden, bordered by the shrubbery, evergreens, and lines of limes and other trees. The house is quadrangular with a square tower at each angle. A handsome double flight of steps leads to the hall, which is thirty feet square. It has a splendid white marble chimney-piece supported by two figures of Hercules. In it also are, "The Courtship of Diana by Pan," in relievo, by Vasari; busts of Rubens and Vandyck, by Rysbrach; and casts of Venus, Bacchus, and Mercury.

The library is a very fine one, and beside its valuable collection of books has busts of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and Dryden, the gift of Pope, from the studies of Scheemakers. There is also here a portrait of Pope with his dog Bounce. In the gallery, which is 85 feet long by 22 feet broad, is a fine collection of pictures.

The drawing-room is hung with Gobelins tapestry, and has a number of portraits by Ramsay.

The church is a very fine building, and has been thoroughly repaired and restored from Street's designs by a fund raised in the county, in order to show the people's appreciation of Lord Lyttelton as Lord Lieutenant. The parish register of Hagley is the oldest in England. It dates from December 1st, 1538, being the year in which registers were ordered to be kept in all parishes. In the chancel are two very fine monuments erected by George, Lord Lyttelton, to the memory of his first wife, and to his father and mother.

"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 11. William de Haggaley held the manor of Gervase Paganel. The Lordship paramount of the manor fell, about the close of the reign of Edward III., to John de Botetourt, knight. The property was recovered by Henry de Haggaley, who was High Sheriff of Worcestershire in 1398, and subsequently it passed by sale to Thomas Walwyn, Esq., 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."⁴⁰ He fought on the Lancastrian side in the Wars of the Roses, was taken prisoner at Towton, and beheaded at Newcastle, his lands reverting to the Crown. Edward IV. bestowed Hagley on his wife, Elizabeth Woodville; but it soon passed into the possession of Thomas Boteler, or Butler, the younger son of the James Boteler who was beheaded. His daughter bequeathed the estate to her grandson, who in 1564 sold it to Sir John Lyttelton of Frankley, Worcestershire.

The Lytteltons were a very old family. They had property at South Lyttelton and in the Vale of Evesham at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The most celebrated of the early Lytteltons was Thomas, who in 1464 was one of the judges in the Court of Common Pleas. His famous work, the "Treatise on Tenures," was said by Lord Coke to be "the ornament of the common law and the most perfect and absolute work that ever was v rote in any human science."

His grandson, John Lyttelton, married Elizabeth, greatgreat-grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, son of Edward III., in right of which alliance the Lytteltons quarter the arms of France and England within a bordure gobony.

Sir John Lyttelton, the eldest son of this marriage, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, in 1556.

His grandson, M.P. for Worcestershire, was both a brave and witty man. He was a Roman Catholic, and took some slight part in Essex's conspiracy. He was in consequence tried, condemned to death, and his estate forfeited, in 1600. At the intercession of Sir Walter Raleigh his life was spared, but the queen (Elizabeth) had done her best to get him condemned, that she might take his estates. He was imprisoned, and died in prison 1600 - 1.

⁴⁰Timbs.

When James I. two years afterwards succeeded to the throne, the widow of the unfortunate captive, Muriel, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Bromley, met the king at Doncaster, threw herself at his feet, and obtained a reversal of the attainder, and a grant by letters patent of the whole of his estates

Thomas, her eldest son, was member for Worcestershire and Sheriff of the county in 1613. During the civil war he was a devoted adherent to the royal cause. He offered to raise a regiment of foot and a troop of horse in 1642. He suffered for his loyalty in the end, being imprisoned in the Tower, and dying in 1649 - 50. He was succeeded by his eldest son Sir Henry, also a faithful Royalist, who was consequently imprisoned in the Tower for nearly two years by Cromwell. He died childless in 1703, when the title devolved on his brother, Sir Charles, whose grandson, Sir George, laid out the grounds of Hagley Park, and was the friend of the poets Thomson, Shenstone, etc.

Sir George entered Parliament in 1730, and in 1755 became Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer. He was created a baron in 1757 by the title of Lord Lyttelton.

He had considerable reputation as an author. His works were "On the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul" (1747), "Dialogues of the Dead" (1760), and "History of Henry II." (1764).

"A singularly beautiful letter," says Mr. Timbs, "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 argument 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 eye-witness of that happiness which I don't doubt He will bountifully bestow on you. In the meantime I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such talents and given me so good a son."

The second Lord Lyttelton, the son of this beloved and admired nobleman, was a wild, profligate young man. He died at the early age of thirty-five without issue, and the peerage became extinct; the baronetcy reverting to his uncle. It is to this Lord Lyttelton that the singular ghost story belongs.

He had given his father great cause for displeasure by his wild conduct; but dissipation was the fashion of the age, and many young men were much more dissipated than he was. In his childhood he must have received religious impressions, and these probably awoke remorse at times in his mind at his waste of time. He had a great dislike to be alone, and a constitutional melancholy that drove him into society.

He held an office under Government in Ireland, and on his return from it, suffered from suffocating fits, proceeding either from indigestion or heart disease.

Finding himself ill on the evening of Nov. 24th, he retired early to bed. His servant gave him the medicine ordered for these attacks, and left him.

He had not been gone long when Lord Lyttelton, who believed himself to have been awake, heard a gentle fluttering of wings in his room; and while he listened to it with some surprise, he heard footsteps approaching the bed. Curious to know what caused these sounds, he sat up in bed, and was astonished to see a lovely female form all in white, with a small bird perched on her hand, standing by his bed. He was speechless from surprise, and she spoke to him. She bade him prepare himself, for that he would shortly die. Lyttelton inquired at: once how long he had to live. The vision answered, "Not three days, and you will depart at the hour of twelve."

When he arose in the morning, he felt so uneasy that he could not help telling his dream or vision at the breakfast-table to his assembled guests. But he tried to convince himself that it was only a common dream. He said he had had some trouble to catch a robin in the greenhouse at Pitt Place a few days before, meaning to set it free - that might account for the bird; but every one saw that he was uneasy and gloomy, and that his thoughts dwelt upon the subject.

He grew more composed during the day; attended the House of Lords, and delivered two brilliant and witty speeches.

The second day passed much in the same manner. The third day at dinner, Lord Lyttelton rallied wonderfully, and exclaimed as the cloth was removed, "Richard's himself again." Admiral Wolseley and his other guests have stated that his spirits were high, and that his conversation was remarkable for wit and brilliancy. But as the evening wore on, his mood changed to restlessness and despondency. To prevent his becoming the victim of a mere imagination, they had all put on their watches half an hour, and had, with the connivance of his valet and steward, altered all the clocks and his own watch, putting them on half an hour,

so that when Lord Lyttelton believed it to be half-past eleven, it was in reality only eleven o'clock. About this time he complained of feeling very tired, and retired to bed; when there he showed great uneasiness; looked often at his watch and consulted that of his valet. At a few minutes to twelve he held both watches to his ear; was pleased to find they were going; and that it was a quarter-past twelve. "This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find," he said; "give me my medicine. I will wait no longer."

The valet went into the next room to get it, but thinking he heard his lord breathing unusually hard, he hurried back to the room. He found Lord Lyttelton dying. He called for help, and Lord Fortescue, the Miss Amphlets, cousins of the dying man, and their companion, Mrs. Hood, hastened into the room; they were only in time to see him die - exactly at twelve o'clock.

At the very hour he expired a Mr. Andrews, one of his most intimate friends, imagined that he saw Lord Lyttelton standing by his bedside, and thinking it was some joke on his part, reproached him for coming to Dartford Mills without notice, and jumped out of bed to ring and order a room to be prepared for his unexpected guest. But when he looked round his strange visitor was gone. The servant answered the bell, and Mr. Andrews asked if he had met Lord Lyttelton. Of course the answer was in the negative. Mr. Andrews, still suspecting a practical joke, dressed himself, and searched everywhere for his friend. He was still suspecting a hoax, when at four o'clock next day, an express arrived telling him that Lord Lyttelton was dead.

We confess that this second ghost is much more puzzling than the first, which may have proceeded wholly from a melancholy imagination, feeling the approach of death.

Yet the whole subject is full of mystery; and incredible to us nineteenth-century people; though for our own part we believe with Shakspeare that there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

LINCOLN.

PPROACHING Lincoln from the south by the London road, we arrive unexpectedly on the brow of a steep hill, from which we gaze into a lovely fertile valley stretching away to the right and left. Through the centre of it flows a gentle river called the Witham. Immediately opposite to where we stand rises another hill; and in the valley, and up and over the hill, lies outspread before us the beautiful city of Lincoln, with the magnificent cathedral towers rising above it and crowning the picture. This most noble of English buildings is charmingly situated. We see its whole length at once, and it is 470 feet long, with two handsome towers on the left, and the great tower, rising grandly from the centre, to the height of 267 feet

This is our first view of Lincoln Cathedral, a structure that took two centuries to build, and which therefore presents us with several changes - always for the better - of architecture in England.

The cathedral was begun by Remigius, who came over with the Conqueror. He was a most excellent and benevolent man. William of Malmesbury says of him, "that being in person far below the common proportion of men, his mind exerted itself to excel and shine." He was indeed an extraordinary dwarf. To set an example to his workmen, and to show them the reverential and devout spirit in which he reared this temple to God, he carried the stones and mortar to them on his own shoulders. He fed daily for three months each year - we suppose it was in the winter - one thousand poor persons; and he clothed the blind and the lame among their number. Remigius had been the Bishop of Dorchester, but was translated to Lincoln, and as we see, founded the cathedral; he built also the adjoining bishop's palace, and the houses for the ecclesiastical offices.

It is sad to think that he died the very day before the minster he had built was opened; and strange in the extreme, that when he invited all the bishops to assist in the act of consecration, the Bishop of Hereford excused himself from coming, because he had ascertained by astrology that the church would not be consecrated while Remigius lived!

The central portion of the west front is all that now remains of Remigius's building; but it is supposed by a great authority that it did not differ much from the present building, except in size; it was sixty feet shorter eastwards, and the eastern front of Remigius showed a semicircular tribune.

In 1185 an earthquake destroyed some of the original building, but Hugh de Grenoble re-erected it and added greatly to it. He began his repairs and additions in 1186, and continued them till 1200. The east or upper transept, with the chapel attached to it, the choir, chapter house, and east side of the west transept are all due to Bishop Hugh. This bishop was a native of Grenoble, and of such saintly and austere piety,⁴¹ that when his body was brought to Lincoln for interment, the kings of England and Scotland, who had met there for a conference, put off their business to meet his body at the gates, and bore it on their shoulders to the cathedral close, where it was carried to the choir by a number of great and distinguished persons. It was finally buried at the east end of the cathedral. He was canonised in 1220, and sixty years later his body was taken up and placed in a shrine of pure gold in the presbytery. This gold shrine was eight feet long and four wide.

At the dissolution of the monasteries the shrine was plundered, of course, with the cathedral, and must have been a rich prize. The nave, which is unequalled in its majestic size and beauty of proportion, was one of the last additions; and the curious Galilee porch, which is very interesting.

Dr. Milner has explained the use of the Galilee. "There were" he says, "formerly such porches at the western extremity of all large churches. In these public penitents were stationed; dead bodies were sometimes deposited, previous to their interment; and females were allowed to see the monks of the convent who were their relatives. We may gather in a passage from Gervase that upon a woman's applying for leave to see a monk, her relation, she was answered in the words of Scripture, 'He goeth before you into Galilee, there shall ye see him.'" (Milner.)

The lower part of the main tower is said to have been built by the famous Bishop Grosteste.

This prelate was by no means favourable to the papal pretensions; he went to Rome to satisfy himself as to the demands of the pontiff, and was so disgusted with all he saw and heard there that he wrote a severe

⁴¹Our readers will remember how he banished the remains of fair Rosamond from the church at Godstow.

letter (and published it) about the papal pretensions and short-comings. The pope was so enraged that he excommunicated Grosteste; but his sentence took no effect. The good bishop paid not the slightest attention to it, but went on calmly with the duties of his diocese, where he was greatly beloved for his wisdom, piety and charity.

The eastern front of the cathedral is of surpassing beauty. "The buttresses," says Knight, "almost cease to look like buttresses, so profusely are they decorated with crockets, creepers, and finials, with clustered columns at the angles, and with brackets and canopies for statues on the faces."

This front is wonderfully preserved, and is, indeed, "a joy for ever," as is also the angel choir, the extreme beauty of which is almost indescribable.

The bishop's porch is much mutilated, but traces of its great beauty still remain. The alto relievo above the doorway, of the Last Judgment, is wonderful, both for design and execution; and the porch must originally have been superb. The chapels and monumental remains are of great beauty and interest. Among the monuments are those of Bishop Remigius, the founder of the cathedral; of Catherine Swynford, John of Gaunt's third wife, and the sister of Chaucer's wife; and the remains of a monument, covering the stone coffin of little St. Hugh, a child who had been (it was said) crucified by the Jews on Good Friday, in mockery of our Lord's crucifixion.

This false accusation, for it has never been proved, was followed by very sad consequences. In 1255, a hundred and two Jews were taken from Lincoln and confined in the Tower, and in the end twenty-three were executed in London and eighteen at Lincoln.

The king seized all the houses of these unhappy Jews for his own use and profit.

The story probably suggested to Chaucer his Prioress's Tale, one of the most touching and beautiful of the "Canterbury Tales." The scene of her story is laid in Asia, but no doubt it was the tradition of little Hugh that inspired it. We give a verse or two from Wordsworth's modernized selections from Chaucer.

"Among these scholars was a widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day into this school has gone
And eke when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's mother; as he had been told,
This child was wont to kneel adown and say
Ave Marie as he goeth by the way."

The child learns at school the "O Alma Redemptoris," and sings it as he goes through the Jews' quarter; enraged at this they murder him and throw him in a pit.

"Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little child, and he came not;
For which by earliest glimpse of morning light,
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,
She at the school and elsewhere hath him sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen"

The mother hastens thither and asks the Jews for her child: they say he is not there; but she seeks and calls to him, and by-and-by she hears his dear little voice singing from a pit close by the Alma Redemptoris. Thus the murder is discovered, the body raised and taken to the abbey, and the babe is canonised.

The poem ends thus:-

Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid low
By cursed Jews - thing well and widely known,-
For it was done a little while ago-
Pray also then for us, while here we tarry,
Weak, sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy should His mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of His Mother Mary."

A painted statue of little Hugh of Lincoln was formerly kept in the cathedral. It had marks of crucifixion in the hands and feet, and a wound in the side from which blood was issuing.

The story was commemorated also in the ballad, "Sir Hugh, or the Jew's daughter." There is in Lincoln a Norman building called the Jew's house, a curious piece of architecture, said to have belonged originally to Belaszel de Wallingford, a Jewess, who was hanged for clipping coin in the reign of Edward I.

Lincoln has a wonderful bell called Great Tom of Lincoln. It has been recast, having been accidentally broken, and is of immense weight and size. It is six feet high, six feet ten and a half inches broad, and weighs five tons eight hundred-weight. Its tone and volume are very grand and melodious.

King John was partial to Lincoln. There was an old prophecy that threatened misfortune to the king who should wear his crown in Lincoln; and, some say, if he even entered the city. Stephen entered the town, and John wore his crown there, to show the absurdity of the prophecy; but both he and Stephen were so unfortunate that they did not confirm a foolish superstition. Henry II. wore his crown only in the suburb of Wigford, to humour the fears of the townspeople.

William the Conqueror ordered a strong castle to be built here; the remains of which stand on the hill west of the cathedral. In the reign of Stephen the Empress Maud was besieged in it by the king; he took the castle, but Maud managed to escape. It was retaken by her partisans, and again besieged by Stephen, to whom the town was loyal; but Maud's half-brother Robert, Earl of Gloucester, came to its relief, and Stephen gave him battle. During the fight, Alan, Earl of Richmond, deserted to Gloucester's army, and Stephen, though fighting gallantly, was taken prisoner.

In the barons' war the town was taken by Gilbert de Gaunt, who held it for the French Dauphin, but the castle held out for John, and Gilbert, hearing that the king was marching to release it, retreated. John, however, lost his baggage and treasure in the Wash, and died of fever; and Gilbert returned and retook the town. The Earl of Pembroke, regent for the little King Henry III., advanced to relieve it, and Fulke de Brent, who was on the king's side, threw himself into the castle. The besiegers were attacked both in front and rear, for Fulke made a sortie, while Pembroke attacked them, and they were entirely defeated, and the Dauphin's party ceased to have any power in the country.

In the civil war Lincoln was for the king, but in the struggle with the Parliamentarians the Royalists were obliged to retreat into the castle and cathedral, which were stormed, and, although very gallantly defended, taken on the night of May 5th. 1643.

The remains of the castle consist now of the outer wall of an extensive range of Norman buildings with perpendicular windows, and of the gateway with the billet in the dripstone over the archway, and two Norman windows. In one of the towers of the postern are the remains of a staircase by which one can climb to the top of the ruins. At the south-west angle is a tower with some rooms intact still, a window, and some closets in the thickness of the wall. There is a crypt of Norman work under the hall.

The castle is situated on the banks of the river Trent. The greater part of its site is now filled by the county jail and courthouse. In one corner of it is "Cob's Hall," supposed to have been a chapel, and on the north side, in the outer wall, are the remains of a turret, in which is a gateway supposed to be of Roman build, when Lincoln was one of their stations.

Lincoln abounds in remains of ancient architecture. We have mentioned the Jews' house; "John of Gaunt's stable" is also ancient and Norman. From a window of this hall Lord Hussey was executed for rebellion against Henry VIII. The original house has been pulled down, but there remains a beautiful oriel window. Abeda House, a very curious building, was erected by William Browne, merchant of the staple, in 1493; in the windows of the chapel is some very old painted glass.

The Stone Bow is a good gatehouse of Henry VIII.'s reign. It has a large arch in the centre, with a small round tower on each side; above it is a clock. In a niche on the east side of the south front stands a statue of the angel Gabriel; on the west, the Virgin Mary treading on a serpent; in the centre is a shield with arms. The Stone Bow does not stand alone, but has houses joining it on each side, old battlemented buildings, one of which is a hair-dresser's shop.

St. Mary's Church and conduit, in High Street, is a very fine ecclesiastical building, and has an old tree by the entrance.

THORNTON ABBEY;

AND ITS "JMMURED" ABBOT.



HORNTON Abbey is a noble object seen from the railway. It must, in its best days, have been a splendid structure. It originally consisted of a large quadrangular building surrounded by a deep ditch and an exceedingly high rampart. These defences were greatly required, for pirates from the Humber and the German Ocean constantly attacked the monastic buildings near the sea. Its architecture was consequently a singular mixture of the ecclesiastical and castellated styles, caused by this necessity of defence. The fine gatehouse on the west, forming the only entrance, is nearly entire; it is a fine building and well calculated for defensive purposes. Probably here the vassals of the abbey have contended desperately with the piratical hordes who found their richest spoil in the monasteries.

The architecture of this gatehouse is late Perpendicular, and it still has a barbican, battlements, loopholes, and embattled parapets, terminating in two strong round towers between which there was formerly a drawbridge.

The grand entrance-arch has a parapet over it, a small doorway from which leads to a cell, that was, probably, the watchman's lodge; in the entrance are the grooves of the decayed portcullis, and fragments of two ponderous doors. The western face of this entrance has six embattled turrets rising to the summit; between the two middle ones are three statues; the centre one wears a royal crown, the next is in armour, the third figure is mitred with a pastoral staff; each stands under an enriched canopy. They probably represent the Army and Church supporting the Crown. Above these are some small figures kneeling, and other niches in this front have doubtless contained statues.

In the interior, on the first floor is the grand banqueting room, its bay window has the stonework still entire. Here, in 1541, the community entertained Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour; for King Henry, - on his return from a journey to the north, with his queen and retinue, - had crossed the Humber from Hull to Barrow, and honoured the Abbey of Thornton with a visit. The whole monastery had come out in solemn procession to meet the royal guests, and sumptuously entertained them for several days. Henry did not forget the flattering attentions paid him by the loyal brotherhood, and when the dissolution of the monasteries was decided on, the greater part of the revenues of Thornton Abbey was preserved for the endowment of a college here. Probably the monks had exhibited much erudition to the learned Tudor, and he meant both to reward them, and use their knowledge for educational purposes.

In the next reign it was suppressed, yet some of its members, even then, received pensions.

But we have wandered from our description of the ruins. The cells, chambers, and passages of the interior are very numerous and interesting. The chapter-house and the abbot's lodgings remain; the former is a most beautiful ruin. Eastward of the entrance the remains of the magnificent church have been excavated.

In taking down a wall in the abbey, a recess was found containing a human skeleton, a table, books, and a candlestick. It is supposed to be the skeleton of the fourteenth abbot, who was for some crime sentenced to be immured; that is, buried alive within the wall. Was his crime reading the works of the Reformers, and acknowledging his belief in their doctrines? It may have been so, as other crimes were rarely so severely punished.

The abbey was founded in 1139 by William Fitz Odo, surnamed the Gros, as a priory of Black Canons. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. William le Gros died in 1180, and is supposed to have been buried here. The site of the abbey adjoins the parish of Thornton-Curtis, about five miles from Barton-on-Humber.

The monastery was first ruled by Prior Richard, who, with the monks, came from the monastery of Kirkham. It continued a priory for a short period, but having been endowed with many splendid grants, it was made an abbey.

Thornton was part of the estates of Henry Percy, first Earl of Northumberland, the father of Hotspur, who was slain at Bramham Moor, 14078, after a severe struggle with Henry IV.'s troops.

His head, white with age, was cut off and set upon London Bridge on a pole; and the four quarters of his body were set on the gates of London, Lincoln, Berwick-on-Tweed, and Newcastle-on-Tyne. But in the May following they were taken down and interred.

Hotspur's son, after his father's death at the battle of Shrewsbury, was carried to Scotland, where he was

brought up, but receiving, in after years, a pardon from the king through the intercession of Henry IV.'s half-sister Joan, he returned and was restored to his estates. Thornton thus became again the property of the Percies.

Thornton Abbey has passed to several other owners by purchase since that time; one of whom cut down a stately avenue of trees that extended from the gateway nearly to the church ; but upon the whole the ruins have been well preserved.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.



THE name of Newstead is associated with one that is immortal as a poet - and whose fate as a man was almost tragic. But it has, also, a claim to be mentioned as the most beautiful ruin in Nottinghamshire.

In the lovely woodlands of this county, within the Forest of Sherwood, a priory of Black or Austin Canons was founded by Henry II., in 1170. He endowed it with the church and town of Papelwick, and a park of ten acres near the town of Mansfield, celebrated as a hunting place of the Plantagenet kings, who visited it to enjoy the pleasures of the chase in Sherwood Forest. We may imagine that Robin Hood and his merry men were anything but pleasant neighbours to the monks of Newstead.

At the dissolution of the monasteries Newstead Priory passed into the possession of the Byrons, an ancient family, holding several manors in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, their chief seat being Horistan Castle, in Derbyshire.

Newstead was granted to Sir John Byron in 1540, "with the manor of Papelwick, a rectory of the same, and all the closes about the priory, etc., etc." He fitted up a portion of the monastic buildings as a residence, but the church was let go to decay. Its front is a most beautiful specimen of Early English; the south aisle of the church was built into the mansion, "the western front remained a picturesque ruin," and ranges with the front of the house. The cloisters are quite perfect, and stand nearly in the middle of the building, which is large but irregular. Over the cloisters is a range of galleries, which connect all the rooms, and in these corridors are some perfect suits of armour. The drawingroom is on the upper floor; it is 72 feet long, and has a Gothic roof and plaster compartments, the work, in 1633, Of Italian artists.

On the floor below is a grand dining-hall furnished in the olden style. But a prose description is very inadequate in comparison with the poetical picture that Byron has drawn so vividly himself, and which is so accurate that Sir Richard Phillips walked through and round the abbey with the poem in his hand in 1828, and found the description as correct as one by the dullest architect or antiquary would have been. We give it here:-

To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair,
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion - of a rich and rare
Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow,
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low
Because the monks preferred a hill behind
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley
Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder stroke.
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters: as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its softened way did take
 In currents through the calmer water spread
 Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade,
 Sparkling with foam, until, again subsiding,
 Its shriller echoes - like an infant made
 Quiet - sank into softer ripples, gliding
 Into a rivulet, and thus allayed,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
 Its windings through the woods: now clear, now blue,
 According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood hall apart,
 In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
 These last had disappeared - a loss to art:
 The first yet frowned superbly o'er the roil.
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
 Which mourned the power of time or tempest's march,
 In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
 When each house was a fortalice - as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone -
 The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche alone, but crowned,
 The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
 With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round,
 Spared by some chance, when all beside was spoiled:
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild;
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
 Through which the deepened glories once could
 Streaming from off the sun, like seraph's wings,
 Now yawns aildesolate: now loud, now fainter,
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft
 The owl his anthem where the silenced quire
 Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
 The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
 There moans a strange unearthly sound which then

Is musical - a dying accent driven
 Through the huge arch which soars and sinks again.
 Some deem it hut the distant echo given
 Back to the nightwind by the water-fall,
 And harmonised by the old choral wail:

Others, that some original shape or form,
 Shaped by decay, perchance, both given the power
 (Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
 To this grey ruin with a voice to charm.
 Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
 The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
 The fact: I've heard it - once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
 Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint-
 Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
 And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
 The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite made,
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent
 Its little torrent in a thousand babbles,
 Like man's vain glory and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stable:
 The cells, too, and refectory, I ween:
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene
 The rest had been reformd, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers joined
 By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
 Might shock a connoisseur: but; when combined,
 Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,
 Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
 At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
 We gaze upon a giant, for his stature;
 Nor judge, at first, if all be true to nature.

The poet-lord became possessor of Newstead at the age of six years by the death of his uncle. His predecessor had been a man of a haughty and impetuous spirit; and in a duel, which from a dispute between their gamekeepers, he killed his antagonist, Mr. Chaworth, the possessor of the adjoining manor. His youthful successor gave his boyish love to the last descendant of the Chaworth family - the Mary of his poems. "The Dream" contains their history, and the scenery of Newstead is again traceable in the poem. The lady became the wife of Mr. Musters; the poet wedded, was separated, as we know, from his wife, and died at Missolonghi, when about to fight for the liberty of Greece.

Circumstances had compelled him to sell his longdescended inheritance, but happily the purchaser was one who knew and loved the poet. Colonel Wildman was a schoolfellow on the same form as Lord Byron at Harrow, and had an enthusiastic admiration for his gifted acquaintance.

"The house," says Sir Richard Phillips, "is, as it now exists" (1828), "everything that could delight a lover of Byron, an admirer of taste and elegance, and a devotee of antiquity, in close association with our national history and ancient religion. It was an abbey founded by Henry 11., as one of many peace-offerings to the enraged Church, for adding a martyr to its calender, by the sacrifice of the imperious and wily Becket. It

was magnificently built in the spirit of the age, and was intended in its structure and endowments to prove the repentance of the politic king. What it was, thanks to Colonel Wildman, it still is; and in Newstead we behold a veritable abbey of the twelfth century, nearly as it was six hundred years ago."

Lord Byron's body was brought to England and buried in Hucknall village church; in the same vault lies his daughter, Lady Lovelace; but his name and fame will always be associated with Newstead Abbey.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY AS IT WAS.

Figure 71: Newstead Abbey.

WOLLATON HALL.



ACCORDING to Camden in his "Britannia," this magnificent and picturesque house sank in its erection "three lordships," being built by Sir Francis Willoughby at an immense cost. It stands on a hill, and is seen from all parts of the adjoining country; of course the views from it are equally extensive, both of rich woodlands and fertile valleys, and also of a busy and populous manufacturing town, for it is only three miles west of Nottingham. It is surrounded by a splendid park, very finely wooded and full of delicious nooks of greenwood, by lovely streams, where greensward, moss, and fern, and wild flowers offer a charming couch for the lover of nature.

The house was built by Sir Francis Willoughby at the close of the sixteenth century, while still Queen Elizabeth held the sceptre of the Tudors.

His daughter Bridget married Sir Percival Willoughby, of another branch of the same family. They left five sons. The eldest, Sir Francis, was the father of Francis Willoughby, a great naturalist. His "History of Birds" (in Latin) was published after his death, and is a most valuable work. He died in 1672, leaving two sons and one daughter. This young lady (her name was Cassandra) married James, Duke of Chandos, the "Gracious Chandos" of Pope, whose splendid hospitality and magnificent house at Canons the poet was accused of ridiculing in his Essay on "False Taste"; but Pope denied that he meant to allude to the duke's house.

James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos, was Paymaster of the Forces under Godolphin; and when, in 1711, the public accounts of Godolphin were examined by Harley, thirty-five millions had not been passed; fourteen of these belonged to the Paymaster's department. He was, however, successfully defended by St. John.

Francis Willoughby's eldest son died young and unmarried. His second son was created a peer in 1711. On the death of Thomas, Lord Middleton, without children, the estate descended to Henry Willoughby, Esq., of Birdfall, County York.

In consequence of the want of issue in many of this family, the title and estates have generally gone to a distant relative of the last peer.

Wollaton Hall is a really grand building in the Italian style, built when the Gothic of Elizabeth's reign was undergoing a change. It is square, with large towers at each angle with pinnacles, and in the centre the body of the house rises higher than the towers, with projected coped turrets at the corners. The front and sides are adorned with Ionic pilasters, and there are very rich mouldings.

"In the richness of its ornaments it is surpassed by no mansion in the kingdom."

The hall is very fine; the roof, which is at a great height from the floor, is supported by arches. There is a beautiful screen with Doric pillars; and there are a great many quaint devices under the beams, as satyrs' heads, chimeras, etc., etc.

Laguerre was the painter who adorned the walls and ceilings.

The rooms are all lofty and spacious, and the house has really more resemblance to a palace than to a family mansion. It is the seat of Lord Middleton.

THORESBY HALL.



THE park surrounding this mansion (of ten miles in circuit) preserves much of the beauty of old Sherwood Forest, part of the remains of which it, in fact, is; for Thoresby Hall, in Nottinghamshire, is within the skirts of the ancient hamlet of Robin Hood and his merry men. A fine lake, formed by the river Meden, adds to the woodland beauty of the place, and was once, perhaps, the haunt of the outlaws and the red deer of Sherwood.

The first recorded owner of Thoresby Hall came to England with the Conqueror, and received the property from him. This was Robert de Pierrepont, who was doubtless a brave and distinguished knight, and had served William well at the battle of Hastings. Robert de Pierrepont, the descendant of this knight, was created a baron by Charles I. in the first year of his reign, by the title of Lord Pierrepont of Holm Pierrepont, in Nottinghamshire, Viscount Newark, and soon after Earl of Kingston.

This nobleman was known in his life, and long remembered after death, as the "good Earl of Kingston." He was a cadet of the noble family to which he belonged, and yet had been rapidly advanced to an earldom by the favour of Charles. He was consequently warmly attached to his royal master. But he was a clear sighted man, good and tender to the poor, a lover, too, of freedom, and he could not help disapproving of many of the king's exacting and unconstitutional measures; at the same time, his sense of loyalty and gratitude and great personal affection for Charles I. forbade his siding with the men who dared draw the sword against their sovereign.

He resolved, therefore, to remain neutral - as if at such a period it were possible! Men's passions were then at fever-heat, and the bitter spirit of party was at its worst.

The gentlemen of Nottingham were generally against the king's measures, and Lord Kingston had not kept his own disapproval of Charles's illegal acts secret. The republicans expected him to join their cause, and they were very angry when he refused to do so. They said he was bound in conscience to act as he thought, and to peril all worldly advantages for his country.

It was an evil hour just then for the republican party. Fairfax had been defeated at Atherton Moor. Essex and Waller were jealous of each other, and their cause suffered from their enmity. It became most desirable to win the moral and physical support of so good and distinguished a man as Earl Kingston.

Amongst them - indeed, one of their committee - was Captain Lomax, a very old friend of Lord Kingston. They deputed him, therefore, to call upon the earl at Thoresby Park, and to press him to declare for the Parliament.

The messenger acted courteously and argued impressively, recalling to Lord Kingston's memory the blame with which he had formerly spoken of the king's measures, and assuring him that a victory at the present moment over the sovereign would be the best thing that could happen to him, as it might check his power without endangering the throne. The earl listened much moved; he was agitated by strongly conflicting feelings, and as Captain Lomax ceased speaking, he started from his seat, raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and exclaimed passionately, - "When I take arms with the king against the parliament, or with the Parliament against the king, let a cannon-ball divide me between them."

The words thus solemnly uttered decided the republican captain to say no more, and he returned, disappointed, to his committee.

Time went on; the first successes of the Royalists were followed by defeats, the royal cause appeared declining, and King Charles's attached subject forgot his singular prayer and his prudent resolutions in tender sympathy with his royal master. More than once the real intentions of the Roundheads had become apparent, and doubtless disgusted him. He cast off his pacific determination, and joined the royal army with four thousand men. He was immediately appointed lieutenant-governor for the king of the five counties of Lincoln, Rutland, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk, and did good service to Charles, devoting his fortune and hazarding his life in the royal cause. He was, unfortunately, surprised and taken prisoner at Gainsborough by Lord Willoughby, and sent off by sea in a pinnace to Hull. But a party of Royalists were in the neighbourhood, and hearing of the good earl's capture, pushed forward with all speed to rescue him. They came up with the boat in which he was carried off, and demanded the liberation of the prisoner. Their demand was refused, and they at once began to cannonade the pinnace. The earl was below. Understanding

the position of affairs, he rushed up on deck to stop the firing of the Royalists, but scarcely had he gained the deck when a cannonball struck him and cut him in halves, dividing him in the middle. Thus his hasty wish was fulfilled. He was divided by a cannon ball between the king and the Parliament.

Henry, his son and successor, inherited his titles and property, and for faithful services to Charles II. was created Marquis of Dorchester.

At the old house, destroyed in 1745, the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was born. She was the daughter of Evelyn, Earl of Kingston, afterwards Marquis of Dorchester and Duke of Kingston. She was a very beautiful and attractive child, and her father was extremely proud and fond of her. He was a leader of fashion, and a violent Whig - one of the original members of the Kit-Cat Club. At a meeting of this club to choose toasts for the year, he named the little Lady Mary, then eight years old, as more beautiful than any of those ladies whose charms they meant to drink to; but the members demurred, saying that their rules forbade them to elect a beauty they had never seen. He said they should see her, and forthwith sent for her, ordering that she should be finely dressed.

The child soon appeared; she was received with acclamations, her health was drunk by all present, and her name engraved in due form upon the glasses. The members of the club "consisted of the most eminent men in England, and Lady Mary went from the lap of one statesman, or patriot, or poet, to another, to be feasted with sweetmeats and overwhelmed with caresses."

Her father had her portrait taken for the club-room that she might be enrolled as a regular toast. As she grew up, however, the duke ceased to pet and spoil, and even neglected her.

She had a much-beloved female friend, Ann Wortley, the sister of Mr. Wortley Montagu. It was at this lady's teatable that the witty Lady Mary met this gentleman. He fell in love with her, and she accepted him, but the duke (he was then Marquis of Dorchester) quarrelled with Mr. Montagu about the settlements, and commanded his daughter to marry a suitor he had himself chosen for her. She refused; but her father persisted, ordered her wedding clothes, and named the day for the marriage. Then Lady Mary hurried out of his house and married Mr. Wortley Montagu, rather, perhaps, to escape from a husband she hated than to become the wife of one she loved. The marriage was not a happy one. Mr. Wortley left his young bride much alone in Yorkshire, but an appointment to a place in the Treasury obliged him to bring her to London and to court. Here she was greatly admired for her wit and beauty, and became intimate with Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Pope. In 1716 Mr. Wortley Montagu was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, and took his beautiful wife with him. Lady Mary's letters from Turkey enchanted Pope and every one who read them; they are still thought masterpieces of epistolary style, and she is to England that which Madame de Sevigne is to France. She brought back with her from Turkey the secret of inoculation, and tried it on her own children with perfect success. It was a mighty boon to the English, so many of whose friends (as well as their Stuart princes) had died of that fatal complaint small-pox, and it was highly valued till Dr. Jenner discovered the still better preventive of vaccination.

In 1739 Lady Mary left England and her husband, and resided in France or Italy. It is supposed that Mr. Wortley had insisted on this exile from England, though nothing certain is known about it; for Lady Mary lived for twenty-two years abroad, but returned to England immediately after her husband's death. She survived her arrival in London only a year, dying in 1762.

She left two children - a most singular and probably half-mad son, and a daughter who was all that could be desired, and who married Lord Bute, the favourite minister of George III.

Lady Mary was a highly gifted woman, and her great abilities had had careful training. She was a good classical scholar, and very well read. Her wit and power of satire made her many enemies in her own class, and her quarrel with Pope drew on her the sarcasms of a far greater satirist than herself. In her Italian home she was much beloved by the peasants, whom she aided and taught, and her servants were fond of her. They had not cause to fear her bitter tongue, by which she had alienated her English friends. "There was genius as well as activity in her blood," says Leigh Hunt "The mother of Beaumont, the dramatist, was a Pierrepont, and, curiously enough, Lady Mary, in another Beaumont of Coleorton (the same stock), had a common ancestor with Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, who was her great uncle. Henry Fielding, the novelist, was her second cousin."

Lady Mary had one brother, who died in his father's lifetime, and his son became the last Duke of Kingston. He was a kind, good man, though weak. He married Miss Chudleigh, one of the ladies of the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, George II.'s wife. Miss Chudleigh had been privately married previ-

ously to the Hon. Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, and her trial for bigamy, after the duke's death, is one of the English causes celebres.

The earls of Manvers, now representing the Pierrepont family, descended by marriage from the duke's sister and heir, Lady Frances.

SHERWOOD FOREST.



ENGLAND was in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries a great forest land, especially in the north, where there were the two great forests of Sherwood and Barnesdale.

Sherwood Forest extended for thirty miles northward from Nottingham, skirting the great north road on each side. It was formerly divided into Thorny Wood and High Forest, and in one of these divisions were nineteen towns and villages, including Nottingham; and this great woodland, almost unbroken, extended to Derbyshire and Yorkshire, nearly joining the famous forest of Barnsdale.

There is little or nothing left now of Sherwood Forest; the land has been cleared of the beautiful old trees that once bordered the road from Mansfield to Nottingham, the only ones now remaining being the gigantic old trees that are to be found in the woods of Birkland and Billhagh, and the oaks in Welbeck Park. Many of these aged trees are hollow, but they still put forth the tender green foliage of spring.

How beautiful those English woods must have been when Robin Hood and his archers dwelt in the forests; the oaks, the silver birches, the ashes, the elms, and the beeches growing close together; or in groups as they were wont to stand; with

the rich undergrowth, the long trails of honeysuckle, or traveller's bower, the thistles, the foxgloves, and the primroses and bluebells of the spring beneath them. A thousand birds sang in the trees; the dappled deer bounded beneath them, and the rill trickled musically between the sedges. The trees made a natural fortress, for their entangled boughs, Camden tells us, "were so twisted together that they hardly left room for a person to pass."

There was much game, too, in the forest coverts; the deer, the hare, the marten; the quail, the rail, the pheasant, the woodcock, and the heron. There were foxes, of course, and even the wolf might have been found in Sherwood down to the thirteenth century.

There are also a number of caverns in that part of the country, especially near Nottingham, and there is a cave traditionally connected with Robin Hood himself. It is a curious hollow rock in the side of a hill near Newstead, known as Robin Hood's stable.

This remarkable man, whose memory was so long and dearly treasured by the English people, lived, some traditions say, in the reigns of John and Henry III., others in those of Henry III. and Edward I. He and his followers haunted Sherwood and Barnsdale.

These men were outlaws, but probably only on account of having in some way broken the terrible game-laws of the Conqueror, or resented by a blow some insult from their superiors offered to a wife or sister. Men fled from mutilation to Robin Hood, and he sheltered them.

There were persons also of gentle and even noble birth amongst them; for after the battle of Evesham, in Henry III.'s reign, all who were on Montfort's side had their lands confiscated; and a much less offence than rebellion would, in his father John's reign, have justified a man in seeking shelter in the greenwood.

In the forests Robin Hood reigned an independent sovereign; at perpetual war with the king of England and his barons, but friend and father to the poor and destitute. When molested in one place he retired to another.

"It is not," says Mr. Ritson, "at the same time to be concluded that he must in this opposition have been guilty of manifest treason or rebellion; as he most certainly cannot be justly charged with either. An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance; his hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. These forests, in short, were his territories; those who accompanied and adhered to him, his subjects."

"The world was not his friend, nor the world's law. . . . The deer with which the royal forests then abounded (every Norman king being like Nimrod, 'a mighty hunter before the Lord') would afford our hero and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year, and of fuel for dressing their venison, or for other purposes of life; they could evidently be in no want." The rest of their needs were, doubtless, supplied by the spoil of fat abbots or rich Norman nobles, and partly by selling venison or other game in the village.

In his way Robin was a religious man. Friar Tuck, his bluff chaplain, said mass daily to the outlaws, and Robin was very devout and reverent. A great reward had been offered by John for his apprehension, but no traitor was to be found in his band, or amongst his poor neighbours. Unhappily, however, he became



ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND LITTLE JOHN, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

ill with fever, and desirous of being bled, he applied to the Prioress of Kirklees Nunnery, in Yorkshire (his relation), to bleed him, women in those days being great in leechcraft. But the base woman, either desiring the reward, or in revenge for his robberies of Churchmen, was treacherous. She welcomed him to the shelter of her roof, and bled him to death! But ere life was quite extinct, his faithful archers, alarmed at his not returning to them, had entered the nunnery and stood beside his bed. They came too late, save to receive his last words, and the ballad tells us that they were these:-

"Give me my bent bow in my hand
And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet,
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet.
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please,
And then they buried Robin Hood
Near to the Fair Kirklees."

The grave where he lies has still its pilgrims; the well of which he drank still bears his name, and within this century his bow and some of his broad arrows were to be seen at Fountain's Abbey, the spot memorable in

ballad literature for his adventure with the curtail friar.

Little John, it is said, survived but to see his leader buried; his grave is claimed by Scotland as well as England, but tradition inclines to the grave in the churchyard of Hathersage. All we can learn more is that the place long continued "celebrated for the yielding of excellent whetstones."

So popular were Robin Hood and his men that annual processions were held in honour to his memory, "to gather for him" it was called, and it was, of course, a time of merriment and sports.

Latimer was very indignant at having, on one occasion, to give way to the outlaw's memory. In his sixth sermon before young Edward VI., he told a story of bow, wishing to preach in a village church, he found the door locked, and the people gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. He adds bitterly, "under the pretence of gathering for Robin Hood - a traitor and a thief - to put out a preacher!"

LITTLE DUNMOW PRIORY; AND THE STORY OF MAID MARIAN.



HIS priory, being the resting-place of Robin Hood's Maid Marian, we place it here, though it is situated in Essex.

All that remains of Dunmow Priory is the present church of Dunmow, which was formerly only the south aisle of a magnificent collegiate church erected for the joint use of the parish and of the priory. It stands (divided from the public road by a cornfield) four miles from the town of Dunmow, and is picturesque with the true English loveliness of tree and golden grain, ancient walls and romantic memories; for within it repose some noble English dead, one of whom was a remarkable and beautiful woman.

Her story is worth telling. She was Matilda, or Marian, the daughter of Baron Richard Fitzwalter, and was one of the fairest of England's maidens. On her eighteenth birthday her father gave a tournament at one of his castles in her honour, and for three days the jousts went on with varying success to the challengers, who came from all parts to win honour in the eyes of the lovely women who filled the galleries and gazed on the martial sport. The legend has a great resemblance to the tournament in "Ivanhoe,"

for Prince John presided at it by the side of the Queen of Beauty - Marian Fitzwalter - and on the fourth day a stranger knight appeared clad in burnished mail, entered the lists, and vanquished the bravest of the competitors. He gave no name, his shield was argent uncharged, but his gallant bearing and his handsome countenance, as he knelt for the Lady Marion to hang the victor's chain round his neck, won the girl's heart at once. He departed alone as he had come, and the tramp of his noble steed died away in the great still forest of Sherwood.

Prince John sounded his host at that time as to his feeling about the absent Richard - then a captive in Austria - and finding him entirely loyal to his sovereign, resolved on his destruction. Moreover, he had fixed his unholy affections on Marian, or Matilda (as she is variously called), and resolved to win her. It chanced shortly after that the brother of Fitzwalter departed for the Holy Land to join the crusade, taking with him a portion of the baron's retainers.

John seized his opportunity, attacked the imperfectly garrisoned castle, and killed its lord. But happily for herself Matilda had escaped into the forest and concealed herself in its green depths, taking her bow and arrow for protection from wild beasts or robbers.

Here she wandered all night and part of the next day, when she heard a rustling in the trees, and suddenly the victor of her birthday tournament appeared before her. He was no longer in armour, but clad in Lincoln green and holding a bow in his hand.

Amazed at finding the lady in the forest, he questioned her as to her trouble, proffering her ready aid, and then she told him her sad story - how her father was slain, - her home destroyed by the tyrant John.

The stranger gave her his warm and indignant sympathy, telling her that she would be safe with him and his merry men in the greenwood, for that he was Robin Hood, the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. Matilda - henceforth to be known as Maid Marian - gratefully accepted his friendship, and went with him to his sylvan home. For her better protection he gave her a very light suit of armour, such as young knights wore at festivals, and thus disguised she roamed fearlessly in the forest with Robin, Allan-a-dale, or others of the outlaw band, for they were all her devoted followers.

But one day when she chanced to be alone, she came face to face with John himself, who was seeking for her. He did not know her at first, and called on her to surrender; but Marian drew her sword and ordered him to defend himself. Prince John was as cowardly as he was cruel, but he was confident of success when he found that his opponent was a woman. He was mistaken, however; she disarmed him, brought him to the ground, and granted him his life only on condition that he should instantly leave the forest. John, shamed and furious, fled from Sherwood, vowing vengeance against the heroic maiden.

After this adventure a love idyl went on in the greenwood, and Marian became the wife of Robin Hood, his faithful companion in storm and sunshine.

But now King Richard returned, and John, forgiven too easily, had to sink into vindictive insignificance.

Robin Hood was restored to his estates and rank as an earl, and Marian presided over his lordly castle

with the same grace and ease as that with which she had ruled his greenwood home "under the shade of melancholy boughs."

But their prosperity was short-lived Richard was slain, Arthur set aside and murdered, and the hateful John was crowned king of England.

The time for John's revenge was now come, and the hatred he had long nourished in his heart fell heavily on the Earl of Huntingdon. He was again outlawed, but once more found safety and true followers in the green woods of England. His faithful wife went with him, sharing all his dangers and privations. Again her husband became an outlaw, but his band gathered together, and once more they defied the law.

But when Robin perished by the treachery of his cousin, Marian, utterly crushed by her grief, took refuge in Dunmow Priory, Essex; probably she had a friend or kinswoman amongst the nuns.

John heard of her retreat, and at once resolved on a terrible vengeance. Summoning a gallant knight of his train, Robert de Medieve, or Medewe, an ancestor of the Earl of Manvers, he ordered him to ride to Dunmow Priory and present to the widowed Countess of Huntingdon a valuable bracelet set with gems, asking her to accept it as a pledge of her sovereign's pardon and of his future favour.

Marian must have been much younger than her husband, for she still retained great though mature beauty. She received the messenger graciously, and, having in much sorrow learned the duty of forgiveness, she accepted the king's gift and put it on her arm. The knight took his leave, and rode off through the forest which then surrounded the priory. But he had been struck with love and admiration for the peerless Marian, and some strange instinct bade him look on her once more. He rode back to the priory. The day had closed in, but the windows of the church streamed with the light of many tapers, and he hastened thither at once, for the priory seemed deserted. His mailed step clanged on the pavement as he entered the church, but there he paused in horror, for before the altar lay the corpse of the beautiful Marian. The poisoned bracelet had eaten into the flesh and killed her rapidly. The veiled nuns were weeping round her.

The rage and indignation of the knight who had thus been made the unconscious agent in a dreadful crime must have equalled his sorrow. Never again would he serve that atrocious John. It was long before he could he moved from the spot, and when he was, he laid aside mail for ever and became an Augustinian monk.

The grave of the Countess of Huntingdon is in Dunmow Church; shielded by a beautiful screen of dark oak which separates the nave from the chancel it stands forth in relief. The head is covered with a woollen coif and reposes on a cushion. She wears a collar of S.S., a necklace of pendants falling on a richly embroidered kerchief, a rich girdle and long robes; the sleeves close to the wrists and slit there; her fingers are loaded with rings. At the head are two angels, now mutilated; there is a dog on each side of her feet. According to Dugdale, in the Monasticon, she was buried across two columns; but her marble effigy, with its slab, are now placed upon a grey altar tomb decorated with shields with quatrefoils.

It is some consolation to know that the name that headed the barons' demands on John (culminating at Runnimeade) was that of Robert Fitzwalter, probably Marion's brother.

John destroyed Baynard's Castle in London, on the Thames, and every other castle the Fitzwalters possessed in his revengeful malice.

Sir Walter de Bohun and his wife Matilda are also buried at Dunmow. Robert Fitzwalter is said to have originated the custom of the flitch of bacon, by which "he that repenteth not of his marriage, sleeping or waking in a year and a day, might lawfully fetch a gammon of bacon."

CHESTER.



CHESTER, with its ancient walls and singular Rows, is one of the most picturesque cities in England; inferior to Durham in natural beauties, but full of a romantic historical interest. It is situated on a rock raised above the river Dee, and is undoubtedly of Roman origin; for it is built in the form of a Roman camp - an oblong, surrounded by walls (though they were not built by the Romans, but by Marcius, king of the Britons), and from a common centre four principal streets diverge at right angles, one north, one south, one east, one west, each terminating by a gate. It is, therefore, one of the most ancient cities in Britain, even setting aside the legend that avers it was built by a certain giant, named Leon Gawer; and another, and more probable one, that it was erected by King Lear; the giant having only dug caves in the rock for habitations. It is possible that Lear may have dwelt in Chester.

In Roman times it was a place of much importance, being the spot in which the great Roman road, Watling Street, terminated, after running across the island in a direct line from Dover

The Britons held the town, after the Roman legions were withdrawn from the island, till the Saxon invasion. The Saxons attacked and took it in 607; but the British princes gathered an army and regained it, possessing it in peace till about 828, when Egbert, King of the West Saxons, and finally of England, took it.

After Egbert's death Ethelwolf held the Witenagemot here, and received the homage of tributary kings, "From Berwick to Kent." He was crowned at Chester in 837.

The Danes, the following and more terrible invaders, who had been allowed by Alfred the Great to settle in Northumberland, next assailed Chester, and seized the fortress, which was circular and of red stone; but Alfred hastened to the rescue of his city; besieged them in Chester for two days; drove away all the cattle; burned the corn; and slew every Dane that dared venture outside the encampment. Eventually the Danes were driven out, and retreated to North Wales. They had, however, nearly destroyed the city; but that wonderful woman Ethelfleda, the great daughter of the great Alfred, rebuilt and fortified it with walls and turrets.

In the time of King Edgar it was a station for the Saxon army, and it is recorded that he sailed up the Dee to Chester, and that eight kings or sub-kings came thither at his command to pay him homage. They were Kenneth, king of Scotland; Malcolm, king of Cumberland; Maccus, king of Anglesey and the isles; three kings of Wales, and two others who obeyed the summons. But "his puerile vanity," says Sharon Turner, "demanded a more painful sacrifice. He ascended a large vessel, with his nobles and officers, and stationed himself at the helm, while the eight kings who had come to pay him homage were compelled to take the seats of the watermen, and to row him down the Dee - a most arrogant insult on the feelings of others whose titular dignity was equal to his own. Edgar crowned the scene, and consummated his disgrace, by declaring to his courtiers that his successors might call themselves kings of England when they could compel as many kings to give them such honour."

This disgraceful story is, however, contradicted by some historians, and it is to be hoped that it is not true. We have already mentioned that there is a tradition averring that Harold escaped from Hastings; that when his body was found, though sorely wounded, he was not dead; that he was removed and concealed till he recovered; that then, one eye being blind, he withdrew to Chester, and resided as "an anchorite in a hermitage close to St. John's Church, which is very romantically situated, and is a remarkably fine building."

After the Conquest, William, the Norman, made Cheshire a County Palatine, and it had consequently the power of holding Parliaments, and keeping its own Courts of Law, in which any offense against the dignity of the "Sword of Chester" was punished as if the offence had been given to the royal Crown. The power of life and death was in the "Sword of Chester," which is now preserved in the British Museum.

William created Hugh Lupus, who was one of his own relatives, Constable and Earl of Chester; for being so near the Welsh Marches, it was often at feud with its warlike neighbours, and required a martial ruler. Sir Walter Scott has used the state of the marches at that period, and the need of the Wardens being efficient soldiers with great effect in "The Betrothed."

There is something picturesque and quaint in some of the records of the fights on the Welsh Marches. Earl Randle the Third, being surrounded by a Welsh army in the Castle of Rhudlands, and in imminent danger, despatched a messenger to Roger de Lacy, the Constable of Chester, praying for aid. The constable had not sufficient force with him to be of use; but Chester Fair was being held at the time, and he and his son-in-law, Ralph Dutton, went out into it, and asked if the minstrels and idle people in it would march against the Welsh, "for the love of Ralph Dutton," who was known to be extremely popular. The fiddlers at once volunteered, and one minstrel walked through the Fair, singing to his fiddle-

"Our Ralph Dutton's going to fight
In his doublet and his hose;
Who's wrong and who's right
No one cares and no one knows."

The invitation to fight thus given was irresistible to the people, and was instantly accepted. The whole Fair turned out for such a frolic, and Dutton, who actually did fight, "in his doublet," i.e., without armour, arranged and marshalled this extraordinary army, so as to give it the best appearance he could, and led them to the relief of his lord.

The Welsh, descrying from a distance the advance of a very large body of troops, - they knew not of what kind - broke up the siege at once, and retreated over the border. The Earl was saved, and the grateful noble rewarded De Lacy by giving him "power over the instruments of the earl's preservation." Every anniversary, therefore, of the "Fight of the Fiddlers," as it was called, was kept by the assembling of all the minstrels and musicians of the county at Chester, when they walked in procession, playing all the way, to the Church of St. John; attended Divine service; and then escorted De Lacy to his home. Here their course of life and conversation was inquired into, and then they were feasted by their lord.

This annual procession of the Chester minstrels was not discontinued till the middle of the eighteenth century. The privileges granted to De Lacy and his heirs descended to the Dutton family, whose steward presided over the courts of inquiry as to the lives of the minstrels and musicians; and the latter claimed from him at the feast four bottles of wine, a lance, and a fee of fourpence halfpenny each. The rule or jurisdiction of the Duttons over the minstrels and wandering musicians was recognized by parliament as late as George II.'s reign, and clauses "saving their rights" have found their way into modern vagrant acts. King John spent a few days at Chester in 1222.

On the death of the seventh Earl of Chester of the Norman line, Henry III. thought it inexpedient that the Earl's daughters should possess such a city; for Chester was the rendezvous of the English army until the complete subjugation of Wales, and the king said "he cared not to parcel out so great an inheritance to distaffs." He therefore gave the ladies lands elsewhere, and bestowed Chester on his own warlike son, Prince Edward. He, however, never assumed the title, but gave it to the first Prince of Wales, Edward of Carnarvon, since which time the eldest son of the king or queen of England has inherited the title of Earl of Chester, as well as that of Duke of Cornwall.

In the barons' wars the city and castle of Chester were taken by the Earl of Derby.

King Richard II. was brought here a prisoner by his usurping cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV.

The memory of Richard led captive by his crafty kinsman evidently left an unpleasant impression on the men of Chester; for they were right willing to take part in the rising of the Percies. They fought under Hotspur at Shrewsbury, or Hateley Field, and the greater number of knights and esquires of the county fell in that fatal battle, June 22, 1403. Two hundred Cheshire gentlemen died with Harry Percy, fighting against the usurping House of Lancaster.

In the Marian persecution, Chester was the scene of an amusing but most important and fortunate incident. In the year 1558 Dr. Henry Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, was entrusted with a commission by Queen Mary to institute a persecution of heretics in Ireland, where, in the north, were many Protestants. The dean stopped at Chester on his way, and went to the Blue Posts Inn, where he was visited by the mayor, to whom he told the errand he was going on to Ireland. Opening his cloak-bag he took out a leather box, saying, with exultation, "I have that within this box that will lash the heretics of Ireland." The hostess by chance (or shall we say providentially?) overheard their conversation, and having a brother a Protestant there, was much alarmed for his safety. With astonishing quickness of thought and deed, while the dean accompanied the

mayor with great ceremony downstairs, she opened the box, took out the commission, and put in, instead of it, a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost; there can be no doubt from her wit and readiness that she was an Irishwoman. The dean sailed immediately afterwards for Ireland, and arrived Dec. 7th, 1558. Being introduced to the Lord Deputy Fitzwalter and the Privy Council, he explained the nature of his embassy, and then presented the box to the Lord Deputy, who took it, opened it, and beheld the knave of clubs!

The dean was astonished and mortified; he declared that the commission had been made out and put in that box, and that it must have been stolen. "Then," said the Lord Deputy, "you have nothing to do but to return to London and get it renewed; meantime, we will shuffle the cards."

The dean was obliged to take this unwelcome advice; but it was a bad time of year, and before he could reach Ireland a second time Queen Mary was dead. The woman whose wit and presence of mind had thus saved many lives was rewarded by Elizabeth, when she became queen, with a pension of forty pounds a year.

In the war between Charles I. and his parliament, Chester stood firm for the king, "by the virtue of its inhabitants," says Lord Clarendon, "and the interest of the bishop and cathedral men; but especially by the reputation and dexterity of Mr. O. Bridgman, son to the bishop, and a lawyer of very good estimation; who not only in. formed them of their duty and encouraged them in it, but upon his credit and estate, both of which were very good, supplied them with whatever was necessary for their defence; so that they were not put to be honest and expensive together." But they had no garrison of soldiers, nor any officers to direct their own efforts at defence, till the king sent Sir Nicholas Byron to command them as Colonel-general of Cheshire and Shropshire.

Chester was besieged, but most gallantly defended by Lord Byron, the nephew of the governor.

The siege began at Midsummer, 1653, and ended February, 1646, a period of nearly three years; the garrison were then reduced to the last extremity for food, and were feeding on cats, dogs, and rats. In those days, no other city had endured such an amount of suffering as loyal Chester did, but it had to surrender from actual famine at last.

Prior to that event, however, King Charles, on his way to Scotland, where he hoped and intended to join Montrose, came to Chester. The king found the city in great danger, for the Parliamentarians had taken the outworks and suburbs by surprise, and the king's appearance at once amazed and alarmed the besiegers and cheered the besieged.

"Sir Marmaduke Langdale was sent," says Lord Clarendon, "with most of the horse, over Holt Bridge, that he might be on the east side of the river Dee, and the king, with his guards, the Lord Gerrard and the rest of the horse, marched directly into Chester, with a resolution that, early the day following, Sir Marmaduke Langdale should have fallen on their backs," it should assail the besiegers in the rear, "when all the force of the town should have sallied forth and enclosed them. But Sir Marmaduke Langdale being that night drawn on a heath two miles from Chester, had intercepted a letter from Pointz" (who was pursuing the king) "to the commander who was before Chester, telling him that he was come to their rescue, and desiring to have some foot sent to him to assist him against the king's horse." The next morning he appeared, and was charged by Sir Marmaduke and forced to retire with loss, but he still kept near enough for the foot from the besiegers' camp at Chester to come to him. "The besiegers began to draw out of the suburbs with such haste" (the next morning) "that it was believed in Chester they were upon their flight; and so most of the horse and foot in the town had orders to pursue them. But the others' haste was to join with Pointz, which they quickly did; and then they charged Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who, being overpowered, was routed and put to flight, and pursued by Pointz even to the walls of Chester. There the Earl of Lichfield, with the king's guards, and the Lord Gerrard, with the rest of the horse, were drawn up, and charged Pointz and forced him to retire. But the disorder of those horse that first fled had so filled the narrow ways, which were unfit for horse to fight in, that at last the enemy's musketeers compelled the king's horse to turn, and to rout one another, and to overbear their own officers who would have restrained them. Here fell many gentlemen and officers of name, with the brave Earl of Lichfield, who was the third brother of that illustrious family that sacrificed his life in this quarrel. He was a very faultless young man, of a most gentle, courteous, and affable nature, and of a spirit and courage invincible, whose loss was by all men exceedingly lamented, and

the king bore it with extraordinary grief."⁴²

The poor king had witnessed the fight on Rowton Heath from the walls, or rather from the top leads of the tower now called the Phoenix Tower, where he stood with the Mayor of Chester, the Recorder, Sir Francis Gamull, and Alderman Cowper, and gazed mournfully on the defeat of his soldiers. What his feelings must have been we can imagine. He stayed only one night after this defeat at Chester, and then left with only five hundred horse, and sought refuge in North Wales.

The "Great Stanley," as he was called, the seventh Earl of Derby, and the husband of the brave lady who so gallantly defended Lathom House, was a prisoner in Chester Castle.

In 1651 he set out from the Isle of Man to join Charles II. at Worcester, taking with him three hundred Royalists. But when he arrived in Lancashire he found the king had quitted that county; however, he gathered three hundred more followers in Lancashire and Chester, and advanced to Wigan, where he and his men were attacked in a narrow lane by 1,800 dragoons under Lilburne, and by Cromwell's foot militia. In this fight Lord Derby received seven shots on his breastplate, many cuts and wounds, and had two horses killed under him. He mounted a third horse, and cut his way through the Parliamentarians to Worcester Field. After the Royalist defeat there he conducted the king to Whiteladies and Boscobel, and thence, with forty other Royalists, made his way into Cheshire. They met on the way a regiment of foot and a troop of horse of the Roundheads, and were compelled to surrender, but on terms that were afterwards "most disgracefully violated." He, a prisoner of war, fighting for the Crown, was tried by a Court martial for high treason, and sentenced to be executed in four days' time at Bolton. While he was in Chester Castle he nearly escaped from its leads by means of a long rope thrown up to him from outside the walls; he fastened the rope securely, slid down it, and reached the banks of the Dee, where a boat waited for him; but his flight was discovered, he was seized, and brought back to the castle, where two of his daughters had their last interview with him. Next day he was executed at Bolton, his own town.



VIEW OF CHESTER.

Figure 72: View of Chester.

The circuit of the wonderful old walls round Chester is about two miles. We gazed from them one autumn day over the plain towards Rowton Heath; there were clouds floating over the sky, and that peculiarly solemn and still light that we see at the waning of summer. There was an inexpressible feeling of sadness in the scene, as if nature herself kept some thought of those unhappy days when the passions of men, and that great instrument of the Evil One against Christianity, Party Spirit, stained the rich soil of our fair and once peaceful land with blood. "O Liberty!" cried Mde. Roland, "what crimes are committed in thy name!" and we might add, "O loyalty" also; for from both sides the helpless country people suffered. Rupert and Oliver alike burnt villages.

⁴²Clarendon.

Close beside where we stood was the Phoenix Tower, which Charles ascended to watch the fight; and there are other towers, and curious ones, on the walls. At the angle of the city walls, close to the old bridge, are the Dee Mills, famous in song and story. Every nursery knows about the Jolly Miller

“Who lived on the river Dee.”

These mills were built at, or probably before, the Norman Conquest, and Earl Hugh Lupus derived a revenue from their grist. Edward the Black Prince rewarded the valour of a gallant Welshman at Poitiers by giving him these Mills.

But the most remarkable and picturesque part of Chester is the Rows, as they are called. They are in the old part of the town. The ground floor of the Rows is built even with the pavement or roadway. On the top of the front lower rooms or shops is a street or gallery into which the first floor windows look; the first floor receding, and opening on the “row” or street passing over the lower rooms. The second floor is built out over the row and even with the ground floor, as is all the upper part of the house; it is supported by pillars of solid masonry, and forms a roof over the row, which has, of course, a palisade or rails along the part open to the street. The Rows afford a pleasant walk on wet days, and contain some very fine shops. At the famous pastrycook’s, Bolland’s, the county people frequently meet at luncheon, and Brown’s shop is equal to a London one.

The projecting house-fronts have gabled roofs, lattice windows, and cross beams carved and painted; they are chiefly buildings of the sixteenth century, and are extremely picturesque, as are some of the larger old houses in the town. The chief of these is the mansion called Stanley Palace, which was anciently the dwelling of the Stanleys of Alderley, and Weever, in Cheshire, an offshoot from the Stanleys of Lathom and Knowsley. The family obtained a peerage in 1839. The house, now occupied by the Archaeological Society, is a three-gabled building of timber, wonderfully carved; its massive staircase, oaken floors, and the panelled rooms are very fine. The date 1591 is inscribed on its front it stands in a narrow passage opening out of Watergate Street.

Bishop Lloyd’s house in Watergate Row has a wooden front, sculptured all over with groups from Scriptural history, from the Garden of Eden to the Crucifixion.

“God’s Providence” House is a memorial of the Plague in 1662. It has the motto, “God’s Providence is my inheritance,” carved on the old oak front The back part has been rebuilt.

We have forgotten to mention an old tower on the walls, called sometimes Julius Caesar’s Tower, and sometimes Agricola’s Toner; it is square, and cased with red stone. It was once a chantry or chapel of St. Mary’s; it is now a powder magazine, which the Fenians intended to capture, when they meant to surprise the garrison in 1867. It is near the weir on the Dee.

The Water Tower at the north-west angle of the city walls was built in 1332 by a mason who was paid 100 for the job. There is a higher tower upon the wall above, connected by a steep flight of steps and an embattled terrace with the lower tower, up to which the tidal waters of the Dee used to flow, so that ships could be moored to the tower by the ringbolts fixed to its foundations. The upper tower or keep is now a museum of curiosities; the lower tower has a flag staff. This tower bore the brunt of battle at the great siege by the Parliamentarians, in 1645, when towers and ramparts were much injured.

The Bishopric of Chester dates from Henry VIII.’s time, who founded within the site of the Abbey of Werburgh a new episcopal see and a cathedral church.

The cathedral is an irregular, spacious, and heavy building of redstone.

The ancient abbey must have been a very great establishment, and some of it survives in the cathedral chapter-house, the architecture of which is very beautiful, and it is also interesting as containing the grave of Hugh Lupus, who was interred here by his nephew, Randle the First, who built the chapter-house. In 1724 the remains of the Earl Palatine were discovered there, in a stone coffin, on which was sculptured a wolf’s head, in allusion to his name Lupus. There was originally a rhyming inscription annexed, commencing,-

“Although my corpse lies in the grave.
And that my flesh consumed be,
My picture here now that you have
An earl sometime of this city,
Hugh Lope by name,” etc.

The sculptured stone case of the city's titular saint, St. Werburgh, is used as the bishop's throne. Among the remains of the abbey are the great abbey gate, and the cloisters, which form a quadrangle a hundred and ten feet square, in the style of the fifteenth century.